The Schoolman's
1913
"Firm on yon hill crest
Blue stone towers rise."
THE SCHOOLMA'AM

Published by the Students of the

State Normal School

Harrisonburg, Virginia

Volume Four

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen
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To

Miss Elizabeth Cleveland,

who gave the first Schoolma’am its name;
who has given all the Schoolma’ams many necessary points; and who not only has the power to give her classes the finest things in the world of letters, but also has the courage to tell us, her girls, the truth about ourselves,
this volume is affectionately
dedicated
Greeting

with the issue of 1913 the Schoolma’am reaches the ripe old age of four years, but she refuses to grow aged. In fact, as the years go by, she experiences an ever-increasing sense of youthfulness.

The Schoolma’am has been a bond drawing together the whole school, binding us more closely to faculty, to students, to all who serve, yes, to the very buildings, trees, and hills. To the alumnae it has been an annual reminder that once a Normal girl means always a Normal girl; to the student body, an inspiration both for the present and for the years to come.

To future students the Schoolma’am hopes to give a suggestive and not uninviting picture of the welcome that is to be; and to all her friends she aspires truly to represent the life in our school, and to bring a joyous message from Blue Stone Hill.
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MRS. R. B. BROOKE
Alumnae Association
Organized June 13, 1911

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Amelia Harrison Brooke .................. President
Ruth Althea Round ........................ Vice-President
Ruth Randolph Conn ..................... Recording Secretary
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Amelia Brooke Ruth Conn Octavia Goode
Ruth Round Minnie Diedrich
Alumnae Notes

Two of our number have been pursuing further their studies at college. M'Ledge Moffett is finishing her course in Domestic Science at Columbia University. She expects to take her degree in June. Lucy Madison is at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg.

All of our members except three, besides those already mentioned, have held good positions during the year. It has been unusually pleasant for some, because of the fact that there have been two or more in the same place. Roanoke has claimed five, Richmond four, Charlottesville three, and Harrisonburg has had seven within its borders.

Nineteen members of the Association have responded to the call of the rural schools, and we hear only good reports from their work.

Misses Davis, Lyle, and Shepperson in Richmond, and Royce in Charlottesville are supervisors in the public schools. Miss Madison as supervisor of Domestic Science in Albemarle County is doing splendid work, also Miss Dudley in Halifax County.

The Student Aid Fund which was started by the first Senior Class and is maintained by the Alumnae Association has been used to advantage this year for four worthy Seniors.

Nearly all the members have signified their intention to return for Commencement and the annual meeting of the Association. It is rumored that Dan Cupid will prevent several from attending the June meeting, but at the time this goes to print nothing definite has been ascertained.

Alumnae Weddings

At Bristol, Virginia, December 23, 1911
Miss Alma Harper to Mr. Henry Johnson

At Staunton, Virginia, September 2, 1912
Miss Janet Miller to Mr. James G. King
September 25.—“We’re coming, we’re coming, our brave and loyal band.”
September 26.—Reception to new students.
September 30.—Daughters of the Confederacy.
October 31.—Spooks! Witches! Suffragettes! Horrors!
November 2.—Scotland by the Light of a Lantern.
November 21.—Who’s who at the Normal. Seniors at last!
November 27.—Thanksgiving migration begins.
November 28.—Oh, that ham and turkey dinner!
December 2.—
December 4.—Senior Privileges.
“All things come to those who wait.”
December 7.—Lee Evening with Hiawatha.
December 13.—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.
“Maidens All Forlorn.” Shadowgraphs! The oysterman swims the Hellespont.
December 14.—Practice teachers entertain the grade teachers.
“Downfall of China and the overflow of Greece.”
December 12-18.—Cram! Exam! ? ! Trunks!
December 18.—H-O-M-E.
January 2.—
January 10.—Schuberts. “How would you like to be a little yaller dog like me?”
January 11.—Seniors give a banquet in honor of Miss Harrington and Mr. Heatwole.

January 13-14-15.—Annual Staff campaign and elections. Beware!

January 13.—Mystery! great consternation!
   Mr. Burruss disappears.
   He leaves written lessons.
   “Oh-h-h-h me!”

January 14.—Miss Harrington leaves. Kindergartners go into mourning.

January 16.—Miss Porter, Territorial Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

January 17.—“Effects of War upon the Race”—Dr. Jordan.

January 22.—10:30 p. m.—Commotion in Room 63! Horrors! A muff!

January 25.—Lanier Debate: Resolved, that the average examination is a fair test of knowledge.
   Basketball—Seniors vs. Sophomores.

February 1.—“Why so sad and gloomy?”
   “Mr. Heatwole’s gone.”

February 6.—Basketball—Sophomores defeat the Juniors, 19-8.

February 7.—Junior Circus. Peanuts! Popcorn! Buffalo Bill!

February 15.—Basketball—Seniors are victorious. Poor Juniors!

February 22.—The George Washington German. Where is the punch?

February 28.—“The Spanish Gypsies!”

February 29.—Annual Staff in smiles.

March 4.—Professor Heck talks to us about hygienic habits.

March 5.—Professor Heck talks again. “Wet your brooms!”

March 6.—Professor Heck still talking.

March 7.—“Modern Triumphs of Industrial Chemistry”—Professor Graham Edgar.
   “Is rubber made from isoprene or ice-cream?”

March 10.—Cambridge Players. “Do you remember the program-me?”
March 14.—Sophomore-Senior basketball game. Volley ball—Reds vs. Blues.

March 17-20.—Important days.

March 21.—Easter Holiday begins.

March 24.—Massanutten Chapter of the Camp Fire Girls goes to Massanutta Springs on a picnic.

March 25.—Where is the Annual Staff?

Measles! Tonsilitis! Nervous Breakdown!

March 26.—Back again, ready for the home run.

March 28.—“Education for Citizenship”—Professor Hundley.

March 29.—Pictures! Pictures! Pictures!

March 31.—Reports! Where do you stand?

“With loyal students, faithful to their books,

Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,

Or honest dunces?”

April 19—Seniors plant ivy from Warwick Castle.

April 25.—“Miss Fearless and Co.”—Massanutten Camp Fire Girls.

May 1.—May Day Festival.

May 20.—Coburns arrive. “Henry V.”

May 21.—“Iphigenia in Tauris.” “Comedy of Errors.”

June 6.—“The Gentle Shepherd.”

June 8.—Commencement Sermon.

June 9.—Field Day Exercises. Annual exhibit of Class-work.

Annual meeting of Alumnae Association.

President’s Reception to Students.

June 10.—Commencement Day.

Class Day Exercises.

Finals.

June 11.—Gone!
Reading

September 26, 1913

And his parents went every year to Jerusalem at the Feast of the Passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up after the custom of the Feast; and when they had fulfilled the days, as they were returning, the boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and his parents knew it not; but supposing him to be in the company, they went a day’s journey; and they sought for him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance; and when they found him not, they returned to Jerusalem, seeking for him. And it came to pass, after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them, and asking them questions; and all that heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. And when they saw him, they were astonished; and his mother said unto him, “Child, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing.” And he said unto them, “How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them; and his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and men.
Prayer

SEPTEMBER 26, 1913

Help us, O Father, to find our work, and to find ourselves in our place of work. Help us to find some of thy work as our work, and may our place of work be thy house. Help us to love our work and our place of work.

We thank thee, O Father, for work and for a place of work. We thank thee for work because of the joy it may give us, because of the service it may enable us to render others, and because of the honor it may offer thee. We thank thee for a place of work because of the blessings and associations that a place may have, and because of the opportunities and inspiration that a place may give.

Help us to see Jesus in the beloved city and in his Father's house. Give us the same joy that he found there. Give us the same understanding in our hearing, the same wisdom in our speaking, the same foresight in our purposes. Help us, like him, to give as well as to receive; to be positively responsive, as well as passively eager.

Help us to see Jesus as both disciple and master. Help us, from him, to catch the true spirit of the pupil, and to learn the true skill of the teacher.

Help us, like him, to recognize the supreme claims of heaven without neglecting in any measure the sacred claims of home; help us to be tenderly mindful of those who keep all our doings and sayings in their hearts.

We offer our thanks and make our petitions in His name. Amen.
Senior Class

MOTTO
"Who does the best circumstance allows does well, acts nobly."

COLORS
White and Green

FLOWER
White Rose

HONORARY MEMBER
Dr. John W. Wayland

MASCOT
John Walter Wayland, Jr.

OFFICERS
Elizabeth Kelley .................. President
Pattie Puller .................. Vice-President
Mary Lewis .................. Secretary
Maude Shapleigh .................. Treasurer
JOHN WALTER WAYLAND, JR.
Mascot
Class Poem

Once again, O Alma Mater,
Does a daughter come to ask
For herself thy benediction
As she goes to her new task.
She would fain stay longer with thee,
But that Duty's voice calls, "Go!"
So she says farewell with sadness,
And departs with head bowed low.

So, goodbye, O Blue Stone buildings,
That have housed us all so well;
Keep within your walls the secrets
Which, if speaking, you might tell
Of the happy hours we've spent here,
Of the tears when we've been sad.
Of the struggles with our lessons,
Of the times when we've been bad.

And farewell to you, dear schoolmates;
You have been such faithful friends
That we feel that Life deals harshly
When we know that she intends
Us no more to be together,
But to go our different ways;
So we say, "Farewell, dear schoolmates,"
On this saddest of our days.

And to those whose hands have guided
Us along the knowledge-path—
Each of whom with wisest counsel
Many and many a barrier hath
Made for us of easy access—
Say we now as we depart,
"Farewell," and we say it sadly,
For they're dear to every heart.

Take our promise, Alma Mater,
To remember whose we are;
Thy dear name is in our keeping;
We shall guard it, though afar;
Each will try her very utmost
So to act and so to be
That the world may say, and truly,
"She hath honor done to thee!"
Senior Class History

HERE I to attempt to write a complete history of the Class of 1913, following Doctor Wayland's suggestion, my first work would be to consult the diaries and letters of those few of our band who entered the school in September, 1909. But I am reminded that former historians, since they lived through this memorable year themselves, have covered this field.

My task, then, will be to give a history of our labors and pleasures since that bright September day in 1910 when my program-card, mystery of mysteries, was made out, along with those of my forty-five Sophomore class-mates. * * * The misery and the doubt that harass those who pursue the pathway of the 47's and 48's is a present fact, and history is a record of past events.

We became Juniors; yet alas, as we looked around us, only a third had returned. The others were putting to the test the methods and ideas acquired during the previous year. Gladly we welcomed and soon learned to know and to love many new companions of the classroom and of the joyous “home box.” * * * Fall and winter passed away; then the Seniors planted a tree, and we knew, indeed, that we were Juniors. * * * June came, and we noted with watchful eyes—for a year hence we must do these things—how the bonfire was lighted; how the Princess fought and yielded; how the Seniors snatched one last basketball game; how in gala dresses they left the President’s reception for the Alumnae banquet; how with slow steps they wound their way over the nature-set stage and bequeathed to us many things. Lastly, we observed the ease with which they took their hard-earned diplomas.

Again the mail brings us purple and gold badges, and once more we are back. “P. T.” loomed large on many a program-card. Officers were chosen, senior privileges granted, and then, when the holidays were at hand, we sang our Christmas carols. * * * Two of our instruc-
tors must needs leave us that they might drink deeper of the Pierian Spring; so with joyous board and "goodbye" song, we bade them go

* * * Pictures are taken, with many a sigh from us, and much pleading for haste on the part of the editor-in-chief. * * * Notebooks are handed in, and "the hardest examination I ever saw," is safely past. Then comes hurried scanning of lessons, for "The Gentle Shepherd" and graduating essays demand much of our time, and teachers and school-mates bid us come and forget the worries of final tests—and the history of the Class of 1913 is told.
DR. JOHN W. WAYLAND
Honorary Member
IONE BELL
Professional
“Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.”

DOROTHY BROWN
Professional
“We know what she is, but know not what she may be.”

SHIRLEY COOPER
Professional
“She was the very pink of courtesy.”
NANNIE COX

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books."

EFFIE GARLAND

"There wasn't a minute
When Effie wasn't in it."

JULIET GISH

"Go forth under the open sky,
And list to nature's teachings."
ETNA HARDAWAY

Professional

(September)

"Where do you find the time?"

MABEL HEAVENER

Professional

"She jes' spreads huh moui and hollahs."

MABEL HITT

Professional

"When one is past another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds woe, as wave a wave."
ANNIE HOLBROOK
Professional
"Come, let us dance and sing."

LOUISE HOLLAND
Professional
"In thee rays of virtue shine."

ANNIE LEE JONES
Professional
"To die by thee were but to die in jest."
RUTH KEYS
Professional
"Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

BESSIE LEFTWICH
Professional
"Resolute, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact."

MARY LEWIS
Professional
"The rose was budded in her cheek."
BESSIE MILLNER

Professional

"Some times I set and think, and other times
I just set."

SARAH MOFFETT

Professional

"'Tis thine to sing!"

MABEL RAWLS

Professional

"What He hath scantled her in hair
He hath given her in wit."
IDELL REID
Professional
“Full of courage, full of faith.”

KATHERINE SELBY
Professional
“Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from her comb.”

MAUDE SHAPLEIGH
Professional
“A dainty little maid from Boston.”
JULIA STAPLES

May she always be as true and loyal to the Normal as she has been to the H. H. S.

MARY STEPHENS

"None but herself can be her parallel."

JANIE WERNER

"The cold blasts of winter make her shiver and shake."
JANET FARRAR
Kindergarten
“O lawsy! where’s Lizbeth?”

MARY FOX
Kindergarten
“Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.”

MARGUERITE GARRETT
Kindergarten
“Life’s a jest, and all things show it;
I thought it once, and now I know it.”
MARGARET GAY
Kindergarten
“Short and stout
And roundabout.”

MARJORIE GRIZZARD
Kindergarten
“Don’t hurry me.”

ELIZABETH KELLEY
Kindergarten
“None like her, none.”
FRANCES MENIFEE
Kindergarten

"I chatter, chatter, as I go."

SARA DE MOSS
Kindergarten

"The lady protests too much, methinks."

MARY KUEBUSH
Kindergarten

"To dash through thick and thin."
OLIVINE RUNCIMAN
Kindergarten
“If music be the food of love, play on.”

EDITH SUTER
Kindergarten
“She hath a daily beauty in her life.”

RUTH BOWERS
Regular Normal
“My! but these geometry originals will drive me mad.”
HARRIET BROWN
Regular Normal
(September)
"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."

MARCELIN GATLING
Regular Normal
"Lam dat ball right through the basket."

LUCILE McLEOD
Regular Normal
"Sighed and looked unutterable things."
PATTIE PULLER
Regular Normal
“A brown haired athletic girl,
A real live college lassie.”

ALMA REITER
Regular Normal
“So worked the honey bees.”

CARRIE SAYERS
Regular Normal
“May she taste the joy
That springs from labor.”
MARY SETTLE
Regular Normal
"Unto the pure all things are pure."

ANNA WARD
Regular Normal
"Just exactly what do you mean?"

