

The Hansy

MCMVII

NORTH CAROLINA ROOM

VOLUME NUMBER THREE

The Hansy

OF

LITTLETON COLLEGE



Published by SENIOR CLASS, LITTLETON, N. CAROLINA

Nineteen Hundred and Seven

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the James G. Joyner Library,
East Carolina College,
by
the Littleton College Memorial Association.
February, 1965.

To
Our Alma Mater,
where our affections shall ever turn,
the Class of 1907
gratefully dedicate this volume of
The Pansy

Littleton Female College

THIS institution began its work on a rainy day in January, 1882, with eleven town pupils. A little later some other "day scholars" came in and after awhile one boarding pupil and then another, so that there were two boarding pupils during the spring term. The work was done in a five-room building, the age of which no man knoweth, within a few steps of the location of "Parson's Honorary"—an old inn on the stage road from Raleigh to Petersburg where Lord Cornwallis, Governor Bragg, and other famous men were said to have been entertained.

All without, during the cold and dreary days of January and February, was desolate-looking and gloomy enough, but within there was as cheerful and brave a little woman as ever lived in the world, and a man of convictions, who felt that he had a work to do. These two claimed the promise that "Where two, etc.," and so there were three.

The new building was begun late in the spring and not completed until October. This made it necessary to open school in the fall at the same place, but an additional building was secured for teaching purposes, so that two rooms in the old building could be used for a music teacher who had been employed, and two or three boarding pupils who had entered for the fall term. The work was transferred to the new building in November, from which time to the present day there has been a steady growth and a constant increase of patronage. For some reason the school has been popular, and has had the confidence of the people from the time its methods of work and discipline became known. At first the capacity for boarding pupils was limited and the growth slow; there was, however, nearly a decade when the school did very little advertising, there being all the boarding pupils that could be accommodated without it.

Four times since the first building was constructed, large additions to it have been made, and from time to time equipments and conveniences added, until to-day the school has a large and splendidly equipped building with hot and cold water on every floor, bath- and toilet-rooms, hot-water heat and electric lights throughout, and accommodations for two hundred and fifty boarding pupils.

In addition to the Residence Building, there is a splendid brick structure, known as the Science Building, having stone trimmings, slate roof, and iron cornice. This building has a frontage of 114 feet, a depth of 70 feet, and contains rooms for laboratories, literary society halls and a large library.

Along the covered way that extends from the Residence Building to the Science Building, there are fifteen music-rooms, all under one continued cover, thus placing the Residence and Science buildings, school- and music-rooms under one roof. This

entire space, including all rooms and the passageways from one building to another, is heated with hot water and lighted with electricity.

The College has a faculty of twenty-five officers and teachers, and has had, during the present year, a matriculation of two hundred and seventy-four pupils.

There are some notable features of the school to which attention should be called. It is a very home-like place. The management has sought to make the institution a real home and the result has been that a young lady coming to the College a perfect stranger will, in a very short time, become acquainted, have friends and feel at ease.

The College has been planned and built as a training school for Christian teachers and workers. This has brought a two-fold result. The inner life of the school has become *decidedly* Christian and there is a strong religious influence pervading the College-home that is helpful in the formation and growth of character, which has been so much stressed in the school. In the second place, it has put into the field Christian workers, of whom there are now several hundred, who are doing a great work, the results of which are unknown to the world.

One other feature deserving mention is the remarkable health record of the institution. The amount of personal work done in this department would astonish any one not familiar with the methods of the school. Every pupil is required to report in full, to the lady principal or the trained nurse, the condition of her health, from time to time, and these reports are kept for reference in studying the health conditions of *each pupil*. The pupils are thus kept well and there is remarkably little sickness in the institution. The result of our "eternal vigilance" along this line, combined with the healthfulness of the locality, is that, during the long period of twenty-five years closing January, 1907, in which the school has been in successful operation, there has been only one death among its pupils. This is an unusual record, one unsurpassed, we believe, by any school in the South and of which we feel justly proud.



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Greeting:

If this, the third volume of THE PANSY, accomplishes its purpose, it will give a true insight into the life of the College girls at Littleton; and will sometime in the far away future take them back to some joyful or sad occasion and will assist memory in bringing to mind the days of "Auld L. F. C."

