Annual Room File
IN SHENGO LAND
"'I heard the Shenandoah roll along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise toward the realms of snow.'"
"I heard the Shenandoah roll along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise toward the realms of snow."
This Volume
Is Respectfully Dedicated
to
George Bernard Keezell
A Progressive Farmer
A Virginia Statesman
A Patron of Education
and
A Friend of Virginia Teachers
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THE SCHOOLMA'AM bows her thanks to all her friends, and fain would bring a bright and cheery greeting to each Shendo maid.

This year she comes not with a bouquet of blossoms, as in 1911, nor yet with the solid history study *De Originibus* of 1910.

It is geography that she presents this time; and, according to the most approved pedagogical methods, she does not go far from home for her material, but just asks her readers to look out of the windows at the fair land that lies about them. In these pages she has tried to give some hint of the wonderful beauty of this garden spot of Virginia—this Valley, the Daughter of the Stars, Shenandoah.

May all who now share in the life of Blue Stone Hill find in this book some pleasure, and may all who have left the Alma Mater read in it a message from home, is the sincere wish of the Editors.
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JAMES A. HARMON

MRS. R. B. BROOKE
The Hidden Faculty

MARY JANE

Bun jour
MADEMOISELLE

MARY MEMORIAL
The Hidden Faculty

With the grade teacher,
Meet me at 4:15
This afternoon,
yes.

OLD DAN IS ALWAYS READY
Alumnae Association
Organized June 13, 1911
Officers

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   English and History, High School

Fannie Hundley Scates ....................................... Pulaski, Virginia
   Third Grade, Public School

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   Fifth Grade, Main Street Public School

Sarah Humphrey Shields .................................... Harrisonburg, Virginia
   Post-graduate Student, State Normal School

Ethel Kathryn Sprinkel ..................................... Harrisonburg, Virginia
   Kindergarten, Waterman Public School

Maude Tyson Wescott ........................................ Harrisonburg, Virginia
   Second Grade, Waterman Public School
Calendar Y's

1911—1912

September 27—Opening Day of Third Year.
September 28—Organization of Classes.
September 29—Faculty Reception.
October 2—Joint Meeting of Lees and Laniers.
October 6—Epworth League Reception.
October 20—Serenade by the Daily News Band.
November 15—Arthur Conradi, Violinist; Austin Conradi, Pianist.
November 24—The Spinsters' Return.
November 30—Thanksgiving Day—Holiday.
December 15—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.
December 21—Christmas Holiday.
January 2—Beginning of Winter Quarter.
February 15—Princess Kiku.
February 21—Conradi's Second Recital.
February 22—Holiday.
March 2—Junior-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
March 16—Senior-Junior Basket Ball Game.
March 29—An Interscholastic Debate.
March 31—Sophomore-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
April 5—Easter Holiday.
April 12—Spelling Bee.
April 13—Senior-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
April 26—Junior-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
April 27—Senior Arbor Day Exercises.
April 27—Seniors' Reception to Juniors.
May 4—Senior-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
May 21—“Twelfth Night.”
May 22—“As You Like It.” “Electra.”
June 7—“The Princess”—Senior Play.
June 8—Music Recital.
June 10—Field Day Exercises. Annual Exhibit of Class Work. President's Reception to Students.
June 11—Commencement Day.

20
September
  27—Spinsters’ Return.
  28—Old Maids’ Convention.

October
  1—Millinery Display.
  5—According to Dr. F., are you normal?
  31—Hallowe’en Parade and Other Raids—on turnip patch, for instance.

November
  10—A Day of Calamities!
     (1) Day broke.
     (2) The Morning Passed Away.
     (3) The sun dropped behind the mountain.
     (4) Night Fell.
     (5) The stars began to shoot.
     (6) The Moon Was Full.
  24—Perry Came. ! !

December
  9—Shall Women Vote?
  15—Y. W. C. A. Moving Pictures—Ichabod takes a tumble.
  22—Home.

January
  2.—Beginning of Winter \{ Term
     Temperature
     Torture
  15—Annual Staff ‘Lection Day.
  15-20—Political atmosphere clears up.

February
  2—Ground-hog sees his shadow.
13—12 p.m. "The Cream of the Senior Class," also several others, conduct themselves in a most unseemly manner.

14—The miscreants make a thrilling discovery—sandpaper will take up ink.

17—Cupid's Party
Hearts! Darts!
Silhouettes!

March
4—Squash!
12—"Where Ignorance is Bliss 'Tis Folly to be Wise."
14—Spring Cleaning.
   Grand Window Washing.
   Black Willie Waxed the Floors.
THE BOARD CAME.
24—Sunday Dinner Minus Ice Cream.
30—Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

April
4—White Shoes, $1.35.
5—Limp, and the world limps with you;
   Skip, and you skip alone.
6—Miss C. gets caught eating sandwiches.
8—General upheaval—Spring gardening begun.
12—"C-I-R-C-E-N-S-I-A-N."

May
1—How are you having your commencement dress made?
5—Thirty-seventh installment of baked "ketch-up."

June
12—Finis!
OREVER, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction. I will never forget thy precepts; for with them thou hast quickened me.

O, how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day. I have not departed from thy judgments; for thou hast taught me. Through thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light upon my path. The wicked have laid a snare for me; yet I erred not from thy precepts. Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever; for they are the rejoicing of my heart. I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

I hate vain thoughts; but thy law do I love. Thou art my hiding place and my shield; I hope in thy word.
Prayer
September 28, 1911

We come to thee, O Lord, with adoration and praise, for thy name is worthy of exaltation in heaven and in earth. We come to thee, O Lord, with the thanksgiving of grateful hearts, for thou hast blest us, and the world is full of thy gracious gifts. We come to thee, our Father, for thou hast loved us and redeemed us, and dost show mercy to us, as a father to his children.

We adore thee because of thy majesty and wisdom and glory and power: even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God, the unchangeable, eternal One, who dost order all time and all change according to the wisdom of thy providence: help us to trust in thee!

We thank thee because of thy mercies past, because of thy blessings that are ours to-day, and because of thy promises that give us hope for every day to come. We thank thee for work, to keep our minds and hands employed; we thank thee for this place of work, where our minds and hands and hearts are trained; we thank thee for the vision of the world that our eyes behold; for the open doors to fruitful fields; for the voices that call and the hands that beckon; for the strong desire that stirs our souls; for the providence that answers prayer; for the witness of thy faithfulness, and the deathless hope that thou dost plant in human hearts.

We thank thee for the young women who have gone out from this place to the schools and homes of our land, and to the mission fields of the world; we thank thee for these young women who are present now, preparing for nobler life and richer service. Lord, make them a blessing! Make them a blessing here; make them a blessing when they too shall go back to their homes, or go out to their work. Bless those at home who love them; bless us here who try to help them. Give us wisdom; give us power; give us peace! For Jesus sake, Amen.
Class Poem

Fair the daughters, Alma Mater,
Who have thronged these crowded halls;
Fair the daughter first to leave thee,
And those yet within thy walls.

But not one can love thee better
Than she kneeling now to ask
Thy dear blessing on her future
Stretching out in glorious task.

From our life-wreath, Alma Mater,
Here we've plucked our fairest flower;
Let its fragrance linger round us
With the memory of this hour.

From a night of misty darkness
Thou hast been our guiding star
Toward a glimmer of the day-dawn
Breaking now on hills afar.

Life is fair, the future calls us,
But our banners yet are furled;
With one hand in thine we're standing
On the threshold of the world.

Vain that warm detaining handclasp
When thy earnest voice says, "Go,
Hasten forth to those who need you,—
Must it not be always so?"

Back again for strength and courage
We may touch this harbor bar—
But no more thy arms shall hold us;
Hence the waves must bear us far.
Senior Class

Motto
“A clear head over a glowing heart.”

Flower
White Rose

Colors
Green and White

Honorary Member: Cornelius J. Heatwole

Officers
President .................................. Sarah Humphrey Shields
Vice-President ................................. Annie Thomas Wise
Secretary ................................. Inez Eakle Coyner
Treasurer .............................. Mary Sheldon Thom

Mascot
Master Francis Fry Wayland

27
KATHARINE ANDERSON

*Household Arts*

“A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!—
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

Dainty and neat,
And oh, so sweet!
This dark-haired girl of ours!
Her eyes are bright
With hearth-fire light:
A home just suits her powers.
She loves to cook and sew and mend,
In wood and brass our wonders do,
There waits for her just 'round
the bend
“A cottage built for two.”

(In the many “write-ups” submitted by
the various character-sketchers, several
Seniors had this very same cottage promised
them; but as this Class goes alphabetically,
Miss Anderson gets the cottage. Perhaps
there are other cottages somewhere in the
world; but we could not suffer this service-
able quotation to be worn out in our hands.
—Eds.)

EUNICE BAKER

*Kindergarten*

“Love's a malady without a cure.”

Did any one mention the word love?—Yes,
ladies and gentlemen, the above v raparalleled
masterpiece of humanity is in love! With
whom? Ask her.—Beware, O poor unfort-
unate man!

Her smile (or grin) reminds one of the
Cheshire cat; but notwithstanding this fact,
she is well beloved by all who know her.
This animated Philosophy of Mathematics will speedily elucidate for you any seemingly impossible geometry proposition or any baffling problem in Math. 47. She can even make quite plain to you that very puzzling thing—a triangular square. She is a very present help in any time of trouble.

RUTH RANDOLPH CONN

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Ruth, better than any other member of the Senior Class, possesses the power of attention. This she accomplishes by looking directly at the speaker, no matter which part of the room she may be in. Ruth's two great ambitions are to become a poet-artist and a mathematician. She has even been correlating the two already. We think her success in life will be in mathematics as a teacher of geometry since she has already formulated a number of original problems.
"Her hair is no more sunny than her heart."

"Better late than never."—This is Susie’s motto.

"I think 7:30 a.m. is too early to get up, because we never have breakfast until 7:45," she says.

Each morning she may be seen rushing to breakfast with middy tie in hand, slipping into the dining-room “behind the last girl.”

SUSIE HAWSWORTH CORR
Kindergarten

INEZ EAKLE COYNER
Professional

“Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.”

Here we see Inez, whose brown eyes carry sunshine and good cheer to all about her. She is always ready to blame herself for errors or mistakes, but never other people. What could we do without “Deemp” and her ever-ready sympathy when things go wrong? True, sincere, and with a heart big enough for every one, Inez is “all right” anywhere you find her, from practice teaching to presiding at Society meetings.
SARAH VIRGINIA DAVIES

_Household Arts_

"A firm yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resigned."

An honored member of the Home Economics Club, Sadie is always faithful in the fulfilment of her many duties.

As student and as teacher she is respected by all. We only wonder why she did not apply for a position as music teacher, for "To hear her sing, to hear her sing"—?

---

VIRGINIA TREVEY DUDLEY

_Household Arts_

"She hath a smile that doth beguile
A monk in robe and cowl,
And yet her eyes can look as wise
As grave Minerva's owl."

With her needles and her pins, her spider and her spoon, her airs and her graces, she will conquer mankind.
Here is Virginia, always with a cheerful word and a bright smile except when life goes dead wrong. She is fond of books and flowers, and we fear has a weakness for many of the little frivolities of life. But there! we didn’t mean to tell, for we always lose sight of this fact when we see her at her favorite occupation—telling stories to the kindergarten tots.

Virginia has won her place in our hearts by her ready sympathy and her spirit of true Southern hospitality.

"Her eyes like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight’s dusky hair.”

HARRIET LORRAINE ELDRED

Professional

"Who broke no promises, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

Here’s to “Lorrie” our happy-medium lass, a friend worth possessing—sympathetic, kind-hearted and jolly, true to her purpose and, above all, loyal to her lesson plans. As for her talents, she draws, paints, and

“So hoote she sings that by nyghtertale
She sleeps namoore than dooth a nyght-ynngale.”
MARGARET ELEANOR FOX

Professional

"Some asked how pearls did grow, and where.
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of pearl."

"It is never late till twelve, and then it's early."—This is the motto by which "Em" has lived during her two years in school here. She is happy and always ready for fun, never happier than when she is dancing or playing basket ball. Is a member of the "Happy Family," but is often found dreaming.—What's the matter? Is she in love?—She is often found fasting.—What's the matter? Does she want to go to Mrs. B's table? I hear you ask. "Oh, tell us more!"
No; visit "Em" on the Eastern Shore.

ALPINE DOUGLASS GATLING

Professional

(September)

"Beautiful behavior is the finest of the fine arts."

"Peanut" quite captivated us all on her arrival from Tidewater after Christmas last year. She was never known to miss a goal in basket ball, and is quite an expert violinist. Liked by all, she is the fortunate possessor of that rare charm of manner which is desired by many, but which is characteristic of so few of us. She is extremely fond of making puns; and when she leaves, we shall Al (I)—pine.
OCTAVIA ERNESTINE GOODE

Normal

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Here is Octavia, our stand-by, our steadfast resource in emergencies. True, to hear her tell it, she knows she "could not do it," but she is doing it all the time bravely, faithfully, and well. We only wonder what we shall do next session without our little "egotist."

CLARA LOUISE GREENAWALT

Household Arts

"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes
In whose orbs the shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!"

Sweet and demure, though holding her own, Louise is not a forward or frivolous maiden; nor could she ever be scared. She carries her part with a kindly good will, and after a test is still calm and sweet.
MARY VIRGINIA GREER

Household Arts
(September)

 "Heaven... blends... Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied; Courage with softness, modesty with pride; Fixed principles, with fancy ever new; Shakes all together and produces—You."

What would the Home Economics Club do without their red-haired Irish lass? Although she is always busy, she has time for a smile. She is especially skilled in the culinary arts, yet she may be able to give you some points on the "Destructive Criticisms of the Modern Improvements in the Public School System," or on "Rural School Problems."

ANNA PEARL HALDEMAN

Kindergarten

"So many worlds, so many things... so much to do."

This just seems to suit Pearl, who is always doing a little more than is required and doing it a little earlier and a little better than those about her. Watch her walk. You can see in her very movements that she means business. For her hobby we might mention Expression; for isn't she going to study right along that line next year? Yes, slightly!
ETHEL HARMAN  

*Household Arts*  

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn;  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;"  

Possessed of charming qualities and graciousness of manner, has improved methods of giggling. Mysterious in all her movements. An ardent devotee of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Herbart, and Froebel.

---

ELLA CATHARINE HEATWOLE  

*Professional*  

"True to herself,  
True to her friends,  
True to her duty always."

Here we have a Senior that knows and knows that she knows, even when explaining Math. problems to the pupils before the eyes of the supervisor. The children look fondly upon their "animated fence-rail" as she enters the room.

"Wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly as a feather."

We think that by next year Ella will be a full-fledged member of the faculty in one of our State Normal Schools; at least, she has already acquired the characteristic walk and manner.
HALLIE LEE HUGHES

Industrial Arts

"God made but one cast from this mould—one was enough."

"Just being happy is a brave work, and true." So thinks our manual artist, Hallie, who always has a smile for every one. But does she smile when she sees a lavender kimono coming down the hall after light-bell?

NAN WISE JENNINGS

Professional

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

"Nancy" began her upward growth in Culpeper, Virginia. She is a living example of the adage, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." In her more serious moods she has been caught writing poetry on the sly, and it is thought that she secretly aspires to literary fame. Her particular talent, however, lies in the art of warbling love songs, old and new.
Louise is our little Southern Senior, plump and sweet. The "sweet" is no joke. We love her; for she is kind and sympathetic, yet ever full of fun. Although she has been with us from the beginning of things, she—like all wee girls—is still a kindergartner.

Called also: South Carolina Rice-bird.
Length—Six feet.
Width—Six inches.
Range—The rice-fields and palmetto groves of her native State, and "Cousin Natalie's" room.
Migrations—June, September.

Aurie Edna Law

Kindergarten

"Ye come, the first fruits of the stranger."

Louise is our little Southern Senior, plump and sweet. The "sweet" is no joke. We love her; for she is kind and sympathetic, yet ever full of fun. Although she has been with us from the beginning of things, she—like all wee girls—is still a kindergartner.

Called also: South Carolina Rice-bird.
Length—Six feet.
Width—Six inches.
Range—The rice-fields and palmetto groves of her native State, and "Cousin Natalie's" room.
Migrations—June, September.

Here is the "Law" of our school. Nothing more need be said; the subject speaks for itself.

Aurie Edna Law

Professional

"Through labor to rest, through combat to victory."

Here is the "Law" of our school. Nothing more need be said; the subject speaks for itself.
MARY COFFMAN LIGGETT

*Kindergarten*

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Coffee—not liquid but solid measure—can be strong, clear, and exhilarating; but her recitations sometimes show—shall I say what?

Study is often sacrificed for the pleasure she derives from pressing brick. "Ask Leigh" why she is often late for classes. "Shure-ly" that's all right.

MARY LACY LYLE

*Household Arts*

"It is easy enough to be cheerful
When life flows by like a song;
But the woman worth while is the one
with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Evidently Mary fell in love with Blue Stone Hill at first sight, for since her arrival a year ago she has not missed one day, summer or winter. In spite of it all she still preserves a wonderful sense of humor and is able to see a joke in everything.

Her chief ambition is to have a dog named Hamilton, and her favorite motto is, "Love me, love my dog."

