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MILESTONES

WARD BELMONT

1918





To

Miss Olive Carter Ross

this volume of
Milestones is respectfully
dedicated, as evidence both of our
regard for her as a true friend
and our appreciation of her
as an inspiring leader





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Foreword

ACCEPT your fifth Milestones. It is yours. We, the editors, to whom you have intrusted the task of making this book, hope it will prove worthy of you and of Ward-Belmont. No longer is the road before us the straight, gleaming road of years gone by, bordered with beautiful shrubbery and trees of pleasure grounds. The last Milestone points out a narrow and sinuous way, on either side of which there is a mass of humanity, shell-tattered in the greatest war in the history of the world, calling in distress for the dressing of their wounds, for food, for clothing, for shelter and for the restoration of this world to a peace and prosperity that will be everlasting. May we follow this road with self-confidence and determination, fulfilling the ideals that have been awakened in us this year at Ward-Belmont. May the future Milestones of our journey on the Road of the Things Worth While mark the realization of the one thing we are preparing to render to all humanity—Service.



CABLEGRAM
TELEGRAM RECEIVED

Sent from The Editorial Office Date of sending April 6, 1918 hour 7: P. m.

For The Ward-Belmont World

Arrived. Been fighting hard. Struggle about over.

Best wishes to all.

Name of Sender Annual Expeditionary Forces

LET RECEIVER SIGN HERE _____

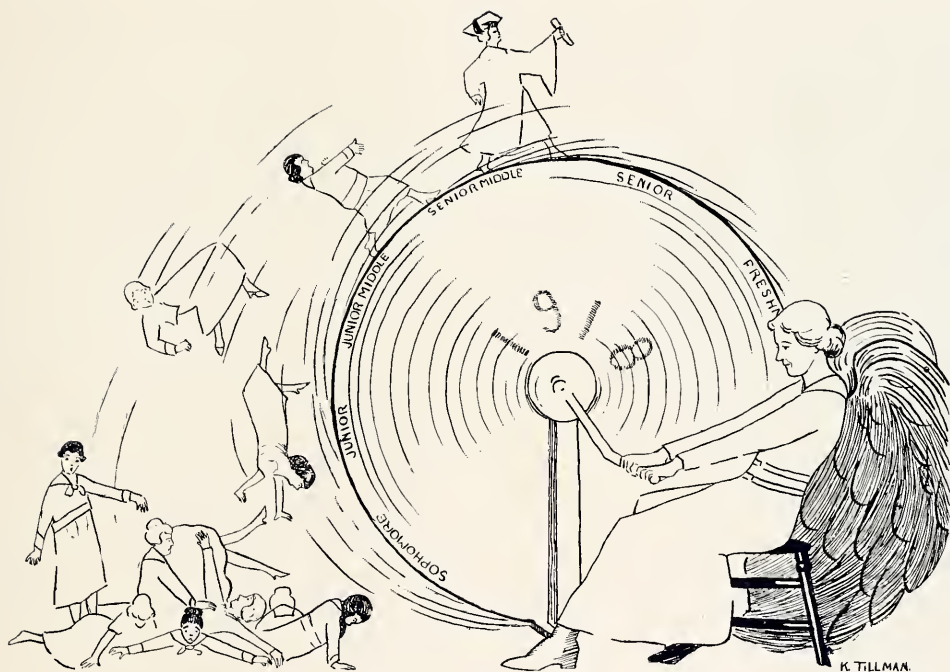
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The Golden World

When sunlight shines on dancing summer seas,
And melts pure gold in hyacinthine blue;
When sunbeams shimmer through green willow trees,
And gild the daffodils a richer hue,
The sun all things with beauty doth endue,
Immersing the whole world in radiant light.
How happy we should be each day anew
That God gives us the blessing of sunlight
To make a golden world for our delight.

—M. H.



K. TILLMAN

We,
the Class of 1918

representatives of
the young womanhood of our country

Pledge to Our Alma Mater and to Each Other

that with glad hearts, free foreheads and exalted hope, we will meet life on a high level, that we will unselfishly devote ourselves to maintaining the noblest ideals in the home life, the social life and the civic life of our country. We will not fail our generation.

This Pledge

is a bond to hold us together perpetually. Neither
time nor distance shall separate us in spirit
nor dissolve the Class of 1918



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1917-1918

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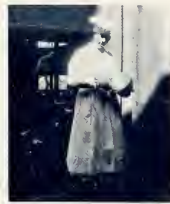


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SENIOR MIDDLES



SENIOR MIDDLES

Senior Middle Class

Why They Were Exempt from Military Service

- ADICKES, ADELLE—Too slight.
AIKINS, ERMA—Male dependents.
ALEXANDER, HELEN—Too bashful to make a successful fighter.
ANDERSON, LEILA BEALL—Eyes that misbehave.
ANDERSON, MARY—Incapable of a serious thought.
BAER, GERTRUDE—Subject to fits of laughing at inopportune times.
ASHE, MARY MARGARET—Suffering from shell shock.
BALOWIN, MARION—Dependents.
BALLOU, THELMA—Incapable of a serious thought.
BARNES, HELEN—Too valuable to literary world to endanger.
BATH, MARIAN—Needed at home.
BAUGHMAN, HENRIETTA—Inclined to be fiery.
BELL, LILLIAN ALICE—Nose doesn't come up to regulations.
BIGGERS, ANNIE LOU—Not responsible for what she says.
BENNETT, MAI—Too proud to fight.
BILLINGSLEY, BETTY—At present seeing service in Galena Mines.
BLACKBURN, HARRIET—Unable to stand the separation from Georgia.
BLISS, MARY LOUISE—Voice detrimental to secret movements.
BOCK, FLORENCE—Gives out unreliable information.
BOOTH, MARION—Utilizes too much shoe leather.
BOND, PAULINE—Inborn fear of horses.
BROWN, IRENE—Subject to brain storms.
BROWNING, NANCY—Too quiet.
BRUNER, EDDIE LEE—Male dependent.
BURLESON, ARMOUR LEIGH—Light headed.
BURLINGAME, AMY LOUISE—A trifle too wild to make a good soldier.
CARLISLE, MILDRED ANN—Dangerously attractive in a trench coat.
CARO, GEORGIA—Too heavy a correspondent.
CASH, RUTH—A pacifist.
CHENAULT, HELEN—Easily frightened.
CLOWER, WILLIE L.—Could be of more good lecturing on war.
CLOYD, MILDRED—Too heavy a course.
COBB, DOROTHY—Pug nose.
COLVILLE, MARGARET—Too haughty.
COMPTON, CATHERINE—Attachments.
COMPTON, MARY—Twisted tongue.
CONLEY, ELIZABETH—Too prominent; dangerous to safety to all.
CRAWFORD, ANNIE BETH—Chaplains not needed.
CUNYUS, LEITA—Too blasé.
DAVENPORT, FRANCES—A farmer.
DAVIS, GLADYS—Too fond of retirement.
DENBY, HELEN—Doing her bit at home.
DENNIS, PEARL—Voice inclined to be disturbing.
DONHAM, BLANCHE—Man hater (?).
DOUGLASS, HELEN—Flat feet.
DRIGGERS, JETTY ANN—No uniform long enough.
EDEE, GRETCHEN—Dangerous (hunnish) sounding given name.
EMERSON, ETHEL—Needed to instruct in domestic art.
EVANS, MILDRED—Overworked.
FANNIN, FAYE—"Alliterate."
FRIEZE, LOUISE—Too bold (?).
GARY, HELEN ELIZABETH—Roaming nose.
GEORGE, LOUELLA—Too gay for military discipline.
GIBBS, CECILE—Light headed.
GOODRICH, MILDRED—Would reveal position by spearmint explosions.
GRAY, CORDELIA—Pessimistic.
GRAY, MILDRED—Not easily adapted to changing circumstances.

Why They Were Exempt from Military Service—Continued

GRUPE, HELEN—Incapable of self-dependence.
 GUTMAN, FLORENCE—Rapid fire tongue.
 GUTMAN, GERTRUDE—Better suited for a bow than a gun.
 HAMMET, RUTH—Not suited to khaki.
 HANCOCK, MADELINE—Numerous reasons.
 HANLON, EDITH—Under weight.
 HARVEY, DOROTHY—Wasteful of ammunition (powder, etc.).
 HEIDLEBERG, BESSIE—A hon (hun).
 HELLER, ALBERTA—Disobedient eyes.
 HENDERSON, RUTH—Subject to attacks (of homesickness).
 HIBNER, MARY—Better at climbing trees than "over the top."
 HILL, EVELYN—Dangerously bright.
 HODGE, LOIS—Indispensable to Ward-Belmont.
 HOLLAND, MABEL—Color-blind.
 HOUNSLEY, CLARA—Eyes too round.
 HOUNSLEY, EVELYN—Too meek.
 HOWLETT, MARY—Incapable of mastering French.
 HURST, LUCY—Utilizes too much shoe leather.
 HUTCHINSON, MARION—Nature too peaceful.
 JACOBSON, ANNETTE—Eyes too dreamy.
 JERNEGAN, MARY JANE—Peace loving.
 JERNEGAN, RUTH—Too much color.
 JOHNSTON, EMMA—Retiring under fire.
 JOHNSTON, ISABELLE—Inclined to give out information.
 JONES, MARY TERRELL—Too extravagant with ammunition (powder, etc.).
 KARCHER, CLARA—Too slouchy.
 KELL, SIBYL—Loose tongue.
 KELLY, KATHRYN LEE—Subject to crushes.
 KERNS, IRENE—Too soft-voiced.
 KERNS, PAULINE—Too bashful.
 KILLOUGH, ANNETTE—Better fitted as a basketball player.
 KITTRELL, ANNIS—Under weight.
 KOHN, ELAINE—Under weight.

LAFOLLETTE, MARY CATHERINE—Overworked.
 LAMPTON, ADINE—Needed to keep up the spirits of the home guard.
 LAUTER, ELPREDA—Too quiet.
 LINDSEY, ALICE HALL—Needed down at Sewanee.
 LUCAS, LOUISE—Too dramatic for a common soldier.
 MACLAY, LORRAINE—Too good a target.
 MARKS, LOUISE—Of more value to the artistic world.
 MCCELVEY, RUTH—We have no camp infirmary.
 MCCOMB, GEORGE—Too pale.
 MCENTIRE, MARGARET—Too subdued.
 MCGAUGHEY, HELEN—Ambitions higher up the "scale."
 MCCLAUGHLIN, MAURINE—Too noisy.
 MCLEAN, ELTHEA—Too good a target.
 MEEDES, CHARLOTTE—Color-blind.
 MEYER, RUTH—Social duties claim her.
 MOHR, MARTHA—Uses over regulation amount of paint (?).
 MOORE, EVELYN—A dependent room-mate.
 MORRISON, MARGARET—Male dependents.
 MOULDER, JANET—Under age.
 MURRAY, GALE—Inclined to be insubordinate to superior officers.
 MURRAY, MARGARET—Would smoke us out of camp.
 OVERMAN, ELIZABETH—Retiring nature.
 PABST, ERNA—Name liable to cause panic among soldiers.
 PARKER, JEWEL—Hair below regulations in quantity.
 PECK, MARGUERITE—Weak from overwork.
 PELZ, GLADYS—Surname of German origin.
 PEOPLES, LOUREE—Light headed.
 PETERSON, EBBA—Dependent room-mate.
 POWERS, FLORENCE—Flat-footed.
 RAGSDALE, SUE—Abhors bloodshed.
 RANDOLPH, ELIZABETH—Needed as an artist's model.
 RAPP, LOUISE—Incapable of enduring military discipline.
 RAY, MARY ROSE—Fatal smile.

Why They Were Exempt from Military Service—Continued

REESE, GENEVIEVE—Too small for practical use.

REEDER, BESSIE—Under size.

REID, HAZEL—Unreliable.

RENEWICK, BEATRICE—Inclined to be hot headed.

ROSENBAUM, CLAIRE—Dangerously curly hair.

ROWAN, EVA—Dangerously inclined to manslaughter.

SACK, ALMA—Excess luggage.

SCOTT, FERNE—Too timid for modern warfare.

SCOTT, LUCILLE—Hot headed.

SHAW, HAZEL—Not subject to draught (draft).

SHAW, LETA—Doing her bit sewing on buttons for soldiers.

SIDEBOTTOM, MARIE—Under weight.

SKILES, HELEN—Too small to be of much use.

SPRINGER, CHARLOTTE—Too much color.

SLEDGE, CATHERINE—Disposition unwarlike.

STANTON, JESSIE—Too abrupt.

STRAHAN, FRANCES—Below regulation amount of "pep."

STRATTON, KATHERINE—Given to romancing in critical moments.

STROECK, ROSE LEE—Too good a target.

STUART, IMOGENE—Useless in No Man's Land.

SWIFT, MAE FRANCES—Hair too curly.

SWILLEY, MILDRED—Talks too fast.

TAYLOR, MARY—Lacks self-confidence.

THOMPSON, BLANCHE—Turned-up nose.

TIMBY, SUSAN—Thought to be incapable of long marches.

TIMMONS, JULIA—Eyes misbehave.

TONE, MARGARET—Wishes to drive an ambulance.

TRABUE, ELLEN—Doing her bit as war cartoonist.

TROTTI, BERTHA—Honorable dismissal on account of wounds.

TUBBS, ALMEDA—At present seeing service as officer in the Battalion of Death.

TUCKER, ARTIE MAE—Other "engagements."

TYNES, MARGARET—"Theda Baraically" inclined.

URQUHART, DOROTHY—Necessary to Ward-Belmont School of Music.

VAN ATTA, MARJORIE—Dangerous eyes.

VAN LEER, GLADYS—Invaluable as ammunition maker.

VICARS, LILA—Seeing service as a comedienne.

VON PEIN, ELIZABETH—Temperament, too lazy.

WARREN, MARY EMILY—Dependent room-mate.

WAY, MARGARET—Too humane for modern warfare.

WEBB, HORTENSE—Unfit for mental strain.

WEBB, JULIA V.—Under weight.

WELCH, MERLE—Inclined to oppose "Hooverizing."

WELLS, ANNIE—Too submissive.

WELLS, HORTENSE—Honnish (Hunnish) nature.

WIGGAN, WINIFRED—Dependent on others for support.

WILLIAMS, HELEN—Too "nosey."

WILLIAMS, SARAH—Stoop-shouldered.

WILLIAMS, SOPHIA—Needed as war correspondent.

WIMBERLY, LUCY LEE—Subject to brain fever.

WOLFE, LA RETA—Wasteful of shoe leather.

WOOD, ELEANOR DEAN—Home service.

WOODS, ELIZABETH—Fear she would be "crushed."

YORK, NINA LOUISE—Member of home guard.



College Special Class



OFFICERS

MARY PICKENS BENSON, <i>President</i>	MARY LOUISE BARNES, <i>Vice-President</i>	MARY WALKER, <i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES DIXON, <i>Treasurer</i>	FRANCES LUCAS, <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	MISS COX, <i>Sponsor</i>



COLLEGE SPECIALS

College Special Class

This Page Edited by Mr. Hoover and Others

ANDERSON, MARY VAN—You don't need sugar.
APPMAN, BESSIE MAY—Save your Vogues for the soldiers.
AUXIER, MAXIE—Don't use butter and conserve fat.
BARNES, MARIE—Don't waste so much energy.
BELL, GWENDOLEN—Pepluss.
BENSON, MARY PICKENS—Don't be too proud to eat cornbread.
BILLINGS, LOUGENIA—Beans recommended to fat or thin people.
BLACKSHER, WESLEY—Soundless.
BLOCK, GRACE—Colorless cheeks are interesting.
BODFISH, REBEKAH—Send your discarded evening dresses to the Belgians.
BOGART, JOSEPHINE—Don't hoard hair.
BRANCH, IRENE—Fearless.
BROWN, MARIAN—Don't camouflage. Be merry in khaki.
BRUMMETT, ELOISE—Every ounce of your strength is needed. Don't be lazy.
CAPPS, EDNA—Don't scorn a bean.
CARTER, RACHEL—Studyless.
CHADWICK, ELIZABETH—The sweeter girls are, the less sugar they should eat.
CHRISTIE, HELEN—Use American made dyes.
COOPER, MARJORIE—Give your eyes for the navy.
COVER, CATHERINE—Save your smiles for the Sammies.
COWDEN, MOZELLE—Don't be haughty; this war is for democracy.
DANN, ELOISE—Eat Dutch Cleanser and chase the Huns.

DAVIS, MARGUERITE—Economy leads to a fat purse.
DAVISON, DOROTHY—Do not waste money on anti-fat pills; starve!
DIXON, FRANCES—If you buy stamps, let them be thrift stamps.
FAIRCLOTH, JEAN—This is no time for foolishness.
FELLERS, HAZEL—Wake up to the realities of this war.
FOSTER, LUCILE—Spare the dye to paint Berlin red.
FRISBY, LUCILE—Don't waste your stamps for a useless cause.
GRIFFIN, JAMIE—Don't talk so much; put your energy to better uses.
HIBBETT, MARY—Fireless.
HILL, LAURA—Eat fried apple peelings and kill the Kaiser.
HUGHES, ADDIE—Although useless in fighting, don't be useless in writing.
JEFFERSON, SALLIE—Sleep less and save sheets.
KERR, GENEVIEVE—Speechless.
LEE, ETHEL—Grow short and save cloth.
LEWIS, LURA—Don't let your eyes be bigger than your stomach.
LIGENFELTER, LOIS—Learn to speak French.
LOVEJOY, CATHERINE—Freeze and save fuel.
LOWRIE, ANNIE—Why waste time playing tennis when you can write letters to France?
LUKASWITZ, FLORENCE—When you think of eating, think of cornbread.
MAXWELL, FLORENCE—Can or be "canned."
MCCORD, FLORENCE—Chew more and swallow less.

McLESTER, AMELIA—Lick your plate or get licked.
 McWILLIAMS, MARY—Try canvas clothes—they wear better.
 MOORE, OLGA—Save your eyes for our boys.
 MURPHY, JANE—Eat Grape-nuts. There's a reason.
 NICHOL, ELEANOR—Save the nickels. Every little bit helps.
 NORWOOD, MILORED—Face the music with a grin.
 PETERS, LYNN—Use judgment in conserving.
 PIFER, ESTHER—Advocate peace.
 PIPER, ESTHER—Use the tongue and spare the brain.
 RAGSDALE, SARAH—Talk less and do more.
 REILY, MARYELMA—The map of Ireland's in that name. Now do your bit for it.
 REINBOTH, WINIFRED—Studyless.
 RIGBY, BERNICE—Use the mind in the nick of time.
 ROBLEY, GILDA—Use your brain. All natural resources should be used during this war.
 ROGERS, ELIZABETH—Save your breath. Air is needed to fill balloons.
 ROYCE, MERCEDES—Clothes needed for the Belgians.
 RUBEL, HELEN—Every time you sleep through breakfast you add a nail to the Kaiser's coffin.
 SAMPSON, BESSIE—Four eyes are better than two.

SCHOENEMAN, MAYRE—Think! There's no time to lose.
 SEAVER, FLORENCE—Instead of fencing, fence a garden.
 SHAPIRO, VIRGINIA—Gardens are munition plants. Start one.
 SILL, SIBYL—Adopt a soldier and treat him well.
 SILVER, MARY ELLEN—An expensive name. Save it.
 SMITH, JOSEPHINE—Be a blacksmith if necessary.
 STEPHENS, ADA—Obey commands and eat war bread.
 STRAUSS, SARITA—Lash the Kaiser with your tongue.
 TITUS, MARY—Spend more and eat less.
 TODD, EVELYN—Don't try to get fat until the war's over.
 WAGLEY, MYRTLE—Know ye that Francis is necessary in life today?
 WALKER, DELIA—Walk and keep healthy. Health is necessary.
 WALKER, MARY—Let every day be musicless.
 WALLING, CHLOIE—Smiles encourage our Sammies.
 WALSH, LOUISE—Can the rough stuff.
 WHITE, WILL ETTA—Let your Lent extend a whole year.
 WILSON, GLADYS—Use your powder to a better advantage.
 WYCHE, KATIE—Save dress goods and clothe our boys.
 WOOTEN, CORINNE—You have the pep. Use it to a good advantage.



Junior Middle Class

ELIZABETH EMBRY
President

MINNIE FLEMING
Vice-President

KITTY POINTER
Treasurer

ELIZABETH COGGINS
Secretary

LUCILE HOLMAN
Sergeant-at-Arms



WHAT FRUIT?





The Junior Middle Class

How They Camouflage

ADAMS, AMANDA—"I was born under an unlucky star."

ADAMS, MARY—"I lost my book."

ALEXANDER, JOSEPHINE—"The lights went out."

ALLEN, ELNA—"I sent my eyes to the navy."

ALSTON, HELEN—"My vocation is the middle man in a minstrel."

AUXIER, LEONA—"Sight of a mouse gave me a nervous breakdown."

BATCHELOR, ELINOR—"War bread makes me have the blues."

BELL, LOUISE—Headache on theme days.

BOECKLING, MAE—Observing restless day.

BRENNECKE, MARGARET—"I have a horror of balconies."

CALDWELL, MARIAN—"Please, Miss Townsend, I was sure enough sick last night."

COGGINS, ELIZABETH—Practicing brainless day.

COLE, BERNICE—"I didn't understand the question."

COLE, JOSEPHINE—"Not so dirty as the name implies."

COOKE, MARTHA—"Yes, I would just love to be a monitor again. It's awfully easy."

CULVER, GLADYS—"These flowers? Oh, they came from home."

DOAN, RUTH—"Domestic duties relieve the brain."

DROVIN, RUBY—Spent money for thrift stamps.

EDMUNDSON, JULIA ANN—"I don't have to go to school; it's only my side issue."

EGGERS, NANCY—"Didn't know we were supposed to wear uniforms."

EMBRY, ELIZABETH—"Forgot that this was quiet hour."

ETCHISON, GRACE—"Yes, I want to visit my great grandmother at Sewanee."

FENTRESS, ELIZABETH—"No time to study between gym and recital."

FISHER, EDNA—"I studied the wrong lesson."

FLEMING, MINNIE—"I know what it is but I can't explain it."

FORGY, VELMA—"Well, I got a special last night and just couldn't study."

GALLAHER, GENEVIEVE—"Don't exactly know, but guess it's this way."

GARNETT, CORINNE—"Just as much of a jewel as my name implies."

GOODMAN, CHARLOTTE—"I am sure you are thinking of another girl."

GRAY, MARIAN—"I'm not so dull as my name would imply."

GRIDER, GLADYS—"I hate crushes but often admire people."

GUINTER, ELLEENE—"I shall never, never marry."

HAGER, LOUISE MAI—"I like her—at times."

HAMMET, BESS—"I shall have it ready by morning."

HOLLINSHEAD, MARGARET—"My father said this was right."

HOLMAN, LUCILE—"I've always done it this way."

JOBSON, ELLEN—"I am Miss Lewis' star pupil in Mathematics."

JONES, JIMMIE T.—"I don't know the name Miss Ross, but you know what I mean."

KELLY, ELIZABETH—"I did know it, but I've forgotten."

KELLY, JEAN—"School is such a bore."

KELLY, MARY—"Not contrary, and independent."

The Junior Middle Class—Continued

KIMBROUGH, BEULAH—"I'll have to concentrate for a minute."

KULLMAN, AGATHA—"I never did fully understand that."

LANDERS, LOUISE—"Today is Friday the Thirteenth."

LEE, CORA—"I won't argue, for I know I'm right."

LITTLE, RUTH—"I can't understand this explanation."

MAYBERRY, SOPHRONIA—"Why, the book I read didn't say that."

MOON, MEDA—"That must have been the moon for my lights have been out a long time."

MULLENDORE, BESSIE—"I would keep step, but I like to be different."

MURRAY, FAY—"I can't, Miss Thomas, I'm embarrassed."

NEILL, HELEN—"I'm so sorry. I'm sure I misunderstood you."

NICHOL, ROBERTA—"When I looked up I lost the place."

PENICK, MARGARET—"I think slumber parties are awful bores."

PEURIFOY, EMMELINE—"What May says, gces!"

POINTER, KITTY—"I cut my finger, but I can get the paper in by tonight."

POWERS, IRMA—"I was excused from study last night."

POUSE, MARIE—"I must have marked the wrong place in my book."

REEDER, BESS—"My mother was here and I had to entertain her."

REICHERT, RUTH—"I have such a terrible headache I can't see to read."

RIVES, LUCILE—"Yes, Miss Cox, I'll express my feeling on 'Liberty.'"

SAMMONS, GLADYS—"That surely is not the lesson you assigned for us."

SELLEY, RUTH—"I have it all mixed up."

SLAVENS, LILLIAN—"The doctor said being as I was so frail, for me never to sleep anywhere but outdoors."

SNYDER, MARILYNNE—"I don't exactly understand what you mean by that question."

STEALY, CARLINE—"Just Irene Castle's bad luck if I rival her."

TEMPLETON, BETTY—"Everyone says my voice has promising qualities."

TILLMAN, KATHLEEN—"I don't study—it's just intention."

VINSON, LOLA MAE—"I'm too tired to grow."

WIGGINS, DOROTHY—"If it weren't for the thoughtfulness of the monitors, I couldn't endure this place."

WILLETT, RUTH—"I went over to practice, but the laundry box interfered."



Preparatory Special Class

OFFICERS

MARY L. MERRIFIELD	<i>President</i>
HAZEL BISSETT	<i>Vice-President</i>
THELMA PRICKETT	<i>Secretary</i>
JANIE MAE ABBEY	<i>Treasurer</i>
VICTORIA MATTHEWS	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>



Preparatory Special Questionnaires

ABBEY, JANIE MAYE—Are you a tenderfoot?

ALDERMAN, GENEVA—Ever had brain fever?

BARTEL, FLORENCE—Can you stay awake long enough to blow taps?

BELL, GWENDOLEN—Is your nonchalant look perfectly natural?

BENTON, VIRGINIA—How do you like "uniform?"

BISSETT, HAZEL—Would your musical ambition be liable to interfere with life in the trenches?

BLAYDES, EDITH—Will your high and mighty air win you a commission?

BODINE, EDYTHE—Can you successfully camouflage the noise of the guns with your voice?

BOUCHARD, LYDA—Have you a great affinity for flying?

BROWN, ALICE—Is the size of your feet in proportion to the rest of your body?

CLEMENT, ELIZABETH—Are you fitted to do Y. W. C. A. work?

CORNETT, MARY—Parlez vous Francais?

DAVIS, WILLIE V.—Is your tongue always sure of what it says?

DORAN, KATHRYN—Will the noise annoy you to a great extent?

DUNLAVY, CLARA—Can you speak Hawaiian fluently?

EDWARDS, ELLIE—Is your smile permanent?

GRAY, ANNIE RUTH—Have you any visible means of support?

HAMMOND, CATHRYN—Have you any one dependent on you?

