

The
Schoolma'am
1912

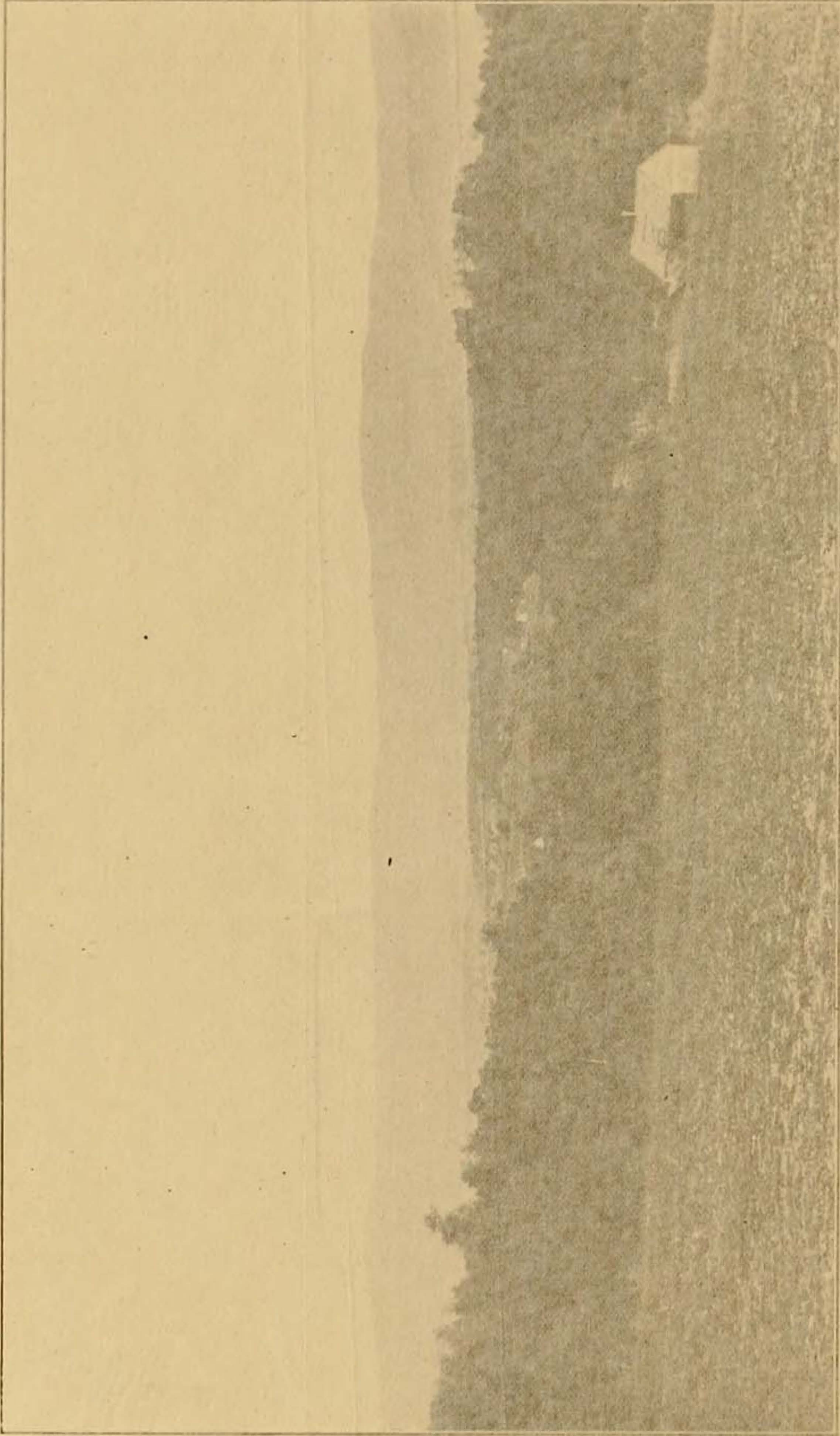


Annual Room File



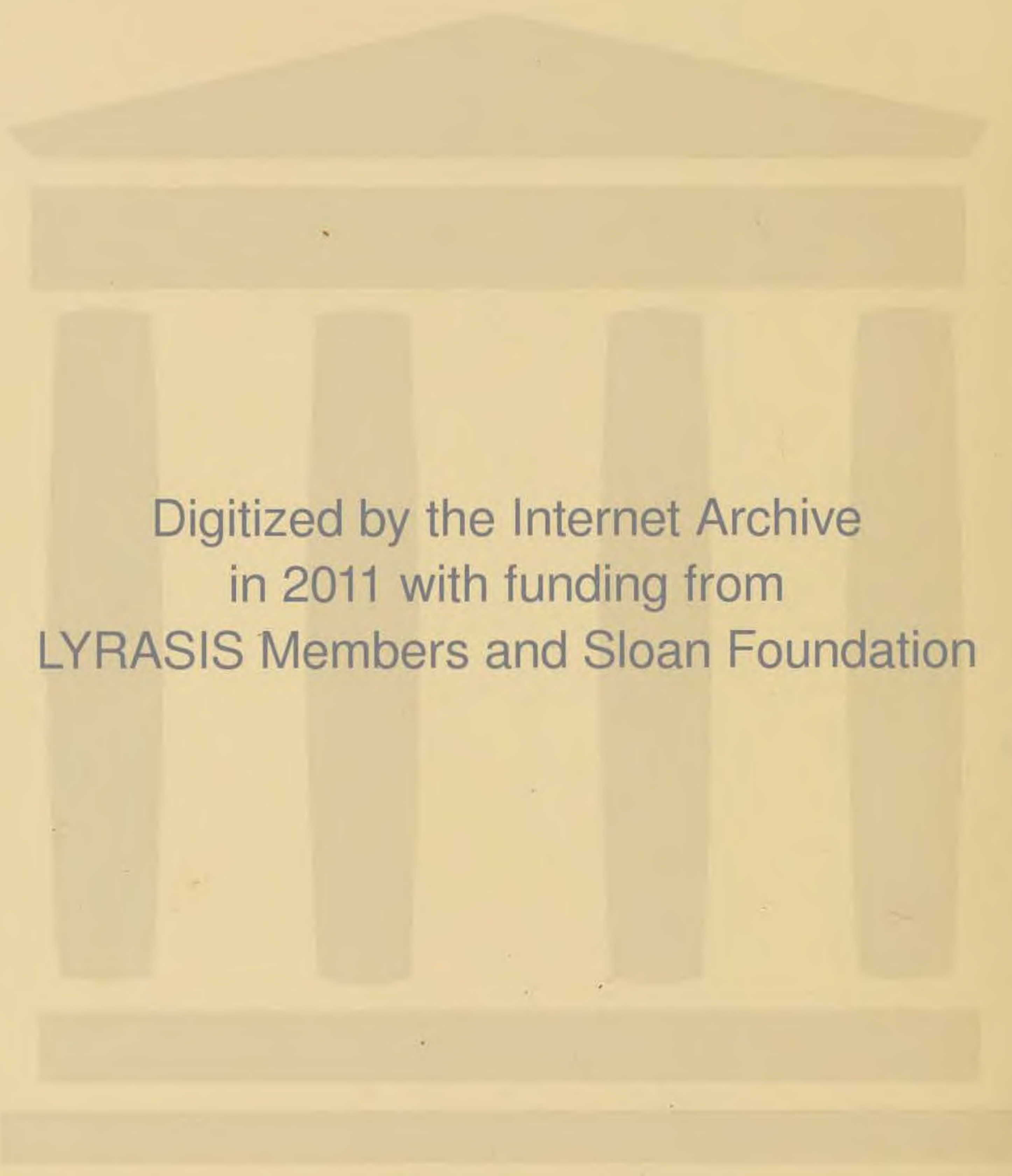
IN SHENANDO LAND

"I heard the Shenandoah roll along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise toward the realms of snow."



IN SHENDO LAND

"I heard the Shenandoah roll along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise toward the realms of snow."



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

The Schoolma'am

Published by the Students

of the

State Normal School

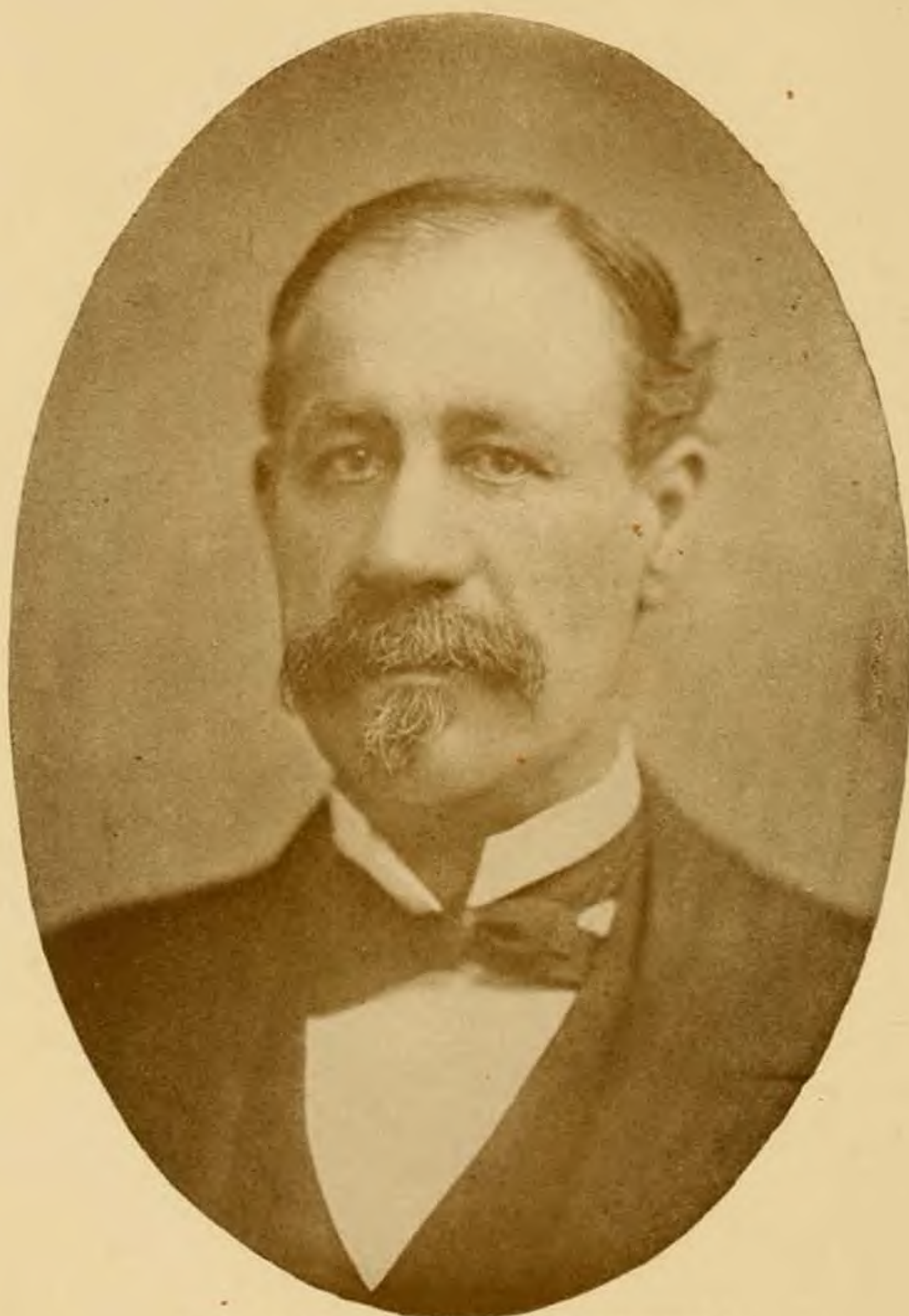
Harrisonburg, Virginia



#

Volume Three

Nineteen Hundred and Twelve



HONORABLE GEORGE B. KEEZELL.

This Volume
Is Respectfully Dedicated

to

George Bernard Kezell

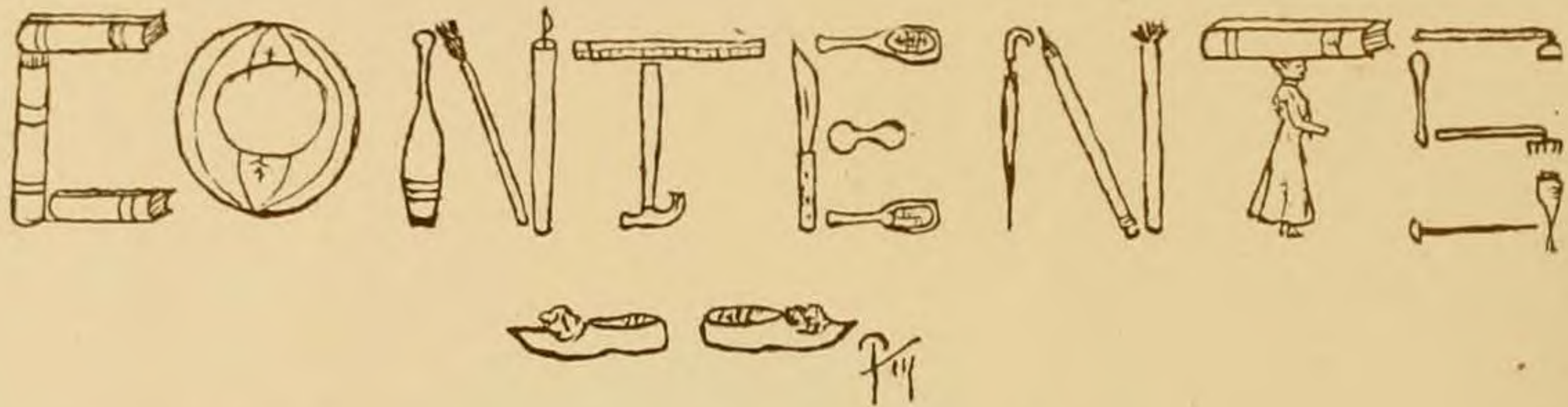
A Progressive Farmer

A Virginia Statesman

A Patron of Education

and

A Friend of Virginia Teachers



Frontispiece	
Dedication	3
Contents	4
Editorial Staff	6
Her Curtsy	8
Board of Trustees	9
The Shenandoah (<i>Illustration</i>)	10
Faculty	11
The Hidden Faculty (<i>Illustration</i>)	16
Alumnae Association	18
Calendar Y's	20
Calendar Other Y's	21
Reading	22
Prayer	23
Senior Mascot (<i>Illustration</i>)	24
Class Poem	26
Senior Class	27
Honorary Member (<i>Illustration</i>)	28
Seniors	29
Class History	54
Who Will Be Who in America in 1925	55
Junior Class	60
Charge of the Junior Class	62
Sophomore Class	64
Toasts (<i>Poem</i>)	66
Freshman Class	68
We Lisp in Numbers (<i>Poem</i>)	70
Special Class	72
Class Poem	73
PART II.—MISCELLANY	
Lanier Literary Society	76
Our Society Library	78
Lee Literary Society	
Lights of Blue Stone Hill (<i>Illustration</i>)	79
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet	80
Lullaby (<i>Poem</i>)	82
The Lady or the Tiger	83
Waters Fresh From the Hills (<i>Illustration</i>)	84

A Flying Trip	85
Athletic Council (<i>Illustration</i>)	90
Athletic Association	91
Racket Tennis Club	92
Pinquet Tennis Club	94
Field Day Program	96
Freshman Basket Ball Team	98
Sophomore Basket Ball Team	99
Junior Basket Ball Team	100
Senior Basket Ball Team	101
A Convict's Thanksgiving (<i>Story</i>)	102
A Blink O' Rest (<i>Poem</i>)	104
Clubs	105
German Club	106
Glee Club	108
Kindergarten Club	110
Arts Club	112
A Rebus (<i>Poem</i>)	114
Home Economics Club	116
The River that Made our Valley (<i>Illustration</i>)	117
Japanese Operetta (<i>Illustration</i>)	118
Out of the Mail Bag	119
To a Physicist Physicked by a Physician (<i>Poem</i>)	126
Swords and Roses (<i>Story</i>)	127
In the Superlative Degree	131
Massanutten Peak (<i>Illustration</i>)	132
Shendo Land (<i>Poem</i>)	133
Our Flower Catalogue	134
Cohee and Tuckahoe (<i>Story</i>)	137
Where We Do Our Rural Practice Teaching (<i>Illustration</i>)	139
The Prince Burglar (<i>Story</i>)	140
In Lighter Vein	142
Tonsilitis by the Forelock (<i>Poem</i>)	145
Train Time at McGaheysville (<i>Poem</i>)	146
To Suit the Epicurean Taste	148
Mona Lisa (<i>Illustration</i>)	149
Final Examination for Seniors	150
The Faculty—An Interior (<i>Poem</i>)	152
The Lily of the Valley (<i>Poem</i>)	154
Wedding Bells	155
Last Will and Testament	156
Glimpses of the Valley (<i>Illustration</i>)	158
In Memoriam	159
Fallen on Sleep	160
On the Campus (<i>Illustration</i>)	161
Roll Call	162
Autographs	170
Advertisements (<i>Illustration</i>)	173

BUY YOUR
Drug Store Needs
 from
AVIS DRUGS
 Prescriptions
 The best of Good Prompts
 We appreciate

Doris Brock

G. M.

E. S. WRIGHT
 1109 Chestnut St.
 Philadelphia, Pa.

M. C.

THE ROCKINGHAM NORMAL BANK
 No. HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Pay to the order of \$ DOLLARS

THE ROCKINGHAM NORMAL SCHOOL

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial Staff

Editors-in-Chief

Eva Douglas Massey

Annie Thomas Wise, Assistant

Associate Editors

Ruth Randolph Conn

Kate Hanger Taylor

Anna Pearl Haldeman

Sadie Young Fristoe

Freida George Johnson

Art Editors

Frances Isabel Mackey

English Hammet Kendrick

Business Managers

Octavia Ernestine Goode

Bessie Marie Leftwich, Associate

Vada Whitesel, Associate

Her Curtsy



THE SCHOOLMA'AM bows her thanks to all her friends, and fain would bring a bright and cheery greeting to each Shendo maid.

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

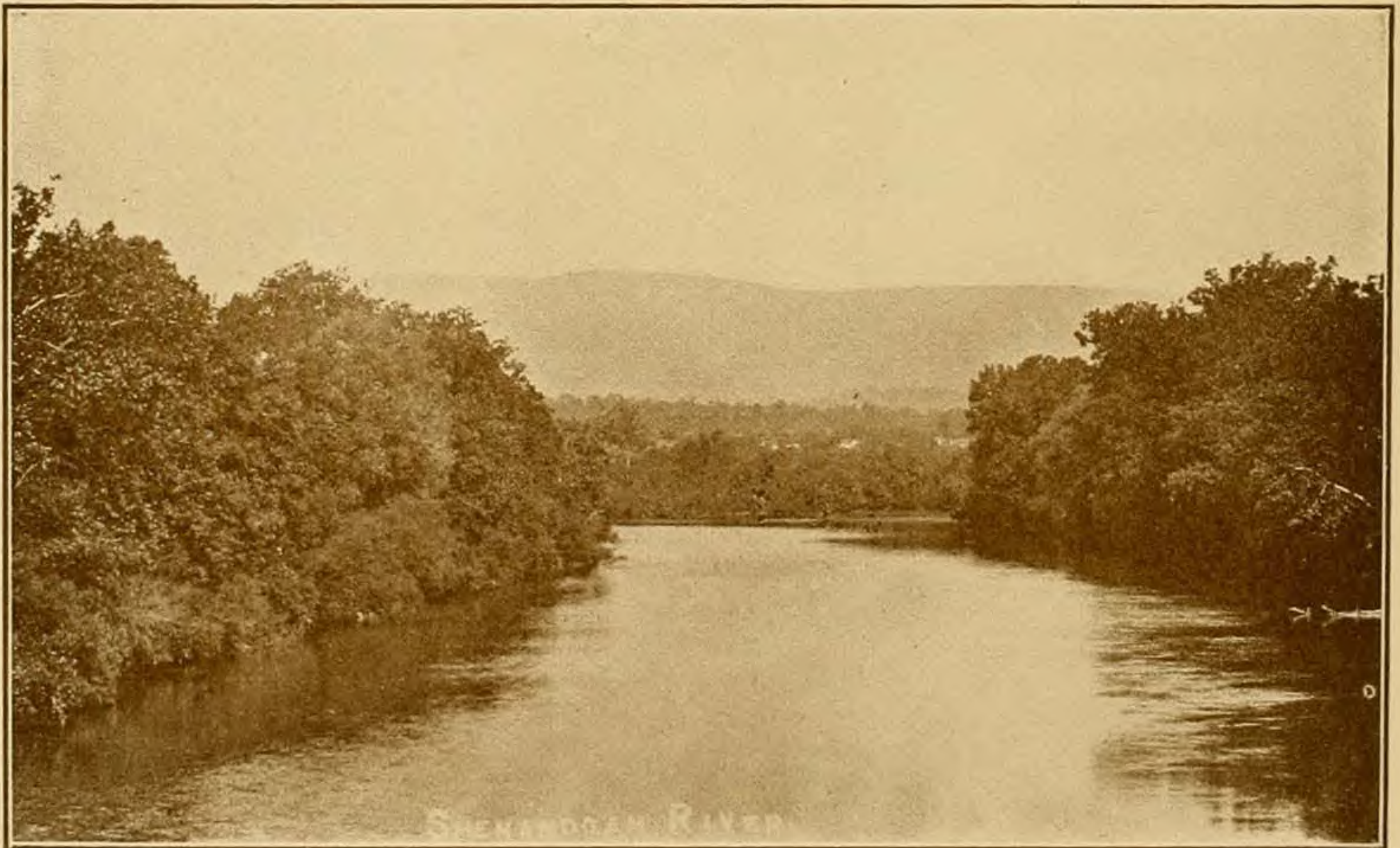
It is geography that she presents this time; and, according to the most approved pedagogical methods, she does not go far from home for her material, but just asks her readers to look out of the windows at the fair land that lies about them. In these pages she has tried to give some hint of the wonderful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

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

Board of Trustees

HON. GEORGE B. KEEZELL, <i>President</i>	Harrisonburg, Virginia
HON. FLOYD W. KING, <i>Vice-President</i>	Clifton Forge, Virginia
HON. GEORGE N. CONRAD, <i>Treasurer</i>	Harrisonburg, Virginia
MR. E. W. CARPENTER	Harrisonburg, Virginia
FRANK MOORE, ESQ.	Lexington, Virginia
HON. N. B. EARLY, JR.	Dawsonville, Virginia
MR. HARRY F. BYRD	Winchester, Virginia
PROF. ORMUND STONE	University, Virginia
F. W. WEAVER, ESQ.	Luray, Virginia
HON. WALTER T. OLIVER	Fairfax, Virginia
HON. J. D. EGGLESTON, JR.	Richmond, Virginia
MR. JULIAN A. BURRUSS, <i>Secretary</i>	

The Shenandoah



Faculty

JULIAN A. BURRUSS, B. S., A. M.
President

CORNELIUS J. HEATWOLE, L. I., B. S.
Education

JOHN W. WAYLAND, B. A., PH. D.
History and Social Science

YETTA S. SHONINGER, B. S.
Primary Education and Supervisor of Training

ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND, A. B.
English Language and Literature