Neat, trimly dressed, a good cook, and an artist with her needle—

And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows.
That one small head can carry all she knows (of chemistry).
LIZZIE STERN McGAHEY

Normal

"How bright, how strong in youth's untroubled hour!"

This Scotch lassie spent many of her first hours at this place in bitter weeping for the homeland, but she soon fell a victim to the charms of a fair Indian club swinger; and since then, although she is often solemn, she is seldom very sad. Athletics is her hobby, and it is said that even in her sleep she talks of leading her Senior team to victory. She is not given to many words; but she has acquired an air which is the envy of all her friends, whereby she can deliver an answer in class in such a tone of assurance as never fails to convince the instructor that she has studied the lesson, when in all probability it has entirely escaped her notice.

MAMIE EVELYN McMillan

Normal

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

Well, it is hard to talk about goodness. Many would tell you that Mamie is famous for her ability to recite on her text-book from cover to cover; and they would be very particular to say that her knowledge of geometry is quite bewildering to them. But we would rather tell of her true genuineness, of her strong brave heart, and sturdy will. Truth speaks through her lips to us day by day in "little unremembered acts of kindness and of love." This is our other Scotch lassie, and we leave with her our sincerest wishes for her happiness and success.
LUCY HIDEN MADISON

Professional

"Her air both coquettish and coy,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with an artful care;
Affecting to seem unaffected."

Specialty—basket ball (running forward).

Two years ago Lucy came to school with the intention of getting through by bluffing; but alas! Practice teaching proved her finale. During this period she was not her usual bright and gay self. Whenever she came in sight, one was sure to hear, "O girls, do tell me what I can have in my next lesson plan?" Lucy hasn't decided yet what she is going to do; but we wish her success in whatever she undertakes, whether it be teaching or—

SUSIE DANIEL MADISON

Household Arts

"An open hearted maiden, pure and true."

We shall never cease to wonder at the pleasure this maiden derives from the making of lesson plans, nor ever cease to tear our hair at the song which always accompanies the process. Strange to relate, her ability extends even farther than planning lessons or serenading unprotected neighbors. You would know at once by her fondness for peaches that her chief interests center around the culinary department, yet her household accomplishments range all the way from making beaten biscuits to manufacturing spring hats.
EVA DOUGLAS MASSEY

Normal

"Her virtues are many, her faults are few."

Eva has been at this school since the day it first began, and she has become as much a part of it as the annual catalogue. Indeed, she seems to be the only person who understands just how the place will ever get along without her. The teachers treat her with almost as much respect and familiarity as if she were one of their number. She presides at Y. W. C. A. meetings, appoints committees, conquers practice teaching, and manages the SCHOOLMA'AM staff—all with the same facility with which she loses her notebooks; yet she has come through it all with her head unturned and with no worse result than to find herself more indispensable to our welfare than ever. If you think that these cares of state have weighed morbidly upon her mind, you have only to hear her laugh to dispel your unwarranted suspicions.

NANNIE MORRISON

Normal

"She laughed, and every heart was glad."

"Who is it," asked a girl who roomed in Dormitory 2, "that I hear singing so early every morning?"

This answer came quickly, "Why, don't you know? It is Nan, because she is always singing."

It is not strange that it was Nan who won the prize for her definition of a lady, for she has practiced this every day since we have known her. Her fellow-students will always remember her as one who was ever ready to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way.

(N. B. We note that among the "all things high" that a real lady loves, geometry is not set down as an essential.)
PEARL NOELL

Professional

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Warning: Do not ask idle questions, for she detests curiosity.

In the manufacture of time she is unsurpassed. Send for her booklet, "How to Make Five Hours between Seven and Ten O'clock."

She never rushes (above all, never crushes), but was never known to be late.

She is very fond of writing love-stories and poetry, but her ambition is to teach Math, and live happily ever afterwards.

ORRA LENORA OTLEY

Normal

"Her life was earnest work, not play."

Worldly effects I carry in my satchel, disciplinarian powers in my hand, expressions of approval in the vibration of my head. Head, hand, and satchel—these three; but the greatest of these is my satchel.
MAURINE GARNETT PATTERSON

Kindergarten

"'Tis virtue that doth make woman most admired."

Just a wee bit of shyness
And a blush like a red, red, rose;
Just herself she is always,
And the same wherever she goes.

LUCIE RUSSELL PULLIAM

Kindergarten

"Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."

"I was just fixin' to say!—"

She is bright, loving, and so generous that
she gives herself away the moment she
comes into the classroom. If she ever studies
any, she is a good hand at keeping a secret
—and we don't think she is.

She has the most charming smile you can
imagine, and uses it to great advantage in
the kindergarten. Lucie has an unusual
capacity for dreaming. But don't ask her
to tell her dreams; it "Will Pain" her, for
what subject is more Painful these hard
times than a Bill?

"Sleeping I dream, love—
Dream, love, of thee!"
JANE MARY PULLIAM

*Professional*

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

"Yes, Frances, I'll meet you in just ten minutes at Miss L's.—Hear? Now, be sure to be there, 'cause it won't take Miss L. three minutes to look over the plans that it took me one solid week to make. —Yes.—Well, all right."

"Frances, I am here just on time—Gee! I'd rather study Math. 47, or take a written quiz three times a day, than make lesson plans, hadn't you? Yes, I had.—Oh, here comes Tommy, and what shall I do? My hair is all down, and I am such a sight! I'll go back to Miss L's. and meet you later."

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SARAH VIRGINIA ROLLER

*Normal*

"Her voice was ever soft. Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

We see a girl in blue going in and out among us, attending strictly to her own duties. She knows how and when to express an opinion. She delves deep into her studies and is never satisfied unless she reaches the bottom.

But of all her enviable traits, dignity is the most pronounced. It characterizes her every movement. It sits as a crown on her head. Yet she lost it once. How? When? Where? One rainy Friday afternoon on the old board walk that leads to town. It soon returned, however, and she resumed her "wonted state" and homeward march.
RUTH ALTHEA ROUND

Kindergarten

"Perseverance conquereth all things."

This is energetic, persevering, Ruth. She is simply wild over practice teaching; writing papers is her chief delight—the longer the paper has to be, the better she likes it; but she utterly detests such commonplace pastimes as "gym," tennis, and dancing.

Now, if you ask Ruth who her favorite poet is, she will instantly say, "Sidney Lanier." Inquire the name of her favorite general, and she unhesitatingly replies, "Albert Sidney Johnston." Ask who she thinks should be the successful nominee in the next presidential election, and with all the enthusiasm of her nature she will say, "Sidney—" Oh, my! I have forgotten his last name but I am sure if you ask Ruth she will be only too glad to tell you.

ELIZABETH KATHRYN RUCKER

Professional

"She has two eyes so soft and brown;
Take care! Beware!"

Our class would be incomplete without independent Bess. She is always bright and happy, and even in the midst of brain-racking lesson plans is as serene and smiling as a May morning.

Practice teaching is her hobby (?), but from the present outlook it seems that domestic science will be her destiny.
MARY EMMA SADLER

Normal

"Nature made her what she is
And never made another."

This Fluvanna maid with raven locks loves her home and friends "down on the farm" unusually well; but she has worked bravely and steadily, and has even proved herself victor of a course in physics. In fact Mary is now loath to go, even with a diploma, and intends to return to the beloved Alma Mater for further study in the line of arts.

EDMONIA BLAIR SHEPPerson

Manual Arts

"She has a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness."

"Monie" laughed first in Charlotte, and she has just kept on laughing since she has been with us. With her paints and tools she can produce wonderful works of art, from a clay vase to a divan built for two. Her favorite pastime is combing her curly locks, which some one once told her were very beautiful.

Frank, open-hearted, "true as steel," once a friend, always a friend—this is "Monie" wherever she goes.
SARAH HUMPHREY SHIELDS

*Household Arts*

"Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

Sarah is the only one of us who holds the distinction of being a full grown "Yankee." Her many friends and honors during the past two years show that she has a deep place in the hearts of us "Little Rebels." And, too, she has always been very loyal to the name of Lee.

We all agree there is nothing like being a "Professional" and learning to sew too, especially when one girl can hold two diplomas to that effect.

FRANCES SIBERT

*Normal*

*(September)*

"To those who know her not, no words can paint!
And those who know her know all words are faint!"

Monday, 8:30 a. m. "Horrors! look at the dreadful geometry test.
1. To compute the time I wasted on geometry.
2. To find the locus of points equidistant from my home and Miss Lancaster's blackboard.
Through at last! I am going to stop this hard old Math."
KATE HANGER TAYLOR

Professional

"Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live at ease."

A wise and witty little "Kit" with friends
galore who will always stand by her—even
at the hour of eleven when a little "pitty-
pat" is heard coming down the hall, and this
naughty "Kit" is carried off to read the
rules. When coming "home," she is heard
to say, "Ah, why should life all labor be?"

ANNIE TENCH

Professional

(September)

"The blessing of her quiet life fell on us like
the dew."

Here is one who laboreth, taketh pains,
and maketh no fuss; whose characteristic,
therefore, is stick-to-it-iveness. If it is im-
possible to believe this, we refer you to
Misses Brown and Jones for confirmation of
the same. By dint of perseverance, she
always gains the much coveted and sought
after "A."
MARY SHELDON THOM

Kindergarten

Her smiles are but touches of sunshine;"

This is Tommie, or “Meery,” who is very witty and wise—who enjoys her good looks, and always loves a pun. She delights in fun, especially in “sliding.” Her famous expression is, “I had one, but it died.” Her chief attraction is her operatic singing. She is rather noisy, but good at settling a quarrel. Secrets never could she keep. Tall and queenly, never knowing a fear—one look into her blue eyes is enough to banish a whole world of care.

JESSIE THRASHER

Industrial Arts

(September)

“He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the force of a woman’s will.”

Here’s to our “Reaper,” before whom Texas, Tennessee, and Georgia bow in homage. Virginia, through our own State Normal School, now claims this tri-state representative as one of her daughters, to help along Industrial Arts in the Old Dominion.
WILLYE WHITE

Kindergarten

"One in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume."

When it comes to putting a ball over the
net and winning a game for the Pinquets,
"Billy" is right there. The next time we see
her she is in a basket ball game doing great
things for the Senior team. During the first
quarter we often heard her cheerful song,
but when the second quarter came, that song
suddenly ceased, and we knew she was hav-
ing practice teaching.

VADA WHITESEL

Professional
(September)

"The heart that loves, the brain that contem-
plates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates."

Vada's specialty is "story-telling" and pre-
siding over debates in History 48. Addicted
to mental stubbornness, she thinks much,
says little.
She is a ray far-reaching in kindness,
naturalness, and power to penetrate into the
hearts of everybody,—hence one who is wel-
come everywhere.
KATIE VIRGINIA WINFREY

Professional

"Her actions are modest,
And her words discreet."

Be it known to all that this Culpeper lassie has a "logical mind." Though never a great student of nature, within the past three months she has developed an ardent love for a certain phase of it—namely, "the wood."

She has a quiet little manner that all respect, and still she is jolly and bright. Her many friends will tell you that she is true enough and always does only what she believes is right. You have but to search the records at this school to find that Katie is a most diligent student, and her calm and expressive face tells us that "she works for knowledge—not notoriety."

ANNIE THOMAS WISE

Kindergarten

" 'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."

Tall, graceful, and very fair, standing cool and collected, calming us with her firm but quiet words—our Annie is a born leader. Children love her because she is gentle and kind; others love her because of her womanly soul.

How canst thou be so wondrous Wise—Thou haughty grad. of 1912—As with town tots to sympathize,And march and sing and dig and delve,When one (Great Scott!) for thee still pleads,And calls thee to the rural needs?
HE WRITER, when assigned the task of producing a history, knew not what was expected of her—except brevity; hence she referred to that authority upon every subject, Noah Webster, and found that a history is "a narration of events in the order in which they happened, with their causes and effects."

As the Senior Class of 1912 is composed of students in so many different courses, the task became that of writing a general history, one which should tell of some phase of school life common to all members of the class.

Such was the historian's problem! To her, in the depths of despair, a quotation from Pope came in the light of an inspiration—

"What histories of toil could I declare!"

Here at last was something common to us all.

It would never do to give in chronological order all the events with which this has been connected. The historian was enjoined to be brief—and, besides, it is not best to lay bare direful tragedies to the public gaze. No writer dares tell the real horrors of any battle; and only those who were in the thick of the fight could conceive of the terrible amount of ink-shed, or of the stupendous loss of sleep and note paper. The mere names of Pestalozzi, Rousseau, Herbart, and Froebel yet cause the cheek of the veteran Seniors to pale. Out of mercy to those who have survived, this part of the past must be forever veiled in oblivion. It is sufficient to mention the causes and effects of the toil and strife.

There are eighteen causes, of equal importance, which may be mentioned under one general head—The Faculty. It is not necessary to explain these causes further. All those who have been in the least familiar with this school will understand perfectly, and future generations had best be left in blissful ignorance thereof.

The effects, on the other hand, are truly innumerable. Not even our friendly Webster's dictionary, taken alphabetically, would supply words sufficient to describe them fully. Among them, however, are agitation, alarm, bother, break-down, catastrophe, mental and physical exhaustion, insomnia and some forms of insanity.

A few noble survivors of these years of toil are still in existence, and it is to these war-worn veterans that we dedicate with tears this the only authentic history of the Class of 1912.
Who'll be Who in America in 1925


Benson, Hilda, mathematician, writer. Author: "Rational Absurdities and Logarithms, How to Solve Them." Bewildering power of ratiocination.

Conn, Ruth, F. R. S., lyrical poet, geometer. Professor of Punology and Witticocracy. Author: "Expostulations of Metrical Composition," "Enigmatical Propositions in Figure Construction."

Corry, Susie, descendant of Crow family. Ancestors still in existence. No further record.

Coyner, Inez, invalid, as result of a Randolph-Macon dream. Unprecedented ability as an inculcator of methods for enlightening teachers on infantile culture.

Davies, Sadie, authority on rat-tail soup, seasoned with bug juice. Taught Ham plain and fancy cooking. Still in the jungles.


Earman, Virginia, married Chief Alpouchie of Colingee Tribe. Returned to savage state 1921. This resulted from reading "The Call of the Wild."

Eldred, Lorraine, famous indoctrinator of Biology. Evoluted from Tapir. Den: South America, Andes Mountains.

Fox, Margaret, remarkable for beauty lotions and "make up;" guaranteed to give rosy cheeks and lips in one night; eyebrows darkened free of charge. Order blanks sent on request. Address Suite A, Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Gatling, Alpine, impostor. Shunned by society on account of her peevish disposition. Once famed as basket ball player. Record not complete.

Goode, Octavia, descendant of a good family, grandchild of General Truth; niece of Honorable Frank Fair, and Justice Sincere; connected with the Houses of Genuine and Worth, teacher of up-to-date English, Women's University, Charlottesville, Virginia.

**Greer, Mary**, performer on biscuit-board; displays marked talent for making caterpillar sandwiches and roach salad.

**Haldeman, Pearl**, burned to death by over supply of energy; suffered excruciating paroxysms. Last words, "Oh, that I had force to resist this!"

**Harman, Ethel**, spinster, refused the Duke of Norway and Lord Pendleton, heir apparent to Turkish throne. Has had 2,500 proposals and offers of marriage. Latest returns not in print.

**Heatwole, Ella**, literary gymnast, descended to an eminence of eloquence like unto that of Shakespeare, Webster, and Cicero.

**Hughes, Hallie**, busily engaged in instilling knowledge through the epidermis of young pastoral Americans per hickory club route.

**Jennings, Nancy**, solemnization of nuptials in 1915, living in felicitous congruity in Orlando, Florida.

**Lancaster, Louise**, leader of freebooters in Rocky Mountains. In penitentiary 1918, 1922; escaped in 1922; further record not known.

**Law, Aurie**, instructor, informing cow boys how to hit the bull’s-eye. Temporarily insane in 1912 on Child Psychology.

**Liggett, Mary**, professor of Papooseology, Medals in plain and fancy scalping. **Wigwam:** Cumacche, Arizona.

**Lyle, Mary**—Has written a book on Food Production and Aged Methods. Lisle hosiery named for her—presented with several pair when she graduated.

**Madison, Susie**, great-granddaughter of the brother-in-law of Dolly Madison; great denouncer of Vocational Education.


**Massey, Eva**, missionary, subjugating the heathen understanding in China. Present at the butchery of 1912.

**McGahen, Lizzie**, united in holy matrimony with Mr. Gym Wand-Ladder, 1913; descendant of Dumb Bells; President of the Indian Club. **Home:** Basket Ball Ave., near Race Track on Tennis Court Square.

**McMillan, Mamie**, leader of canaille of desperadoes in Oklahoma; in hiding in South Dakota. **Signal:** "Cumangogetchem! Heepsofem!"

**Morrison, Nannie**, viewer of sky-scrapers in foreign lands. Presented to Shah of Persia 1915; Entertained by Pope Pius XXVI in 1918; engagement to Hindu Prince called off on account of death of bridegroom’s sacred cow, 1912; latest cable-gram not yet received.

**Noell, Pearl**—Engagement announced to Lord Highskindoodle, second son of late Duke Dikenjohnny, multi-millionaire. She is a near descendant of Noah.