We are glad of this opportunity to thank each and every one who have aided in any way in making this book what it is, and we hope that even those who have given us a joke at their own expense will not criticize us too severely.

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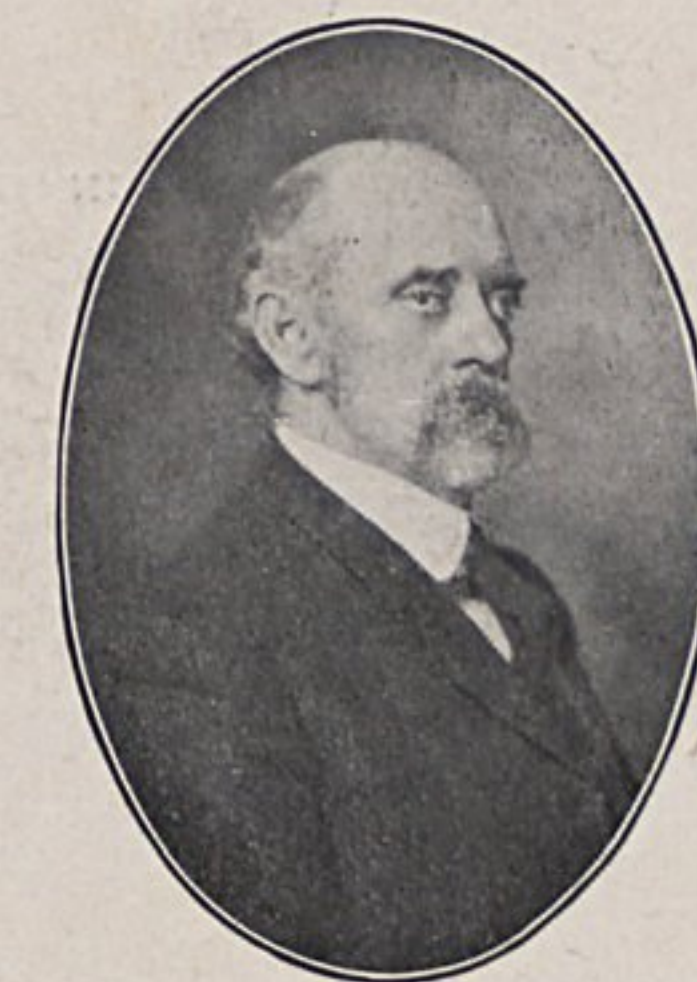
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IN THE PAST

TO THE CLASS OF '07

To you who for four long years have toiled onward
That you might a deeper knowledge gain,
Not faltering, but ever pressing forward
That your lives may not be spent in vain:

You have studied that others you may lead,
From the gloomy dark to a brighter day.
Of such as you Humanity has felt the need:
A teacher and guide who will lead the way.

Sometimes your feet have weary been,
Sometimes all hope and cheer have fled;
But, ah, my friends, no journey's end
Is reached alone by a flowery bed!

Before you part from us, your friends sincere,
A loving word we beg you let us say;
We do not ask to shed a single tear,
For tears are idle things that quickly pass away.

As you go forth each duty to attend,
Have courage true, and never be afraid,
But remember always that you have a Friend
Who in the darkest hours will give you aid.

To us you each have grown so very dear,
Your faces, bright, have cheered us on our way.
We have, at times, neglected you, I fear;
Forgive us if we have, we humbly pray.

"Go forward," is the motto you have taken,
And your loyal flag of colors rose and green;
Take it, may it never be forsaken,
But e'er go forward 'neath its shining sheen.

For three years did I call it mine,
And with it, it was very sad to part;
But, take it, wave it—it is thine,
Although with me it leaves a saddened heart.

When from your Alma Mater you are away,
May your thoughts of it be ever, always kind;
And only these few words I wish to say—
Remember then your classmate that remains behind.

—CLARA HEARNE.

Class of '07

PRESIDENT.....	EVELYN MATTHEWS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	SOPHIA FORBES
TREASURER.....	LOUISE GOODE
SECRETARY.....	ESTELLE DANIEL
POET.....	AMELIA MEARES
HISTORIAN.....	INA MASSEY



DANIEL, ESTELLE.....*Garysburg, N. C.*

If she be pleasant to look on, what
Does the Young Man say?
Lo! She is pleasant to look, give
Her to me to-day!"