NATALIE LANCASTER
Mathematics

S. FRANCES SALE
Household Arts

MARGARET G. KING
Geography and Rural Arts

MATTIE A. SPECK
Manual Arts

LIDA P. CLEVELAND
Piano

EVALINA M. HARRINGTON, B. S.
Kindergarten Education

JAMES C. JOHNSTON
Natural Science

RHEA C. SCOTT
Rural School Supervisor

RUTH S. HUDSON
Physical Education and Expression

MARGARET V. HOFFMAN, B. A.
Foreign Languages

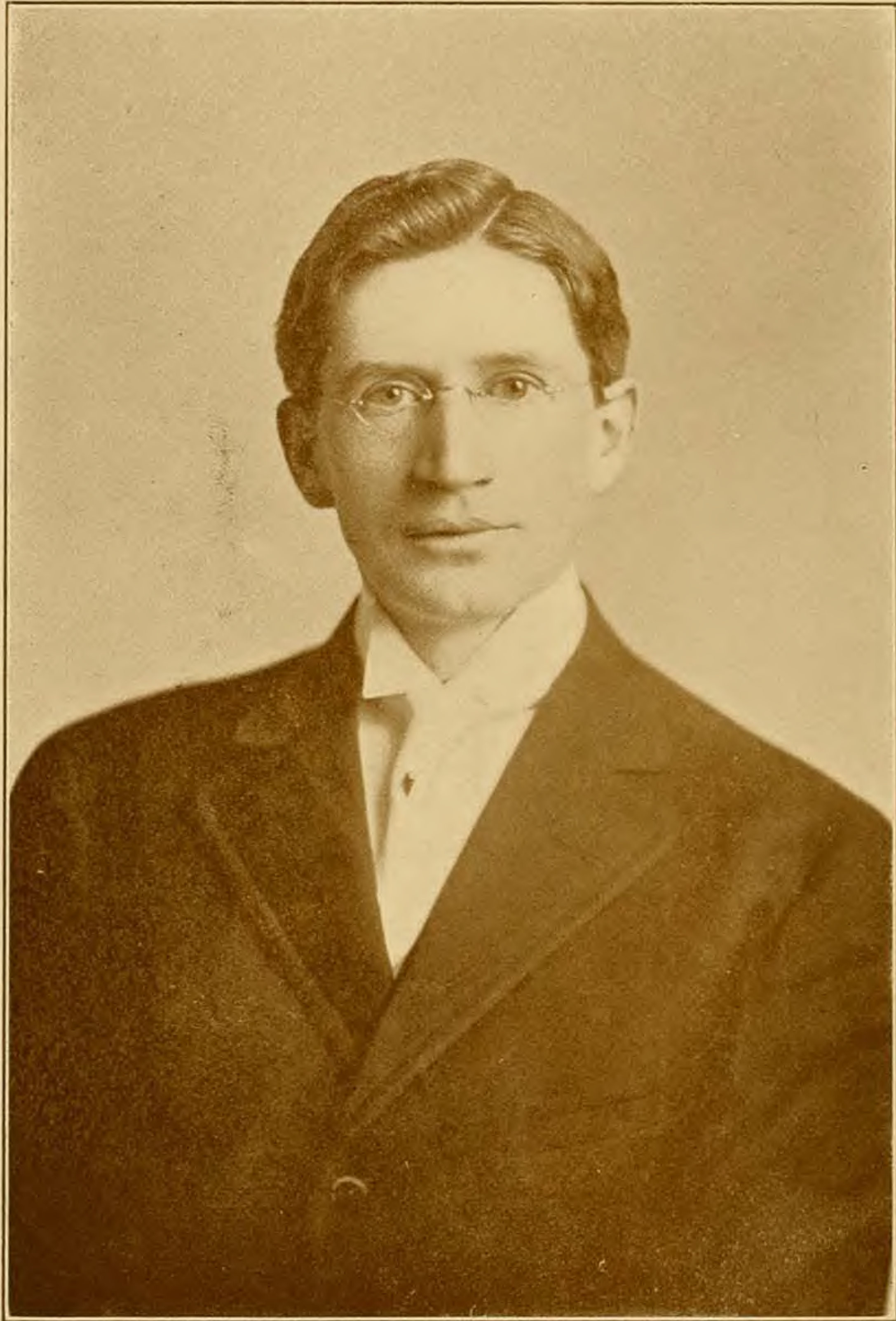
JAMES A. HARMON
Stringed Instruments

JULIA STARR PRESTON
Vocal Music

ANNIE V. CLEVELAND
Assistant in English and Foreign Languages

MARY I. BELL
Registrar and Acting Librarian

MRS. R. B. BROOKE
Matron



JULIAN A. BURRUSS

Faculty



ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND



NATALIE LANCASTER



EVALINA M. HARRINGTON



JOHN W. WAYLAND



S. FRANCES SALE



MARGARET G. KING



YETTA S. SHONINGER

Faculty



MATTIE A. SPECK



LIDA P. CLEVELAND



RUTH S. HUDSON



CORNELIUS J. HEATWOLE



JULIA S. PRESTON



JAMES C. JOHNSTON



MARY I. BELL

Faculty



ANNIE V. CLEVELAND



MARGARET V. HOFFMAN



RHEA C. SCOTT

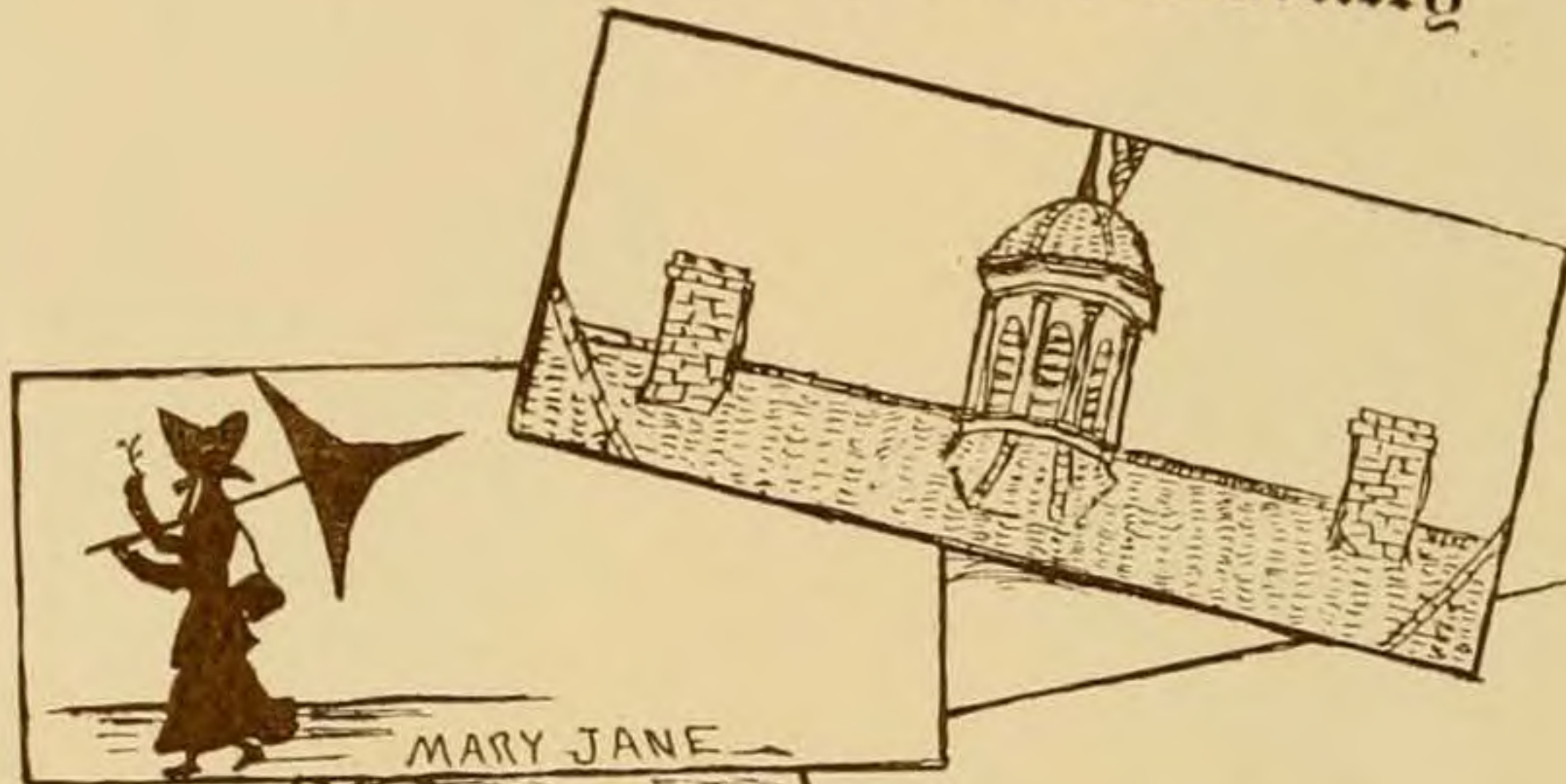


JAMES A. HARMON

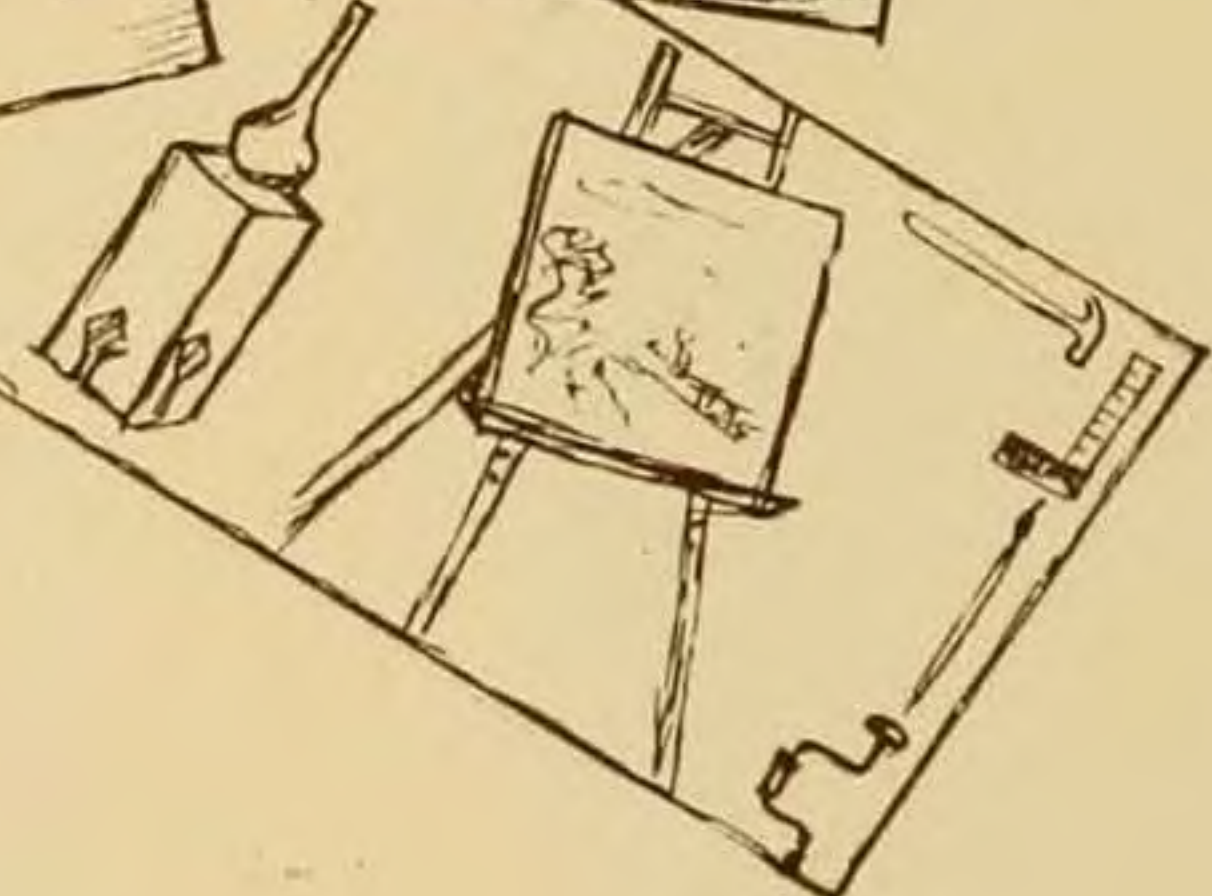


MRS. R. B. BROOKE

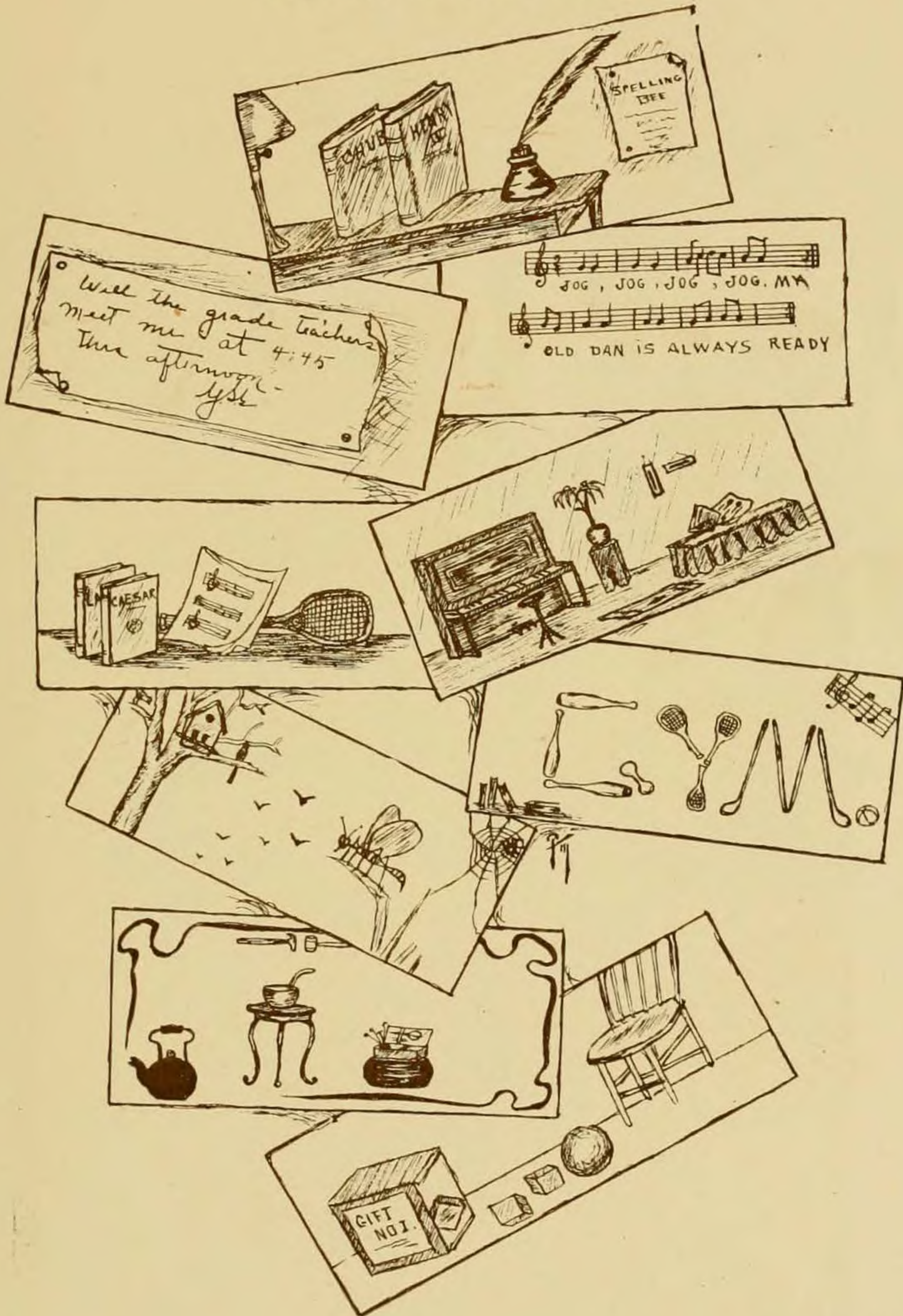
The Hidden Faculty

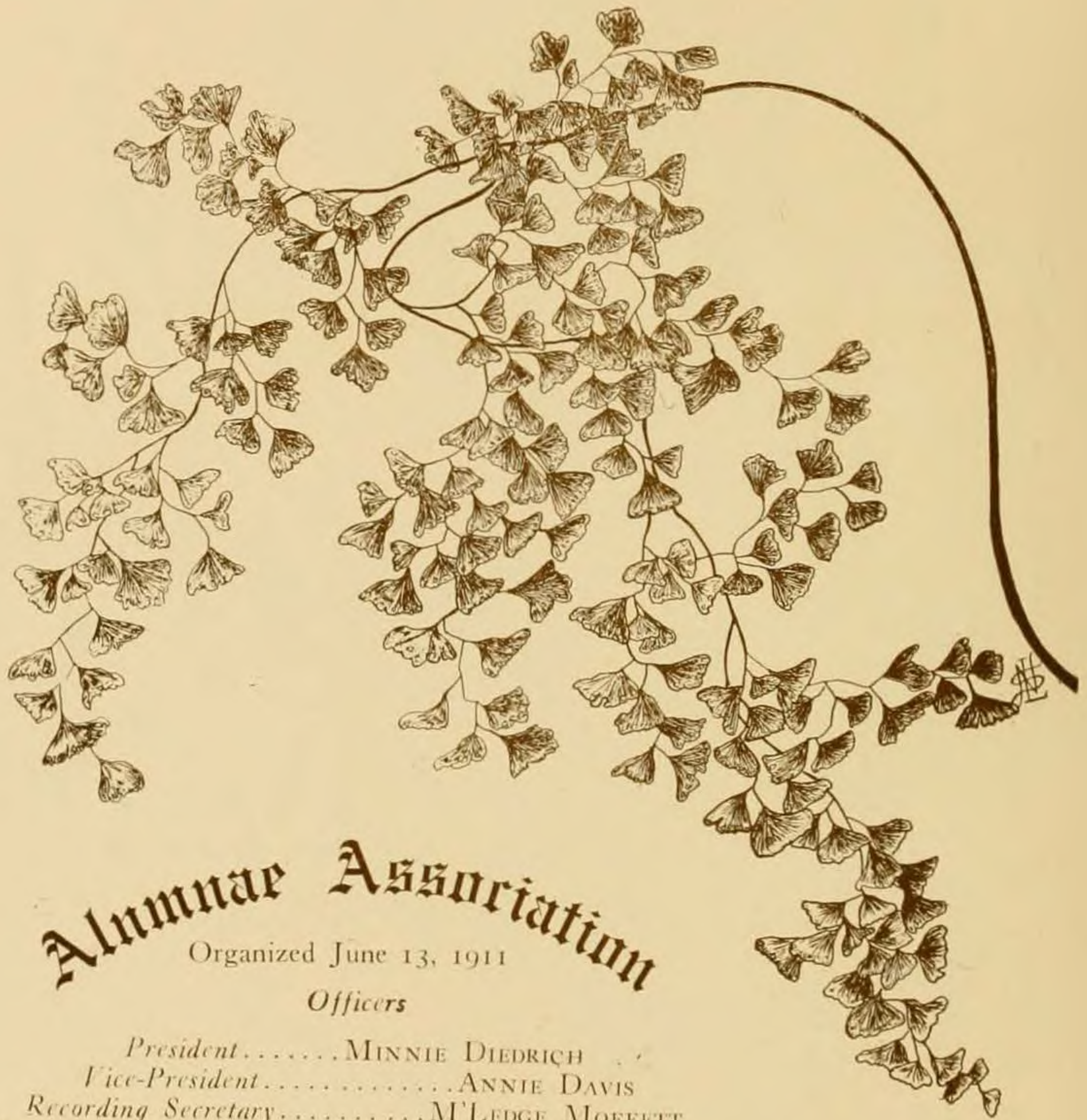


BON JOUR
MADEMOISELLE



The Hidden Faculty





Alumnae Association

Organized June 13, 1911

Officers

President MINNIE DIEDRICH
Vice-President ANNIE DAVIS
Recording Secretary M'LEDGE MOFFETT
Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer ELSIE SHICKEL

Executive Board

Minnie Diedrich	M'Ledge Moffett	Elsie Shickel
Annie Davis	Amelia Brooke	

Our First Graduates—Whereabouts and Whatahouts

- Amelia Harrison Brooke Harrisonburg, Virginia
Assistant to Matron, State Normal School
- Annie Lillian Davis Richmond, Virginia
Domestic Science and Manual Training, Public Schools
- Minnie Caroline Diedrich Harrisonburg, Virginia
Third Grade, Waterman Public School
- Virginia Scott Dunn Free Union, Virginia
Elementary School, Albemarle County
- Janet Claremond Green Clio, South Carolina
Manual Training and Latin, Public Schools
- Kathleen Bell Harnsberger Harrisonburg, Virginia
Kindergarten, Waterman Public School
- Lydia Inez Hopcroft Charlottesville, Virginia
Fifth Grade, Central Public School
- Charlotte Henry Lawson Lynchburg, Virginia
Fifth Grade, Public School
- Ruth Bouldin MacCorkle Elkins, West Virginia
First and Second Grades, Public School
- Mary Stella Meserole Charlottesville, Virginia
Second Grade, Central Public School
- Janet Miller Staunton, Virginia
Kindergarten, Stuart Hall School
- Mary Ledger Moffett New York City
Student, Teachers College, Columbia University
- Irene Orndorff Buena Vista, Virginia
First Grade, Public School
- Katharine Virginia Royce Charlottesville, Virginia
Supervisor, Normal Training Department, High School
- Vergilia Pendleton Sadler Palmyra, Virginia
English and History, High School
- Fannie Hundley Scates Pulaski, Virginia
Third Grade, Public School
- Elsie Naomi Shickel Harrisonburg, Virginia
Fifth Grade, Main Street Public School
- Sarah Humphrey Shields Harrisonburg, Virginia
Post-graduate Student, State Normal School
- Ethel Kathryn Sprinkel Harrisonburg, Virginia
Kindergarten, Waterman Public School
- Maude Tyson Wescott Harrisonburg, Virginia
Second Grade, Waterman Public School

CALENDAR Y'S



1911—1912

- September 27—Opening Day of Third Year.
 September 28—Organization of Classes.
 September 29—Faculty Reception.
 October 2—Joint Meeting of Lees and Laniers.
 October 6—Epworth League Reception.
 October 20—Serenade by the Daily News Band.
 November 15—Arthur Conradi, Violinist; Austin Conradi, Pianist.
 November 24—The Spinsters' Return.
 November 30—Thanksgiving Day—Holiday.
 December 15—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.
 December 21—Christmas Holiday.
 January 2—Beginning of Winter Quarter.
 February 15—Princess Kiku.
 February 21—Conradi's Second Recital.
 February 22—Holiday.
 March 2—Junior-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
 March 16—Senior-Junior Basket Ball Game.
 March 29—An Interscholastic Debate.
 March 31—Sophomore-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
 April 5—Easter Holiday.
 April 12—Spelling Bee.
 April 13—Senior-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
 April 26—Junior-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
 April 27—Senior Arbor Day Exercises.
 April 27—Seniors' Reception to Juniors.
 May 4—Senior-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
 May 21—"Twelfth Night."
 May 22—"As You Like It." "Electra."
 June 7—"The Princess"—Senior Play.
 June 8—Music Recital.
 June 9—Baccalaureate Sermon. Y. W. C. A. Sermon.
 June 10—Field Day Exercises. Annual Exhibit of Class Work. President's Reception to Students.
 June 11—Commencement Day.



CALENDAR OTHER Y'S



September

- 27—Spinsters' Return.
- 28—Old Maids' Convention.

October

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

November

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

December

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

January

- 2.—Beginning of Winter

{	Term
	Temperature
	Torture
- 15—Annual Staff 'Lecture Day.
- 15-20—Political atmosphere clears up.

February

- 2—Ground-hog sees his shadow.

13—12 p. m. "The Cream of the Senior Class," also several others, conduct themselves in a most unseemly manner.

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

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

March

4—Squash!
12—"Where Ignorance is Bliss 'Tis Folly to be Wise."

14—Spring Cleaning.
Grand Window Washing.
Black Willie Waxed the Floors.

THE BOARD CAME.

24—Sunday Dinner Minus Ice Cream.
30—Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

April

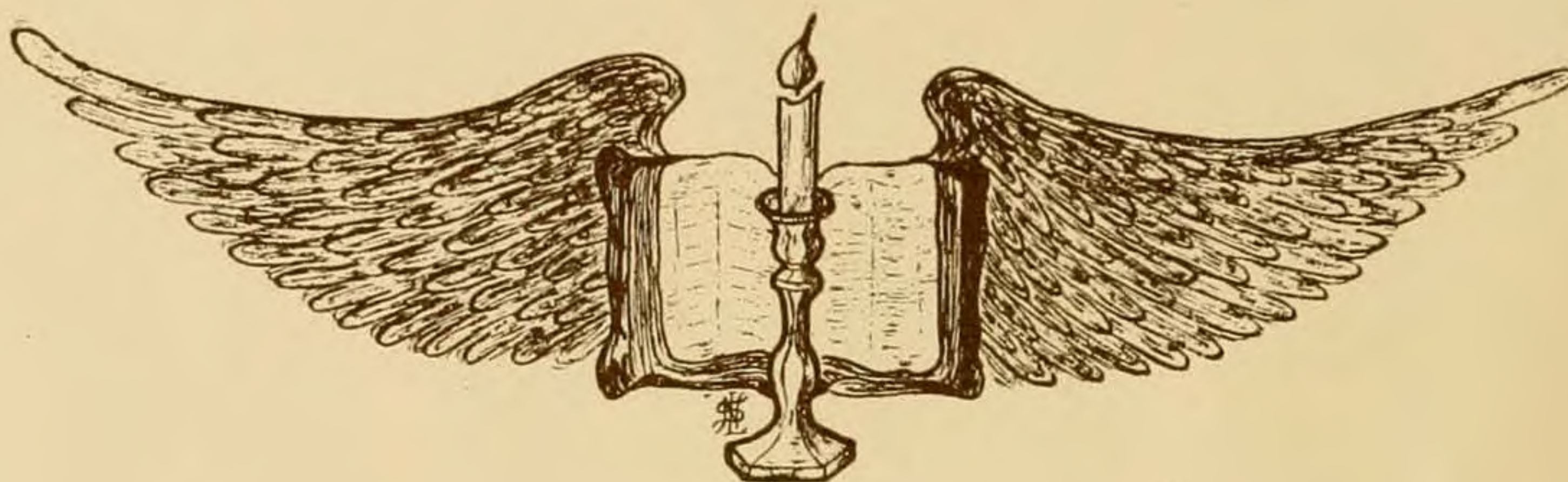
4—White Shoes, \$1.35.
5—Limp, and the world limps with you;
Skip, and you skip alone.
6—Miss C. gets caught eating sandwiches.
8—General upheaval—Spring gardening begun.
12—"C-I-R-C-E-N-S-I-A-N."

May

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

June

12—Finis!



Reading

September 28, 1911

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

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

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

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

Prayer

September 28, 1911



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

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

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

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



MASTER FRANCIS FRY WAYLAND



Class Poem

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Senior Class

Motto

"A clear head over a glowing heart."

Flower

White Rose

Colors

Green and White

Honorary Member: Cornelius J. Heatwole

Officers

President Sarah Humphrey Shields

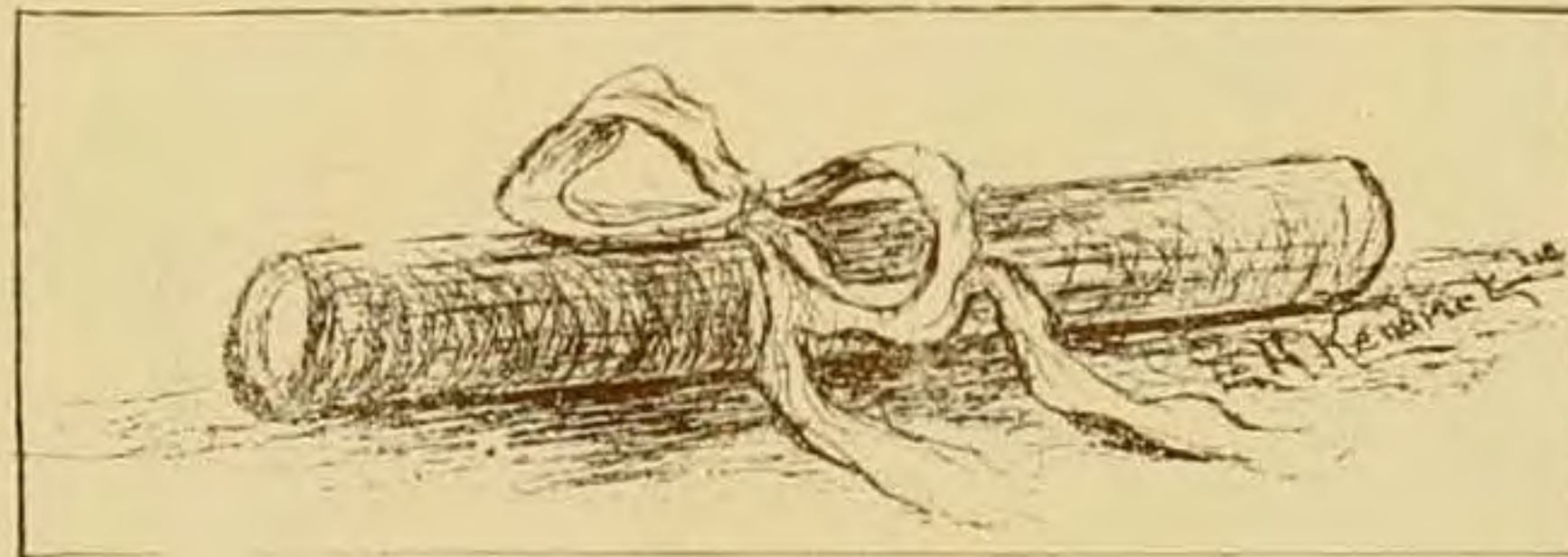
Vice-President Annie Thomas Wise

Secretary Inez Eakle Coyner

Treasurer ... Mary Sheldon Thom

Mascot

Master Francis Fry Wayland





CORNELIUS J. HEATWOLE
Honorary Member



KATHARINE ANDERSON

Household Arts

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

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

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

EUNICE BAKER

Kindergarten

"Love's a malady without a cure."

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

Her smile (or grin) reminds one of the Cheshire cat; but notwithstanding this fact, she is well beloved by all who know her.



HILDA MAE BENSON

Professional

"Rich in saving common sense
And, as the greatest only are,
In her simplicity sublime."

This animated Philosophy of Mathematics will speedily elucidate for you any seemingly impossible geometry proposition or any baffling problem in Math. 47.

She can even make quite plain to you that very puzzling thing—a triangular square.

She is a very present help in any time of trouble.



RUTH RANDOLPH CONN

Normal

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

Ruth, better than any other member of the Senior Class, possesses the power of attention. This she accomplishes by looking directly at the speaker, no matter which part of the room she may be in.

Ruth's two great ambitions are to become a poet-artist and a mathematician. She has even been correlating the two already. We think her success in life will be in mathematics as a teacher of geometry since she has already formulated a number of original problems.



SUSIE HAWSWORTH CORR

Kindergarten

"Her hair is no more sunny than her heart."

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

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

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

INEZ EAKLE COYNER

Professional

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

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



SARAH VIRGINIA DAVIES

Household Arts

"A firm yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet re-
signed."

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

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



VIRGINIA TREVEY DUDLEY

Household Arts

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

With her needles and her pins, her spider
and her spoon, her airs and her graces, she
will conquer mankind.



VIRGINIA OLER EARMAN

Kindergarten

"Her eyes like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too her dusky hair."

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

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

HARRIET LORRAINE ELDRED

Professional

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

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

"So hoot she sings that by nyghtertale
She sleeps namoore than dooth a nyght-
yngale."



MARGARET ELEANOR FOX

Professional

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

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



ALPINE DOUGLASS GATLING

Professional

(September)

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

"Peanut" quite captivated us all on her arrival from Tidewater after Christmas last year. She was never known to miss a goal in basket ball, and is quite an expert violinist. Liked by all, she is the fortunate possessor of that rare charm of manner which is desired by many, but which is characteristic of so few of us. She is extremely fond of making puns; and when she leaves, we shall Al (1)—pine.





OCTAVIA ERNESTINE GOODE

Normal

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

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

CLARA LOUISE GREENAWALT

Household Arts

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

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



MARY VIRGINIA GREER

Household Arts

(September)

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

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



ANNA PEARL HALDEMAN

Kindergarten

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

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



ETHEL HARMAN

Household Arts

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

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

ELLA CATHARINE HEATWOLE

Professional

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

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

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

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



HALLIE LEE HUGHES

Industrial Arts

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

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



NAN WISE JENNINGS

Professional

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

"Nancy" began her upward growth in Culpeper, Virginia. She is a living example of the adage, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." In her more serious moods she has been caught writing poetry on the sly, and it is thought that she secretly aspires to literary fame. Her particular talent, however, lies in the art of warbling love songs, old and new.



LOUISE ELY LANCASTER

Kindergarten

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

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

Called also: South Carolina Rice-bird.

Length—Six feet.

Width—Six inches.

Range—The rice-fields and palmetto groves of her native State, and "Cousin Natalie's" room.

Migrations—June. September.

AURIE EDNA LAW

Professional

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

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



MARY COFFMAN LIGGETT

Kindergarten

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

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

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



MARY LACY LYLE

Household Arts

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

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

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

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

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





LIZZIE STERN MCGAHEY

Normal

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

This Scotch lassie spent many of her first hours at this place in bitter weeping for the homeland, but she soon fell a victim to the charms of a fair Indian club swinger; and since then, although she is often solemn, she is seldom very sad. Athletics is her hobby, and it is said that even in her sleep she talks of leading her Senior team to victory.

She is not given to many words; but she has acquired an air which is the envy of all her friends, whereby she can deliver an answer in class in such a tone of assurance as never fails to convince the instructor that she has studied the lesson, when in all probability it has entirely escaped her notice.

MAMIE EVELYN McMILLAN

Normal

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

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



LUCY HIDEN MADISON

Professional

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

Specialty—basket ball (running forward).

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



SUSIE DANIEL MADISON

Household Arts

"An open hearted maiden, pure and true."

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



EVA DOUGLAS MASSEY

Normal

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

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

NANNIE MORRISON

Normal

"She laughed, and every heart was glad."

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

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

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

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



PEARL NOELL

Professional

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

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

In the manufacture of time she is unsurpassed. Send for her booklet, "How to Make Five Hours between Seven and Ten O'clock." She never rushes (above all, never crushes), but was never known to be late.

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



ORRA LENORA OTLEY

Normal

"Her life was earnest work, not play."

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



MAURINE GARNETT PATTERSON

Kindergarten

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

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

LUCIE RUSSELL PULLIAM

Kindergarten

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

" I was just fixin' to say!—"

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

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

"Sleeping I dream, love—
Dream, love, of thee!"



JANE MARY PULLIAM

Professional

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

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

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



SARAH VIRGINIA ROLLER

Normal

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

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

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





RUTH ALTHEA ROUND

Kindergarten

"Perseverance conquereth all things."

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

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

ELIZABETH KATHRYN RUCKER

Professional

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

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

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



MARY EMMA SADLER

Normal

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

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



EDMONIA BLAIR SHEPPERSON

Manual Arts

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

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

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



SARAH HUMPHREY SHIELDS

Household Arts

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

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

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

FRANCES SIBERT

Normal *(September)*

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

Monday, 8:30 a. m. "Horrors! look at the dreadful geometry test.

1. To compute the time I wasted on geometry.

2. To find the locus of points equidistant from my home and Miss Lancaster's blackboard.

Through at last! I am going to stop this hard old Math."



KATE HANGER TAYLOR

Professional

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

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



ANNIE TENCH

Professional

(September)

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

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



MARY SHELDON THOM

Kindergarten

Her smiles are but touches of sunshine."

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

JESSIE THRASHER

Industrial Arts

(September)

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the force of a woman's will."

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



WILLYE WHITE

Kindergarten

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

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



VADA WHITESEL

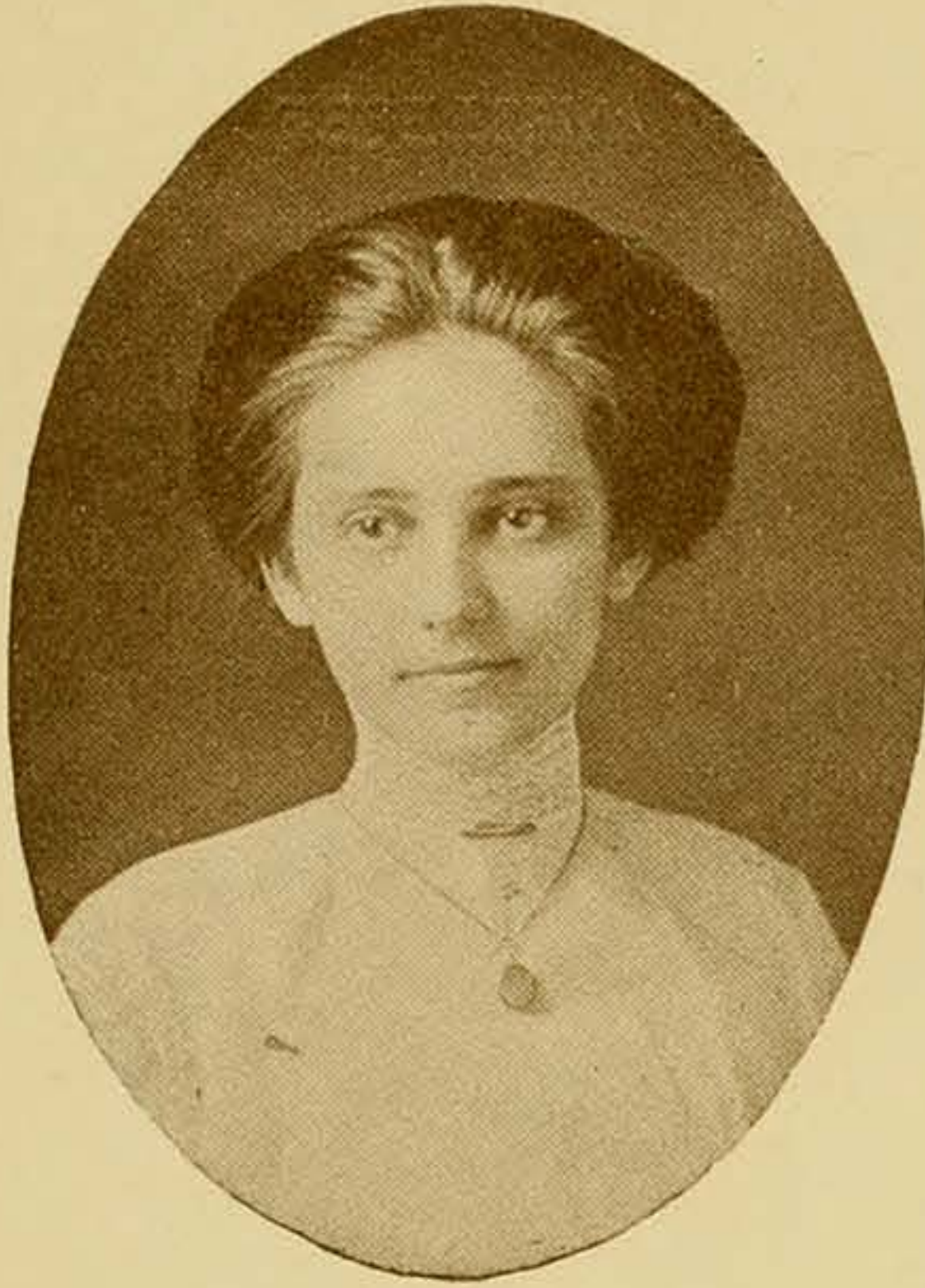
Professional

(September)

"The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates."