**Otley, Orna**, inventor of remarkable device for transmitting telepathy; communications carried on with Mars. Has control of the suffragette movement—followers, 25,000 females, 1 male.
Patterson, Maurine, ranchman—lecture on "How I Took Up Cows." Address: Death Head Ranch, North Dakota.

Pulliam, Jane, juggler—can make seven raindrops bounce on her nose twice without scattering the atoms. Remarkable for athletic attainments.

Pulliam, Lucy, squaw of Chief Papogiuhe, instigator of war-whoops in the Starnowamo tribe of Indians in New Mexico.

Roller, Virginia, bred on Chegaringo Reservation, formally adopted by heir-apparent of the House of Schwurzburg—Sonderhausen in 1920, Strelitz Lepee.

Rucker, Bessie, married to late Congressman Owen's son, third cousin-in-law of the wife of General Lebideaux, brother to the aunt of Queen Victoria. Home: Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Round, Ruth, ruptured a blood vessel in confabulation with a Professor of Dialogue; resulted in insanity; record no longer kept.

Sadler, Mary, owner of largest ranch in Arizona; married son of late Buffalo Bill, deceased. Cross Bone Ranch, Arizona.

Shepperson, Edmonia, descendant of Pocahontas; snake charmer in Bostock's Show; picked up in Kongo Region in 1915. Off on a furlough.

Shields, Sarah, suffragette; wonderful politician; bids fair to lead a life of saturated politics, steadily rising in public competency.

Sibert, Frances, goose trainer; traveling with Hammer's dog show; gave exhibition at H. N. S. 1912. In Australia collecting wild beasts for practical application of modern educational principles. Home voyage expected in August, 1925.

Taylor, Kate, Ph. D. died of psychologitis 1917; suffered stupefaction of collectivism for two years, followed by mental disturbance, expiring with the fatal indisposition of psychologitis. Fate caused much gratification to friends.


Thom, Mary, missionary to Sahiti; united in wedlock with the Prince of Timbuctoo; no further record known.

Thrasher, Jessie, near relative of a Reaper. Inventor of device for inflicting corporal punishment without pain; patent applied for.

White, Willye, met death in 1921 at hands of South Sea Islanders, led by Mammoth Tribe under Plesiosaurus Dolichodeirus.

Whitesel, Vada, famous beauty; model for Harrison Fisher pictures; portrait appears on all the leading magazines and periodicals.

Winfrey, Katie, compiler of Book of Synonyms, Expletives, and Adjectives for the Use of American School-girls; formerly collector of rare epitaphs and zoological specimens.

Wise, Annie, lineal descendant of Adam and Eve; discarded the stride of ancestors and adopted Turkey Trot. Theory of ancestry corroborated by her attachment to figs. Present Address: African Jungles.
Junior Class

Motto: B²

Colors
Maroon and Gray

Flower
Red Rose

Officers
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Gertrude Royall
Helen Harris
Martha Fletcher
Edith Suter

Members
Sarah Allison
Agnes Baker
Frances Mackey
Lucile McLeod
Frances Menifee
Mary Michie
Bessie Millner
Martha Miller
Mattie Miller
Sara Moffett
Nellie Myers
Pattie Puller
Mabel Rawls
Idell Reid
Alma Reiter
Audrey Rimmer
Gertrude Royall
Mary Ruebush
Olivine Runciman
Mary Sanders
Carrie Sayers
Carrie Scates
Mary Settle
Katherine Selby
Maude Shapleigh
Ida Shaffer
Bonnie Staley
Julia Staples
Mary Stevens
Lillian Still
Anna Ward
Janie Werner
Mary Wilson
Ottie Wine
Mattie Worster
Bessie Leftwich
Dorothy Macon

Christina Berger
Ellenise Berry
Ruth Bowers
Dorothy Brown
Margaret Burke
Ada Burton
Gertrude Carrier
Shirley Cooper
Nannie Cox
Virginia Edwards
Emily Ellis
Beatrice Eshelman
Susan Farrell
Janet Farrar
Mary Fox
Martha Fletcher
Marguerite Garrett
Effie Garland
Margaret Gay
Pearl Gentry
Juliet Gish
Marjorie Grizzard
Mary Haden
Elberta Harris
Helen Harris
Mabel Heavener
Margaret Heffin
Katherine Henley
Mabel Hitt
Louise Holland
Lena Humphries
Ann Lee Jones
Elizabeth Kelley

61
The Charge of the Junior Class

Weary months, weary months,
Weary months forward,
All in the knowledge-path
Struggled the Juniors.
"Forward!" their teacher cried;
To do their best they tried;
All on the knowledge-path
Strove the brave Juniors.

Forward, the Junior class!
Each wildly strove to pass,
Even tho' the teachers knew
Some one had blundered.
Each strove to make reply,
Each strove to reason why—
Thiers but to do and die!
The goal, too.

Text-books to right of them,
Note-books to left of them,
Teachers in front of them
Volleyed and thundered!
Urged on by every bell,
Nobly they worked, and well.
Some by the wayside fell—
O, how we hate to tell
Of the poor Juniors!

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
Stout-hearted Juniors!

Honor the work they did;
Let all their faults be hid—
High-minded Juniors.
Sophomore Class

Colors
GOLD AND WHITE

Motto
"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Officers
President
Florence Keezell
Vice-President
Sadie Fristoe

Secretary
Maple Davis
Treasurer
Josephine Bradshaw

Class Roll
Althea Adams
Florence Allen
Virginia Allen
Beulah Anderson
Nora Armentrout
Geneva Babb
Corinne Bowman
Julia Bradford
Josephine Bradshaw
Margie Bryant
Daisy Buchanan
Erma Cline
Ruth Coffman
Frances Cole
Corrie Cox
Irene Daughtrey
Maple Davis
Maude Davis
Ethel Eley
Bettie Firebaugh
Sadie Fristoe
Estelle Gentry
Elizabeth Gilly
Eleanor Good
Eunice Gordon
Cecile Grasty
Kathleen Harless
Carrie Harouff
Bernice Hipes
Mannie Johnson
Audrey Jones

Florence Keezell
Mary Maloy
Susie Maloy
Kathleen Marcum
Leila Marshall
Mary Marshall
Mary Martin
Effie Mason
Sallie Massie
Rosa Maupin
Carrie McClure
Mary McDonald
Bertie Lib Miller
Bertha Nuckolls
Pattie Phaup
Bess Phleagar
Mary Proctor
Nina Randolph
Mabel Richardson
Volina Robertson
Carrie Rubush
Katie Rudacille
Marion Russell
Mary Sale
Maude Snead
Mabel Snidow
Ida Via
Lellie Wilkinson
Bessie Willis
Archie Woodzelle
Mary Yowell
Toasts

Here's to the Seniors, the veteran band
Who through the long years have managed to "stand,"
Whose hands even now are touching the prize!
We give to the Seniors, so noble and wise,
The best we can give them, the blessed old dears,
Though that is nothing but three rousing cheers!

Here's to the Juniors, who long for next year!
Here's to the Juniors, cheer after cheer!
Here's to the Juniors, so happy and gay—
May they continue thus many a day!
May Senior cares and burdens all
Gently touch both the short and the tall!

Here's to the Freshies above the rest!
Of all the girls we love them best;
They study hard and are always good—
Say they wouldn't be Sophs if they could;
What they are thinking you never can tell—
But run, little Freshies, there goes the bell!

Here's to the girls of the Special Class!
Each is a winsome, charming, lass;
No worries are theirs at the end or the start;
Each simply awaits Dan Cupid's dart.
So here's to the Specials, who want no degree!
May each one get married and happy be!
Freshman Class

Colors
Green and Gold

Flower
Jonquil

Motto
“We shall attain the summit round by round.”

Officers

President, Mary Davis
Vice-President, Freida Johnson
Secretary, Frances Selby
Treasurer, Elizabeth Heatwole
Class Roll

Margaret Allebaugh
Mary Bosserman
Bertha Bare
Anna Buchanan
Addie Elder
Nell Farrar
May Ferrell
Vera Foster
Elizabeth Gentry
Ida Gordon
Sallie Hulvey
Jessie Hannah
Laura Jones

Edith Martz
Ida Monroe
Sara Monroe
Kate McElroy
Nellie Maupin
Jennie Meade
Sophie Powers
Myra Richardson
Janie Still
Mary Simmons
Frances Wiley
Nan Wiley
Lula Williams
We Lisp in Numbers

Here's the budding Freshman Class,
Composed of many a charming lass.

"Frank," who from old Orange came,
For basket-ball goes down to fame.

Gentry and Nan, from Albemar—rel,
Are too good-natured ever to quarrel.

Old Nell is never known to frown,
But seldom fails to go down town.

Let the tests come when they will.
Sophie always writes to Bill.

Jennie's sometimes seen with Nell,
But often still with Mr. S—l.

If Ida's lame, or hoarse, imprudent,
She always writes to the "medical student."

And little Sara, bright-eyed girl,
Wishes in vain for hair that'll curl.

May Ferrell, with her quiet ways,
Always works and never plays.

Then comes Freida, the tallest of all—
The first thing she did was to have a bad fall.

Wiley and Still are good in school,
And were never known to break a rule.

Sallie and "Peg" are chummniest chums,—
See one, and there the other comes.

The heart of Anna at present is sore,
Because she didn't get a letter from M—re.

Jessie Hannah and Bertha Bare
Never grumble about the fare.

Simmons and Bosserman are very nice,
And when in class are as quiet as mice.

Ages ago it was sworn by the Fatec
That Myra and Laura should be classmates.

Ida and Tacy, Addie and Kate,
Never reach their classes late.

Lula and Elizabeth are very good friends;
Both will be sorry when school-life ends.

Vera Foster, so they say,
Studies Latin night and day.

Here's to our president, Mary dear!—
In all our troubles she brings good cheer.

Postscript:
Edith is our little poet,
Who lisp in rhymes but doesn't know it.
Special Class

Flower
BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Motto
"Contented wi' little and cantic wi' mair."

Officers
LIIIIAN LIGHTNER ......................................................... President
MARGARET RANSON ....................................................... Vice-President
CARMEN SEMONES ......................................................... Secretary
MARGARET LOGAN ........................................................ Treasurer

Members
Rosa Block Margaret Logan Lelia Rutherford
Eva Brahe Lucy Mackey Emma Salling
Frances Compton Mattie Miller Carmen Semones
Hattie Davenport Bertie Mundy Frankie Showalter
Rilla Flory Mollie Nicol Lottie Snead
Vada Glick Jennie Raine Ethel Sprinkel
Kathleen Harnsberger Margaret Ranson Edna Stoutameyer
Lou Jones Mrs. S. Richardson Selda Wagner
Lillian Lightner Isabel Rosson Jessie Wampler

72
Class Poem

This is our jolly Special Class.
A class both brave and bold;
The Black-eyed Susan is our flower,
Our colors, black and gold,

Though Juniors, Seniors, Sophs, there are,
And Freshmen too—oh, many!
It is the dear old Special Class
We love the best of any.

Musicians, artists, poets, all
Within our band are found;
Some day we'll all be Specialists
And sought the world around.
**Miscellany**

Just organizations, clubs, and trips,
With pictures one or two;
A school-girl's letters and some jokes
(We warrant these quite new);
Some rhymes and chimes from lyric bards
And stories, feigned and true.
Lanier Literary Society

Colors
VIOLET AND WHITE

Motto
"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand."

Officers

FIRST TERM
President, ANNIE WISE
Vice-Pres't, HALLIE HUGHES
Secretary, KATE TAYLOR
Treasurer, VIRGINIA EARL

SECOND TERM
INEZ COYNER
KATE TAYLOR
RUTH CONN
VIRGINIA EARL

THIRD TERM
RUTH CONN
ELLAISE BERRY
MARY SETTLE
LIZZIE MCGAHEY

Members
Katharine Anderson
Eunice Baker
Ellenoise Berry
Christiana Berger
Rosa Block
Anna Buchanan
Ada Burton
Ruth Conn
Shirley Cooper
Inez Coyner
Maudie Davis
Irene Daughtrey
Virginia Earman
Lorraine Eldred
Emily Ellis
Janet Farrar
Nell Farrar
Martha Fletcher
Margaret Fox
Sadie Fristoe
Marguerite Garrett
Alpine Gatling
Marceline Gatling
Juliet Gish

Elbertha Harris
Helen Harris
Kathleen Harless
Margaret Heflin
Annie Holbrook
Hallie Hughes
Nan Jennings
Mannie Johnson
Elizabeth Kelley
Ruth Keys
Aurie Law
Bessie Leftwich
Frances Mackey
Lucy Mackey
Elizabeth Marshall
Mary Martin
Edith Martz
Eva Massey
Rosa Maupin
Carrie McClure
Lizzie McGahey
Sarah Moffett
Sara Monroe
Nannie Morrison

Alma Oswald
Orra Otley
Sophie Powers
Jane Pulliam
Lucy Pulliam
Margaret Ranson
Mabel Rawls
Gertrude Royall
Bessie Rucker
Olivine Runciman
Marion Russell
Mary Sanders
Frances Selby
Katherine Selby
Mary Settle
Maude Snead
Edmonia Shepperson
Janie Still
Lillian Still
Kate Taylor
Inez Wilson
Frances Wiley
Bessie Willis
Annie Wise
Our Society Library

The Following of the Star .................. Miss Elizabeth Cleveland
L'Allegro and II Penseroso ................ Sophie Powers
Freckles .................................... Jane Pulliam
Diddie, Dumps, and Tot .................... Mabel Rawls
We Two ..................................... Kate Taylor
Prisoners of Hope ........................... Inez Coyner
Black Beauty ................................ Emily Ellis
Vanity Fair ................................. Margaret Fox
Keeping up with Lizzie ..................... Ruth Conn
Flaxie Frizzles ............................. Katharine Selby
Much Ado About Nothing .................. Shirley Cooper
The Littlest Rebel .......................... Marion Russell
Lovey Mary .................................. Mary Settle
Our Presidents .............................. Ruth Conn
Comrades ................................... Inez Coyner
Under Western Eyes ....................... Elberta Harris
The Little Minister ......................... Mary Sanders
The Choir Invisible ........................ Edmonia Shepperson
A Junior in the Line ....................... Elizabeth Kelley
A Sweet Girl Graduate ..................... Margaret Ranson
A Bundle of Good Cheer ................... Anna Wise
A Revolutionary Maid ..................... Ruth Conn
A Weaver of Dreams ....................... Inez Coyner

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### Fox Literary Society

#### Officers
- **President:** Thomas Washington
- **First Vice President:** James Campbell
- **Second Vice President:** William McDonald
- **Secretary:** John Hall
- **Treasurer:** George B. Smith

#### Members

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Grace Green</td>
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#### Members

- **Second Quarter:**
  - John Atkinson
  - William Baker

- **Third Quarter:**
  - Mary Atkinson
  - William Baker

#### Secretary
Katharine Hunter, Dorothea Brown

#### Advisor
Dr. J. W. Wagman
Y. W. C. A.

Motto
"I have come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Cabinet
1911-12

Officers
Eva Massey ...........................................President
Octavia Goode .......................................Vice-President
Pearl Haldeman ...................................Secretary
Pattie Puller .........................................Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees
Louise Lancaster ..................................Devotional
Ella Heatwole ......................................Bible Study
Juliet Gish ..........................................Missionary
Octavia Goode ......................................Membership
Frances Mackey .....................................Social
Pearl Haldeman ....................................Intercollegiate
Pattie Puller .........................................Finance
Kate Taylor ...........................................Alumnae

Officers
1912-13
Edith Suter ...........................................President
Frances Mackey ......................................Vice-President
Mary Sadler .........................................Secretary
Josephine Bradshaw ................................Treasurer

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."
Lullaby

Come listen, Dear Heart, while I tell you a tale
That the little waves whispered to me,
As they lingered awhile with the pebbles to play,
Though the brooklet tried hard to entice them away
With a tale of the wonderful sea.

"We have had such a time, such a frolic," they sighed:
"As we came from the mountains this morn,
We surprised a young robin just learning his song,
And we caught its gay tune as we tumbled along,
But we hung it back there on a thorn.

When we wet a green dragon fly’s fine gauzy wings,
He never once minded at all.
Then we landed a great big tumble-bug,
With a bumblebee and a water slug,
On the top of a sycamore ball."

Now the brooklet was cooing a lullaby song,
And I never heard all the rest;
For each baby wave, with a tired little sigh
And a splash that was meant for a drowsy good-bye,
Sank to sleep on its mother’s breast.

—Ruth Conn.
The plot of Frank Stockton's story, "The Lady or the Tiger," will readily be recalled: A youth of low degree has dared to love the Princess and to win her love in return. The enraged King sentences him to appear in the arena and take his chances of death in the jaws of a hungry tiger or of marriage to a lady—beautiful indeed, but not the Princess. There are two doors to the arena. He is free to open either, as fate and his own choice may decide. Behind one is the lady. Behind the other is the infuriated beast. The Princess motions her lover to open the door to the right. He walks straight to it and meets his fate—the lady or the tiger—which?

Stockton always insisted that he himself did not know, and he never wrote the end of the story. But the question that has teased his readers for a quarter of a century has now been forever set at rest by one of our girls in the concluding scene pictured below.

The great door swung open, and into the arena there stepped a man, so young, so perfectly formed in every line and feature, he seemed more god than man. The pitying murmur of the multitude arose like the sighing of the wind through the trees, until the angry glance of the King, sweeping the crowded amphitheatre, checked their voices, and the people turned their eyes away from the silent figure standing motionless and alone before the royal box. His eyes were upon the white-veiled figure beside the King; and in their depths there was no fear, no distrust, no regret, only the unspoken question—"Which?"