VIRGINIA EDWARDS
Industrial Arts
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."
LILLIAN GILBERT
*Industrial Arts*
(September)

"Truth for truth's sake,
Reason my guide."

FRANCES MACKEY
*Industrial Arts*

"O Love! in such a wilderness as this."

MARTHA MILLER
*Industrial Arts*

"Many books, wise men have said, are weari-
some."
CARRIE SCATES
*Industrial Arts*

"Quietness hides conspicuousness."

MARY WILSON
*Industrial Arts*

"Hammer, hammer, noise and clamor, sawing here and planing there."

HELEN HARRIS
*Household Arts*

"Oh!! .................."
“Come on, Bessie.”

“Mistress of herself, though china fall.”
Why The Senior Class Has No Prophecy

I. Because we could find no gypsy to read our palms.
II. Because all crystals were broken before our time.
III. Because the comet in its recent journey across the firmament upset all ideas of the astrologists and spoiled our hope of help in that direction.
IV. Because some people do not approve of cards.
V. Because we could find no suitable witch who was willing to take us upon her broomstick.
VI. Because we think wishing-wells are not exactly up-to-date.
VII. Because we could find no phrenologist to undertake the task on account of the new styles of hair-dressing used by our young ladies.
VIII. Because in these days every possible fate is already labeled "Taken."
IX. Because, lastly and chiefly, our soothsayer has been quarantined with pink-eye. One might have hoped for rose-colored visions in consequence; but Mrs. Brooke and Dr. Firebaugh strictly forbade her—seer though she be—to look into a book or even into the future.

We subjoin herewith some of the queries and "faint auroral flushes" recorded in the notebook of the prophetess before she was blinded and cast into prison, though it seems that even then she was beginning to see double.

It is impossible to decide whether Ione Bell will be professor of mathematics at Columbia University, or whether she will be a tight-rope performer with Barnum and Bailey.

Will "Bowser" be a leading lady at a dog-show, or will she have an M. D. degree—Master of Dogs?

We do not know whether Harriet Brown will be busy baking brown bread to a delicate brown at the bakery of Brown and Company, or whether she will be matron of the Brownville Orphan Asylum for little brown children.

Will "Airy Fairy Shirley," the graceful member of the Senior Class, be engaged in making airships, or will she be the grass widow of an army lieutenant?
We are almost certain of the fact that Nannie Cox will be superintendent of the history department in the New York public schools; yet it is also possible that she may be winning fame with Normal students, as the inventor of a new way of cooking stewed tomatoes.

Can this be Virginia Edwards whom we see? Why, she is driving a poor man to Reno by her incessant laughter. Or is she the leading spirit in that little ideal one-room school?

Does this meek, quiet, gentle, dignified matron closely resemble Janet Farrar? Or is Janet that chic ballet-dancer who will win fame at home and abroad?

We cannot decide whether Mary Fox is to be a prize-fighter or the head of a large kindergarten in Arizona.

Effie Garland might be the compiler of an up-to-date primary text-book called “Astronomy and Its Influences on the Young Mind,” if she is not riding a bronco on the Big X Ranch.

At first we thought surely Marguerite Garrett would make a great success at settlement work, but then we reflected that perhaps she might spend all her time in practicing for her presentation to the next queen of England.

If Marceline Gatling does not become supervisor of calisthenics at King’s College, she would be a suitable lady companion to Hetty Green.

Unless all signs are wrong, Margaret Gay will become a great suffragette leader, or at any rate the helpmeet of some fortunate man.

Is Lillian Gilbert going to be the Superintendent of Schools in Patrick County, or is she going to be Mistress of the Wardrobe for the divine Sarah? We pause for a reply.

Can Juliet Gish be that sedate missionary to the heathen of Wake Island, or will she tame wild animals in a zoological garden in Colorado?

This is easy: Marjorie is either to become one of the leading actresses of the day, or is going to make a little house seem like home to a man in the Quaker City.

We wonder if Etna Hardaway is to take Mrs. Eddy’s place as a leader of Christian Scientists, or is to be a waitress in a Chinese restaurant.

Helen Harris will probably either study archaeology at the University of Munich, or continue to engage in the time-honored occupation of making a trousseau.

You may imagine that Margaret Hefflin will become a petite modiste.
who designs wonderful gowns, but who can ever tell? She might make extensive geological research in the region immediately surrounding the South Pole.

We think Mabel Hitt's ambition is to be a governess in a family of ten small children—circumstances, however, may make her the persuasive agent selling a book entitled "High Living at Fourteen Dollars a Month."

If all is well, Annie Holbrook will either study for the L. I. degree at Chicago University, or will be the cheerful guide for those who wish to climb the Andes.

It is hard to tell whether Louise Holland will make herself famous as the author of Y. W. C. A. tracts, or as the head of New York's most successful matrimonial bureau.

Elizabeth Kelley will serve a prominent Virginia daily as head of the department entitled "Advice to the Lovelorn"; or is she, when we get our rights, to be the chief executive officer of these United States?

We think Ruth Keys is cut out for a swimming teacher at Atlantic City or a stenographer of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

What do the Fates say about Bessie Leftwich? Will she entertain the public by playing the piano at a moving picture show, or by writing stirring editorials for Harper's Weekly?

We think we see Mary Lewis taking Miss Speck's place at the Harrisonburg State Normal and Industrial School, unless she really prefers to sell tickets entitling her to one perfectly good ride on a soul-stirring merry-go-round.

Does Lucile McLeod become a clairvoyant who calls spirits from the other world? Or does she become the housekeeper for a company of Benedictine monks?

Does a tall, dark young man cross Frances Mackey's path? Or does she nobly sacrifice her young life to the lofty profession of sign-painting?

We think sometimes that Frances Menifee will establish a new religious sect called the Moaning Groaners; at other times we seem to hear her playing the latest ragtime on a hand-organ.

Where should we find Martha Miller? We know that she must be the leading architect in a thriving western town, or else she is to be found at a home for the mentally unsound, incoherently murmuring, "Inner, outer, outer, inner."
We had some trouble with the future of Sarah Moffett, yet it is now almost clear that she is to be Lady Superior at St. Alphonsius' Convent, or the author of a sensational popular novel.

We see right away that Sara de Moss is to be a snake-charmer who forms the chief attraction at various country shows, or else she will have a high class hair-dressing establishment on Fifth Avenue.

Pattie Puller is to be the head of the world movement for peace or the heroine of many popular moving picture melodramas.

Is Mabel Rawls to be the leader of the insurrection in Mexico or the instructor in primary methods at the Teachers' Training College, Constantinople?

We picture Idell Reid as a lady doctor; but something tells us to be prepared for news of her exploits in the Klondike region.

Alma Reiter is to be either an out-and-out baseball fan or the chairman of a Ladies' Aid Society.

We cannot tell whether Mary Ruebush is to write an annotated and abridged edition of Froebel's works for the use of future classes in the history of education, or whether she is to compose some amusing light operas.

Olivine Runciman will probably be first violin in Boston Symphony Orchestra unless she becomes a clerk in a ten-cent store.

Will Annie Sale invent a new method of exterminating mosquitos, or will she sell her brain to the Smithsonian Institute?

Carrie Sayers is going to be the lady proprietor of a boarding house for gentlemen, or a disorganizer of county tomato clubs. In the latter event her life would be in danger of onslaughts from riotous Normal students; so let us say she and one of her boarders lived happily ever after.

We don't know whether Carrie Scates will work by the day in a furniture factory, or whether she will marry a millionaire who raises bananas in Central America. In case the latter fate is hers, we respectfully hope that she will not forget her loving classmates.

Kate Selby is to write a book entitled "Hints on Senior Etiquette," unless she follows in the footsteps of Madame le Brun.

Will Mary Settle win notoriety by being the heroine of Robert Chambers's latest novel, or will she become leader of the pansophic movement at her Alma Mater?

What is Maude Shapleigh's mission in life? Will she become surgeon
in a children’s hospital, or marry a funeral director and help him with his business?

Julia Staples will either be the head of a *menu* department of a popular monthly, or a prominent sociologist in the South Sea Islands.

Mary Stephens will be a globe trotter, or write a book for practice teachers on “How to Write Twenty Lesson Plans in Twenty Minutes.”

What will suit Miss Suter? Edith will either invent a new way of doing two things at once, or she will be the president of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

Anna Ward may run against Dr. Wayland for the chair of history at the University of Virginia, or she may marry a Russian czar.

We imagine we can see Janie Werner in a sanitarium recuperating from an attack of the sleeping sickness, or perhaps she will be umpire at the world series of baseball games.

Tell us, will Mary Wilson be an anarchist? Or does she look more like an evangelist?

Four members of the class have been left out. That is too bad. Let us see what we can do. We see in a far western land a school for orphans, the Froebel Memorial School. Miss Jones, we think, is the directress of this school. She is also at the head of the poultry-raising department and sees that each dear orphan knows the taste of chicken and duck. Miss Heavener is superintendent of the mathematics department, while Misses Elizabeth Millner and Dorothy Brown take care of the music—both vocal and instrumental lessons being cheerfully given. Who knows, however, but that some gallant knights may come riding by and spoil the dreams of these fair maidens?
FLOWER
Daisy

COLORS
Gold and White

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

OFFICERS

FLORENCE KEEZELL ............................................................. President
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Mary Beamon
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Estelle Beard
Corinne Bowman
Julia Bradford
Josephine Bradshaw
Harriet Brown
Virginia Brown
Virgie Buchanan
Mary Buck
Mary Carter Buckner
Tracie Burtnar
Juliet Caldwell
Winifred Campbell
Frances Carpenter
Malinda Chance
Veva Clarke
Ezma Cline
Ruth Coffman
Stella Collins
Mary Cook
Lillian Craig
Hattie Crowder
Neville Dogan
Kathleen Dore
Mary Dudley
Mary Ellis
Susie Ennis
Stuart Everett
Martha Folk
Fattie M. Gill
Bess Gilmer
Eleanor Good
Cecile Grasty
Kathleen Harless
Jessie Harris
Susan Heyster
Selina Higgins
Alpha Holcombe
Virginia Honaker
Edna Hutcherson
Audrey Jones
Florence Keezell
Agnes Lake
Virginia Leach
Mamie Livick
Lettie Long
Pierce Lyon
Agnes McCown
Mary McCown
Clara Malone
Susie Maloy
Mary Maloy
Kathleen Marcum
Christine Markham
Leila Marshall
Elizabeth Marshall
Rosa Maupin
Irene Meserole
Annie Miller
Bertie L. Miller
Judith Miller
Elizabeth Mitchell
Lucy Mitchell
Elsie Morton
Edith Naff
Mary Nash
Rebecca Page
Virginia Paxton
Pattie Phaup
Mary Procter
Viola Raiford
Leone Reaves
Richie Roane
Carolyn Ruan
Carrie Rubush
Margaret Rubush
Marion Russell
Mary Sale
Estaline Sale
Elizabeth Saville
Ida Schaffer
Vera Scay
Lillian Shafer
Mary Silvey
Eva Steger
Mary Stone
Ruth Taliaferro
Margaret Tardy
Clara Thompson
Bessie Turner
Ida Via
Delia Williamson
Inez Wilson
Helen Wine
Mary Yowell
Once upon a Saturday night
The Gym, beheld a wondrous sight.
The clever Juniors all had planned
To give a circus—oh, so grand!
So that brilliant class was made
Into a flashing street parade.—
First came jesters and clowns so gay,
In motley dressed and bright array.
Following, decked in feathers fine,
Strode the Indians in a line.
There was a maid from old Japan,
Walking with a Chinaman.
Next a dusky gypsy queen
With a deck of cards was seen.
The country people gazed in awe
At the first circus they ever saw;
The crowd was large and very dense,
And the excitement was immense;
"My husband!" wailed Mrs. Newly-Wed,
As through the tents she, seeking, sped;
At last she found him in a trance,
Watching the fat woman dance.
Buffalo Bill went through the crowd,
Yelling and shooting very loud.
"Take your picture for a cent!"
Was the cry where'er we went;
And everyone who ventured in
Came out with the broadest grin!
The lemonade was warm and pink,
You never tasted such—I think.
In tents the fortune-tellers staid
And all the handsome men waylaid,
But as these last were very few
The gypsies hadn't much to do.
All the animals were very tame;
The wildest trait was in the name.
The negro minstrels danced and sang,
To the ceiling their voices rang;
Their jokes went off with laughter and glee,
For they were all on the faculty.
COLORS
Blue and Gold

FLOWER
Forget-me-not

MOTTO
“No victory without labor.”

OFFICERS

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Vice-President
Laura Jones

Secretary
Lillian Paxton

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Anne Jones

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Edna Myers

Bertha Bare
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Myra Richardson

Sallie Chew
Freida Johnson
Frances Selby

Lucy Cobb
Tom Johnson
Edna Shaw

Bura Cole
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Gussie Cook
Kate McElroy
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Mary Davis
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Mary Simmons

Kathleen Duer
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Bernice Suddith

Mary Early
Nellie Maupin
Kate Turlington

Lucile Early
Lillian Millner
Nan Wiley

Addie Elder
Sara Monroe
Frances Williamson

Lettie Womeldorf
Bess Wygal

Burr Wolfe
Sophomore Thoughts

When our last lesson is finished
And all our grades are passed in,
When the final week is ended
And all are gay but thin,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Go home for a month or two,
Till the faculty of the Harrisonburg Normal
Shall call us to work anew.

And we that have passed shall be happy;
We shall sit in the Junior row;
We shall dream of being Seniors,
Who to practice-teaching go.
We shall have fine examples to follow,
The Juniors of other days,
We shall try our best to outdo them
And to make no grades but A's.

And no one shall work off conditions,
And no one shall work to pass,
But each for the love of learning
Shall work towards that ideal class
Which she is to teach in the future—
Yet these Junior joys in store
Shall make none forget the pleasures
She had as a Sophomore.
MOTTO
"We shall attain the summit round by round."

COLORS
Green and Gold

FLOWER
Jonquil

MEMBERS
Gershon Allen  Annie Douglass  Ora Alphin
Serena Barger  Johnnie Minton  Bertie Mundy
Vada Glick  Margaret Harman  Mollie Nicol
Evelyn Beard  Virgie Hedgepeth  Blanche Payne
Margaret Beard  Virginia Howerton  Margaret Ropp
Anna Buchanan  Janie Still  Selda Wagner
Inez Long  Lucy Butler  Lucy Mackey
Hattie Diehl  Reba McClure  Hattie Wright
Freshman Class

OFFICERS

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Lucy Butler ......................................... Vice-President
Hattie Diehl ........................................ Secretary
Inez Long ........................................... Treasurer
Special Class

MEMBERS

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Iva Clatterbuck

Evie Garber           Willie Gibson

Katharine Hottel

Margaret Logan        Earl Mays

Vivienne Mays

Sallie Mullins        Mary Pope

Sue Ramey

Ellene Stoner          Bertha Wells
Special Class

FLOWER
Black-Eyed Susan

COLORS
Black and Gold

MOTTO
“Contented wi’ little and cantie wi’ mair.”