HEETER, HAZEL—Are you acquainted with any spies?

HILBURN, KATHLEEN—Is your voice pitched high enough?

HORN, ELISE—Would you look your best with a gas mask on?

KERR, GENEVIEVE—Have you had any previous military experience?

KIRKPATRICK, MILDRED—Are you subject to homesickness?

LAMPTON, VICTORIA—Have you a good voice for commanding?

LEHMAN, ESTHER—Can your tongue outfly that of an "Allemand?"

LOVIN, FANCES—Are you well versed in the duties of a chaplain?

MARSHALL, LOUISE—Can you reach required weight by eating war bread?

MATTHEWS, VICTORIA—Has your heart ever given you any trouble?

MCANENY, HELEN—Can you drive a Stutz Bear Cat?

MERRIFIELD, MARY L.—Are you perfectly capable of "watching your step?"

MOSS, RUTH—Have you any dependent pets?

POTTER, MARJORIE—Do you live on bananas and water?

PRICKETT, THELMA—In case you lost your gun could you be a Ty Cobb with the bat?

PRITCHETT, MARGARET—Is there a yellow streak anywhere?

ROBINSON, ESMERELDA—Can you leave that grin at home?

ROSS, CAROLINE—Will you need a private secretary to answer your U. S. mail?

SANFORD, ANNE—Have you a supporter?

THOMPSON, CATHERINE—What is your waist measure?

WAY, FERNE—Do you ever waste ammunition?



Junior Class

OFFICERS

MARY MILORED ZICK	President
MABEL WENOOVER	Vice-President
DOROTHY EATON	Secretary
NORA PHARES	Sergeant-at-Arms
MILLE. CUENDET	Sponsor

JUNIOR CLASS

PRESIDENT: [Portrait of a young man]

VICE PRESIDENT: [Portrait of a young man]

TREASURER: [Portrait of a young woman]

SECRETARY: [Portrait of a young woman]

EDITOR: [Portrait of a young woman]

CLERK: [Portrait of a young woman]

STUDENT: [Portrait of a young woman]



Ward-Belmont Dictionary of Facts and Fancies

Junior Edition

A

ALLEN, NORMA (Al-len)—In this case both the beginning and the end—we yearn for a suitable definition.
ANDREWS, VERA (An-drews)—Quite a "monologicistic" person.
ATKINS, EULA (At-kins)—An ardent pursuer in the elusive field of Expression.

B

BAKER, EUNICE (Bak-er)—A newly-appointed officer in the Ward-Belmont reserve.
BARBEE, MARGARET (Bar-bee)—One who subsists on town mail and expeditionary week ends.
BENNISON, MARY JANE (Ben-ni-son)—A peg on which to hang Northwestern trophies.
BOCK, RAY (Bock)—A memory automaton.
BORDERS, JENNY LIND (Bor-ders)—The name may have been an influence, but she sure can play.
BRINSON, REBECCA (Brin-son)—If she has had a single new thought since dear old Eurypides died, we wouldn't know it, she's just that quiet.
BUCHANAN, MABEL (Buch-a-nan)—One who dotes on Vanderbilt. Synonym, hair-band.

C

CAPRON, ELIZABETH (Ca-pron)—A "regular" basketball player.
COLLIER, ELEANOR (Coll-ier)—Another star representative of the Lone Star State.
COX, RENEE (Cox)—Of French derivation; nearest English meaning, fascinating.

D

DARLING, MARCELLE (Dar-ling)—A Vogue devotee.
DAVIS, CATHERINE (Da-vis)—The original "Goldilocks."
DAVIS, IRMA LEE (Da-vis)—She has been assigned the eternal question—Eat or Phil?
DECKER, ALICE L. (Deck-er)—Decker usually signifies something awfully sweet—even so!
DILWORTH, ISABEL (Dil-worth)—The inventor of a wonderful cotton puff-bob.
DRIVER, RUTH (Dri-ver)—A recent recruit in Ward-Belmont and a superlatively enthusiastic one.

E

EATON, DOROTHY (Ea-ton)—The demonstrator of the strictly natural blush.
EATON, MARIE (Ea-ton)—Ditto—refer to above.
EDWARDS, GLADYS (Ed-wards)—An emulator of genus homo. Synonym, masculine.
EHRHART, HELEN (Ehr-hart)—It is believed she has patronized Nestles Permanent Hair Wave Shop.

F

FARRELL, SARAH (Far-rell)—She takes a special course in letter-writing.
FENNELL, GERALDINE (Fen-nell)—Oh, you funny old girl, you!
FLEMING, ESTHER (Flem-ing)—Indefinable.
FOWLER, LOUISE (Fow-ler)—A schemer who plans to rival Mrs. Rorer.
FURRH, BERNICE (Furth)—Lady Duff Gordon embryonic.

G

GOLDNER, CELIA (Gold-ner)—Her name is deserving of a novel heroine.
GRAY, AMELIA RUTH (Gray)—Mrs. Vernon Castle coiffure. Synonym, Sybil Sil.
GREENE, KATHERINE (Greene)—A member of the "proctorial" herd.

H

HARRY, EMMA (Har-ty)—Definition not found by ye ed.
HASSELL, PAULINE (Has-sell)—Ward-Belmont guaranteed Player Piano.
HECKARD, PAULINE (Heck-ard)—Definition has not been found. Prize offered for best one handed us Feb. 28, 1919.
HINCHMAN, DORIS (Hinch-man)—One who dotes on striped skirts.
HINKLE, CHARLINE (Hink-le)—One who possesses that blessing of blessings—a visiting mother.
HOLLINSHEAD, DORINDA (Hollins-head)—The envy of many—absolutely shell-proof from homesickness.
HOOKS, MARGARET (Hooks)—A really-truly singer embryonic.
HYMAN, EDNA (Hy-man)—A recent recruit in W-B and an affirmed despiler of morning drill.

Ward-Belmont Dictionary of Facts and Fancies—Continued

K

- KENNER, EVELINA (Ken-ner)—Refer to McDuffie's International Encyclopedia.
 KERLEY, JULIA (Ker-ley)—To her sorrow she experimented too much with Madame Marcel.
 KIRKLAND, MARY POPE (Kirk-land)—A little girl, and awfully cute you know.
 KRAMER, LUCILLE (Kra-mer)—Another edition of Corinne.

L

- LANE, JENNIE MOORE (Lane)—Another one of proctorial mien.
 LAWNIN, JOSEPHINE (Law-nin)—Kellerman's only rival.
 LIGON, AMELIA (Lig-on)—Enrolled in W-B 'ceptin week ends.
 LINDSAY, MARGARET AGNES (Lind-say)—Denies any relationship to Vachel.

M

- MATTHEWS, PEARL (Matth-ews)—Takes an extensive training course for some officer.
 McCLURE, HARRIET (McClure)—Another exponent of the Nestle treatment—or maybe just electric.
 McGIE, VIRGINIA (McGie)—Definition not found.
 McKEE, HELEN LUCILE (Mc-Kee)—Oh, oh, what Titian missed!
 MEAD, ALICE RANNEY (Mead)—The other member of the Alician duo.
 MILLER, MARIE (Mil-ler)—Sorter unfathomable, with deep, brown eyes.
 MITCHELL, JOSEPHINE (Mitch-ell)—Another famous brand of sweetness.
 MOORE, MARGARET (Moore)—A terribly fit subject for crushes.
 MOSELEY, EUGENIA (Mose-ley)—Undecided whether she is any relation of our Southwestern representative or not.
 MOTLOW, LILA (Mot-low)—She deserves a Hill medal for bravery in going in the water.

N

- NELSON, GRACE (Nel-son)—The lady of the intricate coiffures.

O

- ODEN, MATYE (O-den)—Daily telephone calls from mama.
 ORCHARD, BEVERLY (Or-char'd)—She studies French—and great is the struggle thereof.

P

- PADEN, ELIZABETH (Pa-den)—One of the Panthers' very own best swimmers.
 PARKMAN, PAULINE (Park-man)—Possessor of that enviable thing, an alliterative name.
 PHARES, NORA (Pha-res)—She wields the rod of order 'mongst the unruly Juniors.
 POWELL, PRISCILLA (Pow-ell)—Eyes a la Theda.

R

- REBMAN, LORENA (Reb-man)—A curly-headed being.
 RICHARDSON, CHRISTINE (Rich-ard-son)—Miss Hovey's appointed critic.
 ROGERS, ELIZABETH (Rog-ers)—One who "rules the roost."
 Synonyms, Potter, Warren, Tone.
 ROQUEMORE, KATHERINE (Roque-more)—Lucile's better half.

S

- SACK, LENORA (Sack)—An exponent of wonderful and fearful French translations.
 SAWYER, ISABEL (Saw-yer)—A Satellite in Math III.
 SCHLEICHER, MARY AGNES (Schlei-cher)—A day pupil (we think).
 SHARPE, ELIZABETH (Sharpe)—Another day pupil—the sharpest kind of misery.
 SMITH, CATHERINE (Smith)—unadulterated)—Her diet, anti-fat pills.

T

- TIMBERLAKE, KATHERINE (Tim-ber-lake)—Synonymous with the other day pupils.
 TOLLEY, JENNIE V. (Tol-ley)—One who boasts not infrequently of her 32d cousinship with Mary Miles Minter.

W

- WALKER, LORRAINE (Walk-er)—Her duration in W-B has not been sufficient to prompt a definition.
 WALLACE, ETHEL (Wal-lace)—Famed far and wide as Miss Braden's niece.
 WARREN, LUCILE (War-ren)—Sweetly reminiscent of those old Madonnas.
 WARREN, MARGARET (War-ren)—Rather elusive.
 WENDOVER, MABEL (Wen-do-ver)—Slightly babyish, ingenue, so to speak, and withal cute, you know.
 WOOLWINE, MILDRED (Wool-wine)—Distinguished from other day pupils by that new Dodge.
 WYATT, LOIS (Wy-att)—Name of Irish-Russian derivation. Exact definition not determinable.
 ZICK, MARY MILDRED (Zick)—And the last shall be first and the first shall be last. Even so with the Juniorial President.



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

MILDRED CHAMBLISS	President
MILDRED TONKS	Vice-President
MOZELLE STAPP	Secretary
ELIZABETH HILL	Treasurer
IMOGENE DUNHAM	Sergeant-at-Arms
MISS STEVENSON	Sponsor



Sophomore Class

Legion of Honor Medals Awarded

BAINBRIDGE, DOROTHY—For being a high stepper.
 BAKER, MARY M.—For keeping on the right track.
 BOCK, HELEN—For "turning to the right."
 BRABHAM, MAYE—For peddling the most miles on a sewing machine.
 CAMPBELL, BLANCHE—Advocate of vegetarian corsages.
 CHAMBLISS, MILDRED—For retaining the most fixed expression.
 CHANDLER, FRANCES—For greatest extension and ability to reach.
 CLEMENT, RACHEL—For executing so much will power.
 COMSTOCK, EDNA—Why award a Legion of Honor when she is known already as shining bright?
 COOKER, MARY HELPER—For cooking a cookie that cooked a German.
 COWDEN, RUTH—For aiming directly at the heart and never missing the mark.
 DAVIS, ALTA—For diving into a "pill box" in the nick of time.
 DUFFEY, IRENE—For bluffing her way through.
 DUNHAM, IMOGENE—For being so easily "strung."
 DUNHAM, IRENE—For bravely facing the powder.
 DUNLAP, HELEN—For her everlasting shrewdness.
 EBERHART, GERTRUDE—For keeping calm during the battle.
 FILGO, MARGARET—For "fishing."
 FISHER, JUNE—For getting what she fishes for.
 FOWLER, LUCILE—For putting up a strong fight against odds.
 FRIEND, HELEN—For proving a friend.
 GARRETT, KATHERINE—For being the most sought out man in Ward-Belmont.
 GRAVES, LAURA LEE—For most graceful manipulation of crutches.
 HAIL, AVON—Facing right.
 HELBURN, MARY—For successfully camouflaging as a grass-hopper.
 HILL, ELIZABETH—For proving a true American while on duty.
 HOPKINS, SARAH—For smuggling.
 HORNER, GLADYS—For being able to cover the most ground with her feet.
 HORBABIN, LUCILE—Charter member of the Digest Club.
 HOWE, INEZ—For keeping a cool head.

KELLOGG, DORA DELL—For digging.
 LOVE, DOROTHY—For having so much nerve to back her up.
 LIGGETT, ELIZABETH—For looking on the sunny side of life.
 LOVE, ANNE GREYSON—For accomplishing great deeds.
 LOWRY, ELIZABETH—For loyalty to her colors.
 MARQUIS, GLENNA—For holding down the job of Emby the Bell Hop.
 MATTHEWS, MARIAN—For capping the climax in the swift use of her brain.
 MCGOWAN, MARAGET—For springing up in a night.
 McMURRAY, FLORRIE—For so patiently awaiting Romeo on her little balcony.
 MICKLEBOROUGH, LOLLA MAE—For getting there in fine condition.
 MOLITER, ANITA—For keeping up with her surplus energy.
 MORGAN, ANNIE JAMES—For holding the longest conversations on the 'phone.
 NICELY, GEORGINE—For being a loyal member of the "reserve" corps.
 NORTHINGTON, JOSEPHINE—For facing the dangers of a large city bravely.
 RAWLS, MARTHA—For camouflaging with a flash light.
 REGARD, CELESTE—For getting to mass on time.
 ROBERTS, EDITH SCOTT—For dieting from one meal to the next.
 ROGERS, MAGDALENE—For using ink and stationery sparingly.
 SEED, VERA—For capturing a cockroach.
 SHARP, JAMA—For her prudence.
 SWAB, EMILY—For excelling in executive ability.
 SMITH, VIRGINIA—For keeping on the Q. T.
 TERRELL, DABNEY—For capturing a company of frat pins.
 TONKS, MILDRED—For excelling on dress parade.
 TRABUE, OLIVIA—For managing to answer the call on time.
 WARNER, MARTHA—For using her snore to the advantage of drowning the gun noise.
 WASSON, MARY—For aspiring to be a Senior.
 WILDER, KATHERINE—For never having agreed with anybody.
 WOODSIDE, MARGARET SMITH—For squeezing through a key-hole.

WHO STARTS THEM

All the strange and

FUNNY fancies of

THE school Ward-Belmont?

THE convenient expletive

OH, Boy!

THE leather-belted

HOFFLIN,

THE camouflage coats,

OR again

THE picturesque

GRAY and violet

LETTERS?

!

FURTHERMORE, the distressing,

Tho' girlish, style

OF flowing tresses?

A lack

OF time

AND space prevents

Us from wearying

You with further

RECITAL of

THESE vagaries.

BUT let us

REPEAT—

Who starts them?

COME, forth

ELUSIVE, lady,

CLAIM your

JUST dues

AND the admiring

PLAUDITS of a slavishly

IMITATIVE crew.

—H. E. B.

HOW TO WRITE A WAR SONG

(By algebraic commutations and perspiration it has been figured out that 19,572 songs can be worked out from this chart).

Hurray! Hurray!
Hurray! Hurray!

I'm going to fight for the

{ U. S. A.
P. Q. D.
C. O. D.
R. O. H. tacy.
country.
colors.

Dee-dum! Dum-dee!
Dum-dee! Dee-dum!

I'm going to can the

{ Fritzie.
Willies.
Huns.
Bums.
Kaiser.
Boches.

Help Win the War!*

Help Win the War!*

Make safe the

{ country
world } for
U. S. A.

{ liberty.
freedom.
democracy.
humanity.
equality.

By saving

{ sugar
heat
meat
wheat
leather
coal
tin foil }

for our

{ Sammies.
men.
boys.
soldiers.
troops.

*These two lines may be inverted for variety.



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

MARGARET GAINES	<i>President</i>
MAY TERESSA PRICE	<i>Vice-President</i>
RACHEL MCGILL	<i>Secretary</i>
JANICE GANNAWAY	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH HOWSE	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
MISS THACH	<i>Sponsor</i>



The Freshman Class in Mother Goose Rhymes

RUTH ALLEY	There was a young girl named Alley Who with her problems would dally, But to tell you the truth A smart girl was Ruth For she always drew a good tally.	MARGARET GAINES	We love little Margaret, her hair is so brown. She is always happy and never does frown.
HELEN BAIRD	To college, to college, to grind and dig. Home again, home again, dancing a jig.	STELLA GALLANT	Higglety Pigglety, Stella Gallant, She works hard, une tres bonne enfante!
GRACE BISSETT	Little Miss Grace has a pretty little face And a pretty little face has she. She may be rich, or she may be poor, But she sure looks good to me.	JANICE GANNAWAY	A diller, a dollar, an eight o'clock scholar, What makes you always wait? On time to school was once your rule But now you're always late.
FRANCIS BOYD	Cock-a-doodle doo, Francis's lost her shoe, The chapel bell's ringing And she knows not what to do.	MITTIE L. GODWIN	Mittie Louise has lost her books And don't know where to find them; Leave them alone and they'll come home Translations written inside them.
DORA BELL CHEAIRS	Dora Bell Cheairs, come get to work Your lessons are hard, your duty don't shirk.	FRANCIS GRAY	Francis Gray Was happy and gay, And a gay little soul was she; Her days were bright From morning to night, So friends she had many you see.
KATHLEEN CUMMINS	What makes the girls all like her so? The eager ones do cry. Oh, Kathleen likes the girls, you know, To them comes the reply.	RUTH GRESLEY	Little Miss Ruth, sat in a booth, A plate of war bread before her; At first she did sigh and then with a cry She said, "I'll eat it for Hoover."
BARBARA DAVIS	Barbara, Barbara, far from slim, Had a man and couldn't keep him. She put him in a picture frame And led the young man to fame.	GLADYS M. GRIFFIN	"What makes the boys like Gladys so?" The Belmont girls do cry: "Oh, Gladys likes the boys you know," Comes back the quick reply.
IRENE DRISKELL	Irene Driskell went to college, Her beaux were so many she couldn't beaut knowledge.	MARGUERITE GRIFFITH	Miss Marguerite, while out on the street Was flirting with all her might; Along came Mrs. Brown, who gave her a frown, Which made her shiver with fright.
MARGARET DUNLAP	Her dear little sailor Has gone but won't fail her.	EUGENIA HALE	We love Miss Eugenia, her heart is so warm, And if you don't hurt her, she'll do you no harm.
MARGARET DUVAL	Rain, rain, go away, If you don't I'll have to stay Here at school for one whole day.	MILDRED HARRINGTON	Mildred, Mildred, went to school To get a little knowledge, But work became a bore, she said, "Oh, just to leave this college."
MARY L. ERSKINE	She loves little Margaret, her hair is so blonde, She is her crush, of whom she's quite fond.	ELIZABETH HOWSE	Elizabeth Howse her thoughts did rouse All on a winter's day. But the Knave of Spring, to her did cling And stole those thoughts away.
LAURA FORD	Ride a tin flivver to Banbury Cross, All over the seat you're sure to toss. Loose bolts at the back, loose screws at the side, You're sure to get there, wherever you ride.		

The Freshman Class in Mother Goose Rhymes—Continued

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|----------------------------|---|
| MARY N. HUBBS | Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does
your grade card go?
With B's and C's and sometimes D's
and little E's all in a row? | MARY PRICE | Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
Some mice ran up the clock,
But after the mice
Went Mary Price,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock. |
| MILDRED JUHL | Hark! Hark! She expected a lark when
she came to W-B,
But when she got there, her larks they
were rare,
Just between you and me. | ISABELLE REDDING | There was a little girl, and she had a
little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very
good,
But when she tried to flirt she was
horrid. |
| MARY KING | Oh, Mr. Hoover
Come, this girl scorn,
Mary King likes wheat
And she won't eat corn. | VIRGINIA RIDDLE | Hey, diddle diddle, Virginia H. Riddle
Came to school too soon.
Miss Winstead called her up to see
Why she did not wait till noon. |
| ELIZABETH LAMBERT | Her lips are red, her eyes are brown,
On her may Dame Fortune never frown. | LOTTIE ROGERS | Lottie put her shoes on,
Lottie put her dress on,
Lottie put her hat on
And came to W-B. |
| ELIZABETH LANE | Elizabeth went up the hall
To get a drink of water;
Alas, poor girl! she got in bad—
The monitor came and caught her. | MOZELLE STAPP | There was a young girl named Stapp
Who was never seen without pep.
When a man came her way
She hollered out "Hey!"
At least such is judged by her rep! |
| JULIA LEE | Little Miss Lee, sings for her tea,
What shall she eat—corn bread—ah me! | FRANCIS STEED | Higglety Pigglety,
Francis Steed,
When it comes to sense
She has little need. |
| RACHEL MCGILL | Johnnie McGill went up the hill
To get some pills and plaster.
Johnnie fell down and broke her crown
And the pills came tumbling after. | HARRIET THOMPSON | Boys, boys, go away,
Come again some other day:
Harriet's too tired to play. |
| MARY MOORE | Rah! Rah! Mary Moore,
Have you any beaux?
Yes, many, have I,
And not any foes. | MARGARET WARDEN | Margaret is nimble, and Margaret is
quick,
And Margaret could never be called a
stick. |
| MARY LOUISE MOSS | Eat a cake, eat a cake,
But Mary Hooverize;
Eat a cake, eat a cake,
But a very small size. | EMMA L. WHEELER | A diller, a dollar,
A 10 o'clock scholar,
What makes you study so much?
You used to throw your books away,
But now you laugh at such. |
| MARY ONSTOTT | Mary had a little book,
It's leaves were worn, oh, no!
For not a place that Mary went
Was this book seen to go. | MARGARET WHERRY | Margaret Wherry is a little fairy,
She has too many books for her to carry. |
| MARTHA PARMAN | Great A's, little A's,
Bouncing B's,
But Martha's report card
Is covered with C's. | | |
| FRANCIS PETERMAN | "Oh, Francis, oh, Francis, oh, Francis,"
quoth I,
"Oh, whither, oh, whither, oh, whither so
high?"
"To go to the tea room to buy me a pie." | | |

Sub-Freshman Class

ACUFF, VICTORIA	FORREST, MARGUERITE	HOWSE, HELEN	MAYO, MARY MARGARET
BROECKER, CLARA	HARRIS, DOROTHY	INGRAM, HARRIETT	OGILVIE, MABEL
COWDEN, MILDRED	HASTON, EVELYN	LEONARD, JEAN	PRICE, VIRGINIA
DAKE, BIDDIE	HIGGINS, LUCIA	LEWIS, PEARL	RICE, CATHERINE
FOLSOM, HELENE	HOLLINSHEAD, HARRIET	LUCK, SUSAN	WALKER, JOY

Special Students

ADAMS, MRS. A. B.	ELY, ARIANA	LEVY, LEAH BELLE	SLATER, HELEN
ASHBY, MARY	ENSOR, BERTHA	MARKS, AIMEE	SMITH, MAE LUCILLE
AUL, LOUISE	FLETCHER, THOMAS	MCGUGIN, LUCY ANN	SMITH, MARGARET
BAUMAN, OPHIE LOUISE	FULLER, ELIZABETH	MCQUIDDY, SUE	SMITH, MILDRED
BAWSELL, MILDRED	GARDNER, ELIZABETH	MECOY, MARY ED	SPEARS, FRANCES
BAYER, HELEN	CEBHART, ELIZABETH	MENDELSSOHN, LOUISE	THOMASON, MARY ANN
BELL, MAGGIE	GEE, NELLIE L.	MORELLI, WHITFIELD	THUSS, CLEMENCE
BERNSTEIN, CLARENCE	GILLESPIE, MAMIE	MORGAN, SANSAN	TINSLEY, FRANCES
BERNSTEIN, PHILLIP	GUNN, NELLE	MORRISEY, MARGARET	TOLMIE, MARGARET
BEVINGTON, AGNES	HALL, ELINOR	MOXLEY, DOROTHY	TYLER, MARY
BLEDSE, FRANCES	HALL, LAURA	OWSLEY, RUTH	WADE, DOROTHY
BROWN, LOUISE	HAURY, MR.	PASCHALL, MRS. HATTIE	WALKER, MRS. B. B.
BUCHANAN, MAI	HITCHCOCK, SARAH	PARKER, FITZGERALD S., JR.	WALLER, MARTHA
BUCHANAN, MARTHA LYNN	HOLLINS, ELIZABETH	PETERSON, ELIZABETH	WEINSTEIN, BERNARD
BUCKNER, MARY HARDING	HOPKINS, LESLIE	PILCHER, CATHERINE BERRY	WHITE, VIRGINIA
CARTER, THOMAS	HOUSE, ELIZABETH	PITTMAN, LOUISE	WHITSETT, LOUISE
CHAMBERS, KATHLEEN	HOWELL, LOUISE	PITTMAN, MARGARET	WILKES, SUSAN H.
CHAPMAN, RUTH	IRWIN, KATIE SUE	REGEN, MARTHA	WILSON, MARY ELIZABETH
COHEN, HAZEL	JORLING, MRS. J.	RIVES, RUBY	WINKLER, CLARA
COKE, AMANDA	JOHNSON, ELIZABETH	RODGERS, MRS. LEIRA	WINTON, DOROTHY
COKE, JENNIE	JONES, CAROLYN	ROWLAND, LENA MAY	WOOD, MARVE
COWDEN, ELEANOR W.	JORDAN, FRANCES	SEALE, MARGARET	WOODS, LOUISE
DORMAN, BESSIE	KADEL, RUBY	SEIFRIED, ELIZABETH	WOODS, MARGARET
DOZIER, MARGUERITE	KING, MARY ETHEL	SHERLEY, ELIZABETH	WOODS, PAUL
DOZIER, THANIEL P.	KLYCE, FRANCES	SHIELDS, JAMIE	YOUNG, EVELYN
DRAKE, ELIZABETH	LALLEMAND, FRED A.	SIMON, ANNA	ZANDER, REBA
DRANE, WESLEY	LEVY, HAZEL	SIMON, HAZEL	

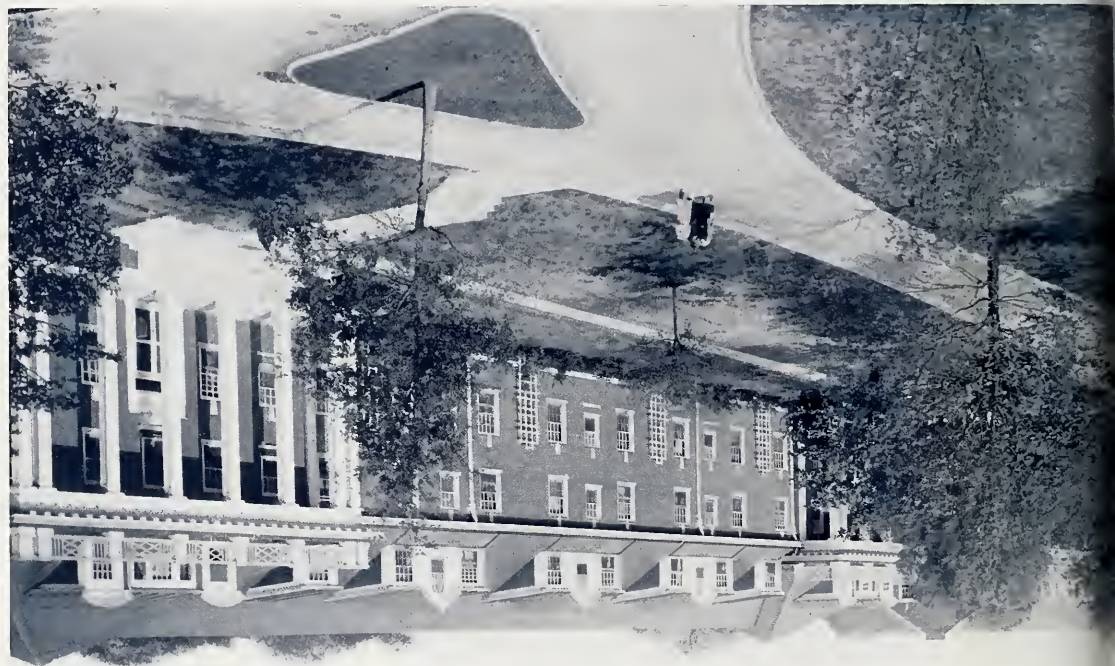
Treason Embryonic

Of course we all profess to be sardonic
Of everything that might be termed Teutonic;
And in our hatred of the heathen Hun,
All signs of "Made in Germany" we shun;
All German music we've eliminated—
We might by Wagner be contaminated;
And German names have given way to French
Since America has been in camp and trench.
The daschunds have been ousted by the poodles,
We eat *pate de foie gras* instead of noodles.
For anti-Kaiser feeling is now chronic,
And Germany we shun as plague bubonic.
In all these ways, and many more forsooth,
Have we improved on German things uncouth.
But there is one place where we sadly err,
About which patriots surely must demur;
Something to allies' minds unharmonic,
In Ward-Belmont there's treason embryonic.
Where we have *measles* it is most ironic
That they should be of the variety Teutonic!