Slowly a white hand was lifted, and, with an almost imperceptible motion toward the right, dropped once more into the folds of her veil. A look of quick understanding flashed in his eyes; he even smiled slightly as his heels came together; and saluting the King, he walked steadily toward the right-hand gate.

The King and his court leaned forward; the people held their breath; a tense silence brooded over the vast amphitheatre; the only sound was the ring of the man's sandals on the stones; the only motion, that of the unwavering figure crossing the space below, with his eyes upon his goal. His hand upon the knob, he turned to the people and, with a bow of courtly grace, threw open the iron-barred portal.

For the space of a heart-beat not a sound was heard, then the shouts of the people burst from their straining throats. The anger of the King was forgotten in their joy, for before them stood the man, holding the hand of a woman clad in bridal white. The tumult subsided. The two moved directly beneath the royal box and there were married. At the conclusion of the sacred words they faced the King, and the woman above and the woman below at the same instant threw back their veils. Beside the King sat the second fairest lady in the land; but, down below, the man held by the hand the fairest of them all—for he had married the Princess.

83
The automobile (it's a big one) gave a sudden lurch as we turned into the Port Republic road, but we held fast and managed to stay in. Mrs. Burruss dropped her bunch of daffodils, but the rear guard picked them up and restored them to her while we were halting at the Ashby Monument.

Proceeding eastward, we took the southerly route over the battlefield of Cross Keys, where Ewell defeated Fremont just fifty years ago. We came near to sticking fast in the ravine across which the batteries thundered that June day of '62; but finally we came out on the elevated stretches of road sloping down to Port Republic.

Switching around to the right, almost on the river bank, we came in a moment to the bridge, famous from that famous day when Stonewall crossed it, then burned it, and then proceeded to address himself to General Shields down on the Lewis Farm, between the river and the mountain. The view down the river toward the Blue Ridge, from the substantial iron structure that now spans the waters, is almost equalled by the view up the river where the broad deep current presses down between the cedared bluffs and pours over the great dam with a mighty splashing and roaring.
Passing through the ancient little village by turning ninety degrees to the left, we cross the bridge spanning the south fork of the Shenandoah; then we turn back upon our general course toward the south, and in a mile or two come to Shenandoah. We are informed that the postoffice, as well as the railway station, is now called Grottoes, after the renowned Weyer's Cave, the Cave of the Fountains, and other wonderful caverns that honeycomb the wooded bluff across yonder on the west bank of the river.

Of course we went through the caves—as many as we could in our limited time. Then we came back past Port Republic, lingered a little while on the battlefield at Lewiston, visited a few of the historic homesteads in the vicinity, and so came on to Conrad's Store, now known as Elkton. Misses Conn and McGahey looked a little homesick as we passed McGaheysville, but we managed to keep them in the auto by running somewhat faster than usual. As we passed along in full view of the Peaked Mountain, towering up into the western sky, Miss Harrington called attention to the remarkable resemblance it bears, from that point, to the Rock of Gibraltar, and Miss King explained its geological structure to several members of her class who were in the party. The great White Rock, just back of Rockingham Springs, was in plain sight for several miles. It is a landmark sure to be seen and remembered by all tourists who pass through East Rockingham.

Passing Cedar Bluff Falls and Bear Lithia Spring on the right, we came in due time to Shenandoah Iron Works; then to the Hawksbill Valley and the town of Luray. Here Miss Hudson was at home, and entertained the party with rare hospitality.

Luray nestles in a beautiful part of the Page Valley, the long, rugged chain of the Blue Ridge bounding the view on the east, while the ridges and towering peaks of the Massanutten leap up just westward. The thing that makes Luray most famous, however, is the splendid cave a mile west of the town. This we visited, of course.

The question then arose whether we should continue down the Page Valley, east of the Massanutten, or cross to the west side. Miss Preston wanted to go right on down to Front Royal, but Miss Annie Cleveland was anxious to leave a message from Hollins at New Market; so we crossed
through the gap in the Massanutten to that historic town. After a short stop in New Market, and a look over the battlefield, we whizzed down on the Valley Pike. On the brow of Rude's Hill we had to pause and take a long look, for here is one of the finest views in the Valley, if not in the world. Here, moreover, is one of the celebrated camping grounds of Stonewall Jackson. Down yonder, in that brick house beside the river, lived the youngest colonel of the Stonewall Brigade. On the broad plains below, through which the pike cuts like a long gray ribbon, Turner Ashby and Sir Percy Wyndham met more than once in the shock of charging cavalry. This broad plain is Meem's Bottom.

Beyond the plain we come to Mt. Jackson, named for "Old Hickory"; then we pass Hawkinson and Red Banks. On Ponce's Hill we stop again and take another long look, for here we can see the Massanutten Mountain in all its fifty miles of length, dropping off abruptly at Keezletown southward and at Strasburg northward.

Gliding swiftly down Ponce's Hill we soon pass Edinburg and come to the old historic town of Woodstock. Here Miss Hoffman entertains, and we regret that we have to leave so soon.

Below Woodstock we pass Tom's Brook, Fisher's Hill, and Strasburg, following the Valley Pike out over the battlefield of Cedar Creek, then on down through Middletown and Stephens City, across the Opequon at Springdale, past Kernstown, and so on to Winchester. We are tempted to linger here a long time, but we have promised to take supper at Berryville and to spend the night at White Post. So we hurry on. As we spin out eastward on the Berryville Pike we pass through the fields where was fought the great battle of September, 1864, between Early and Sheridan. Abraham's Creek is on our right, and soon again we cross the Opequon. It is just nightfall when we reach White Post, and the lantern on the tall gray sentinel is already gleaming out a kindly welcome. This is soon eclipsed, however, by the beaming face of our Editor-in-Chief, as she greets the homefolks, and tells us all to come right in and make ourselves at home. We do.

The next morning, after a visit to Greenway Court, we go on to Front Royal, where Miss Preston introduces us to many of her friends, and where Lucy Laws, with Daisy Melton and other old students, has prepared us a royal welcome. At the latest possible moment we leave Front Royal, with many regrets, and cut westward across the Valley toward Strasburg. As we pass around the triple promontory of the Massanutten, we pause repeatedly to admire the matchless beauty of the landscape—a combination of bending river, verdant plain, and towering mountain.

In due time we pass Strasburg, Fisher's Hill, Woodstock, and other places on the homeward way; but we do take time at Woodstock to make an excursion to the top of the Massanutten Mountain, in order that we may look down upon the winding Shenandoah on the one side, and into the unique Fort Valley on the other side. The chauffeur performed the rather difficult and somewhat dangerous feat of turning the automobile right on the crest of the mountain, and then we scudded down into the valley, every one holding her breath, whenever she could catch it, and gripping the sides of the car with desperate tenacity. But it was glorious.
From one high point, coming up the Valley, we had a fine view of Brock's Gap, far to the west. This side of New Market we explored the Endless Caverns; we also peeped into Harrison's Cave near Melrose, and wound up with a visit to Massanetta Cave, Massanetta Springs, Rawley, Dayton, and Bridgewater. In the neighborhood of New Erection we saw some of the famous wheat fields that Mr. Dean photographs in harvest time; and at Dayton we caught a reflection of Mole Hill in Silver Lake. Round Hill at Bridgewater, with the natural falls dam, was much admired. We had to hurry, but we expected to do that when we started out. It is not often that we have two holidays together, and we were determined to make the most of these. Mr. Burruss said we all had to be ready for the eight-thirty class Monday morning, and we did not want to miss the basket ball game Saturday night, or Sunday-school Sunday morning. Otherwise we might have been tempted to go on to the Natural Chimneys, West Augusta, and Staunton, taking in Waynesboro and Basic City in the sweep around the circle. But we didn't do it. Perhaps we'll go to Lexington and Natural Bridge next time.
ATHLETIC COUNCIL
Athletic Association

Basket Ball Games

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<td>Junior-Sophomore</td>
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<td>March 16</td>
<td>Senior-Junior</td>
<td>32—14</td>
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<td>March 30</td>
<td>Sophomore-Freshman</td>
<td>6—4</td>
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<td>April 13</td>
<td>Senior-Sophomore</td>
<td>33—6</td>
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<td>April 26</td>
<td>Junior-Freshman</td>
<td>26—23</td>
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<td>May 3</td>
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Athletic Council

Frances Mackey .............................................. President
Lizzie McGahey .............................................. Vice-President
Pattie Puller .............................................. Secretary
Mary Sale .................................................. Treasurer

Alpine Gatling, Mary Thom

91
Racket Tennis Club

Colors
Red and Blue

Motto
"Root little pig, or die."

Officers

First Quarter
President, MARY THOM
Vice-President, FRANCES MACKEY
Secretary and Treasurer, KATE TAYLOR

Second Quarter
LIZZIE McGAHEY
HELEN HARRIS
LUCY MACKEY

Members

Althea Adams  Margaret Heflin  Mollie Nicol
Beulah Anderson  Katherine Henley  Orra Otley
Katharine Anderson  Mabel Hitt  Maurine Patterson
Eunice Baker  Hallie Hughes  Patty Phaup
Eliaoise Berry  Nan Jennings  Bess Phlegar
Ruth Bowers  Annie Lee Jones  Jane Pulliam
Dorothy Brown  Elizabeth Kelley  Lucy Pulliam
Ruth Conn  English Kendrick  Margaret Ranson
Inez Coyner  Ruth Keys  Mabel Rawls
Emily Ellis  Arrie Law  Olivine Runciman
Janet Farrar  Lillian Lightner  Marion Russell
Susan Farrell  Margaret Logan  Mary Sanders
Mary Fox  Frances Mackey  Maude Shapleigh
Effie Garland  Lucy Mackey  Sarah Shields
Elizabeth Gentry  Eva Massey  Frances Sibert
Juliet Gish  Carrie McClure  Maude Snead
Octavia Goode  Lizzie McGahey  Bonnie Staley
Mary Greer  Lucile McLeod  Kate Taylor
Mary Haden  Bertie Lib Miller  Jessie Thrasher
Kathleen Harless  Martha Miller  Mary Thom
Elbera Harris  Sarah Moffett  Anna Ward
Helen Harris  Nannie Morrison  Katie Winfrey
Mattie Worster

93
Pinquet Tennis Club

Motto
Go and Play

Officers
First and Second Terms
President
Alpine Gatling
Vice-President

Secretay
Ruth Round
Treasurer
Sadie Frisoe

Third Term
Sophie Powers
Marguerite Garrett
Patty Puller
Pearl Haldeman

Members
Gee-Hee! Gee-Ho!
Gee-Ha! Ha! Ha!
Pinquet! Pinquet!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yells
One, Two, Three, Four!
Two, Four, Three, Four!
Who are we for?
Pinquet!
Basket Ball Marathon
Tennis Tournament
Jumping
On the Campus
BASKETBALL
1917
Freshman Basketball Team

Yell
Zim! Burn! Bah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Freshman! Freshman!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Captain
Frances Selby
Center
Nan Wiley
Substitutes
Jessie Hannah

Guards
Mary Bosserman
Mary Davis
Bertha Bare

Forwards
Frances Selby
Freida Johnson

May Ferrell
Sophomore Basketball Team

Yell
None can reach us! Ya! Ya! Ya!
None can beat us! Ha! Ha! Ha!
We're the best team of them all—
Sophomore, Sophomore, Basket Ball!

Captain
Margie Bryant
Center
Frances Cole
Substitutes
Eunice Gordan

Guards
Maude Snead
Mabel Richardson
Marion Russell

Forwards
Ida Via
Margie Bryant
Audrey Jones
Junior Basket Ball Team

*Motto*
“Lam dat ball right through de basket.”

*Yell*
Chickapoo! Wallapoo!
Chicka! Laca! Less!
Juniors! Juniors!
H. N. S.

*Captain:* Frances Mackey

*Forwards*
Pattie Puller
Kate Selby

*Center:* Frances Mackey

*Guards*
Olivine Runciman
Mattie Worster

*Substitutes*
Beatrice Eshelman
Effie Garland
Senior Basket Ball Team

Yell
Allevivi! Allevivi! Allevivi! Vivo Vim!
Boom! Get a rat-trap bigger than a cat trap!
Boom! Get a cat-trap bigger than a rat-trap!
Boom ! !
Seniors! Seniors!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Captain: Lizzie McGahey         Coach: Miss Ruth S. Hudson
Ruth Conn             Margaret Fox       Pearl Haldeman    Lizzie McGahey
Inez Coynner     Alpine Gatling       Lucy Madison      Willye White
A Convict's Thanksgiving

It was Thanksgiving day. Outside, the snow was falling softly and silently, covering the earth with its white beauty. In the distance the church bells were ringing sweetly, slowly and yet joyously, as though they had some great secret they were anxious to tell. Yes, it was the nation's day of thanksgiving.

John Ferguson stood in his cell in the Illinois State Prison, gazing out of the small grated window over the snowy plains toward the city of Chicago. His heart, too, seemed to stretch toward it, with that deep, inexpressible yearning of a man who is deprived of his freedom.

He was thinking very bitter thoughts—thoughts not at all in harmony with the outside world; and a hard look came into his face as his musings took a stronger hold upon him.

Six years and ten days exactly he had been occupying Cell Number 34. "How long it has been!" he groaned. "How long it will be!"

Who would answer for this waste—this ruin of his life? Surely it would be those who had falsely imprisoned him.—For himself, though, it really did not matter so much. His own humiliation was a small thing compared with the suffering and disgrace brought upon his wife and baby.

And oh, that baby! When, choking with sobs, he had last clasped her in his arms, she had been a rosy-cheeked, golden-curled, child of four. Now she was nearly eleven years old. He wondered if she knew, or whether his wife had kept the dreadful story from her.

And the little wife—how true and brave she had been! Knowing as she did that he was innocent of the crime of which he stood accused, she had faced the end bravely; and it was her strength that had upborne him through those last bitter, false, proceedings. Night after night he had tossed on his hard prison cot thinking of her; and when at last he would succumb to sleep, the vision of her sweet, brave, face often hovered over him.

"Is she thinking of me now?" he wondered.

Her last words to him had been, "You are innocent, John. Trust God, and hope."

He had endured and hoped; but now his hungry heart cried, "O Lord, how long?"

Was she still hoping too?—

A key clicked in the lock of Number 34, and the forenoon guard announced curtly that dinner was ready.

Ferguson merely bowed his head in reply and walked in front of the guard to the end of the corridor, where he joined nineteen other convicts in their march to the mess hall.

The tables looked better than usual to-day, and the dinner was very good; but it was on days like this that the convicts were saddest. For even with the worst of them Thanksgiving had some association with a better past.
To-day the usual restrictions concerning speech were removed; but from mere force of habit very little was said among the prisoners, and the meal was finished in almost total silence. The monotonous clank of the knives and forks as they were dropped into the collector’s tray made it seem like other days; and it was with a deeper feeling of depression that Ferguson found himself again in his cell.

“The warden says you may walk out awhile this afternoon if you wish,” said the keeper; “I’ll come for you at four?”

“Thank you,” answered Ferguson absently as the heavy, steel-latticed door again swung into place.

He sat down on the side of the cot, his head in his hands, wrapped once more in thought. And thus the keeper found him when he opened the cell door again.

“I don’t think I care to go out, thank you, McManahan,” said Ferguson wearily when he looked up and saw the guard standing in the door.

“Oh, cheer up, Ferguson. The warden wants to see you in the office for a minute. Hope it’s good news,” he added, his honest Irish face smiling pleasantly at his prisoner as he held the door open for him to pass out.

Ferguson’s face went white. Could it be that anything was wrong with the wife and baby? The very thought of it unnerved completely the grief-worn man, and he leaned against the wall a second for support. Then he passed out in front of the keeper and walked down the corridor, his head whirling and his heart scarcely beating.

When he reached the office door, it swung open, and he found himself standing before the warden’s desk.

“Ferguson, you’ve been here for six years—”

“Yes, sir,” a trifle unsteadily.

“You’ve been a faithful man.”

“I hope so, sir.”

Then prepare yourself for what you are about to hear.”

“I—I don’t understand you, sir. Is—is—anything wrong with them? Tell me quick!” he gasped, clutching the desk, his eyes almost bloodshot with fear.

“Steady, Ferguson,” said the warden, motioning the keeper to go to him.

“No, there’s nothing wrong. Something is right at last. Listen; the confession of Jim Williams proves you innocent of the crime for which you were sent here, and a release, full and unqualified, has been granted you by the Governor. From this moment you are free.”

Ferguson staggered to a chair, whispering the blessed words over and over again, “Proved innocent! My God, I thank thee.”

The door of the office opened, and with a cry of joy he gathered his wife and child both into his arms.

Even the warden and the keeper, accustomed as they were to touching scenes, turned their backs on the little group; and when at last they looked again, they saw a changed man. On his face, instead of the old hard look, was one of grateful joy.

They left the little family there alone; and as the warden walked off down the corridor clanking his heavy keys, but smiling, he muttered, “A sure-enough Thanksgiving.”

—Mary L. Sanders.
A Blink o' Rest

The wind crept into the willow tree
To rest awhile from his play;
He thought he'd sleep in the leaves that night,
He had had such a merry day.