OFFICERS

Katharine Hottel ........................................ President
Margaret Logan ........................................... Vice-President
Rosa Block .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
No land preserves more of the spirit of romance than does the Spain of to-day. In its character there stands forth a warmth and sensitiveness seldom found in these modern centuries. No hardships uproot the romantic from the Spaniard's nature, no condition dulls the chivalry that is his.

In other days, there stood on the lower slopes of the Sierra Nevada an ancient inn. When one stepped over its threshold, he felt that he stood within the precincts of the ninth century rather than of the seventeenth. It was an atmosphere in which one dreamed rather than thought. Figures of the past rose up and revealed a civilization in which love and war were dominant.

Here Señora Rodriguez gathered in the fees of the few transient guests that stopped on their way up from Malaga or Cadiz, or wandered hither from Granada.

But there was a daughter, Isabel. She possessed a Spanish beauty, a Spanish sentiment, and—be it added—a Spanish temper. In her nineteen years there had been little of education; few had been the journeys. But the sight of the everlasting hills, the crests of the Sierra Nevada silvered in the evening light, the suggestions—silent and subtle—of the old inn, and the romantic nature of her race, had developed in Isabel the tender and fine sentiments in which every good woman glories.

But Isabel did not lack assistance in developing other traits less commendable, if not less feminine. For her mirror told her she was beautiful; often the flattery of the guests confirmed this; and last, she read the same story in the glowing eyes of young Señor Domingo Gonzalez.

But then the young señor was poor, and poverty meant hope deferred.
And yet, does not longing sweeten sentiment? There were nights on the balcony when these talked of the future and its stern realities. Ah, if fortune would only turn their way! But what fortune was there in owning the post-horses and the diligence that went up and down the wretched road to the next town?

One day two things happened. Señor Domingo, in passing, saw the son of a rich vine grower sitting near Isabel, and saw her give him a rose. Indignation spoke in the lover's heart, and resolution answered.

That evening Domingo said, "Isabel, there is an easy allegiance in some hearts. It is never labeled, 'Not Transferable.'"

"Boy," said she, "don't you know that we women care most for the courage, the vigor, and the strength in men? The winner is the one that makes his way rather than accepts his fortune."

"I suppose you refer to your latest victim?"

"At least, he is well-mannered; he is not spiteful. Don't you like him?"

"I saw you give him a rose."

"So much, then, for your watching," she replied.

"Do you want the love of this man?"

Here the instinctive coquetry of her race arose. "And if I do?" she asked.

"Then I shall kill him!" His voice was very low, and the Spanish temper burned in his dark eyes.

"Oh, Domingo, you wouldn't dare!" she cries in pretended alarm.

"I'm going; I cannot bear—any more."

He walks angrily out into the night. The twinkling of the stars, the white moonlight, and the whisperings of the trees all seem to mock him.

Even the sun of Spain was not bright next day to Domingo—nor was the future clear to him as he drove to the next town. Was he to go on through life with his soul's longing for love unsatisfied? Would time be good to him? If so, then he yearned for old age when all longings and heart struggles would be so far past that even the scars would be healed.

On the way he fell in with the gypsy settlement and had his palm read. Strange things they told him! His luck would come in something better than gold, but his triumph would be won in the face of opposition.
Once more the moon shines upon the post road, and shimmers in silvery light upon the old inn and the steeps of the Sierra Nevada.

A quick ear on the balcony detects approaching steps, and soon eye meets eye and heart answers heart as Domingo stands fearlessly before the girl.

"Has your fortune changed?" she whispered, seeing the new light of hope in his eyes.

"I do not know," said he; "my fortune is a riddle. It is to be something better than gold—something won in the face of opposition. I came back to tell you that, whatever that fortune is, the whole world shall not keep me from winning it and you."

"Man, you may be poor, and you may be slow, but don't be dull. Where love is, fortune is; for love is better than gold."

—Vera Seay.
Y. M. C. A.

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1912-13

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Josephine Bradshaw .................................... Treasurer

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Anna Ward ............................................... Bible Study
Juliet Gish ............................................... Mission
Frances Mackey ......................................... Membership
Olivine Runciman ....................................... Social
Annie Lee Jones ......................................... Intercollegiate
Josephine Bradshaw .................................... Finance
Dorothy Brown .......................................... Alumnae

ADVISORY OFFICER
Miss Natalie Lancaster

OFFICERS
1913-14

Josephine Bradshaw .................................... President
Lillian Millner ........................................... Vice-President
Patty Phaup ............................................... Secretary
Mary Silvey ............................................... Treasurer
Day Unto Day

If you've seen the morning sunlight
Dry the dew from off the hill;
If you've watched it cast at evening
Amber lights upon the rill;

If you've heard the swish of raindrops
Coming from the cloudland far;
If your eye has caught the message
Of the first red evening star;

If you've looked into a rose-cup,
Found its heart-drop of pure dew;
If you've lived where some lone brooklet
Lisps and laps the long night through;

If you've heard a bird's first love song
In the glad new life of spring;
If you've felt the hush when autumn
Gathers the last leaves that cling;

If you've seen it all and felt it—
When new life springs from each clod,
Can you doubt that God is Nature?
Can you doubt that God is God?

—Ruth Conn.
Lanier Literary Society

COLORS
Violet and White

FLOWER
Violet

MOTTO
“His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand.”

OFFICERS

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Janet Farrar

Second Term
Vice-President
Elizabeth Kelley

Third Term
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Janet Farrar

Treasurer
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Carolyn Ruan

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Agnes McCown
Olivine Runciman

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Bertie Lib Miller
Estaline Sale

Veva Clarke
Helen Harris
Martha Miller
Vera Seay

Stella Collins
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Gussie Cook
Susan Heyser
Lucy Mitchell
Katherine Selby

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Sara Moffett
Maude Shapleigh

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Sara Monroe
Eva Steger

Lillian Craig
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Bernice Suddith

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Ruth Keys
Mary Morton
Janie Werner

Kathleen Duer
Virginia Leach
Mary Nash
virginia white

Bertha Ellis
Bessie Leftwich
Rebecca Page

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Delia Williamson

Miss Elizabeth P. Cleveland ........................................... Advisory Member

Christy Wilton ........................................................ Mascot
# Lee Literary Society

**COLORS**  
Gray and Gold

**FLOWER**  
White Carnation

**MOTTO**  
"The white flower of a blameless life"

**OFFICERS**

<table>
<thead>
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<td>Margaret Burke</td>
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<td>Marjorie Grizzard</td>
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**MEMBERS**

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<td>Medea Chew</td>
<td>Columbia Johnson</td>
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<td>Mary Yowell</td>
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**Advisory Member**

Dr. J. W. Wayland
MOTTO
“Come and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe.”

OFFICERS
Katherine Selby ........................................ President
Pattie Puller ............................................... Business Manager

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Amelia Brooke
Mary Buckner
Lucy Butler
Frances Carpenter
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Kathleen Dore
Stuart Everett
Janet Farrar
Nell Farrar
Effie Garland
Marguerite Garrett
Marceline Gatling
Marjorie Grizzard
Kathleen Harless
Elberta Harris
Helen Harris
Margaret Heflin
Alpha Holcombe
Katharine Hotel
Annie Lee Jones
Elizabeth Kelley
Pierce Lyon
Frances Mackey
Lucy Mackey
Bertie Lib Miller
Martha Miller
Elsie Morton
Sara de Moss
Pattie Puller
Carolyn Ruan
Frances Selby
Katherine Selby
Maud Shapleigh
Mary Stone
Delia Williamson
Glee Club

OFFICERS

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Mary Sale .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
Alpha Holcombe ........................................ Business Manager

ORCHESTRA

Mary Carter Buckner ........................................ Pianist
Olivine Runciman ........................................ Violinist
Katherine Selby ........................................ First Mandolin
Frances Selby ........................................ Second Mandolin

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Mary S. Thom

DIRECTOR

Miss Julia Starr Preston
Massanutten Camp Fire Girls

COLORS
Wood Brown and Green

MOTTO
Carpe Diem

WATCHWORDS
Work, Health, Love

OFFICERS
Miss Rhea C. Scott .................. Guardian
Pattie Puller ........................ President
Helen Harris ........................ Vice-President
Margaret Heflin ..................... Secretary and Treasurer

THE WOHELO CHEER
Wo-he-lo for aye,
Wo-he-lo for aye,
Wo-he-lo, Wo-he-lo,
Wo-he-lo for aye!
Wo-he-lo for work,
Wo-he-lo for health,
Wo-he-lo, Wo-he-lo,
Wo-he-lo for love.
MEMBERS

Amelia Brooke  Nell Farrar  Frances Mackey  Lillian Millner
Lucy Butler  Marceline Gatling  Lucy Mackey  Pattie Puller
Veva Clarke  Marjorie Grizzard  Christine Markham  Carolyn Ruan
Mary Davis  Helen Harris  Lucile McLeod  Estaline Sale
Neville Dogan  Margaret Heffin  Martha Miller  Frances Selby

Kate Selby

Miss Rhea C. Scott
Guardian
Kindergarten Club

MOTTO
“A little child shall lead them.”

FLOWER
Forget-me-not

COLORS
Baby-blue and Pink

OFFICERS

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Edith Suter ......................................... Vice-President
Marion Russell ...................................... Secretary
Christine Markham ................................ Treasurer

HONORARY MEMBER
Miss Evalina Harrington

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Sara de Moss Elizabeth Kelley Bessie Turner
Janet Farrar Christine Markham Sarah Woodson
Mary Fox Frances Menifee
Miss Bell Miss King Miss Scott
Miss Shoninger Miss Thom
Home Economics Club

COLORS
Red and White

FLOWER
Dark Red Carnation

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

OFFICERS

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NEVILLE DOGAN ..................................................... Vice-President
ELIZABETH MITCHELL ................................................. Secretary
MARY LEE BEAMON .................................................... Treasurer

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Susan Heyser
Mamie Livick
Irene Meserole
Mary Michie
Elizabeth Mitchell
Annie Sale
Mary L. Smith
Adelia Williamson

HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. JULIAN A. BURRUSS  MISS FRANCES SALE  MISS RHEA SCOTT
Art 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

Martha Miller ......... President
Frances Mackey .......... Vice-President
Mary Wilson .......... Secretary-Treasurer

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Virginia Edwards
Martha Miller
Mary Wilson
Frances Mackey
Lillian Gilbert
Leone Reaves
Carrie Scates
Ida Shaffer
Foreign Language Club

MOTTO

"Un homme qui sait quatre langues vaut quatre hommes."

AMELIA BROOKE ..................................................President

Katherine Allen
Ora Alphin
Rosa Block
Mary Buck
Lucy Butler
Miss Annie Cleveland
Erma Cline
Lucile Early
Mary Early
Elizabeth Gentry

Jayne Harshbarger
Miss Hoffman
Katharine Hottel
Anne Jones
Miss Lancaster
Margaret Logan
Lucile McLeod
Esther Martin
Mollie Nicol
Anna Ward

Eleanor Good

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. W. WAYLAND

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND
The Mary Club

President .............................................................. Mary Stone
Vice-President ......................................................... Mary Sale
Secretary and Treasurer ............................................. Mary Procter
Honorary Members .................................................... Miss Mary I. Bell
                                                        Miss Mary Thom

This is the club whose talents vary,
    Yet in one thing do all agree;
    For whether it snows or rains or blows,
    Or whether the school clock stops or goes,
'Tis true of all the thirty and three
    And the extra ones that here you see,—
Each one is always Mary.
Harrisonburg Club

Professor James C. Johnston .................Honorary Member

Julia Staples, President
Ione Bell, Vice-President

Martha Folk, Treasurer
Margaret Logan, Secretary

Irene Meserole
Erma Cline
Alma Reiter
The Shriver Club

COLORS
The Latest Shades

EMBLEM
The Shriver Bow

MOTTO
"L'homme c'est le style."

President ................................................................. Mr. Russell Shriver

MEMBERS
Mrs. Julian A. Burruss ......................................................... Miss Lida Cleveland
Miss Frances Sale ............................................................... Miss Amelia Brooke
Stella Collins ................................................................. Mary Michie
Helen Harris ................................................................. Martha Miller
Margaret Heflin ............................................................... Sara Monroe
Frances Mackey ............................................................... Annie Sale

Mary Wilson

ADVISORY MEMBER
Mrs. Russell Shriver
**Tidewater Club**

**OFFICERS**

*President* .......................................................... Marceline Gatling  
*Vice-President* .................................................... Pattie Puller  
*Secretary* .......................................................... Marjorie Grizzard  
*Treasurer* ............................................................ Mabel Rawls  

**MEMBERS**

Mary Lee Beamon  
Dorothy Brown  
Virgie Buchanan  
Lucy Butler  
Lucy Cobb  
Shirley Cooper  
Irene Daughtrey  
Mary Davis  
Hattie Diehl  
Kathleen Duer  
Virginia Edwards  
Susie Ennis  
Mary Ellis  
Stewart Everett  
Marguerite Garrett  
Marceline Gatling  
Marjorie Grizzard  
Willie Gibson  
Virgie Hedgepeth  
Alpha Holcombe  
Virginia Howerton  
Tom Johnson  
Annie Lee Jones  
Lillian Millner  
Mabel Prince  
Pattie Puller  
Viola Raiford  
Mabel Rawls  
Myra Richardson  
Kate Turlington  
Anna Ward  
Delia Williamson  

**HONORARY MEMBERS**

Miss King  
Miss Lancaster  
Miss Scott
The Lone Star Club

EMBLEM
A

OFFICERS

President .......................... Pattie Puller
Vice-President ........................ Pattie Puller
Secretary and Treasurer ............... Pattie Puller

MEMBERS

Pattie Puller  Pattie Puller
Pattie Puller  Pattie Puller
Pattie Puller

Five full quarters did she stay
On the single letter A,
Did not get to B or C,
And she never heard of D.
Dormitory Toy Club

"It made the children laugh and play."

MEMBERS

Teddy Davis, '15
Tuby Farrar, '13
Timmy Miller, '13
Tubby Heflin, '13
Cimmy Mackey, '16

MASCOT

Master Billie Lamb
ATHLETICS
Athletic Association

OFFICERS

President ...................................................... Frances Mackey
Vice-President ............................................... Freida Johnson
Secretary ....................................................... Katherine Selby
Treasurer ........................................................ Effie Garland

Ida Via
Kathleen Dore

BASKET BALL GAMES

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- =
Pinquet Tennis Club

MOTTO

"Go and Play."

COLORS

Red and White

SONG

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."

We will yell for Pinquet,
'Cause you play for red and white.
You are strong and ready now
To play with all your might.
Knock the ball right in the court,
And do just what is right,
While we are yelling for Pinquet.

OFFICERS

FIRST AND SECOND TERM

President .................. Pattie Puller
Vice-President ............. Marjorie Grizzard
Secretary and Treasurer .... Mary Davis

THIRD TERM

Marjorie Grizzard
Stewart Everett
Mary Procter

MEMBERS

Florence Allen
Bertha Bare
Serena Barger
Mary L. Beamon
Rosa Block
Josephine Bradshaw
Mary Buckner
Margaret Burke
Tracie Burtner
Lucy Butler
Shirley Cooper
Nannie Cox
Mary Davis
Kathleen Dore

Hully-go-Lee!
Hully-go-Let!
Three cheers
For Pinquet!