—M. H.













Piano Students

ABBEY, JENNIE MAYE	DANN, ELOISE	HAMMETT, RUTH	LIDDLE, RUTH	SANFORD, ANN
ACUFF, VICTORIA	DAVENPORT, FRANCES	HAMMOND, CATHRYN	LILLARD, KATHRYN	SAVYER, ISABEL
ADICKES, ADELE	DAVIS, CATHERINE	HARRIS, FRANCES	LINDSEY, MARGARET	SCHOENEMAN, MAYRE
ALDERMAN, GENEVA	DAVIS, MARGUERITE	HARRY, EMMA	LOVE, DOROTHY	SCOTT, LUCILLE
ALEXANDER, JOSEPHINE	DAVIS, WILLIE VIRGINIA	HASSELL, PAULINE	LOWERY, MARIE CATHERINE	SEIFRED, ELIZABETH
ANDERSON, LEILA BEALL	DOAN, RUTH	HARRY, MR.	LOWRIE, ANNE WICKLIFFE	SHAW, HAZEL
ANGREDE, COELLO ROSA	DONHAM, BLANCHÉ	HELBURN, KATHLEEN	MCANNEY, HELEN	SHERLEY, ELIZABETH
APPMANN, BESSIE	DORAN, CATHRYN	HENDERSON, MOELLE	MCENTIRE, MARGARET	SILVER, MARY ELLEN
ARMITAGE, FLORENCE	DORMAN, BESSIE	HENDERSON, RUTH	MCCAUGHEY, HELEN	SIMON, ANNA
ASHIE, MARY MARGARET	DOWNING, ISABEL	HILL, JULIA MAY	MCGIE, VIRGINIA	SKILES, HELEN
AUXIER, LEONA	DOUTHIT, MARY	HILL, LAURA	MCGOWAN, MARGARET	SLATER, HELEN
AUXIER, MAXIE	DOZIER, MARGUERITE	HODGE, LOIS	MCGUGIN, LUCY	SLUDGE, CATHERINE
BAER, GERTRUDE	DRAKE, ELIZABETH	HOLLAND, MABEL	MCKEE, HELEN	SMITH, ARLINE
BARTEL, FLORENCE	DRIGGERS, JETTY ANN	HOLLINSHEAD, DORINDA	MCIMMURY, FLORENCE	SPARKS, WILLIE MAI
BATH, MARIAN	DRISKELL, IRENE	HELMAN, LUCILE	MCQUIDDY, MARIAN SUE	SPEARS, FRANCES
BAWSELL, MILDRED	DRIVER, RUTH	HODKS, MARGARET	MCWILLIAMS, MARY	SPRAGINS, SUSIE
BAYER, HELEN	DROUIN, RUBY	HOPKINS, LESLIE	MAYO, MARY MARGARET	STEPHENS, ADA VIRGINIA
BELL, MAGGIE	DUNLAP, CLARA GENE	HORN, LEO	MENDELSSOHN, LOUISE	STROECK, ROSE LEE
BENTON, VIRGINIA	EATON, MARIE	HORNER, GLADYS	MERRIFIELD, MARY L.	STUART, IMOGENE
BEVINGTON, AGNES	EDEE, GRETCHEN	HORRARI, LUCILE	MOON, MEDA	SWILLEY, MILDRED
BILLINGS, LOUGENIA	EDWARDS, ELLIE	HOUSE, ELIZABETH	MOORE, EVELYN	TEMPLE, VERA
BILLINGSLEY, BETTY	EDWARDS, SADIE	HOULEY, ELIZABETH	MOORE, OLGA FAYE	TERRELL, DABNEY
BISSETT, GRACE	EHNRATH, HELEN	HOWARD, MARY	MORELLI, WHITFIELD	THOMASON, MARY ANN
BISSETT, HAZEL	ELY, ARIANA	HOWE, INEZ	MORRISSEY, MARGARET	THOMPSON, CATHERINE
BLACKSNER, WESLEY	ENSOR, BERTHA	HOWELL, LOUISE	MOUTLER, JANET	TRUSS, CLEMENCE
BLAYDES, EDITH	ERSKINE, MARY LOUISE	HOWSE, ELIZABETH	MOXLEY, DOROTHY	TIMBY, SUSAN
BLICK, GRACE	EVANS, MILDRED	HUBBS, MARY N.	MURRAY, ERIN FAY	TODD, EVELYN
BLUESDORF, FRANCES	FAIRCLOTH, JEANNE MARIE	HUGHES, KATHERINE	NEWELL, ARLINE	TODD, MARGARET
BOCK, FLORENCE	FELLERS, HAZEL	HUBSON, MYRA	NICELEY, GEORGEANE	TOKNS, HAZEL
BOCK, HELEN	FENTRESS, ELIZABETH	HURST, LUCY	ODEN, MATTIE	TOKNS, MILDRED
BODINE, EYDIE	FISHER, EDNA	HUTCHINSON, HELEN MARIAN	OVERMAN, ELIZABETH	TURNER, EVA CORINNE
BOGART, JOSEPHINE	FLETCHER, THOMAS	INGRAM, HARRIET	PAGAN, ELIZABETH	TURNER, MYRTLE
BOUCHARD, LYDA	FOLSON, HELEN	IRVIN, KATIE SUE	PARKER, JEWEL	TUTTLE, MYRTLE
BOYER, EMELINE	FORGY, VELMA	JEFFERSON, SALLIE	PARKMAN, PAULINE	TYLER, MARY
BOYER, REBECCA D.	FOURIE, MARY	JOHNSON, EMMA MILLER	PASCHAL, HATTIE	TYNEN, MARGARET
BOYD, FRANCES	FOWLER, LUCILLE	JONES, CAROLYN	PETERMAN, FRANCES	URQUHART, DOROTHY
BRANCH, IRENE	FRIEZE, LOUISE	JONES, JIMMIE T.	PEPPER, MARGRETTA	WADE, DOROTHY
BRENNCKE, MARGARET	FRIEND, HELEN	JOSEPH, SYLVIA	PITMAN, MARGARET	WAGLEY, MYRTLE
BRINSON, REBECCA	FRIERY, LUCILE	KAGEL, RUBY	POWELL, PRISCILLA	WALKER, DELIA
BROEKER, CLARA	FULLER, ELIZABETH	KELLY, JEAN	POWERS, IRMA	WALKER, MARY
BROWN, IRENE	FURRH, BERNICE	KELLY, MARY	PRICKETT, THELMA	WALLER, MARTHA
BROWN, LOUISE	GALLAGHER, GENEVIEVE	KERR, GENEVIEVE	PRICKETT, MARGARET	WATSON, MARY
BUCHANAN, MABEL	GALLANT, STELLA	KILLEBREW, HELEN	RAY, MAY ROSA	WEBB, IRIS
CALDWELL, MARION	GENHART, ELIZABETH	KIMBROUGH, BEULAH	REGARD, CELESTE	WELLS, HORTENSE
CAPPS, EONA	GILBERT, EUNICE SMITH	KIRKMAN, MARTHA	REID, MARTHA	WHITMAN, EMMA LOU
CARRIGAN, MARY KIM	GILLESPIE, MAMIE	KIRKLAND, MARY POPE	RELY, MARGARET	WHERRY, MARGARET
CARTER, RACHEL	GOODMAN, CHARLOTTE	KOHN, ELAINE	RENNICK, BEATRICE	WHITE, VIRGINIA
CADWICK, ELIZABETH	GRAVES, LAURA LEE	KRAMER, LUCILLE	REUSS, HELEN	WHITTES, RUTH
CHAMBERS, KATHLEEN	GRAY, CORDELIA	KULLMANN, ACATHA	ROBINSON, ESMERALDA	WILLIAMS, SARAH LOUISE
CHAMBLISS, MILDRED	GRAY, MARIAN	LAFFLETTE, MARY CATHERINE	ROGERS, ELIZABETH	WILSON, GLADYS
COHEN, HAZEL	GREELY, RUTH	LALLEMAND, FRIEDA	ROGERS, MRS. LEIRA	WILSON, MARY E.
COKE, JENNIE	GRIFFIN, GLADYS	LAMBERT, LOTTIE MARY	ROGERS, LOTTIE MARY	WOODS, LOUISE
CONLEY, ELIZABETH	GRUPE, HELEN	LANDERS, LOUISE	ROQUEMORE, KATHERINE	WOODS, MARGARET
CONNOR, AMERICA	GUNN, NELLE	LANE, JENNIE MOORE	ROWLAND, LENA MAY	WOODS, PAUL
COWDEN, RUTH	GUZMAN, FLORENCE	LEE, CATHY	RUBEL, HELEN	WYCHE, KATIE
Cox, RENEE	HALL, ELLINOR	LEVY, HAZEL	SAMMONS, GLADYS	ZANDER, REBA
CRAWFORD, ANNIE BETH	HALL, LAURA	LEWIS, PEARL	SAMPSON, BESSIE	



Piano Students

ABBEY, JENNIE MAYE	DANN, ELOISE	HAMMETT, RUTH	LIDDLE, RUTH	SANFORD, ANN
ACUFF, VICTORIA	DAVENPORT, FRANCES	HAMMOND, CATHRYN	LILLARD, KATHRYN	SAWYER, ISABEL
AUCKES, ADELE	DAVIS, CATHERINE	HARRIS, FRANCES	LINDSLEY, MARGARET	SCHOENEMAN, MAYRE
ALDERMAN, GENEVA	DAVIS, MARGUERITE	HARRY, EMMA	LOVE, LUCILE	SCOTT, LUCILE
ALEXANDER, JOSEPHINE	DAVIS, WILLIE VIRGINIA	HASSELL, PAULINE	LOWERY, MARIE CATHERINE	SEIFRED, ELIZABETH
ANDERSON, LEILA BEALL	DOAN, RUTH	HAURY, MR.	LOWRIE, ANNE WICKLIFFE	SHAW, HAZEL
ANDREDE, COELLO ROSA	DONHAM, BLANCHE	HELBURN, KATHLEEN	MCANNEY, HELEN	SHERLEY, ELIZABETH
APPMANN, BESSIE	DORAN, CATHRYN	HENDERSON, MOZELLE	MCENTIRE, MARGARET	SILVER, MARY ELLEN
ARMITAGE, FLORENCE	DORMAN, BESSIE	HENDERSON, RUTH	MC GAUGHEY, HELEN	SIMON, ANNA
ASHIE, MARY MARGARET	DOWNING, ISABEL	HILL, JULIA MAY	MCGIE, VIRGINIA	SKILES, HELEN
AUXIER, LEONA	DOUGHTY, MARY	HILL, LAURA	MCGOWAN, MARGARET	SLATER, HELEN
AUXIER, MAXIE	DOZIER, MARGUERITE	HODGE, LOIS	MCGUGIN, LUCY	SLEDGE, CATHERINE
BAER, GERTRUDE	DRAKE, ELIZABETH	HOLLAND, MABEL	MCKEE, HELEN	SMITH, ARLINE
BARTEL, FLORENCE	DRIGGERS, JETTY ANN	HOLLINSHEAD, DORINDA	MC MURRAY, FLORENCE	SPARKS, WILLIE MAI
BATH, MARIAN	DRISKELL, IRENE	HOLMAN, LUCILE	MC CHIDDY, MARIAN SUE	SPEARS, FRANCES
BAWSELL, MILDRED	DRIVER, RUTH	HOOKS, MARGARET	MC WILLIAMS, MARY	SPRAGINS, SUSIE
BAYER, HELEN	DROUIN, RUBY	HOPKINS, LESLIE	MAYO, MARY MARGARET	STEPHENS, ADA VIRGINIA
BELL, MAGGIE	DUNLAVY, CLARA GENE	HORN, LOIS	MENDELSSOHN, LOUISE	STROECK, ROSE LEE
BENTON, VIRGINIA	EATON, MARIE	HORNER, GLADYS	MERRIFIELD, MARY L.	STUART, IMOGENE
BEVINGTON, AGNES	EORE, GRETCHEN	HOBARIN, LUCILE	MOON, MEDA	SWILLEY, MILOREO
BILLINGS, LOUGENIA	EDWARDS, ELLIE	HOUSE, ELIZABETH	MOORE, EVELYN	TEMPLE, VERA
BILLINGSLEY, BETTY	EDWARDS, SAGIE	HOUSLEY, EVELYN	MOORE, OLGA FAYE	TERRELL, DABNEY
BISSETT, GRACE	EMHART, HELEN	HOWARD, MARY	MORELLI, WHITFIELD	THOMASON, MARY ANN
BISSETT, HAZEL	ELY, ARIANA	HOWE, INEZ	MORRISSEY, MARGARET	THOMPSON, CATHERINE
BLACKSHER, WESLEY	ENSOR, BERTHA	HOWELL, LOUISE	MOTLEER, JANET	THUSS, CLEMENCE
BLAYDES, EOTH	ERSKINE, MARY LOUISE	HOWSE, ELIZABETH	MOXLEY, DOROTHY	TIMBY, SUSAN
BLOCK, GRACE	EVANS, MILDRED	HUBBS, MARY N.	MURRAY, ERIN FAY	TODD, EVELYN
BLEDSSOE, FRANCES	FAIRCLOTH, JEAN MARIE	HUGHES, ARLETHINE	MURPHY, MARGARET	TOKES, MARGARET
BOCK, FLORENCE	FELLERS, HAZEL	HUDSON, MYRA	NICELEY, GEORGENE	TOKNS, HAZEL
BOCK, HELEN	FENTRESS, ELIZABETH	HUEST, LUCY	ODEN, MATTIE	TOKNS, MILDRED
BODINE, EDDYTHE	FISHER, EDNA	HUTCHINSON, HELEN MARIAN	OVERMAN, ELIZABETH	TURNER, EVA CORINNE
BOGART, JOSEPHINE	FLETCHER, THOMAS	INGRAM, HARRIET	PABEN, ELIZABETH	TURNER, ELEANOR
BOUCHARO, LYOA	FOLSON, HELEN	IRVIN, KATIE SUE	PARKER, JEWEL	TUTTLE, MYRTLE
BOYER, EMELINE	FORGY, VELMA	JEFFERSON, SALLIE	PARKMAN, PAULINE	TYLER, MARY
BOYER, REBECCA D.	FOURIE, MARY	JOHNSON, EMMA MILLER	PASCHAL, HATTIE	TYNEN, MARGARET
BOYD, FRANCES	FOWLER, LUCILLE	JONES, CAROLYN	PETERMAN, FRANCES	URQUHART, DOROTHY
BRANCH, IRENE	FRIEZE, LOUISE	JONES, JIMMIE T.	PEFFER, MARGRETTA	WADE, DOROTHY
BRENNCKE, MARGARET	FRIEND, HELEN	JOSEPH, SYLVIA	PITMAN, MARGARET	WAGLEY, MYRTLE
BRINSON, REBECCA	FRISEY, LUCILE	KADEL, RUBY	POWELL, FRISCILLA	WALKER, DELIA
BRIDGER, CLARA	FULLER, ELIZABETH	KELLY, JEAN	POWERS, IRMA	WALKER, MARY
BROWN, IRENE	FURRH, BERNICE	KELLY, MARY	PRICKETT, THELMA	WALLER, MARTHA
BROWN, LOUISE	GALLAGHER, GENEVIEVE	KERR, GENEVIEVE	PRICKETT, MARGARET	WASSON, MARY
BUCHANAN, MABEL	GALLANT, STELLA	KILLBREW, HELEN	RAY, MAY ROSA	WEBB, IRIS
CALDWELL, MARIAN	GEHART, ELIZABETH	KIMBROUGH, BEULAH	REGARD, CELESTE	WELLS, HORTENSE
CAPPS, EONA	GILBERT, EUNICE SMITH	KIRKMAN, KATHRYN	REID, MARTHA	WHITMAN, EMMA LOU
CARRIGAN, MARY KIM	GILLESPIE, MAMIE	KIRKLAND, MARY POPE	RELY, MARVELMA	WHERRY, MARGARET
CARTER, RACHEL	GODDMAN, CHARLOTTE	KOHN, ELAINE	RENWICK, BEATRICE	WHITE, VIRGINIA
CHADWICK, ELIZABETH	GRAVES, LAURA LEE	KRAMER, LUCILE	REUSS, HELEN	WHITTES, RUTH
CHAMBERS, KATHLEEN	GRAY, CORDELIA	KULLMANN, ACATHA	ROBINSON, EMERALDA	WILLIAMS, SARAH LOUISE
CHAMBLISS, MILDRED	GRAY, MARIAN	LA FOLLETTE, MARY CATHERINE	ROGERS, ELIZABETH	WILSON, GLADYS
COHEN, HAZEL	GRESLY, RUTH	LALLEMAND, FREDA	ROGERS, MRS. LEIRA	WILSON, MARY E.
COKE, JENNIE	GRIFFIN, GLADYS	ROGERS, LETTIE MAY	ROGERS, LOUISE	WOODS, LOUISE
CONLEY, ELIZABETH	GRUNN, HELEN	ROQUEMORE, KATHERINE	ROQUEMORE, KATHERINE	WOODS, MARGARET
CONNOR, AMERICA	GUNP, NELLE	ROSLAND, LENA MAY	ROSLAND, LENA MAY	WOODS, PAUL
COWDEN, RUTH	GUTMAN, FLORENCE	RUEHL, HELEN	RUEHL, HELEN	WYCHE, KATHIE
Cox, RENEE	HALL, ELLINOR	LEVY, HAZEL	SAMMONS, GLADYS	ZANDER, REBA
CRAWFORD, ANNIE BETH	HALL, LAURA	LEWIS, PEARL	SAMPSON, BESSIE	

Music Students

Voice

ABBEY, JENNIE MAYE	EATON, DOROTHY	LINGENFELTER, LOIS	SMITH, ARLINE
ANDERSON, LEILA BEALL	ENSOR, BERTHA	LILLARD, KATHRYN	SMITH, JOSEPHINE
ANDERSON, MARY VAN	EVANS, MILDRED	LUKASWITZ, FLORENCE	SMITH, MARGARET
ANTHONY, BILLIE	FAIRCLOTH, JEAN	MCCELVEY, RUTH	SMITH, MILDRED
BELL, ALICE LILLIAN	FANNIN, FAYE	MCCOLLUM, MOZELLE	SPRAGINS, SUSIE
BILLINGS, ARNETA	FELLERS, HAZEL	MCCORD, FLORENCE	STRAHAN, FRANCES
BLAYDES, EDITH	FOWLER, LOUISE	MCGILL, RACHEL	STRAUSS, SARITA
BLISS, MARY LOUISE	FOWLER, LUCILE	MCINNIS, MARY LOU	STROECK, ROSE LEE
BODINE, EDYTHE	FRISBY, LUCILE	MARSHALL, LOUISE	SWILLEY, MILDRED
BOYO, FRANCES	GIBBS, CECILE	MATTHEWS, VICTORIA	TAYLOR, MARY
BROECKER, CLARA	GRAY, ANNIE RUTH	MERRIFIELD, MARY	THOMPSON, CATHERINE
BRUMMETT, ELOISE	HALE, EUGENIA	MICKELBROUGH, LOLLA	THOMPSON, HARRIET
BUCHANAN, MABEL	HARPER, PHYLLIS	MURPHY, JANE IRENE	TIMMONS, JULIA E.
BURFORD, LILA	HARRIS, FRANCES	NEILL, HELEN	TODD, EVELYN
BURT, ALICE	HARRISON, LOU RAINIE	OVERMAN, ELIZABETH	TONKS, HAZEL
CAPPS, EDNA	HEETER, HAZEL	PENICK, MARGARET	TROTTI, BERTHA
CHANDLER, FRANCES	HENDERSON, RUTH	PETERSON, ERBA	TYNES, MARGARET
CHAPMAN, RUTH	HILBURN, KATHLEEN	POWELL, PRISCILLA	VAN LEER, GLADYS
CHENALT, HELEN	HOOKS, MARGARET	POWERS, FLORENCE	WAGGONER, ALEDA
CLOVER, WILLIE L.	HORN, ELISE	RAPP, LOUISE	WALKER, MARY
COGGINS, ELIZABETH	HOWARD, MARY	ROBINSON, ESMERALDA	WALKER, MRS.
COKE, AMANDA	HUGHS, ADDIE	ROGERS, ELIZABETH	WALKER, DELIA
COLLIER, ELEANOR	JARRELL, ELIZABETH	SANFORD, ANNE	WALKER, LORRAINE
COOKE, MARGERIE	JOBLING, MRS. J.	SHAPIRO, VIRGINIA	WHITE, VIRGINIA
COWDEN, ELEANOR	JOSEPH, SYLVIA	SHAW, LETA	WILLIAMS, SARAH
CUNYUS, LEITA	JUHL, MILDRED	SHEARIN, JESSIE RUTH	WILMUT, NELL
DENNIS, PEARL	KILLOUGH, ANNETTE	SHELTON, MARJORIE	WILSON, GLADYS
DIXON, FRANCES	KIRKHAM, KATHRYN	SHERARD, JESSIE FAY	WYATT, DELPHYNE
DOUTHIT, MARY	LAFOLLETTE, MARY CATHERINE	SILVER, MARY ELLEN	WYCHE, MINNIE
DOZIER, MARGARET	LAMPTON, VICTORIA	SKILES, HELEN	YORK, LOUISE
DOZIER, THANIAL	LIDDLE, RUTH	SLEDGE, CATHERINE	YOUNG, EVELYN

Music Students—Continued

Violin

ADAMS, AMANDA
ANDERSON, MRS. A. B.
ANDREWS, MILDRED
BALDWIN, MARIAN
BERNSTEIN, CLARENCE
BERNSTEIN, PHILLIP
BUCHANAN, MARTHA LYNN
CARTER, THOMAS
COKE, JENNIE

DANN, ELOISE
DRANE, WESLEY
EDWARDS, ELLIE
FARRELL, SARAH LOUISE
GARNETT, CORINNE
GEE, NELLE
GIBBS, CECILE
GUTMAN, GERTRUDE
HITCHCOCK, SARAH

HOUSE, ANNIE JAMES
JOHNSON, ELIZABETH
KING, ETHEL
LANE, ELIZABETH NOEL
LEVY, LEAH BELL
OWSLEY, RUTH
PARKER, FITZGERALD
PRICKETT, THELMA
PRITCHETT, MARGARET

ROBINSON, ESMERALDA
ROGERS, MAGDELENA
SANSOM, MORGAN
SEALE, MARGARET
SIMON, HAZEL
SWARTZ, LEO
WALKER, LORRAINE
WEINSTEIN, BERNARD
WHITSITT, LOUISE

Organ

BARTEL, FLORENCE
BILLINGS, LOUGENIA
BOGART, JOSEPHINE
CHADWICK, ELIZABETH
CLEMENT, ELIZABETH
ENSOR, BERTHA
HOOD, ELMO

HOUSE, ELIZABETH
MERRIFIELD, MARY LILLIAN
MOULDER, JANET
PRITCHETT, MARGARET
SMITH, MAE
URQUHART, DOROTHY
WOOD, MARYE

Ward-Belmont Orchestra

MR. KENNETH ROSE *Director*
 MRS. SCHMITZ *Piano*
 FLORENCE BARTEL *Organ*
 NELLIE GEE *Concertmaster*

1st Violins

ELIZABETH JOHNSON	LEAH BELLE LEVY
ETHEL KING	MRS. BAIRD
MR. JOHN KENNEDY	EDNA ZICKLER
ELLIE EDWARDS	MRS. W. C. BROWN
MRS. A. B. ANDERSON	

2d Violins

GERTRUDE GUTMAN	SARAH FARRELL
ANNIE JAMES HOUSE	FITZGERALD PARKER
RUTH OWSLEY	WESLEY DRANE
JESSIE WESTENBERGER	THELMA PRICKETT
GERTRUDE NENON	ELIZABETH SMITH
JOSEPHINE SMITH	