EDWARDS, LEILA.....*Union, S. C.*

"The world is so full of a number
Of things;
I'm sure we should all be as happy
As kings."



FISHER, LESSIE.....*Swan Quarter, N. C.*

"Sane common sense and judgment,
How rare a pearl art thou!"



FORBES, SOPHIA.....*Shiloh, N. C.*

"Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part."



GOODE, LOUISE.....*Weldon, N. C.*

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."



HALE, VIRGINIA.....*Halifax, N. C.*

"It more becomes a woman to be silent
than to talk too much!"



MATTHEWS, EVELYN.....*Winton, N. C.*

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."



MEARES, AMELIA.....*Clarkton, N. C.*

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart.



MASSEY, INA.....*Durham, N. C.*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen!
Lend *me* your ears.



SAWYER, LIDA.....*Bellhaven, N. C.*

"Good nature is the beauty of the mind."



PERRY, LURA.....*Littleton, N. C.*

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil over books
consumed the midnight oil?"



WISE, NETTIE.....*Littleton, N. C.*

What need to ask: "What's in a name?"

A Peep into the Future

ONE day while sitting thinking of my friends and fellow classmates—the Seniors of '07—and rejoicing that my lot had been cast with theirs: that I had had the pleasure of working together with such sweet, modest, intellectual young ladies; my thoughts wandered on into the future and continued to mingle with my classmates, wondering what stories the coming years might tell of them. When at length my curiosity seemed greater than I could bear I determined to inquire of Father Time, who had always been extremely generous to me in the way of premature wrinkles, grey hairs, etc. Considering these things, and the sympathetic chords of his heart being aroused for one so afflicted, Father Time at length promised to show me stereopticon views (so to speak) of my classmates—ten years hence.

I was almost overcome with joy when I was aroused to the realization of this unusual promise, and beheld before my wondering eyes a picture not soon to be forgotten; there was a large cool room, with many windows through which poured the warm, cheerful sunshine. In one corner stood a Steinway Grand Piano, while near by I saw some one bending over a table hard at work. Lying all around were various manuscripts of music. I at once recognized Evelyn Matthews, the president, and the promising musician of the Class of '07. I found that during these ten years Evelyn had been studying abroad and was now teaching in Boston, composing most of the music used in connection with her work.

Mary Lilly McNeill was the next one shown to me. She was standing before a large class of young ladies, holding in her hand a volume of Criticism on Tennyson—from which it was quite evident she was reading. Since leaving Littleton, Father Time told me, Mary Lilly had been teaching and continuing her study of English, and was now teaching in a College out in one of our far Western States.

The next scene was indeed a brilliant one: a popular walk at Atlantic City. There were children running to and fro with, or among, the older people; and young boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen with bright, happy faces and clad in strictly up-to-date garments, strolling along. All at once my attention was attracted to a quiet but unusually happy-looking group of young people who sat in a shady nook reading Tennyson's "In Memoriam." I at once thought of Sophia Forbes, for she was always so partial to "In Memoriam." Upon looking more carefully I saw Sophia in the midst of the group. I was told that she had spent many happy summers at this popular watering place since leaving College, and had become so popular that she was generally known as "The Belle of Atlantic City."

This was immediately changed to a scene in a large opera house, and as the curtain went up Louise Goode appeared and proceeded to the piano. I inquired of Father Time what Louise had done with her music during these many years. He said that she had not been slothful and hidden away her talents, but had continued her faithful efforts and was now pianist travelling with a popular concert company; and that Schumann, whose music she learned to love and appreciate at L. F. C., was her favorite composer.

In the next picture I recognized Estelle Daniel as Assistant Principal of Macon Academy. She was instructing four beautiful young ladies with golden curls, pearly teeth, lily-white hands, and soft, dreamy, blue eyes; and five handsome young men with strong, intelligent faces, auburn hair, and broad manly shoulders. Upon Estelle's face was easily read: happiness and contentment, for the hopes she had cherished from childhood were at last realized.

The next was a scene in No. 5. I looked at once for Miss Thornton, but lo! her place was being filled by some one else, and upon closer investigation it proved to be none other than Nettie Wise. Father Time informed me that after such long and faithful service "Miss Emma" had resigned her position and Nettie was taking her place as private secretary to the President of Littleton College. And although Nettie had always hoped to teach, this life, shielding her from the personal contact with the rough, busy outside world, seemed more in keeping with her steady, quiet nature.