So he cuddled close among the leaves
And cooed him a lullaby song,
Forgot the tune—in fact, he dozed
And was fast asleep ere long.

But out in the wood-top the birdies waked,
For the air grew hot and still
Till the clover heads in the meadow drooped,
And the cricket ceased his trill.

"Oh, where is the wind?" the roses cried,
And the dew-drops answered, "Where?"
"I will not rest me," said the owl,
"Till I've sought him far and near."

Then over the hill and over the dale
And down by the brook went he;
And there at last he found the wind,
Asleep in the willow tree.

So the breeze went forth again that night,
Till the hot earth smiled and slept;
But the moon from the heavens looked down on him
Where he wandering vigil kept.

"Some day I will draw you up," she said,
"Up, up, to my world of rest;
The stars shall croon you a lullaby
While you fall asleep on my breast."

—Ruth Curr.
A Blink o' Rest

The wind swept into the willow tree
To rest awhile from his play;
He thought he'd sleep in the leaves that night,
He had had such a weary day.

So he cuddled close among the leaves
And cooed him a lullaby song;
Forgot the tune—an fact he shared
And was fast asleep ere long.

But out in the wood-top the birdsakes waked;
For the air grew hot and still
Till the clover heads in the meadow drooped,
And the cricketer ceased his trill.

"Oh, where is the wind!" the rows cried,
And the dew-drops answered, "Where?"
"I will not rest you," said the owl;
"Till I've sought him far and near."

Then over the hill and over the dale
And down by the brook went he;
And there at last he found the wind,
Asleep in the willow tree.

So the breeze went forth again that night,
Till the hot earth smiled and slept;
But the moon from the heavens looked down on them
Where the wandering vigil kept.

"Some day I will draw you up," she said
"Up, up, to any world at rest;
The stars shall croon you a lullaby
While you fall asleep on my breast.

—Ruth Crad.
German Club

*Motto*

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

*Officers*

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<tr>
<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>Manager</td>
<td>Lucy Madison</td>
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<td>Assistant Manager</td>
<td>Alpine Gatling</td>
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*Executive Committee*

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<tr>
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<td>Ruth Round</td>
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*Members*

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GLEE CLUB

Miss Julia S. Preston
Director
Glee Club

Director .................. Miss Julia Starr Preston
Business Manager .............. Frances Mackey
Secretary-Treasurer ............. Pearl Haldeman

Motto
"We just opens our mouths and hollers."

Members

Beulah Anderson        Marguerite Garrett        Bessie Leitwich        Gertrude Royall
Hilda Benson           Marjorie Grizzard        Lucy Madison          Bessie Rucker
Christiana Berger      Pearl Haldeman          Frances Mackey         Mary Sanders
Rosa Block              Carrie Harouff            Lucy Mackey            Mabel Snidow
Ada Burton              Elberta Harris           Carrie McClure          Bessie Will's
Frances Cole            Mabel Heavener           Alma Oswald            Lena Willis
Mary Davis              Ruth Keys                Sophie Powers           Arch Woodzelle
Lorraine Eldred         Elizabeth Kelley          Helen Reeves
Beatrice Eshelman       English Kendrick         Ruth Round

109
Kindergarten Club

Motto
“A little child shall lead them.”

Flower
Forget-me-not

Colors
Baby Blue and Pink

Officers

MARY THOM ......................................................... President
KATHLEEN HARNBERGER ........................................... Vice-President
EDITH SUTER .......................................................... Secretary
ELIZABETH KELLEY .................................................... Treasurer

Honorary Member
MISS EVALINA HARRINGTON

Members

Janet Farrar  Mary Liggett  Louise Marguerite
Willye White  Nellie Myers  Lancaster Garrett
Ruth Round  Edith Suter  Pearl Olivine
Margaret Gay  Mary Fox  Miss Shoninger
Mary Rubeush Ethel Sprinkel  Kathleen Harnberger
Miss King  Annie Wise  Miss Harrington
Elizabeth Kelley  Susie Corr  Marjorie Maurice
Mary Thom  Miss Scott  Grizzard Patterson
Eunice Baker  Lucy Pulliam  Frances Virginia

111
Arts Club

*Motto*

"Art is not a thing to be done, but the best way of doing whatever needs to be done."

*Flower:* Goldenrod  
*Colors:* Green and Gold

*Honorary Member:* Miss Mattie A. Speck

*Officers*

*President* ......................................... Hallie Hughes
*Vice-President* ................................. Edmonia Shepperson
*Secretary-Treasurer* .............. Martha Miller

*Members*

Mary Dudley  
Virginia Edwards  
Louise Greenawalt  
Hallie Hughes  
Frances Mackey  
Dorothy Macon  
Martha Miller  
Carrie Scates  
Carmen Semones  
Ida Shaffer  
Edmonia Shepperson  
Jessie Thrasher  
Mary Wilson

113
A Rebus
And Some Other Things

What girls can always see to

What girls can even bear to bore?

Are so attractive that they draw

Great trees as Orpheus did of yore?

Their hands are clean, and yet they stain;

They "ax" not axioms, but an

Not plain they are, yet plainly

Not tackey, yet they handle

Not stooped, and yet without a

These lazy girls won't work a

Still at a most industrious pace

They make settees, but never sit.
They are not bookish, yet make

They, far from earthy, work in clay.

They cook not, yet equip the

With, and with gay:

Not artful, still they practice arts;

They dye, and still teach rural schools.

Their surrey to the country starts

With and all kinds of tools

(A speckled horse between the shafts).

Not vicious, still they love a

Not crafty, still they deal in crafts.—

Now guess what Club can be so nice.
Home Economics Club

*Flower:* Dark Red Carnation  
*Colors:* Red and White

*Motto*
"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

*Officers*

President ................................................. Virginia Dudley  
Vice-President ........................................... Mary Greer  
Secretary ................................................ Katherin Anderson  
Treasurer ................................................ Helen Harris

*Members*

Katharine Anderson  
Sadie Davies  
Virginia Dudley  
Louise Greenawalt  
Mary Greer  
Ethel Harman  
Helen Harris  
Margaret Hellin  
Lillian Lightner  
Mary Lyle  
Susie Madison  
Mary Michie  
Mattie Miller  
Sarah Shields  
Inez Wilson

*Honorary Members*

Mrs. Julian A. Burruss  
Miss Frances Sale

116
THE RIVER THAT MADE OUR VALLEY
JAPANESE OPERETTA
Dear old Chum,

If you want to try the strenuous life, just come over here for a year or more and learn exactly what our ex-President meant by it. School opened with the usual amount of work and with more than the usual amount of fun—receptions, serenades, parades, concerts, spinsters, and everything like that; so I haven't found time to keep my promise to you. But if I were to write about all the good times, this letter would never end; consequently, I'll only tell you of the very biggest affairs.

The “season” began with a very informal reception, on the Friday after school opened, given to the students by the faculty—which faculty, of course, is the “nicest ever.” After we had guessed the answers to the questions in the Flower Romance on the dear little cards, and had made away with the refreshments, we frolicked awhile and then said good-night.

The next week the two literary societies gave a joint reception (all these receptions are given in the gymnasium) to the students and faculty; and such fun as we had! Each girl was asked to draw a head, fold the paper over, and pass it on to her next neighbor, who added a body. Then the third one put on the feet. At a given signal the papers were all opened. You can't imagine the curious combinations that confronted us—man, bird, and beast—many of them, unlike Tommy, “coming and going at the same time.”

The town people are lovely to us in every way. The Methodists gave a reception to the school. We call them receptions; but really they are just good-time gatherings, because they are not at all formal. And then the Daily News Band honored us with a serenade. We danced, strolled, quoted poetry, made jingles, and talked nonsense to the “witching strains of music under the silvery moon.”

One evening we had a real Macedonian to come and talk to the Y. W. C. A. about the need of missionary work in his country. His name is Rev. Demetrius Elias Constantinstinzczias Vishanoff. At least that is all of it that I can remember.

Pal of mine, you should have been here for the Hallowe’en parade. A special dispensation was granted us to do as we pleased between ten and eleven o’clock at night. Well, we pleased to have a grand parade. We masked, gathered up every kind of musical (?) instrument from a comb to a dustpan, and went all over the campus, to the cottage, to the turnip-patch, and everywhere. Those of us who live in Burruss Hall raided the Lower Dormitory and played havoc with beds and rooms. We came back to find our own rooms...
even more mixed up than those we had just invaded. Beds, books, tables, and dresses had all taken a wild somersault and now occupied the most unheard-of places. Some of our sober notebooks must have fled from the disorder, for they have not been seen since.

December.

Chum, I wished for you so much to-night. We have just come back from the Conradis' recital, and it was wonderful music. Dear, they just carried you on and on, and the violin strings got all tangled up with your heart till you had to cry, it was so beautiful. They caught all the joys and sorrows of life and made them yours. Why do we feel so little and unworthy after hearing wonderful music, dear?

It seems that this letter will never be finished, doesn't it? We have been busy practising for The Spinsters' Return, which Miss Scott got up for her rural schools. You remember when we gave it at home? 'Twas just as funny here, and we made quite a good little sum. I think some of the girls have kodak pictures of the spinsters, and I'll try to get them to enclose to you.

The Y. W. C. A. Bazar, for which we have been working all the session, came off last night, and it was a great success. We had everything from fortune tellers to bachelors' dreams and shadowgraphs. The shadowgraphs were the best things we had. We stretched sheets across the front of the stage and turned off the lights, except those behind the actors. This threw the girls' shadows on the curtain as they, with excessive gesticulation, acted out in dumb show the ballad or story which somebody else was reading aloud. Believe me, the effect was rich. It beats any moving-picture show all to pieces.

If you want something that really takes, try shadowgraphs at your bazar next year. You may be able to get a better idea from this drawing, but you'll have to see shadowgraphs to appreciate them.

Exams are over! Home for us in the morning!

Lovingly,

Annie.

120
January,

Chumsie mine, we have just come from "around the camp fire with Lee," and I thought 'twould be well to begin my quarterly to you. This was one of the best special meetings of the Lee Literary Society, and it was very good indeed. The posters were so attractive and told the story so well that I begged one to send to you.

Before I get very far on this letter I want to inform your royal highness that this is a busy quarter for us practice teachers, and you will understand the frequent pauses.

February.

My dear, you'll always be sorry you didn't come with us, because the Conradis have been here again. I can't tell you about the music any more than that it was like getting glimpses of the coming spring in the midst of winter.

We have been doing things too. First, the Laniers gave a "Cupid's Party," and our old Assembly Room looked its very best. What with the decorations, the soft lights, and the music, we were "hoodwinked with faery fancy" sure enough. The menu cards too, "heart-shaped and vermeil dyed," were written in a sort of Romance language in which "Cupid's nectar" meant hot chocolate, and everything had a name too exalted for human nature's daily food.

But the fun was in the Hall of Fame. Don't you know those scamps, the Laniers, had life-size silhouettes of the faculty, and Ruth Conn spouted forth marvelous histories of them all! Do you recognize this one?

Of course the girls took advantage of the immortal George's birthday to adorn themselves in Colonial gowns and incidentally to sing patriotic songs.

But the biggest thing we've ever had since the school opened was the Japanese operetta, "Princess Kiku." It was given in the town hall, and we cleared almost a hundred dollars. Miss Hudson nearly worked herself to death to make it a success; and it was, too. There were about sixty-five girls, dressed as Japanese, and the effect was very beautiful. At the dress rehearsal Mr. Dean took a flashlight, which was very good. The Princess was so cunning, and Eva was a typical old maid.

March.

The Glee Clubs from the University and from Wash-
Dearest Chum,

The girls have just gotten back from the debate between the Lee Literary Society and the High School, and such a babel of voices you've never heard. Most of the excitement is due to the fact that our girls won. The question was whether the aims and methods of teaching in secondary schools should be the same for girls as for boys. It was a very interesting debate.

Saturday Night.

We have had the nicest tramp to-day—a nine-mile one at that. Miss King took about a dozen or so of us to Bridgewater. We stopped in Dayton for a little rest and went over to see the "S. C. I." We ate lunch just before we got into Bridgewater proper. There is a college in Bridgewater, too, and being educationally inclined, we went over it. Miss King thought it was too much of a tramp to walk back, so we went down to the station, and had a most delightful wait for the train. A fine little rain added much to our pleasure (?). But it was nice to be out of doors, chum, and we took some good pictures.

Chum, I'm so tired, but I'll have to tell you about our trip to-day, for it was a great event. Dr. Wayland, Miss King, and Miss Harrington took
us to climb Massanutten Mountain. We went by train to Keezletown, and then began the climb. A number of us had never scaled a mountain before, and you can imagine how we did it. But the view from the top was magnificent. We could see for miles around, and the towns looked like toy villages. Everything was so solemn and still and grand—not a living thing up there but ourselves. Dear, it was a place to dream dreams and think big thoughts that you couldn't express.

The mountains form a hollow called The Kettle. This was where we ate dinner. After a rest, and some picture-taking, we started for McGaheysville, where we were to take the train home. And oh, that trail which leads to McGaheysville! They say it's only three miles, but I have my serious doubts. Somehow a few of us lost sight of Dr. Wayland's party, and after much crossing and recrossing the little stream, we finally found a trace of them—a note tacked to a tree saying, "We are holding the train; hurry on." It seemed to us that we couldn't hurry on much more, but we did. I never in my life have seen such a road—it was all turns and nothing else. After a long, long, time we found McGaheysville and the train still there, for which we were devoutly thankful. If you could have seen us when we came in to supper, you'd never have recognized us. Tired, dirty, hungry, and footsore, but with the satisfaction of having climbed a mountain fourteen hundred feet high, and made the train at McGaheysville too!

Tuesday.

Chum, can you believe that Easter has come and gone? The holidays passed off very quietly here at school, celebrated only by a picnic to Massa-
We planted our Senior tree, Chum, a maple, and it's going to grow, because each of us made a wish for it.

So many things will happen between now and the close of school, that I think I'll just say now what they are going to be, and tell you about them when I see you. The Coburns are coming again; the Seniors are working on "The Princess" for their class play; the girls are practicing for the tennis tournament, to be held on Field Day; and, last but not least, will be Commencement. I won't tell you about these because you'll be here for them all.

Here's good-by, and best wishes to you when you take your final exams.

Yours always,

Annie.

**Blood Root**

Not the lilies and azaleas
Set for sale in city windows
Are the real Easter flowers,
But the blood root on the hillsides,
Stretching far as eye can follow
In the fullness of God's plenty.—
Late one Easter Eve we found them
All the star-eyes closed in worship,
Pure white hands in prayer all folded,
Flower-fingers pressing gently
Tip to tip, and pointing skyward.

Cut for once into their bases,
Cleave the root of all the pureness,
Seek the source of all the beauty—
Buried find a broken body,
Flesh like man's flesh, stained with blood.
GANYMÈDE
To a Physicist Physicked by the Physician

(Lines written to a member of the Physics Class who was sojourning in the infirmary.)

The plumb line isn’t plumb at all,
   Oh, dear!
And atoms are no longer small
   ’Cause you’re not here.
The force of gravity has wings,
And we no longer find with strings
The center of the mass, and things
   We found when you were here.

We’ve lost our equilibrium too,
   Oh, dear!
And every gas we find looks blue
   ’Cause you’re not here.
We cannot now expand the air,
Nor mark the weight of atmosphere,
For vacuums are everywhere
   When you’re not here.

In fact we don’t know what to do—
   Oh, dear!
Our attraction’s lost, we know, for you,
   Or you’d be here.
But then we hope you will not mind
If by experiment we find
That all our forces when combined
   Will draw you here.
Swords and Roses

In his home in Winchester, Virginia, Daniel Morgan had gone into headquarters for the early winter that was already beginning to set in. The Morgan riflemen were encamped just beyond the straggling little village, and it was strange how often some young courier would have business with the Colonel, and by chance speak a word with his daughter, Miss Nancy.

To-night the proud old father was giving a dance in her honor; and there was not one young officer but wished for a less stained, less tattered, uniform in which to appear before this famous belle of The Valley. Among these was Lieutenant Headly, a bright, brave, American who had come on an errand of import to the Colonel. He was a member of Lafayette's staff and had, for bravery in the recent battle of Brandywine, been presented by that general with his own sword when the Continental Congress had seen fit to honor Lafayette with the gift of a far more handsome weapon. The news that he was wearing it to-night spread like wild-fire among the girls, who were eager to see both the sword and its owner.

Never had a cavalier bowed lower over his lady's hand than Lieutenant Headly bowed over Nancy's that night; and turn as she would, she always found him near at hand. But it was not until they had drifted away from the others and out into the broad hall that Nancy's curiosity got the better of her and she asked to see the sword. He showed it with a pardonable degree of pride, his head coming perilously near hers as together they bent over the dainty weapon, which seemed so much nearer fitted to Nancy's little hand than to that of some great general famed for valiant deeds. The slender rosewood handle was twined with silver wire, and near the base of the blade was a French motto, curiously wrought.

"Do you know what they mean?" she asked with one finger on the words.

"Of course," he laughed, "just this, 'The virtue of the sword lies in the bravery of the man.'"

"And you were brave, so brave," she murmured in a low thrilled voice, her wide blue eyes searching his face.

Not all the praise of his general had ever stirred him like those simple words, and no heart under ragged continental uniform throbbed faster than did his as he rode home that night.