Violas

SARAH HITCHCOCK	MILDRED ANDREWS
-----------------	-----------------

Cellos

MR. LEON MILLER	MR. DAVIS
-----------------	-----------

Flutes

WILL HUDSON	KATHRYN KIRKHAM
-------------	-----------------

Clarinets

MR. SCOTT DYER	MR. OSCAR HANTELMAN
MR. JAMES HUDSON	FRANCES LOVIN

Oboe

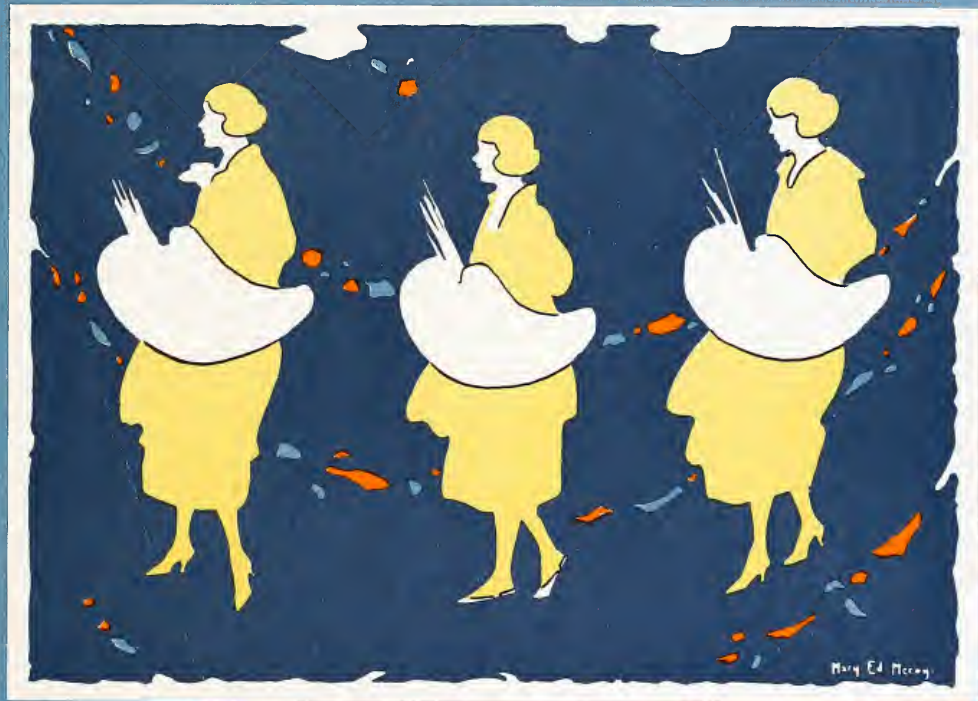
MR. OSCAR HENKLE

Cornet

J. I. OWSLEY	THELMA FOLSOM
ROBERT KELVINGTON	

Horn

MR. GABRIEL



Art Students



AIKINS, ERMA
ANDREWS, VERA VIRGINIA
BELL, GWENDOLEN
BELL, LOUISE

BIGGERS, ANNIE LOU
BILLINGS, ARNETA
BOOTH, MARION
BROECKER, CLARA
BROWN, ALICE
BURLINGAME, AMY LOUISE
CARTER, RACHEL
CHEAIRS, DORA BELLE
COVER, KATHERINE
COWDEN, MOZELLE
COX, RENEE
DILWORTH, ISABEL
DORAN, KATHRYN

ELY, ARIANA
GEORGE, LOUELLA
HAIL, AVON
HALL, FRANCES
HECKARD, PAULINE
HOLLINS, ELIZABETH
JEFFERSON, SALLIE
JONES, MARY TERRELL
KELLY, ELIZABETH
KIRKPATRICK, MILDRED
LOVEJOY, KATHERINE
MARKS, LOUISE
MARQUIS, GLENNA
MECOY, MARY ED
NORWOOD, MILDRED
PETERSON, ELIZABETH
PILCHER, CATHERINE BERRY

POTTER, MARJORIE
RAGSDALE, SARAH
RIVES, LUCILE
STAPP, MOZELLE
TANNER, LOLA
TAYLOR, MARY BEATRICE
TILLMAN, KATHLEEN
TRABUE, OLIVIA
WARDEN, MARGARET L.
WARREN, MARY EMILY
WHITE, JACKIE
WILKES, SUSAN
WILLIAMS, HELEN
WINTON, DOROTHY
WOOTTEN, CORINNE
WYCHE, KATIE

OUR ILLUSTRATORS



Kathleen Williamson, herself
by herself



Catherine Davis, herself
by herself



Evan Hall
Herself by herself



Helen Williams
Herself by herself



Marion Dault
Portrait by herself

Finis Lee Biggers
herself by herself



Olivia Trabue
Herself by herself



Emma Atkins
Herself by herself



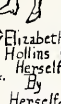
GWEN BEN
HERSELF
BY HERSELF



Amy Louise Buchanan
Herself by herself



Catherine Barr, herself
by herself



Elizabeth Hollins
Herself by herself



Louise Bell



Herself by herself



Mary Ed Meany
Herself by herself

Mary Emily Warren
herself by herself



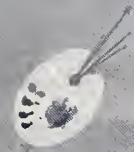
Margaret Lindsay Wardman
herself by herself

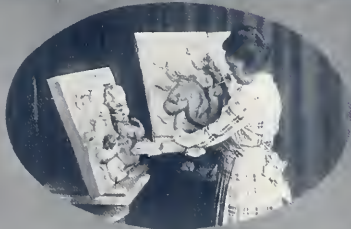


Louise Marks
Herself by herself



Catherine Barr
herself by herself









a lovely full of



The gang!



The Vernon Bunch.



Lila Rutter





Expression Students

ADAMS, MARY ALDERMAN, GENEVA ANDERSON, MARY ANDREWS, VERA ARNIN, FLOY ATKINS, EULA AUL, LOUISE	DAVIS, GLADYS DAVIS, WILLIE VIRGINIA DOZIER, THANIEL DUDLEY, TREVANIA DUNLAVY, CLARA ERSKINE, MARY LOUISE ETCHISON, GRACE	HUGHES, AODIE HYMAN, EDNA JACOBSON, ANNETTE KELLY, KATHERINE KELLY, MARY KERLEY, JULIA KERR, GENEVIEVE	POWERS, IRMA RAPP, LOUISE REDDING, ISABELLE REEDER, BESS LUCILE RIVES, LUCILE RIVES, RUBY ROBLEY, GILDA
BAIRO, HELEN BARNES, HELEN BARNES, MARIE LOUISE BAUMAN, OPHIE BILLINGS, LOUGENIA BLACKBURN, HARRIET BOCK, RAY	FISHER, JUNE FRIEZE, LOUISE FURRH, BERNICE GALLAHER, GENEVIEVE GOLDNER, CELIA GOODMAN, CHARLOTTE GRAY, MARIAN	KILLEBREW, HELEN KIRKLAND, MARY POPE KOHN, ELAINE LIGENFELTER, LOIS LONG, ELEANOR LOVE, DOROTHY LUCAS, LOUISE	ROWAN, EVA SCHOENEMAN, MAYRE SCONCE, FRANCES SHERARD, JESSIE FAYE SHIPP, RUTH SIOEBOTTOM, MARIE SMITH, VIRGINIA
BOOTH, MARION H. BRABHAM, MAYE BRANCH, IRENE BRUMMETT, ELOISE BUCHANAN, MAI BURT, ALICE CALDWELL, MARION	GRIER, GLADYS HAMMOND, CATHRYN HARTLEY, MABEL HAWKINS, RUTH HEIDELBERG, BESSIE HICKS, MARY FRANCES HILL, LAURA	MARSHALL, LOUISE MAXWELL, MARTHA MEEDS, CHARLOTTE MEYER, RUTH MITCHELL, JOSEPHINE MOON, MEDA MOORE, MARGARET	SPRINGER, CHARLOTTE STRAUSS, MARGARET STRAUSS, SARITA TERRELL, MARGARET TODO, EVELYN TUCKER, ARTIE MAE WALKER, JOY
CASH, RUTH CHENAULT, HELEN CLOYD, MILDRED COLVILLE, MARGARET COMPTON, MARY E. CRAIG, MATTIE B. DAVIS, ALTA	HINCHMAN, DORIS HINKLE, CHARLINE HOLLINSHEAD, MARGARET HOWELL, ZELMA HOWSE, ELIZABETH HOWSE, HELEN HUBBS, MARY NEVILLE	MORGAN, ANNIE JAMES MULLENDOORE, BESSIE ODEN, MARTHA OVERMAN, ELIZABETH PARST, ERNA PHARES, NORA PITTMAN, MARIE	WARDEN, MARGARET WAY, FERNE WELCH, MERLE ROSS WHITE, WILL ETTA WILLIAMS, MARION WYATT, LOIS ZICK, MARY MILORED

The Senior Recitals in Expression

1. "The Old Peabody Pew" *Kate Douglas Wiggin*

RUTH SHIPP
2. "The Rose Garden Husband" *Margaret Widdemer*

HELEN KILLEBREW
3. "Their Heart's Desire" *Frances Perry*

RUTH HAWKINS
4. "Mister Antonio" *Booth Tarkington*

MATTIE B. CRAIG
5. "Long Live the King" *Mary Roberts Rhinchart*

ZELMA HOWELL
6. A Patriotic Program
 - (a) The Colors
 - (b) Fleurette
 - (c) A Rendezvous with Death
 - (d) A Little Poem by Rupert Brookes

ALICE BURT



Home Economics Students

ABBEY, JENNIE MAYE	DAVIS, MARGUERITE	LEE, ETHEL	RIDDLE, VIRGINIA
AIKINS, CHARMIAN	DAVISON, DOROTHY	LEHMAN, ESTHER	RIGBY, BERNICE
ALEXANDER, HELEN	DENBY, HELEN	LEWIS, LURA	ROBLEY, GILDA
ANDERSON, LEILA BEALL	DOAN, RUTH	LIGON, AMELIA	ROCHELLE, GLENN
ANDERSON, MARY	DONHAM, BLANCHE	LINDSEY, ALICE HALL	ROGERS, ELIZABETH
ANDERSON, MARY VAN	DUNLAP, HELEN	LINDSEY, MARGARET	ROGERS, SEMIE
APPMANN, BESSIE	EATON, DOROTHY	LIPSKY, BERNICE	ROSS, CAROLINE
ARMITAGE, FLORENCE	EDMUNDSON, JULIA ANN	LIPSKY, PAULINE	SACK, ALMA
ASHE, MARY	ELY, ARIANA	LOVIN, FRANCES	SACK, LENORA
AUXIER, MAXIE	EMERSON, ETHEL	LUCAS, FRANCES	SAUNDERS, MARGARET
BAER, GERTRUDE	FENTRESS, ELIZABETH	LUKASWITZ, FLORENCE	SAWYER, ISABEL
BENSON, MARY PICKENS	FOWLER, LOUISE	MACLAY, LORRAINE	SEED, VERA
BENTON, VIRGINIA	GARDNER, ELIZABETH	MCANENY, HELEN	SELLERS, MABEL
BIGGERS, ANNIE LOU	GOODMAN, CHARLOTTE	MCCLURE, HARRIET	SHAPIRO, VIRGINIA
BLACKSHER, WESLEY	GRAY, ANNIE RUTH	MCENTIRE, MARGARET	SHROPSHIRE, MARGARET
BOGART, JOSEPHINE	GRAY, MILDRED P.	MCGILL, RACHEL	SKILES, HELEN
BOUCHARD, LYDA	GRIDER, GLADYS	MATTHEWS, PEARL	SMITH, MARGARET
BOYD, FRANCES	GUTMAN, FLORENCE	MODRE, OLGA	STRAUSS, SARITA
BRABHAM, MAY	GUTMAN, GERTRUDE	MORGAN, ANNIE JAMES	TAYLOR, MARY
BRAHAN, DRUSILLA	HAMMOND, CATHRYN	MORTON, MARGARET	THOMPSON, HARRIET
BROWN, ALICE	HANLON, EDITH	MURRAY, FAYE	THOMSON, LOUISE
BROWN, MARION	HIBBETT, MARY NEAL	NICELEY, GEORGENE	TONE, MARGARET
BRUNER, EDDIE LEE	HILBURN, KATHLEEN	NORMAN, LEAH	TONKS, HAZEL
BUCKNER, MARY HARDING	HOLLINSHEAD, MARGARET	NORTHINGTON, JOSEPHINE	VICARS, LILA
CAPPS, EDNA	HORN, ELISE	PELZ, GLADYS	VINSON, LOLA
CARRIGAN, MARY KIM	HOUNSLEY, CLARA	PETERS, LYNN	WALLACE, ETHEL
COLE, BERNICE	HUTCHINSON, MARIAN	PIPER, MARY	WARREN, LUCILE
COMPTON, MARY	IMHOFF, MARY	POTTER, MARJORIE	WEBB, HORTENSE
CORNETT, MARY	JOHNSTON, ISABELLE	PRICKETT, THELMA	WELCH, MARY ANN
COVER, CATHERINE	JOSEPH, SYLVIA	PRITCHETT, MARGARET	WHITE, WILL ETTA
COWDEN, MIZELLE	KELLOGG, DORA DELL	PURSE, MARIE	WILMUT, NELL
CRANE, MARY J.	KILLOUGH, ANNETTE	REESE, GENEVIEVE	WOLFE, LAUREA
CULVER, GLADYS	KULLMANN, AGATHA	REGARD, EDNABROWN	WOODS, ELIZABETH
DAVIS, BARBARA	LEE, CORA	REINROTH, WINIFRED	WOOTTON, CORINNE



one another's burden.



a weak understanding.



Toten tot



how natural



The one bright spot
in this dreary world



why dost thou tarry



A. J. THUSS - PHOTOS.

		President
MABEL SELLARS		Vice-President
LOLA REMICK		Treasurer
ERMA AIKINS		Recording Secretary
ADINE LAMPTON		Corresponding Secretary
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LOIS HODGE		Assistant General Manager
MERCEDES ROYCE		



JOSEPHINE LAWNIN	Swimming
EDNA BROWN REGARD	Basketball
CORINNE WOOTEN	Riding
THELMA PRICKETT	Tennis
LOIS REYNOLDS	Archery
CORINNE WOOTEN, Captain of Regulars	
DOROTHY WIGGIN, Captain of Panthers	

Panther Athletic Club

MEMBERS

AIKINS, ERMA
 ALEXANDER, ANNE
 ALEXANDER, HELEN
 ALEXANDER, JOSEPHINE
 ALLEN, NORMA
 ANDERSON, MARY
 ANDREWS, VERA
 APFMAN, BESSIE
 ATKINS, EULA
 AUXIER, LEONA
 BAER, GERTRUDE
 BALDWIN, MARION
 BARBER, MARGARET
 BARNES, HELEN
 BARTEL, FLORENCE
 BELL, LOUISE
 BENNETT, MAJ
 BILLINGS, LOUGENIA
 BILLINGSLEY, BETTY
 BOCK, FLORENCE
 BOCK, RAY
 BOECKLING, MAE
 BOGART, JOSEPHINE
 BORDERS, JENNIE L.
 BRENNER, MARGARET
 BRINSON, REBECCA
 BROWN, IRENE
 BUCHANAN, MABEL
 BUCHANAN, MARY
 BURFORD, LILA
 BURT, ALICE
 CAMPBELL, BLANCHIE
 CARO, GEORGIA
 CARTER, RACHEL
 CASH, RUTH
 CHANDLER, FRANCES
 CHRISTIE, HELEN
 CLOVER, BILLIE
 COBB, DOROTHY
 COLVILLE, MARGARET
 COMPTON, CATHERINE
 COMSTOCK, EDNA
 CONNOR, AMERICA
 COOPER, MARJORIE

COTTON, SARAH
 COVER, CATHERINE
 CRANE, MARY J.
 CULVER, GLAAYS
 CUNYUS, LEITA
 DAVIS, ALTA
 DAVIS, BARBARA
 DAVIS, KATHRYN
 DAVIS, GLADYS
 DECKER, ALICE
 DENNIS, PEARL
 DILWORTH, ISABEL
 DORAN, CATHERINE
 DULIN, NIKA
 DUNLAP, MARGARET
 EATON, MARIE
 EDEE, GRETCHEN
 EDWARDS, ELLIE
 EDWARDS, SADIE
 EMERSON, ETHEL
 ERSKINE, MARY LOUISE
 EVANS, MILDRED
 FAIRCLOTH, JEAN
 FARRELL, SARAH
 FELLERS, HAZEL
 FENNEL, GERALDINE
 FOLSOM, HELENE
 FORGY, VELMA
 FOSHEE, MARY
 FOWLER, LOUISE
 FRIEND, HELEN
 GARNETT, CORINNE
 GARRETT, KATHERINE
 GEORGE, LOUELLA
 GIBBS, CECILE
 GIDDENS, HATTIE
 GOODRICH, MILDRED
 GRAVES, BERNICE
 GRAY, ANNIE RUTH
 GRAY, RUTH
 GREENE, KATHERINE
 GUNTER, ELLEENE
 GUTMAN, FLORENCE
 HALE, EUGENIA

HANLON, EDITH
 HAWKINS, RUTH
 HEIDELBERG, BESS
 HENDERSON, RUTH
 HIBNER, MARY E.
 HILL, JULIA MAY
 HINKLE, CHARLIE
 HODGE, LOIS
 HODKS, MARGARET
 HORN, ELISE
 HERRABIN, LUCILLE
 HUTCHINSON, MARIAN
 JACOBSON, ANNETTE
 JERNEGAN, MARY JANE
 JOHNSON, ELLIEN
 JOHNSTON, ISABELLE
 JONES, JIMMIE T.
 KARCHER, CLARA
 KELLEY, ELIZABETH
 KELLY, JEAN
 KELLY, KATHERINE LEE
 KELLY, MARY
 KIRKLOUGH, ANNETTE
 KIRKHAM, KATHRYN
 KIRKLAND, MARY P.
 KOHN, ELAINE
 KRAMER, LUCILLE
 KULLMAN, AGATHA
 LA FOLLETTE, MARY
 LAMBERT, ELIZABETH
 LANDERS, LOUISE
 LANE, JENNIE MOORE
 LEATHERMAN, HELENE
 LEE, ETHEL
 LEHMAN, ESTHER
 LIODLE, RUTH
 LIGON, AMELIA
 LIPSKY, BERNICE
 LOVE, DOROTHY
 LOWRIE, ANNIE
 LUCAS, LOUISE
 LUTZ, ELOISE
 MARKS, LOUISE
 MCCOLLUM, MOZELLE

MCCORD, FLORENCE
 MCENTIRE, MARGARET
 MCGOWEN, MARGARET
 MCKEE, LUCILLE
 MCLAUGHLIN, MAURINE
 MEAD, ALICE
 MEEDS, CHARLOTTE M.
 MEYERS, RUTH
 MILLER, MARIE
 MOHR, MARTHA
 MOLITOR, ANITA
 MOON, MEDA
 MOORE, EVELYN
 MORTON, MARGARET
 MOSES, NATALIE
 MOTLOW, LILA
 MULLENOORE, BESSIE
 MURRAY, GALE
 MURRAY, MARGARET
 NEILL, HELEN
 NICOLEY, GEORGINE
 OVERMAN, ELIZABETH
 PARST, ERNA
 PADEN, ELIZABETH
 PARKMAN, PAULINE
 PETERS, LYNN
 PETERSON, EBBA
 PHARES, NORA B.
 PIFER, ESTHER
 POTTER, MARJORIE
 POWELL, PRISCILLA
 RAGSDALE, SARAH
 RAGSDALE, SUE
 RAPP, LOUISE
 REEDER, BESS
 REESE, GENEVIEVE
 REID, HAZEL
 REMICK, LOLA
 RIGBY, BERNICE
 RIVES, LUCILLE
 ROBLEY, GILDA
 ROGERS, MAGDALENE
 ROWAN, EVA
 SACK, ALMA

SACK, LENORA
 SCONE, FRANCES
 SCOTT, FERN
 SCOTT, LUCILLE
 SEAYER, FLORENCE
 SHARP, JAMA
 SHERARD, JESSIE FAYE
 SHROPSHIRE, MARGARET
 SILL, SHYLL
 SKILES, HELEN
 SMITH, CATHERINE
 SNYDER, MARILYNNE
 SPARKS, WILLIE MAE
 STEALEY, CARLINE
 STEED, FRANCES
 STRATTON, KATHERINE
 STROCK, ROSA LEE
 STUART, INOGENE
 SWIFT, MAE
 SWILLEY, MILDRED
 THOMPSON, BLANCHIE
 THOMPSON, CATHERINE
 THOMPSON, HARRIET
 TITUS, MARY
 TOOD, EVELYN
 TONKS, MILDRED
 TUBBS, ALMEDA
 TURNER, ELEANOR
 VAN LEER, GLADYS
 VICARS, LILA
 WALKER, MARY
 WALLING, CHLOIE
 WAY, FERNIE
 WEBB, HORTENSE
 WELCH, MARY ANN
 WELLS, ANNIE
 WIGGAM, WINIFRED
 WIGGINS, DOROTHY
 WILLETS, RUTH
 WILLIAMS, MARIAN
 WILLIAMS, SOPHIA
 WILSON, GLADYS
 WOLFE, LARETA
 WOODSIDE, MARGARET

Regular Athletic Club

MEMBERS

ADAMS, AMANDA	DAKE, BIDDIE	HILBURN, KATHLEEN	MATTHEWS, PEARL	ROGERS, SEMIE
ADAMS, MARY	DANN, ELOISE	HILL, EVELYN	MAXWELL, MARTHA	ROQUEMORE, KATHRYN
AIKINS, CHARMIAN	DARLING, MARCELLE	HINCHMAN, DORIS	MCANENY, HELEN	ROSENBAUM, CLAIRE
ALDERMAN, GENEVA	DAVENPORT, FRANCES	HOLLAND, MABEL	MCCELVEY, RUTH	ROSS, CAROLINE
ALLEN, ELNA	DAVIS, MARGUERITE	HOLT, MAY	MCComb, GEORGE	ROYCE, MERCEDES
ALSTON, HELEN	DENNY, HELEN	HORN, LOIS	McGaughey, HELEN	SAMMONS, GLADYS
ARMITAGE, FLORENCE	DIXON, FRANCES	HORNER, GLADYS	McGILL, RACHEL	SAUNDERS, MARGARET
AUXIER, MAXIE	DOAN, RUTH	HOUSLEY, CLARA	McINIS, MARY LOU	SAWYER, ISABEL
BAKER, EUNICE	DOUTHIT, MARY	HOUSE, ANNIE JAMES	McLEAV, ELYTHA	SEED, VERA
BALLOU, THELMA	DRIGGERS, JETTIE	HOWARD, MARY	McWILLIAMS, MARY	SELLARS, MABEL
BAMES, MARIE LOUISE	DUFFY, IRENE	HOWELL, ZELMA	MERRILLAT, IRENE	SHELTON, MAJORIE
BATH, MARION	DUNHAM, IMogene	HOWLETT, MARY	MERRIFIELD, MARY L.	SHIFF, RUTH
BAUGHMAN, HENRIETTA	DUNHAM, IRENE	HURST, LUCY	MINICH, PAULINE	SILVER, MARY E.
BELL, GWENDOLEN	DUNLAP, HELEN	IMHOFF, MARY	MITCHELL, JOSEPHINE	SLAVENS, LILLIAN
BELL, LILLIAN	DUNLAVY, CLARA J	JERNEGAN, RUTH	MOORE, MARGARET	SPRINGER, CHARLOTTE
BENNINGSON, MARY J.	EATON, DOROTHY	JONES, MARY TERRELL	MOORE, OLGA	STANTON, JESSIE
BENSON, MARY PICKENS	EDMUNDSON, JULIA ANN	JUHL, MILDRED	MORGAN, ANNIE JAMES	STEPHENS, ADA
BIERSCHWALE, JULIA	ELY, ARIANA	KERLEY, JULIA	MORRISON, MARGARET	STRAHAN, FRANCES
BLACKBURN, HARRIET	FENTRESS, ELIZABETH	KERNS, IRENE	MURRAY, FAYE	STRAUSS, S. RITA
BLISS, MARY LOUISE	FISHER, EDNA	KERNS, PAULINE	NELSON, GRACE	TAYLOR, MARY
BLOCK, GRACE	FISHER, JUNE	KERR, GENEVIEVE	NORMAN, LEAH	TEMPLETON, BETTY
BOND, PAULINE	FOLSOM, THELMA	KILLERREW, HELEN	NORWOOD, MILDRED	TIMBY, SUSAN
BOYD, FRANCES	FORD, LAURA	KIMBROUGH, BEULAH	OBEN, MAYTIE	TONE, MARGARET
BRADHAM, MAY	FOSTER, LUCILE	KIRKPATRICK, MILDRED	OSBURN, HARRIET	TROTTI, BERTHA
BROECKER, CLARA	FOWLER, LUCILE	KITTRELL, ANNIS	PARKER, JEWELL	TURNER, CORINNE
BROWN, ALICE	FRISBY, LUCILE	KIZER, ZENIA	PEIN, EDITH VON	URQUHART, DOROTHY
BROWNING, NANCY	FURBH, BERNICE	KRAMER, CORINNE	PELZ, GLADYS	VAN ATTA, MARJORIE
BRUMMETT, ELOISE	GAINES, MARGARET	LAMPTON, ADINE	PEURIFOY, EMMELINE	VINSON, LOLA MAE
BRUNER, EDDIE LEE	GARY, HELEN	LAMPTON, VICTORIA	PFEFFER, MARGARETTA	WAGLEY, MYRTLE
BURLESON, AMOUR LEIGH	GOODWIN, CHARLOTTE	LANE, ELIZABETH	PIPER, MARY	WALLACE, ETHEL
BURLINGAME, AMY LOUISE	GRAY, CORDELIA	LAUTER, ELFREDA	POWERS, FLORENCE	WALSH, LOUISE
CALDWELL, MARION	GRAY, MARIAN	LAWNIN, JOSEPHINE	POWERS, IRMA	WELCH, MERLE
CAPPS, EDNA	GRIDER, GLADYS	LEE, CORA	PRICKETT, THELMA	WENDOVER, MABEL
CAPRON, ELIZABETH	GRIFFIN, GLADYS	LEWIS, LURA	PRITCHETT, MARGARET	WHEELER, EMMA LOU
CARLISLE, MILDRED	GRIFFIN, MARGUERITE	LEWIS, PEARL	PURSE, MARIE	WHITE, WILL ETTA
CHAMBLISS, MILDRED	GRUPE, HELEN	LILLARD, KATHRYN	RANDOLPH, BETH	WILLIAMS, HELEN
CHEAIRS, DORA BELLE	GUTMAN, GERTRUDE	LINGENFELTER, LOIS	RAY, MAY ROSA	WILLIAMS, SARAH
CHENAUT, HELEN	HALL, FRANCES	LIPSKY, PAULINE	REBMAN, LORENA	WIMBERLEY, LUCY
CHRISTAL, ROSE	HANCOCK, MADELINE	LONG, ELEANOR	REGARD, CELESTE	WOOD, HELEN
CLOYD, MILDRED	HARRIS, FRANCES	LOVEJOY, CATHERINE	REGARD, EDNABROWN	WOODS, ELIZABETH
COLE, BERNICE	HARRY, EMMA	LOVIN, FRANCES	REICHERT, RUTH	WOOLEY, HELEN
COMPTON, MARY	HARVEY, DOROTHY	LUCAS, FRANCES	REILLY, MARYELMA	WOOTEN, CORINNE
CONLEY, ELIZABETH	HASSELL, PAULINE	LYND, ANNE	REYNOLDS, LOIS	WYATT, LOIS
COOKE, MARGERIE	HEETER, HAZEL	MACLAY, LORRAINE	RICHARDSON, CHRISTINE	WYCHE, KATIE
COOKE, MARTHA	HELBURN, MARY	MALLORY, MARGARET	ROCHELLE, GLENN	WYCHE, MINNIE
COWDEN, MOZELLE	HELLER, ALBERTA	MARQUIS, GLENN	ROGERS, ELIZABETH	ZICK, MARY MILDRED
CRAIG, MATTIE B.	HICKS, FRANCES	MARSHALL, LOUISE	ROGERS, LOTTIE MAE	