I begged of Father Time that he tarry here long enough to show me other pictures of the College. He said he could take time to show me but one other, which was of a new building that had been erected since we left—an Administration Building, and a handsome structure it was, too. On one of the inside doors was a sign: "Lady Principal." I was told that the past ten years had been so successful and prosperous for the College, that Mrs. Rhodes (as well as others) had been relieved of some of her manifold duties, and that the new Lady Principal was a fine one indeed. Of course I was anxious to know if it were one of my North Carolina acquaintances that was so capable of filling such a responsible position. Then the door opened and there I saw Lessie Fisher jotting down names in a big ledger book. And so our good-natured, smiling Lessie had assumed the duties and honors of Lady Principal at her Alma Mater.

When I asked for Lida Sawyer, Father Time shook his head and said that I had asked a hard thing: that since leaving College, Lida had gained much popularity and wealth by publishing a book entitled: "The Love Letters of a School Girl." When the world had cried out for more from this our literary genius, she withdrew to a quiet spot not far from Norfolk, and there was diligently continuing her literary pursuits.

I was next shown a dear little room all trimmed and arranged in Japanese furnishings: bright paper walls, curious rugs, gay little paper parasols and fans

of all sizes, and a great quantity of beautiful Japanese china was displayed on racks and shelves. Pacing up and down the room, book in hand, and with a very interested expression I saw Ina Massey. Father Time said that she was trying to familiarize herself with Japanese surroundings and their language. She was preparing for a trip to Japan with "her" missionary. And so all Ina's dreams, concerning "A" missionary to Japan, were soon to come true.

Diplomas! Diplomas! Diplomas! Truly they seemed to be the substance of the next scene. Upon the foremost ones I read: Littleton: Trinity: University of Chicago: Oxford—England: Göttingen—Germany, etc. I sat bewildered, wondering what all these meant. Father Time looked at me with an all-wise smile and a twinkle in his eye and said: "Read further and you will find the desired information." And then I saw inscribed in bold letters: LURA LASSITER PERRY. Father Time said that Lura had completed the full course at each of these institutions and received these diplomas, and was now in Germany making a special study of the Mental Sciences—chiefly Psychology.

In striking contrast I was next shown a mountain scene in West Virginia. At the foot of one of the little hills, down in the peaceful, grassy valley, was a neat, cool-looking little farm house. So very inviting was this quiet, home-like spot, that I was impatient to know who it was that had such an attractive home; when who should step forth, clad in a neat house-dress with a fresh white apron, and broom in hand, but Leila Edwards! So our happy, light-hearted Leila was enthroned in this dear little cottage—"built for two."

Then I was shown a large office which indeed quite resembled a library. It contained so many book cases filled to over-flowing with massive volumes. I saw there various text-books on Algebra, Arithmetic, Geometry, Trigonometry, etc. Seated on the floor, in the midst of many books and countless papers, was Amelia Meares. Father Time reminded me of the work and embarrassment it caused Amelia to have always to go to the Library or to Mr. Rhodes' study to find the meaning of various mathematical terms; and that she had determined to save the future generations all this work and possible embarrassment by arranging "An Encyclopedia of Mathematical Terms." She hopes in a few years to have the volume completed.

Next was an interesting scene indeed: a throng of strange foreign people eagerly watching and listening to some one who was standing upon a box in the midst of the crowd. I was very forcibly struck by the earnest expression on the countenances of this peculiar audience, and wondered who it was that either by thought, oratory, or personal magnetism (perhaps all) could hold the attention of these people. Finally I noticed a peculiar poise of the head and knew at once that it was Virginia Hale, for surely no one else ever held her head quite like her. I impatiently demanded an explanation of this scene, and was informed that Virginia was travelling about giving lectures to the people all over India upon

the cosmopolitan subject of: "Men—And How to Catch One." And this Elephant, which I saw patiently standing by, was her means of conveyance, and the "*private car*" for which she had always longed.

It was with regret and joy that I saw the last picture: regret because of the novelty of such entertainment, and the personal interest felt in each picture; joy because instead of stopping, the Class of '07 had gone forward, made such rapid progress, and were attaining unto such high ends.

As best I could I have pictured them to you
In plain prose and not attractive rhyme—
The views of the future as were shown to me
By dear mysterious Father Time.