But Nancy's thoughts did not follow him. After the ball, she sat long in her own little room, wondering—with a dull, deep ache—where alone that night the brave young hero of her girlish heart kept silent watch beneath the stars. He was just the kind, she told herself, who would be sent to watch. This was young Dick Conn, playmate, comrade, and friend of her life. No word of love had ever passed between the two; but on the night before Dick had ridden off to the war, they had walked to-
gether down the garden path, and he, plucking a rose as they passed, had laid it among her brown curls with a kind of caress, saying in a low full voice, "Red roses for love." That was all; yet now the rose was her most priceless possession, and daily she offered incense before it.

The winter passed, and business sent Lieutenant Headly often to the Valley, until rumor began to connect his name with that of the young girl; nor did he himself discourage it. Certainly Nancy received him with a welcome frank and free; and if she made no open show of more than friendship, that indeed was lacking in nothing.

Nancy saw little of her father these days. He had been raised to the rank of General; and Colonel Richard I. W. Conn—so the despatch read—had been put in command of the Morgan Rifles. This despatch was laid away with the rose, but neither had received much attention of late. How could they when a handsome young officer made frequent visits to Winchester, and each time left behind him faint rumors of some fresh feat of daring? In her heart Nancy was half ashamed that she heard no more of Dick's bravery than she did; for "Dick never was a coward," she defended him to herself again and again. And yet it was true that she had seen far less of him that winter than she had of Lieutenant Headly; for the few times that Dick had been home, he had come chiefly on matters of business, and there always seemed to be some urgent duty which called him back to his general almost before Nancy had time to assure herself that she had really seen him. Not that she cared. Oh, no! But then he might have come oftener if just to show her that he had not forgotten the old times.

The war came to an end, and England gave up trying to conquer her American subjects. The straggling, half-starved men came home if home were left to them; but winter had passed and spring had come again before the forces were disbanded. One day in the late spring Nancy, out among her roses, saw Lieutenant Headly ride up to the gate and dismount. She went with ready smile to greet him.

"I am going West," he exclaimed hurriedly, his handsome face furrowed by a frown and his usual buoyant tone changed to one of almost harsh impatience. "I am anxious to try my fortune beyond the mountains, where the way is new and the air is free; and when I have proved what I can do, I will return. Not until then," he added gallantly, "will I say what is in my heart. But now I ask you to keep for me the one thing I prize most, my sword, until I come again to redeem it."

He said it all with such a knightly air that Nancy was dazzled a little by the romance of it, and before she knew it she had the dainty weapon in her hand. She held it timidly and looked at him with shy, half frightened, half trustful eyes—but kept it. Then turning to go, he reached up, pulled a white rose from the arbor above, and laid it in her pink palm, kissing the tips of her fingers as he did so, and saying, "Keep this to remind you that you are loved."

Instantly she dropped it, and the sword too fell with a clang as the crimson flush spread from cheek to neck and surged back again, leaving her face white as the rose at her feet. In a minute, however, she had recovered her self-possession and laughingly declared that she had been afraid of the sword, in proof of which she refused to touch it again.
Oh, why had he said that? "Red roses for love," protested her heart, and she wished just then that she had never seen the young man before her. But she had gone too far now to go back, she said to herself, and, after all, what did it matter? Dick did not care, or he would have come home to see her. Wounded pride swelled the girl's heart until at last she held out her hand again to young Headly, and he kissed it reverently in parting. And this time she did not refuse the proffered sword but held it proudly while she watched him out of sight.

So he rode away to the West.

Nancy found to her surprise that she did not miss him so much as she had anticipated. Away from his handsome, dashing, presence his conduct did not appear so manly and brave as it had seemed; yet even to herself she would not admit that he had ever gained more wildly or drunk more freely than other young men of her acquaintance whose place in society was undisputed.

By and by Richard came home, and after him came stories of his courage and daring that once more filled her soul with pride. How she treasured up each one until her heart began to make comparisons. But she told herself over and over that she was in some way bound to the soldier whose sword she kept.

If she had even faintly suspected that the man to whom this quixotic sense of loyalty kept her falsely bound was not the soul of honor that her fancy painted him, she would have scorned to recognize his claim at all. And further, she would have felt his trust an insult had she known that the payment of his fine by a fellow officer was all that had kept him from forfeiting the sword and repenting in a Luray prison for the gay life he had led and the debts he had incurred while yet an officer. But she had no way of knowing, and so she fought off the thoughts of Dick that came between this man and her, and saw no more of her former comrade than was absolutely necessary. As for Dick, if he seemed to have grown older and more grave, he was none the less as kind and true a friend as ever, though no more.

One day a letter came, bearing a familiar western postmark, and Nancy's calm interest changed to startled fear as she read in a scrawling hand the simple words, "Lieut. Headly died last night. Wounded in skirmish with Indians, May 25."

Enclosed was a brief letter of good-bye and confession from the man who had died alone under western skies, and Nancy's heart ached with pity as she read the broken sentences that showed how bovishly he still clung to her love. He begged that she forgive his rashness and give his sword to Colonel Richard I. W. Conn, the man who had befriended him when he needed it most, and to whom the sword should now belong.

A little note from Nancy brought Dick to her that night; and she came down the walk to meet him, wearing a soft white dress with a single red rose at her throat.

"I would have come sooner," he spoke with tender sympathy, "but I feared to intrude upon your grief."

"You are mistaken," she answered earnestly, "I never loved Lieutenant Headly.—O Dick, why did you not tell me before?" she broke out passion-
ately. "Why did you let me go on thinking him as noble and manly as—as—you?"

He looked at her with unbelief and hope warring in his eyes, "I did not think—" he said slowly, "I only knew I could not let him be sent to prison when it meant so much to you, and I had the simple means of saving him. I could not have done less."

"And he was not honorable enough to tell me," she broke out. "How could I have thought that I might love him? Yet he is gone now," she added contritely, "and he was manly enough to ask that I give you his sword, Dick. That is why I sent for you."

"I do not want his sword. He gave it to you in the first place, and we would both prefer that you keep it." His voice sounded strangely harsh.

"I can't," she cried. "I don't want it."

"And I refuse to take it, unless," he finished slowly, "you give me the keeper with it."

For a minute only, Nancy hung her head, then raised it proudly, and as her eyes met his, she pulled the rose from her throat and held it out to him.

"I give it back," she said in her mellow voice. "It is yours, Dick, 'Red roses for love.'"

These were real people, and the sword may even now be found hanging above the fireplace at the home of Nancy's great-granddaughter in the quiet village of McGaheysville, which nestles at the mountain's foot in the Valley of Virginia.
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OUR FLOWER AND OUR BOYS
In the Superlative Degree

Prettiest ................................................. Nan Jennings
Wittiest .................................................. Ruth Conn
Most Studious ........................................... Mary Settle
Best Disposition ........................................ Alpine Gatling
Cutest ...................................................... Kate Taylor
Most Popular ............................................ Sarah Shields
Neatest .................................................... Helen Harris
Best All Around ......................................... Eva Massey
Best Athlete .............................................. Frances Mackey
Most Scholarly .......................................... Octavia Goode
Biggest Bluffer .......................................... Lucy Madison
Most Dignified ........................................... Eva Massey
Most Energetic .......................................... Pearl Haldeman
Best Singer ............................................... Nan Jennings
I wish I was at de school in Shendo,
Good times dar don't seem to end, so
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
In Shendo land dey is boun' to ketch you
If yo' beau done come to fetch you,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

CHORUS:
Den I wish I was in Shendo, Hooray! Hooray!
In Shendo land I'll take my stand,
To lib an'die in Shendo,
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!

Dem blue stone walls at de school in Shendo
Mighty fine fer de Gub'ner said so,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
Dem red tile roofs look kinder bumpshus;
Jined wid de blue stone, ain't de scrumpshus?
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)

Dar's Missus Brooke an' Mistah Burrruss,
Bustlin' roun' an' a-hustlin' fer us,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
Dar's two more men an' a lot o' ladies,
Don't nevah tell you what yo' grade is,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)

Den go 'way skeeter, don't you pester,
B. an' O. an' de Ches'peake Wester,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
I'se gwine ter choose fer de silber casket—
Lam dat ball right t'rough de basket!—
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)

133
Our Flower Catalogue

Miss Scott—American Beauty Rose

"Ah! crimson rose,—deep fused with gold,
Your perfumed heart rare secrets hold!"

Miss Bell—Daffodil

“Oh! daffydowndilly, so brave and so true!
I wish that there were more like you,
Ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
Combining courage and beauty together."

Miss Lida Cleveland—Poppy

“As full blown poppies, overcharged with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping, kiss the plain.”

Miss Lancaster—Wild Rose

“Graceful and tall the slender drooping stem,
With two broad leaves below;
Shapely the flower so lightly poised between,
And warm her rosy glow.”

Miss Elizabeth Cleveland—Magnolia

“Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.”

Miss Preston—Dandelion

“Dear flower, that grow’st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold.”

Miss Sale—Cornflower

“None looked upon it, but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer.”
Miss King—Black-eyed Susan
"Comrade of winds, beloved by sun,
Kissed by the dewdrops, one by one."

Miss Hudson—Carnation
"Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said."

Miss Harrington—Anemone
"Then with me I pray you say:
Sweetest flower I've found to-day,
Type of grace and purity,
Lovely wind anemone!"

Miss Hoffman—Primrose
"Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory."

Mrs. Brooke—Chrysanthemum
"Only those who love them
Know the joy they bring."

Miss Annie Cleveland—Love In a Tangle
"Roses red and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew."

Miss Speck—Lavender
"Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing glance to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh."

Miss Shoninger—Lily
"A soul as white as heaven."
Amelia shall have a page all to her own dear self because her place among us is so unique and individual that she can not be pigeon-holed in either classification—faculty or student body. Although she is a full fledged Alumna and wears a thermometer as her badge of office, the girls have never ceased to claim her, and The Schoolma'am would feel very tremulous without her wise counsel and experience.

Her presence is closely interwoven with all the joys and sorrows of our life here, from the happy distribution of home letters to the clink of the spoon in the medicine glass.

What girl of all our graduates is leading a more normal life?—all the time busy just "helping Mother."
Cohee and Tuckahoe

Into his split-bottomed chair on the vine-covered porch dropped the sturdy old Valley farmer. As he settled his tired body, a little bird close to him in the vine tweeted, set its pretty head on one side, and looked as if to say, "Jacob Miller, where are those crumbs for me?"

Just then Jacob's sister came out, Miss Mary, a white-haired girl of sixty-five, whose love "for folks and for dumb critters" would keep her young, even should her calendar of years mount up to a hundred.

"Here's your butter-milk, Jacob," she said, handing him the big mug as she seated herself for a little chat with her brother.

Miss Mary herself did not see how anybody could like butter-milk. But Jacob as a young man had lived a year or two in Eastern Virginia and had shown ever since a weakness for this Tuckahoe nectar, though he had never acquired a taste for its natural accompaniment, "cawn bread."

Jacob seemed aging of late, and his sister's eyes were very gentle as she looked at him to-day. They were both growing old; but they were growing old together, and their little interests were keen and absorbing.

"Feel drowsie to-day, Jacob?"

"Oh, no, just a little tired. I come by the barn just now, and I tell you that hutchie is going to make a fine mare. She is as knowing as her mother already yet. I think I'll name her Trixie after that smart horse down at the Exposition."

"Yes, Trixie was better'n some folks," laughed the old lady. "You remember how she said her prayers?—Are you going to veal that hommie?"

"Why, no, Mary. Cherry is such a good cow and looked at me with such human eyes this morning I said, 'Cherry, chew your cud in peace. I'll leave you be. I'm not going to send your hommie away."

And so, as the old folks rested a minute, the sister went on talking: "The new teacher that's come to take Miss Sarah's place is boarding at Pete Stoutamyre's. She's from East Virginia somewhere. She talks just like 'em. She's a nice little thing, though. Even Elvira Stoutamyre owns that she don't seem lazy a bit, nor stuck-up.—And she's got no father nor mother."

"From East Virginia, you say? What's her name?"

"Shirley Wingfield."

It was well that the shadow of the clematis on the porch shielded the old man's face, for that had been the name of the only girl whom Jacob Miller had ever loved. But she had married her cousin, and long ago Jacob had heard that both were dead.

Miss Mary did not know, and she talked on.

"Young folks ought not to be lonesome like that. Suppose you hook up Dolly and Dimple and go for her Sunday morning. There aint no meeting that day."

"I think maybe I knew her mother," the old man said quietly.

Sunday was a beautiful day. Bright and early Jacob Miller's sorrow went rolling down the lane between the rich green wheat-fields, and soon came back with the dearest, sweetest, girl you ever saw.

Such a glorious day for the lonely little teacher! In the warmth of this
home she opened like a flower and gladdened the two kindly old hearts. After
the restraint of being among strangers for weeks, she now let herself go. She
dropped in glad freedom back into the East Virginia drawl, and not an ing nor an r came within earshot.

How she laughed and told jokes on herself!

"I never dreamed," she confessed to Jacob while Miss Mary was out get-
ting dinner ready, "that I'd have to learn a foreign language and that I
didn't even know how to talk English. But little Johnnie Stoutamyre's
eyes looked almost as big as saucers when I asked him to 'carry the horse
to water,' and he told some of the other children that he thought I ought
to be grown-up enough and smart enough to talk right!"

"Oh, I've had more language lessons than my little scholars," she chatted
on gayly, seeing that the old man was delighted to listen to her. "One
day Susie couldn't write because she had a beating on her hand. I examined
the afflicted spot with the air of a surgeon and pronounced it a rising.
But rising was as strange to Susie as beating was to me. And the bad part
was that the dictionary didn't uphold my word any better than it did
Susie's!—I tell you, I've stopped being rash in my remarks and questions.
What with the children talking about bel snickers for next Christmas and
Mrs. Stoutamyre having ponchos and noodles and snits for supper, and
not knowing what snaps and cynlins are, I have been at my wit's end. But
things taste so good up here in this splendid mountain air that I swallow
everything, name and all. I always had such a weakness for pies, too—
I must have been born to live in The Valley, if I can ever master the lan-
guage. But now when people say 'on the garret,' I have to take the roof
off mentally before I can get their point of view. Over here they 'get com-
pany' who 'give you goodbye.' Now, at home we always 'have company' who
'tell you goodbye.' But I notice that the handshake feels the same, anyway."

"Come out to dinner," said Aunt Mary, as Shirley already called the
dear old lady.

"Is my hair strubly?" laughed the girl.

But Aunt Mary did not laugh. Why should she?

And oh, that dinner! The golden brown fried chicken heaped high!
And the gravy! These at least bore no strange name. But, although the
air or the water or the viands—or all combined—had indeed given Shirley
the best of appetites, it soon became evident to her that a guest could not be
expected to partake of everything this table afforded, but must exercise
the faculty of choice.

"It is just like Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow supper," she declared.
"Here is certainly 'the whole family of cakes,' even to the 'crisp and crum-
bling cruller.'"

On their drive back that afternoon Shirley said once more, "To think
you knew Mamma!"

"Yes," said the old man in a husky voice, "she was a very dear friend of
mine."

But he did not tell her that this had been the one love of his young man-
hood and indeed of his whole life. He only said, "Child, make our house
your home."

And later it came about that she did.

—By Several of Us.
The True Lady

The true lady is the woman of refined and gentle manners; who does not appear to others what she is not; who shows tender sympathy for those less fortunate than herself; and who lives, acts, and says nothing to the injury of any one; one who has a keen sense of dignity, honor, and justice; who covets the power to uplift, help, and inspire those within her sphere—a woman with whom the virtues are habits.

—Nannie Morrison.
home she opened like a flower and gladdened the two kindly old hearts. After the restraint of being among strangers for weeks, she now felt herself go. She dropped in glad freedom back into the East Virginia drawl, and not an eye nor an ear came within earshot.

How she laughed and told jokes on herself!

"I never dreamed," she confessed to Jacob while Miss Mary was not getting dinner ready, "that I'd have to learn a foreign language and that I didn't even know how to talk English. But little Johnny Stoutmeyer's eyes looked almost as big as saucers when I asked him to 'take the horse to water,' and he told some of the other children that he thought I ought to be grown-up enough and smart enough to talk right!"

"Oh, I've had more language lessons than my little scholars," she chatted on gaily, seeing that the old man was delighted to listen to her. "One day Susie couldn't write because she had a handkerchief on her hand; I examined the afflicted spot with the air of a surgeon and pronounced it a raising. But raising was as strange to Susie as healing was to me. And the bad part was that the dictionary didn't uphold my word any better than it did Susie's!—I tell you, I've stopped being ready in my remarks and questions. What with the children talking about hot stockings too, next Christmas and Mrs. Stoutmeyer having punks and oddities and suits for supper, and not knowing what snips and syringes are; I have been at my wits' end. But thing's taste so good up here in this splendid mountain air that I swallow everything, name and all. I must have been born to live in the Valley, if I can ever master the language. But now when people say 'to the garden,' I have to take the road off mentally before I can get their point of view. Over here they 'sell company' who give you good-bye! Now, at home we always 'have company' who tell you good-bye. But I notice that the handshake feels the same, anyway."

"Come out in dinner," said Aunt Mary, as Shirley already called the dear old lady.

"Is my hairStubby?" laughed the girl.