Sara de Moss
Elsie Morton
Mary Pope
Mary Procter
Pattie Puller
Margaret Rubush
Mary Rucbush
Myra Richardson
Mary Sale
Carrie Sayers
Carrie Scates
Mary Silvey
Mary Stephens
Delia Williamson

One, two, three, four!
Two, four, three, four!
Who are we for?
Pinquet!
Racket Tennis Club

YELLS

Hallabalum!  Hallabalus!
What in the world is the matter with us?
Rub-a-dub-dub!  Rub-a-dub-dub!
We are the girls of the Racket Club!

A Bimalak!  A Bimalak!
Bow!  Wow!  Wow!
A Chimalak!  A Chimalak!
Chow!  Chow!  Chow!
Bow!  Wow!  Wow!
Who are we?
We are the girls of the R. T. C.

COLORS

Red and Blue

MOTTO

“Root little pig, or die.”

OFFICERS

FIRST QUARTER

President . . . Helen Harris
Vice-President Margaret Heflin
Secretary . . . Effie Garland
Treasurer . . . Effie Garland

SECOND QUARTER

Katherine Selby
Agnes Lake
Christine Markham
Neville Dogan

THIRD QUARTER

Kathleen Harless
Maude Shapleigh
Frances Selby
Frances Selby

MEMBERS

Ora Alphin
Mary Cook
Alpha Holcombe
Sarah Moffett

Beulah Anderson
Irene Daughtrey
Edna Hutcherson
Mollie Nicol

Mary Austin
Neville Dogan
Agnes Lake
Virginia Paxton

Emma Beard
Kathleen Duer
Elizabeth Kelley
Patty Phaup

Estelle Beard
Susie Ennis
Ruth Keys
Margaret Ransom

Ellaoise Berry
Janet Farrar
Agnes Lake
Mabel Rawls

Mary Bosserman
Nell Farrar
Bessie Leftwich
Carolyn Ruan

Ruth Bowers
Mary Fox
Margaret Logan
Mary Rubeush

Julia Bradford
Effie Garland
Inez Long
Olivine Runciman

Dorothy Brown
Nell Farrar
Pierce Lyon
Estaline Sale

Harriet Brown
Mary Stone
Frances Mackey
Vera Seay

Ruth Brown
Juliet Gish
Lucy Mackey
Frances Selby

Anna Buchanan
Octavia Goode
Lucile McLeod
Katherine Selby

Virgie Buchanan
Kathleen Harless
Christine Markham
Maude Shapleigh

Juliet Caldwell
Elbera Harris
Rosa Maupin
Mary Simmons

Winifred Campbell
Helen Harris
Bertie Lib Miller
Eva Steger

Veva Clarke
Mabel Heavener
Judith Miller
Mary Stone

Erma Cline
Margaret Heflin
Martha Miller
Kate Turlington

Lucy Cobb
Mabel Hitt
Elizabeth Mitchell
Bessie Turner

Bura Cole
Annie Holbrook
Janie Werner

Anna Ward
Senior Basket Ball Team

MOTTO
"Lam dat ball right through the basket."

OFFICERS

Captain. Marceline Gatling
Coach. Miss Ruth S. Hudson
Mascot. Jacqueline Johnston

Forwards
Marceline Gatling
Marjorie Grizzard

Center
Frances Mackey

Guards
Pattie Puller
Olivine Runciman

Substitutes
Effie Garland

Bessie Millner

SONG

The Senior team is now out on the field,
The other teams will surely have to yield.
For Senior team we'll yell, yell, yell, yell, yell!
For Senior team we'll yell, yell, yell, yell, yell, yell,
And put the other teams down in the hole,
So they'll never, never make a goal.
For Senior team we'll yell, yell, yell, yell, yell, yell.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Junior Basket Ball Team

Captain, Neville Dogan

Guards
Mary Stone
Neville Dogan
Mary Procter

Center
Virginia Leach

Substitutes
Elizabeth Saville

Forwards
Carolyn Ruan
Frances Carpenter
Hallie Crowder

YELL
Hominy, hominy, chickahominy!
Flim, flumpery, flam!
Corn flakes, hoe-cake!
We will win for Junior's sake:
If we don't, our hearts will break.
Chi, chum, cheery, chaw,
Juniors! Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Captain ................................. Freida Johnson
Business Manager ...................... Frances Selby

Center
Lucy Cobb

Guards
Mary Davis
Mary Bosserman

Forwards
Frances Selby
Freida Johnson

Substitutes
Gussie Cook
Laura Jones

Esther Martin

YELL
Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Team! Sophs! Team!
Freshman Basketball Team

Captain, Lucy Butler

Forwards
Lucy Butler
Inez Long

Guards
Serena Barger
Ellene Stoner

Center
Lucy Mackey

Substitutes
Bertie Mundy
Margaret Harman
Vivienne Mays

YELL
Chickapoo! Wallapoo!
Chicka! Laca! Less!
Freshman! Freshman!
H. N. S.
Hockey Teams

CHICKASAW TEAM

Mary Pope, Captain

Mary Pope, C. F.
Vera Foster, R. I.
Mary Bosserman, L. I.
Serena Barger, R. W.
Mary Early, L. W.
Lucile McLeod, C. H.
Lucy Mackey, R. H.
Ellene Stoner, L. H.
Anne Jones, R. B.
Gussie Cook, L. B.

Bertha Bare, G.

Substitutes

Mary Austin
Nell Farrar
Margaret Harman
Virginia Howerton
Laura Jones
Mary Maloy
Leila Marshall
Vivienne Mays
Mary Michie
Clara Thompson

CHEROKEE TEAM

Florence Keezell, Captain

Florence Keezell, C. F.
Frances Selby, R. I.
Mary Davis, L. I.
Lucy Cobb, R. W.
Mary Silvey, L. W.
Bess Gilmer, C. H.
Erma Cline, R. H.
Katharine Hottel, L. H.
Lucile Early, R. B.
Susie Baker, L. B.

Margaret Tardy, G.

Substitutes

Mattie Alderson
Ora Alphin
Rosa Block
Addie Elder
Marceline Gatling
Elizabeth Kelley
Inez Long
Frances Mackey
Susie Maloy
Esther Martin
Rosa Maupin
Sara Monroe
Helen Wine
Mary Yowell
The Cherokee and Chickasaw Hockey Teams

THE CHICKASAW YELL
Rah, rah! Boomerah!
Chickasaw! Chickasaw!
In hockey we are bound to win;
If we don’t it is a sin.
Rah, rah, rah, rah!
Chickasaw, chickasaw!

THE CHEROKEE YELL
Rah, rah, ree! Rah, rah, ree!
Watch the girls of the Cherokee.
They will win you just know;
See them strike that ball out—So!
Watch it tumble, bump, and roll!
There it goes right through the goal!
Rah, rah, ree! Rah, rah, ree!
We’re the girls of the Cherokee!
VOLLEY BALL IN OUR BALL ROOM

RAISING A RACKET UNDER THE VERY EAVES OF THE HOSPITAL.
Field Day Program

June 9, 1913

Tennis Tournament

Awarding the Loving Cup

Basket Ball
Marathon

Volley Ball
Hockey
The Normal Diary of a Normal Girl

On these pages, O Diary dear,
Shall be the best times of the year—
Just happy days, for we'll forget
Whatever made us grieve or fret.

There, it's done! It was hard to do, but now I am glad that only the good times of this school year shall be recorded to stare at me in the years to come.

September 26. When I decided that, I must confess it was with a feeling that I should not be kept very busy chronicling the good times; but already they have begun in earnest. As it should be, the reception given to-night by the faculty to the new girls was the first social function of the year. Diary dear, if you only knew our faculty, there would be no necessity for explaining why we so thoroughly enjoyed it.

October 4. Yesterday every one received a lovely daisy invitation to a reception to be given to the new girls to-night by the Young Women's Christian Association. It was with a sinking feeling around my heart that I went, tagged as for shipment. But so was every one else, and we soon found old friends. We played the nicest game, keeping the names of girls to whom we talked; and a Japanese picture was given as a prize to the one having the longest list.

October 25. We're just back from the Rockingham County Fair, and everything was so exciting, especially Mr. Hamilton's airship and the cavalry drills. Never before have I known what a long line we make, stretched along the board walk and down South Main.

October 31. The cold shivers still chase each other up and down
my spine as after-effects of the Chamber of Horrors at the Hallowe'en Barn Party; and that in a measure accounts for the illegibility of this entry. Oh, the clamminess of the ghosts’ long fingers, and the unearthli-ness of the moans!—But I must not dwell on such things longer! The rest of it was such fun. It is the very first time the barn has been used for anything, and you would have thought it had been made especially for this affair, so well did the girls make use of even the stalls and the loft, and the orchard around it.

December 4. This whole fall the singers of the school and town have been having mysterious meetings and rehearsals at the Presbyterian Church, and now we know why. Why aren’t you really human, my diary? I would have taken you to hear the beautiful oratorio, The Holy City, to-night.

December 7. Tired? I certainly am! The social committee of the Y. W. C. A. had its fall quarter birthday party to-night, and we played all our childhood games. If you had only seen us racing wildly around the Gym, you would not wonder that we are all so tired. But everybody had enough wholesome fun to compensate for that.

December 13. Diary dear, we are so rich. Did you know it? To-night was the annual Christmas bazaar, and we made about fifty-six dollars. Lots of town people came, and we were such a jolly, bustling crowd, filling all the upstairs of the Science Hall! There were shadow-graphs in the Assembly Room, and later, a one-act play called Maidens All Forlorn. In one of the classrooms there were fancy articles, made by the girls themselves in their few spare moments; and in another room, lovely salads and desserts and things to tempt both palate and pocket-book.
December 14. Miss Shoninger and the practice teachers entertained the grade teachers in the kindergarten room to-night. Diary, it was dreadful about the salad; if you only could have seen it—on the pavement! But they really did have a splendid time at the party.

December 21! And that means home for us in the early morning! The Seniors have just come back from singing Christmas carols to Dr. Wayland. Even now they are still singing in the rain under the dormitory windows, unconsciously infusing the spirit of Christmas more and more into our bones. But it almost spoils my pleasure to leave you here, confidante o’ mine; but some one must be here to guard our room, and, more important still, to tell me the interesting happenings when I come back. So good-by, dear, until New Year’s night!

January 11. I feel all buried-like, because I have three big things to tell you and only a few minutes in which to do it. Of course, the lights will disappear at the most interesting point; they have a peculiar way of doing that about half-past ten at night. I must begin with yesterday; and won’t you forgive me if I tell you something not really a good time? Miss Harrington is going to Egypt for four months, and Mr. Heatwole is going to Columbia. Of course the whole school is distressed at the bare thought of their not being here. Last night the Kindergartners gave a supper in the little dining-room in Miss Harrington’s honor, and everything was beautiful. After that she went with them to hear the Schuberts. Almost all the girls in school went too. ’Twas after bed-time when we got home, and that’s why it was too late to tell you about it then.

To-night the faculty appeared at the Science Hall in answer to a summons from the Senior Class to meet them in regard to Miss Harrington and Mr. Heatwole. If you could only have seen the two French maids calming their fears, even after they learned that the worst in
store for them was a little banquet in the Assembly Room! The tables formed the letter $H$, and you see it had a triple significance. The menu would make you too hungry, dear, so I refrain from mentioning anything even remotely connected with it, except that the Junior Household Arts girls served. The way the banquet ended was lovely. Everybody joined hands and marched around the $H$ singing a farewell song to Miss Harrington and Mr. Heatwole.

January 17. Miss Porter, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries of this South Atlantic Field, has been here for several days; and this afternoon the social committee gave a pink tea in her honor. Many of the girls came, and enjoyed meeting our guest, who is thoroughly attractive and lovely.

February 8. Oh, the Junior Circus! I'm still chuckling at the memories of it; but, Diary my own, first I must tell you that again we cleared fifty-six dollars—and it's for the SCHOOLMA'AM! Fifty-six must be our lucky number. The sideshows were so clever, especially the pygmies; and it was all just like a real circus, with a parade and pink lemonade (pardon the rhyme), peanuts, fortune-tellers, ice-cream cones, and everything complete. Even the country family was there. But the minstrel show was really best of all. The songs and jigs and jokes were so funny!

February 14. St. Valentine's Day! We've just come from such a lovely party. The Lees entertained the Laniers in the Assembly Room. Every Lee had a Lanier partner, found by matching hearts on which were names of friends historically dear. After the very informal and
appropriate program we danced; so you know we spent a lovely evening.

February 15. Have you felt the bustle and hurry to-day, Diary o' mine? So many things have been going on all at once in Science Hall. The Kindergarten Club, the Home Economics Club, and the practice teachers all had Valentine-y affairs; and, judging from the joyful noises, they had the very best of times.

February 21. To-night the Laniers entertained the Lees with a George Washington dance. The courteous gentlemen and gracious ladies of olden days who were there certainly proved the ingenuity and resourcefulness of schoolgirls. The costumes were splendid, and the gallant men and ladies fair were beautiful in the lovely old dances.

March 1. Early Saturday morning! Without waiting a bit longer I must tell you about the beautiful Spanish operetta the girls gave last night under the direction and training of Miss Hudson. You know they have been working hard for it ever since Christmas, and everything was so real and beautiful. The gypsy songs and dances made a wild and strange appeal, and we were so proud of our actresses and actors—for there were actors!

March 10. This has been a dark and rainy day, but we have been far from gloomy. In chapel this morning Mr. Burruss invited us to go to see the Cambridge Players to-night as his guests, the wherewithal to come from a mysterious little box in a dark corner of the safe. We went and thoroughly enjoyed it, even the walk in the rain.

March 25. The Tuesday after Easter and the last of the holidays! Diary o' mine, you know how I dreaded the time when so many of the girls would go home and leave me here, but now I have to confess that these holidays have actually been lovely. I'm going to tell you only the big things we did, but the little ones are really what count. Yesterday morning Mr. Roller took Miss Scott and the Camp Fire Girls out to Massanetta Springs. We did have such a lovely time cooking our real camp dinner around a real camp fire. Not content with that, last night
y.w.c.a
Reception
to
new students
Old City, Poult-
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Halloween
1912

School closed
in regard to
Miss Harrington
and
Mr. Headingley

Samaritan
Society

Kindergarten
Hoover

December 14th

February
14th

Union Day

Junior Circus
we had an Easter dance down in the gymnasium, and even the dances at home could not have been more fun than this one was.

April 19. This afternoon the Seniors had the most beautiful and unusual Arbor Day exercises you've ever known. Instead of the customary tree, they, with the help of Dr. Wayland, their honorary member, little Walter Wayland, their mascot, and Mr. Roller, their right-hand man, planted, with all manner of good wishes said and sung, a sprig of ivy from famous Warwick Castle.