Should you ask whence come these biscuits—
Come these biscuits, crisp and tender—
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the ark that Noah built.

The candle in the college burned low and dim,
As two lovers met 'neath its fitful glim.
Said he: "I'd like to give you this,"
As he placed to her lips a true love kiss.

Said she: "This I did not suspect;
I fear me, Mrs. Rhodes might possibly object."
Said he, as he proceeded to give her just loads:
"I'm kissing you and not Mrs. Rhodes."



A JUNIOR!—ASK ME!

Junior Class

FLOWER: Red Carnation

COLORS: Crimson and Gold

MOTTO: Onward

YELL: Onward, Onward!
Rapid rate!
We're the girls
Of Naughty Eight!

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	ANNIE LAURIE CREWS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	MARY FRANCES MAYO
SECRETARY.....	HELEN AYERS EARNHARDT
TREASURER.....	EDITH BRANSON SIMMONS
POET-HISTORIAN.....	CLARA JOSEPHINE HEARNE

MEMBERS

EUNICE BRYAN
JESSIE COGDELL
JOHNNIE ELLIOTT
WINNIE EVANS
MORADO FARABOW
LUOLA GAY
CASSIE GRIGGS
BERNICE HORNADAY
SALLIE JOHNSTON
MARGARET NELSON
NOLIE YORK

JOSEPHINE PERRY
LUCIE ROSS
CLEE REEL
MAIE SPENCE
ANNIE SHOTWELL
MARY SLEDGE
GHERTRUDE STANFIELD
VELA WALKER
MABEL WEST
ESTELLE YARBORO



JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS SONG OF '08

TUNE: MR. DOOLEY

Here's a class that's known to all, a class of great renown;
A class whose strength is such that no one class can ever down.
You hear about us every day, you've seen us all no doubt.
Don't block our way, or we will run you quickly out.

CHORUS

Here comes the Juniors, the jolly Juniors,
The greatest class the college ever knew.
You cannot beat us, you can't defeat us,
For we're the Juniors—uni—uni—ors!

We're up to every kind of joke that comes along,
But we never do a thing our President thinks wrong;
For we know that if we do he'll come to see us soon,
And if he did he'd hear us sing this, our merry tune—

Here comes the Juniors, etc.

We love him and all of the Profs. who are so good and noble,
So we'll be good and not give them a single bit of trouble.
And if sometimes they lonely feel, and dark and blue seems everything,
We'll go with faces very bright, and sing our merry tune—

Here comes the Juniors, etc.

—C. H., '08.

Junior Characteristics

WHEN getting ready to write the Junior characteristics I pause for fear I may misrepresent the fair twenty-seven of naughty-eight. But since the task has fallen to my lot I bid you go around the College with me for just a few moments and you will know the characteristics of each girl, for they are so evident that you cannot fail to notice them at a glance. Then I will not give you a false idea of any girl.

Some of our girls have a great fondness for making gestures it seems (if we may judge from Jessie and Ghertrude), when they are talking and turning their heads about in such an airy way. Some wish to say that Miss H——, who presides at the Junior table, taught them this great accomplishment(?) during the meal hours from day to day. Don't get the idea though that this is characteristic of the whole class—far from it; but the temptation—to tell on a few of my loved classmates who really do indulge in unnecessary tossing of head, raising of eyebrows, primping of mouth, etc.—was too great not to yield.

Ah! here are Bernice and Lucie. What a jolly pair! They are always feeling good, but this applies to all of us. If you wish proof, you need only to hear of the merry crowd who went in the snow to have pictures taken. Yes, it was us—the Juniors—who went out in the snow and perched up on a dray to have our pictures made. When it is time to be jolly there is not a class that can get ahead of us.

Just here, I may mention that we have good cause to have our pictures taken—we are a class not afraid to have our “beauty (and I mean *beauty*) struck” for fear of “breaking the camera.” Since pictures are often an inspiration, why not let the beautiful pictures of our class do their part in inspiring the world? Knowing the names, gives an added charm, for instance, Mary Mayo, Mabel, Maie and others, too numerous to mention.