Panther Basketball Team



MARJORIE COOPER
ANNETTE JACOBSON
ANNETTE KILLOUGH

EVA ROWAN

Forward
Guard
Center

KATHRYN STRATTON
CHLOIE WALLING
DOROTHY WIGGINS

Guard

Side Center
Forward
Side Center

Regular Basketball Team



MARY PICKENS BENSON	Guard	KATHRYN LILLARD	Forward
BETTY CAPRON	Guard	PAULINE MINICH	Side Center
MATTIE B. CRAIG	Guard	MARGARET MORRISON	Center
LOIS HORNE	Side Center	MILDRED NORWOOD	Forward
EDNABROWN REGARO	Forward		

Swimming Meet



FRANCES DIXON, ELIZABETH CAPRON, JUNE FISHER, JOSEPHINE LAWNIN
Record Relay

SWIMMING EVENTS AND WINNERS

50-FOOT DASH	1 Capron 2 Baldwin 3 Wilder	100-FOOT DASH	1 Baldwin 2 Decker 3 Lawnin
PLAIN DIVES	1 Lawnin 2 Paden 3 Capron	FANCY DIVES	1 Paden 2 Lawnin 3 Capron
UNDERWATER SWIM	1 Atkins 2 Baldwin 3 Lawnin	LIFE SAVING	1 Lawnin 2 Fisher 3 Fennell
STROKES	1 Lawnin 2 Fisher 3 Paden	RELAY	1 Regulars 2 Panthers
PLUNGE FOR DISTANCE	1 Decker 2 Fisher 3 Paden	DISROBING IN WATER	1 Decker 2 Dixon 3 Paden



ALICE DECKER
Winner of Meet
Record Plunge for Distance
Record Disrobing in Water

REGULARS

BETTY CAPRON	59 1/2
FRANCES DIXON	37 1/2
IMOGENE DUNHAM	12
IRENE DUNHAM	10
JUNE FISHER	58 1/2
JOSEPHINE LAWNIN	86 1/2
ANNIE JAMES MORGAN	30
MARGARET MORRISON	12
KATHARINE WILDER	17

TOTAL

ENTRIES

PANTHERS		
EULA ATKINS	39	
MARION BALDWIN	53	
ALICE DECKER	96	
GERALDINE FENNEL	35	
KATHERINE GREENE	6	
MARY HIBNER	16	
ELOISE LUTZ	20	
ALICE MEAD	28	
ELIZABETH PADEN	82	
SUE RAGSDALE	20	
FRANCES SCONE	12	
CHLOIE WALLING	20	

TOTAL

RECORDS

50-foot Swim on Front	9 seconds	Dorothy Goepfer
50-foot Swim on Back	14 seconds	Dorothy Goepfer
100-foot Swim on Front	23 seconds	Dorothy Goepfer
100-foot Swim on Back	31 seconds	Dorothy Goepfer
Relay	55 seconds	Regulars
Underwater Swim	150 feet	Eunice Spicer
Plunge for Distance	50 feet	Alice Decker
Disrobing in Water	33 seconds	Alice Decker

Letters Awarded

W-B LETTERS

ALICE DECKER *Winner of Swimming Meet*
Record in Plunge for Distance
Disrobing in Water

FRANCES DIXON *Disrobing in Water*

PANTHER LETTERS

ALICE DECKER *Winner of Swimming Meet*
Record in Plunge for Distance
Disrobing in Water
 ELIZABETH PADEN *Record for Disrobing in Water*
 MARJORIE COOPER *Basketball*
 ANNETTE JACOBSON *Basketball*
 ANNETTE KILLOUGH *Basketball*
 EVA ROWAN *Basketball*
 KATHRYN STRATTON *Basketball*
 CHLOIE WALLING *Basketball*
 DOROTHY WIGGINS *Basketball*

REGULAR LETTERS

JOSEPHINE LAWNIN *Club Champion in Swimming*
 FRANCES DIXON *Record for Disrobing in Water*
 MARY P. BENSON *Basketball*
 BETTY CAPRON *Basketball*
 MATTIE B. CRAIG *Basketball*
 LOIS HOME *Basketball*
 KATHRYN LILLARD *Basketball*
 PAULINE MINICH *Basketball*
 MARGARET MORRISON *Basketball*
 MILDRED NORWOOD *Basketball*
 EONABROWN REGARD *Basketball*

Riding Club



CORINNE WOOTEN

Manager

BELL, LILLIAN
 BILLINGSLEY, BETTY
 BOCK, HELEN
 BRUNER, EDDIE LEE
 BURLINGAME, AMY LOUISE
 CAPRON, ELIZABETH
 CASH, RUTH
 CHRISTAL, ROSE
 COOKE, MARGERIE
 CULVER, GLADYS
 DAVIS, BARBARA
 DRIGGERS, JETTY

EATON, MARIE
 EDWARDS, GLADYS
 FRISBY, LUCILE
 GAINES, MARGARET
 HAMMOND, CATHRYN
 HIBNER, MARY
 HECKARD, PAULINE
 HINCHMAN, DORIS
 HINKLE, CHARLINE
 KELLY, ELIZABETH
 KELLY, MARY
 KERR, GENEVIEVE
 LOVEJOY, CATHERINE

McLEAN, ELTHEA
 MOLITOR, ANITA
 MOORE, OLGA
 NORWOOD, MILDRED
 ODEN, MATYEE
 RAGSDALE, SUE
 RAGSDALE, SARAH
 RAY, MAY ROSA
 ROYCE, MERCEDES
 SAWYER, ISABEL
 SCONCE, FRANCES
 SHELTON, MARJORIE
 SIDEBOTTOM, MARIE

SMITH, CATHERINE
 SNYDER, MARILYNNE
 TEMPLE, VERA
 TAYLOR, MARY
 TONKS, HAZEL
 TONKS, MILDRED
 URQUHART, DOROTHY
 WALKER, MARY
 WILLIAMS, MARION
 WILLIAMS, SARAH
 WILMUT, NELL
 WOOD, HELEN







"My sister"



Ladder to home



Miss - 120 - up - 2

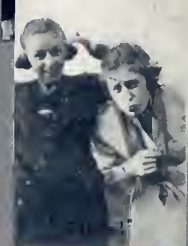
Straight + narrow Path



sewage found



How Distressing!



hangway!

Just Like A Book

O H. I'm going with Jimmy, of course!" I answered rather peevishly. I seemed to be going everywhere with Jimmy that summer, and while I liked him, I was getting bored. Besides, Dan's cute New York visitor had asked me, and, as usual, Jim had already "checked." I was still smarting under the disappointment and had made up my mind to show him rather an uncomfortable evening.

Velma began to tease. "Let's see, you've gone to two dances already this week with him. This makes three, and the hayride and—," she was counting them off on her fingers.

"Yes, and I was out riding with him all morning and all yesterday afternoon and the afternoon before that and I talk to him hours each day over the phone," I groaned as thoughts of the past weeks brought nothing but Jim. "Pretty soon I guess I'll be marrying him," I finished tragically.

Velma started, looked at me suspiciously for a moment and then, as if relieved when her scrutiny revealed nothing more than a pouting expression, she whispered, smiling, "And wouldn't you like to?"

"Heavens, no!" I thundered. "I wouldn't marry the King of England now. It's silly for girls to get married at sixteen and seventeen. A person can be married all her life and she can't always be a girl and go places and do things. I don't intend to get married until there's nothing else to do." I was on one of my favorite subjects and I fairly ranted.

Velma and I always disagreed on this one point and heated discussions invariably followed the opening of the subject. This time she only smiled.

"But you have no idea how much fun being married is," she murmured sweetly.

"Huh, you talk as if you knew. I just guess it's a lot of fun having to listen to one man talk about himself for years and years and years. It's bad enough, now, when you at least have a variety of heroes," I stormed, refusing to be convinced.

But Velma would not argue with me.

"Oh, you'll be glad enough to listen some day. Bet you can't guess who I'm going with," she challenged. She was so radiantly happy that she irritated me, determined as I was to be miserable.

"It's hardly fair asking me to guess anything as hard as that," I snapped sarcastically, "but I'll try. Could it be, could it possibly be—Dick?"

"Wrong," she chirped delightedly.

Her answer startled me into better spirits. "What on earth's the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"He said he hated cats right in front of Cleopatra and refused to beg her pardon when I commanded him to, so I'm punishing him by going with Louis."

"And I suppose he is staggering?"

"No, that's the funny part. He's jealous and revengeful and is taking Betty to spite me." She choked with mirth. Velma and Louis were old sweethearts, so were Dick and Betty, but Dick and Louis were sworn enemies while Velma and Betty were veritably David and Jonathan in their friendship. It was a funny situation and we were still laughing over its possibilities when Jimmy came by to take me home.

"Au revoir," I called as we drove away. "See you tonight, but would give an Alaskan gold mine if I didn't have to go." I added for Jim's benefit, but it was halfway true. Ah, if I had only known what the night was to bring forth I would have been like a race horse, panting with impatience till the moment of starting.

I took particular pains, that night, to wear a dress that Jim despised. I also fixed my hair in the way that he liked least and put lots of perfume on my handkerchief. Perfume irritated him as did being late, and I kept him waiting forty-five minutes while I sat upstairs and finished a story. It is small wonder, then, that we had little to say to each other on the way over. In fact, we did not say a word, after I had finished fussing at him for not bringing his car (the dance was only two blocks away) and he had further infuriated me by saying that if I wasn't so lazy and took more exercise I wouldn't be so fat. I'm not lazy, but I am fat and it's always a sore subject with me.

We were both glad enough to seek other company when we got there and it was not until the grand march began that we saw each other again. Jimmy was terribly excited. I could tell it by the way he purred up his lips and whistled softly, by the way he jammed his hands into his pockets, by the way he pounded his heel into the floor. I knew from past experience that if I only waited he would tell me. He never failed. So in outward calm

and indifference I walked along beside him, though all my antagonism vanished and my heart bumped at the promising signs. Finally he pressed my arm and whispered, "I've got something to tell you."

"Well?" I queried unconcernedly.

"Oh, not now. I couldn't tell you here," he whispered again.

"Why?"

"They mustn't hear," he glanced around him at the crowd. "There must not any one hear but you."

Just at that point some one handed him two programs and he began digging in his pockets for a pencil. "Look here, I'm taking the third, fourth, fifth and sixth. I can tell you then. And you'd better give me all the dances after intermission."

"But Jim—" I protested. I liked to dance with him better than anyone else, but that seemed to be overdoing matters. "What will people say if I dance the whole program with you?"

"Hang what people say! We can't be bothered about that tonight. Besides we won't be dancing. Look here, little girl, you've simply got to do this for me—and for others," he finished, both entreaty and command in his voice.

I succumbed. Throughout the first dance he maintained a mysterious silence and kept searching the crowd with his eyes for someone, I could not tell whom and knew it was useless to ask. So I danced on, literally burning up with excitement and curiosity, while Jim paid no more attention to me than if he had been dancing with a wooden Indian. I examined his program and found that my name was the only one there, which fact did nothing towards lessening my curiosity, for he had every dance checked for me, even the very few that I didn't have with him. He evidently intended not to dance at all. I had the second dance with the New York visitor and it was perfect torment to have to listen to his small talk when my mind was so full of other things. I wondered why I had ever been so thrilled at his attention and so interested in his chatter.

It was with a sigh of relief that I saw Jim hurry towards me. Without a word he took my hand and almost ran with me out of the house and pushed me into the back seat of some car. We sat there a moment in silence. My heart was thumping and my breath coming in little pants at the excitement of it all. Jim was sitting with his hands jammed into his pockets and whistling softly under his breath and pounding the floor of the car with his heel. When he gave the floor a terrific knock, almost jammed his hands through his pockets, shook his head and exploded "Dog-gone!" I turned toward him, for I knew it was coming.

"Dick and Velma are married," he said simply.

I crumpled up in a little heap and it took every atom of my strength to gasp, "Jim!"

"It's true, dog-gone, if it isn't."

"But how—when—where?" I quavered, unable to form a sentence.

"Night before last Dick came by in his little car with Henry and Floyd about ten o'clock and asked if Velma could drive by the nigger camp meeting with them. Mrs. Williams wouldn't let her go at first, but finally said she could go and stay half an hour. Dick had already been over to Sherman and gotten the license and they drove by Mr. Linn's and made him get up and go down to the store to give them a wedding ring, then they went over on the South Side and got some minister who didn't know them to marry them, for the license said they were both of age. Henry and Floyd acted as witnesses. Then they took Velma home, swore Henry and Floyd to secrecy and the plan was not to tell anybody," he explained.

"How did you find out?" I managed to ask.

"Well, you see, Velma already had a date with Louis for tonight and they thought it would look too suspicious for her to break it, so she came on and Dick brought Betty, whom they knew they could trust to keep still if she suspected anything. Well, you know Velma. She always tells everything she knows and she hadn't been here five minutes before she let it out to Louis, who came raving around to Bob and me about this being the first time he'd ever had a date with a *married lady*. Thank Heavens, he hadn't told any girls! I went straight to Dick, while Bob kept Louis amused, then we all got him out in the back yard and locked him up in the garage, because we knew he'd tell everybody there just to spite Dick, and—" he had been talking fast and paused for breath.

"And what are they going to do?" I asked eagerly, impatient for the rest of this marvelous tale.

"They're going to run away tonight—catch the Limited in Durant at ten forty-five and go up to Kansas City to an uncle of Dick's there who's been offering him a job. They wanted me to drive them over to Durant, but I couldn't because I had you here, so Bob's going—"

"Oh, let me go with you," I interrupted, thrilled by the thought of having a part in it all.

"You couldn't, they're going in Dick's little racer and—"

"But I would sit on the tool box," I wailed, willing for anything but to be left out.

"I *couldn't* take you. I don't know what time we'd get back and they'd be worried to death about you at home," he reasoned sorrowfully at disappointing me. "But listen to this, Bob's gone now to take them to Velma's and Betty went along to pack a few things for Velma to take with her while she changes her clothes. Velma's mother and father are at the picture show. He's going to leave them there, come back and get me and take

me down to cash a check for them to get away on. As usual, Dick hasn't got a cent, but I think I've got enough for the honeymoon," he grinned at the last word. Then, "You can go with us if you want to," he offered consolingly.

Of course I did and about that time Bob drove up and we went skimming away to play our little part in the weaving of this web of romance. We stopped at the hotel where Jim cashed a check for every cent he had in the bank. It was the money for his vacation trip, but I don't think either one of us thought of it at the time. Then we went by to deliver our congratulations—and necessary funds to the bride and groom. Everything was excitement. Velma was laughing one minute, crying the next and hugging Dick and Betty in between times, but at last we got them all stowed away in the little Stutz and firmly impressed it on the excited chauffeur that he was to drive Betty home and that other irresponsible pair to Durant and *buy their tickets*. Such was their state that they might have gone to Kalamazoo.

"Stop by on your way home and tell m-m-mother where we've gone," sobbed the bride. And almost in the same breath she giggled, "And let poor Louis out before you leave."

"Oh, you needn't bother about that," called back the generous husband as the car slid away into the night.

Jim and I had to walk back, welcoming the chance to discuss the affair in its minutest details. We both thought it was rather foolish, but agreed that it was the most thrilling event that our little city had witnessed since the days of its respectability.

"It just doesn't seem *real*," I kept repeating.

"Dog-gone, if it does." He would whistle under his breath, jam his hands into his pockets, and pound the walk with his heel. "Always thought things like that just happened in paper back novels."

When we got back to the dance we found the injured Louis enthroned on the library table, holding his audience spell-bound with his conception of the romantic adventure. It seemed the hired man had let him out, but we only smiled patronizingly on their excitement and held our peace. We thought that at only that moment the runaways were boarding the north bound train. We hadn't reckoned with that important factor—Fate.

As bidden, we stopped by the Williams' on our way home to break the news. Mrs. Williams fainted and Velma's dad called Dick several names which it wouldn't even be decent to put in

story. Jimmy and I, terrified for fear he would suspect our part in the affair, scampered away home, beyond the reach of his wrath.

That night we dreamed of a little flat in Kansas City, only to wake the next morning and find the happy pair once more planted in the bosom of their respective families. It was a tragic story, told by a sorrowful bride and a dejected groom of how the Limited had jumped the track three miles out of Durant, how they had been pursued and held by the arms of the law until angry parents could come to claim their offending offspring.

"And now they're going to annul our marriage," Velma would wail and weep on Dick's shoulder.

The second day brought a dim ray of hope to the unlucky pair. "They aren't going to annul it after all," Dick would explain.

"No," Velma would interrupt. "We threatened to commit suicide if they separated us, so they compromised. Dick's going to work for his Dad and make lots of money and I'm going away to school and take Domestic Art and Domestic Science and learn to be a good wife for Dick," she would ramble on. "Then I'll be seventeen and Dick'll be nineteen," she would flaunt out proudly. And then, "I don't see how we can stand a year of it, but yet it's better than being divorced," she would finish, with a grimace at the understanding Dick.

But the third day brought the wonder of wonders. When we drove by for the daily report, bride and groom came tumbling out of the house, hand in hand like two excited infants, which in reality was only the truth of the matter.

"Oh, just guess what's happened!—just guess what's happened!" the bride would chirp, hopping up and down on one foot like an ecstatic sparrow and the groom would pick her up and whirl her around until you could see nothing but a whirligig of pink gingham. Finally in a state of complete exhaustion they sank down on the curbstone and condescended to pant out the reason for their joyful antics.

"The kiddie's not going away to school," Dick grinned his explanation, "old folks just decided to—"

"Oh, no, and Dickey and I are going to have a little flat all to ourselves with just one guest room and a bed in it so hard that no one will stay more than one night, aren't we?" she appealed to him.

Dick didn't *speak* his answer.

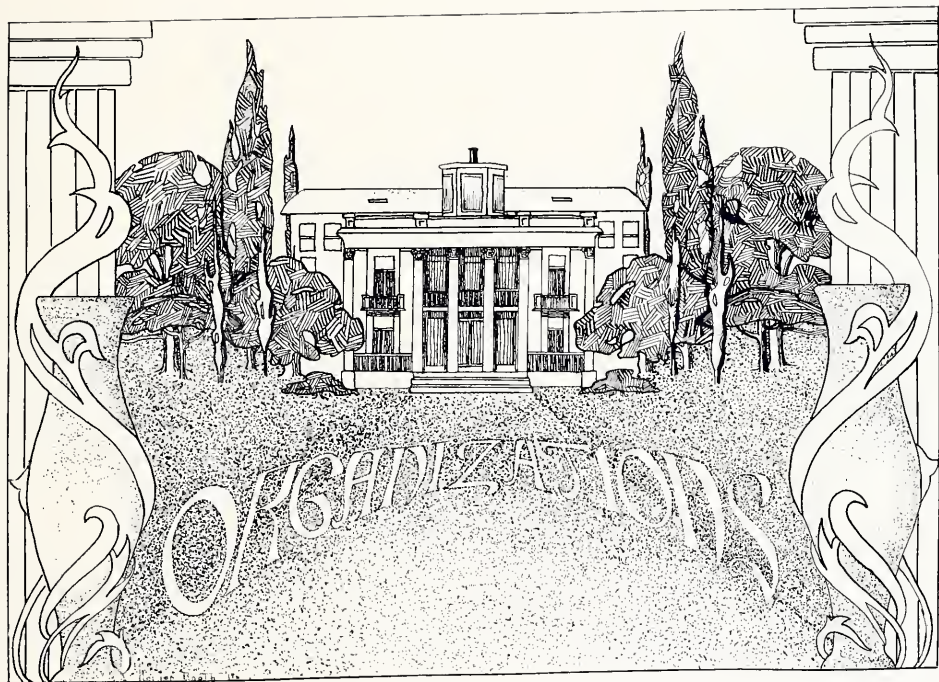
—Margaret Tone

Revenge Is Sweet!

After sunset in the Springtime,
When the winds are gently blowing,
And the crickets chirp their loudest,
Oft we stroll upon our campus.
Arm in arm we tread the driveway.
Speaking low, in hushed accents.
For the spirit of the darkness
And the magic of the springtime
Weave a spell of silence o'er us
That we break not with our voices.
Suddenly we halt our footsteps,
Cautiously scent hidden danger.
What is that the wind wafts towards us?
Surely not the tulip's fragrance,
Or the perfume of the hyacinths
In the crescent new-moon beds!
Then a vague remembrance stirs us,
That we have in midnight's slumber
Waked, this odious odor dreading.
Then the truth at last falls on us—
Now we know there is no danger.
On we walk and talk together,
Tell of rosy dreams of greatness,
Or of secrets dear to school girls.
In the midst of awed recitals
Of our hopes and great desires,
Comes like thunder from the mountains,
Drawing nearer, becoming stronger,

A man's huge voice in muffled accents.
In his mouth there glows the despoiler
Of the unpolluted air.
On his lips there bristle whiskers,
Standing each upright with anger.
To the crowd of Spring's young followers
Worshiping the God of Nature,
Speaks he thus in blaming voice:
"Understand I, in the Springtime
Ladies must not walk at night.
Report at once in Miss Mills' office,
Let not this occur again."
So as bidden, we turn our footsteps
To the office of school justice.
But there dwells in all our spirits
Vengeful thoughts toward Mr. Hoover,
Toward the one who broke our crystal.
If we could but exchange places,
Then could we unto him say:
"Hoover, take that vile old cob pipe,
Again you ne'er shall it enjoy.
See! we put it on the trash heap,
Now you watch it burn to ashes."
Might he from this lesson profit,
Not to bother in the Springtime
Girls, who, for the love of living,
Wander in the campus twilight.

—M. S.





a night for Mrs. Hoover



Warren for the Bone Star Club!



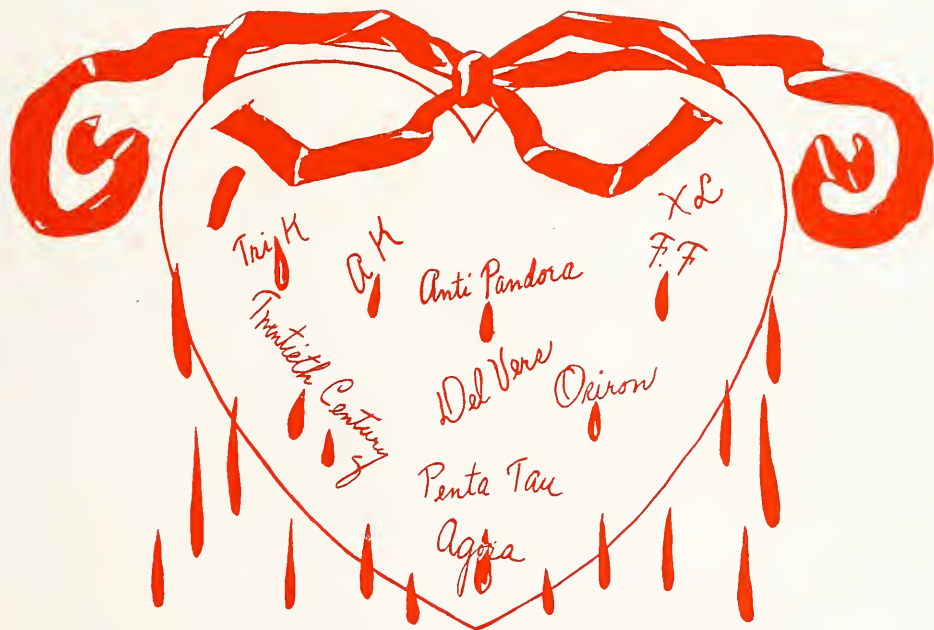
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it could not was!





Tri K

Q. K.

Anti Pandora

X. L.
F. F.

Twentieth Century

Del Vero

Oxiron

Penta Tau

Agia

MISS MILLS' HEART.



Home Sweet Home.



On Deed!



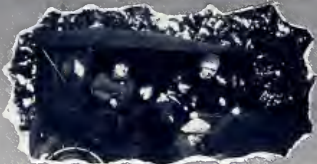
Amieco, we love Joe



"This is the life."



Maria - Mary - good!



It is a last year's club girl,
And she stoppeth one of three—
"By thy bobbed hair and Hofflin blouse,
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

"My club room doors are opened wide
And I am leading rush,
We want you pledged, now come with me;
On you I have a crush."

She holds her with her "cutexed" hand,
"You are too late," quoth she;
I'm pledged another, off, begone!"
Eftsoons her hand dropped she.

—H. E. B.



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A Klub

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Luennies

Working this way!