The Juniors and Faculty had been invited to follow the Seniors after the exercises, and they were led to the beautiful orchard behind the Science Hall. Here, underneath the apple blossoms, many groups gathered, each around a basket stored with a lovely picnic supper. Perhaps I can get a clipping to tell you more of the whole affair.

May 1. This afternoon on May Pole Hill the Seniors had a May Day festival, with pretty songs and dances, and unanimously they crowned their class president Queen of May.

May 2. But Dr. Alphonso Smith this evening on the English Ballad was the very best of all.

And, now, Diary mine, don't you think I've faithfully tried to tell
you the very best of our good times? But the sad part is that I won't be able to tell you any more! At the rate work is piling up now for the next seven weeks, I'll never have time to do justice to the many happenings; so I'll just jot down a list of the ones I'm sure will materialize, and really tell you about them when I'm at home once more to peace and quiet. To begin: The Juniors never fall behind in hospitality, so I am sure they will at some time entertain the Seniors as befits their dignity. The Coburns are coming and will give *The Comedy of Errors, Henry V.*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris* in our open-air theater. The Camp Fire Girls are going to give *Miss Fearless & Co.*, and they are thoroughly interested because part of the wonderful sum they expect to make is for their camping trip this summer. Lately the Seniors have acquired the queer habit of conversing in Scotch dialect, and now we know why. They have chosen as their class play *The Gentle Shepherd*, by Allan Ramsay; and Miss Hudson has already been seen closeted with each actress in turn. Other delights of commencement week are in store for us, but are as yet so hazy that I can't even tell you what they are to be.

So—Farewell, Diary o' mine!

Until the good old summer time!

—Carolyn Ruan.
The Gentle Shepherd

A Pastoral Play

BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Presented by the Seniors

of

The State Normal School

8:30 p. m.

Campus

June 6, 1913

"A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee now!
Long may thou live and thrive and dow."

"Come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever!"

---Burns

SYNOPSIS


Sir William, disguised, reveals in soliloquy that Patie is his son, entrusted years before to Symon, who has kept the secret and brought up the boy as a shepherd, ignorant of his gentle birth. Sir William now
acknowledges Patie as his heir amid general rejoicing, but forbids his marriage to Peggy.

Their sorrow is turned to joy by Mause’s revelation that Peggy is also of noble birth, saved by Mause, her nurse, in infancy from murderous relatives and left a foundling at good old Glaud’s door.

Sir William gladly gives Patie and Peggy his blessing; and, at Patie’s request, gains Glaud’s consent to Roger’s suit for Jenny’s hand.

ACT I

Scene—A shepherd’s village and fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time—A. D. 1660, soon after the Restoration of His Majesty, Charles the Second.

PERSONÆ

Sir William, a Royalist ....................................... Bessie Leftwich
Patie, THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, in love with Peggy ........ Frances Mackey
Roger, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny .......... Elizabeth Kelley
Symon ............................................................. Frances Menifee
Glaud ............................................................. Ruth Bowers
Bauldy, a hynd, engaged to Shepherdess Neps ............. Mary Ruebush
Peggy, thought to be Glaud’s niece ......................... Marjorie Grizzard
Jenny, Glaud’s only daughter .............................. Edith Suter
Mause, an old woman, supposed to be a witch .......... Lucile McLeod
Elspa, Symon’s wife .......................................... Marguerite Garrett
Madge, Glaud’s sister ....................................... Katherine Selby

CHORUSES

Loch Lomond
Annie Laurie
Bonnie Doon
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms
Kathleen Mavourneen
Comin’ Thro’ the Rye
Auld Lang Syne

DANCES
Wander-Lust

Away, away, come with me away!
These Blue Stone walls we'll leave awhile;
The wander-lust is calling to-day
That we roam and roam for many a mile.

Come through the orchard, under the trees
Where petals fall in fragrant showers,
And where a little whispering breeze
Is singing a song of love to the flowers.

The oriole in hanging nest,
The cardinal, gay, happy thing!
The robin, eggs beneath her breast,
The winsome wren—each tells of spring.

Come, wander down the grassy hill,
Where the field lark springs from nest aloft,
And where a little chattering rill
Gurgles and laughs mid grasses soft.

See peeping up here through the rank marsh grass
Long stemmed violets with velvet eyes,
And far above us the white clouds pass,
Floating lightly in clear blue skies.

—Lucile McLeod.
AS YOU LIKE IT
Daffodils

If Mrs. Brooke sat on a sled, would Pattie Puller?
If Miss Lancaster had a bill at the supply room, would Mary Settle?
If Agnes Baker made waffles for breakfast, would Ethel Chew?
If Page should go on a strike, would Gussie Cook?
What made Bessie Turner Suter down?
If Mabel Hitt Bertie Mundy, would Margaret B. Gay?
Why is Margaret Tardy and Mary Early?
A little Wine keeps Hattie Wright, Eleanor Good, and Janie Still.
What did Vera Seay that made Ellene Stoner?
If Carrie Scates on A. Lake, will Mary Sale?
How can Idell Reid when Virginia Combs her hair?
The Schoolma'ams

Dr. J. W. Wayland's response to a toast at the Alumnae Banquet.

I.

The Schoolma'ams that have come out: The Annuals.

The first was a history of beginnings, the second was a story of the blossoms, and the third was a picture of the Valley; each is distinctive in its own way, pre-eminent in its own field.

Then here's to you, in brown or blue,
Schoolma'ams that have come out;
We greet you always with a smile, and sometimes with a shout;
For whether you in records true or beauty do excel,
'Tis truth and beauty well agree, and both become you well;
And whether you are dressed in blue or brown or sober tan,
You bear the stamp of honest gold—enough for any man.

So here's to you, in brown or blue,
Schoolma'ams that have come out;
Wherein you're best may all the rest
Take pattern, time throughout.

II.

The Schoolma'ams that have gone out: Our Alumnae; and they nearly all are now here.

Then here's to you, the tried and true,
Schoolma'ams that have gone out;
We like to know just where you are, and what you are about;
For whether you are blithe or blue, we try to keep your track;
We love you much when you're away, and more when you are back.
And whether you are blithe or blue, please keep us still in mind,
And back to Alma Mater bring a thousand of your kind.

Then here's to you, the tried and true.
Schoolma'ams that have gone out:
May every year be blithe—not blue—
And bring you hereabout.
III.

The Schoolma’ams now going out: Our new Graduates.

In going through the hall a few days ago I noticed particularly two things: One was a stack of folders on the radiator; the other was a placard on the bulletin board emblazoned, “Seniors! Take One!” This, it seemed to me, was premature, to say the least. That the general public should be solicited to take our Seniors before they graduated was a shock to me, and I was glad that there were no Seniors in sight. I have always felt that with our Seniors it is not a matter of “Who will take one?” but “Who can get one?” and we are not going to let anybody have one till after to-morrow night; yet it seems necessary to-night to say a sort of half good-bye.

So here’s to you, and not a few,
Schoolma’ams now going out;
We bid you all good luck and speed—you’ll make good, I’ve no doubt.
There’s just one thing that I can bring against you here to-day:
It is that you have made us sad because you’re going away.
But even this won’t count amiss if you will just come back
Next June, and every other June found in the almanac.
So here’s to you, and not a few,
Schoolma’ams now going out;
Heres’ health to you and wealth to you,
In a rousing, merry shout.

IV.

The Schoolma’ams that will go out: The Graduates of the Future.

We prophesy that they are thousands in number, and that they must be of excellent worth because of their ancestry and their inheritance.

So here’s to you, ye thousands true,
Schoolma’ams that will go out;
We look to you, we hope in you, we trust and never doubt.
For whether you be here to-day or in the years to come,
We deem you conscious of a trust to keep for heaven and home.
And be the day or clear or gray, the future need not fear,
For those who come and those who go will be like those now here.
Then here's to you, ye thousands true,
Schoolma'ams that will go out;
We look to you, we hope in you,
We trust and never doubt.

And now to all the Schoolma'ams, those that have gone out, those now going out, and those who will go out, I offer this toast:

May your shadows never be less, except the shadows on your memories; may your numbers grow, and may your salaries increase; may you all live many years, but may you never look older or feel older than you do to-night; may your memories for Math. and for History continue to serve you well; but if you should forget every date in the calendar and every formula in the book, may you not forget the days spent here or the friends now present.

This is the toast I offer you; and I give it not in water, nor yet in wine, but in the love of little children, in the bright eyes that shall sparkle as they gaze into yours, in the pure hearts that shall thrill at your word—in all that sweet innocence of childhood that shall offer itself to the influence of your lives.
Do You Know?

Do you know the place where the alders grow,
   And water runs deep, so deep,
Till it almost seems to forget to flow,
Where the long, light, shadows creep?

Do you know the oriole's nest that swings
   In the willow tree tall, so tall,
And the clematis vine that climbs and clings
   To the ruined old stone wall?

Do you know the bank where the violets grow,
   And the cowslips gay, so gay?
Do you know where the sweet briar droops so low
   By the bars in the pasture way?

Have you seen the lark fly up as he sings,
   In the morning cool, so cool?
Can you guess the homes of a hundred things
   That live in this clear green pool?

Have you seen the baby clouds at play
   On the mountains tall, so tall?
If you haven't, just walk on a sunny day,
   And I'm sure you will find them all.

—Ruth Conn.
The Smile of O-Kisyu-San

Being the Story of a Girl and a Man and a God who was not Cupid

O-Kisyu-San was not beautiful, but he was as wise a little god as ever sat between two brass candlesticks in a little studio in Paris. His exact age we do not know; but it had been years before Jo was born that her great-uncle Merrill had brought him across the sea from China, and had placed him for luck on the mantel above the deep fireplace in the little New England home. And here he had sat many years for all beholders to see and admire. What if his legs and arms were rather perplexing? Jo had never been able to decide whether he was in a sitting or squatting position. This was an idiosyncrasy which one speedily forgot when one saw his face, for therein lay his greatest charm. His ugly little physiognomy wore an expression unfathomable, while his smile in instrutility rivaled that of the Mona Lisa!

Besides his face, O-Kisyu-San—Jo had christened him that as the most oriental name she could think of—was blest with another most valuable asset: he was hollow, and cunningly concealed in his back was a slit, through which one might drop a nickel, or a dime, or even a dollar, if one were so opulent. So, unlike the proverbial milkmaid, O-Kisyu-San's face was not his only fortune; but he was the proud possessor of a bank, which had this superiority over other banks—that while it was exceedingly easy to put one's money in, it was extremely difficult to get it out. So O-Kisyu-San thrived and prospered, and smiled for many years, and then Jo took it into her curly head to go to Paris.

Now Jo, although she was the youngest individual in the house, was a very important personage indeed. So when she returned from college and began to spell Art with a capital A, and to dream of an illustrious career to which there was but one road, and that through Paris—the little gray-haired mother and father shook their heads sadly, but—they let her go. And so it was a tearful but confident Jo who waved good-bye to the little New England village and sailed away with wonderful dreams of fame, and with a little bronze god for luck.
And this is how O-Kisyu-San sat between two brass candlesticks on a mantel in a studio in Paris and smiled his inscrutable smile.

Jo soon found that fame is an illusive thing, and that light housekeeping in Paris does not necessarily mean a career. By and by the brilliant prospects lost their brightness, and the rosy hopes seemed gray; and although the letters to the little mother were always cheerful, the heart in the Paris studio grew heavier and heavier, while many discouraged plaints were whispered into O-Kisyu-San's ear, and many homesick tears fell upon his bronze head. But this was a secret, and O-Kisyu-San never told.

It was on one particularly dismal evening, when the rain pattered dolefully on the roofs, that Jo's self-control came to an end.

"I can't paint, O-Kisyu-San," she sobbed, "I can't paint—and I'm homesick—and I just can't stand it another minute!"

Just then somebody knocked. Jo raised her head and hastily wiped her eyes as she opened the door. A broad-shouldered young man entered—an American, with such a smiling face that he fairly radiated cheerfulness. Jo tried to smile, but his quick eye noticed that something was wrong.

"What's up?" he asked concernedly.

"Oh, I'm homesick," said Jo, "I want to go home, that's all."

"Go home!" echoed Bob; "go home and leave your career?"

Then the storm broke.

"My career! I haven't any career—I was just a blind, conceited idiot! I haven't any talent—I might as well face it and go home and paint place-cards. It's all I'm good for. I can't paint—I never can paint—I don't want to paint! I just want to go home and have a really, truly, Christmas dinner! I'm sick of Paris, and art, and light housekeeping, and——"

"Phew!" said Bob, "you are positive. But, after all, I'm rather glad, Jo. Paris is no place for you. You are really going?"

"Oh, certainly I am going. My fairy godmother has just presented me with a million dollars! How on earth, Bob, do you suppose I could go? You know I would never write home for money."

"Can't you sell your picture?" asked Bob.

"That dreadful picture!" sighed Jo. "I have been working at it
all the year, and it's the worst thing I have ever done. It was so bad that I thought somebody might buy it, but it is even too bad for that."

"I have been pretty lucky lately——" began Bob. But Jo froze him with a look, and he subsided.

"Oh, well, what's the use of worrying?" said Jo. "Everything will come out all right, I know. The prince in disguise will buy my picture, and I shall go home to my Christmas dinner as sure as my name is Jo Merrill! You and I will make some fudge and be happy—just as soon as I borrow some chocolate," and she ran out of the room.

Bob, with his hands in his pockets, surveyed the offending picture with a thoughtful eye:

"It is fierce," he said. "But maybe I can manage it some way, even if I do have to pawn my watch."

"Kisyu, you are a friend of mine; you won't tell on me?" He addressed that personage, who seemed to greet him as an old acquaintance.

Bob grinned, and, diving into his pocket, brought up several coins, which, after a cautious look at the door, he proceeded to drop into O-Kisyu-San's back.

When Jo returned, she found Bob examining some place-cards with an expression of guileless innocence, and O-Kisyu-San wore an air of dignified solemnity.

But after Bob had gone that night, she went to that little god and shook her head:

"Those were very brave words, Kisyu," she said, "but how are we going to do it?"

And O-Kisyu-San looked wise but said nothing.

As the days passed, Jo found herself no nearer home, for no prince in disguise appeared to buy the despised picture; neither did the place-cards, at which she worked feverishly, do more than make ends meet, with just an occasional penny for O-Kisyu-San. She was beginning to get discouraged again, when the magic knock sounded at the door.

Later, Bob coming in found a radiant Jo.

"Guess what has happened," she demanded.

"Not hard," said Bob; "the prince came."

"No, the princess," corrected Jo. "She saw my place-cards, and, overcome by the genius displayed in their execution, she obtained my address, looked me up, saw my picture, and insisted on buying it for an awful
sum, which pricked my conscience but thrilled me with delight. She left her address.” And she held the card out—“Do you know her?”

“Oh, certainly,” declared Bob. “My acquaintance with princesses is very extensive.” But he turned to O-Kisyu-san to hide a smile. “So you are ready to sail?”

“It seems as if it must be almost enough,” said Jo. “Help me count up and see how much I’ll need to have to pay my rent and everything, and to get home.”