Vada's specialty is "story-telling" and presiding over debates in History 48. Addicted to mental stubbornness, she thinks much, says little.

She is a ray far-reaching in kindness, naturalness, and power to penetrate into the hearts of everybody,—hence one who is welcome everywhere.



KATIE VIRGINIA WINFREY

Professional

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

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

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

ANNIE THOMAS WISE

Kindergarten

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

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

How canst thou be so wondrous Wise—
Thou haughty grad. of 1912—
As with town tots to sympathize,
And march and sing and dig and delve,
When one (Great Scott!) for thee still
pleads,
And calls thee to the rural needs?



Class History



THE WRITER, when assigned the task of producing a *history*, knew not what was expected of her—except brevity; hence she referred to that authority upon every subject, Noah Webster, and found that a history is “a narration of events in the order in which they happened, with their causes and effects.”

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

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

“What histories of TOIL could I declare!”

Here at last was something common to us all.

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

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

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

.....

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

Who'll be Who in America in 1925

Anderson, Katharine, manufacturer of domestic felicity for a New York politician. Notorious for her "flap jacks." Wields the rolling-pin with great alacrity.

Baker, Eunice, famous for her conglutinative artifices on maimed and twisted organs of affection. Married, 1914, 1916, 1918, 1922; present state, widowhood. ADDRESS: Care New York Matrimonial Agency.

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

Conn, Ruth, F. R. S., lyrical poet, geometer. Professor of Punolgy and Wittocracy. AUTHOR: "Expostulations of Metrical Composition," "Enigmatical Propositions in Figure Construction."

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

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

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

Dudley, Virginia, successful side-partner of a veterinary surgeon. Took oath of allegiance in 1913. HOME: Los Angeles, California.

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

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

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

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

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

Greenawalt, Louise, modern improver of figures and dress. Enjoying single blessedness. Part suffragette.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Liggett, Mary, professor of Papoosology, Medals in plain and fancy scalping. WIGWAM: Cumachee, Arizona.

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

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

Madison, Lucy, C. 4. S. I. H. 9. Y. B. A., prophet, descendant of Sakara, part Jew. Spent four years in Orient searching for a magic lemon. Professor of Mysticism and Secretology. Diploma in Cabalism.

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

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

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

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

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

Otley, Orra, inventor of remarkable device for transmitting telepathy; communications carried on with Mars. Has control of the suffragette movement—followers, 25,000 females, 1 male.

Patterson, Maurine, ranchman—lecture on "How I Took Up Cows." ADDRESS: Death Head Ranch, North Dakota.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tench, Annie, wife of 27th president of United States; founder of National Association of Snake Breeders. ROOMS: 389 Python Building, Reptile Retreat.

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

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

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

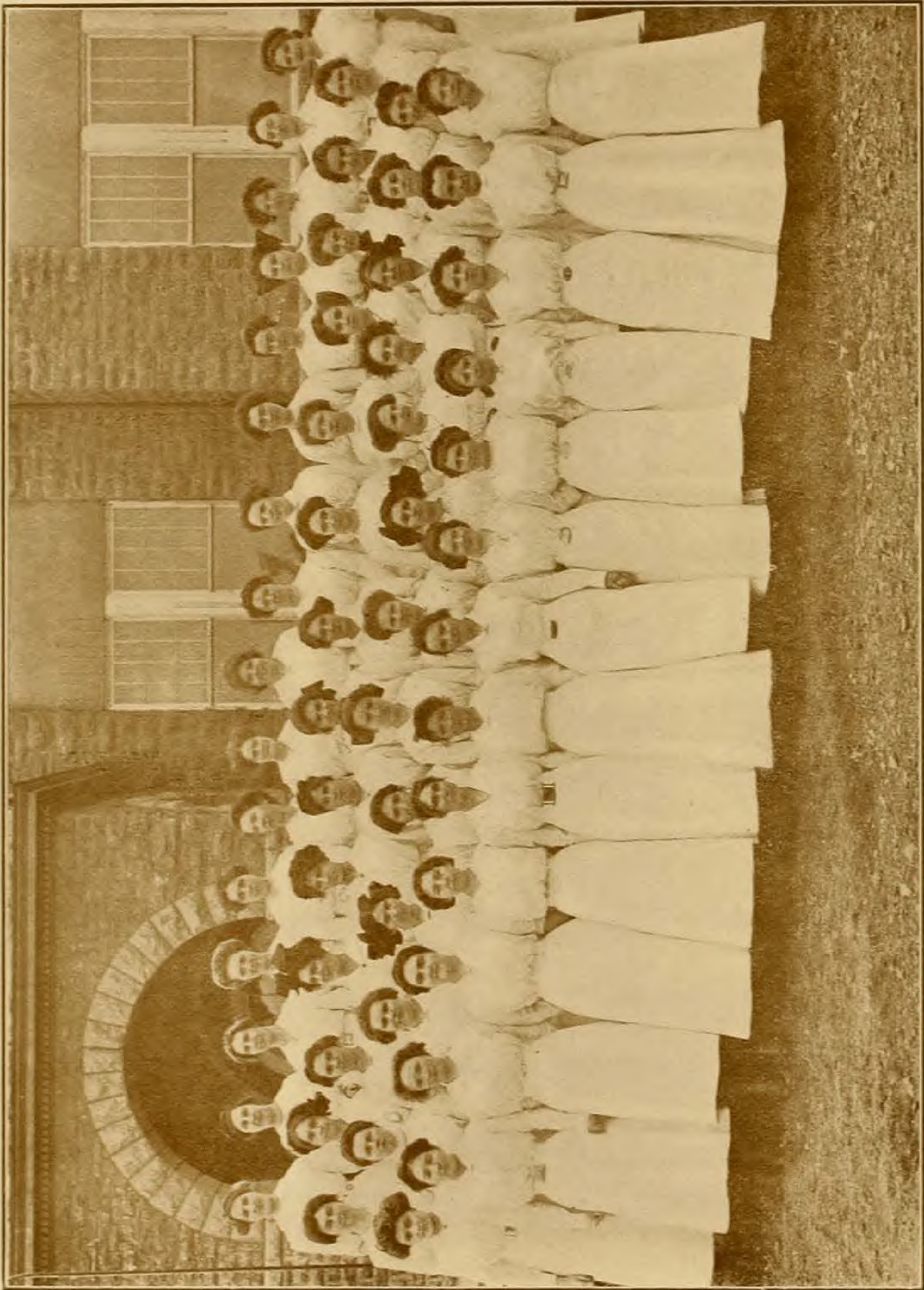
Whitesel, Vada, famous beauty; model for Harrison Fisher pictures; portrait appears on all the leading magazines and periodicals.

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

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



Small signature or text, possibly 'G. S. ...'



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

Motto: B²

Colors
Maroon and Gray

Flower
Red Rose

Officers

President GERTRUDE ROYALL
 Vice-President HELEN HARRIS
 Secretary MARTHA FLETCHER
 Treasurer EDITH SUTER

Members

Sarah Allison	Christiana Berger	
Agnes Baker	Ellaoise Berry	2
Ione Bell	Ruth Bowers	2
Frances Mackey	Dorothy Brown	2
Lucile McLeod	Margaret Burke	2
Frances Meniffee	Ada Burton	2
Mary Michie	Gertrude Carrier	2
Bessie Millner	Shirley Cooper	2
Martha Miller	Nannie Cox	2
Mattie Miller	Virginia Edwards	2
Sara Moffett	Emily Ellis	2
Nellie Myers	Beatrice Eshelman	2
Pattie Puller	Susan Farrell	2
Mabel Rawls	Janet Farrar	2
Idell Reid	Mary Fox	2
Alma Reiter	Martha Fletcher	2
Audrey Rimmer	Marguerite Garrett	2
Gertrude Royall	Effie Garland	2
Mary Ruebush	Margaret Gay	2
Olivine Runciman	Pearl Gentry	2
Mary Sanders	Juliet Gish	2
Carrie Sayers	Marjorie Grizzard	2
Carrie Scates	Mary Haden	2
Mary Settle	Elberta Harris	2
Katherine Selby	Helen Harris	2
Maude Shapleigh	Mabel Heavener	2
Ida Shaffer	Margaret Heflin	2
Bonnie Staley	Katherine Henley	2
Julia Staples	Mabel Hitt	2
Mary Stevens	Louise Holland	2
Lillian Still	Lena Humphries	2
Anna Ward	Annie Lee Jones	2
Janie Werner	Elizabeth Kelley	2
Mary Wilson		
Ottie Wine		
Mattie Worster		
Bessie Leftwich		
Ruth Keys		
English Kendrick		
Dorothy Macon		

The Charge of the Junior Class

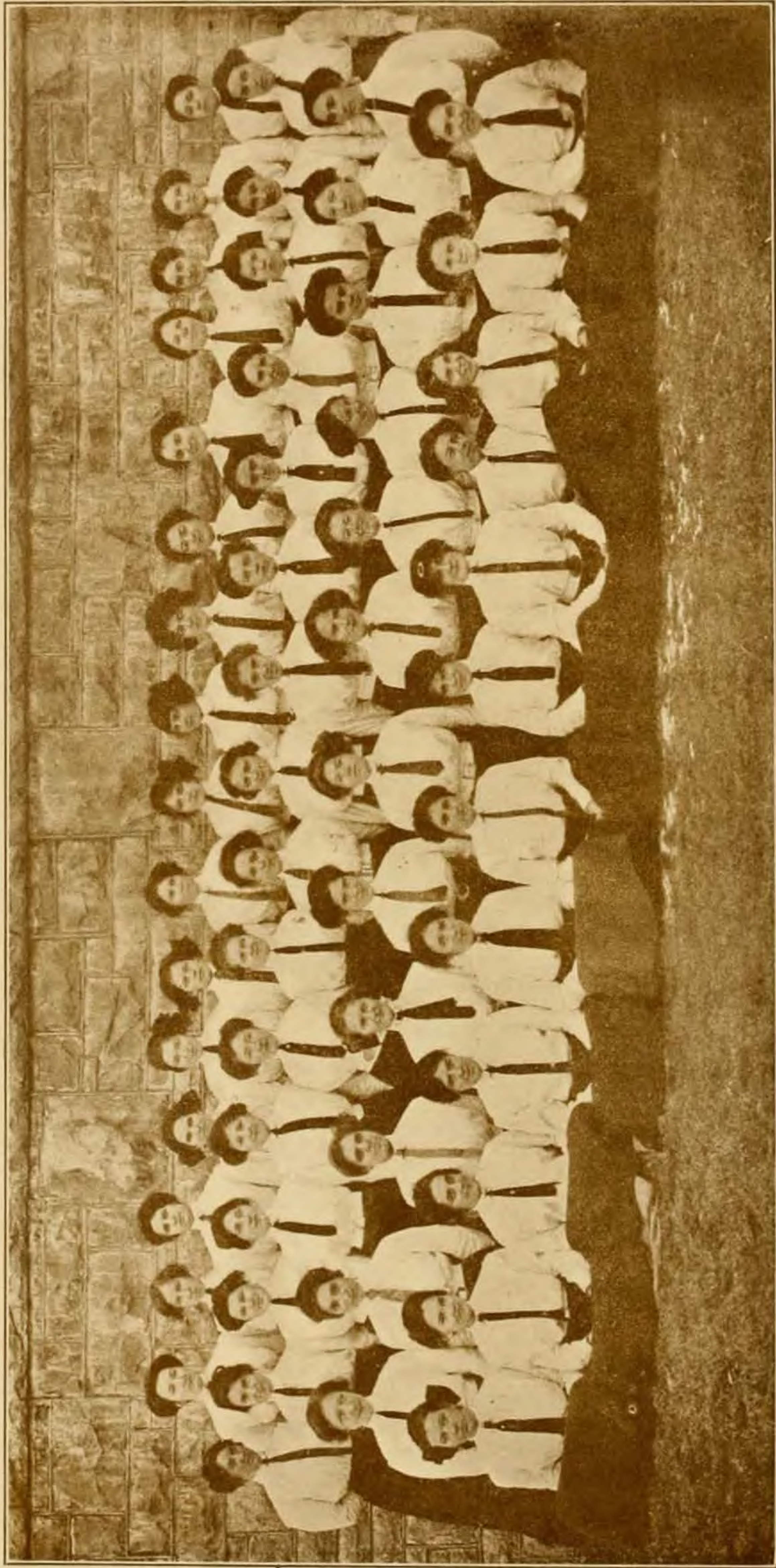
Weary months, weary months,
Weary months forward,
All in the knowledge-path
Struggled the Juniors.
"Forward!" their teacher cried;
To do their best they tried;
All on the knowledge-path
Strove the brave Juniors.

Forward, the Junior class!
Each wildly strove to pass,
Even tho' the teachers knew
Some one had blundered.
Each strove to make reply,
Each strove to reason why—
Theirs but to do and die!
The goal, 100.

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

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
Stout-hearted Juniors!
Honor the work they did;
Let all their faults be hid—
High-minded Juniors.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Colors
GOLD AND WHITE

Flower
DAISY

Motto

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Officers

President
FLORENCE KEEZELL

Secretary
MAPLE DAVIS

Vice-President
SADIE FRISTOE

Treasurer
JOSEPHINE BRADSHAW

Class Roll

Althea Adams	Florence Keezell
Florence Allen	Mary Maloy
Virginia Allen	Susie Maloy
Beulah Anderson	Kathleen Marcum
Nora Armentrout	Leila Marshall
Geneva Babb	Mary Marshall
Corinne Bowman	Mary Martin
Julia Bradford	Effrie Mason
Josephine Bradshaw	Sallie Massie
Margie Bryant	Rosa Maupin
Daisy Buchanan	Carrie McClure
Erma Cline	Mary McDonald
Ruth Coffman	Bertie Lib Miller
Frances Cole	Bertha Nuckolls
Corrie Cox	Pattie Phaup
Irene Daughtrey	Bess Phlegar
Maple Davis	Mary Proctor
Maude Davis	Nina Randolph
Ethel Eley	Mabel Richardson
Bettie Firebaugh	Volina Robertson
Sadie Fristoe	Carrie Rubush
Estelle Gentry	Katie Rudacille
Elizabeth Gilly	Marion Russell
Eleanor Good	Mary Sale
Eunice Gordan	Maude Snead
Cecile Grasty	Mabel Snidow
Kathleen Harless	Ida Via
Carrie Harouff	Lellie Wilkinson
Bernice Hipes	Bessie Willis
Mannie Johnson	Archie Woodzelle
Audrey Jones	Mary Yowell



Toasts

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

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

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

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





Freshman Class

Colors

Green and Gold

Flower

Jonquil

Motto

"We shall attain the summit round by round."

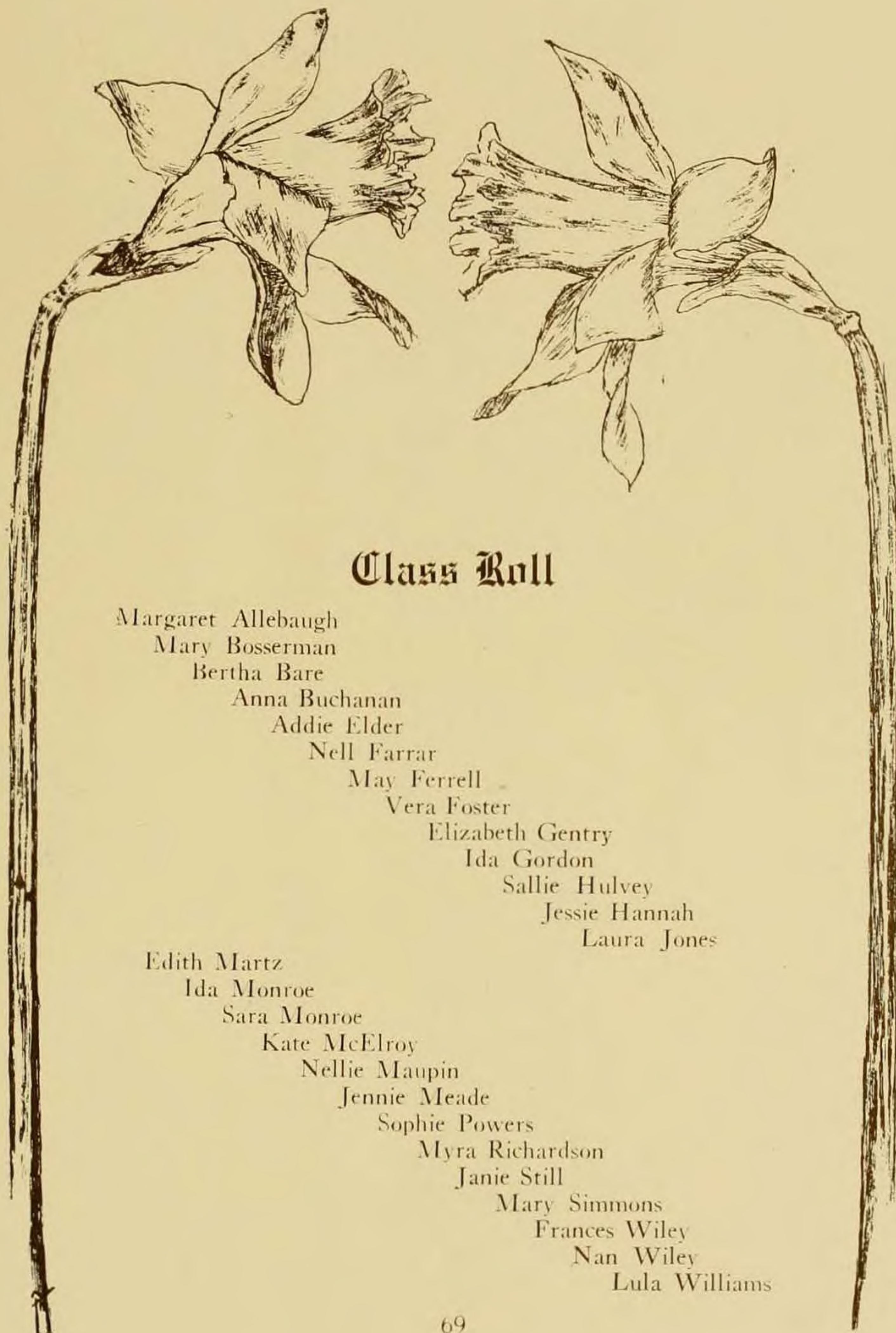
Officers

President, MARY DAVIS

Vice-President, FREIDA JOHNSON

Secretary, FRANCES SELBY

Treasurer, ELIZABETH HEATWOLE



Class Roll

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

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

We Lisp in Numbers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jessie Hannah and Bertha Bare
Never grumble about the fare.

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

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

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

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

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

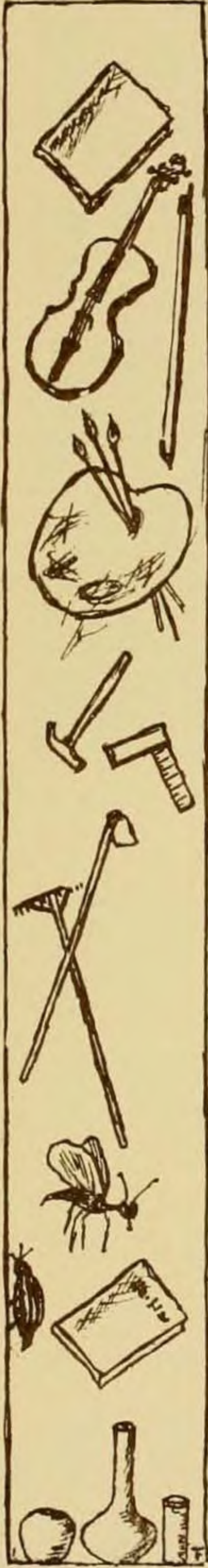
Here's to our president, Mary dear! —
In all our troubles she brings good cheer.

Postscript:

Edith is our little poet,
Who lisps in rhymes but doesn't know it.



Specials —





Special Class

Flower

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Colors

BLACK AND GOLD

Motto

"Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair."

Officers

LILLIAN LIGHTNER.....	<i>President</i>
MARGARET RANSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
CARMEN SEMONES.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET LOGAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

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

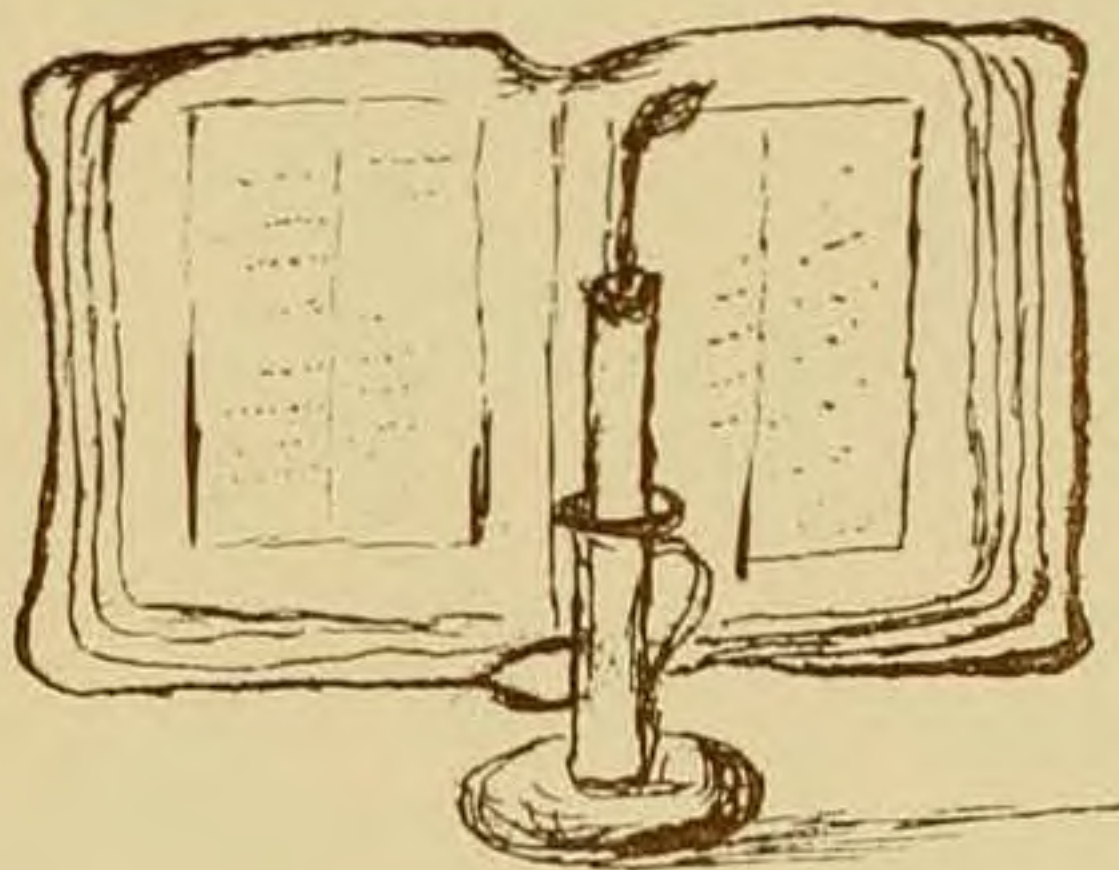
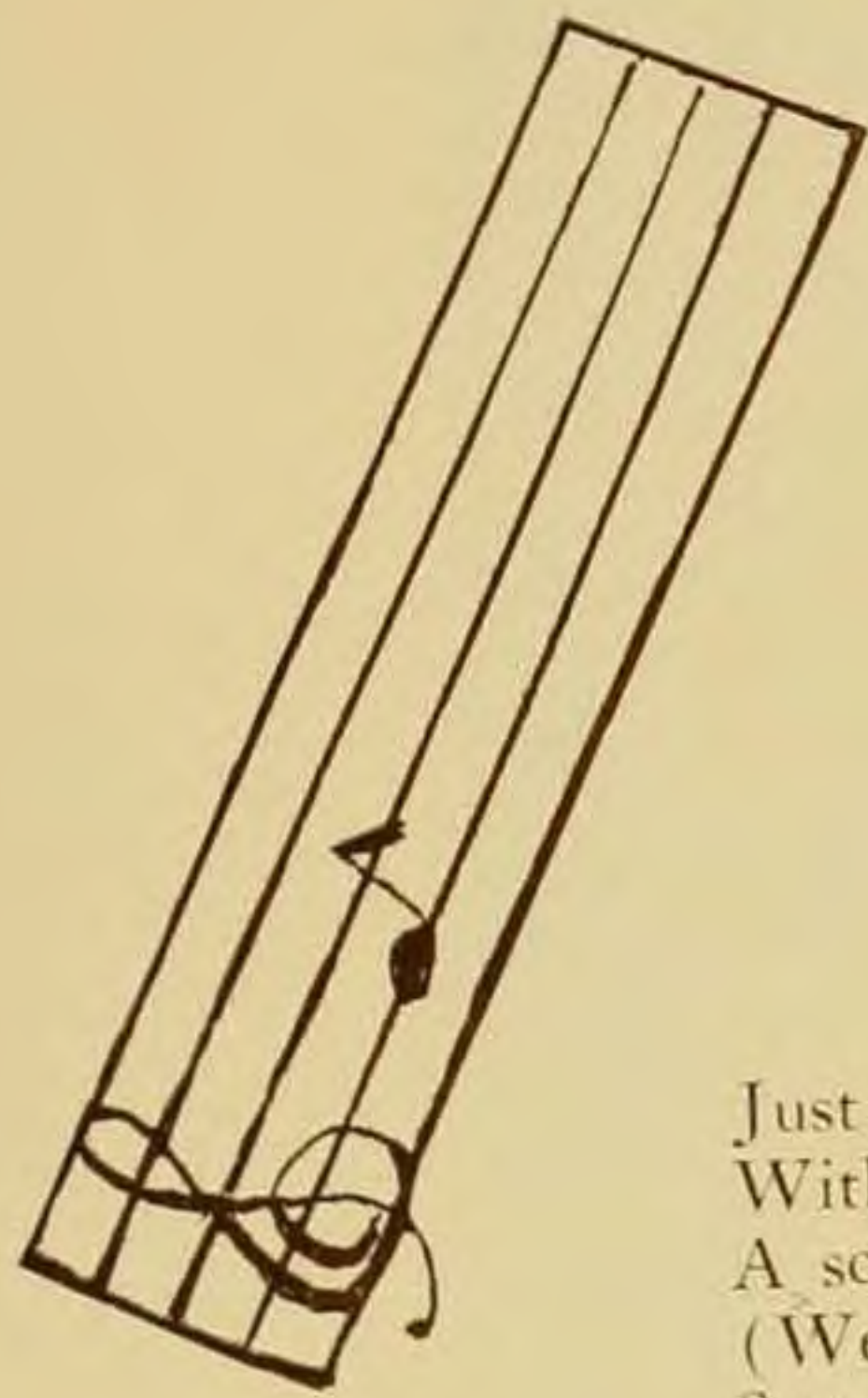


Class Hymn

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

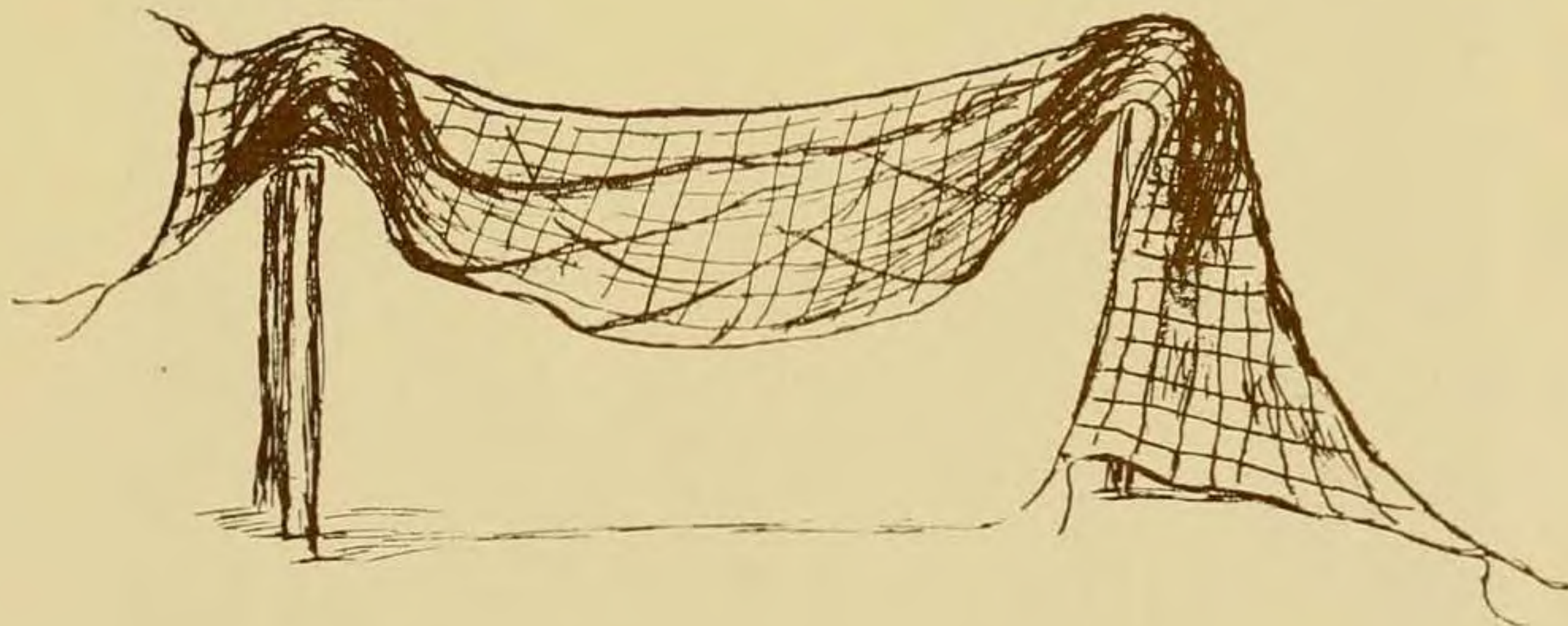
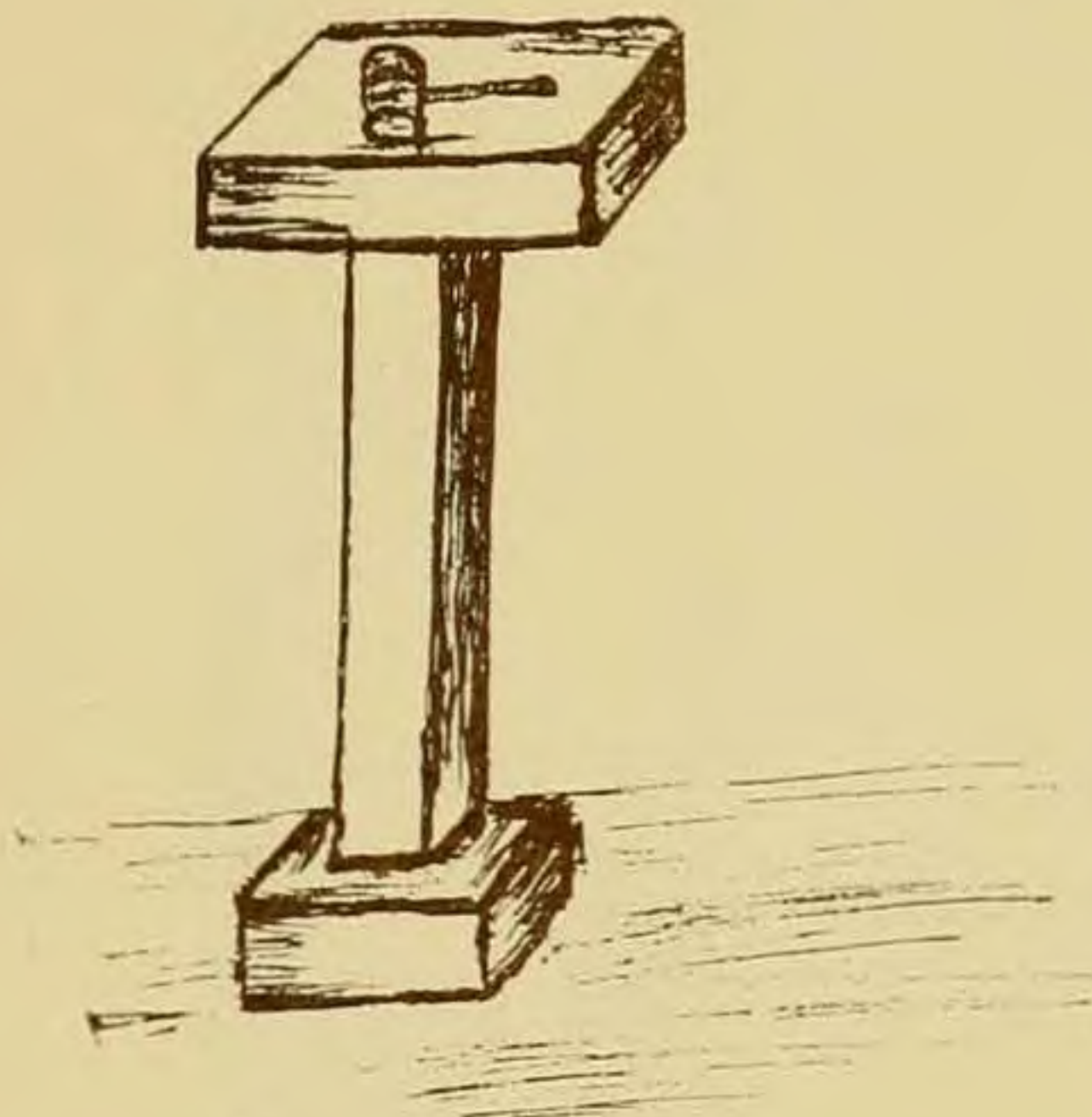
Though Juniors, Seniors, Sophs, there are,
And Freshmen too—oh, many!
It is the dear old Special Class
We love the best of any.