Did you ever in your life see the like?—Margaret studying Virgil after the lights have winked! Margaret and Ida are good types of the studious girls in class; for when ever was Ida seen not lugging her books around except on Sundays! But all of us find good use for our books; particularly since we have learned that this quotation from Pope—

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring—”

is true. Now we strive to drink as near as possible to the depths of this “Pierian spring.” We are not content except as we make the most of everything, and so we study! study!! study!!!

When speaking of our being jolly, I hope I did not intimate that we are frivolous. We are fully conscious that we are *Juniors at Littleton College* and we demean ourselves accordingly. Realizing how much depends upon my faithfully portraying the characteristics of my classmates, I've asked Webster, who is my kind adviser on divers occasions, to help me. On doing so it was concluded that the girls who show their exquisite taste by loving the "carnation" can be described in no better way than this—they are popular, pleasure-loving, pretty, practical, persevering, patient, and above all they are plucky, profound, praise-worthy pupils. In a word, the girls who hail from the '08 Class are polished young ladies.

R. W. E.



"THE ALL-WISE SOPHOMORE"

Sophomore Class

FLOWER: Pansy

COLORS: Gold and Purple

MOTTO: Ready

YELL: Rickety Ree, Rickety Rine!
Behold the Class of
Naughty Nine!

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	EMMA TAYLOR
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	SALLIE JORDON
SECRETARY.....	MARY LOWDER
TREASURER.....	JOSEPHINE BOYCE
POET.....	JULIA RAILLEY
HISTORIAN.....	MOLLIE STEPHENSON

MEMBERS

ADAMS, MOLLIE
BARHAM, ALICE
BLAKENEY, KATE
COGDELL, EUGENIA
FERGUSON, FLORRIE
FEREBEE, ANNIE
FARRAR, CARSON
FARABOW, ANABEL
FINCH, SUSIE
FLINTOFF, CARRIE
GREEN, GRACE
GEDDIE, RUTH
HARRIS, ELIZABETH
HARRIS, BESSIE
HOLT, BLANCHE

HART, MINNIE
JONES, PEARL
LOWDER, MARY
LISTER, LILLIAN
MYRICK, ALICE
McCULLEN, EMMA
MORENO, ROSINA
MILLER, MAY
PITMAN, VIRGINIA
PULLIAM, MATTIE
PIERCE, NETTIE
ROSS, HARRIETTE
ROGERS, LILLIAN
ROGERS, MYRTLE
RAINEY, EMMA

ROLLINSON, BESSIE
REEBALS, BLANCHE
SWINDELL, MARY
SUTTON, RACHEL
STEELE, FLOSSIE
SANFORD, SUE
SHIELD, MAGGIE
VICK, ZENA
WINSTEAD, GUSSIE
WILLIAMS, NELLIE
WRIGHT, LIZZIE
WILCOX, EMMA
WILLIAMS, PATTIE
WILLIAMS, ALMA



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

AS I sit and compare the Class of '09 with the classes of the past and present, methinks there is none to compare with her. It stands preëminent—in the work we have done and in its noble members. Scarcely two years ago, we entered here, timid, shrinking Freshmen; but we have overcome that timidity, since we have launched out into our second year of college life.

It has always been said that Freshmen are imitators, so, true to the saying, we seeing that other classes were organized, set to work to do likewise. We asked the president of the Junior Class to call us together, which she did, the result being the election of a president and other officers.

In the fall of '06, after a long and pleasant vacation, most of us again assembled at this place to take up the new and imposing duties of our Sophomore year. This session is not altogether unlike the first, for we have our difficulties as well as our pleasures, in spite of the fact that we are not called "insignificant Freshies."

Soon examinations will be upon us. In these some will come out more than conquerors, but it is always a sad fact that some are indifferent, so have to fall back into lower classes. In spite of the large number who have fallen off, we still have a class of about forty-eight members, and think perhaps that we shall have the largest graduating class in the history of the Institution.

In just two short years our college life will be a thing of the past, and we shall be thrust out upon the sea of life, and when we shall have finished here, and parted with our classmates for the last time, we shall have nothing but pleasant memories to remind us of our dear old Alma Mater.

E. L. T., '09.

SONG OF NAUGHTY NINE

TUNE: HO! FOR CAROLINA!

Ho! for our class, the Class of Naughty-nine;
We'll shout her praises ever, and ne'er for her repine;
We'll wave those dear old colors, the purple and the gold,
And never let our cherished love for her remain untold.