They counted it up, and Jo found that the picture money did not go as far as she had thought; she must have fifteen dollars more.

“It isn’t so much,” sighed Jo, “but it is a lot when you don’t know how to get it. Five would be impossible to me.”

They gazed hopelessly at each other, Jo seeing all her lately risen hopes crumble away. Suddenly her gaze fell on O-Kisyu-San.

“Do you suppose—?” she gasped.

“Try and see,” said Bob.

And in a second Jo was sitting on the floor and with many shakes and thumps, and the aid of a hat pin, several hairpins, and a pair of manicure scissors, was extracting O-Kisyu-San’s treasured hoard. Soon a little pile of coins lay on the floor.

“Count them, count them, Bob!”

And Bob counted. Breathlessly they counted piece by piece; and as the sum grew larger and larger, their excitement grew intense.

“Twelve dollars,” said Bob; “twelve-fifty, -sixty, -sixty-five, -seventy-five, -eighty——”

“It’s enough! It’s enough!” cried Jo, springing to her feet ecstatically, while O-Kisyu-San rolled off her lap, and stood on his august head upon the rug. “It’s enough, and I can go home—Oh, joy!”

Then she stooped and picked O-Kisyu-San up from his undignified position.

“You did it, you precious O-Kisyu-San!” she cried. “You are a real luck-god and shall be honored as such.” And she put him again on the mantel and lighted the two candles.

“He will be a lucky god when he gets home to the Christmas dinner,” said Bob.

“He’s not going home,” answered Jo. “He’s brought me my luck, and now—and now—Bob, I give him to you.”
“To me! My luck had already begun to change for the better,” said Bob; “but now I am bound to succeed. I’m coming slowly, but I’ll get there some day, Jo, and then—maybe he will belong to both of us.”

But Jo opened the window and leaned out into the soft night.

“Oh, you beautiful world!” she cried. “See, Bob, the stars!—they are the same stars that are shining at home. I am the happiest girl in the world!”

And between the two flaming candles O-Kisyu-San sat and smiled his inscrutable smile.

—Irene Meserole.
Out of the Valley

(By special permission of the Author)

Out of the Valley they send us men,
Fit for the cry of the living need;
Strong with the purpose to bring again
A clearer vision and nobler deed.
Out of the Valley, whose soft blue skies
Are the fairest skies that shine,
They send us the leaders of enterprise,
The statemen, stalwart, and fine.

Something out of the limestone soil,
Something out of the old Scotch race,
Something out of the hills of toil,
Something out of Virginian grace,
Sings and burns in these men they send,
Just at the moment we need them most—
Out of the Valley from end to end,
A noble army, a golden host.

Out of the Valley whose days are sweet
With song and summer and youth,
They send us a man with the soul to meet
Truth with the sword of truth;
To take old systems, when they are bad,
And turn them aside, and on
With the valor the ancient statesmen had,
To show the people the dawn.

Out of the Valley where right and wrong
Are the standard, the test, the law;
Out of the Valley of sun and song,
And the beautiful hills that awe;
Out of the Valley they brought this man,
And they gave this man to lead
The country out of its narrowing plan,
In its burning hour of need.

Out of the Valley, its strength, its might,
He came with the dream in his heart;
All that is in him of truth and light
Of the Valley's self is a part:
Progress and fairness and duty and mind,
Scholarship, sweetness, and play—
Down in the Valley they go to find
Men like Wilson to save the day.

—The Bentzown Bard.
OBSERVE,” remarked Miss Octavia, who had just spent an idle hour reading Lyly’s Euphues, “that you are in some brown study.”

“Yes,” replied Miss Elizabeth, as she made room in the hammock, “and I have just arrived at a gratifying conclusion: I am fully convinced that, as yet, the classicism of Butler, Pope, and Johnson is not altogether obscured by the romanticism of Burns and Scott, notwithstanding the fact that I hear the Seniors are going to play Ramsay’s Gentle Shepherd this spring.”

Just then a wisp of music was blown diagonally across the double box hedge, and past the cottage veranda.

“Is that a strain from one of Wagner’s operas?” inquired Miss Sale, who had just paused on her way to the little dining room.

“No,” said Miss Lida, “it is a measure from Payne’s Home Sweet Home.”

By this time several other members of the Olympic Council, in the easy course of their accustomed saunterings, had arrived and taken easy chairs on the Cottage veranda; and the talk, though somewhat tardy, continued to follow literary lines.

Said Miss Bell, “I reed the orations of Everett with growing enthusiasm, and I am about ready to award him first place as A. Reiter.”

“For my part,” warbled Miss Evalina, “I’d rather settle on Fox or Burke.”

At this point the increasing group, following a suggestion of Miss Hudson, entered upon a friendly contest. Each one, in turn, was to quote a line or two from a favorite author; and the first one who should fail to respond promptly and correctly was to pay a forfeit by taking the entire party to Room 26, Science Hall, and making them a dish of Normal fudge.

Miss King at once began:

“A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs.”
Miss Shoninger is also an admirer of THOMSON, but she likes SCOTT even MOORE; so she quoted,

"Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees."

Professor Cornelius also admires SCOTT, and he startled the company by shouting out fiercely,

"And darest thou then
To beard the Lyon in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?"

Professor Johnston immediately responded, rather happily,

"Where's Cæsar gone now, . . .
Or Tully, with powers of eloquence ample?"

Following, perhaps, a cue in these lines, Miss Roger promptly quoted,

"The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was ROME.

Mrs. Brooke was allowed to take a slight liberty with Chaucer when she said:

"Every normal miller has a golden thumb."

Miss Scott delighted at least one member of the group by quoting from Byron these lines:

"And history with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page."

Others of the tall and leisure-loving Olympians followed in order with quotations from COOPER, MITCHELL, SPARKS, WILSON, CAMPBELL, and PHILLIPS.

Miss Preston loves HOMER; so this is what she said:

"And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make he sage frolic, and the serious smile."

Miss Hoffman chimed in with,

"We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

For some moments it had been observed that Mr. Burruss, whose turn came next, appeared somewhat nervous; and when he was called upon he failed to present anything except a line from CLARKE'S Commentary, and this was not accepted. He then asked leave to give a paraphrase of two lines in JONES'S What Constitutes a State, or a whole
BLOK from the last report of the National Education Association; but both these were voted out. The scribe hereof has a shrewd suspicion that some of the lady Olympians were getting hungry. At any rate the President was promptly declared liable to the forfeit, and he accordingly started toward Science Hall to make the fudge, the whole party following eagerly. A friendly DORE admitted them, and a skilful HARPER celebrated their coming. The PRINCE and the KISER, with herald GAY, saluted them as they passed. Two handsome MARSHALLS conducted them up the shining way the CARPENTERS had erected.

In spite of the gibes and titterings of the female Olympians, and the kindly suggestions of the Household Arts Department, the President finally got the fudge made, and the others got it eaten. It was served upon the tables in the little dining room. Various interesting topics afforded a stimulus to mirth and wit, and to the heavy-hanging hours. The favorite songs of the evening were FOSTER's.

Before breaking up, the party by a unanimous vote, requested Miss Natalie to tell them why she had permitted herself to use the unheard-of figure of "99 plus," in a certain instance, in connection with the Easter examinations. Her only reply came with characteristic promptness and decision, and with skilful adaptation:

"Not that I loved Math. less,
But that I loved ROANE more."

Waiting for Mrs. Harrington to come back.
THE GLEANERS

THE LAME AND THE BLIND

THE SEWER

BROWN-JONES "HOPE"
The Old Blue Pitcher

On a mantel quaint and olden,
Where the firelight shadows played,
Stood the pitcher which in china
Tam O'Shanter's fame portrayed.

When the evening lamps were lighted,
Swift we came with boisterous glee,
Begging Father for the story,
As we hung about his knee.

He would take the old blue pitcher,
Trace each picture as he spoke;
While we looked and listened, spell-bound,
Not a breath the silence broke.

Close beside the well-curved handle
First he showed the tavern board,
Where a crowd of merry loafers
Clustered round the fat landlord.

Pleasure reigns, while jest and laughter
Hold the revelers in their power;
But the clock-hands move round slowly,
Toward the witching midnight hour.

Here in haste poor Tam O'Shanter
Stoops a long-stemmed pipe to light
With a coal from out the fireplace
Ere he rushes through the night.

Must he leave the jolly comrades,
Who their midnight revels keep,
And the fire, where couched in comfort
Idly lie the dogs asleep?
But he springs into the saddle—
One mad gallop, and away!
He must be at home and sleeping
Ere the breaking of the day.

Soon behind he hears the witches,
And he glances back in fear;
Stiff with horror, he beholds them
Flying near, so very near

That he feels them touch his saddle
As the horse-hoofs strike the stream!
All is up! Poor Tam O'Shanter
Vanishes, swift as a dream.

As we listened to the story,
Wider still our round eyes grew,
And we knew that in our visions
We should see him all night through.

But by childish fancy driven,
We must see it all once more,
Even while each clutched the other,
With one eye fixed on the door.

Father laughed to quell our terror
As he showed the thistle wreath,
And before our eyes of wonder,
Read the name and date beneath—

Pointed out the clever handle,
Where the witch-hand grasped the mane;
But he shook his head, still smiling,
When we begged for it again.

—Ruth Conn.
LYONS' DEN
A Normal Day in a Normal Dormitory

A. M. 5:30—Tom scrubs the porch! Oh-o!
5:45—Miss Lyons begins mopping! Oh-o-o-o!
6:00—Big Ben goes off.
6:30—“Day breaks” for a few.
6:31—Scuffle for tubs and tennis courts.
7:25—(Prompt)—Juliet leaves for the Science Hall.
7:30—“Day breaks” for a few more.
7:40—“Day breaks” for the others.
7:45—Last call for breakfast. Run! Run! Run!
8:30—Notebook and pen, notebook and pen!
When 8:30 comes, troubles start then.
10:10—“Is to-day Special English day?”

P. M. 12:30—We pay our respects to Burruss Hall.
12:55—M A I L!
1:00—A breathing spell.
1:30—Notebook and pen, notebook and pen!
Go forth and meet your troubles again.
4:45—Staff meeting? Class meeting? Club meeting? Practice?
Basket ball? Volley ball? Hockey? Tennis?
If not, Town!
4:50—N— leaves for town.
6:01—Too late? Too bad.
6:02—Miss Lyons makes her inspection tour.
6:20—M A I L!!
6:30—Committees, walks, or twilight talks.
6:50—Raid on the library.
“Go early and avoid the rush.”
7:00—Sh—ssh—ssh—ssh!
10-10:30—Ding, dong, dell! goes the ten o’clock bell,
Then down the hall comes a mighty squeaky squall;
How can girls so weak and weary have the strength to
make so merry?
10:35—Miss L— calls on the Brown family.
11:00—Dreams of homefolks.
New Books by New Authors

Revised Edition of Mutt
By Bessie Turner

The Superlative Degree
By Shirley Cooper

Place of Airs In a Normal Course
By Rosa Maupin, L. A.

The Easiest Methods
By Marguerite Garrett, B. F.

Here we present a personal experience, for we feel sure Miss Garrett is fully competent to advise those who expect to take a course in digging.

On Being a Snail
By Marjorie Grizzard, M. D. A.

Training Youths in the Way They Should Go
By Mary C. Buckner

Miss Buckner tells us in a live and interesting way the advantage gained by beginning this vocation early in life. She has sacrificed much valuable time for this cause.

Self-Confidence in Teachers
By Mary Stephens

The Ward Series
I. A Comprehensive View of All Knowledge
II. Essays on Logical Sequence
III. A Dissertation on Flirting
My Dream Star

O star that looks in at my window,
Are you watching the fairies that come,
Bringing me dreams from Elfland?
Are you shining to light them home?

Let your rays rest on them gently,
Lighting their shadowy way;
Take a peep in the dream box, my star queen,
And scatter the bad ones away.

And bring me a dream of a castle,
Away over distant seas,
Where jewels are had for the asking,
And marshmallows grow on trees.

Where the crooked streets meet at the castle,
And the houses are upside down;
Where the people all sing in a whisper,
And only smile when they frown.

The birds live under the water,
And frogs fly up in the sky,
And no one can read the sign-posts
Because they are built too high.

O wonderful star in the heavens,
Please carry a message for me
Across the wonder-veil lining
And over the moonbeam sea

To the beautiful land of the fairies,
And tell them I'm longing to see
Their queen and a few of her subjects—
Do you think they'll come over to me?

—Ruth Conn.
Senior Class Plants Historic Ivy

Instead of planting a class tree as usual, the graduating class celebrated their Arbor Day with unique and delightful ceremonies this year.

As the long line of half-a-hundred Seniors filed up the broad walk to Science Hall, in the lead were Miss Elizabeth Kelly, president, and Dr. J. W. Wayland, honorary member; while between these sturdily trudged the little mascot, John Walter Wayland, Jr.
On the southwest side of the entrance archway they planted a sprig of ivy which came from Warwick Castle, the feudal stronghold and stately palace of the old King-Maker of England.

Miss Kelley told how the class had felt that this year, with the professor of history as honorary member, no tree was quite good enough or historical enough to serve for this planting, except, maybe, the Charter Oak itself. That not being available, they were using in his honor this ivy, whose roots had been nourished in a spot indeed “rich with the spoils of time.”

Dr. Wayland was then called on for a speech. He began by quoting “Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green!” and ended with a stanza of his own, which, in the estimation of his audience, far outdid the English poet.

In the course of his remarks Dr. Wayland spoke of the stately architecture and the unsurpassed grounds of Warwick Castle; but he dwelt chiefly on the stirring deeds done there. In fact, so much history was planted with this particular piece of ivy that if the Bible did not have a law against grapes from thorns, and so forth, one might expect to see this vine some day bearing rich fruitage of dates.

There was a touch of sadness too—more than a touch—when the speaker hinted that a day might come when this very ivy should cover with tenderness and beauty the ruins of the new, strong, solid building so dear to all hearts present. May that day be far distant indeed!

The girls entrusted the future of their ivy to the faithful care of their staunch friend and right-hand man, Mr. Roller; then they made a
little English flower-bed, using seeds from Warwick—sweet peas, larkspur, forget-me-nots, and daisies. Girl after girl, in turn, dropped in a seed in honor of some person or object of interest associated with Warwick or with the neighboring Kenilworth. Into that little bed they gathered all manner of history, tradition, and poetry, from the muckle porridge pot of the mythical giant, Guy, to the very thrushes singing that April day in the cedars of Lebanon on the Warwick grounds—from Amy Robsart’s pitiful fate to the ducking stool, now kept in the church crypt, but once in frequent use for punishing monsters of antiquity known as scolding women—a species now extinct.

It did seem as if, instead of the tiny green shoots that a few days later cleft their way through the soil, there must come up the blade of Guy’s mighty sword, Cromwell’s helmet, and the Grecian vase.

Miss Keezell, president of the Junior class, received on their behalf the spade bequeathed by the Seniors after the planting ceremony.