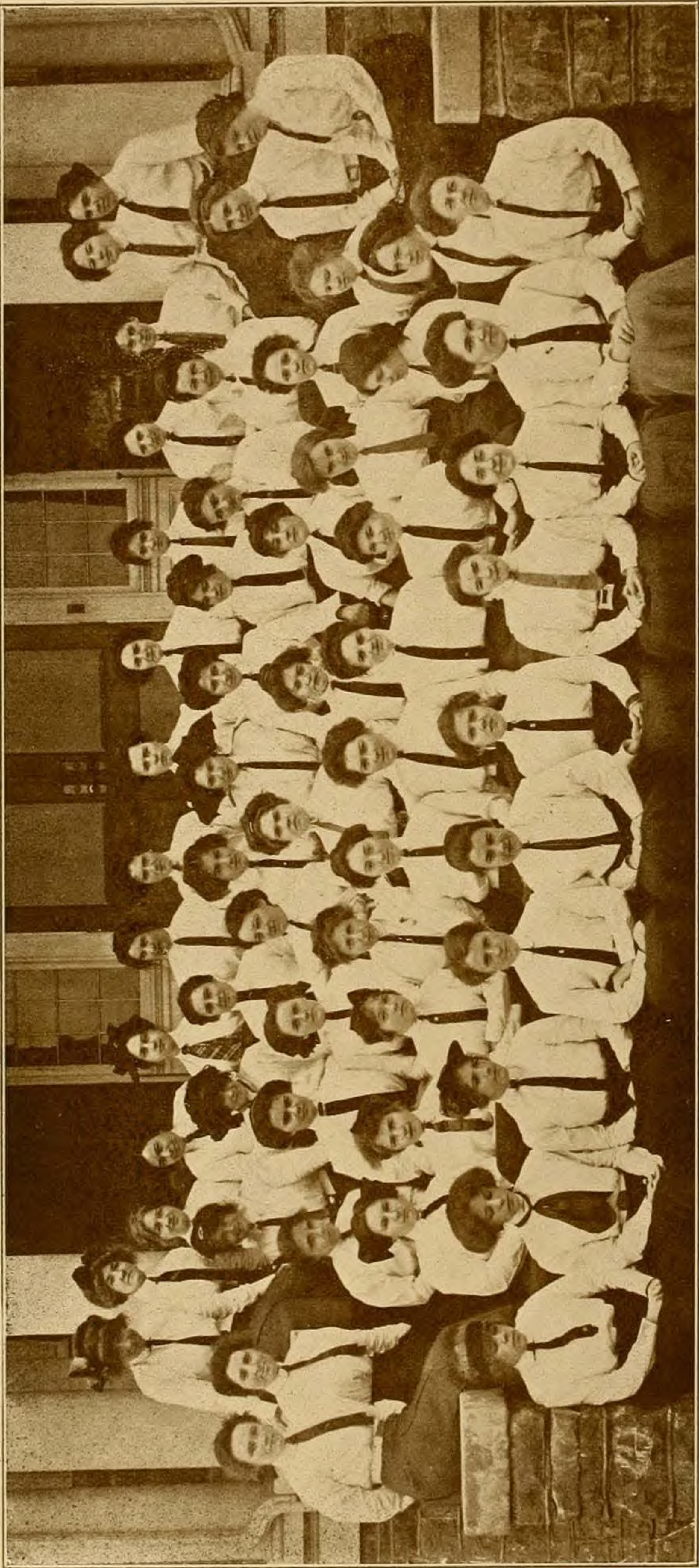
Musicians, artists, poets, all
Within our band are found;
Some day we'll all be Specialists
And sought the world around.



Miscellany

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





LANIER SOCIETY



Lanier Literary Society

Colors
VIOLET AND WHITE

Flower
VIOLET

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

Officers

FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
<i>President</i> , ANNIE WISE	INEZ COYNER	RUTH CONN
<i>Vice-Pres't</i> , HALLIE HUGHES	KATE TAYLOR	ELLAOISE BERRY
<i>Secretary</i> , KATE TAYLOR	RUTH CONN	MARY SETTLE
<i>Treasurer</i> , VIRGINIA EARMAN	VIRGINIA EARMAN	LIZZIE MCGAHEY

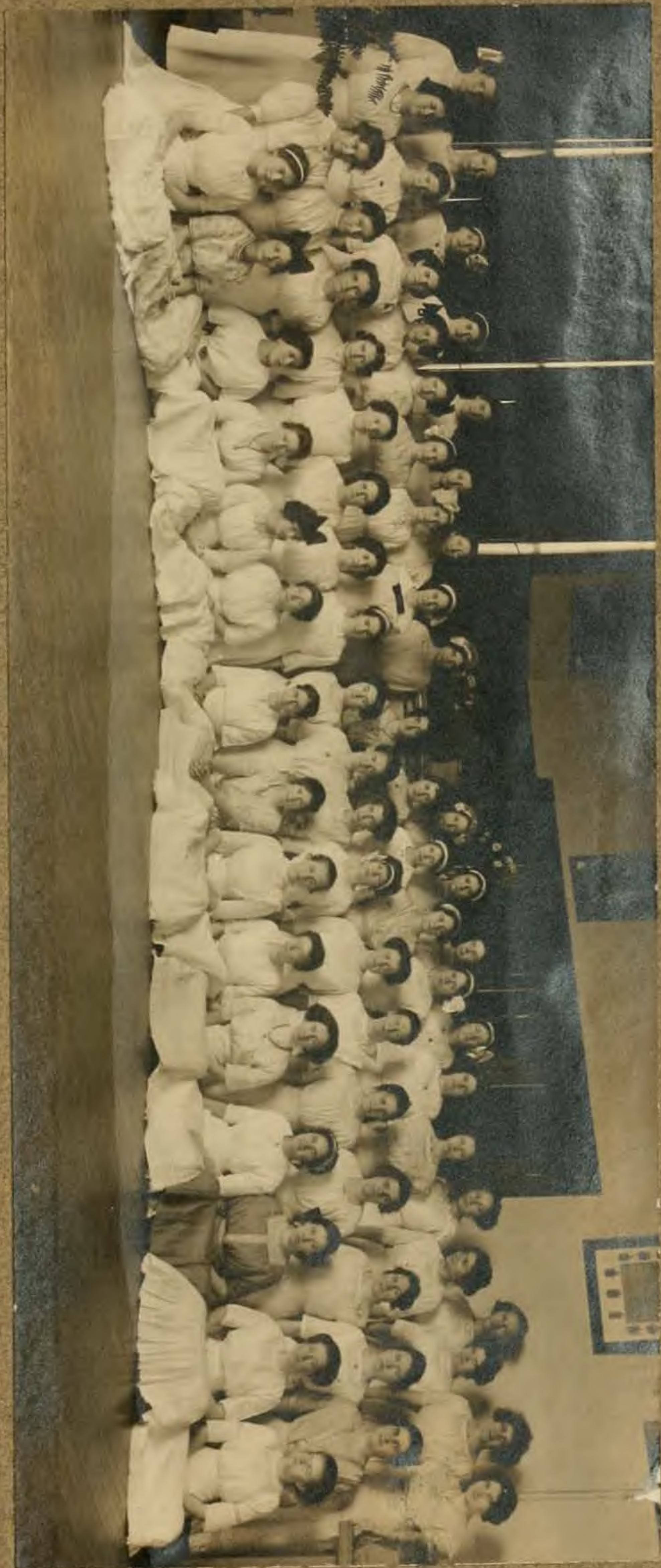
Members

Katharine Anderson	Elberta Harris	Alma Oswald
Eunice Baker	Helen Harris	Orra Otley
Ellaoise Berry	Kathleen Harless	Sophie Powers
Christiana Berger	Margaret Heflin	Jane Pulliam
Rosa Block	Annie Holbrook	Lucy Pulliam
Anna Buchanan	Hallie Hughes	Margaret Ranson
Ada Burton	Nan Jennings	Mabel Rawls
Ruth Conn	Mannie Johnson	Gertrude Royall
Shirley Cooper	Elizabeth Kelley	Bessie Rucker
Inez Coyner	Ruth Keys	Olivine Runciman
Maude Davis	Aurie Law	Marion Russell
Irene Daughtrey	Bessie Leftwich	Mary Sanders
Virginia Earman	Frances Mackey	Frances Selby
Lorraine Eldred	Lucy Mackey	Katherine Selby
Emily Ellis	Elizabeth Marshall	Mary Settle
Janet Farrar	Mary Martin	Maude Snead
Nell Farrar	Edith Martz	Edmonia Shepperson
Martha Fletcher	Eva Massey	Janie Still
Margaret Fox	Rosa Maupin	Lillian Still
Sadie Fristoe	Carrie McClure	Kate Taylor
Marguerite Garrett	Lizzie McGahey	Inez Wilson
Alpine Gatling	Sarah Moffett	Frances Wiley
Marceline Gatling	Sara Monroe	Bessie Willis
Juliet Gish	Nannie Morrison	Annie Wise



Our Society Library

The Following of the Star	Miss Elizabeth Cleveland
L'Allegro and Il Penseroso	{ Sophie Powers Jane Pulliam
Freckles	Mabel Rawls
Diddie, Dumps, and Tot	{ Kate Taylor Inez Coyner Margaret Heflin
We Two	{ Frances Mackey Lucy Mackey
Prisoners of Hope	{ Marguerite Garrett Nell Farrar Elizabeth Kelley
Black Beauty	Emily Ellis
Vanity Fair	Margaret Fox
Keeping up with Lizzie	Ruth Conn
Flaxie Frizzles	Katharine Selby
Much Ado About Nothing	Shirley Cooper
The Littlest Rebel	Marion Russell
Lovey Mary	Mary Settle
Our Presidents	{ Annie Wise Ruth Conn Inez Coyner
Comrades	{ Elberta Harris Mary Sanders
Under Western Eyes	Edmonia Shepperson
The Little Minister	Juliet Gish
The Choir Invisible	{ Eva Massey Martha Fletcher Irene Daughtrey
A Junior in the Line	Helen Harris
A Sweet Girl Graduate	Nan Jennings
A Bundle of Good Cheer	Hallie Hughes
A Revolutionary Maid	Margaret Ranson
A Weaver of Dreams	Gertrude Royall





"LIGHTS OF BLUE STONE HILL"

U. M. C. A.



CABINET

Y. M. C. A.

Motto

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

Cabinet

1911-12

Officers

Eva MasseyPresident
Octavia GoodeVice-President
Pearl HaldemanSecretary
Pattie PullerTreasurer

Chairmen of Committees

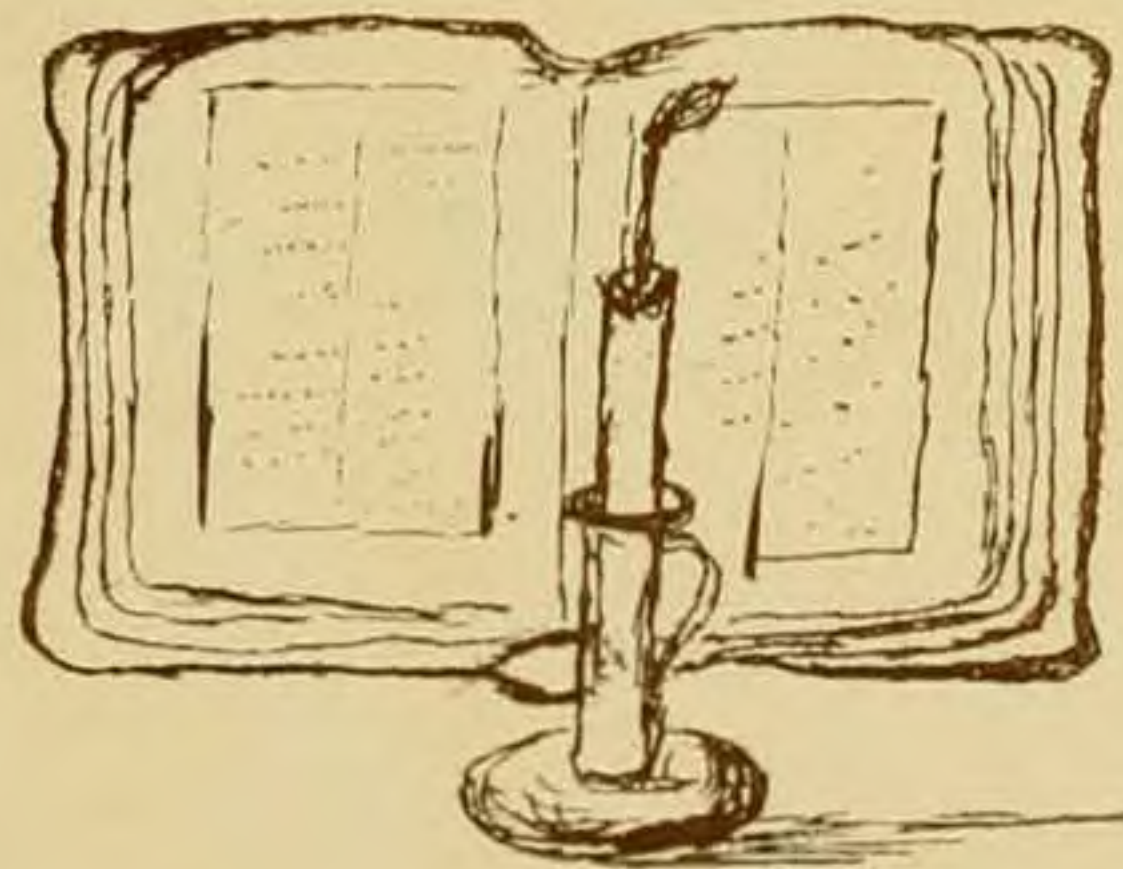
Louise LancasterDevotional
Ella HeatwoleBible Study
Juliet GishMissionary
Octavia GoodeMembership
Frances MackeySocial
Pearl HaldemanIntercollegiate
Pattie PullerFinance
Kate TaylorAlumnae

Officers

1912-13

Edith SuterPresident
Frances MackeyVice-President
Mary SadlerSecretary
Josephine BradshawTreasurer

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



Lullaby

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

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

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

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

—Ruth Conn.





The Lady or the Tiger



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

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

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

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

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

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



WATERS FRESH FROM THE HILLS

A FLY ING TRIP

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



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

Switching around to the right, almost on the river bank, we came in a moment to the bridge, famous from that famous day when Stonewall crossed it, then burned it, and then proceeded to address himself to General Shields down on the Lewis Farm, between the river and the mountain. The view down the river toward the Blue Ridge, from the substantial iron structure that now spans the waters, is almost equalled by the view up the river where the broad deep current presses down between the cedared bluffs and pours over the great dam with a mighty splashing and roaring.



Passing through the ancient little village by turning ninety degrees to the left, we cross the bridge spanning the south fork of the Shenandoah; then we turn back upon our general course toward the south, and in a mile or two come to Shendun. We are informed that the postoffice, as well as the railway station, is now called Grottoes, after the renowned Weyer's Cave, the Cave of the Fountains, and other wonderful caverns that honeycomb the wooded bluff across yonder on the west bank of the river.

Of course we went through the caves—as many as we could in our limited time.



Then we came back past Port Republic, lingered a little while on the battlefield at Lewistown, visited a few of the historic homesteads in the vicinity, and so came on to Conrad's Store, now known as Elkton. Misses Conn and McGahey looked a little homesick as we passed McGaheysville,

but we managed to keep them in the auto by running somewhat faster than usual. As we passed along in full view of the Peaked Mountain, towering up into the western sky, Miss Harrington called attention to the remarkable resemblance it bears, from that point, to the Rock of Gibraltar, and Miss King explained its geological structure to several members of her class who were in the party. The great White Rock, just back of Rockingham Springs, was in plain sight for several miles. It is a landmark sure to be seen and remembered by all tourists who pass through East Rockingham.

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

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



The question then arose whether we should continue down the Page Valley, east of the Massanutten, or cross to the west side. Miss Preston wanted to go right on down to Front Royal, but Miss Annie Cleveland was anxious to leave a message from Hollins at New Market; so we crossed

through the gap in the Massanutten to that historic town. After a short stop in New Market, and a look over the battlefield, we whizzed on down the Valley Pike. On the brow of Rude's Hill we had to pause and take a long look, for here is one of the finest views in the Valley, if not in the world. Here, moreover, is one of the celebrated camping grounds of Stonewall Jackson. Down yonder, in that brick house beside the river, lived the youngest colonel of the Stonewall Brigade. On the broad plains below, through which the pike cuts like a long gray ribbon, Turner Ashby and Sir Percy Wyndham met more than once in the shock of charging cavalry. This broad plain is Meem's Bottom.

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

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

Below Woodstock we pass Tom's Brook, Fisher's Hill, and Strasburg, following the Valley Pike out over the battlefield of Cedar Creek, then on down through Middletown and Stephens City, across the Opequon at Springdale, past Kernstown, and so on to Winchester. We are tempted to linger here a long time, but we have promised to take supper at Berryville and to spend the night at White Post. So we hurry on. As we spin out eastward on the Berryville Pike we pass through the fields where was fought the great battle of September, 1864, between Early and Sheridan. Abraham's Creek is on our right, and soon again we cross the Opequon.

It is just nightfall when we reach White Post, and the lantern on the tall gray sentinel is already gleaming out a kindly welcome. This is soon eclipsed, however, by the beaming face of our Editor-in-Chief, as she greets the homefolks, and tells us all to come right in and make ourselves at home. We do.

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

In due time we pass Strasburg, Fisher's Hill, Woodstock, and other places on the homeward way; but we do take time at Woodstock to make an excursion to the top of the Massanutten Mountain, in order that we may look down upon the winding Shenandoah on the one side, and into the unique Fort Valley on the other side. The chauffeur performed the rather difficult and somewhat dangerous feat of turning the automobile right on the crest of the mountain, and then we scudded down into the valley, every one holding her breath, whenever she could catch it, and gripping the sides of the car with desperate tenacity. But it was glorious.

From one high point, coming up the Valley, we had a fine view of Brock's



Gap, far to the west. This side of New Market we explored the Endless Caverns; we also peeped into Harrison's Cave near Melrose, and wound up with a visit to Massanetta Cave, Massanetta Springs, Rawley, Dayton, and Bridgewater. In the neighborhood of New Election we saw some of the



famous wheat fields that Mr. Dean photographs in harvest time; and at Dayton we caught a reflection of Mole Hill in Silver Lake. Round Hill at Bridgewater, with the natural falls dam, was much admired. We had to hurry, but we expected to do that when we started out. It is not



often that we have two holidays together, and we were determined to make the most of these. Mr. Burruss said we all had to be ready for the eight-thirty class Monday morning, and we did not want to miss the basket ball game Saturday night, or Sunday-school Sunday morning. Otherwise we might have been tempted to go on to the Natural Chimneys, West Augusta, and Staunton, taking in Waynesboro and Basic City in the sweep

around the circle. But we didn't do it. Perhaps we'll go to Lexington and Natural Bridge next time.



'12

A. H. J. S. H. W.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Athletic Association

	Basket Ball Games	Scores
March 2	Junior-Sophomore	10—7.
March 16	Senior-Junior	32—14.
March 30	Sophomore-Freshman	6—4.
April 13	Senior-Sophomore	33—6.
April 26	Junior-Freshman	26—23.
May 3	Senior-Freshman	14—7.

Athletic Council

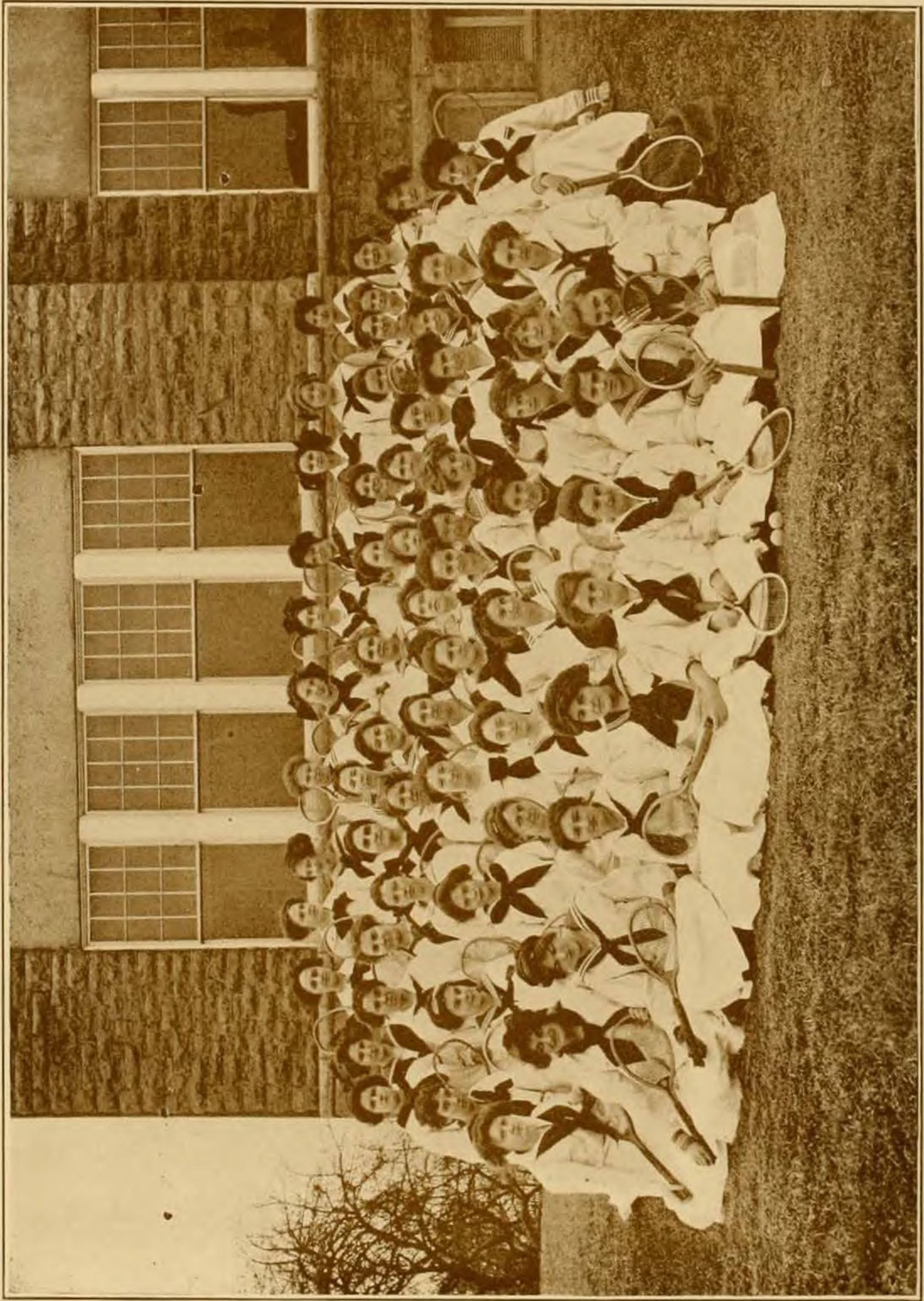
Frances Mackey *President*

Lizzie McGahey *Vice-President*

Pattie Puller *Secretary*

Mary Sale *Treasurer*

Alpine Gatling, Mary Thom



RACKET TENNIS CLUB

Racket Tennis Club

Colors

Red and Blue

Motto

"Root little pig, or die."

Officers

First Quarter

President, MARY THOM

Vice-President, FRANCES MACKAY

Secretary and Treasurer, KATE TAYLOR

Second Quarter

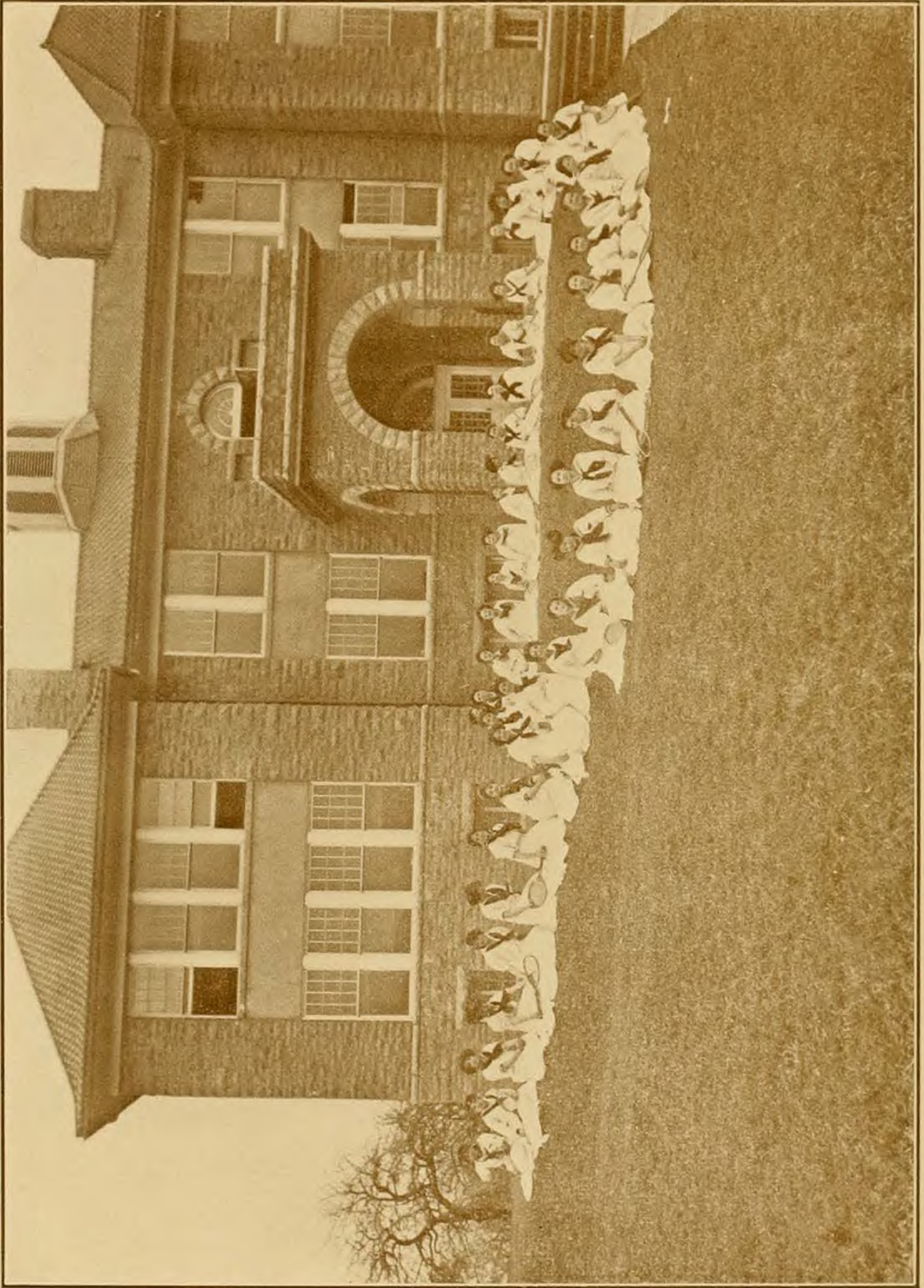
LIZZIE MCGAHEY

HELEN HARRIS

LUCY MACKAY

Members

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



PINQUET TENNIS CLUB

Pinquet Tennis Club

Motto
Go and Play

Colors
Red and White

Officers

	First and Second Terms	Third Term
<i>President</i>	Alpine Gatling	Sophie Powers
<i>Vice-President</i>		Marguerite Garrett
<i>Secretary</i>	Ruth Round	Patty Puller
<i>Treasurer</i>	Sadie Fristoe	Pearl Haldeman

Members

- Gee-Hee! Gee-Ho!
 - Gee-Ha! Ha! Ha!
 - Pinquet! Pinquet!
 - Rah! Rah! Rah!
- Alpine Gatling
 - Marguerite Garrett
 - Margaret Fox
 - Martha Fletcher
 - May Ferrell
 - Lorraine Eldred
 - Virginia Earman
 - Mary Davis
 - Susie Corr
 - Shirley Cooper
 - Mary Sadler
 - Bessie Rucker
 - Ruth Round
 - Mabel Richardson
 - Jennie Raine
 - Ida Monroe
 - Sara Monroe
 - Mary Michie
 - Mary Martin
 - Edith Martz
 - Elizabeth Marshall
 - Susie Madison
 - Lucy Madison
 - Dorothy Macon
 - Louise Lancaster
 - Keezell
 - Sadie Fristoe
 - Audrey Jones
 - Mannie Johnson
 - Sallie Hulvey
 - Sophie Powers
 - Florence Powers
 - Virginia Allen
 - Margaret Allen
 - Sarah Allen
 - Bertha Allison
 - Hilda Benson
 - Pattie Benson
 - Rosa Block
 - Josephine Bradshaw
 - Margie Bryant
 - Margaret Burke
 - Pearl Haldeman
 - Eibel Harman
 - Carrie Haroff
 - Mary Sale
 - Carrie Scates
 - Edmonia Shepperson
 - Willie White
 - Lena White
 - Bessie White
 - Annie White
 - Marjorie White
 - Margaret Gattling
 - Marceline Gattling
 - Alpine Gattling
 - Marjorie Gattling
 - Margaret Gattling
 - Alpine Grizzard
 - Bessie Wise
 - Annie Wise

Yells

Hully-Go-Lee!
Hully-Go-Let!
Three Cheers
For Pinquet!