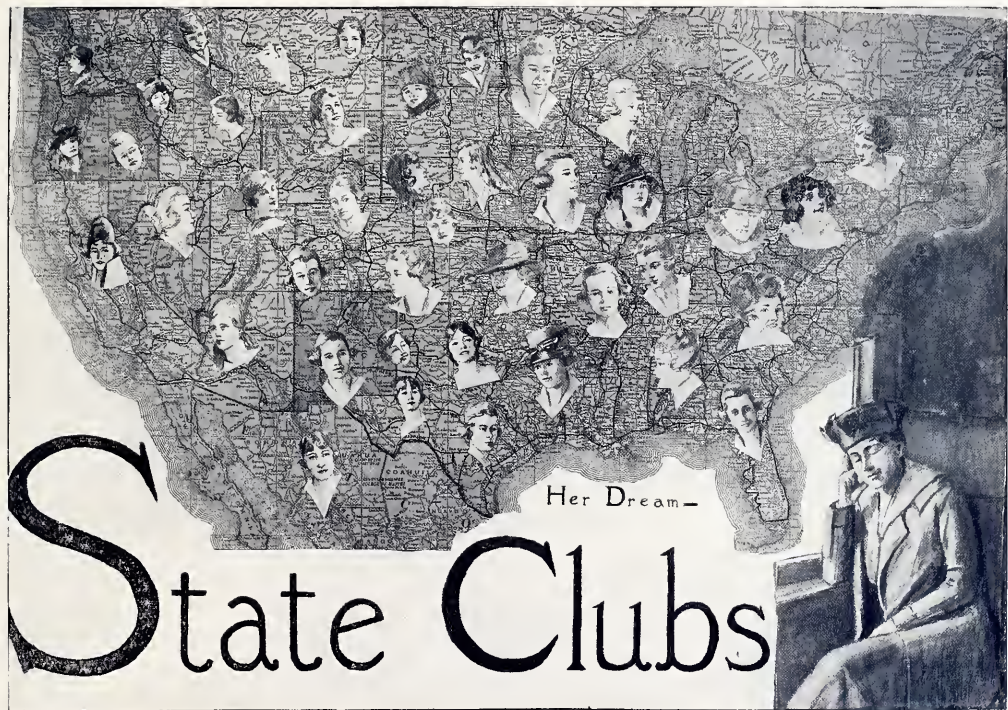


CRUSH



Today's the day to go to the beach





S Her Dream- tate Clubs

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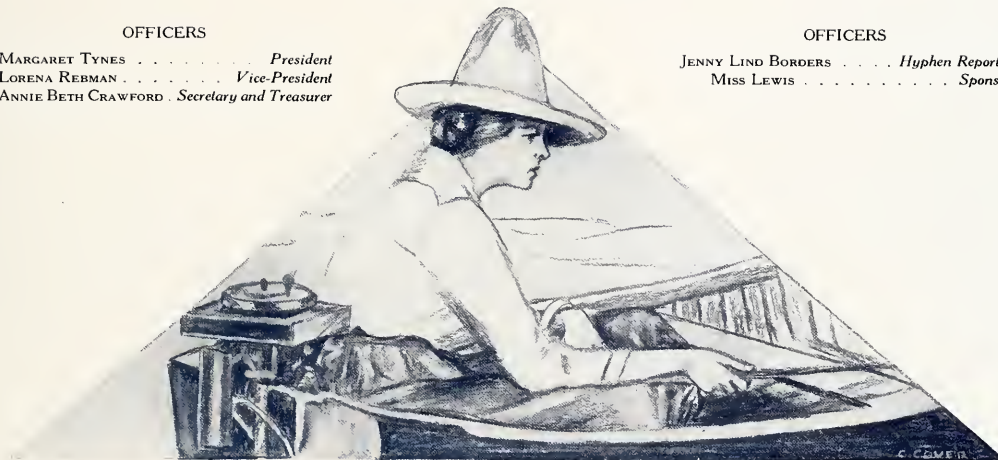
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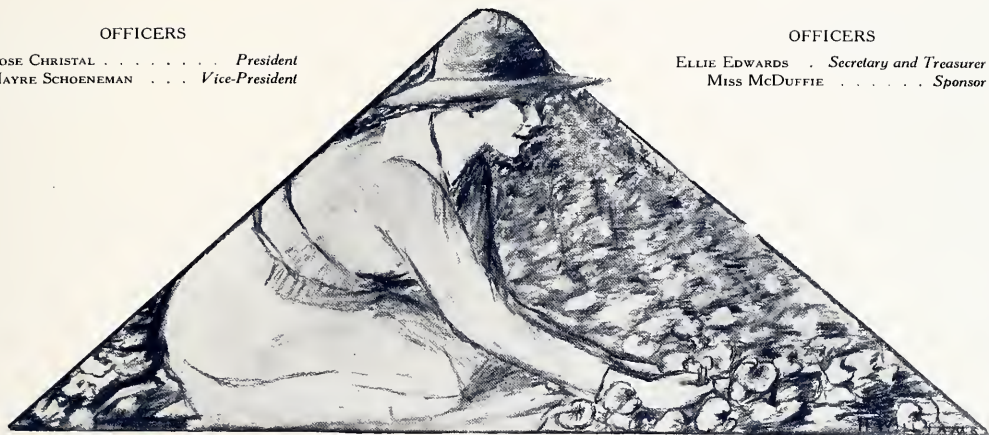
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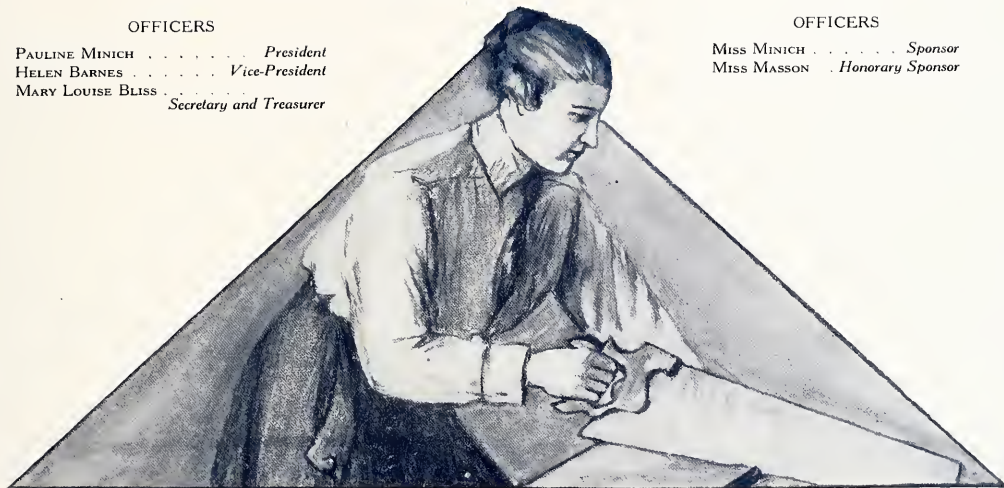
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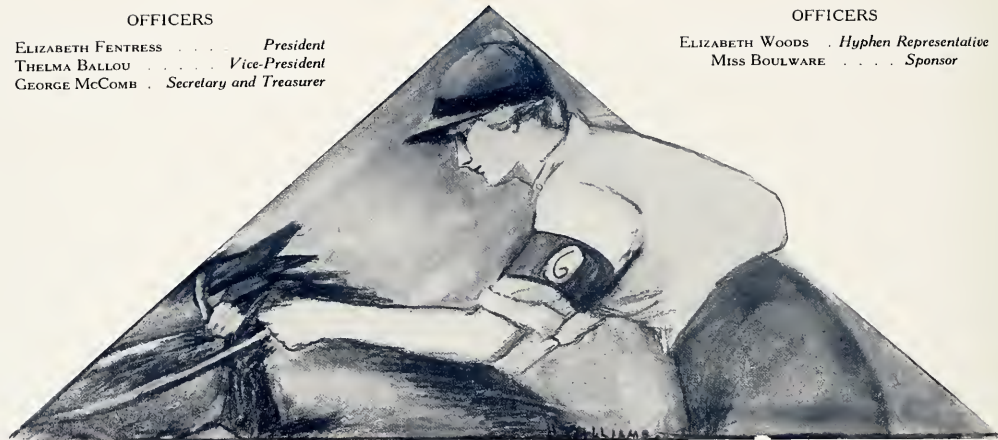
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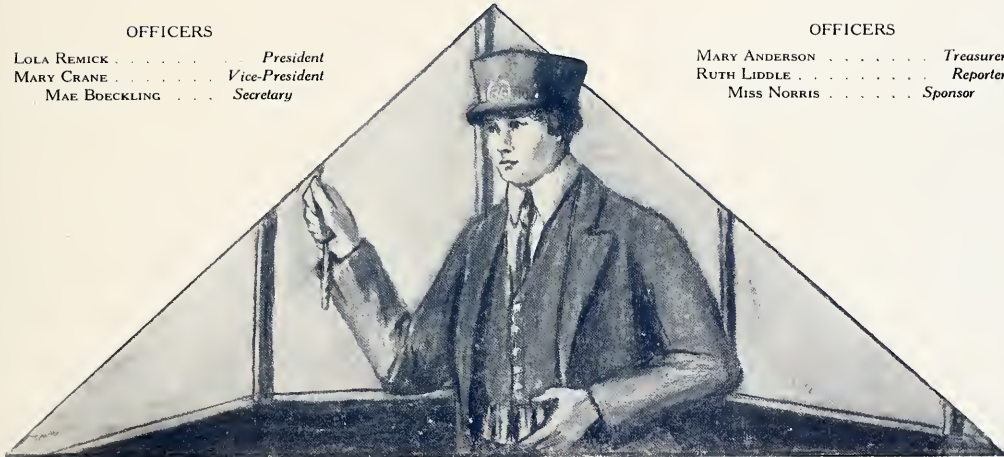
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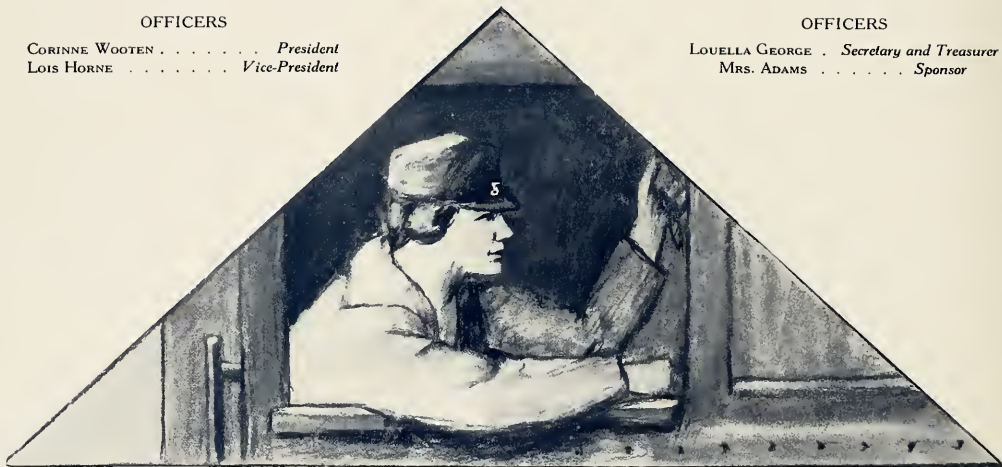
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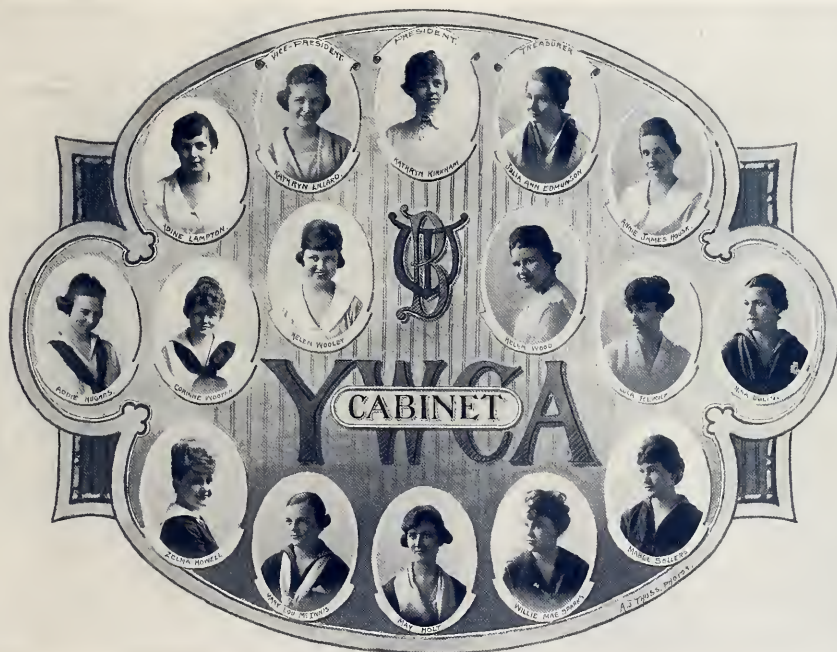
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Dis Am a Slow Town

THE girl rather wearily straightened her hat, tucked in a stray lock, and drew on a pair of pearl-grey gloves. She ventured a glance at her companion. That lady was sitting painfully upright, hands primly folded, and her sharp, yellowish eyes crinkled at the corners just enough to accentuate the hard expression of the mouth. Neither had spoken for the past hour. Somehow Peggy had failed to make the desired impression. As they drew nearer the little town which was henceforth to be her home, her curiosity became too strong to go unsatisfied.

"Aunt Priscilla, Dad said Franklin was a wonderful place. Many men?"

"Amelia," the old lady stiffened, "I should think your maidenly modesty would prohibit your asking such a question. Your father must have been lax in your rearing." Peggy was brave, but when she was addressed as "Amelia" in such icy tones she realized that a pleasant conversation was out of the question.

Five minutes later the train pulled up to the little station. The girl was bundled into a rickety old surrey beside the driver and driven slowly thru the broad, shady streets.

"You might urge Miss Snail forward a little," she advised the driver. "I want to see the business section." The aged driver grinned. He was interested in the girl beside him, for had he not known her father, known him well in the days when he had been "Young Marse William?" Well he remembered the elopement. Miss Nancy Hunter had been a mighty sprightly gal, but somehow Colonel McLane had not seen it that way. People said that he had stormed something awful and ordered his son out of his house. After that Marse William and Miss Nancy had gone away somewhere and never returned. What had happened to them. Oh, yes, he remembered. Just last year Miss Nancy had died and now here was her daughter, come to live with her grandparents, while her father went "over there" to whip the Kaiser. The girl's voice broke in on the old fellow's musings.

"I say, uncle, can't you persuade this animal to get a move on him?"

"No, mam, Miss. t'ain't possible. Her glad legs done give out. Sides, speed limit an eight miles on streets out of town and five miles down Main Street. Dis am a slow town, chile, a powerful slow town." Later the old darkie's word came back to her with a double meaning.

On Main Street, Peggy saw what she had been looking for, a good-looking man.

"Oh-h-h! Who is the tall male with the woman-hater air?"

Is he mortgaged, auntie? He is strictly my boy!" She looked at auntie and was silent the rest of the way.

By the following Sunday, Peggy McLane was the name on everyone's lips—especially was this true of the opposite sex. On this particular Sunday afternoon all the youths of the county were assembled, according to a long established custom at the tiny cigar store on the square known as "Bud's Place." These gatherings were identical with the Ladies' Aid Society in one respect, their sole purpose, being gossip. There was Rolfs Pinkerton, known as "Pink," the leader of the "Silent Six," a body of would-be society leaders, sworn to blackball anyone who did not come up to their standard of behavior. Then there was "Sticker" King, the most prominent of that body, contemptuously called "The Cradle" by the older boys. Just now he was lecturing on that subject of universal discussion, namely, Miss Peggy McLane.

"I tell you, fellows, that fair damsel may have a seat in my sedan just any old time." "Sticker" expanded with pride. Few boys have sedans of their own.

"She told me that she was tired of rocking the cradle. Reckon who she meant?" "Pink" smiled at his younger rival and raised his eyebrows.

"I don't believe it," the tortured one snapped, but into his eyes there stole a haunted expression. Love at sixteen is such a serious matter.

"Boys, did you know that she was going to perform some sort of a stunt between acts tomorrow night at the Red Cross show?" "By George! that is news!" all chorused.

"Here she comes now. Isn't that car a corker?" Yes, the object of their adoration was really coming towards them.

All pairs of eyes were turned in her direction—all, with one exception. These belonged to an ancient brother of the church whose chief business in life was being a Christian. Peg saw him as he started across the street and sounded her horn. He did not hear her. In the very nick of time the racer halted. The man turned and did not seem as pleased at the prospect of a quick entrance to Heaven as might have been expected.

"You dare to run over me! You! You! You—I!" The old fellow muttered and stuttered.

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Swinney! Don't say it! You know Peter will reach down here and knock you in the head with his keys." With these words the car shot forward, leaving the enraged Mr. Swinney enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"Some girl, that. What nerve!" All the boys stared at the speaker.

"Do you mean to tell me that you said something complimentary about a girl?" asked one of them.

"I did. I would like to meet her." Have you recognized him? He was the tall young man Peggy had seen on the street corner and had called "strictly my boy."

The next evening a packed and curious house waited impatiently for the appearance of William McLane's daughter.

From behind the curtain a violin sounded. Plaintive, pleading, sobbing, the tones rang thru the silent house. Many recognized the touch of the father in that of the daughter. And the daughter, of what was she thinking? At the first touch of her bow she had lost all consciousness of the people on the other side of the curtain. Tonight, on an impulse she had chosen to play on her father's instrument and so it was of him that she was thinking. Her mind passed over the battlefield, her bow catching not the noise and roar of the battle, but the wailings of the human souls on that battle front. She played on and on—then as the curtains parted she stopped abruptly.

The audience slowly came back to the present with a sigh, almost of relief. Few had heard such music from the bow of a girl of eighteen. Each note had struck a chord in some heart.

She put her violin aside and gave them snatches of popular songs, all the while becoming more warmed up to her subject.

"In San Domingo," she sang, "we met by chance. Didn't understand her lingo, but I understood her dance."

Then the unexpected happened. She started to dance. Catching the spirit of the song, she went thru all the twistings and snake-like movements of the Hula. The faces of the audience were a study. Never had the prim little town seen anything to equal it. Some of those on the bald-head row confessed that it was better than anything they had seen at the "Princess." Others, as they expressed it afterwards, were "too modest to discuss it." Several of this class left the room. Peggy felt hurt, but never once dreamed that these dear souls had felt any other than indifferent.

Peggy was making her toilet the next afternoon when she heard the front door slam and the voice of Aunt Priscilla calling.

"Amelia! Come down at once. I wish to speak with you."

The tone was even more hateful than usual, and Peggy felt no disposition to stir.

"Amelia! did you hear me?"

"Je comprends," came the teasing answer.

"Come down this instant."

"Nihil faciendum."

"What did you say?"

"Why, Auntie! your Latin is deplorable. I said nothing doing. My obedient spirit does not so move me."

Miss Priscilla's lack of dignity was rather pronounced as she bounded up the stairs.

"I will teach you—," she began, then finding the door locked she hissed thru tight lips:

"Open this door this instant!"

"Can't you please wait until I get thru shaving?"

"What—?"

"I said have a seat in the hall until I finish my shave."

"Shave! If you don't open this door this instant—! Shave what? You—!!"

The door opened and the vixen almost fell inside.

"Oh! just my eyebrows, Auntie. They had almost lost that 'come hither' expression. Theda has it, you know."

I shall not attempt an analysis of the older woman's emotions. She sat down limply and motioned Peg to a chair. That young lady walked slowly in the opposite direction and perched herself in the middle of the bed.

"Well?" and her brows arched.

"I have just arrived from town. Everyone is discussing you and your most shameful—"

"Oh, did they really tell you how beautiful they thought I was, or was it my dress?" Even the feather in Miss Priscilla's bonnet was trembling as she arose and shaking her finger in her niece's face, she raged.

"You! They are talking about you, and in no complimentary terms, either. You have disgraced us and your poor, misguided father. We might have expected it with such a mother. Just think of it! The Superintendent of the High School has resigned and joined the Y. M. C. A. workers because of your disgraceful performance of last night in the school auditorium. Think of it! You come here and drive good, God-fearing men to give up their positions, and, moreover, I heard Mrs. Sidway telling Mrs. Brown that she was going to entertain Sophia Mai tomorrow evening. She said that of course she could not afford to invite that 'immodest chorus girl' to her home. She was not the girl to chum with her daughter. Mrs. Brown agreed and said she would see that 'my poor, dear John does not get within her reach, for what would she do to him?' Now, see what you have brought on yourself!"

Peg was dumfounded. For some minutes after she was left alone she sat motionless on the bed. Her aunt had undoubtedly spoken the truth, but what did it mean? Surely there was nothing sinful in dancing, or her father would not have encouraged her in taking lessons all these years. She turned it over and over in her mind, but it was beyond her understanding. You who live in a small town know how to sympathize with her. Gossip turned on the starter and put her foot to the throttle. The old darkie's words had a new meaning now. She believed that "dis am a slow town" with all her heart.

"I will not go to that house party!" Peggy emphasized her words by striking everything in view with her riding crop. "I won't. I will not! I loathe that Elizabeth House. She just asked me out there so that she could insult me." Her grandmother had said that she could stay at home, but Aunt Priscilla raged and fumed until Peggy decided it was better to go. One

thing which made the prospect particularly unbearable was the fact that she was going, too. Peg could not understand why anyone would ask Aunt Priscilla to chaperon.

Elizabeth House's big home was a blaze of light. Tonight a large party from town had joined the house-party guests. Just now the musicians were resting and Peggy found herself the center of a large group of boys. Mr. John Brown had been watching her from a distance all evening, and now, gathering courage, he determined to take the bold step. Mrs. Brown saw her wayward son start toward the dreaded Charybdis. Laying her hand on his arm she whispered in tones distinctly audible thru the entire room:

"My dear! Do leave that impossible creature alone!" Then she moved heavily up the stairs.

Peggy pretended to laugh at some trivial remark while the brown eyes narrowed slightly.

"The cat! Don't pay any attention to her," comforted "Sticker," whose devotion was of that undying sort, and therefore rare.

"I wouldn't cry about it, Cradle," whispered "Pink" in "Sticker's" ear. This did not escape Peg, either. How she longed to box his ears! Lately he and his "Silent Six" had deemed it their duty to slight her in every possible way.

When the music started again she slipped away from the crowd and stole up the stairs. For the first time tears gathered in her eyes. She longed to be away from it all—anywhere—anything was preferable to this.

Slowly a malicious gleam dried the tears in her eyes. Was not there a light in Aunt Priscilla's room and one in the room opposite? Picking up a pillow she began to speak in low, masculine tones.

"Precious, you were wonderful tonight."

"Oh, Jack," she whispered in her natural voice, as she took her seat in a chair directly in front of her aunt's door.

"Come on, Peg, sit on my knee," the masculine voice continued.

"Oh! Please! P-I-e-a-s-e, don't squeeze me so tight."

"Aren't you afraid your aunt will hear you?"

"No, indeed! She uses some kind of an ear trumpet. I have seen it and her false teeth, too."

"What about Mrs. Brown, across the way?"

"That old cat with the gift of gab can't even—"

Both doors flew open simultaneously.

"Amelia!" Miss Priscilla peered up and down the hall, "where is that young man?"

"W-h-a-t?" in sugary tones of meek surprise.

"You know what I mean," and she shook the convulsed Peggy.

"Auntie," and she pretended to cry, "don't all nice well-bred girls play dolls with sofa cushions?"

"How dare you treat your Aunt so? You stay in your room tonight."

"If she were my niece, I should have a special asylum made for her," put in Mrs. Brown, her fat little face fairly swollen with anger.

An hour later Miss Peggy could be seen climbing down the vines which covered the walk. She reached the ground and walked softly towards the music room. Two figures were seated in the window. She heard her name. Would they never stop talking about her? She listened. Everyone said hateful things about her, why should she not eavesdrop?

"It is a shame the way they have treated her," Peggy recognized her tall young man and her hostess.

"Yes, that is true," assented Elizabeth.

"I have never seen such spirit as she showed when she first came," the young man spoke earnestly and continued, "Jove! How she can make that violin talk! She's different, that's all."

"She just doesn't understand a small town," his companion answered. "If she had lived here as long as I have she would pay no attention to them. But she is so sensitive, you know."

"Ye gods and little fishes," broke in a cheery voice, "how much longer are you two going to sit out?"

"We were just starting," Elizabeth assured the new comer, and the trio disappeared in the direction of the dining room.

Peg sat down on a wicker bench and gazed thru the window at the dancers in the room beyond. She was thinking hard. Omitting Aunt Priscilla and her crowd, did everyone think like Elizabeth and the tall young man? Poor Aunt Priscilla! She saw her in a new light now. Somehow she almost felt sorry for her, her world was such a narrow, prim little place. The Orchestra inside played on and on and still the girl sat there, a little smile playing around her lips. Presently she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Brown's fat little face. She thought of the scene upstairs and laughed out-right.

"How ridiculous they are," she said aloud.

"Who goes there?" came a voice from the porch.

"A friend."

"Why, Peg, that you? I thought you were upstairs."

Elizabeth's father came to meet her.

"What do you mean by hiding out in the moonlight?" and when Peg did not answer, he added, "Dreaming?"

"Perhaps," she nodded.

"Well, too much of it isn't healthful. Come in and let me show you how an old fellow can dance. When I was a boy there wasn't a fellow in the county who could come up to me." So the real Peggy rejoined the dancers. And later when the tall young man re-entered the room Peg must have smiled at him, but, anyway, he came across the room with a "I believe this is my dance."

—Lulie V. Webb.



COMMUNING WITH NATURE!



Bella the Bear came home



Beth



Use Bandoline - and Everything!









War Work At Ward-Belmont In 1917-18

It would be strange if the fighting in France and the raising of a great army in America made no difference in our school life. Many of the girls had spent part of their vacation making surgical dressings or helping in Red Cross membership drives and they were ready to respond to every appeal for service. Not all reports of work done are yet in, but we "point with pride" to some of the results whose total we have helped to swell.

First of all, the Students' Friendship Fund for Y. M. and Y. W. War Work amounted to \$3,397.00. The appeal was made by Dr. Jacob, who talked to us so impressively of his experiences in German prison camps that we felt like giving all we had to send food packets and Y. M. C. A. workers to the imprisoned. Miss Hege, our Y. W. Secretary, was given leave of absence for eight weeks to help in the campaign for the fund in Tennessee.

But we had our Red Cross membership to complete and classes to organize. We have had the right to fly the white flag which signifies that every student and every member of the faculty is enrolled in Red Cross. That will mean nearly eight hundred members.

The Red Cross classes in Hygiene and in First Aid have been led by surgeons from the city and a nurse from the City Health Department. Fifty-six students have taken both courses and had the work counted in credits for graduation. Even if the half-point credit had not been allowed for the two courses they would have been worth while, as those who received their certificates can testify.

Six of the clubs gave benefits or offerings from the club treasury to contribute to Red Cross funds and \$500.00 was raised in this way. Faculty and some individual gifts are not included in this amount.

Just before Christmas everybody began knitting. A few absent-minded girls ventured to class-rooms with knitting needles, but no note-book. The lack of encouragement in this course may have caused its sudden abandonment. Even without the time lost to knitting by this insistence on the ordinary duties of class-room, four hundred sweaters were sent. The supply of blue and of khaki wool ran short, for to the sweaters were added eighty-five scarfs, sixty-two wristlets, thirty helmets, and twenty-one pairs of socks. One club made also three covers for ambulances.

Christmas boxes were packed and sent before we left for our holidays. We did not hear from all the eighty-two we sent, but we are hoping none of them landed anywhere except in the camps for which we intended them.

After Christmas surgical dressings work began under the direction of Mrs. Blanton. On Monday mornings and Thursday afternoons the basement of Heron Hall has been a busy place. Already seven hundred bandages have been made, two hundred shot bags, several thousand gauze dressings, and as many applicators. One night a week members of the faculty work in the same way.

No appeal to the school as a whole has been made for the Fatherless Children of France, but five of the clubs were visited by Mrs. Dempsey Weaver and Miss Catherine Pilcher, who presented the cause so effectively that the support of thirty-three orphans was undertaken. A few of the girls had already pledged themselves to share in this work through societies in their home towns.

Dr. Clarence Ussher, Medical Missionary from Armenia, held one of the stay-at-home Sunday services in March. He gave us a most moving picture of the tragedy of Armenia and the pitiable condition of the thousands of refugees now absolutely dependent upon foreign aid. No collection has been made at the time this is written, but one club has sent in \$100.00, another \$5.00, and one individual has pledged \$120.00.