Then the Juniors and the Faculty followed their hostesses to the orchard, where an abundant picnic feast was spread beneath the apple blossoms.
The Man and the Violin

HE SUN shone brightly into the west window of a room—a little room, with dingy gray walls, its only touch of beauty being the sunlight that lay in splotches of molten gold upon the floor. By the window, watching the sun go down and the opal tints come out in the west, stood an old man—a man grown old even in his youth, upon whom the finger of Time had not lightly pressed—who had not lived and loved just as other men do.

Out upon the hilltops the sun still lingered, golden, but in the valleys the purple shadows had lengthened and spread out. Turning from the window, half wearily, the man lifted his violin, leaned his cheek upon it, and drew the bow across the strings. Then it seemed as if the man and the violin were weaving pictures together—music pictures—softly, exquisitely, sweet.

It grew dark. The stars came out. The air was heavy with the breath of roses and cool with dew. The night wind half stirred in the trees. Somewhere, far away, was the faint tinkle of water falling upon marble. It was midnight in a rose garden, silent, beautiful, and calm.

The music came now plaintively, with a hint of tears. A great shadowing sorrow lay over all things. The wind sobbed and moaned like a lost child. Hurrying clouds sped over the moon. Gray, silent, ghosts glided unresting among the tombs. Far off the sea broke moaning on the rocks.

The man now played softly—oh, so softly! weaving his very soul into the music. The violin spoke as it had never spoken before; it told of love, of dreams, of tears, and unfulfilled desires. Somewhere out in the mists drifted a woman’s face—beautiful and infinitely kind—a woman’s arms stretched out, and a woman’s voice called softly down the years. The music ended in a plaintive, throbbing, wail. The player lifted his face; his lips moved, whispered a name, and were still; and the man, still clasping the violin, slipped limply down among the shadows.

—Virginia Paxton.
The Nursery

JACQUELINE JOHNSTON
The Faculty Baby
THE SENIOR MASCOT

His Views

EDITH CALVIN JOHNSTON
The Alumnae Baby
Alma Harper's Daughter
and
Alma Mater's Granddaughter
A Souvenir

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I slumbered, somewhat weary,
Over many a new and curious statement of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, wits far-winging, suddenly there came a ringing
Sound of voices, sweetly singing, just outside my cottage door.
" 'Tis the old familiar chorus I so oft have heard before:
       'Did I pass?' and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each paper, writ on Ember, was spread out upon the floor.
Half I wished, half feared, the morrow; vainly had I sought to borrow
Something somewhere, out of sorrow—sorrow for the dear Lenore—
For the sweet but erring maiden who had made but 64—
       Nameless here for evermore.

Presently my wits grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
Down I went to hear the chorus I so oft had heard before;
But the fact was they were Seniors, safely "passed" and reverend Seniors,
Who with gracious, glad demeanures sang outside my cottage door,
And had laid a sheaf of holly just before my cottage door—
       A holly sheaf and something more.

Deep into the shadows peering, long I stood there nothing fearing,
All the while such sweet strains hearing I had heard in dreams of yore;
For the silence thus was broken, and the midnight gave me token,
Through each word there sung or spoken, of a kindness known before—
Of a thoughtful, generous kindness I had often known before:
       And my heart cried out "Encore!"
Back within my cottage turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again my eager yearning sought to augment 64.
"Surely," said I, "surely there is something good for her who tarries,—
Just to live with those whose care is thoughtful kindness evermore;
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore";—
   And a voice said, "Evermore!"

Then, methought, the air grew tenser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by those whose fairy footfalls tinkled on the papered floor;
And again I heard the ringing sound of voices sweetly singing—
Voices soft and tones e’er clinging—echoes of the last encore!
Voices soft and sweet and clinging, chanting out the last encore,
   That shall echo evermore.

December 18, 1912
### Some Whats

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>What She Has Been</th>
<th>What She Is</th>
<th>What She Thinks She Is</th>
<th>What She Wants To Be</th>
<th>What She Probably Will Be</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Cook</td>
<td>Her roommate’s chum</td>
<td>A gay deceiver</td>
<td>An independent</td>
<td>An old-maid schoolma’am</td>
<td>A model housekeeper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nell Farrar</td>
<td>A French maid</td>
<td>A saucy Soph</td>
<td>A long, lean, lanky, lass</td>
<td>A cow-boy girl</td>
<td>Head of an orphan asylum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marguerite Garrett</td>
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<td>A bluffer</td>
<td>Still in love</td>
<td>Enjoying life</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kathleen Harless</td>
<td>A homesick Sophomore</td>
<td>A tall, fair, and happy</td>
<td>Tired of school</td>
<td>At home next year</td>
<td>Digging away for her diploma</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucy Mackey</td>
<td>“Just Sissy”</td>
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<td>Resting awhile</td>
<td>Resting too much</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha Miller</td>
<td>A member of the Scott</td>
<td>Always ready for fun</td>
<td>Dreadfully imposed upon</td>
<td>A trained nurse</td>
<td>Teacher of the “little Memorials”</td>
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<td>Eva Steger</td>
<td>Mama Pink’s baby child</td>
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<td>Janie Werner</td>
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<td>“A crystal river, diaphan-</td>
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<td>slowly.”</td>
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TRAMPS
AND DISLIKES FACULTY

CHINESE EMPIRE
FUN
Girl over the 'phone—Please send a carriage to room 59, Second Dormitory.

Teacher in Physiology—"Name two kinds of joints in the human body."

Pupil, eagerly—"Stiff and limber."

Old Girl—"Are you going to church to-day?"

New Girl—"Do you have to take notes?"

Sophomore in a great hurry—"Please tell me something quick about Sir Walter Scott."

Senior—"Why he spread his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk on."

One Sabbath a lady who teaches
Went to hear a great preacher who preaches;
She soon fell asleep,
For his words were too deep
For the mind of the lady who teaches.

A school teacher at the bank window was having her warrant cashed. The polite teller apologized, "Excuse these soiled banknotes. Are you afraid of microbes?"

"No, indeed; no microbe could live on my salary."—Ex.

Reference reading is the thief of time.
Marjorie, after humming *I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You*—Don't you think that is a sad song?

Absent-minded roommate—"Yes, the first time I heard it was at a funeral."

One morning at breakfast plays were being discussed; and when asked if she had ever seen Ben Hur, a Staunton girl answered, "No, but I've seen Maude Adams, Maxine Elliot, and John Drew."

A Senior was heard telling a very unusual experience of one of her girl friends.

"Was that a Normal girl?" inquired an interested stranger.

"No, just a plain girl," replied the loyal Senior.

The measles here is "It," but when the twins had it, it was "Them."

Where's the little schoolhouse that the Industrial girls built?

Way down yonder in the Capitol.

Slow prompter, cheerfully to Junior Minstrel who had forgotten her part just at the climax, "Oh, you go on; I'll catch up with you."

City girl, driving out on the Rawley Pike and seeing some guineas beside the road, "Oh, girls, just look at those shepherd's-plaid hens!"

Senior, who has been here since the foundation of the school, "O Miss Shoninger, the first year we were all green together, weren't we?"

Some have titles thrust upon them. The other day when one of our girls asked Francis Wayland his little brother's name, he said, "Why, Dr. John Walter Wayland, Jr."

See later pages for marriages by the dozen.

A good many things in this *Schoolma'am* "got themselves written by means of communal authorship."
On Mr. Roller we’re quite dependent;
He is the Campus Superintendent—
Ready to serve the institution
From landscape gardening to buying ruchin’.

First Senior—“What is the meaning of Esperanto?”
Second Senior—“It is to be a universal language.”
First Senior—“Well, where will it be spoken?”

Mr. Keister, explaining how to keep a teacher’s register—“Always write the names in algebraic order.”

Professor of History—“Many churchmen lost their lives in the time of Henry VIII. In Elizabeth’s day bishops lost only their sees—and this means?”
Several voices—“They lost their eyes.”

Second meeting of the Freshman Class:
President—“The secretary will now give us the minutes of last meeting.”
Secretary—“From fifteen minutes before five till fifteen minutes after five.”

Junior Kindergartner’s resolution—Cast not your seed before rain!

English Teacher—“Give an example of the simple linear type of story found in the Bible.”
Eager Junior—“Robinson Crusoe.”

Roommate calls up to measles patient at the infirmary window—
“How are you?”
“Just bumptious.”

Heard in the dormitory:
“What are you rolling up your hair for? Don’t you know Miss King said it would rain to-morrow?”

Our pride in the good looks of our math teacher has had a terrible blow. When she started to knock on the window at some breakers of
study hour, the girl with her cried, "Oh! Miss Lancaster, if they see your face, it will frighten them to death!"

For Sophomore Thoughts see page opposite their picture; for other Sophomore thoughts see blunders in this book passim.

Grumbling Junior—"I don't see why we should need U. S. History up here. We know enough about that already."

Same Junior, the next day—"This picture of the battle of Lexington doesn't show V. M. I. at all."

Student, breathlessly to librarian—"Oh, please hand me Mr. Johnston's Sketch Book before anyone else gets it."

Old Girl to a beginner in Math. Methods—"Don't you think Math. 48 is hard?"

Beginner—"Why, no; we didn't do anything to-day but talk about fractions, and I've heard about them nearly all my life."

Suggested by the menagerie at the Junior circus: "Can Teddy Bear as much as Billi-ken?"

Reading from Guinevere:
"The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth"—
Explanation—"The reference is to a wash-rag."

Wanted by Miss Lancaster: To know when the War of 1812 took place.

Junior to her crush—"My dear, your eyes sparkle like diamonds in a solitaire."

A group of six girls was standing motionless under an apple tree in the east orchard, gazing with languid admiration upon the dandelion bouquets with which they were adorned.

"What company is that?" inquired a curious passer-by.

"This," came the gentle answer, "is the Voluntary Physical Exercise Club."
These are the maidens all forlorn
That worked so hard both night and morn
That made the steps that reach the door
That shows the desks ranged on the floor
That leads into the little kitchen
That they have furnished every niche in—

The schoolhouse that the girls built.
Senior Sorrow

Listen now, my gentle comrades,
While I sing a song of sorrow—
Sing in notes all sad and doleful
Of a precipice most dreadful,
At whose edge so many falter
Then fall headlong to destruction—
Fall, but never reach the bottom,
For there seems to be no ending;
Down and down they all plunge, gasping,
Struggling, clutching, full of terror,
For they know not what the end is.
Will they ever live to reach it?
This seems very, very doubtful.
How can one survive such torment?
They are bruised and scratched and bleeding;
Still they struggle, ever hopeful
There will sometime be an ending—
Agony can’t last forever.
Suddenly they reach the bottom;
Feel to see if bones are broken;
Finding only painful bruises
Take a look at their surroundings;
In the distance see Diploma!
Limping, slowly walk to grasp it—
Reach the end of all their sorrow—
Saying, “Farewell, Practice Teaching,
You have bruised and used us badly,
But we bear you no hard feeling.”
A MAN OF LETTERS  A WOMAN OF LETTERS

AFTER-DINNER SWEETS
My Dear Miss Bell,

Miss Hopkins has misbehaved herself so much this afternoon that I have just beaten her into insensibility. And now I haven't any way to amuse myself; so I may as well be wasting time writing to you as counting the spots in the carpet.

We have just had such a stirring experience that I must tell you about it. Saturday afternoon was the time set for the district teachers' meeting. It was to be held at our schoolhouse; so, of course, Miss Hopkins and I worked like Trojans the day before to have everything in readiness to put our best foot foremost. We even went so far as to dust the top of the stove-pipe, and to scour the porch. We left the schoolhouse about dark, with the consciousness that everything was, for once, in apple-pie order.

The next morning we awoke to find rain. However, it cleared off about ten o'clock, and we were to go over after early dinner. But dinner itself proved a delusion and a snare; for about eleven o'clock our landlady had a 'phone message calling her away at once. She left her young niece in charge.

While Miss Hopkins was dressing, I went down to see if I might help May a little toward that early dinner. I found her in trouble. Her aunt had left ingredients ready mixed for custard pies, which May was to bake. She had rolled out the pastry, but for some reason or other it refused to stay down in the pie-pan in the proper manner. So I said, “Stick it.”

And stick it she did—not once but half a dozen times. Then we put in the filling and set it in the stove, and I began to beat the meringue for the top.

Just as I was about through, the little girl came in and said that Mother always put sugar in it.

So I sugared it on the principle that if a little is good, more is bet-
ter, until I found that I had a fine crop of white icing. So we iced the pie and set it back again to brown.

In a few minutes it was ready to take out of the oven, but that was as far as we got. The custard had leaked through the holes in the crust, and had gripped the bottom of the pan in an embrace which we were unable to break. Do what we would, the pie would just double up and hold the tighter. I suppose the stubborn old thing would have been sticking there yet if Miss Hopkins hadn't appeared upon the scene and extracted it by means of main force and the butcher knife. We let her finish the other pies while we went to work on something we knew more about.

But before the dinner was done it was time for us to start to the schoolhouse; so with a biscuit in one hand and our recovered dignity in the other, we lit out.

It wasn't long before the patrons began to roll in, but no teachers were among them. Two o'clock was the hour set. It came and passed, but still no teachers. At last we spied one in the gray distance, and by-and-by we had a motley collection of six, including ourselves. The chairman was not there, and no one of us was on the program. But we couldn't afford to waste any more time, for we already had about forty squirming patrons on our hands. So we got together, pushed one into the president's chair, concocted a new program, giving each one of us a part on it, and we started off.

Things went with such a snap that it was almost an explosion. Each one of us took a subject with which she was most familiar in education classes at school, looked at it through a microscope, added a few features and a name, and then shot it forth in the face of the audience as though it were her own original creation, which was just put on the market for the first time, and to which she held the patent. My children volunteered to sing Dixie, and one even recited. But our question-box capped the climax. No matter what was the question asked, every one was just ready and anxious to speak her opinion on the subject, whether she had ever met it before or not. Then, after it was over, we hugged each other in the back room, as the last smiling patron disappeared through the front door.

Miss Hopkins and I came home and wrote up a long account of it for the paper, so that the other teachers would know that we hadn't missed them. Our chairman is the only man in the district, and he is too young to know that the sun isn't his reflection; so we wanted to
show him a few things. Before next meeting we are each going to prepare several subjects, so that we’ll be ready for any emergency that comes along.

I think I shall speak on the subject of examination papers. We have just finished grading some, and I have really gained a wonderful stock of information. “The State Legislature meets in Zion schoolhouse. It meets once a year, and stays in session four years.”—“The Mississippi river bounds America on the east and the Ohio on the west.”—“The names of the continents are: Europe, Asia, London, and Ohio.”—“Benjamin Franklin discovered lightning, and Thomas Jefferson founded the University of Virginia.”—“The parts of speech are nouns, verbs, proverbs, and semicolons.”

These were only a few of the answers, but as they came chiefly from one boy’s papers, I do not feel so badly as I might if I had not dealt with him all winter.

I have some young cherubs that are only about sixteen years old, and they are almost sixteen feet high. I never saw a place where people spend so much time in growing as they do here; and they surely have something to show for their work. I have some that are older than I am. At first I couldn’t get used to having such giants obey me; it was always a surprise. I was so delighted that I just liked to boss them around for a while to see them run. But I soon got over that, and now I don’t pay any attention to them.