One, Two, Three, Four!
Two, Four, Three, Four!
Who are we for?
Pinquet!

Field Day Program

June 10, 1912

Basket Ball

Marathon

Tennis Tournament

Jumping

On the Campus

BASKETBALL



— 1912 —



Freshman Basket Ball Team

Yell

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

Captain

Frances Selby

Center

Nan Wiley

Substitutes

Jessie Hannah

Forwards

Frances Selby

Freida Johnson

Guards

Mary Bosserman

Mary Davis

Bertha Bare

Mav Ferrell



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Yell

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

Captain

Margie Bryant

Center

Frances Cole

Substitutes

Eunice Gordan

Forwards

Ida Via

Margie Bryant

Audrey Jones

Guards

Maude Snead

Mabel Richardson

Marion Russell



Junior Basket Ball Team

Motto

"Lam dat ball right through de basket."

Yell

Chickapoo! Wallapoo!

Chicka! Laca! Less!

Juniors! Juniors!

H. N. S.

Captain: Frances Mackey

Forwards

Pattie Puller

Kate Selby

Center: Frances Mackey

Substitutes

Beatrice Eshelman

Guards

Olivine Runciman

Mattie Worster

Effie Garland



Senior Basket Ball Team

Yell

Allevivi! Allevivi! Allevivi! Vivo Vim!
 Boom! Get a rat-trap bigger than a cat trap!
 Boom! Get a cat-trap bigger than a rat-trap!

Boom !!!

Seniors! Seniors!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Seniors! Seniors!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

<i>Captain:</i> Lizzie McGahey	<i>Coach:</i> Miss Ruth S. Hudson
Ruth Conn	Pearl Haldeman
Inez Coyner	Willye White
Margaret Fox	
Alpine Gatling	Lucy Madison

A Convict's Thanksgiving

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Was she still hoping too?—

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

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

The tables looked better than usual to-day, and the dinner was very good; but it was on days like this that the convicts were saddest. For even with the worst of them Thanksgiving had some association with a better past.

To-day the usual restrictions concerning speech were removed; but from mere force of habit very little was said among the prisoners, and the meal was finished in almost total silence. The monotonous clank of the knives and forks as they were dropped into the collector's tray made it seem like other days; and it was with a deeper feeling of depression that Ferguson found himself again in his cell.

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

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

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

"I don't think I care to go out, thank you, McClanahan," said Ferguson wearily when he looked up and saw the guard standing in the door.

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

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

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

"Ferguson, you've been here for six years——"

"Yes, sir," a trifle unsteadily.

"You've been a faithful man."

"I hope so, sir."

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

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

"Steady, Ferguson," said the warden, motioning the keeper to go to him. "No, there's nothing wrong. Something is right at last. Listen; the confession of Jim Williams proves you innocent of the crime for which you were sent here, and a release, full and unqualified, has been granted you by the Governor. From this moment you are free."

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

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

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

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

—*Mary L. Sanders.*

A Blink o' Rest



LANIER'S WILLOW
(On the O'd Rockingham Pike)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Ruth Conn.*



A Blink o' Rest



LAMER'S WILLOW
(On the Old Rockingham Plate)

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

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

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

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

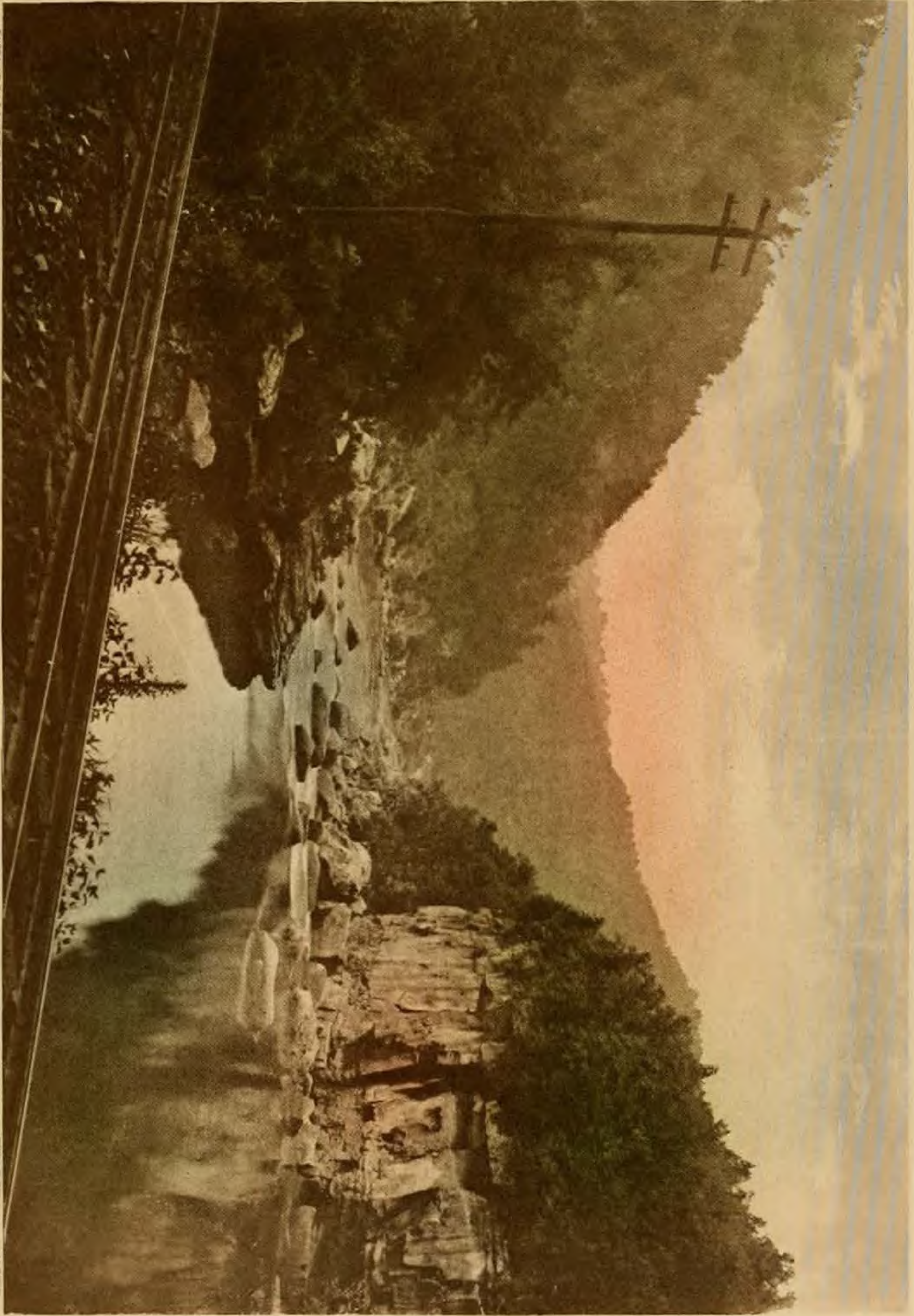
Then over the hill and over the dale
And down by the brook went he;
And there at last he found the wind,
Asleep in the willow tree.

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

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

—Ruth Cowd.

ENGRAVED BY E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.



U
R
H
E
R
S

C
E
R
M
A
N

C
L
U
B



German Club

Motto

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

Officers

Alpine Gatling *Manager*
Lucy Madison *Assistant Manager*

Executive Committee

Treasurer Ruth Round
Refreshments Janet Farrar, Elizabeth Kelley, Helen Harris
Program Sophie Powers, Frances Mackey, Pattie Puller
Decoration Margaret Fox, Kathleen Harless, Katharine Henley

Members

Allen, Florence		Heflin, Margaret
Allison, Sarah	Whitesel, Vada	Henley, Katharine
Bare, Bertha		Holbrook, Annie
Benson, Hilda		Johnson, Mannie
Berry, Ellaoise		Johnson Freida
Block, Rosa		Keezell, Florence
Buchanan, Anna		Kelley, Elizabeth
Burke, Margaret	Mackey, Frances	
Cooper, Shirley	Mackey, Lucy	
Corr, Susie	Madison, Lucy	
Rucker, Bessie	Coyner, Inez	
Sale, Mary	Ellis, Emily	Round, Ruth
Selby, Katharine	Farrar, Janet	Selby, Frances
	Farrar, Nell	Royall, Gertrude
	Farrell, Susan	
	Fox, Margaret	Madison, Susie
	Fox, Mary	Martin, Mary
	Garrett, Marguerite	McLeod, Lucile
	Garland, Effie	McGahey, Lizzie
	Gatling, Alpine	Menefee, Frances
	Gatling, Marceline	Michie, Mary
	Grizzard, Majorie	Miller, Bertie Lib
	Harless, Kathleen	Powers, Sophie
Harris, Helen	Shapleigh, Maud	Puller, Pattie
	Taylor, Kate	



GLEE CLUB



Miss Julia S. Preston
Director



GLEE CLUB

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

Motto

"We just opens our moufs and hollers."

Members

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



KINDERGARTEN CLUB

Kindergarten Club

Motto

"A little child shall lead them."

Flower

FORGET-ME-NOT

Colors

BABY BLUE AND PINK

Officers

MARY THOM *President*

KATHLEEN HARNSBERGER *Vice-President*

EDITH SUTER *Secretary*

ELIZABETH KELLEY *Treasurer*

Honorary Member

MISS EVALINA HARRINGTON

Members

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



F4

ARTS CLUB

Arts Club

Motto

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

Flower: Goldenrod

Colors: Green and Gold

Honorary Member: Miss Mattie A. Speck

Officers

President Hallie Hughes

Vice-President Edmonia Shepperson

Secretary-Treasurer Martha Miller

Members

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

A Rebus

And Some Other Things

What girls can always see to



What girls can even bear to bore?



Are so attractive that they draw



Great trees as Orpheus did of yore?



Their hands are clean, and yet
they stain;

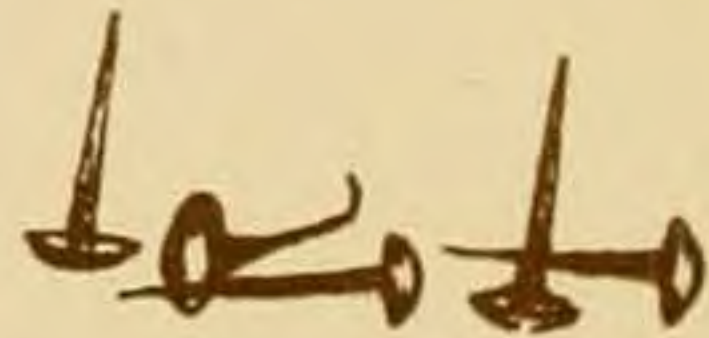
They "ax" not axioms, but an



Not plain they are, yet plainly



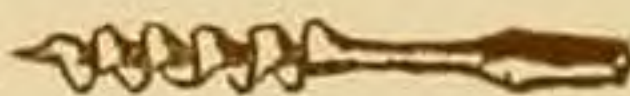
Not tackey, yet they handle



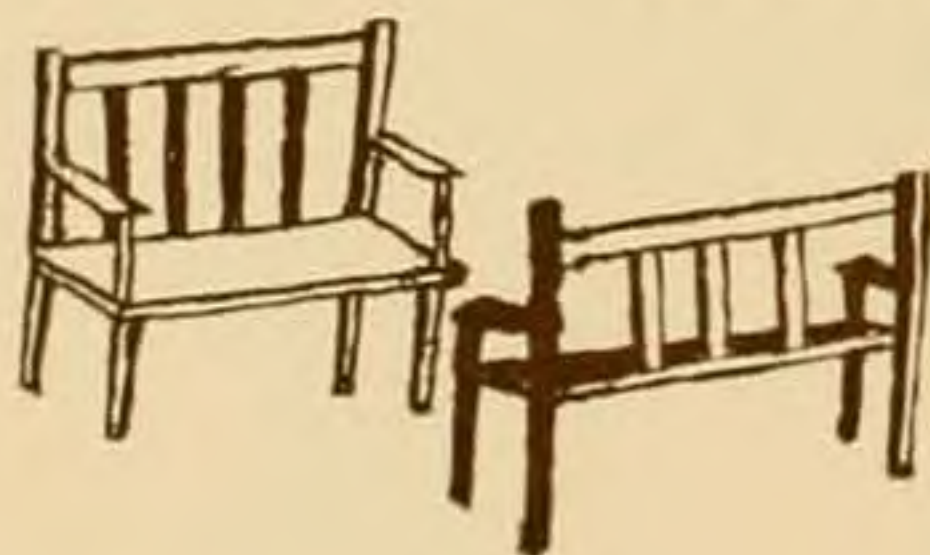
Not stooped, and yet without a



These lazy girls won't work a



Still at a most industrious pace



They make settees, but never sit.

They are not bookish, yet make



They, far from earthy, work in clay.

They cook not, yet equip the



With



and with



gay;

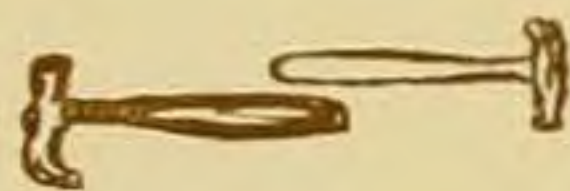
Not artful, still they practice arts;

They dye, and still teach rural schools.



Their serry to the country starts

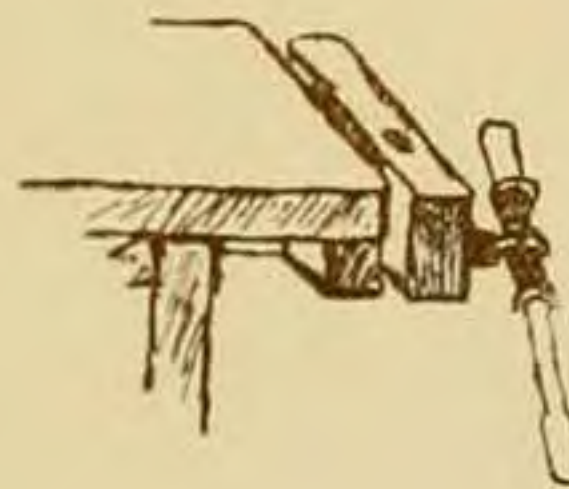
With



and all kinds of tools

(A speckled horse between the shafts).

Not vicious, still they love a



Not crafty, still they deal in crafts.—

Now guess what Club can be so nice.





Home Economics Club

Flower: Dark Red Carnation

Colors: Red and White

Motto

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

Officers

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA DUDLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARY GREER
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHARINE ANDERSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN HARRIS

Members

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

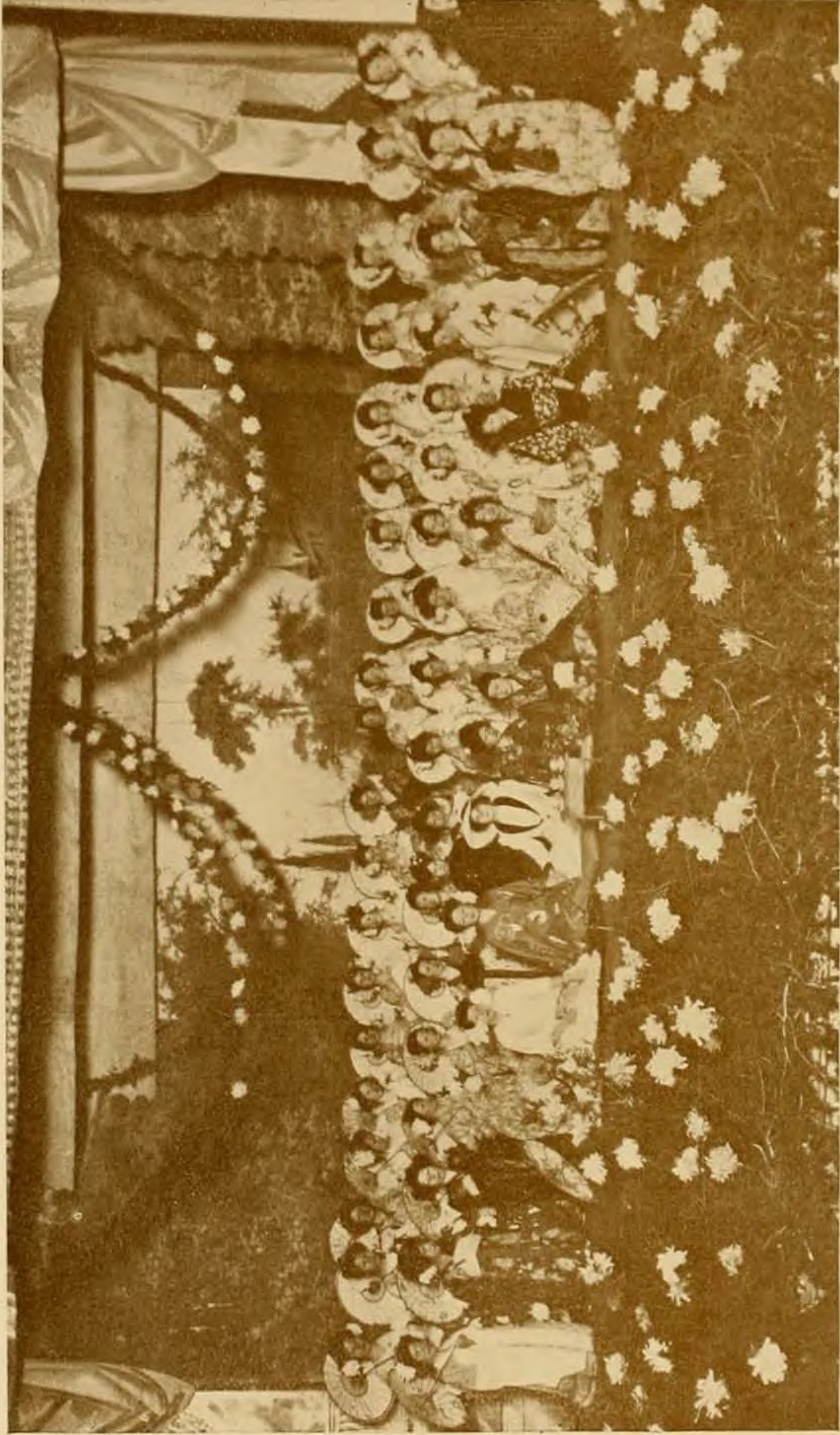
Honorary Members

MRS. JULIAN A. BURRUSS

MISS FRANCES SALE



THE RIVER THAT MADE OUR VALLEY



JAPANESE OPERETTA

Out of the Mail Bag

Burruss Hall, November.

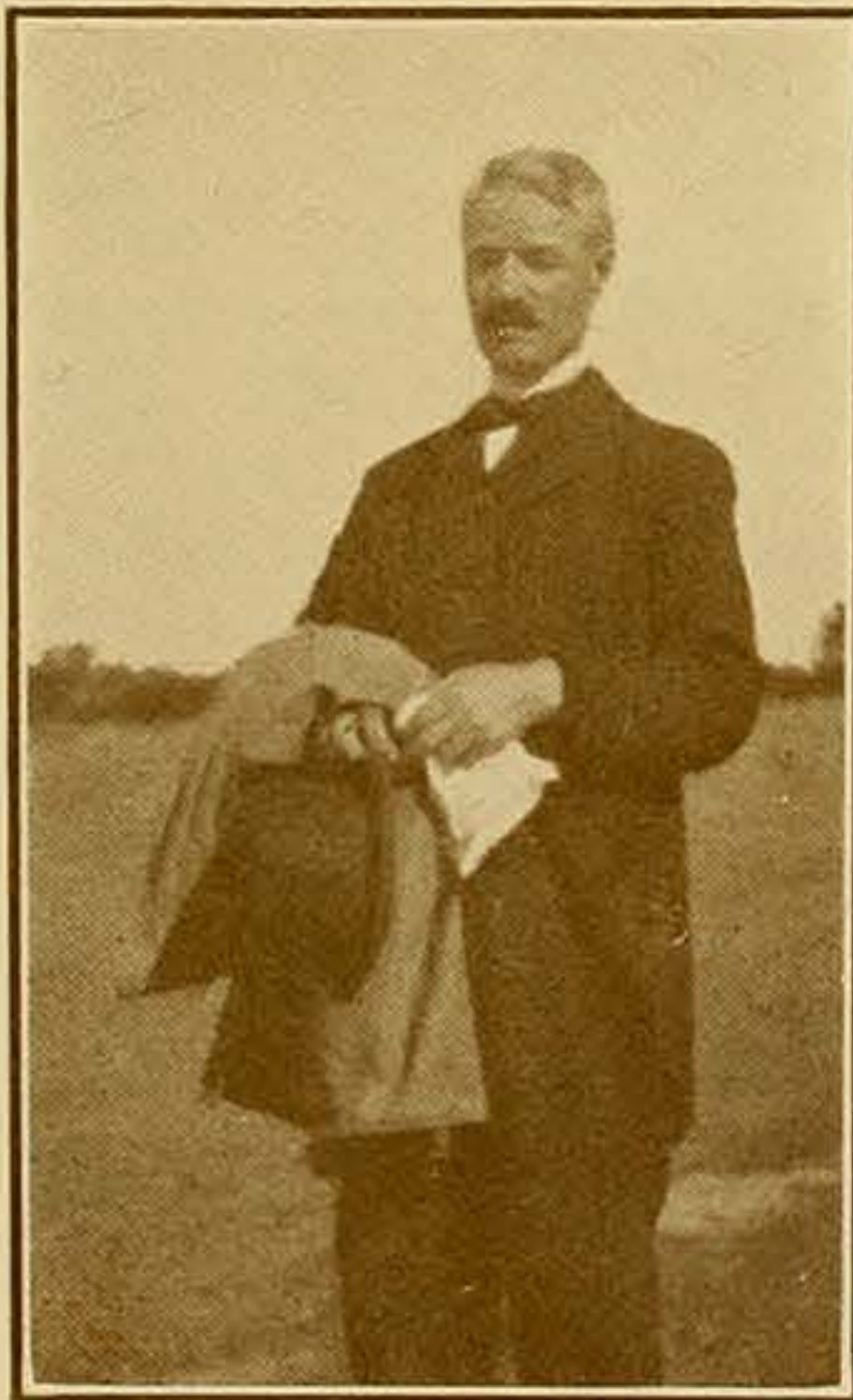
Dear old Chum,

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

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

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

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



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

Pal of mine, you should have been here for the Hallowe'en parade. A special dispensation was granted us to do as we pleased between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Well, we pleased to have a grand parade. We masked, gathered up every kind of musical(?) instrument from a comb to a dust-pan, and went all over the campus, to the cottage, to the turnip-patch, and every where. Those of us who live in Burruss Hall raided the Lower Dormitory and played havoc with beds and rooms. We came back to find our own rooms

even more mixed up than those we had just invaded. Beds, books, tables, and dresses had all taken a wild somersault and now occupied the most unheard-of places. Some of our sober notebooks must have fled from the disorder, for they have not been seen since.

December.

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

It seems that this letter will never be finished, doesn't it? We have been busy practising for *The Spinsters' Return*, which Miss Scott got up for her rural schools. You remember

when we gave it at home? 'Twas just as funny here, and we made quite a good little sum. I think some of the girls have kodak pictures of the spinsters, and I'll try to get them to enclose to you.

The Y. W. C. A. Bazar, for which we have been working all the session,



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



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

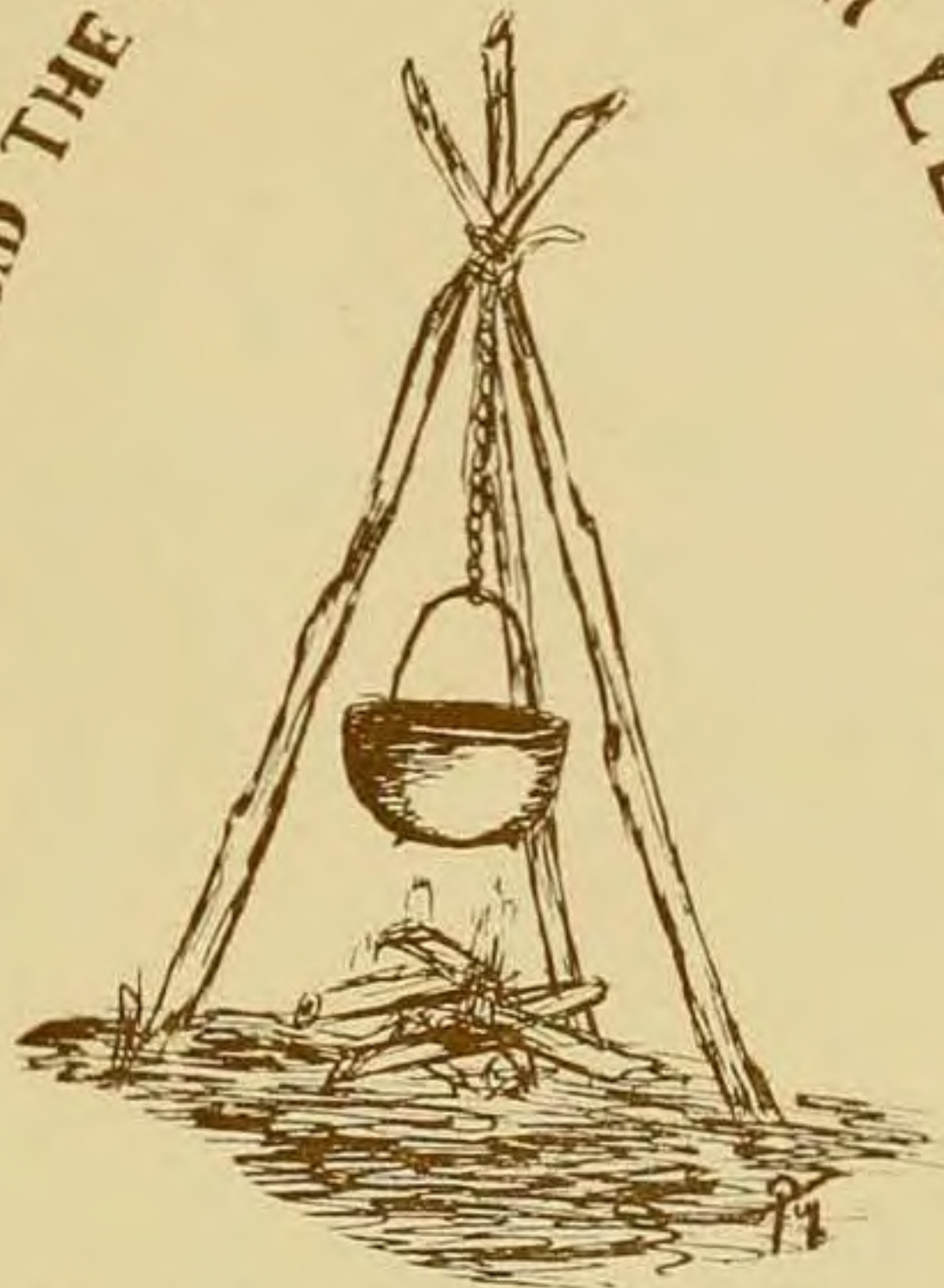
Exams are over! Home for us in the morning!

Lovingly,
Annie.

January.

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

— AROUND THE CAMPFIRE WITH LEE-SOCIETY —



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

February.

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

We have been doing things too. First, the Laniers gave a "Cupid's Party," and our old Assembly Room looked its very best. What with the decorations, the soft lights, and the music, we were

"hoodwinked with faery fancy" sure enough. The menu cards too, "heart-shaped and vermeil dyed," were written in a sort of Romance language in which "Cupid's nectar" meant *hot chocolate*, and everytihg had a name too exalted for human nature's daily food.

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

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



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



March.

The Glee Clubs from the University and from Wash-

ington and Lee came over this month and gave concerts in the Town Hall. You see all the good things come our way.

Saturday Night.

Chum, the Seniors and Juniors played to-night the most exciting game of basket ball—*and we beat!* I'm so excited over it I can hardly write. This is the best one of all that have been or will be played, because the teams were evenly matched.

Tuesday.

Examinations are beginning. If there's anything left of me after they're over, I'll tell you about it all.

With lots of love from

Annie.

March 29.

Dearest Chum,

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

Saturday Night.

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



April.

Chum, I'm so tired, but I'll have to tell you about our trip to-day, for it was a great event. Dr. Wayland, Miss King, and Miss Harrington took

us to climb Massanutten Mountain. We went by train to Keezletown, and then began the climb. A number of us had never scaled a mountain before, and you can imagine how we did it. But the view from the top was magnificent. We could see for miles around, and the towns looked like toy villages. Everything was so solemn and still and grand—not a living thing up there but ourselves. Dear, it was a place to dream dreams and think big thoughts that you couldn't express.

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

Tuesday.

Chum, can you believe that Easter has come and gone? The holidays passed off very quietly here at school, celebrated only by a picnic to Massa-



netta Springs. We went for arbutus after lunch, but found blood root instead, and in such profusion. Up and down the little hollow it grew like a carpet and made you think 'twas fairy land. We brought lots of it back and planted it in front of the cottage.

Saturday.

We planted our Senior tree, Chum, a maple, and its going to grow, because each of us made a wish for it.

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

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

Yours always,

Annie.