CHORUS

The Class of Naughty-nine: That's the class for me!
In the happy borders of old L. F. C.
All of our classmates will go forward and be bold,
In waving o'er this land of ours our purple and our gold.

Come forward with our pansies; proclaim to all the world
That "Ready" is our motto; and our banners we've unfurled:
The purple and the gold; we will ever wave them high,
And never let the memory of Naughty-nine die.

CHORUS

The Class of Naughty-nine: That's the class for me!
In the happy borders of old L. F. C.
All of our classmates will go forward and be bold,
In waving o'er this land of ours our purple and our gold.

—R. S.

A TOAST TO DAD

'Twas a crowd of college students,
Gathered 'round a banquet board,
They had feasted and made merry,
And in oratory soared.

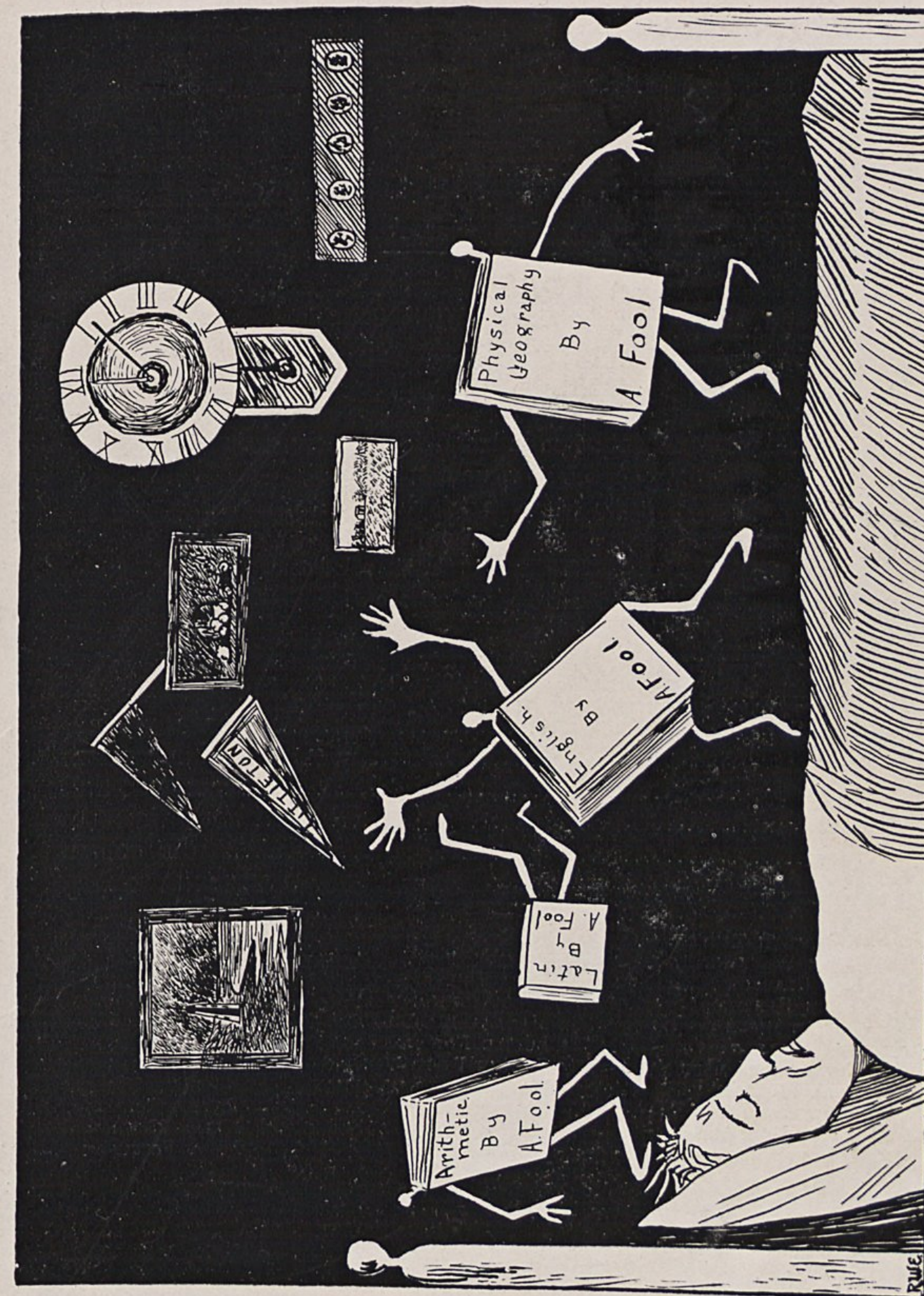
They had toasted "Alma Mater,"
Their teachers, "beaus," and "Frat."
They had joined in a chorus,
All but one—who silent sat.