Miss Hopkins and I have plenty of fun outside of school. Whenever we get lonesome we take turns in singing our way through the dictionary or a cook book; and I tell you it certainly does give one an appetite to sing an angel cake recipe to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Our greatest trouble is insomnia. Often at midnight one or the other bursts out with the brief but eloquent line from Browning,

“Rats!”

The rat gymnasium is right over our room, and we get the full benefit of all their performances. They are practicing for Field Day now, and are almost running themselves to death. They are splendid on a relay race, or a running jump, or a game of leap frog. They often have baseball games, and I wish you could hear them cheer when one makes a home run. But, as Miss Hudson used to tell us, they pitch their voices too high to make their yells effective. I tried to show them how one night,
but I upset the game, and they scampered off in the thirty-seven different
directions.

I am just beginning to like my work as I suppose I should, by all
means, have liked it from the first. But I have had so much trouble with
the shade of Miss Pinkie Perfection. No matter what I undertook, nor
how I undertook it, this ghost of my predecessor was sure to start up as
having done the same thing in a far better way. You see, the reality
taught here two years ago, and distance lends enchantment, until she was
about to be canonized when I got here. I shall never rest satisfied until
I fight it out hand to hand with her. At first I used to tremble at the
mention of her name, but I soon got over that. Now, when the children
say, “Miss Pinkie did this way!” I always remark that of course that
was a nice way, but we will see if we can’t find a better one. The poor
things usually walk right into the trap, never suspecting that the other
may have been the better all along. But I am determined not to give
in to her, until she begins to fade away in the distance—if she ever does.
She has arisen in the form of a box-supper now; so I am determined we
shall have a bigger one, or die in the attempt.

It may be late in the summer before we get out, as there is so much
brass around school that we may stay a while and work it up. Some
of the children are triple-plated, guaranteed ninety-five per cent pure
brass, the other five per cent of dirt being also warranted.

I ought to have taken that manual arts course in beaten brass at the
Normal. But I thought the wood work class would be more useful to me
as I might encounter a blockhead some day.

By the way, that course in wood work at school is on the wrong
track entirely. My experience makes me fully prepared to revise it and
begin with a good substantial course in felling trees, with an axe as
sharp as a butter-knife, and working them up to burn in a six-inch stove.

Miss Hopkins is waking up now, and I want to tie her shoes to the
bed-post before she becomes fully conscious. So I’ll finish this later.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

The middle of next week.—We have now moved to a much more
comfortable boarding house. We miss the rats a great deal, though,
and for the first two nights we could not sleep; but now we have hit upon
a splendid plan. We take turn about in pounding and scraping on the
wall at night so the other one can go to sleep.
You'll have to excuse me again while I throw my slipper at some vagrant dogs in fierce contention just beneath our window. I fear they are making life a hollow mockery for some homeless cat. This is the doggiest place I ever saw. Everybody possesses at least two, and one of them is sure to be a hound.

There is a dog that always goes with us to school, but he isn't any braver than we are. I think he is trying to be as courteous as a dog can be; but he doesn't like cows either.

One day he came into school during opening exercises, and when I said, "Let us arise and repeat the Lord's prayer," he got up from where he was lying, and came and stood between Miss Hopkins and me, and hung his head. Miss H. just laughed aloud, and I had all I could do to keep my dignity. That was when my stock of dignity was fresh, but it has given out now. I think I must have spread it on too thick at first. We have been thinking of ordering us a supply from J. Lynn & Co.; but I don't believe it would do any good, for the dignity you get nowadays doesn't last. I don't believe it is the pure stuff.

We want to get us an elevator, too, to get down the hill in front of the schoolhouse, for it is not safe for the children to tumble down in winter. The chestnut trees have pushed the schoolhouse down to the foot of the hill, and it is hanging there yet, because the road says it shall not come farther.

I felt rather sorry for the poor schoolhouse; it had a hard time last year, and it still droops at the mouth. When we first came, the inside was worse than the outside, for the stove had tried to get out of the room, but had only succeeded in jamming itself up against the wall, as far away from the pupils as possible. The pipe had curvature of the spine, and one elbow was dislocated. The windows were scattered here and there in a careless, off-hand manner, two or three on the sides and one above the front black-board. I think the last was put in because there were a few panes of glass left over, and the contractor's sense of economy forbade his wasting them. Some curtains, originally white, but now a dull sepia from ages of dirt, moped and sulked at the windows. So we took them down and gave both curtains and windows a bath. We had some new planks put in the porch, got us coolers and cups, and against Miss Scott's advice, consulted the firm of Hopkins and Me and had our stoves moved a little nearer our pupils.
We are getting a library, and are only waiting for better weather, to have our yard enclosed. We also bought some pictures, as the only one there was George Washington, and he was tacked up by three corners so that every time the wind blew, his head bobbed up and down.

We start to school before sun-up and get back after dark. We are thinking of getting us a policeman's lantern, a hat pin, and a wooden sword, and then we shall be able to face anything except a mirror. Since we dress in the dark every morning, we can't see the mud on our shoes. In that way our shoe-polish bill does not amount to much, but occasionally we use a little ink after we get to school.

While I was slippering those dogs a while ago, I just concluded I would sprinkle Miss Hopkins with a little cold water, as she was talking in her sleep. You know some people will talk, asleep and awake too. Of course I meant it all for her good, but she misinterpreted my actions; so now I have lost some of my cheerful spirits.

I suppose I may lose some more later, for I have grammar papers to grade, which will probably be like other wild English I have known.—Good-bye.

Yours to command,

Me.
PRESIDENTIAL YEAR
Four-Leaf Clovers

When playing in the meadow-lot,
Among the clovers green,
We call each good-luck leaf we find,
A four-leaf clover queen.

Sometimes the queen stands quite alone,
Among her subjects all;
Sometimes we find a family
With princesses so small.

We never like to pluck them, though,
For what would clovers do,
If they should need a queen some day,
Before another grew?

I'm sure it is a cruel thing,
That forces unforeseen,
Should just dash down on Gloverland
And take away the queen.

In grief she soon must fade away;
The subjects die with fright;
The good luck flies before it comes,
By terror put to flight.

We think it is far better then,
Than plucking her away,
To only count her petals four
And let the princess stay.

—Ruth Conn.
THE LEE SOCIETY HAS READ LEATHER STOCKING
Marriages

June 9, 1912
Miss Gladys Berlin to Mr. J. M. Caldwell,
of Bridgewater, Virginia.

October 23, 1912
Miss Alice M. Cale to Mr. Wilson Rutherford,
of Baltimore, Maryland.

June 20, 1912
Miss Effie S. Hauptman to Mr. Thomas R. Moore,
of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

December 20, 1912
Miss Kathleen Marcum to Mr. Claude Legg,
of Pennington Gap, Virginia.

April 3, 1913
Miss Jennie Meade to Mr. Walstein Snell,
of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

September 2, 1912
Miss Janet Miller to Mr. James J. King,
of Chicago, Illinois.

June 5, 1912
Miss Nica Montgomery to Mr. Philip Clemmer,
September 30, 1912
Miss Lelia Rutherford to Mr. Grigsby Bear,
of Lexington, Virginia.

June 14, 1912
Miss Orena Shipley to Mr. William Moon,
of Oakland, Maryland.

November 20, 1912
Miss Vada Suter to Mr. Jacob N. Liskey,
of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

July 8, 1912
Miss Nola Swoope to Mr. Eugene Crickenberger,
of Charlottesville, Virginia.

July 16, 1912
Miss Nannie Sword to Mr. Flanary Gilly,
of East Stone Gap, Virginia.
TOPIA is no longer the land of nowhere; it is now realized at Blue Stone Hill, where perfect peace, happiness, and contentment reign—where the skies always reflect the blue-ness of its walls, where the birds sing sweetest and the flowers bloom fairest. The original plan is complete, and the Warwick and Kenilworth ivy covers the front of Science Hall. The coffer is now running over with silver and gold with which to buy at least twelve copies of each special reference book. The girls can now be really civilized human beings and no longer engage in open combat in the library over one reference book which has to be read by ninety girls in three days—a custom which in 1913 resulted, of course, in the survival of the fittest.

Moreover, there are plenty of chairs in the new library for each girl to have a whole one; and the tables are in these days so far apart—mirabile dictu! that you do not have a sudden shower of ink from your ever-willing fountain-pen every time some one comes in contact with your elbow, and even an Edna Myers or a Lucy Cobb might attempt the pass. The girls now do not have to resort with their parallel reading to the hall, where they once were wont to encounter the black looks of the librarian because they forgot to specify their destination on those pink reference cards. The library chairs, however, are of the same upright make as those of 1913, which Miss Elizabeth Cleveland advocated strongly for the sake of those learned Seniors who still cannot digest Browning on flowery beds of ease.

In the year 1950, during a long, exciting faculty meeting in which Mr. Burruss, Miss Scott, Miss Lancaster, Miss Sale, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, and Miss King put their honored gray heads together in strong alliance against the other members of the faculty—among whom Dr. Wayland was the chief Tribune of the Plebs—it was finally voted by secret ballot that too much reference reading had been required of the students. And since that, the most memorable date in the history of the school, roses have bloomed profusely in the cheeks of the Normal girls as the result of exercise, sunshine, and fresh air.
School now opens at nine o'clock and closes at half-past three, and no class meets for a whole hour after dinner. Alarm clocks have become very unpopular at the Normal, because they are no longer needed to disturb our peaceful slumbers in the wee, small hours of morning—except when some one wants to play tennis or hockey before breakfast.

The old board walk has long ago been supplanted by asphalt pavement in conventional designs between the grassy lawns and flower beds. Because of an electric line running to Mabel Memorial, Miss Scott and the practice teachers can reserve for something else the sympathy once expended on the livery horses. There is also an electric line to Waterman, which saves many a weary step for the Kindergarten girls who go out to play with their young hopefuls.

Not that the Normal "follows the line of least resistance" by any means! There is plenty of work; but because there is play too, everybody is happy and can find time to do what she has to do without giving cause to dye her premature gray hair. Perhaps this ability is a legacy bequeathed to the students by Dr. Wayland! There is time to catch a breath once in a while, and part of this time is spent in the Y. W. C. A. bungalow, where toasted marshmallows, hot chocolate, chafing dishes, and shade, beauty, and, above all, inspiration, to those who learn to love them. Velvety chairs do their part in clearing the cobwebs from the brain. Besides, the spreading trees of the many previous Senior classes offer their shade, beauty, and, above all, inspiration to those who learn to love them.

Can there be anything else to make a sweeter existence! I might add that final examinations and calomel have gone out of fashion at the Normal, and appendicitis is no longer contagious.

Thanks to the imagination that enables us to hope for what is in store for Alma Mater, but also to the memory which will always make 1913 even sweeter to us than 2000 A. D.!

—Mary B. Settle.
Twelve Little Editors

Twelve little girls in a staff-room,
    And they were, oh, so blue!
For they had one short quarter
    And one million things to do.

Eleven little girls in a staff-room,
    Every one so—o blue!
For Mary had taken measles,
    And they had her work to do.

Ten little girls in a staff-room,
    And they were so, so blue!
For Edith had a breakdown,
    And left them her work to do.

Eight little girls in a staff-room,
    With one million things to do.
Martha and Fim were drawing,
    For they feared they’d not get through.

They moaned and groaned and worried,
    For they didn’t know what to do!
The Senior Prophet had pinkeye,
    And the prophecy wasn’t through!

Two little girls with headaches,
    Working the long night through,  
“For all must go in the morning,  
    And there ’re a million things to do!”

Again the twelve are united—  
    And they sing the whole day through,  
“For the Annual’s gone to print, dear,  
    And there’s nothing else to do!”
THE Schoolmarm 1913

End

AN AGTMENT

DRAWINGS

IN-CHEF

GOOD MANAGEMENT

LETTERS
# List of Students

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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Gilbert, Lillian .................. 101 Federal Street, Lynchburg
Gill, Pattie Mae .................. North View, Mecklenburg County
Gilmer, Bess .................... Lebanon, Russell County
Gish, Juliet Barclay ............... Bedford City, Bedford County
Glick, Vada Virginia ............. Dayton, Rockingham County
Good, Eleanor ................... Harrisonburg, R. F. D. No. 1
Gordan, Eunice Clyde .......... . Baskerville, Mecklenburg County
Grasty, Cecile Audrey .......... . Crozet, Albemarle County
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Harper, Ella Chloe ............. . Mt. Clinton, Rockingham County
Harris, Elberta .................. Saltville, Smyth County
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Heavener, Mabel Langford .... Solomons, Maryland
Heck, Neva Lucy ................ Buchanan, Botetourt County
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Paxton, Virginia Eugiene
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Phillips, Bernice Odell
Pope, Mary Garber
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Prince, Mabel Lee
Procter, Mary Wilma
Puller, Pattie Leigh
Pulliam, John Mary
Rainey, Ethel Josephine
Ramey, Sue
Ramsey, Lenora Belle
Ramsey, Ora Alice
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Reid, Emma Idell
Reaves, Leone Irene
Reiter, Alma
Richardson, Bertha May
Richardson, Myra Alice
Rimmer, Audrey Pearl
Roane, Richie Avice

George's Fork, Dickenson County
Port Republic, Rockingham County
Edinburgh, Shenandoah County
Nafis, Franklin County
New Glasgow, Amherst County
Wolftown, Madison County
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Charlottesville, Albemarle County
Spurs Ferry, Scott County
Roseland, Nelson County
Rockbridge Baths, Rockbridge County
Fairfield, Rockbridge County
Witt, Pittsylvania County
Mt. Jackson, Shenandoah County
Mosley's Junction, Chesterfield County
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Doe Hill, Highland County
Coeburn, Wise County
Yale, Sussex County
Low Moor, Alleghany County
West Point, King William County
Culpeper, Culpeper County
Ivor, Southampton County
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Mecklenburg County
Flint Hill, Rappahannock County
Gretna, Pittsylvania County
Sandy Level, Pittsylvania County
Staunton, Augusta County
Holland, Nansemond County
Upperville, Fauquier County
South Boston, Halifax County
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Brahmsville, New Kent County
Norton, Wise County
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Stoner, Ellene Abbott .......................... 2400 Grove Avenue, Richmond
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When the editor looked therein.
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It was not anywhere!
And so she had to leave those jokes,
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New girl, visiting a neighbor whose room was kalamined in a delicate green, asked, "Why are your walls plastered? Mine are not."

A Sophomore, after a thorough but fruitless search in the library, inquired of the librarian, "Can you tell me in which volume of Shakespeare I'll find Evangeline?"

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Sophomore (trying to get two sen-
tences of Chubb in one)—"Stories of
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what is 'bathed in an atmosphere of
gloom.'"

It was a Sophomore too who recently
announced that Miles Standish, David
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were writers of verse suitable for chil-
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I took it to Room 11,
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And now it means far more
Than when I went to English
Just three short months before.

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