Blood Root

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

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



GANYMEDE

To a Physicist Physicked by the Physician

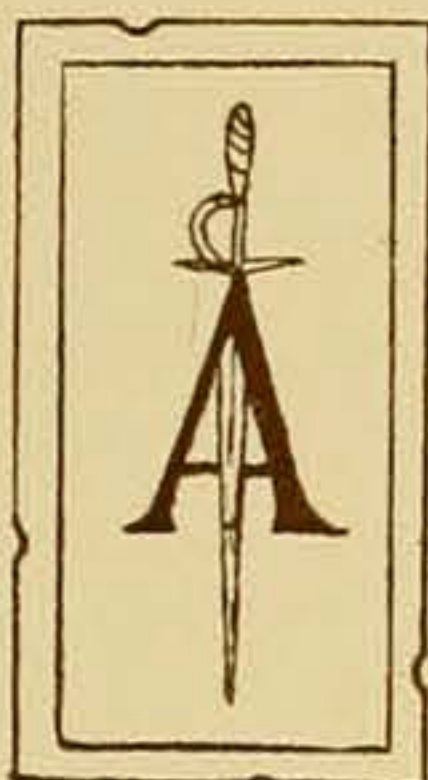
(Lines written to a member of the Physics Class who was
sojourning in the infirmary.)

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

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

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

Swords and Roses



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Nancy's thoughts did not follow him. After the ball, she sat long in her own little room, wondering—with a dull, deep ache—where alone that night the brave young hero of her girlish heart kept silent watch beneath the stars. He was just the kind, she told herself, who would be sent to watch. This was young Dick Conn, playmate, comrade, and friend of her life. No word of love had ever passed between the two; but on the night before Dick had ridden off to the war, they had walked to-

gether down the garden path, and he, plucking a rose as they passed, had laid it among her brown curls with a kind of caress, saying in a low full voice, "Red roses for love." That was all; yet now the rose was her most priceless possession, and daily she offered incense before it.

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

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

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

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

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

Instantly she dropped it, and the sword too fell with a clang as the crimson flush spread from cheek to neck and surged back again, leaving her face white as the rose at her feet. In a minute, however, she had recovered her self-possession and laughingly declared that she had been afraid of the sword, in proof of which she refused to touch it again.

Oh, why had he said that? "Red roses for love," protested her heart, and she wished just then that she had never seen the young man before her. But she had gone too far now to go back, she said to herself, and, after all, what did it matter? Dick did not care, or he would have come home to see her. Wounded pride swelled the girl's heart until at last she held out her hand again to young Headly, and he kissed it reverently in parting. And this time she did not refuse the proffered sword but held it proudly while she watched him out of sight.

So he rode away to the West.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You are mistaken," she answered earnestly, "I never loved Lieutenant Headly.—O Dick, why did you not tell me before?" she broke out passion-

ately. "Why did you let me go on thinking him as noble and manly as—as—you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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





OUR FLOWER AND OUR BOYS

arely. "Why did you let me go on thinking him as noble and manly as—as—you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

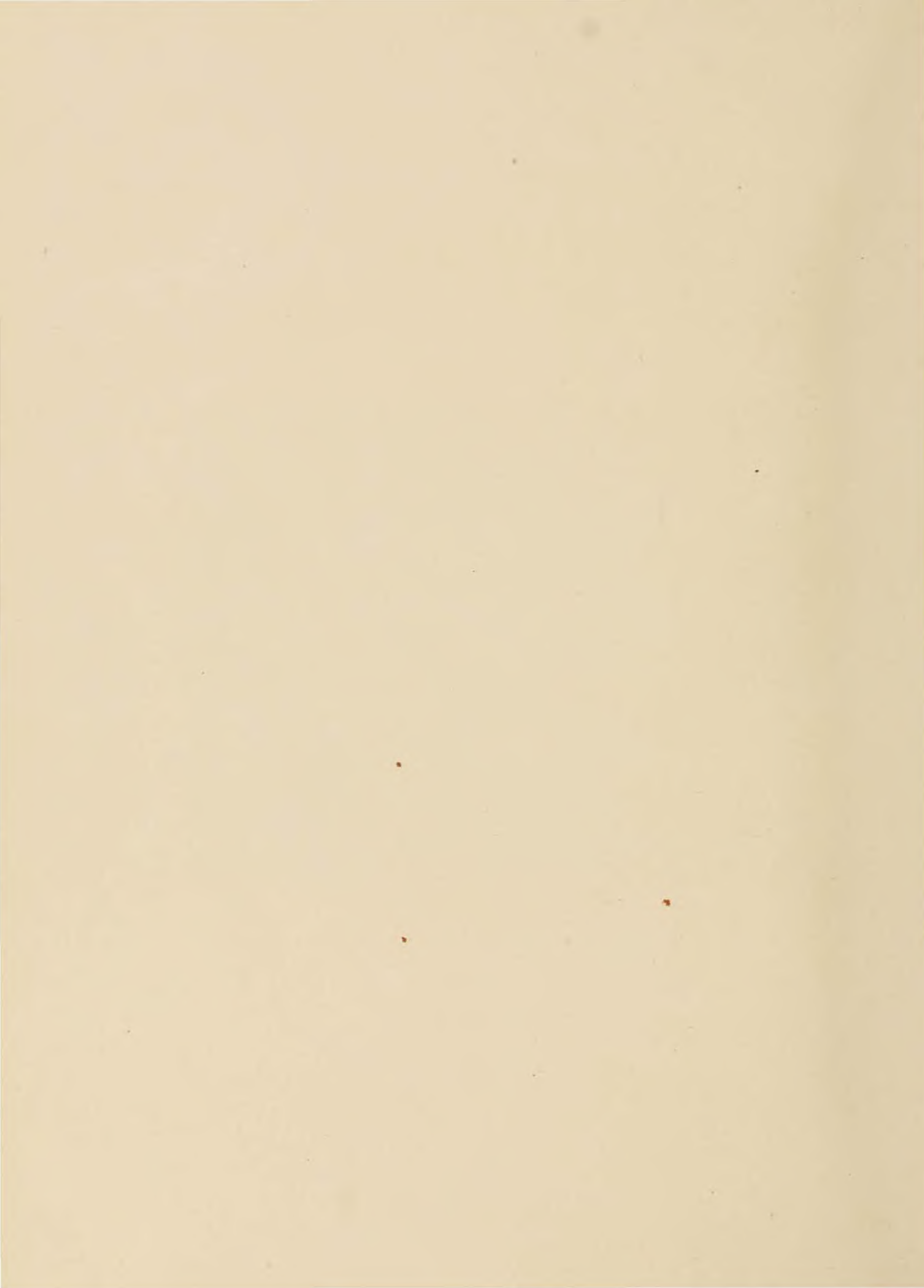
"I give it back," she said in her mellow voice. "It is yours, Dick. 'Red roses for love.'"

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





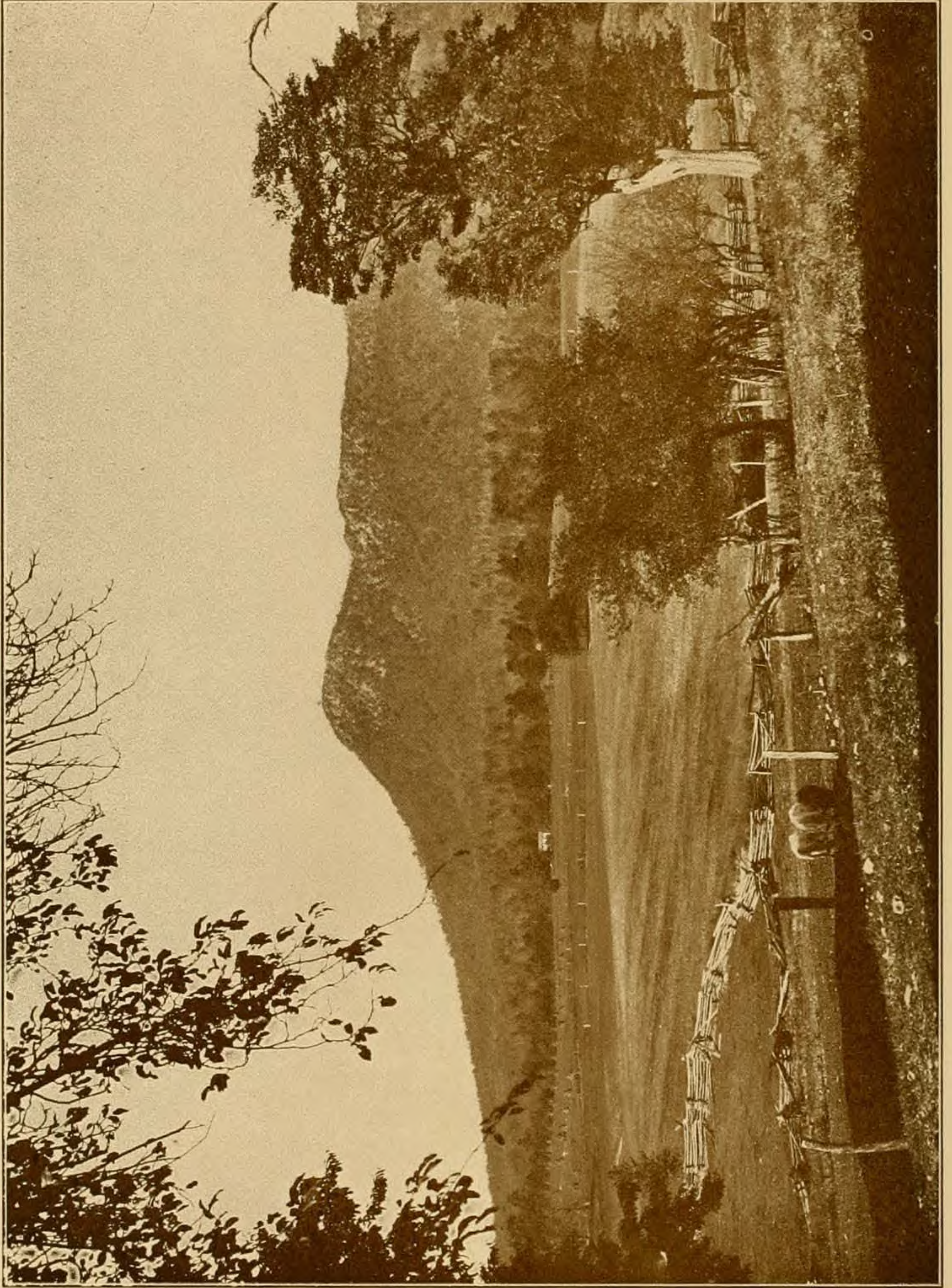
OUR FLOWER AND OUR BOYS



In the Superlative Degree

Prettiest	Nan Jennings
Wittiest	Ruth Conn
Most Studious	Mary Settle
Best Disposition	Alpine Gatling
Cutest	Kate Taylor
Most Popular	Sarah Shields
Neatest	Helen Harris
Best All Around	Eva Massey
Best Athlete	Frances Mackey
Most Scholarly	Octavia Goode
Biggest Bluffer	Lucy Madison
Most Dignified	Eva Massey
Most Energetic	Pearl Haldeman
Best Singer	Nan Jennings





MASSANUTTEN PEAK

Shendo Land

(Tune Dixie)

I wish I was at de school in Shendo,
Good times dar don't seem to end, so
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
In Shendo land dey is boun' to ketch you
If yo' beau done come to fetch you,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

Our Flower Catalogue



MISS SCOTT—American Beauty Rose

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

MISS BELL—Daffodil

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



MISS LIDA CLEVELAND—Poppy

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

MISS LANCASTER—Wild Rose

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



MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND—Magnolia

“Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.”

MISS PRESTON—Dandelion

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



MISS SALE—Cornflower

“None looked upon it, but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer.”



MISS KING—Black-eyed Susan

“Comrade of winds, beloved by sun,
Kissed by the dewdrops, one by one.”



MISS HUDSON—Carnation

“Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said.”

MISS HARRINGTON—Anemone

“Then with me I pray you say:
Sweetest flower I’ve found to-day,
Type of grace and purity,
Lovely wind anemone!”



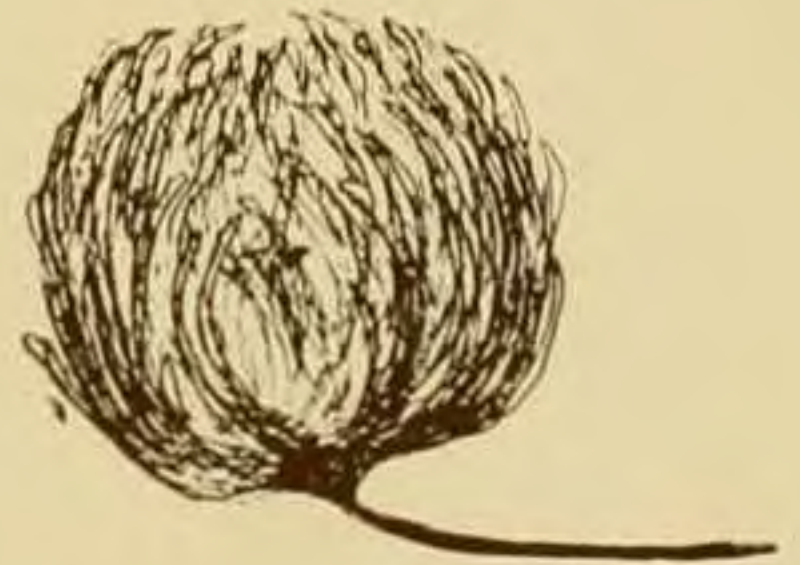
MISS HOFFMAN—Primrose

“Long as there’s a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory.”



MRS. BROOKE—Chrysanthemum

“Only those who love them
Know the joy they bring.”



MISS ANNIE CLEVELAND—Love In a Tangle

“Roses red and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew.”

MISS SPECK—Lavender

“Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing glance to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.”



MISS SHONINGER—Lily

“A soul as white as heaven.”





AMELIA HARRISON BROOKE

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

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

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

Cohoe and Tuckahoe

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

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

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

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

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

"Feel donsie to-day, Jacob?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Shirley Wingfield."

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

Miss Mary did not know, and she talked on.

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

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

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

Such a glorious day for the lonely little teacher! In the warmth of this

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

How she laughed and told jokes on herself!

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

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

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

"Is my hair strubly?" laughed the girl.

But Aunt Mary did not laugh. Why should she?

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

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

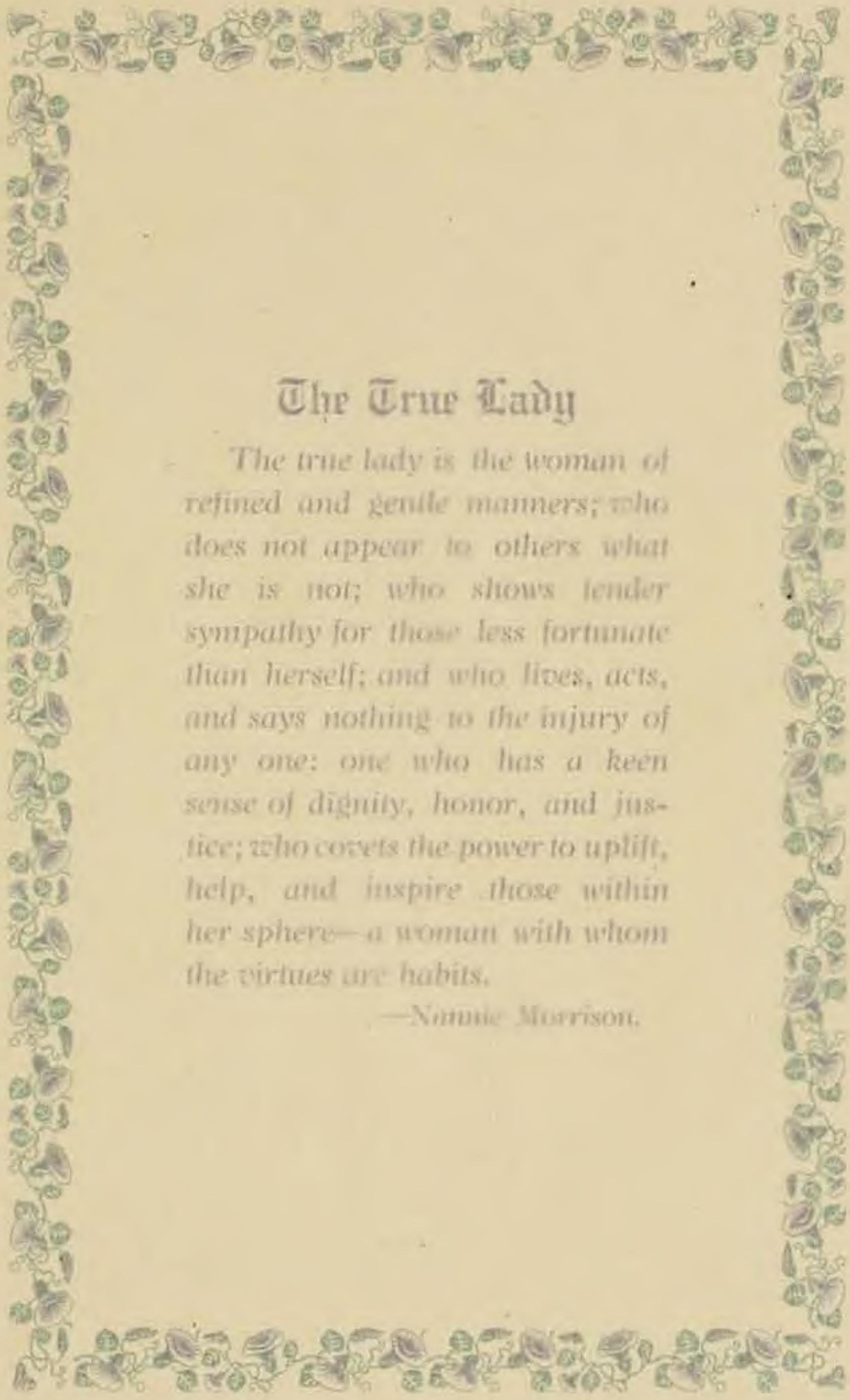
On their drive back that afternoon Shirley said once more, "To think you knew Mamma!"

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

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

And later it came about that she did.

—By Several of Us.



The True Lady

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

—Nannie Morrison.

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

How she laughed and told jokes on herself!

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

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

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

"Is my hair strubly?" laughed the girl.

But Aunt Mary did not laugh. Why should she?

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

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

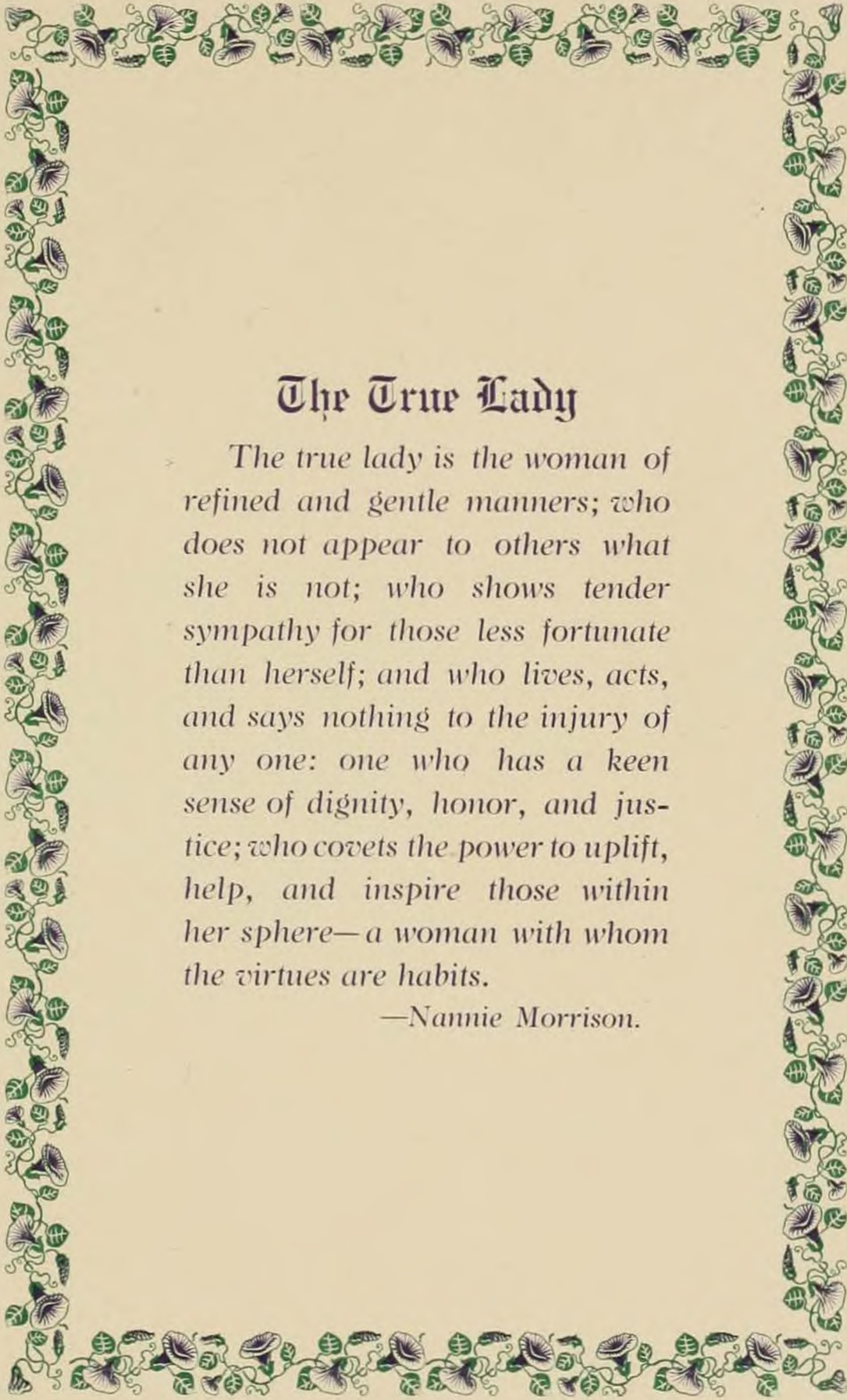
On their drive back that afternoon Shirley said once more, "To think you knew Mamma!"

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

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

And later it came about that she did.

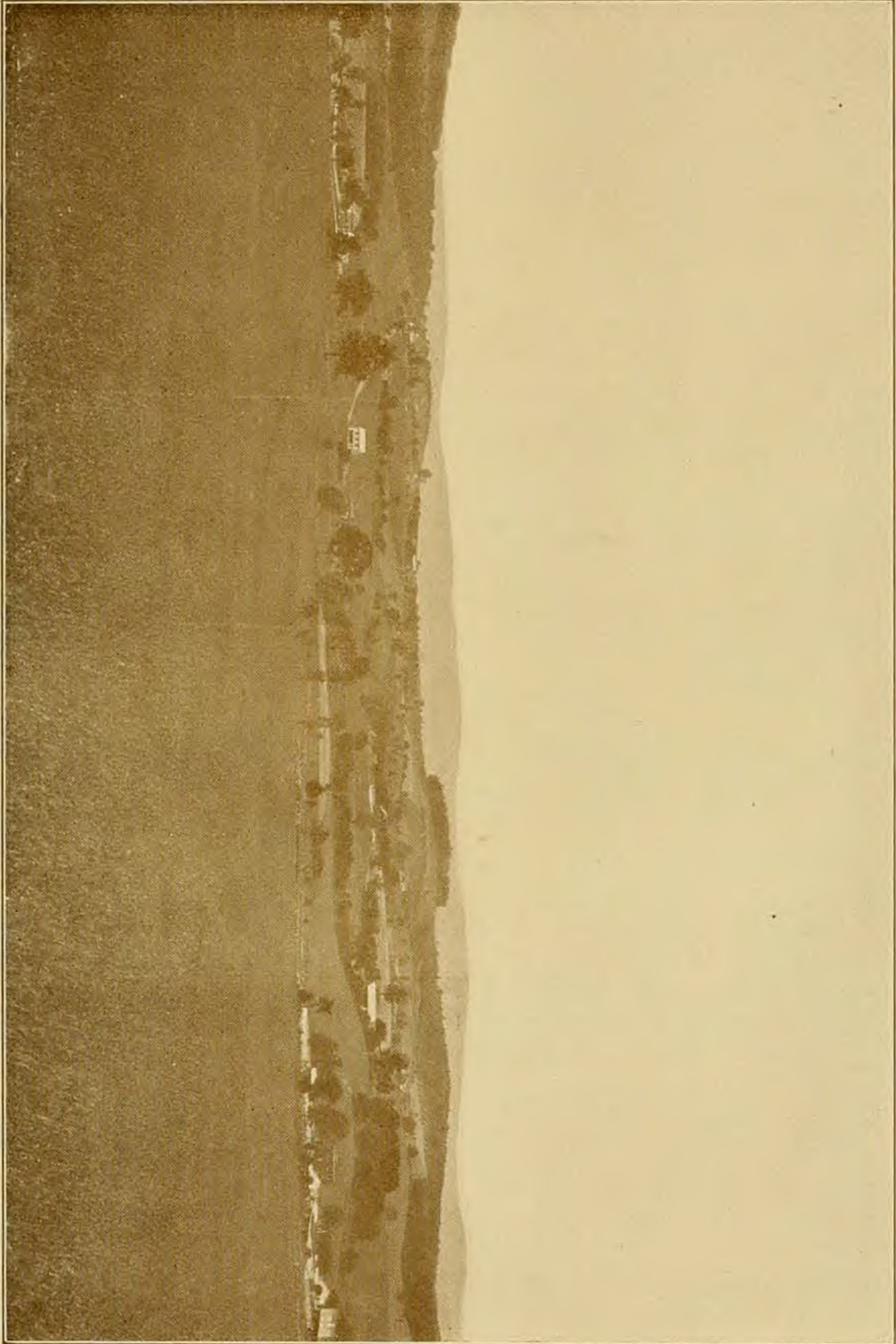
—By Several of Us.

A decorative border of purple and green flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of repeating floral motifs, including bell-shaped flowers and leaves, arranged in a rectangular frame.

The True Lady

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

—Nannie Morrison.



WHERE WE DO OUR RURAL PRACTICE TEACHING

The Prince Burglar

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

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

As Miss Agatha paused for breath, Mr. Huntington suggested that they go in and take a look at the house.

The two walked silently from room to room, their footsteps resounding through the high-ceiled chambers. There was not yet even a servant in the kitchen, and the solitude was oppressive. Miss Agatha felt this although for years her only companions had been three black cats.

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

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

Mr. Huntington would have laughed, but he saw the seriousness of Miss Agatha's expression, and he was a kind man.

She felt his lack of sympathy, however, and hastened to defend herself.

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

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

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

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

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

When each room had been opened and Miss Agatha was satisfied that not a man was concealed behind the massive furniture, Mr. Huntington

said good-by, promising again to have the windows barred as soon as possible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Louise Lancaster.*





Dr. Wayland, in History 48, thinking of the discovery of the North Pole—
 “What happened in 1909 that never happened before and never will happen again?”

Enthusiastic Student—“The opening of the Harrisonburg Normal School.”

Senior Kindergartner, in discussing the programs for the week—“Tuesday I took up the cow.”

Miss H.—“I should think you'd have put her down in a hurry.”

Student, teaching the scale of Music 58—“Some one who lives on a farm tell me how the cow goes.”

Bright Student—“She goes on four feet.”

Member of Lanier Society, seeing silhouettes of the faculty on “Scenery Hall”—“What do you call them—soliloquies?”

Miss Lancaster—“Have you any scales in here?”

Miss Speck—“No, I haven't any Miss Scales in my class.”

Student—“What special name is given to the bird stores?”

Miss S.—“Aquariums.”

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

Senior—“Who wrote ‘Electra?’ ”

Junior—“Why Shakespeare, of course.”

Dr. Wayland in History—“What state was admitted to the Union in Monroe's administration?”

Student—“Spain.”

Dignified Senior to Miss Scott, who accidentally stepped upon her toe—
 “Great Scott, get off my foot.”

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

Little Special, after doing her hair a new way—“Don't you like my new curfew?”

At the beginning of the spring quarter, a member of the faculty, seeing a girl looking rather lonesome—"I'm so glad to see you, and hope you will like our school very much."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Junior—"207."

Miss Bell—"Sh-h-h-h."

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

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

Students—"No."

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

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

Evidently to her Abraham Lincoln was a king.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miss H.—"About two inches square."

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

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

Walter—"At the Normal."

Instructor in Physiology Class—"Where does ham come from?"

Bright Sophomore—"Beef."

First small kindergartner, choosing birds one morning, chose two of the practice students.

Second small kindergartner—"They are mighty big birds."

First—"Yes, they are."

Third—"They can be turkey buzzards."

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

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

Miss Cleveland, in English 48—"They turned the kid on the spit. What is a kid?"

Sophomore—"A kid is a small child."

First Student—"Do you sing by note?"

Second Student—"No, I sing by tune."

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

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

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

Song heard on the streets down town—"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley?"

"Layamon's brute was a french translation," she wrote—and she wasn't a kindergarten baby either.

"Is that a woodpecker tapping?"

"No, it's just the editors of THE SCHOOLMA'AM rapping their knuckles, trying to make the metre of their poetry come right."

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

WANTED—

Shoes to shine

Hose to mend

Skirts to press

Terms reasonable. Apply to Y. W. C. A. Committees.

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

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

Tonsilitis by the Forelock

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

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

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

—Emily Ellis.



Train Time at McGaheysville

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

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

Refreshed by food and drink and rest,
Adown the rocky gorge they pressed;
Above, the broad-winged eagle soared,
Beneath, the hidden waters roared.

The rocks lay heaped in wild profusion,
The thickets rank made more confusion,
And many a maid, dismayed, confessed
She wished she were less whitely dressed.

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

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

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

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

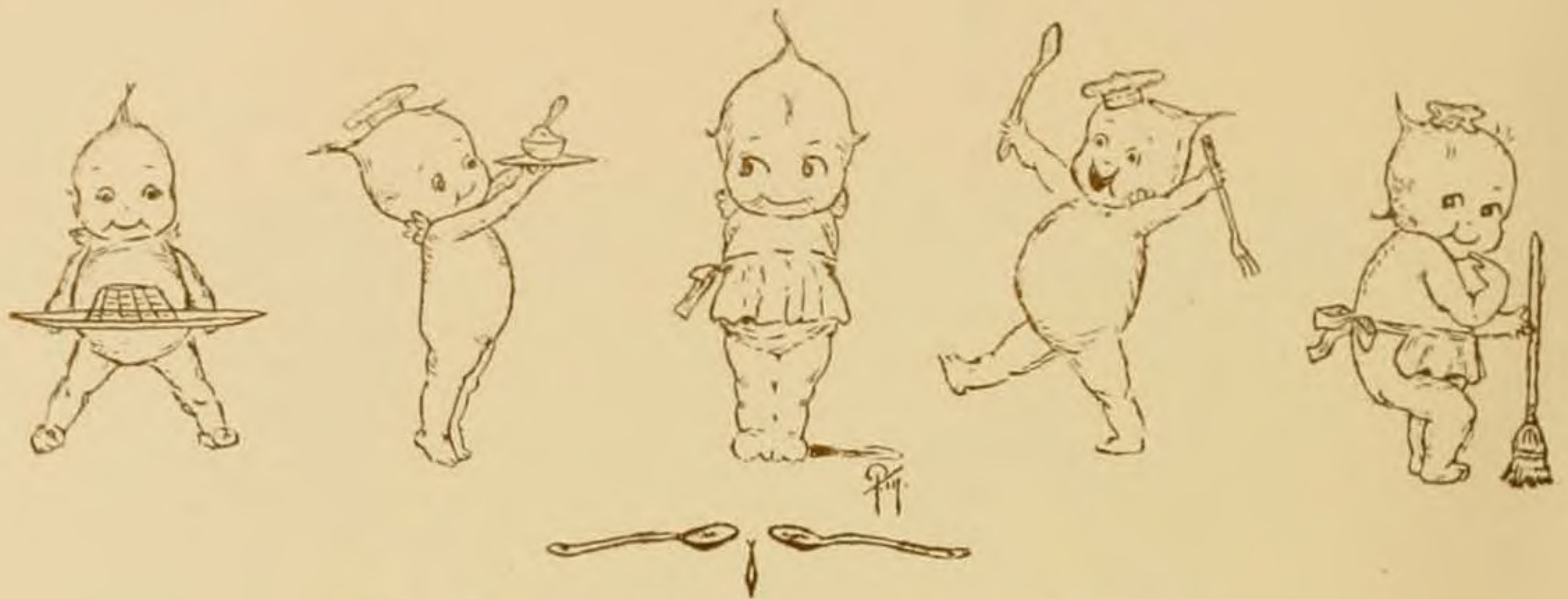
The first, with grim determination,
Just beat the train into the station;
But where, oh where, and in what fettle
Were those who lagged within the Kettle?