"But Aunt Mary did not laugh. Why should she?

And oh, that dinner! The golden brown fried chicken heaped high! And the gravy! These at least have no strange name. But, although the air on the table or the viands—or all combined—had indeed grown Shirley the best of appetites, it soon became evident to her that a guest could not be expected to partake of everything this table afforded, but must exercise the faculty of choice.

"It is just like Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow supper," she declared. "Here is certainly the whole family of cakes, even to the crisp and crumbling cruller."

On their drive back that afternoon Shirley said once more, "To think you knew Mammie."

"Yes," said the old man in a husky voice, "she was a very dear friend of mine."

But he did not tell her that this had been the one love of his young manhood and indeed of his whole life. He only said, "Child, make our house your home."

And later it came about that she did.
The True Lady

The true lady is the woman of refined and gentle manners; who does not appear to others what she is not; who shows tender sympathy for those less fortunate than herself; and who lives, acts, and says nothing to the injury of any one: one who has a keen sense of dignity, honor, and justice; who covets the power to uplift, help, and inspire those within her sphere—a woman with whom the virtues are habits.

—Nannie Morrison.
The Prince Burglar

"Is this the place?" demanded Miss Agatha in a shrill voice as her lawyer helped her to alight in front of a spacious gray stone mansion. "You say that the house has been unoccupied for some time? It looks like it. I think these trees and bushes have been growing at random for the last fifty years."

"My! they planted a great deal in an acre," continued she as she walked with a vigorous step through the handsome but neglected grounds. "I never did have any use for so many trees and so much under-brush growing around. They must be cut away. Well! what is that across the road? An orphanage, of all things! Are there any children in it? Two hundred? How can I ever stand it? It is bad enough to be in a city anyhow, but think of living right across from two hundred children!"

As Miss Agatha paused for breath, Mr. Huntington suggested that they go in and take a look at the house. The two walked silently from room to room, their footsteps resounding through the high-ceiled chambers. There was not yet even a servant in the kitchen, and the solitude was oppressive. Miss Agatha felt this although for years her only companions had been three black cats.

Suddenly she came to a halt, planted her foot firmly on the hard wood floor, and exclaimed:

"Before I can live in this house, every outside window must be barred."

Mr. Huntington would have laughed, but he saw the seriousness of Miss Agatha's expression, and he was a kind man. She felt his lack of sympathy, however, and hastened to defend herself.

"Why, do you think that I would live in a city without taking that precaution? When we were coming up from the station, I saw a dozen or more good-for-nothing boys hanging around in front of some stores. I dare say their only business is to pick honest folks' pockets in the day and break into their houses at night. I've lived long enough, Mr. Huntington, to know the dangers of a city life."

The lawyer tried to reassure her, but all to no purpose. He thought that it would be a capital plan for her to rent out several of the rooms.

"I know two very nice young men—" he ventured, but got no further.

"Men! Do you think that I would have a man near me? A man is one thing not to be trusted."

This verdict was pronounced with a fine disregard for the fact that her lawyer was a man. Mr. Huntington only smiled; and if he thought of any other solution of the problem, he kept it to himself. He had learned during his brief acquaintance with Miss Agatha that she was a woman with whom it was unsafe to argue.

When each room had been opened and Miss Agatha was satisfied that not a man was concealed behind the massive furniture, Mr. Huntington
said good-by, promising again to have the windows barred as soon as possible.

Miss Agatha, exhausted by such a strenuous day, stretched herself across a newly-made bed. Soon she fell into a sleep not undisturbed by visions of burglars mounting ladders to her windows, and of children, the greatest of all pests, pouring in through all the doors.

Bang! Was that a door slamming, or was it only a dream? There it is again! Miss Agatha opened her eyes. Her heart stood still. She turned her head, and there on a chair right at her bed stood a five-year-old youngster clapping his hands in delight.

"Oh-h-h!" he cried, "I knew that the sleeping princess lived in this castle. Aren't you tired of sleeping? I wanted to come and set you free, but the matron said it was nonsense, that nobody lived here. I slipped away to-day. Gee! but I had a hard time getting here! Weeds can grow a lot in a hundred years, can't they? Oh, you are so pretty! And I love you so! Does your finger hurt yet, where you stuck it? Where is the King? I just hate your bad old god-mother. You woke up too soon. You didn't give me a chance to kiss you. You know I'm the true Prince, and I've travelled over the whole world looking for you." The little fellow's eyes filled with tears, and he could say no more.

"You can kiss me now," said Miss Agatha.

Then she was ashamed of herself for saying it. A second invitation was not needed. Two chubby arms were thrown about her neck, two sticky lips met hers, then a curly head found a place on her shoulder.

Not long afterwards Mr. Huntington called one evening. Two bare feet pattered down the long hall to meet him. A little hand was laid in his and he was led to a transformed room, where Miss Agatha sat with a soiled story-book open upon her knee.

"Mr. Huntington, you need not bother about the bars," she said smiling. "It is too late. A wee mite of a burglar has slipped in already and has stolen all that I have. Now he is going to stay and take care of me."

"Sit down," cried the little Prince, tugging at the big man. "Auntie is going to read us the story of the Sleeping Princess, and I'm not ever going away 'cause I'm her little boy now."

—Louise Lancaster.
Dr. Wayland, in History 48, thinking of the discovery of the North Pole—
"What happened in 1909 that never happened before and never will
happen again?"
Enthusiastic Student—"The opening of the Harrisonburg Normal
School."

Senior Kindergartner, in discussing the programs for the week—"Tuesday
I took up the cow."
Miss H.—"I should think you'd have put her down in a hurry."

Student, teaching the scale of Music 58—"Some one who lives on a farm
tell me how the cow goes."
Bright Student—"She goes on four feet."

Member of Lanier Society, seeing silhouettes of the faculty on "Scenery
Hall"—"What do you call them—soliloquies?"
Miss Lancaster—"Have you any scales in here?"
Miss Speck—"No, I haven't any Miss Scales in my class."
Student—"What special name is given to the bird stores?"
Miss S.—"Aquariums."

Girl, finding Q in a bag of animal crackers—"Take this Q to Florence.
Q is for Keezell, you know."

Senior—"Who wrote 'Electra'?"
Junior—"Why Shakespeare, of course."

Dr. Wayland in History—"What state was admitted to the Union in
Monroe's administration?"
Student—"Spain."

Dignified Senior to Miss Scott, who accidently stepped upon her toe—
"Great Scott, get off my foot."

Business Manager in Staff meeting—"I thought you would have a blank
page between the title page and the dedicatee's picture."

Little Special, after doing her hair a new way—"Don't you like my new
curfew?"
At the beginning of the spring quarter, a member of the faculty, seeing a girl looking rather lonesome—"I'm so glad to see you, and hope you will like our school very much."

Student—"Thank you, I've been here two quarters already."

Student, breathlessly, to Dr. Wayland—"Somebody wants to see you over the phone."

One of the girls—"Miss King, is buckwheat made from wheat?"

Knowing Senior—"Oh, I'll never reach the top of these windows to see how long I want the curtain pole."

In English 63—"Take Browning's poem, 'One Word More.'"

This is how the Editor of the Lanier Monthly wrote it—"Take the next word."

Senior, writing up—an Ideal Senior—"How many teeth have we?"

Junior—"207."

Miss Bell—"Sh-h-h-h."

Small boy, when asked his teacher's name—"We have one teacher for singing, one for reading, one for number work, and then we have a plain every-day teacher who stands around and does nothing."

Miss S., discussing with prospective teachers the general appearance of dress, neatness, etc.—"I suppose you have heard this a number of times this year, have you not?"

Students—"No."

Miss S.—"Well it's high time some one is taking it up then."

Student, in a written lesson in English 47, wrote, "Man is a common noun, masculine gender, nominative case, singular number, subject of Abraham Lincoln."

Evidently to her Abraham Lincoln was a king.

Notice on faculty bulletin board—"Lost, in the Assembly Hall, probably a small diamond."

We wonder if it couldn't probably have been a small ruby just as well. We suggest a course in English 3.

"The Grammarian's Funeral"—examination in English 48.

Heard in observation—"If mother baked twelve pies and four of them burned, how many would she have left?"

"She'd have twelve, because she would have the burnt ones too."

Junior Kindergartner in Ed. 36—"How large shall we make the circles?"

Miss H.—"About two inches square."

Dr. Wayland's little boy was reviewing the catechism with his mother.

Mrs. W.—"Where did Adam and Eve live?"

Walter—"At the Normal."
Instructor in Physiology Class—"Where does ham come from?"
Bright Sophomore—"Beef."

First small kindergartner, choosing birds one morning, chose two of the practice students.
Second small kindergartner—"They are mighty big birds."
First—"Yes, they are;"
Third—"They can be turkey buzzards."

In the dining-room the girls at one table were talking of horseback rides, and the falls connected with them, when the head of the table remarked, "The only time I ever fell off a horse was once when I was riding a mule through— — — ."

Puzzle—Find the hidden faculty on pages 16 and 17.

Miss Cleveland, in English 48—"They turned the kid on the spit. What is a kid?"
Sophomore—"A kid is a small child."
First Student—"Do you sing by note?"
Second Student—"No, I sing by tune."

Lost—on the board walk—a long dark braid. Finder please return to Bertie Lib Miller.

For any information concerning twigs, nature and kind—apply to Julie Gish. Private lessons given at reasonable rates.

The kindergaten tot was evidently getting his first taste of toil, as he spaded his plot in the school garden, for he declared warmly, "I've got tears running off me all over."

Song heard on the streets down town—"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley?"
"Layamon's brute was a French translation," she wrote—and she wasn't a kindergarten baby either.

"Is that a woodpecker tapping?"
"No, it's just the editors of THE SCHOOLMA'AM tapping their knuckles, trying to make the metre of their poetry come right."

Two Monday mornings passed and no hash appeared on the breakfast table. We wonder what will happen next!

WANTED—
Shoes to shine
Hose to mend
Skirts to press
Terms reasonable. Apply to Y. W. C. A. Committees.

Information concerning equipment and plans for rural schools can be obtained from any member of Ed. 44.

Wanted—by Sophomores, Freshmen, Specials, and Faculty to be Juniors on Arbor Day.
Tonsilitis by the Forelock

They said, "The thing has surely come,
And it has come to stay,
And Doctor Firebaugh's made a list
Of things he wants to-day:
A ton or two of Epsom salts
And gargle by the quart,
Hot water bottles for your neck—
He's certainly done his part.
The infirmary is ready too,
And sore throat's all about,
And you'll get the tonsilitis
If you
Don't  
Watch Out."

There was a girl who worked and worked
With all her might and vim,
Who staid indoors from early morn
Until the light grew dim;
But this one time she went down town
And there her substance spent,
And now she's in the infirmary
With leisure to repent;
They'll keep her in for days and days—
There's not the slightest doubt—
For she caught the tonsilitis
'Cause she
Didn't  
Watch Out.

Her fever rose, so she did not
Get anything to eat;
She had to swallow medicine
As if it were a treat;
No matter what was going on—
A test, a box, a game—
She could not do a single thing
Except to say (oh, shame!)
"Those other girls will have it soon;"
But we—it came about—
Didn't have the tonsilitis
'Cause we
Did  
Watch Out.

—Emily Ellis.
Train Time at McGaheysville

One Saturday in early spring,
When bird and bee were on the wing,
A merry crowd, with packs informal,
Fared eastward from the Town and Normal.

They climbed the Peak to prove their metal,
Then went down straight into the Kettle;
'Twas there within th' encircling mountain
They gaily lunched beside the fountain.

Refreshed by food and drink and rest,
Adown the rocky gorge they pressed;
Above, the broad-winged eagle soared,
Beneath, the hidden waters roared.
The rocks lay heaped in wild profusion,
The thickets rank made more confusion,
And many a maid, dismayed, confessed
She wished she were less whitely dressed.

The skirts were white, the logs were black
And charred along th’ unbroken track—
At least it was so at the first:
At last the case was just reversed.

But finally some reached the “pike”
Down at the Gap, and then a hike
Began adown the long, long, hill—
’Twas train time at McGaheysville!

There are some fords along the stream,
Where roaming waters plash and gleam;
There was some mud along the way—
Before they passed—I’ve heard them say.

For full two miles along the “pike”
The line was stretched in that mad hike;
And shouts arose from vale and hill:
“ ’Tis train time at McGaheysville!”

The first, with grim determination,
Just beat the train into the station;
But where, oh where, and in what fettle
Were those who lagged within the Kettle?

The sun sank down, the minutes flew,
The loud bell clanged, the whistle blew;
The “Captain” said he would not wait,
And the travelers stormed at being late.

But now again they proved their metal,
Those doughty maids from out the Kettle;
They sprinted down the long, long, hill—
’Twas train time at McGaheysville!

And so in spite of every fate,
Of mails held up and travelers late,
Those doughty maids from out the Kettle
“Got there” at last, and proved their metal.

And then, as round the Peak they rolled,
The Chesapeake-Western was extolled;
And as they caught their breath and fanned,
They proudly sang of “Shendo Land.”
To Suit the Epicurean Taste

RECIPE FOR A SENIOR

Brown curly tresses, Edmonia
Two brown eyes, Nancy
One nose, Vada
Two lips, Lizzie
Thirty-two teeth, Katie
One chin, Mary Sadler
One speaking voice, Susie
One laugh, Mr. Heatwole
One neck, Inez
Two hands, Kate

Mix this well. Add to it Octavia’s scholarly air, Miss Otley’s dignity, combined with Pearl’s energy, Lucy’s ability to act, Alpine’s disposition, Mary Thom’s stateliness, and Annie’s graciousness of manner. Season with a dash of Ruth Conn’s wit, Hallie’s loveliness, Eva’s seriousness, and “Coffee’s” recklessness. This is guaranteed to produce the most perfect Senior.

RECIPE FOR A COMPOSITE JUNIOR

Place in classification room the following ingredients:

1 cup Selby’s energy
1 lb. Mackey’s resourcefulness
2 cups Suter’s high ideals

Beat well, and add 3-4 cup Settle’s studiousness and 4 ounces Bell’s power of concentration.

Stir together, 1-2 pound each, Gish’s vitality, Harris’s class-spirit, and Berry’s amiability. To this add

1 cup Puller’s perseverance
5 ounces Moffett’s conscientiousness
1 teaspoonful Royall’s dignity
3 tablespoonfuls Fletcher’s gentle manners

Flavor to taste with Kelley’s attractiveness, Sanders’s musical talent, Rawls’s sense of humor, and Burke’s zetetic disposition.

Mold this carefully and leave in Room 11 for two quarters—the result should be an ideal Junior.
A RECIPE FOR A COMPOSITE SOPHOMORE

Two rosy lips.................................Virginia Allen
One pair brown eyes..........................Althea Adams
One suit of brown hair.........................Kathleen Harless
One pair beautiful hands.....................Florence Allen
One pair shapely suede pumps................Kathleen Marcum

Mix the above ingredients with a good supply of Mary Martin's dignity; add one quart of Marion Russell's humor, and one pint of the Davis girls' studiousness. Spice well with Geneva Babb's questions, and then bake in a slow oven for three years.

A RECIPE FOR MAKING A COMPOSITE FRESHMAN

Ingredients:
One figure like Sophie's
Two large brown eyes such as Frances Wiley has
A chin like May Ferrell's
Hair and mouth resembling Mary D's
A small portion of Anna B's complexion
A nose like Sara's
28 small white teeth like Edith's

Mix well, being careful to get the features in their proper places; then add a small pinch of Frances Selby's temper and a large portion of her grace, a generous dash of Nell's style, and a tablespoon of Ida M's wit. Elizabeth Gentry's smile and all her disposition, stirred well with Elizabeth Heatwole's dignity, will greatly improve the composition.

Keep the mixture in a cool place at the Normal for a year, and at the end of that time it will have congealed into a composite Freshman.