The Red Cross appeal for clothing for destitute refugees from the invaded districts was met by a room-to-room canvas. Only articles in good condition were received and each dormitory had a substantial box of shoes and usable garments ready for the city collector.

Books for the American Library Association camp libraries came next. It was a novel idea to think of discarded French grammars and well-worn European histories as much-desired text-books. Rooms were cleared of these and of current fiction so that when the Y. W. C. A. counted the volumes the school had given nearly five hundred.

"Eyes for the Navy," field glasses and binoculars, were asked for in February when Ensign Walker, who had thought of the plan, spoke in the Chapel. Almost everybody promised to write home and see if there were not glasses to be loaned for the duration of the war. The result was a considerable number sent to Ward-Belmont and then forwarded to Washington. Perhaps it will be one of these that will serve to guard our transports. All of them will surely be used and the record of service of each one will be greatly prized.

The campaigns for Liberty Bonds and War Savings Certificates were enthusiastically received. In Liberty Bonds the members of six reporting clubs have taken \$25,500.00, and in War Savings and Thrift Stamps, \$1,736.50. These amounts are approximate because in some instances the girls do not know the denomination of a bond held for them in home banks, but everybody has been patriotic and some Christmas and birthday funds have gone to pay for the "Buy a Bond" movement.

Just as Milestones goes to press the Thrift Stamp Carnival has gone into history—Preps Patriotic Pastime, the posters called it. After all the fun was over and the grease paint washed off, Miss Paine had to call for an adding machine. Twenty-six hundred Thrift Stamps sold for Uncle Sam! That makes a large part of the six thousand which the Book Room has sold.

And last of all the effort to inform ourselves as to the causes of the war and its present significance is part of our war work. To help in this cause a number of distinguished speakers have appeared before the girls. General Sir Thomas Lawrence and his son, Capt. Lawrence, from the famous Coldstream Guards gave us the English point of view; Captain Loriot and Lieutenant Vernet were good examples of the officers that have made the French our admiration; Major Ian Hay Beith heartened us in the week of the great German drive on Amiens by his optimistic "Carrying On;" Lieutenant Shannon Cormack, of the Canadians, made an unforgettable speech that fired all of us to make the world safe for democracy; and Miss Helen Fraser from the War Council in England, informed us about what English women are doing for the Government.

BALLAD OF A BOTANIST

No doubt you've heard the story
Of lambs upon the green.
No doubt in fall and winter,
Fully twenty girls you've seen:
No doubt to self and others,
Have queried why the fuss—
The little lambs upon the green
Have not a thing on us.

Tho' oft in rainy weather,
And sometimes ice and snow,
We tramp the country far and wide,
The ways of plants to know,
Into the highest trees we climb,
Into the water wade,
The leaves, the scars, the scales to find,
To see how each is made.

And after hours of toiling,
Into the "lab" we go,
A hurrying, scurrying, weary crowd,
The inner plant to know.
Before the table seated,
With razor, point and glass,
Miss Lewis there has meted
An outline for the class.

Into the wee small hours,
In tiny "cubby" crept,
At length with outline finished,
We find we haven't slept.
With morning light comes Botany,
The never-ending grind,
Promptly, to Miss Lewis,
We give the darn outline.

When five long weeks of this kind,
The end of quarter's here,
Remembering well the darn outline,
For Botany we have no fear.
Miss Lewis then into the class,
Our quarterly grade to see,
And after minutes of suspense,
She calmly yells out "E!"

—S. G. W.



A crowd we were, a sight to see
On my first night at W.B;
Worn out and tired from our long trip,
Was every girl with her heavy grip.
"But I should worry over this,"
Thought I, "Not one thing must I miss."
At first we had our dinner, then
We all were sent to "Academ,"
Where classified we had to get.
Slowly, slowly, step by step,
At first it all seemed simply grand;
I didn't mind to have to stand
And wait my turn in this long line,
To get another paper signed.
But finally my nerves gave 'way
And something in me seemed to say,
"If this keeps up you'll go to bed,
Not just to sleep, but to ease your head."
At last I reached a window where,
I learned 'twas over; my room from there.
I turned around perchance to see,
Some girl who might be kind to me,
And tell me where to find my room
And if my room-mate yet had come.
But horrors! there I stood alone;
The others had already gone;
I walked out on the campus bright,
A stranger now, half dead with fright;
Which way to turn, which way to go
To find my room I did not know.
Just then a voice came to my ears,
Barely in time to check my tears.
An "old girl," very kind and good,
Before me in the pathway stood;
I asked her which walk I should take
To find my hall without mistake;
She gladly took me all the way,
"Your card let's see," then she did say:
"Oh, dear, a conflict here I've found,
Now that's hard luck," and then she frowned.
"Poor girl, I'm sorry, but it's so;
It's necessary that you go
Again tomorrow morning, soon,
To that same classification room."

—W. L. C.

1493—Every Student—1918

This being a warning to any unsuspecting, unsophisticated and unknowing damsel who enters the portals of Ward-Belmont.

Here beginneth a dissertation on how the Good Spirit of Conscience watcheth over Every Student, and how she summoneth each and every one to obey her voice, and is in manner of a Moral Play.

Ye Dramatis Personae—In order ye appearance:

PROLOGUE—Ye cocktail appetizer.

YE SPIRIT OF CONSCIENCE—Who doggeth the heels of Every Student.

YE CARE-FREE STUDENTS—Who form ye spice of life to ye school.

BLACK THOUGHTS—Likened unto ye fly in ye ointment.

YE POWERS THAT BE—Ye high caliph et executioner of ye Student Council.

GIMLET GRIM—Ye Sergeant-at-Arms of the Student Council.

HORROR } Ye torturing, terrifying cross-examiners of ye Student Council.
TERROR }

JUSTICE—That which comes to him who waits—if he wait long enough.

EPILOGUE—Ye cousin to ye Prologue—ye after-dinner coffee.

Note to ye Public—There is no royalty on ye play and may be played by him who takes not to heart and brain, ye food for that which is furnished here. Ye unities are not kept. Ye time is nine weeks, more generally thought of as from September 22 until November 30. Ye place is Ward-Belmont.

SCENE I. *Campus. Enter Prologue.*

"I prithee gentle listeners, lend me ear
My short dissertation you may hear,
I'll tell ye of one sheltered little miss
Who came here thinking 'Ignorance is bliss.'
I'll tell ye of her trials and tribulations,
Of social teas and dancing syncopeations,
Of studious moments—very rare,
Her pleasantries she could not spare,
Until at last her grades came in,
And oh! the awful fear within.
She wept and wailed, but all in vain

Went to "Ye Infirm" with a pain
And Mrs. Lester's aspirin
Tried hard, for long, her health (?) to win.
And other things I'll tell ye, too,
For most of this is mostly true,
And here you'll see Truth, Franks and Bluff,
Procrastination and such stuff,
Then 'Halt!' Captain Justice comes in sight
And that is where we say 'goodnight!'
So list, and prithee give me ear,
For maybe a lesson ye will hear!"

Exit.

Enter YE GOOD SPIRIT OF CONSCIENCE—

"I perceive here how thoughtless girls,
Busy with frocks and bobbing curls,
Disobey mine voice—unheed mine call
And I predict that they shall fall,
For girls need not be so inclined
That they their Conscience will not mind.
And girls like that I'll meet right here;
So stay I here till they appear."

Sits herself in background.

The Carefree girls enter—Pleasure, Franks, Procrastination, Beauty, Crushee, Bluff, Cleverness, Allurement.

PLEASURE—

"Hast seen her—the new little Jane?
Looks good-natured, I don't know her name.
You'll see she's plastic—loads of Jack,
And often, girls, that's what we lack.
I move we give her a great big 'rush',
Now that's where you can help us 'crush'.
I hope we get her in our set—
Come, girls, let's find the little pet."

CLEVERNESS—

"See! there she cometh down the walk.
Some doll, now, kids, ring up your talk."

Every Student enters, wearing the proverbial suit. Franks meets her.

PRANKS—

"Oh! won't you come and sit with us?
You'll never know just what a fuss
We've had about you.
Come—please do."

EVERY STUDENT—

"Every Student is my name,
I've been so lonesome since I came.
I'd be so glad to meet some one,
And with you all I'd sure have fun."

PRANKS—

"Come, kids, and meet my new friend, 'Ev.'
This is our leader, we call her 'Clev.'
Alas, 'tis late in the afternoon.
Let's go to tea at the Silver Spoon."

EVERY STUDENT—

"But I must register today.
Wouldst please direct me to the way?"

PROCRASTINATION—

"Nay, nay, Pauline, don't mention work;
Pleasure first, and work we'll shirk;
Let's go, have something good to eat—
Nothing at lunch but cold roast meat."

They enter the tea house at side of stage.

CRUSHEE—

"Here, bring us salad, ice and cake—
Sh! there's Miss E.—the mean old skate—
She flunked me flat in Rhetoric Five,
Zounds—I just escaped alive."

CLEVERNESS—

"No wonder how you don't get by,
Nobody home except 'just I'—
Wondering whose crushee you'll be next
To send candy on false pretext."

PLEASURE—

"Forbear! Turn on the Vic—let's dance.
I know a new one just from France;
It's called the 'Military Hop.'
And you whirl around just like a top!
I pray you, by my partner, Beauty,
Look! This is just a love—so cutie."

ALLUREMENT—

"Come, Ev. I know you'll dance with me.
You've lots of time, 'tis just struck three—
Sign up your classes any time.
For in this Tea Shop it's divine."

BLUFF (to Ev)—

"The sweetest sweater you have, honey,
I trow it cost a mint of money.
'Tis so much prettier than mine;
You knitted it yourself? How fine!"

EVERY STUDENT—

"In pith, I really now must go;
I've got to register, you know."

PRANKS—

"Oh, sweetie pie, to you adieu—
But stay! I've got advice for you.
Don't take Miss B.—she's such a bore,
And don't take German any more,
'Cause I am such a patriot
That I'll not like you if you're not."

Every Student leaves.

"Say, kids, I think we've done our bit,
I've knitted almost one wristlet;
Clev, you will have to knit the other,
But don't you dare to tell my mother."

PLEASURE—

"Me—I worked in the Red Cross room one day,
But it bored me horribly, and, say,
I think it quite devoid of fun,
And I say my work there is done."

CLEVERNESS—

"What say ye of the little Lizz?
I'll warrant ye, she's not a whizz.
But we can train her up, I wot,
Till she will for a class care not.
And when shall we all meet again?"

BLUFF—

"When we hear the scratching pen."

PRANKS—

"When gym exams are far from won
Then we'll see what our new friend's done."
Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Two months later—before the mid-semester exams.*

Enter Every Student—disconsolate, sad.

EVERY STUDENT—

"Ah! woe is me,
Where shall I be
A week from hence?
Oh! that my brain a Francais livre might sieze;
Dear Mademoiselle, I cannot please—
And tomorrow I have this quizz
And my head a vacuum is!
Alas, I may well sigh and weep,
For such a school as this won't keep
Me in its intellectual halls,
Nor heed my cries, will answer not my calls.
Oh, wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee?
Was any one so miserable? Ah, me!
Why did I scorn the offered help of those
Who wished to aid me in my studies' throes?
And then, I hid me to teas and dances,
Little recked I of the chances
I was missing, to make up my ever burdening work.
And now at last the time is come,
And me! alas! I am undone!"

ALLUREMENT enters—

"Nay, not so. I have thee loved and with much
pleasure,
And now to thee I'll give a treasure:
A pony written up in French
As would delight most any wench.
Ye English Kynges in table, too,
And all for love I bear to you."

Gives her the scrolls and departs.

EVERY STUDENT—

"Of course I'll use them—who will know?
Yet, stay—what thinkest I—no—go
Allurement! say—but stay,
T'would help me much in every way;
I'll keep it by me through the day."

Hides scrolls in her blouse.

CONSCIENCE enters—

"Every Student, I summon thee
Thou hast backslid, and we
Have strove to help ye.

Heed my warning and no sleep allow
Till thou hast made a solemn vow
Not to use the scrolls ye've now
On the morrow.
Farewell, I leave ye in great sorrow."

Exit.

EVERY STUDENT—

"What shall I do?
I know she speaketh all that's true;
And of myself I am ashamed
And truly worthy to be blamed.
With Pleasure I did spend the days,
Bluff and Beauty both planned ways
In which we'd snare our teachers, too,
But those old games, I know, weren't new.
I'll call on Bluff! the precious Hon,
She'd help me out if any one.
I prithee Bluff, come here to me,
Some of thy tricks, pray let me see!"

BLUFF enters—

"Dear Ev, to help you I cannot,
For warning I care not a wot;
I know no more of C O 3
Than if Noah owned a pair of flea!
Go ye to our darling Clever,
For in need she'd fail you never."

Exit.

EVERY STUDENT—

"Oh, Cleverness, your help I need,
Else I'm forever damned, indeed.
I've got to pass a Latin quizz
And in that line you are one whizz.
Who was it, Joffe or Cicero,
Who made the calendar, you know?"

CLEVERNESS—

"Sweetie, I'm tired and near asleep;
Go, then, do likewise, and don't weep
O'er Cicero and Plato, too,
They did harm unto you.
And anyway, I've 'most forgot
All that old Latin—tommyrot.
Call in your crush—she's awfully bright—
Oh, Boy! I'm sleepy—Twa! Goodnight!"

Exit.

EVERY STUDENT—

"Me think she is my last hope
And if she fail—then get the rope.
A wooden kimona I will wear,
A wreath of lilies in my hair,
Oh! Crushee, you I've doted on;
Who was the guy called 'Marathon,'
Did he discover pennangenate?
Help me, child, ere it's too late."

CRUSHEE enters—

"I'm busy, sweetie—got a date
In the parlor now at eight.
Kiss me, honey, go to bed
And drive such worries from your head."

EVERY STUDENT—

Exit.

"They all are gone, yea, every one,
Of true friends I have really none.
I cannot pass my Latin test,
But I'll have ponies for the rest."
Exit.

SCENE III. *Any class room. Every Student at her exams.*

"Dare I do this awful deed?
Every caution will I need
To see that none are watching me.
Where can my English monarchs be?
Here! on my stiffly starched new cuff
I have them written with French stuff.
But, ah, me, I have clean forgot
Which is French and which is not.
Sore frightened am I, sore afraid,
Methinks there be some pious maid
Watching me.
Hence, Conscience, go!
Of course no one but thee shall know,
No one is slick enough to see.
There! I must copy question three.
At last, 'tis done
And not a one
Has found me out—
Without a doubt
I'm very clever!
Oh! but never
Did my conscience hurt so much,
It never was quite used to such.
Now I must hie me fast to bed—
My conscience heavy is as lead."

SCENE IV. *Her room. That evening.*

EVERY STUDENT—

"I'd have more rest if I could know
That to the council I'd not go.
For if I'm caught at cribbing, then
I'd have a date with the L. & N.
If the 'Powers that Be' should call me in,
With them I know I'd surely win.
I'm really not afraid at all.
Stay! What's that tapping on the wall?
Surely, they've not found me out.
Speak, tell me who is that without?
O, silly me, to be afraid;
I'm trembling like a foolish maid
Who fears her very life in danger.
Soft! who is that with peering eyes?
Black thoughts! my soul within me cries,
And Gimlet Grim—a lack for I
My hour has come, and I must die!"

GIMLET GRIM enters in black robe carrying handcuffs.

"Go ye now to Room One Hundred
You'll be sorry now you blundered.
Talked to cheap sports on the street
Classes oft you didn't meet.
I am bid to bring you there,
So come with me down the stair."

EVERY STUDENT—

"How can it was, that I must go
To that dread room, I pritheo no.
Alas, she pulls me fast along—
Would that I had not done wrong.
Is this the door? Ah! faint am I,
I pritheo, do not let me die.
Oh! have a heart
And do not part
With me at this deathly door,
Only this and nothing more."

GIMLET GRIM—

"My orders are 'You'll go inside,
And by those orders you'll abide.'"

*Gimlet Grim drags Every Student up
to Hell's-Mouth, the Student
Council Room 100.*

SCENE V. *The council scene. In Hell's-Mouth. All the executioners stand masked, jusqua dents, in a semi-circle. One Hundred is in living flames of fire and the round eyes spit out fire and brimstone. All the executioners grin and mutter wickedly and fearfully.*

POWERS THAT BE step forward—

"Every Student, we are sad (snigger)
That your actions were so bad (mostly bad).
No sympathy we have with you
Nor with the pranks we see you do;
And so we've called you here tonight.
So watch your step and do just right.
You've walked with fellows on the street
And in exams we saw you cheat!
You spent the night out of your room,
So falls to you an awful doom.
Now if you've one to plead your cause,
Produce her, ere we read our laws;
For once a law is read to you,
There nothing else is left to do;
For you'll be banished from our sight
And mayhap on this very night.
Speak up, what have ye now to say?
Don't stand there trembling in that way."

EVERY STUDENT—

"Ah, cruel fate which led me so,
What made me do it, I don't know;
I pray you be not hard on me,
I am so very weak you see."

POWERS—

"Yea, weak you are and weak you'll be
When we at last are through with thee.
Ye jury now will give decision (all laugh).
Each grin at her and show derision.
Horror, thou art quite a beauty, ..
Step thou forth and do thy duty."

HORROR—

"I am the horribly hateful one;
To see ye suffer would sure be fun.
So I'll deprive ye of privileges rare
Of the few ye had, ye none could spare,
So now say goodbye to dances and teas
And even the 'Silver Spoon' if you please,
And take ye to heart, ye lesson tonight,
And your family regret ye didn't do right."

POWERS—

"Terror, what have ye to say
Ere this session ends today?"

TERROR—

"Say I, to the wilful creature,
That she should have had a teacher
Who'd force her to keep the rule
In this or any other school.
So say I, 'twould be far better
To send the ones at home a letter
Saying we had shipped their daughter (C. O. D.)
After we have made the slaughter.
Our school here is not the place
For any one so bold of face."

POWERS—

"Justice, now we'll hear from you—
What think you we ought to do?"

JUSTICE—

"Place her 'fore the firing line,
And tonight is just the time.
Say I, load your guns and shoot.
Send her home then, dead, 'to boot. . ."

POWERS—

"Victim, you have heard your sentence,
It is too late for repentance;
So stand up 'gainst the wall so white
So they'll know how to shoot ye right.
M. U. F., don't try to flop.
In a minute you'll go over the top."

EVERY STUDENT—

"Alas, shall we thus part, indeed?
Ah! prithee, help me in my need.
Conscience! Hast thou forsake me, too?
Then there is nought for me to do;
My hopes are fled,
I'm to be dead.
I prithee, gentle Powers that Be,
Let me my mother once more see,
My father, too, alas that he,
Is not on hand to rescue me;
And Dan—oh! Dan—to him one kiss—
Ah! how his letters I will miss.
When I am gone, they'll say, perchance,
Poor mortal, died somewhere in France.
Ah! Powers that Be, pray let me loose,

My soul is aching like the deuce;
Have I no friends,
Am I alone,
Never again to see my home?"

POWERS—

"Peace—my heart is hard as rock.
'Tis eleven-thirty by the clock.
In sixty seconds you'll be none;
We'll send you on the train at one.
Come, executioner, do your bit.
Take careful aim, be sure to hit."

They shoot at her.

"That's fine; Oh, Boy! she drops and dies,
No more we'll hear her pleading cries;
Step forward Terror, Horror, too,
Remove the corpse from this room—do.
And place it on the L. & N.
To be transferred to Forest Glen
And then put on the B. & O.
That to her parents' home will go;
And send a wire down at the station

To have her parents there and waitin'.
Now go ye council off to bed
And rest each every empty head;
I'll post the news in Middle March,
In Academic, in the Arch;
Have it announced in chapel, too,
'Twill warn the others what to do."

*Terror and Horror take up the body
and all file out to the tune of
Chopin's funeral dirge.*

EPILOGUE—

"My long discourse to you is done,
Ye sands of time have filled and run,
There's moral here to every one
And school girls, I'm excepting none.
Now those who wish can live and learn;
Others in Hell's-Mouth writhe and burn.

Finis.

Here endeth the moral play entitled,

"EVERY STUDENT."

—Frances Sconce.



The Bells



Hear that most unwelcome clamor of the bells,
 Rising bells!
What a sad awakening their pealing forth compels.
In the morning, dark or birght,
They seem to take a great delight
Ringing. "Hurry, hurry, hurry,"
While for low-heeled shoes we scurry,
Lest we're caught unawares,
For that last mad dash downstairs
Where we hear the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells!
At the sound of drilling bells.

There is something different wholly, in the bells,
 Dining bells!
What a different kind of hurry this foretells,
Bells at morning, noon and night,
To be late we're told not right
And to cut is utterly unpardonable.
So we rush with tousled head,
Get there before the blessing's said,
To the time of bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells.
Oh, yes, everything is done by bells.

So I pray you, hear my song of the bells,
 School bells.
Time for work and play alike the familiar sound foretells,
 Church and concert, dance and revel,
 All are placed on one level,
 By the jingling, tingling bells,
 By the clanging, wrangling bells.
So our school days go and come,
Quiet of study, play and hum,
To the time of bells, bells, bells,
To the rime of bells, bells, bells,
Never could I give all meanings,
Never could I give all feelings
In the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,
In the sound of Ward-Belmont bells.

—Dorothy Cobb.

Know ye all girls
 By order of
 Empress Janie
 All excess laundry
 will be sold in
 Recreation Hall
 at 2:30.

"NOTICE"!
 Come to Mrs. Gilda Robley
 Beauty Specialist
 Benefit of Pembroke
 Protective Society
 for
Cock Roaches.
 Hair Dressing Manicuring



Mrs. Sears of Sears Roebuck
 will give as spring
 shopping of the latest
 dress hats and
 mustard blouses. All
 girls interested in
 uniforms come to
 if it seems at
 3:00 P.M.

Private Fritz Hermanson
 will speak in chapel
 tonight on "The
 Higher Military
 Duties of the Aides"
 Take roll call
 seats!

Morning exercise
 begins tomorrow
 Rachel Lindsey
 will be in charge
 Spelling out French
 words allowed.
 E. L. J.

Shopping List for Trinity

Cy n° 13

Pauline Tappan

M11-142349

• **Acetaminophen Salt**

Doreen McDuffie

T. M. DRAKE

Valley Garden

Linda Patton

21. Examine

H. mollis Brown

KATIE THOMPSON

Задача 1. Решите уравнение:

Lost: my key ring
of 4 rat Pins (five
in all) Reward!

Dubney 1 small

At a recent meeting of the Executive Council the following cases - were dealt with.

When he was found
guilty of receiving stolen mail
from Mr. Leach and told
her she was giving privileges
in his store will be taken
away from her -

lives. Later were found
quantity of soldiers in the
supply, & exposure on the
marches who were sentenced
to wear high heels for a.

Two months -
no. 1 #2 was found
quality of 7 was put to Dennis
and was sent to him to take
Dennis place. until April 14

James Mitchell
Sec. - Intelligent Com.

*All Freshmen
to The Spill Atira
Gossip Trak
Dance meet at
North Front at
*Glen Sharp

[illegible]

Vagrancy

In Spring I follow the vagrant stream
That winds thru fields of grain,
Where silver lilies and daisies gleam
'Midst crimson poppies' stain.

The Maytime world's abloom with Spring,
With colorful ecstasy;
The birds and stream together sing,
Tempting to vagrancy.

Beneath their sweet and rosy showers
The apple trees are bent;
The hawthorne hedges' fragrant flowers
Melt into wild-rose scent.

Pausing to pluck the flowers I love,
Wild Iris, purple and white;
I raise glad eyes to the sky above,
Where a thrush thrills in delight.

Alone I follow the vagrant stream
Ever and onward led,
And of youth and hope I muse and dream
Till the day has almost sped.

Nothing my happiness can alloy,
For my heart aloud does sing,
As I thank God for the youth and joy
Of this world of vagrant Spring.

—M. H.



FRANCES SCONE: "Sometimes I hate to room with you."
BETTIE BILLINGSLEY: "Well, I don't see why."
FRANCES S.: "You're so sweet I'm afraid I'll be arrested for
hoarding sugar."

"CHUMP": "Your eyes are like the deep blue sea."
MARY "BUCK": "Oh, do you really think so?"
"CHUMP": "Yes, they're watery."

MR. MARTIN: "What you got that string around your
finger for?"
DR. BLANTON: "My wife put it there to remind me to post
a letter."

MR. M.: "Did you post it?"
DR. BLANTON: "No, she forgot to give it to me."

BOTANY

"Life is real, life is earnest,
Let us strive to do our best,
And, departing, leave behind us
Note-books that will help the rest."

EBBA: "What is the eighth day in the week?"
LOUISE: "Don't know. What is it?"
EBBA: "Dayless day."



LOST OPPORTUNITY

In English B we learn
 That *purple* is the color of poets;
 They use it Lyrically, Beautifully,
 Continuously and Wearily.
 Shelley with his "pale
 Purple even." (we think he
 Is referring to night)
 And his, "close moss violet unweaved."
 Then again Keats' indefinable
 "Soft amethyst."
 Moreover, Tennyson writes his
 Oft used "purple seas,"
 While William of the alliterative
 Name says so far as his
 Wordsworth, "the pansy at
 His feet, does the same tale
 Repeat."
 All these and many others.
 But what an inspiration,
 What chance for greater fame
 They missed in not having
 "Lavender Hoffins!!"
 —H. E. B.

VIRGINIA DAVIS (In search of knowledge): "What day of the week does Easter come on this year?"
 ISABELLE JOHNSON (To Mr. Johnson in Spanish class): "We aren't so good looking, but we sure are intelligent."
 MR. JOHNSON (With deep bow): "I agree perfectly."

There was a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies blow;
 A heavenly paradise was that place,
 For one glance told me so.
 But when I looked at her again
 I saw that they were made by man.
 A stick of pink paint for each lip,
 A box of rouge upon each cheek,
 "Gilt-edge" on lashes was applied,
 Her hair with Bandoline quite sleek.
 For shame, for shame, on her I cry,
 Who thus doth her complexion buy.

Try These Over on Your Piano

On Sunday morning,
How they stand in line!
The church bells ringing,
They ignore the sign.
They all are crying
To get excused,
And how they're sighing
Lest they be refused
For lying.
Perched on the stair-step,
How they long to see
Mrs. Lester's answer
To their bended knee.
They really all are very ill,
But not a one will take a pill.
On Sunday morning
In Mrs. Lester's line.

Wait till you see me with my sheep-skin,
Showing it off to the crowd.
Looking so brilliant with my sheep-skin,
Feeling so terribly proud.
I've made a specialty
Of work at W-B.
And you will feel so terribly jealous
When it's over.
And I in clover will be.
Wait till I walk off with my sheep-skin,
My! how happy I'll be.
I'll have a great big frame paid for,
And especially made for
My sheep-skin, oh, you precious sheep-skin,
My sheep-skin, for thee!