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

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

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

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



To Suit the Epicurean Taste

RECIPE FOR A SENIOR

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

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

RECIPE FOR A COMPOSITE JUNIOR

Place in classification room the following ingredients:

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

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

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

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

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

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

A RECIPE FOR A COMPOSITE SOPHOMORE

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

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

A RECIPE FOR MAKING A COMPOSITE FRESHMAN

Ingredients:

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

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

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



MONA LISA—FOUND
At the Normal

Final Examination for Seniors

NAME	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	WHAT HAS SHE DONE:	WHAT HAS SHE LEFT UNDONE:	HIGHEST AMBITION
Anderson	Cooking	Beaten biscuit	The biscuits	To teach the Domestic Arts
Baker	Having a good time	Her hair	One or two things now and then	To be "perfectly attractive"
Benson	Solving Math. problems	Taught Math.	Ballet dancing	To have a monument in the Court House Square
Conn	Writing poetry	Won considerable fame	Her masterpiece, probably	To be the greatest American poet
Corr	Enthusing	Made models for Kindergarten work	Playing the piano	To get some gingersnaps
Coyner	Hurrying	Practice teaching	Only the frivolous things	To excel Miss Lemon
Davies	"Sewing a fine seam"	Taught sewing	Leap-year proposals	To be a member of the H. N. S. Faculty
Dudley	Reading old letters	Gotten a letter on every train	Growing tall	To go to house-keeping
Earman	Telling stories	Tried on old clothes	Hair dressing	To be a belle
Eldred	Teaching rote songs	Changed her mind	Slandering people	To get more letters
Fox	Painting	Posed	Hard labor	To shine in society
Gatling	Playing basket ball	"Lammed dat ball right through the basket"	Scrapping	To be a celebrated violinist
Goode	Writing business letters	Made frequent visits to the printing office	Tooting her own horn	To have a place in the Hall of Fame
Greenawalt	Taking notes	Splashed paint	Carelessness	To have something to teach
Greer	Quarreling	Made pies	Dyeing her hair	To have coal-black brows
Haldeman	Asking questions	A little bit of everything	Not much of anything	To have more new clothes
Harman	Trimming hats	Learned to "house-keep"	Getting campused	To dress 'a la mode'
Heatwole	Debating	Philosophized	Cake-walking	To have a dimple
Hughes	Handwork—various grades	Been late—several times	Putting on airs	To be forever relieved from practice teaching
Jennings	Giggling	Tried to write poetry	Buying suede shoe-polish	To have a big time next summer
Lancaster	Falling down	Gotten up	Staying at home from church	To get thin—she says
Law	Teasing Miss Noell	Thinking about going home	Not her lesson plans	To be principal of a rural school
Liggett	Cutting classes	Gussed	Her belt-pin	To be an opera singer

NAME	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	WHAT HAS SHE DONE?	WHAT HAS SHE LEFT UNDONE?	HIGHEST AMBITION
Lyle	Going to Appomattox	Gotten 100 on Chemistry	Wearing a bow on her hair	To surprise Miss Sale
McGahay	Singing Auld Lang Syne	Swung Indian Clubs	Auld Lang Syne	To be willowy
McMillan	Reciting Hamlet	Studied and studied and studied	We've never found out	To know everything
Madison Susie	Singing	Eaten peaches	Buying false teeth	To go home and have a good time
Madison Lucy	Loafing	Everybody she could	Educative Process	To teach science
Massey	Proof-reading	The Schoolma'am	Everything else	To be editor of a daily paper
Morrison	Studying geometry	Defined a true lady	What she did not have time to do	To know as much Math. as Miss Lancaster
Noell	Doing reference reading	Professed to enjoy all her work	Talking about her neighbors	To be a public benefactress
Otley	Moralizing	Nodded her head	Nothing serious	To write a treatise on moral courage
Patterson	Smiling	Learned the value of silence	Talking through a megaphone	To be a preacher's wife
Pulliam, J.	Star-gazing	Kept quiet	Curling her hair	To get her diploma
Pulliam, L.	Gettin' tickled	Played in the role of Stubbins	Holding her tongue	To play a joke on "Coffie"
Roller	Speaking up in class	Spoke up in class	Standing on her head	To be stump speaker
Round	Acting chairman	Led the singing—Arbor Day	Writing poetry	To be sorority girl
Rucker	Dancing	"Gambilled"	Not singing	To win a Congressman's son
Sadler	Seconding the motion	Posed for her picture	Running on the track team	To know more than 'Aunt Betty'
Shepperson	Tipping upstairs	Nailed fast	Getting mad	To have some one to argue with
Shields	Wiggling	Presided over the Senior Class	Prize-fighting	To weigh 180 pounds
Sibert	Going down town with Jane	Math. 47	Wearing red	To be a slim brunette
Taylor	Looking in mirror	Preserved her youthful appearance	Her shoes	To be a lady of leisure
Tench	Absorbing wisdom	She hath done what she could	Athletics	To keep on making "A"
Thom	Hatching ideas	Acted in a Princely manner	Wearing that red switch	To get married
Thrasher	Writing with her left hand	Been a Japanese Princess	Growing	To win a Georgia Cracker
White	Telling about "Billy"	Heard from George	Smiling	To win in tennis tournament
Whitesel	Getting "ads"	Substituted	Minding other people's business	To be just like Wintie
Winfrey	Winding the clock	Gotten thin	Making her hair grow	To keep Hallie from being late
Wise	Spooning	Ask her friends	The gate to her affections	She won't tell

The Faculty---An Interior

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

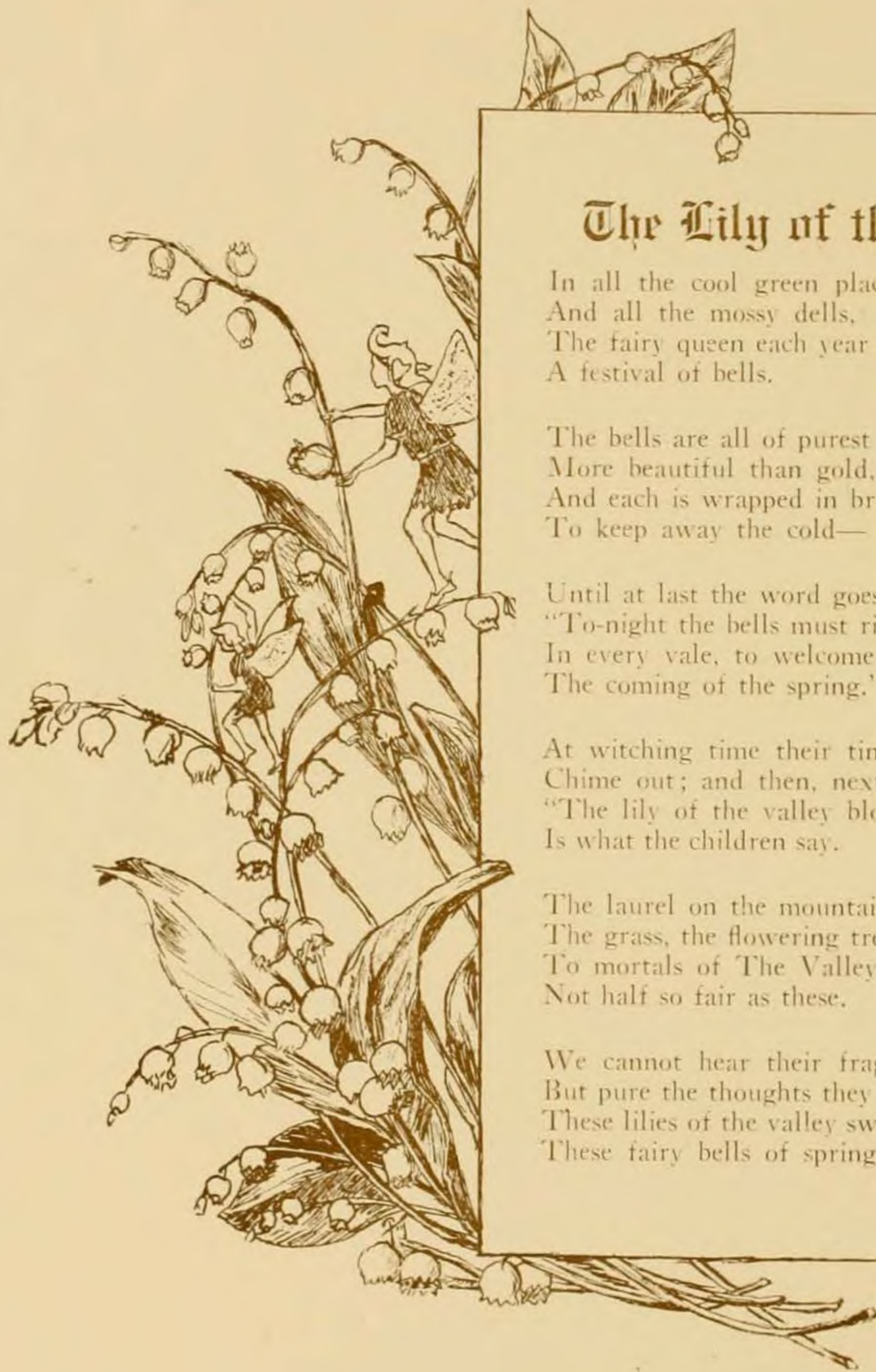
"My self-being nature shines on grey days,
To encourage patience and industry."
"I practice in life the art all arts praise,
In all things keeping uniformity."

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

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

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





The Lily of the Valley

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

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

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

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

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

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



Wedding Bells

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

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

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

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

Last Will and Testament

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Green bindings, ooze sheep, silk paper covers.

Double-etched cuts; double-toned sepia ink.

One dozen inserts, assorted colors, with tissue paper for each.

One box of paints, slightly used, with which to add more color to the complexion of the next SCHOOLMA'AM; also all left over humorless jokes, that she may grow more bright and sparkling in the years to come.

Three rhymes, which we meant to work into the Arts Club Poem on

page 114 had not the Business Manager checked our muse by refusing to pay for one cut more—to wit:

..... *palette*
..... *mallet*

..... *carpet rags*
..... *raffia bags*

..... *umbrella stands*
..... *practiced hands*

One Junior cut (1-2 size); also one Pinquet Club picture, both unused.
One box of *a's* and *e's*, all sizes, with the injunction that they are to be distributed impartially among all the Catharines and Katheryns on the school roll.

All unused definitions of *A True Lady*.

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

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

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

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

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

Three pencils, already agonizingly dented with tooth-prints.

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

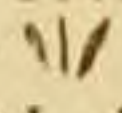
One derrick for raising capital letters into recognition.


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

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

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

The Annual Staff

Her
Witness—Cottage  Hen
Mark

His
Witness—Father  Time
Mark

Glimpses
of

the
Valley



A VALLEY DELIGHT



MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



ON THE C. W.



SINGERS GLEN



HIGH SCHOOL



WATERMAN SCHOOL



WASHINGTON'S PROFILE (Photo by Furry)



In Memoriam

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

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

In spite of his youth—he was only thirty-six at the time of his death—his intelligence, his wisdom, his genial manner, and his kindly sympathy made him the friend and adviser of the whole community. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and took an active interest in every effort for the moral and intellectual betterment of the neighborhood. At his funeral the esteem in which he was held was shown by a concourse greater than had been seen before in Nelson County on a similar occasion.

There is every reason to believe that if he had lived he would have left a record of ever increasing usefulness and prominence in the affairs not only of the county but of the State.

The members of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal and Industrial School for Women, at Harrisonburg, desire to place on record a tribute of their warm affection for their former colleague and friend, and of their deep sense of personal loss, together with an expression of sincere sympathy for his family in their great bereavement. It is therefore directed that this memorial be spread on the minutes of the Board of Trustees and a copy transmitted to his family.

Fallen in Sleep

EVELYN STOUT

Student at this school from September, 1909, to March, 1911

Died July 2, 1911

At her home in Dryden, Virginia

MAUDE FORREST WILLIAMS

Student at this school from April to May, 1910

Died March 15, 1912

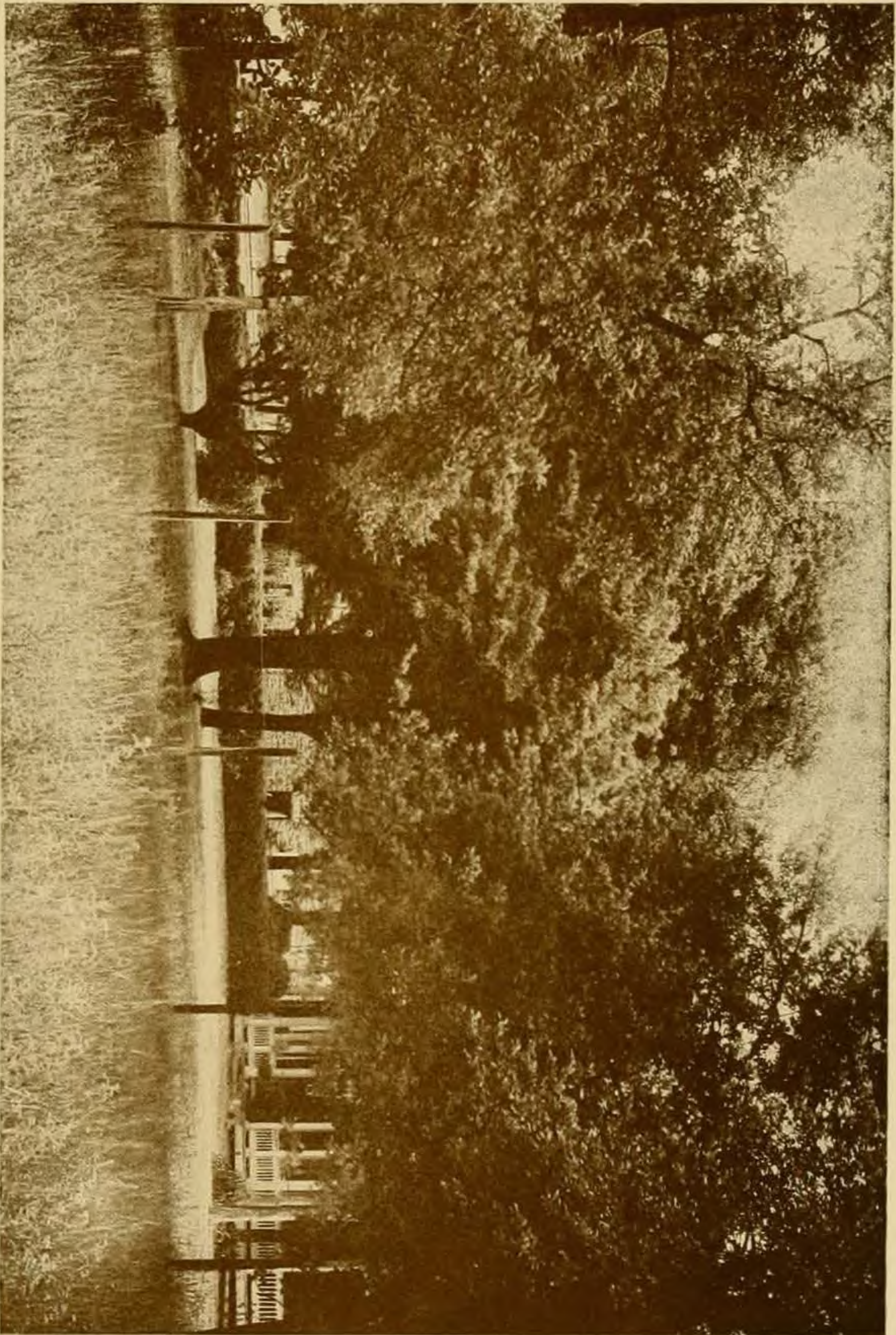
At her home in McDowell, Virginia

DAPHNA LEE RHODES

Student at this school during summer term of 1911

Died April 6, 1912

At her home in North River, Virginia



ON THE CAMPUS

Roll Call

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Adams, L. Althea	Charlottesville	Albemarle
Allebaugh, C. Margaret	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Allen, Esther Florence	Stephenson	Frederick
Allen, Virginia	Goshen	Rockbridge
Allison, Sarah	Pulaski	Pulaski
Anderson, Beulah	Seven Mile Ford	Smyth
Anderson, Katharine	Staunton	Augusta
Armentrout, Nora Ethel	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Artz, Esther	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
Babb, Geneva	Franklin	Southampton
Baker, Agnes	Independence	Grayson
Baker, Eunice	Richmond	Henrico
Bare, Bertha	Broadway	Rockingham
Beery, Susie	Mt. Clinton	Rockingham
Bell, Ione	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Benson, Hilda	Brookville	Maryland
Berger, Christiana	Elva	Pittsylvania
Berry, Ellaoise Douglass	Bedford City	Bedford
Block, Rosa	Gordonsville	Orange
Bosserman, Mary	Mint Spring	Augusta
Bowers, Ruth	Grottoes	Rockingham
Bowman, Corinne	Rochelle	Madison
Bradford, Julia	Luray	Page
Bradshaw, Josephine	Mcdowell	Highland
Brahe, Eva Eunice	Appalachia	Wise
Brown, Dorothy	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
Bryant, Margie	McDowell	Highland
Bruce, Jessie	Bland	Bland
Buchanan, Anna	Brownsburg	Rockbridge
Buchanan, Daisy	Chatham Hill	Smyth
Burke, Margaret	Palls	King William
Burton, Ada	Gratton	Tazewell
Burton, Belle	Cove Creek	Bland
Bushong, Theresa Lena	Timberville	Rockingham
Cale, Alice	Middlebrook	Augusta
Campbell, Mary M.	Warm Springs	Bath
Carrier, Gertrude	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Clatterbuck, Iva	Harrisonburg	Rockingham

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Cline, Erma Eiler	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Coffman, Ruth	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Coffman, Stella	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Cole, Frances	Chester	Chesterfield
Compton, Frances	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Conn, Ruth	McGaheysville	Rockingham
Cook, Gussie	Skeggs	Buchanan
Cooper, Shirley	Norfolk	Norfolk
Corns, Bess	Gate City	Scott
Corr, Susie	West Point	King William
Cox, Corrie	Rye Cove	Scott
Cox, Nannie	Ft. Blackmore	Scott
Coyner, Inez	Basic City	Augusta
Crickenberger, Nora B.	Harriston	Augusta
Daughtrey, Irene	Windsor	Nansemond
Davenport, Hattie	Millboro	Bath
Davies, Sadie	Bridgewater	Rockingham
Davis, Bernice	Earlysville	Albemarle
Davis, Maple	Franklin	Southampton
Davis, Maude	Franklin	Southampton
Davis, Mary	Richmond	Henrico
Dickerson, Blanche	Harrisonville	Russell
Dickerson, Louise Walton	Harrisonville	Russell
Driver, Arlene	Mt. Clinton	Rockingham
Dudley, Mary M.	Fort Defiance	Augusta
Dudley, Virginia	Bridgewater	Rockingham
Earhart, Mrs. S. E.	Level Run	Pittsylvania
Earman, Virginia Oler	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Edwards, Virginia	Booker	Sussex
Elder, Addie Lee	Gladys	Campbell
Eldred, Lorraine	Goldvein	Fauquier
Eley, Edith E.	Suffolk	Nansemond
Ellis, Bertha	Marvin	Buchanan
Ellis, Emily J.	Lyndhurst	Augusta
Eshelman, Beatrice	Front Royal	Warren
Farrar, Janet	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
Farrar, Nell Christine	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
Farrell, Susan Marie	Claremont	Surry
Ferrell, May Sigourney	Montvale	Bedford
Firebaugh, Bettie R.	Troutville	Botetourt

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Fletcher, Martha J.	Rectortown	Fauquier
Flory, Rilla	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Foster, Vera L.	Carterton	Russell
Fox, Margaret	Franktown	Northampton
Fox, Mary	Scottsville	Albemarle
Fristoe, Sadie Y.	Baltimore	Maryland
Garber, Margaret	Timberville	Rockingham
Garland, Effie	Graham	Tazewell
Garrett, Marguerite	Norfolk	Norfolk
Gatling, Alpine	Norfolk	Norfolk
Gatling, Marceline	Norfolk	Norfolk
Gay, Margaret	Raccoon Ford	Culpeper
Gentry, Mary Elizabeth	Ivy Depot	Albemarle
Gentry, Bessie Estelle	Crozet	Albemarle
Gentry, Pearle Smith	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
Gilly, Elizabeth	Clinchport	Scott
Gish, Juliet Barclay	Bedford City	Bedford
Good, Eleanor	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Goode, Octavia E.	Mosley's Junction	Chesterfield
Glick, Vada	Dayton	Rockingham
Gordan, Eunice Clyde	Baskerville	Mecklenburg
Gordon, Ida	Bunker Hill	West Virginia
Grasty, Cecile Audrey	Crozet	Albemarle
Greenawalt, Louise	Albin	Frederick
Greer, Mary Virginia	Staunton	Augusta
Gregory, Nannie Belle	Cove Creek	Tazewell
Grizzard, Marjorie Lee	Boykins	Southampton
Haden, Mary	Palmyra	Fluvanna
Haldeman, Pearl	Winchester	Frederick
Hannah, Jessie	Craig's Creek	Craig
Harless, Kathleen	Christiansburg	Montgomery
Harman, Ethel	Mt. Clinton	Rockingham
Harnsberger, Kathleen	Grottoes	Rockingham
Harouff, Carrie Catherine	Burnsville	Bath
Harper, Alma	Draper	Pulaski
Harris, Elberta	Saltville	Smyth
Harris, Helen	Scottsville	Albemarle
Heatwole, Elizabeth	Dale Enterprise	Rockingham
Heatwole, Ella C.	Mt. Clinton	Rockingham
Heavener, Mabel Lankford	Solomons	Maryland

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Heflin, Margaret Wilson	Staunton	Augusta
Helbert, Verdie Vilas	Broadway	Rockingham
Helbert, Mae Birdie	Timberville	Rockingham
Henley, Katherine	Tappahannock	Essex
Hipes, Effie Bernice	Parr	Botetourt
Hitt, Mabel	Culpeper	Culpeper
Holbrook, Annie	Graham	Tazewell
Holland, Eva	Axton	Henry
Holland, Louise	Wilmington	Fluvanna
Hardaway, Etna	Crewe	Nottoway
Hughes, Hallie L.	Burkeville	Nottoway
Hulvey, Sallie M.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Humphries, Lena Maud	Lignum	Culpeper
Jennings, Nan Wise	Culpeper	Culpeper
Jones, Annie Lee	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
Jones, Lou Edna	Doe Hill	Highland
Jones, Laura Lee	Doe Hill	Highland
Jones, Lydia Audrey	Goshen	Rockbridge
Johnson, Freida G.	Lovettsville	Loudoun
Johnson, Mannie Hill	Jamesville	Northampton
Johnson, Kate	Hansonville	Russell
Kaylor, Lillie Furr	North River	Rockingham
Keezell, Florence A.	Keezletown	Rockingham
Kelley, Elizabeth M.	Bedford City	Bedford
Kelly, Dora	Attoway	Smyth
Kendrick, Mrs. English	Honaker	Russell
Keys, Ruth Isabelle	Leesburg	Loudoun
Kilgore, Rebecca	Esserville	Wise
Lancaster, Louise	Columbia	South Carolina
Law, Aurie E.	Glade Hill	Franklin
Leftwich, Bessie	Lynchburg	Campbell
Liggett, Mary C.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Lightner, Lillian	Haymarket	Prince William
Lindsay, Elizabeth Ruth	Lexington	Rockbridge
Logan, Margaret D.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Lovelace, Annie	Level Run	Pittsylvania
Lyle, Mary L.	Hampden Sidney	Prince Edward
Mace, Ryvera Lena	Port Republic	Rockingham
McClure, Carrie	Greenville	Augusta
McDonald, Mary	Kimballton	Giles

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
McElroy, Kate	Wise	Wise
McGahey, Lizzie	McGaheysville	Rockingham
McLeod, Lucile	Bridgewater	Rockingham
McMillan, Mamie	Baywood	Grayson
Mackey, Frances	Riverside	Rockbridge
Mackey, Lucy	Riverside	Rockbridge
Macon, Dorothy	Fork Union	Fluvanna
Madison, Lucy	Denbigh	Warwick
Madison, Susie	Denbigh	Warwick
Maloy, Mary	McDowell	Highland
Maloy, Susie	McDowell	Highland
Marcum, Kathleen	Pennington	Lee
Marshall, Elizabeth	Roseland	Nelson
Marshall, Leila Guy	Nortonsville	Albemarle
Mason, Della Effrie	Brookneal	Campbell
Massey, Eva D.	White Post	Clarke
Massie, Sallie L.	Roseland	Nelson
Martin, Mary Wilson	Accomac	Accomac
Martz, Edith Virginia	Unison	Loudoun
Mathews, Jean Michie	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
Maupin, Nellie Elizabeth	Free Union	Albemarle
Maupin, Rosa L.	Free Union	Albemarle
Meade, Jennie Lewis	White Post	Clarke
Menefee, Frances	Waynesboro	Augusta
Michie, Mary	Simeon	Albemarle
Miller, Martha	Staunton	Augusta
Miller, Mattie Love	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania
Miller, Bertie Lib	Smedley	Rappahannock
Millner, Bessie Price	Danville	Pittsylvania
Mitchell, Dora Thorne	Crandon	Bland
Moffett, Sarah	Salem	Roanoke
Monroe, Charles Ida	Unison	Loudoun
Monroe, Sara Agnes	Unison	Loudoun
Morrison, Nannie	Sandy River	Pittsylvania
Muncy, Hattie Byrd	Jonesville	Lee
Mundy, Bertie	Port Republic	Rockingham
Myers, Nellie Bernice	Broadway	Rockingham
Nash, Elizabeth Annie	New Glasgow	Amherst
Nicol, Mollie Belle	Wolftown	Madison
Noell, Pearl	Bedford City	Bedford

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Norman, Olive L.	Lone Oak	Henry
Nuckolls, Bertha	Galax	Grayson
Oswald, Alma L.	Charleston	South Carolina
Otley, Orra L.	Philomont	Loudoun
Patterson, Maurine G.	Harriston	Augusta
Pence, Carrie Beam	Timberville	Rockingham
Phaup, Patty Goode	Mosley's Junction	Chesterfield
Phlegar, Bess Irene	Ripplemead	Giles
Powers, Cotella	Coeburn	Wise
Powers, Sophie Gieske	Berryville	Clarke
Proctor, Mary Wilma	Low Moor	Alleghany
Puller, Patty L.	West Point	King William
Pulliam, Jane	Culpeper	Culpeper
Pulliam, Lucy	Culpeper	Culpeper
Raine, Jennie A.	Waynesboro	Augusta
Ramey, Sue	Flint Hill	Rappahannock
Randolph, Nina P.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Ranson, Margaret	Staunton	Augusta
Rawles, Mabel	Holland	Nansemond
Reeves, Helen Emmett	Chatham Hill	Smyth
Reeves, Minnie Dixon	Chatham Hill	Smyth
Reid, Idell	Upperville	Fauquier
Reiter, Alma	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Rhodes, Grace	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Richardson, Mabel	Richmond	Henrico
Richardson, Myra Alice	Richmond	Henrico
Rimmer, Audrey	Norton	Wise
Richardson, Mrs. Sarah	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Robertson, Volina	Montvale	Bedford
Roller, Sarah Virginia	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Rosson, Isabelle	Winston	Culpeper
Round, Ruth Althea	Manassas	Prince William
Royall, Gertrude	Richmond	Henrico
Rudacille, Katie Roselle	Limeton	Warren
Rucker, Bessie	Darlington Heights	Prince Edward
Rubush, Carrie Belle	Basic City	Augusta
Ruebush, Mary Virginia	Dayton	Rockingham
Runciman, Olivine	Basic City	Augusta
Russell, Anna Marion	Herndon	Fairfax
Rutherford, Lelia	Harrisonburg	Rockingham

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Sadler, Mary E.	Palmyra	Fluvanna
Sale, Mary C.	Tignall	Georgia
Salling, Emma	Hillsville	Carroll
Sanders, Mary Louise	Saltville	Smyth
Sayers, Carrie L.	Draper	Pulaski
Scates, Carrie L.	Sandy River	Pittsylvania
Schaffer, Ida M.	Max Meadows	Wythe
Selby, Frances Parlette	Somerset	Orange
Selby, Katherine Kemp	Somerset	Orange
Settle, Mary	Flint Hill	Rappahannock
Semones, Carmen	Clinch	Scott
Shamburg, Tacy	Mt. Jackson	Shenandoah
Shapleigh, Maude	Rural Retreat	Wythe
Shepperson, Edmonia B.	Charlotte	Charlotte
Shields, Sarah H.	Cincinnati	Ohio
Showalter, Mrs. A. W.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Showalter, Frankie D.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Sibert, Frances	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Simmons, Mary R.	Buchanan	Botetourt
Sipe, Mary Howard	Weyers Cave	Augusta
Sites, Zella Lee	Vago	West Virginia
Snead, Lottie Moon	Fork Union	Fluvanna
Snead, Maude Bennett	Cohasset	Fluvanna
Snidow, Mabel	Kimbalton	Giles
Sprinkel, Ethel	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Staley, Bonnie	Rural Retreat	Wythe
Staples, Julia T.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Stephens, Mary	Winchester	Frederick
Still, Janie	Cascade	Pittsylvania
Still, Lillian C.	Cascade	Pittsylvania
Stoutamyre, Edna L.	Churchville	Augusta
Suter, Edith	Dayton	Rockingham
Taylor, Kate H.	Waynesboro	Augusta
Taylor, Lucile	Purcellville	Loudoun
Tench, Annie	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
Thom, Mary S.	Staunton	Augusta
Thrasher, Jessie	Atlanta	Georgia
Via, Ida	Free Union	Albemarle
Wagner, Selda	Port Republic	Rockingham
Wampler, Jessie	Mt. Clinton	Rockingham

NAME	POSTOFFICE	COUNTY
Ward, Anna H.	Centralia	Chesterfield
Werner, Janie	Jeffersonton	Culpeper
White, Willye	Boykins	Southampton
Whitesel, Vada	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
Wenger, Lydia	Bridgewater	Rockingham
Wiley, Frances Ellie	Lorton	Fairfax
Wiley, Nan Ellen	Crozet	Albemarle
Wilkinson, Lellie	Nelson	Mecklenburg
Williams, Lula R.	McDowell	Highland
Willberger, Octavia	Dayton	Rockingham
Willis, Bessie	Willis	Floyd
Willis, Lena	Willis	Floyd
Wilson, Mary G.	Rockbridge Baths	Rockbridge
Wilson, Mary Inez	Canton	North Carolina
Wine, Ottie Ola	Doverville	Rockingham
Winfrey, Katie V.	Culpeper	Culpeper
Wise, Annie T.	Craddockville	Accomac
Woodzelle, Archie	Burnsville	Bath
Worster, Mattie	Bruce	Norfolk
Yowell, Mary	Rochelle	Madison

Autographs

Autographs





We Invite

Normal Teachers and Students to deposit their funds with us, whether their accounts be large or small. Card case, check book, and pass book provided free with first deposit

The Rockingham National Bank

*W. J. Dingledine,
Cashier*

*Buy Your
Drug Store Needs*

From

Williamson Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

The Best of Goods, Correct Prices, and Prompt Delivery

We Appreciate Your Patronage

The Chesapeake Western Railway

Connects with the Norfolk and Western Railway at Elkton, Va., for all points North, South, Southwest, and West. Through Tickets. Baggage Checked Through. At Harrisonburg the C. W. Railway Depot is but a few steps from the State Normal and Industrial School for Women

WISE MEN, ALSO WISE
WOMEN, TRAVEL ON THE
CHESAPEAKE WESTERN.