---

MONA LISA—FOUND
At the Normal
**Final Examination for Seniors**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>FAVORITE OCCUPATION</th>
<th>WHAT HAS SHE DONE:</th>
<th>WHAT HAS SHE LEFT UNDONE:</th>
<th>HIGHEST AMBITION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>Cooking</td>
<td>Beaten biscuit</td>
<td>The biscuits</td>
<td>To teach the Domestic Arts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker</td>
<td>Having a good time</td>
<td>Her hair</td>
<td>One or two things now and then</td>
<td>To be &quot;perfectly attractive&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benson</td>
<td>Solving Math. problems</td>
<td>Taught Math.</td>
<td>Ballet dancing</td>
<td>To have a monument in the Court House Square</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conn</td>
<td>Writing poetry</td>
<td>Won considerable fame</td>
<td>Her masterpiece, probably</td>
<td>To be the greatest American poet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corr</td>
<td>Enthusing</td>
<td>Made models for Kindergarten work</td>
<td>Playing the piano</td>
<td>To get some gingersnaps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coyner</td>
<td>Hurrying</td>
<td>Practice teaching</td>
<td>Only the frivolous things</td>
<td>To excel Miss Lemon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davies</td>
<td>&quot;Sewing a fine seam&quot;</td>
<td>Taught sewing</td>
<td>Lean-year proposals</td>
<td>To be a member of the H. N. S. Faculty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dudley</td>
<td>Reading old letters</td>
<td>Gotten a letter on every train</td>
<td>Growing tall</td>
<td>To go to house-keeping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earman</td>
<td>Telling stories</td>
<td>Tried on old clothes</td>
<td>Hair dressing</td>
<td>To be a belle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eldred</td>
<td>Teaching rote songs</td>
<td>Changed her mind</td>
<td>Slandering people</td>
<td>To get more letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox</td>
<td>Painting</td>
<td>Posed</td>
<td>Hard labor</td>
<td>To shine in society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gatling</td>
<td>Playing basket ball</td>
<td>&quot;Lammed dat ball right through the basket&quot;</td>
<td>Scraping</td>
<td>To be a celebrated violinist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goode</td>
<td>Writing business letters</td>
<td>Made frequent visits to the printing office</td>
<td>Tooting her own horn</td>
<td>To have a place in the Hall of Fame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>greenswalt</td>
<td>Taking notes</td>
<td>Splashed paint</td>
<td>Carelessness</td>
<td>To have something to teach</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greer</td>
<td>Quarreling</td>
<td>Made pies</td>
<td>Dyeing her hair</td>
<td>To have coal-black brows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haldeman</td>
<td>Asking questions</td>
<td>A little bit of everything</td>
<td>Not much of anything</td>
<td>To have more new clothes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harman</td>
<td>Trimming hats</td>
<td>Learned to 'house-keep'</td>
<td>Getting campused</td>
<td>To dress 'a la mode'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heatwole</td>
<td>Debating</td>
<td>Philosophized</td>
<td>Cake-walking</td>
<td>To have a dimple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes</td>
<td>Handwork—various grades</td>
<td>Been late—several times</td>
<td>Putting on airs</td>
<td>To be forever relieved from practice teaching</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennings</td>
<td>Giggling</td>
<td>Tried to write poetry</td>
<td>Buying suede shoe-polish</td>
<td>To have a big time next summer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lancaster</td>
<td>Falling down</td>
<td>Gotten up</td>
<td>Staying at home from church</td>
<td>To get thin—she says</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law</td>
<td>Teasing Miss Noell</td>
<td>Thinking about going home</td>
<td>Not her lesson plans</td>
<td>To be principal of a rural school</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liggett</td>
<td>Cutting classes</td>
<td>Guessed</td>
<td>Her belt-pin</td>
<td>To be an opera singer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>FAVORITE OCCUPATION</td>
<td>WHAT HAS SHE DONE?</td>
<td>WHAT HAS SHE LEFT UNDONE?</td>
<td>HIGHEST AMBITION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyle</td>
<td>Going to Appomattox</td>
<td>Gotten 100 on Chemistry</td>
<td>Wearing a bow on her hair</td>
<td>To surprise Miss Sale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGahney</td>
<td>Singing Auld Lang Syne</td>
<td>Swung Indian Clubs</td>
<td>Auld Lang Syne</td>
<td>To be willowy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McMillan</td>
<td>Reciting Hamlet</td>
<td>Studied and studied and studied</td>
<td>We've never found out</td>
<td>To know everything</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madison Susie</td>
<td>Singing</td>
<td>Eaten peaches</td>
<td>Buying false teeth</td>
<td>To go home and have a good time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madison Lucy</td>
<td>Leaning</td>
<td>Everybody she could</td>
<td>Educative Process</td>
<td>To teach science</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massey</td>
<td>Proof-reading</td>
<td>The Schoolma'am</td>
<td>Everything else</td>
<td>To be editor of a daily paper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison</td>
<td>Studying geometry</td>
<td>Defined a true lady</td>
<td>What she did not have time to do</td>
<td>To know as much Math, as Miss Lancaster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noell</td>
<td>Doing reference reading</td>
<td>Professed to enjoy all her work</td>
<td>Talking about her neighbors</td>
<td>To be a public benefactress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Otley</td>
<td>Morailizing</td>
<td>Nodded her head</td>
<td>Nothing serious</td>
<td>To write a treatise on moral courage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patterson</td>
<td>Smiling</td>
<td>Learned the value of silence</td>
<td>Talking through a megaphone</td>
<td>To be a preacher's wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulliam, J.</td>
<td>Star-gazing</td>
<td>Kept quiet</td>
<td>Curling her hair</td>
<td>To get her diploma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulliam, L.</td>
<td>Gettin' tickled</td>
<td>Played in the role of Stubbins</td>
<td>Holding her tongue</td>
<td>To play a joke on &quot;Coffie&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roller</td>
<td>Speaking up in class</td>
<td>Spoke up in class</td>
<td>Standing on her head</td>
<td>To be stump speaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round</td>
<td>Acting chairman</td>
<td>Led the singing—Arbor Day “Gamibled”</td>
<td>Writing poetry</td>
<td>To be sorority girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rucker</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Posed for her picture</td>
<td>Not singing</td>
<td>To win a Congressman's son</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sadler</td>
<td>Seconding the motion</td>
<td>Nailed fast</td>
<td>Running on the track team</td>
<td>To know more than &quot;Aunt Betty&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shepperson</td>
<td>Tipping upstairs</td>
<td>Presided over the Senior Class</td>
<td>Getting mad</td>
<td>To have some one to argue with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shields</td>
<td>Wiggling</td>
<td>Math. 47</td>
<td>Prize-fighting</td>
<td>To weigh 150 pounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sibert</td>
<td>Going down town with Jane</td>
<td>Preserved her youthful appearance</td>
<td>Wearing red</td>
<td>To be a slim brunette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor</td>
<td>Looking in mirror</td>
<td>She hath done what she could</td>
<td>Her shoes</td>
<td>To be a lady of leisure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trench</td>
<td>Absorbing wisdom</td>
<td>Acted in a Princely manner</td>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>To keep on making “A”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thom</td>
<td>Hatching ideas</td>
<td>Been a Japanese Princess</td>
<td>Wearing that red switch</td>
<td>To get married</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrasher</td>
<td>Writing with her left hand</td>
<td>Heard from George</td>
<td>Growing</td>
<td>To win a Georgia Cracker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>Telling about “Billy”</td>
<td>Substituted</td>
<td>Smiling</td>
<td>To win in tennis tournament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitesel</td>
<td>Getting “ads”</td>
<td>Gotten thin</td>
<td>Minding other people's business</td>
<td>To be just like Wintie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winfrey</td>
<td>Winding the clock</td>
<td>Ask her friends</td>
<td>Making her hair grow</td>
<td>To keep Halle from being late</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wise</td>
<td>Spooning</td>
<td></td>
<td>The gate to her affections</td>
<td>She won't tell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Faculty—An Interior

It was very evident that an important matter held the faculty in secret session. The doors were locked and the shades lowered. There was no light save only the sparks that flew now and then from various minds.

Mr. Burruss from the executive chair asked Mr. Heatwole to state the purpose of the called meeting.

"It is a very personal affair," said Mr. Heatwole; "the members of the Senior Class wish one picture of the whole faculty—not a number of individual ones. They want to see the faculty 'in the large.' They wish no memento embodied in the five senses, but rather a clear view of the inner substance that directs their various minds and manners."

At first there were objections; the modest ones declared they could not bare their inner souls to the gaze of even the Seniors. "Horrors!" said others, "Some things are better concealed."

At this point a propitious and invisible spirit enveloped the faculty, which clouded all the physical senses, save speech and hearing. In a clear monotone each member of the faculty without embarrassment spoke from his inner soul and contributed an individual part to the composite picture.

"Problems of weight and consequence indeed,
I alone in my office do debate;
Wise counsel is given to all in need,
My judgment and advice great cares abate."

"I sometimes offer sparkles of that fire
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be."
"With accurate scholarship I inspire
All students with a zeal the past to see."

"I study speech, that girls I may persuade
To be conscientious and true in heart,"
"I am all in all of everything made—
From an inner light I learning impart."

"I argue, reason, divide, judge, define;
Oh! to get figures in every girl's head!"
"A happy privilege is always mine
To know I shall hear, 'The hungry you fed.'"

"From many collections in diverse thought
I obtain my powers to hold and please."
"The beautiful articles I have wrought
Speak for my skill and quiet manner and ease."

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"I always cultivate a ready wit,
Am sweet and well dressed, for it pays."
"My dreams and moods to music I commit,
Melodies in thoughts and deeds guide my ways."

"All day I impart cheerfulness and make
The work easy and happy for our youth."
"Whether I work or play or sleep or wake,
The more I live the more I feed on truth."

"My self-being nature shines on grey days,
To encourage patience and industry."
"I practice in life the art all arts praise,
In all things keeping uniformity."

"My charming powers warm every heart,
And as a nurse or as a mother serve.
With busy care my economic art
I employ, my great household to preserve."

"For us who are left there's nothing untold;
All that has been said we'll justify.
One body composite we shall hold
And endeavor to keep our mind up high."

The atmosphere cleared; the faculty yawned; Miss Harrington, first to speak in her individual voice, said: "I feel like I have been talking in my sleep."
"Do you talk then too?" naïvely inquired Miss Elizabeth Cleveland.
"We are adjourned," said Mr. Burruss.
The Lily of the Valley

In all the cool green places round,
And all the mossy dells,
The fairy queen each year doth hold
A festival of bells.

The bells are all of purest white,
More beautiful than gold,
And each is wrapped in broad green leaves
To keep away the cold—

Until at last the word goes forth,
"To-night the bells must ring
In every vale, to welcome in
The coming of the spring."

At witching time their tiny tones
Chime out; and then, next day,
"The lily of the valley blooms,"
Is what the children say.

The laurel on the mountain side,
The grass, the flowering trees,
To mortals of The Valley seem
Not half so fair as these.

We cannot hear their fragrant chimes,
But pure the thoughts they bring,
These lilies of the valley sweet,
These fairy bells of spring.
Wedding Bells

Sidney Briley Smith
married to
William E. Beazley
Covington, Virginia—October 25, 1911

Alma Ross Harper
married to
Henry Johnson
Bristol, Tennessee—December 23, 1911

Susie Willis Higginbotham
married to
L. F. Hughes
Lynchburg, Virginia—December 26, 1911

Nora Ethel Wisman
married to
John D. Good
Harrisonburg, Virginia—February 18, 1912
Last Will and Testament

We, the Annual Staff of 1912, having reached the end of our troubled but illustrious career, being somewhat dilapidated in body, but of disposing mind and temperament, do make, publish, and declare this writing to be our last will and testament, thereby making void all other testamental writings by us heretofore made.

We do hereby direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by those few friends and well-wishers yet remaining to us, the faculty—only enjoining that the obsequies shall be solemnized with that pomp and dignity to which our standing entitles us.

As for such estate as it has pleased the fates—viz., our contributors—to give, and our strong arm to win—we dispose of the same as follows:

To that august body, the Senior Class of 1913, we bequeath light backgrounds for any and all pictures, together with the privilege of placing three on a page if the members of said class do so desire.

To the Alumnae Association we leave one undrunk toast to her greatness.

To our beloved advisory member, Miss Elizabeth P. Cleveland, we give one hand-tinted frontispiece, More Apple Blossoms; also all space which the Seniors did not occupy.

To our revered president, Mr. Julian A. Burress, we bequeath one unpublished Cartoon of the Normals, which he will find useful for advertising purposes.

To that growing young fledgeling, the History Museum, we donate one telegram to Wright from an outraged business manager, the same to be used hereafter as a model by all future business managers.

To Dr. J. W. Wayland—our guide, inspirer, friend—we will and bequeath, for use in his History of Rockingham County, everything we have left unsaid about The Valley.

To our most worthy successor, the next Annual Staff, we consign the entire globe, the aforesaid Valley being excepted; also enough ready-made ideals for next year's Schoolma'AM, all that ours "aspired to be and was not"—to wit:

Green bindings, oozing sheep, silk paper covers.
Double-etched cuts; double-toned sepia ink.
One dozen inserts, assorted colors, with tissue paper for each.
One box of paints, slightly used, with which to add more color to the complexion of the next Schoolma'AM; also all left over humorless jokes, that she may grow more bright and sparkling in the years to come.

Three rhymes, which we meant to work into the Arts Club Poem on
One Junior cut (1-2 size); also one Pinquet Club picture, both unused.

One box of a's and e's, all sizes, with the injunction that they are to be distributed impartially among all the Catharines and Katheryns on the school roll.

All unused definitions of *A True Lady*.

An undisputed right to Room 15, Science Hall, on all Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons after February 28.

The privilege of dedicating the next volume of this publication to us, and of using any or all of the above mentioned legacy without royalty.

Lastly but not leastly, our unbounded sympathy, of which they will stand in dire need, together with a goodly measure of those varying emotions peculiar to Annual Staffs.

To our eldest daughter, the next Editor-in-Chief, we bequeath, individually and alone—

One model dummy, 200 pages, slightly the worse for wear, but beautiful in complexity of design.

Three pencils, already agonizingly dented with tooth-prints.

One hundred squares of roofing for covering in a's that look like u's.

One derrick for raising capital letters into recognition.

One rusty key to the box for Annual contributions, with all the filling she may find in said box.

One copy of *Roget's Thesaurus*, with directions for using the same.

We hereby constitute and appoint the One-Eyed Cat as sole executor of this our last will and testament. In witness whereof we, the testators, the Annual Staff of '12, have to this set our hand and seal, on this, the first day of May, Anno Domino 1912.

*The Annual Staff*

Her
Witness—Cottage Mark

His
Witness—Father Time

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In Memoriam

(Resolutions of the Board of Trustees, March 25, 1912)

DR. JAMES ALFRED PETTIT was born on his father's estate near Rosedale Post Office, Nelson County, Virginia, July twentieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, and died at Lovingston, Virginia, September twentieth, nineteen hundred and eleven. Having graduated in medicine at the University of Virginia, he entered upon the practice of his profession in the neighborhood in which he was born; and having inherited the old homestead, he continued to reside there until his death. He greatly enjoyed the out-door life which he led as a farmer and country physician, and especially his home life, for he was a devoted husband and father.

In spite of his youth—he was only thirty-six at the time of his death—his intelligence, his wisdom, his genial manner, and his kindly sympathy made him the friend and adviser of the whole community. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and took an active interest in every effort for the moral and intellectual betterment of the neighborhood.

At his funeral the esteem in which he was held was shown by a concourse greater than had been seen before in Nelson County on a similar occasion. There is every reason to believe that if he had lived he would have left a record of ever increasing usefulness and prominence in the affairs not only of the county but of the State.

The members of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal and Industrial School for Women, at Harrisonburg, desire to place on record a tribute of their warm affection for their former colleague and friend, and of their deep sense of personal loss, together with an expression of sincere sympathy for his family in their great bereavement. It is therefore directed that this memorial be spread on the minutes of the Board of Trustees and a copy transmitted to his family.
EVELYN STOUT
Student at this school from September, 1909, to March, 1911
Died July 2, 1911
At her home in Dryden, Virginia

MAUDE FORREST WILLIAMS
Student at this school from April to May, 1910
Died March 15, 1912
At her home in McDowell, Virginia

DAPHNA LEE RHODES
Student at this school during summer term of 1911
Died April 6, 1912
At her home in North River, Virginia
ON THE CAMPUS
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Gentry, Pearle Smith
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Gordan, Eunice Clyde
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Rectortown
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Carterton
Franktown
Scottsville
Baltimore
Timberville
Graham
Norfolk
Norfolk
Norfolk
Raccoon Ford
Ivy Depot
Crozet
Clifton Forge
Clinchport
Bedford City
Harrisonburg
Mosley's Junction
Dayton
Baskerville
Bunker Hill
Crozet
Albin
Staunton
Cove Creek
Boykins
Palmyra
Winchester
Craig's Creek
Christiansburg
Mt. Clinton
Grottoes
Burnsville
Draper
Saltville
Scottsville
Dale Enterprise
Mt. Clinton
Solomons
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Fauquier
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Russell
Northampton
Albemarle
Maryland
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Tazewell
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Johnson, Mannie Hill
Johnson, Kate
Kaylor, Lillie Furr
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Tappahannock
Parr
Culpeper
Graham
Axton
Wilmington
Crewe
Burkeville
Harrisonburg
Lignum
Culpeper
Petersburg
Doe Hill
Doe Hill
Goshen
Lovettsville
Jamesville
Hansonville
North River
Keezletown
Bedford City
Attoway
Honaker
Leesburg
Esserville
Columbia
Glade Hill
Lynchburg
Harrisonburg
Haymarket
Lexington
Harrisonburg
Level Run
Hampden Sidney
Port Republic
Greenville
Kimballton

COUNTY
Augusta
Rockingham
Rockingham
Essex
Botetourt
Culpeper
Tazewell
Henry
Fluvanna
Nottoway
Nottoway
Rockingham
Culpeper
Culpeper
Dinwiddie
Highland
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Wise
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Pittsylvania
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McDowell
Pennington
Roseland
Nortonsville
Brookneal
White Post
Roseland
Accomac
Unison
Clifton Forge
Free Union
Free Union
White Post
Waynesboro
Simeon
Staunton
Fredericksburg
Smedley
Danville
Crandon
Salem
Unison
Unison
Sandy River
Jonesville
Port Republic
Broadway
New Glasgow
Wolftown
Bedford City

COUNTRY
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Rockingham
Rockingham
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Rockbridge
Fluvanna
Warwick
Warwick
Highland
Highland
Lee
Nelson
Albemarle
Campbell
Clarke
Nelson
Accomac
Loudoun
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