ANY SCHOOL GIRL

If you could see me now,
With curlers encircling my brow,
You never would look into my eyes
For you'd be wise to my disguise.
You wouldn't be wasting your stamps,
You'd die of convulsions and cramps,
If you could just see
This cold cream on me,
You never would write to me now.

Calm hours of night we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
To us the early rising sun
Is not so sweet as moon.
Stay, stay,
If not the rising bell will sound
And call us to the court,
And we'll yawn there together
In a poor excuse for sport.

When I'm all bound 'round with the student council rules,
They're killing me, they want perfection, you see.
When I was younger I was free to roam,
Now I hunger to be back at home;
Back where you sleep late, and are always free to have a date.
When you're all bound 'round with the limits when you walk,
You cannot talk
To boys when you a-walking go.
I've heard a lot about boarding school,
But give me high school any time,
'Cause I've found that I'm bound, yes bound all around
With the student council rules!

Dr. Blanton went a fishing
 All on a winter's day
 The sun was warm
 The fish were few
 Down in that Florida bay!



The best hotel was none too good,
 He dreamed of fishing rare,
 But all the fishes that he caught
 Were but visitors in the air!



When he returned
 With weendrous tales
 Of his wife, he did relate
 Of monstrous fishes
 He had caught
 Without a bit of bait!



Oh, Mary at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the tryst'd hour;
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor.
 How blithely Mary did as bidden,
 But next day how she thundered,
 When in her hand a note was given
 To come to room one hundred.

Ain't it an awful feeling, Mabel?
 To get put at that old French table?
 Every morning you say,
 "Bon Jour."

You can rest assured you're getting poor;
 You can ask for this and you *may* get that.
 And in one week you're sure not fat:
 "Voulez-vous me donner une verre de l'eau"
 Is about the only thing you know.
 It may not be as one would think.
 But thus the French table drives you to drink.

Scene: Recreation Hall.

Time: 5:35 p. m.

DR. BLANTON (rushing hurriedly past Leslie): "Leslie, have the car ready at 3:30. I have an important engagement."

SARAH RAGSDALE (leaving the assembly of Pembroke monitors after having been called up before them): "Well, I thank you all so much for having me up here."

LOUISE MARKS (to Leila Beall Anderson, who was posing for the finis page in this book): "How long can you hold that pose, Bugs?"

LEILA BEALL (in all seriousness): "I don't know, Marks, but I'll write the captain and find out."

When as in silks my Julia goes
 Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
 The liquefaction of her clothes.

But when I look at her and see
 That lovely uniform of W-B,
 Oh, then, how words they faileth me.

MRS. BLANTON (on Dr. Blanton's return from a movie)
 "Where are the girls you took to the show?"

DR. BLANTON (feeling his pockets): "Girls? Girls? Why, I must have lost them somewhere."

HELEN WILLIAMS (In inquiring tones): "Does spaghetti grow on trees?"

MR. JOHNSON: "Once we were having a little theatrical performance in which I was to play the Duke of Venice, etc.—"
DRUCILLA (interrupting): "Were you supposed to be a man or woman?"

THERE'S A REASON

To be or not to be! that is the question,
Whether 'tis better to jump out of bed
When the breakfast bell its summons gives
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
Miss Braden included in them? to dream, to sleep
No more: and for that sleep doth one receive
A formal message by no means to be ignored,
That demands a call, 'tis a consumption
Certainly not relished—to lie, to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dream; but there's a rub
For after that morning nap what end doth come
When we are forced to meet the awful glance
Must give us pause: there's the reason
That makes breakfast be so well attended.

My roomie hath my dress, and I have hers
By just exchange one for another given,
Hers is too short, and mine it hardly serves—
There never was a better bargain driven.
My roomie hath my dress, and I have hers.

The sleeves in mine are very much too tight,
The dress she wears fits like a bag of meal,
The waist of mine was made for one more slight,
But, oh, how dressed up we do feel!
My roomie hath my dress, and I have hers!
Apologies to Sir P. Sidney.

MR. EGBERT HALE (Returning to Nashville from training camp): "Well, how's my girl out at school getting along?"

MARY BUCK: "Oh, I'm well, thanks."

"Wadda ya mean, camouflage?"

"They're makin' the bottom of the cups rough so you think you have sugar!"

SHE: "It's a horrible mushy story."

HE: "Well, isn't it a serial?"

She was a Phantom of delight,
When *first* she gleamed upon my sight;
But when to school her Dad Sue sent
No longer was she an ornament.
Her eyes, of course, were still quite fair,
And thick and fine her Titian hair.
But every eyebrow she had drawn,
Till all but two of them were gone.
A sight that makes me blush to say,
To haunt, to startle and dismay.

He (attempting to propose): "I—er—I—ah—hem—"

SHE: "How nice! I'll put you to work hemming hospital handkerchiefs."

HOW UPSETTING

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
When all of a sudden
jstɪd ɪk ɒn pəʊnt ʌp ɪ

Is there a girl whose wish and care
Only Ward-Belmont's campus bound,
Content to breathe the smoky air
On W-B ground?

When movies please, with parts cut out,
Where love-scenes might offend the eye?
Who is it that never wants to shout?
Certainly not I!

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days and Months slide softly away,
And without hating all the grind
Of each school day.

Who never cares about her mail,
And never to her box doth go?
Who does not call her school a "jail,"
Which she hates so.

If one, she is unseen, unknown,
For one did never see
A species of that walnut grown
Here at W-B!



there's a little bit of bad!



PICNIC DAY!!



"RAY."



MARGARET MURRAY: "Mid Cloyd reminds me of Tuesday."
THE FAITHFUL HELEN: "Why?"
MARGARET: "Meatless."

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: "Well, one of the things I don't like about W-B is the smoke."

MISS NORRIS: "Oh, my dear, my dear, do all you can to stop it."

IRMA LEE DAVIS: "Louise, my motto is: 'Love one man and love him well.' What's yours?"

LOUISE WALSH: "Love no man, not even your brother. If girls must love, love another."

ALICE DECKER: "It must be awful to live on the farm."

PEARL DENNIS: "Fierce. It's agonizing to hear the hay mown all day."

"MID" CLOYD: "Speaking of dressing, how quickly can you do it?"

NANCY BROWNING: "Oh, it generally takes me a half hour."

MID: "Why, I can do it in ten minutes."

NANCY: "Yes, but I wash."

HELEN BARNES: "Are you a Y. W. C. A?"

SALLIE J.: "No, I don't believe in secret societies."

MR. HOGAN (in chemistry): "How was iron discovered?"

RENIE COX: "I heard someone say they smelt it."

LOUELLA: "You know the kisses in Herb's letters are like straw hats."

MID: "Why, how?"

LOUELLA: "They aren't felt!"

VISITOR: "What were the most contagious diseases you had here this term?"

MISS MILLS: "Sundae-itis."



THE WHOLE CROWD HAPPY EXCEPT TWO.



"SCONCIE": "I have the keenest old uncle. He has a hickory leg."

"Mid": "That's nothing. My cousin has a cedar chest."

FRANCES SCONCE: "Say, you know Mrs. McComb is so worried that we're not going to get any clothes back this week, for there has been a big robbery down at Hermitage Laundry. You knew it, didn't you?"

ANNE LYND: "No! When? Tell me!"

FRANCES: "Oh, two clothes pins held up a 'skirt.'"

MERCEDES: "I got a letter from Cy today and he said he had been indulging in a Bird Cocktail."

LETTIE MACLAY: "What kind is that?"

MERCEDES: "Two swallows."

NANCY: "Say, why don't you sit still?"

LOUELLA: "I am observing a restless day."

MID: "On what does the next year of your life depend?"

SCONCIE: "My Dad's corn crop."

Could I bring back Ward-Belmont school days,

The golden rule days of long ago,

I would bring back all the bright ones and homesick, too,

Most all of them were bright, you know.

I would bring back the little Tea Room,

Where ne'er was found gloom, but shouts of glee,

Ah! the thoughts of our midnight parties are dear

To my memories of old W-B.

After talking about the Princess Theater, Mr. Hogan decided to call the roll, and said: "We will now come down from the ridiculous to the sublime. Helen Alexander."

BILLIE: "Ignorance is bliss."

EVELYN: "Then you must be blistered."

Gentleman in letter to Helen Wood: "How's this, a letter signed 'Your devoted daughter?'"

WE have heard

**

Of Germany

**

PRETENDING TO

FIGHT for international right.

WE have seen

**

RICH grafters

**

TRY

**

To reform thieves.

WE have wondered at,

YES, and

**

LAUGHED at

**

THESE seeming ironies, but

WE cheerfully admit

THE consumption

Of all irony

WAS the night the

F. F.'s

AT vespers

TALKED ON

**

—FRIENDSHIP

EBBA: "What kind of a housekeeper does Hazel Tonks make. Some say she's a poor manager."

MILDRED GOODRICH: "Oh, she's an excellent manager. She makes him get the breakfast, and they take their dinners out."



ANY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Of course this is a Botany hike,
And we march right down the pike
With Miss Lewis in the lead—
I'll say she's got some speed.
Over fences one and all,
On our stomachs we do sprawl;
Gale's face scratched and Louella's knees bruised,
Straining the muscles we've never used.

First she takes us to the old trash pile,
At such a remark you'll probably smile;
Now to a street car we all run—
At first it seems a lot of fun;
But when the cemetery we reach
And Miss Lewis still does preach,
We feel the patter of gentle rain,
And grab new hats with severest pain.

Rain being over, we start out again,
Putting the twigs in our little "green can."
Miss Hovey, too, was along,
Adding jests to the weary throng.
Even "Mid" has lost her pep
And doesn't even try to still keep step.

Of all the trees—beech, birch and persimmon—
I doubt if I could even distinguish the lemon.
Evelyn Moore with her "What does she say?
Strict attention I simply can't pay."
Catherine Sledge, "What about branching?"
Miss Lewis replies: "You're advancing."
The scales are intricate, as this will indicate."
"Absurd! They are obsolete and plated to boot."
"You are wrong; they are rolled."
Now that you have often been told,
Now tell me what in the deuce,
Is this black or blue spruce?"
"Don't give up or surrender,
Just say that it's neuter gender."

"What time is it, Gale?
In catching that car we must not fail.
Now, walking I always did hate,
But it seems I loathe it more of late;
For walking to Englewood without any food
Does not leave you in a delightful mood."
After a ride on a dirty old truck
(Getting a seat we were out of luck);
We rocked and jarred, bounced and bumped,
One hour late to our dinner we jumped;
So if you want a merry clip,
Accompany Miss Lewis on a Botany trip.

—L. M. G.

TABLE 22

I wonder where she's sitting now,
I wonder who she's telling how,
I wonder who's looking into her eyes,
Breathing sighs, making lies;
I wonder who's buying the cakes,
To fill up some poor soul's plates,
I wonder if she ever tells them of me,
I wonder where she's sitting now.

—L. M. G.

MARCELLE DARLING (reading composition): "And they put
lye in his coffee." Class gasps.
MISS McDUFFIE: "Marcelle! How dreadful!"
MARCELLE: "Oh, my mistake. It's rye."

ERMA AIKIN (in Art class): "Aw, I can't make eyes."
GWEN BELL: "Well, it wouldn't do you any good here."

"HOOVERIZING"

MARJORY COOPER (in college algebra): " $N \cdot T \cdot 2 = 210 \cdot N$."
MISS LEWIS: "Oh, no! Just save all that pie."

MISS ROSS (English B): "Tennyson had a wonderful train
of thought."

NEXT DAY

MISS ROSS: "Gale, tell us about Tennyson's works."
GALE M.: "Well, he worked on the railroad."

Ask "Joe" Slavens and Dorothy Eaton how they like W-B
sleeping porches.

LOU GEORGE: "What is your vocation?"
LETTIE MACLAY: "Dancing."
LOU GEORGE: "That's not a vocation. That's a disease."

WIGGIE: "My hair is coming out so—can't you give me
something to put on it?"
GLAD. EDW.: "Yes, here's a hat."

MERCEDES: "Why do people give you pink stationery?"
"JOSIE" SLAVENS: "To keep me from getting blue."

RENDER UNTO THE KAISER THE THINGS THAT ARE THE KAISER'S





and still we're
californians



four a laughing way from home



Who's Who From California



watch the little birdie



California Sunbeams

CATHERINE COVER: "Speaking of Mme. Schumann-Heink, was Schumann her first husband and Heink her second?"

WE WONDER WHY THEY DON'T QUIT SAYING—

"What's the matter, hon?"
"Of course, as you may know, I live in Chicago."
"What is our lesson today, huh?"
"Now, you may have those few minutes, for you—"
"You are invited and expected to attend a recital tonight."
"I didn't hear the bell."
"All girls meet in the chapel immediately after dinner."
"Mail will not be up till 2:30."
"No'm, they're not here yet."
"Lights out."
"Not granted."
"I am requested to announce."
"Where did you get that *fun-ny* dress?"
"He is perfectly darling."
"It is a great pleasure for a speaker to look into so many bright faces."

MISS TOWNSEND: "Now, what effect did that have on your diaphragm?"

HELEN BARNES: "Why—er—I haven't any diaphragm."

FIRST MAID: "Do you all know they is going to have Easter vespers tomorrow? Look at this here sign."

SECOND MAID: "What's that 7:30 to 8:00 for?"

FIRST MAID: "Why, that's where it's found in the Bible, nigger."

BUT WE DON'T

This would be a pleasant country—

Yes, a land of milk and honey.

Everybody would have money

To accomplish her desires.

Everyone of us would prosper,

Every wise girl, every "noodle,"

Would accumulate the boodle

And would bale it up with wires.

There would be no anxious moments.

And no warning slips would haunt us,

And no monitors could taunt us

In a way we've grown to hate.

There would be supreme contentment;

Everybody satisfied with fate.

'Twould be pleasant, no mistake;

'Twould be paradise—a garden,

Such as dear old Adam stood on—

If we would just make good

On all the promises we make.

An English D Recitation

Dramatis Personæ

MISS THOMAS

Supervisor of library reading, alias teacher of English D.

ENGLISH D CLASS

Twenty-six toil-worn and emaciated looking girls, who spend
countless weary hours in the dark and dreary library
cramming innumerable assignments in a vain
attempt to inveigle a passing grade
from the insatiable Miss
Thomas.

Scene—Academic Building.

Time—11:30 a. m. Four days out of every seven. Class comes in and seats itself hurriedly, feverishly looking through note-books to collect the numerous reading reports.

MISS THOMAS: "I will take the roll hurriedly today as I have to submit to the class two extremely important and urgent matters which are of imperative and impelling interest to each and every one of you. Before hurrying on with our work for today, which, as you doubtless recall, is concerned with Milton's *Arcopagitica*, Dante's *Inferno Purgatorio*, Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poesy, *Astrea Redux*, Absalom and Achitophel, Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, *Hydriotaphia*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Samson Agonistes, Pope's Essay on Man, The Rape of the Lock, all of the Sir Roger de Coverly Papers, the entire work of Richard Steele and Joseph Addison, all of Bacon's Essays, England's Helicon, and the *Microcos Mographia* in your Century Readings. The outside readings, as you probably remember, dealt with the first twenty-five chapters in Minto, based upon the works of Vaughan, Denham, Donne, Davenant, Lovelace, Grashaw, and Suckling, pages 277 to 620 in Saintsbury, giving a delightfully charming and irresistible account of the history and influence of the *no-vel-la*, its Italian source, English adoption and subsequent popularity, and the last fifteen chapters of Schelling, which gives a remarkably coherent and enticing style, coupled with the most marvelous technique, and one might say, soul-stirring subject matter."

A hand waves wildly from the back seat.

MISS THOMAS: "Yes, I know it will be impossible for you to report on Schelling this morning. Sad, sad, isn't it? I will attend to that painful matter in a moment."

Turns to first girl: "How do you stand with the reading?"

FIRST GIRL: "I have read everything except part of the *Microcos Mographia*."

MISS THOMAS: "Indeed! and what reason do you offer for this laxity?"

GIRL: "I just didn't have time to get it all in."

MISS THOMAS: "Didn't have time—really? Is that so? Can that be possible? This sounds extremely peculiar to me, as I can readily call up in my mind's eye a very vivid picture of the nights I have lain awake reading the *Microcos Mographia* to my heart's content. Your assignment for today was shorter than usual, too. The trouble with this school is that there's so much play going on here all the time. When I went to school, although I was not as dull as the average pupil, I found it necessary to spend every available minute with my work. Seriousness of purpose seems strangely lacking here. You can't imagine how horror-stricken I was last week when two girls asked me to chaperon a Monday afternoon pleasure party. This English D is a serious proposition; you have invested your money in it; and how do you expect to obtain favorable results when you insist upon throwing away your Monday afternoons during which time you could accomplish so much valuable reading?"

"I think it would be an excellent plan for you girls to spend, say, two hours and a half a day, reading, just for your own pleasure, of course, some of the great things which have withstood the ravages of time through the centuries and which will always be known as the highest and best in the annals of the world's literature. You would never miss this time, and I am sure it would not interfere in the least with the time spent on your regular assignments. There are so many things that we must read before our toilsome journey through this vale of tears is ended and we go to meet the Black Camel that kneels at every man's gate. When your summons comes to join the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of Death, think of the great feeling of satisfaction you will experience in knowing that you

used all of your time upon this earth in the way most profitable to you, by reading faithfully all of the required English D works and the selections which I occasionally advise."

Turns to next girl.

"Have you completed your reading?"

SECOND GIRL: "Everything except *Saintsbury*. I couldn't get the book."

MISS THOMAS: "Couldn't get the book? That sounds rather flimsy when you know there are two copies in the library and only twenty-six girls in the class. You will have to hand in your *Saintsbury* report with your next assignment. By the way, I will post on the board here a list of readings which will furnish a realistic background for Saturday's assignment. You may come over this afternoon and copy it."

After many similar wranglings and suggestions all down the alphabet, this performance is finally ended.

MISS THOMAS: "The occurrence about which I feel it my duty to speak is shameful in the extreme. No doubt long ere this you have experienced the deepest distress and consternation upon learning of the mysterious disappearance of Schelling from our midst. Can it be that one of a class in which I had such implicit faith has become so lost to Hope as to have deliberately concealed the book? This is indeed too cruel a blow! Let us hope that the missing book will soon be restored to its customary resting place so that your reading and my peace of mind may be resumed."

"Now, I have a thoroughly delightful and unique idea which I am sure will meet with the immediate approval of the entire class. As long as you have to abstain from eating lunch on your English D test days in order that you may use the lunch hour for writing on your examination, I thought it would be a very feasible plan and one agreeable to everybody concerned, to hold an examination in this room from three to five o'clock next Monday afternoon."

Class groans, slides down in seats and stares hopelessly at the ceiling.

MISS THOMAS: "Of course there are no objections to this plan."

Two damsels on the front seat offer a feeble protest.

"Miss Thomas, our father will be here Monday, and as long as Monday is our legal holiday, we had planned—"

MISS THOMAS: "Is that so? Well, that's no real reason, is it? Just a purely selfish and personal reason against the wishes

of the entire class. So, as long as the majority of the class has requested that we have the examination from three to five next Monday afternoon, that will have to stand."

"Now, we will have to hurry along with just a passing word about some of our work from yesterday which we did not complete, but first take down your assignment for Saturday—Edmund Spencer's *Faerie Queene* and *Epithalamion*, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, John Lily's *Euphues*, Edmund Burke's *Conciliation with the Colonies*, Edward Gibbon's *Fall of the Roman Empire*, Macaulay's and Boswell's *Biographies of Samuel Johnson*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*; you will probably experience a shrinking of the flesh when you read this, but in the long run you will find it time very profitably spent; Don Quixote, and try to read all of Don Quixote at a sitting; *Savantes'* most famous production is much more enjoyable when read as a whole. Then, too, I would like you to take chapters eighteen to thirty-one in *The English Men of Letters*; be sure to read all of the criticisms of Moliere and Boileau on your work for Saturday, and then, as you will not recite tomorrow, just finish that book of Minto; I believe there are only about fourteen more chapters."

"Now, we must hurry along. We left *Every Man in His Humour* at the wife-beating scene, did we not? Here we see a superfluity of horse play, hot airing and guffawing, with more than a sufficiency of ranting, bombast and pomposity. There are many anfractuosities of style, but marvelous felicity of expression. Here we see a return of Jonson's labyrinthine manner and *recoco* style."

"We will skip over Bunyan, as moralizing in any form annoys me. We had not quite finished our discussion concerning the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and of Lord Chesterfield, had we? I read Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son, when a right young girl, and from then until now I have strictly adhered to Chesterfield's advice concerning matrimony, with the result that I am still enjoying single blessedness. I have a little book of very spicy Chesterfieldian criticisms, written by my friend, Professor Billy Phelps of Yale, which you may read in connection with your next assignment. Just a word in passing about Corinna's *Going A-Maying*. Now, if you have no serious objections, it would increase my enjoyment of life a hundredfold, and release poor old Herrick from the hair-raising nightmares I know he must be going through during his last long sleep, by changing your manner of spelling a certain word. In the aforementioned poem Herrick sounds the *hedonistic* note not the *heathenistic* note. How you could make such an unpardonable mistake is more than my feeble powers of insight can fathom. It is more than unjust to make such a heinous accusation against the dead."

"Now, in Defoe's Essay on Projects we see a very modern and broad-minded note in the view he took regarding life insurance for sailors. Just think what a comfort and a solace it must have been to the people who lost relatives on the Tuscania, a month or two ago, to know that their loss was fully covered by insurance. There was really nothing lost; those men's lives were paid for. Life insurance is truly a great thing, and Defoe's master mind was one of the first to institute this wonderful method of relieving Death of its sting.

"In Paradise Lost we see that Milton was very fond of capital letters, and we admire very much the wonderful, bironic character of Satan. In Samson Agonistes the dominant note seems to be Milton's stickomithia style.

"Didn't you find the pithy, epigrammatic sentence of Bacon charming? Such a relief from the old tyranny of the epithet and artificiality of tone, was it not?

"Now, we must hurry along and begin on our today's work. I know you enjoyed your widely assorted readings on Pope and that you have a complete list of all his cynical sayings and have memorized his best satirical passage. There are those who say that Pope was a great liar, but I don't hold that against him at all, because there's really no harm in lying, is there? If you go about it in the right way it's really a rather clever art."

Class looks rather surprised and Bible students stare with shocked and unbelieving eyes.

Here lunch bell clangs furiously, but Miss Thomas lectures right on, absolutely unmindful of everything except her rather unusual manner of regarding one of the seven deadly sins.

MISS THOMAS: "I have in mind a gentleman friend of mine who has always made a practice of lying; he lied during my mother's youth and is still lying now during mine—but, his lies have never done any real harm; in fact, he is regarded as a most worthy and reputable man by all who know him."

Addresses girl on back seat:

"Now, will you give us a full summary of Pope's works, outlining them as to date, classification of form and subject matter, character and salient characteristics of style and expression,

giving your favorite portions of each and stating your reasons for your choice?"

The poor girl who has thus become the pitied target begins turning the pages of her note-book in a most distracted manner.

MISS THOMAS: "Why! You don't have to look into your notes, do you? Why, I thought of course that all of those items were securely pigeon-holed among the convolutions of your grey matter. Guess, why don't you? Make a stagger, at any rate."

No response but air.

MISS THOMAS: "Well, we will leave you to meditate upon the subject, as we must hurry along now. There has always been an ominous rumor that Pope was never at his best as a brilliant conversationalist until after he had indulged in several glasses of wine. Of course you girls do not know anybody like this, but possibly you have heard of someone. There is positively nothing that adds confidence to the individual like a few glasses of wine. Now, we must hurry along and conclude today's lecture with the great psychological truth we deduct from the Essay on Man, that happiness is an attitude rather than the possession of fine togs, diamonds and automobiles.

"It had nearly slipped my mind that I will have to absent myself from you and English D for a day or two in order that I may take a little Easter rest cure. My train leaves at 12:15 Saturday, which will necessitate my leaving the class-room at twelve, so rather than have you miss fifteen minutes from your English D lecture I will allow the class to have a regular lesson tomorrow, Friday, you may come in at the fifth period. I will see Miss McDuffie and make arrangements, so that all conflicts with other classes will be eliminated. Of course, this will not interfere with your half hour's work on Saturday at the regular time. Just a moment, stop at the bookroom on your way out, and if the Congreve plays have come, add to your tomorrow's assignment, the reading of Love for Love and The Way of the World. I would also like you to read The Atheist and the Acorn, a very witty and unusual little didactic dialogue."

The class makes a unanimous bolt for the door, a headlong dive down the stairs, and a tear across the campus just in time to meet the people returning from lunch.

—L. A. B.



Johnnie, get your gun, your
sword and pistol,
Johnnie get your gun and go to
war.

You have a sunburned cheek
and a very fine physique
Johnnie get your gun and go to
war.

WARD-BELMONT SERENADE

(With due apologies to Mr. Shelley)

I arise from dreams so sweet,
In the first good sleep at night
When my room-mate's breathing low
To see what cause my affright.
I arise from dreams so sweet
For a sound upon my ear,
Hath warned me, who knows how?
That a mouse is strangely near!

The vagrant beast, it trails
Thru the dark, the silent room
My hurled slipper sails.
O, Muse, I meet this doom!
My room-mate's slumber sweet,
It falls upon my ear;
Why has she this sleep
And I this dreadful fear?

I lift me from my couch!
I aim! I throw! I kill!
Let my joy in curses rain
On this prowler; now so still.
Then comes another feat so brave,
My heart beats loud and fast;
For, I throw it out the window
Then go to sleep at last.



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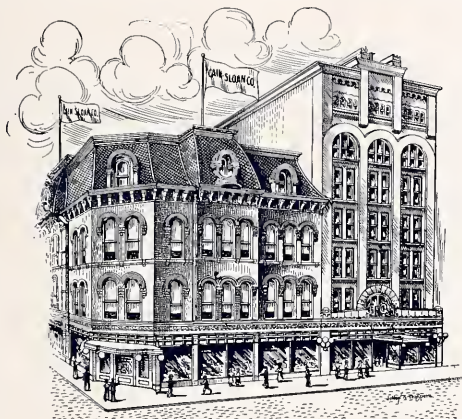
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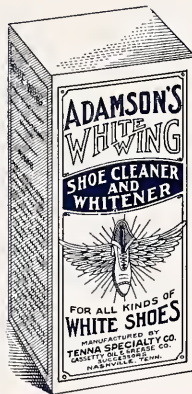
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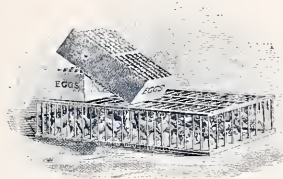
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