For Passenger Fares, Train Schedules, etc.,
Call on Local Agents or

C. A. JEWETT,
Traffic Manager.

C. B. WILLIAMSON,
Superintendent.

Harrisonburg, Virginia.

G. M. Effinger & Son

DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS
and NOTIONS

Special attention paid to
Ladies' Goods

Agents for Butterick Patterns
and Centemeri Kid Gloves

37 Court Square Phone 58
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Troy Steam

Laundry

*Appreciates Your
Trade*

NORTH MAIN STREET
PHONE 92

Yourself and Friends

Are cordially invited to do your banking with us. Your business passing through our hands receives our personal attention and is held in the strictest confidence. ∴ ∴ ∴

First National Bank

Harrisonburg, - - Virginia

For Strictly Pure Medicines

Finest Ice-Cream, Soda Water, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Hair Brushes, Combs, Tooth Brushes and Tooth Preparations, and Whitman's Fine Chocolates and Confections, call at

*Telephone
No. 41*

Avis' Drug Store

*Orders by telephone
receive prompt attention*

*H. W. BERTRAM
LAWYER*

*DR. J. R. GAMBILL
DENTIST*

Harrisonburg, - - - Virginia

*Over Corner Furniture Company
Opposite Daily News*



“WHEN THE MERCURY WENT DOWN”

WURZBURGER'S
Ice-Cream and Sherbets

Fancy Ice - Cream
— and —
Home-made Candy

Special Prices for Lawn Parties
and Church Festivals

BLOOM

Leading Millinery
and
Dry Goods Store

If You Have That
Tired Feeling

Drop in and get an
Ice Cold drink from
our fountain. ☐ Post-
cards of all kinds a
specialty. ☐ Candies,
cigars, cigarettes,
and tobaccos. ☐ If
you call once, you
will continue to
come. ☐ All orders
delivered promptly.

Garber & Tyler

PHONE 331

The Men's Store

Light colors in men's clothes for
spring are grays and nobby
browns. You can get
them made by Hart,
Schaffner &
Marx if you
buy at

Frazier & Slater's

DEALERS IN

Gents' Furnishing
Tailors and Clothiers

First National Bank Building

J. S. Harnsberger
U. S. Com'r

Geo. S. Harnsberger
Com'r in Chy.

Harnsberger & Harnsberger
Attorneys at Law

Rooms 202 and 203
First National Bank

HARRISONBURG
VIRGINIA

Miss J. A. Cavey

Dry Goods
and Notions

No. 77 North Main Street
Phone 275

Harrisonburg

Virginia

THE



Baldwin

LINE

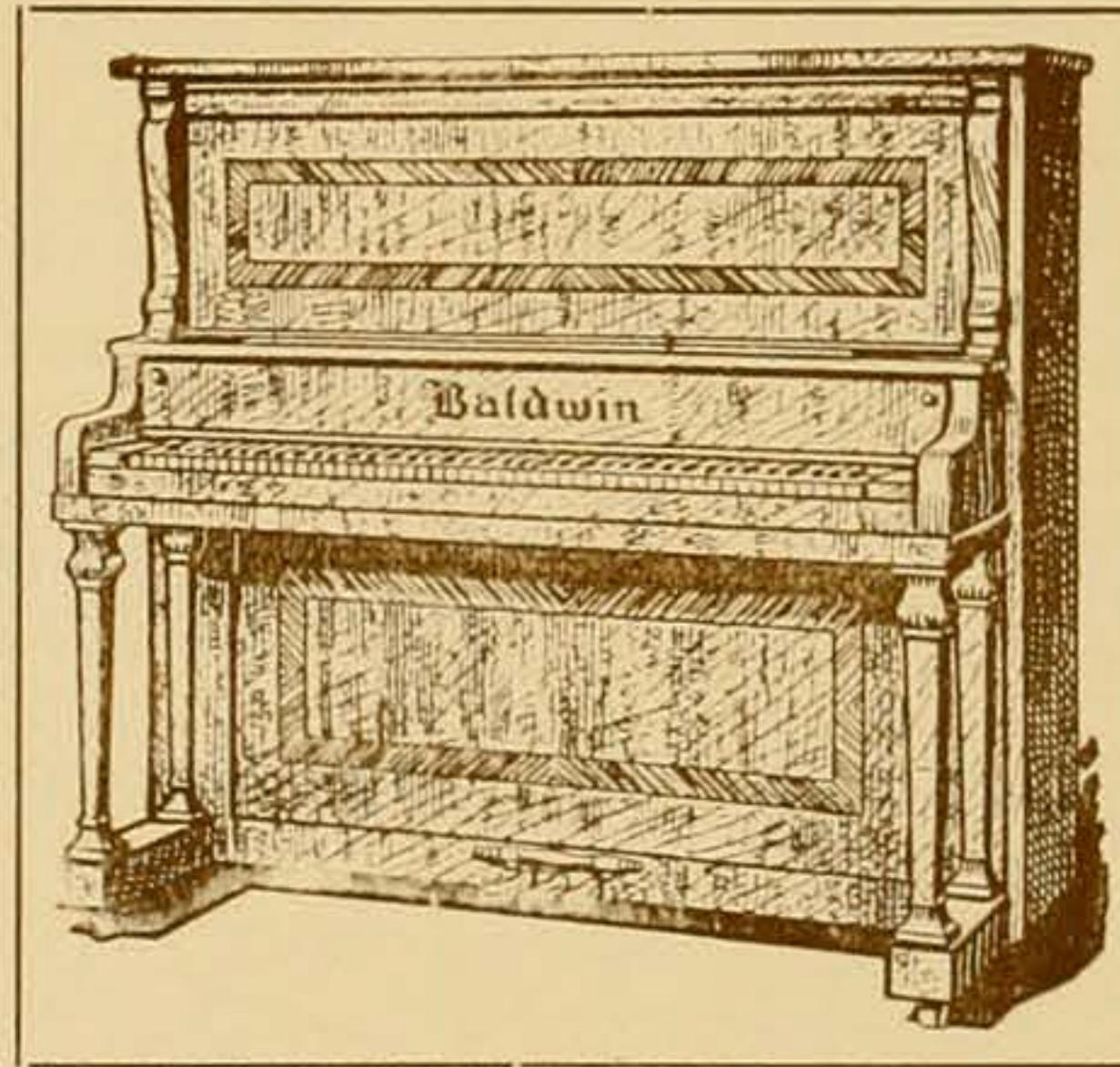


OF PIANOS. Magnificent in quality, yet wonderfully reasonable in price.

Grand Prix
Paris,
1900

Grand Prize
St. Louis,
1904

Write us for
Catalogue.



Liberal allow-
ance for old
instruments.

Payments to
suit.

Satisfaction
guaranteed.

HERMAN WISE & SONS

Harrisonburg, Va.

Ladies Ready-Made Department

B. NEY & SONS, Limited

You can't believe all you hear—nor all you read
—but you can believe all you see with your
own eyes. And so we say come to witness the
greatest display of

*Ladies' Tailor-Made Coat Suits, Stylish
Millinery, and Artistic Footwear*

ever shown to the people in this vicinity. A step
ahead in style—a step behind in price.

B. NEY & SONS, LIMITED

Opposite Post Office

Department Store

JAMES E. REHERD, President

THOS. P. BEERY, Cashier

The Peoples Bank of Harrisonburg

(INCORPORATED)

Capital \$150,000.00

Surplus \$20,000.00

A governing principle of this bank's policy has always been to give depositors prompt, satisfactory, and, above all, courteous individual attention. :: :: ::

From the Land of Stories

BY P. P. CLAXTON

U. S. Commissioner of Education

Formerly Professor of Education, University of Tennessee, and Director Summer School of the South.

A delightful little volume of fairy tales translated and adapted from the German :- :- :- :-

Cloth. Illustrated. Price 20c., Postpaid.

B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.

Atlanta Richmond Dallas

Short Story Writing



A course of forty lessons in the history, form structure and writing of the **Short-Story**, taught by **J. Berg Esenwein**, Editor of **Lippincott's Magazine**.

Dr. Esenwein:

We are continually hearing from students notifying us of the receipt of checks for accepted manuscripts and expressing their appreciation of the course and of Dr. Esenwein's personal service.

Over One Hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalogue free. Every teacher ought to have it. Write today.

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 482, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SINGER'S STEAM BAKERY

The largest and best equipped baking plant in the Valley. Ice-Cream furnished in any quantities the year round. Special attention to mail orders.

126 WEST MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

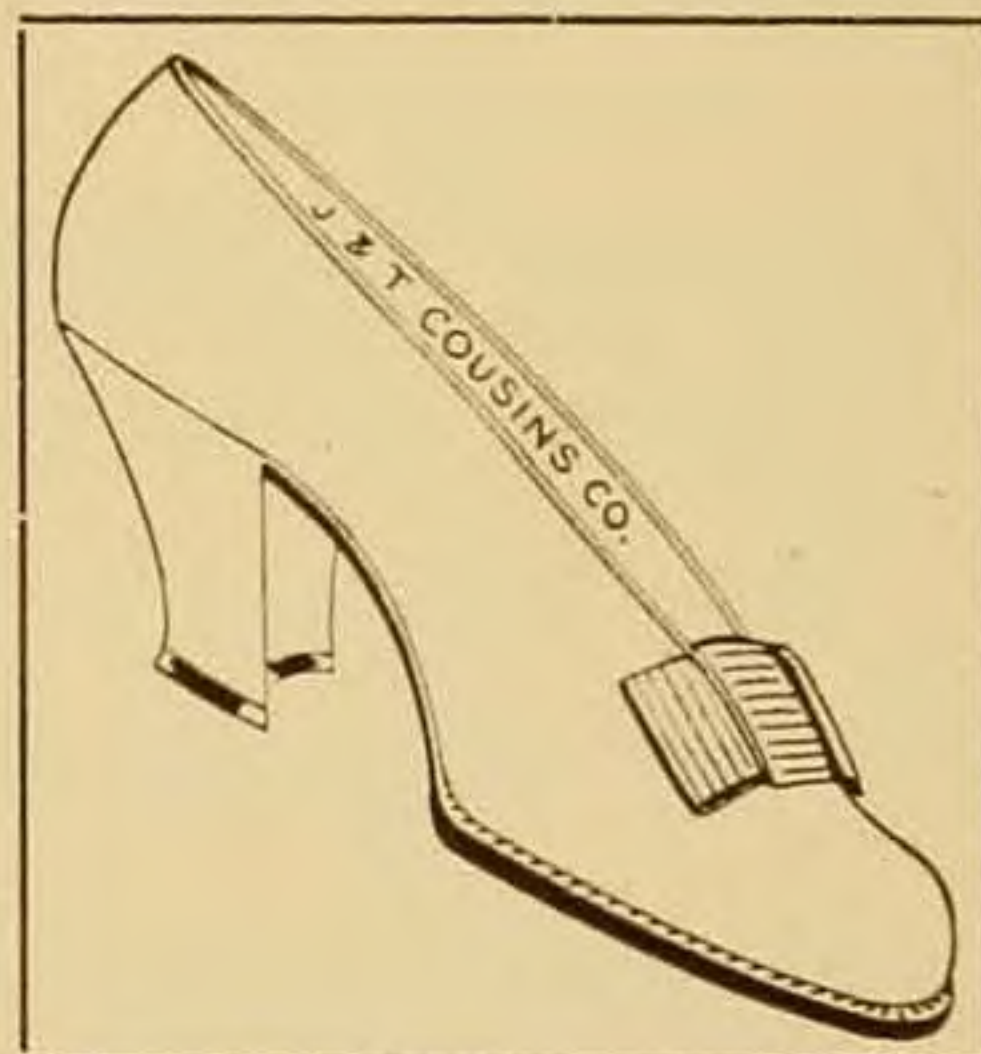
THE J. T. HOUCK

SHOE STORE

SPRING AND SUMMER
1912

Shoe fashions are most important, and a disregard of their selections may mar the most effective costume.

IN our stock you always find the mode of the moment. This season there should be related touches between the various details of your costume. This gives full sway to the tendency towards the novel effects in colors and materials that characterize the new models. We select such lines as are alive to all these conditions, and we are always in the vanguard on style matters. This, coupled with their reputation for comfort and fine fitting qualities, insures to the wearer not only elegance in appearance but ease from the first moment worn.



If you wish to see styles that are different from those shown elsewhere, shoes that represent your own idea of what fashionable footwear should be, you should see our showing before you make your purchase.

J. T. HOUCK

Harrisonburg, - - - Virginia

1912 Millinery

*Tailored Dresses
Human Hair Goods
and
American Beauty Corsets*

L. H. Gary

76 Court Square

Visit Loewner's

FOR

Delicious confections, fountain refreshments, frozen specialties, and lunch at all hours.

Loewner's on the Square

W. A. Meserole & Bro.

DEALERS IN

*Dry Goods,
Notions,
Gloves,
Hosiery,
Etc.*

Prompt and courteous attention given to all.

Harrisonburg, - Virginia

FRANK F. NICHOLAS

TOLER C. LEMLEY

Nicholas & Lemley

Wholesale and Retail Hardware
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Paints, and Oils

HARRISONBURG,

VIRGINIA

L. D. Patterson

*Staple Groceries
and Confectioneries*

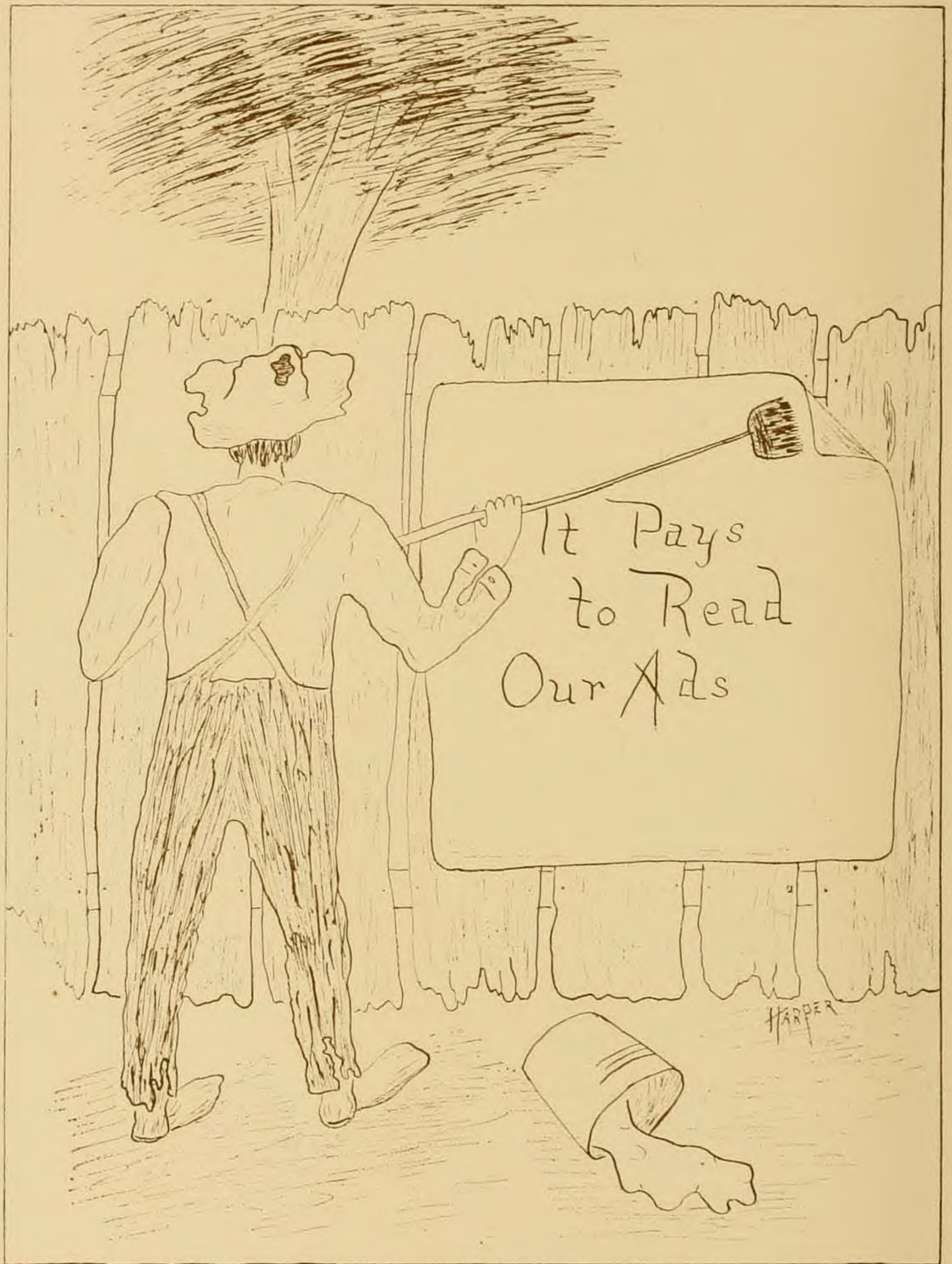
No. 120 South Main Street

FURR BROTHERS

Telephone and Electrical
Engineers
Supplies and Repairs

*"Everything
Electrical"*

Phone 280 52 E. Market Street
Harrisonburg, Virginia



It Pays
to Read
Our Ads

HARPER



QUALITY

Diamonds, Rings, Cut Glass, Silverware

All of the very best quality and at reasonable prices. Convince yourself that here you can find the same goods for less money or better goods for the same money than elsewhere. Write us, phone us, for a selection package.

John W. Taliaferro
JEWELER

WE OFFER

To the Normal School Students and the General Public an experience of over Fifty Years in prescription filling and all the details of a Retail Drug Business. Our prices are right, and we assure you of fair, courteous, and prompt service.

Very respectfully,

The L. H. Ott
Drug Company

Established
1856

Harrisonburg
Virginia

Dean's Studio



HOURS: 9-12:00—2-4:00

PHONE 255

Presbyterian Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
Eye and Ear Department, University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, New York, N. Y.
St. Bartholomew's Nose and Throat Hospital, New York, N. Y.

E. R. MILLER, M. D.
Harrisonburg, Va.

Office Second Floor News-Register Building, S. M. Street

George E. Sipe

John T. Harris, Jr.

Sipe & Harris
Lawyers

Harrisonburg,

Virginia

Wilton Hardware Co.

Incorporated

Everything in
HARDWARE

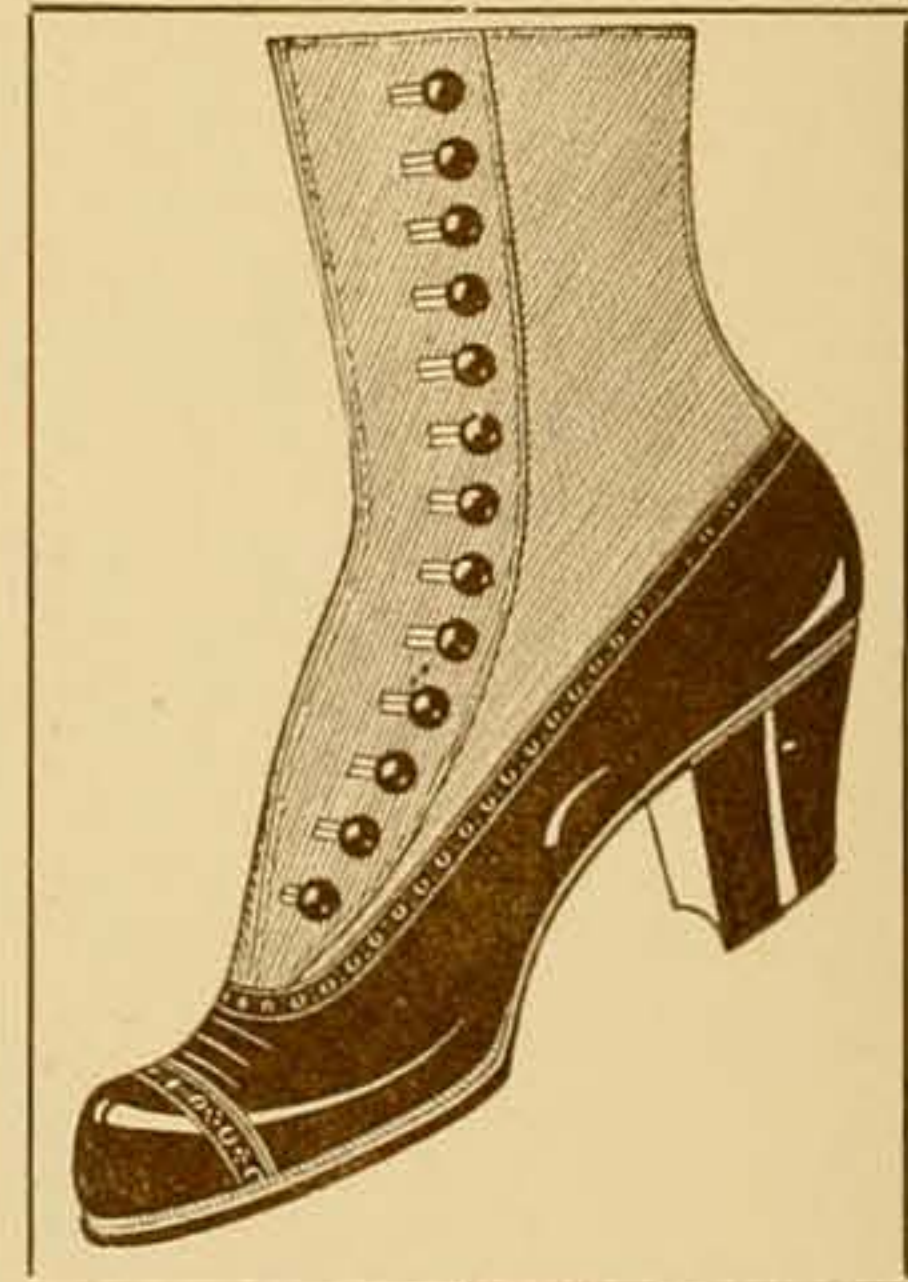
If it's Hardware,
we have it;

If we have it,
it's the best.

Wilton Hardware Co.

Incorporated

IT'S hard to find suitable words to tell in this limited space how good a shoe this Selz Royal Blue for women is—in style, fit, looks. ¶It's the correct thing anywhere and every time. Selz quality all through. ¶Ask for it when you come in; we like to show such shoes as a sample of what you can get here.



Selz Shoes for Men, Women, and Children

Yager's "Selz Royal Blue" Store

28 South Main Street

Harrisonburg,

Virginia

Dr. Walter T. Lineweaver

Dentist

Masonic Building Harrisonburg, Va.

Spitzer's Book Store

Keeps constantly on hand the best line of Fine Stationery, Miscellaneous and School Books and Supplies.

*Wall Paper, Frames
and Mouldings*

P. F. SPITZER

Buy your

Furniture, Carpet, Stoves, Ranges,
Pianos, Sewing Machines — all
House Furnishing Goods at

Coiner Furniture Co.

Harrisonburg, Va.

The Largest and Cheapest
Furniture Store in the State

**Jos. Ney & Sons
Company**

Appreciate
Your Trade!

Ready-to-wear Goods
and Millinery.

D. Clint Devier

**The Reliable Jeweler
and Optician**

Harrisonburg, - Virginia

Ed. S. Conrad

Geo. N. Conrad

CONRAD & CONRAD
LAWYERS

Harrisonburg, Va.

DR. C. E. NICHOLAS
DENTIST

Office: 2d Floor Valley Hardware Building

OFFICE HOURS:

8:30 to 12:30 a. m.

1:30 to 5:00 p. m.

PHONE:

Office 98

Residence 279

WASHINGTON'S
LEADING STORE

— For —

China, Glass, Silverware, etc.

Our supremacy in the following
lines has been recognized for years

*Sterling Silverware, Finest Plated
Ware, High Grade Cutlery, China
Tableware, Table Glassware,
Rich Cut Glass, Brass and
Copper Wares*

Dulin & Martin Co.

HOTELS AND COLLEGES SUPPLIED

1215 F St. and 1214-18 G St.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Charles M. Robinson
ARCHITECT

Churches, Schools, Etc.,
Public Buildings

Tenth and Main Streets
Richmond, Virginia

CONVERSE COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

A Standard College for Women. No Preparatory Department.

Comprises: 1. A School of the Liberal Arts and Sciences—offering the A. B. and A. M. degrees. 2. A School of the Fine Arts—offering the B. Mus. degree and a Diploma in Art. Early application is advised.

ROBT P. PELL, LITT. D., PRESIDENT.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Opening of the Massanetta Springs New Hotel, June 1, 1912.

Our large, new, modern, brick hotel, with ample accommodations for 300 guests, will open June 1, 1912.

The MASSANETTA SPRINGS HOTEL is a large new brick structure, thoroughly modern in every particular, equipped with the best sanitary arrangements, with public and private baths; hot and cold water and electric lights in every room; large and spacious porches; elegant ball room; good music; two large lobbies, with a well furnished dining room. Our table and service in general we guarantee to be the best.

Resident Physician; Long Distance Telephone; Two Tennis Courts; Nice Croquet Grounds; Two Bowling Alleys; Billiard and Pool Rooms, and a well equipped Barber Shop; a beautiful well shaded lawn, and a fifty-acre grove of native oaks immediately in front of the hotel. Automobiles and carriages at reasonable rates.

The MASSANETTA SPRINGS CO., INC., owns and operates its own line of automobiles for transferring passengers and baggage to and from the Springs.

The entire management will be under the personal supervision of our general manager, who has had years of experience in catering to the wants and the comforts of the public in general.

The Massanetta Water for Malaria, Stomach, Kidney & Nervous Trouble has No Equal, at Home, or Abroad.

All other information, booklets, rates, etc., gladly furnished upon application. Address

MASSANETTA SPRINGS COMPANY, INC.

J. R. LUPTON, General Manager
BOX 274, HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA.

Milton Bradley Co.

The BRADLEY School Supplies are well known, whether it be for

*Manual Training
Art and Industrial Work
Water Color Work
Primary and Kindergarten
or School Supplies.*

You know you are getting Good Goods. They have been used by Schools all over the Country. If you are interested in any of above lines of School Work, write for catalogs, prices, and information. In many cases we send you FREE SAMPLES.

Milton Bradley Co.

1209 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
THE BOOKS
OF ALL PUBLISHERS

33 East 17th Street New York City
Union Square North

COME AND SEE US!



*Fletcher's
Pharmacy*

Anything in the
Drug Line

*Martha Washington
Candy
Guth's Chocolates*

Ice-Cream Soda the year
round

I. N. Beery, Jr., & Co.

BROKERS

Harrisonburg, - - - Virginia

We sell in carload lots only:

Sugar, Salt Fish

Potatoes

Western Hay and Grain

Cotton Seed Meal

and

Mill Feeds

CODES USED:

Robinson's, Compact, Franklin's

We carry a full line of heavy
machinery, all kinds of farm
implements, wagons, buggies,
in every style. Come to see
us and get the best. -:- -:-

J. N. Garber & Co.



WHERE WE LIVE

W. L. DECHERT CORP.

The Largest
Fire Insurance Agency
in Virginia

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

ARCHITECTS
W. M.
BUCHER & SON
DEALERS IN
*Building Material, & Mantels,
Tile, Plaster, Etc.*
CONTRACTORS

Contractors for Normal School Build-
ings shown in this publication

TELEPHONE 142

HARRISONBURG, - - - VIRGINIA

The City 5 & 10 Cent Store

No. 80 NORTH MAIN STREET

The Place to buy all the little 5 and 10 cent items needed by the students of the Normal: Handkerchiefs, Collars, Jabots, Belts, Tablets, Pencils, Post Cards, and Candy.

You are always welcome whether you want to buy or not. Call and look the store over.

J. S. FRAVEL, Manager

The Shriver Co., Ltd.

Millinery

Laces Gloves

Royal Society Packages and Floss

Agents American Lady Corsets

DR. F. R. THOMAS

Dentist

Office Over People's Bank, Corner Main and East Market Streets

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Phone 197

**THE GRACE H. OTT
DRY GOODS CO.**

*Welcome the Normal
Students*

Exclusive Styles, Foreign and Domestic Goods. Prices lowest consistent with goods.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Largest Retail Dealers

IN

Vegetables and Fruits

We are the largest dealers in fresh vegetables in the Valley, and keep a full supply of all kinds, which we sell at lowest prices. We buy Poultry, Eggs, and Butter in any quantities at all times.

T. A. Long Produce Company

Telephone 412



ON A TRAMP

Established 1872

Excelled by None

E. A. WRIGHT

ENGRAVER - PRINTER - STATIONER

*Commencement Invitations, Dance Invitations,
Programs, Menus, Fraternity Inserts and Stationery.*

*Complete facilities for turning out College Publi-
cations. Special rates to Fraternities and Class
Committees. Before ordering elsewhere, compare
Samples and Prices. :: :: :: :: ::*

Special Designs Submitted for Special Occasions

WEDDING
ANNOUNCEMENTS
and INVITATIONS

CLASS PINS
VISITING CARDS

PHOTO
ENGRAVING
and HALF TONE
WORK
PHOTOGRAVURE
LITHOGRAPHING

MODERN
ADVERTISING
NOVELTIES
ART CALENDARS
Steel Engraved and
Hand Painted

E. A. Wright Bank Note Co.

BANK NOTE AND
GENERAL ENGRAVERS

*Stock Certificates, Bonds and Securities
of Money Value*

(Engraved according to Stock Exchange requirements)

*Diplomas, Checks, Bills of Exchange, Drafts,
Railroad Passes*

1108 CHESTNUT STREET - - - PHILADELPHIA