'Twas the President espied her,
And she stopped the jolly song;
Called upon the silent student,
"Classmate, tell us what is wrong."

"I've been thinking," said the student,
As she rose and faced her friends,
"Of a name that's not been toasted:
It's the name of him who sends

The proceeds of his cotton-crop
And the money from the corn,
And the cash made from tobacco—
You are laughing! Well, I scorn

Your ill-timed maudlin merriment,
For in my case 'tis so—
'Tis my one toast! Here's to you, Dad;
Excuse me, classmates, I must go."



Freshman Class

FLOWER: Pink and White Carnations

COLORS: Old Rose and White

MOTTO: "*Non nihil esse*"

YELL: Booma-lacka, booma-lacka,
Bow, wow, wow,
Chicka-lacka, chicka-lacka,
Chow, chow, chow,
Sis boom rah, sis rah boom,
1910 give her room!

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	EVELYN E. WALKER
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	PAULINE CHERRY
SECRETARY.....	PAULINE STIKELEATHER
TREASURER.....	BOYD THORNE
HISTORIAN.....	CORA WOMBLE
POET.....	MACIE COBLE

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
MARY WATKINS
EVA GLASGOW
ESSIE HERRING
LOUISE BIGGS
ADA WALKER
EUNICE ANDERSON
LULA McCLENNY
EMILY SIMMONS
MATTIE MOORE
LOSSIE HARDEE

SALLIE SMILEY
LENA USHER
REBE JOHNSTON
MARTHA BUFFALOW
LUCILE EDWARDS
FANNIE RIVES VINSON
MAUD SATTERTHWAIT
CLARA BENTON
MAMIE BROTHERS

SUSIE W. CANNON
CORA WALKER
SUDIE FULLER
LOTTIE HUMBER
PATTIE LOU HOWELL
PAULINE MATTOCKS
KATIE OLIVER
BLANCHE HARDEE
PATTIE WILLIAMS
HELEN NEWSOM
MARY FERGUSON



FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Freshman Class

PERHAPS some of you wonder why we have not become quite so famous as our sister class, "The Juniors," or even "The Gay Young Sophomores." But think a minute;—we have hardly recovered from the shock of saying "good-bye" for the first time to our mammas and perhaps to ———.

Our history has just made a beginning, and when we first entered into college life we were gazed upon and embarrassed until our cheeks burned with blushes and our eyes filled with tears. How glad we were made when we had the opportunity of finding another homesick classmate in some dark corner and could whisper some word of cheer. Finally, as days passed, we became a little braver; and, truly, we can now be heard on any hall speaking in equal tones with the Seniors.

We have always heard it said by our elders to stand in awe of the Faculty and Seniors. How different experience has taught us. In truth, we do dodge the Faculty, but we are always glad to meet a jolly Senior.

They say imitation is the chief characteristic of a Freshman. Well, we have kept the reputation in the line of being organized into a class, chumming, going down town, etc.

To show you our spirit and genuine wit, I refer you to the following story written by one of our sisters.

E. E. W.

THE FACULTY IN PUZZLE

During the administration of our last Democratic President, "Cleveland," there was to be a great lecture at "Thornton" or "Thorntown" as some call it. One Mr. "Anderson," and his little son "Lanham" did not care particularly about the lecture, so they went fishing to catch "Herring." Just as they got to where the two "Rhodes" crossed, they met their neighbor, Mr. "Evans," who said he was "sho' gwine to that lecture." The old man had been to his "Taylor," "Jenkins" and bought a new suit of clothes and a pair of "Stykeleather" boots. As he had to travel in the night he took one of those "Pulliam" cars.

After their neighbor passed, the old man and his son left the "Rhode" and turned into the old "Fleetwood" just across the "Leigh." The little boy "Betts" that "the 'Best' 'Herring' is in the river." So they turned to the left and went across the old "Standfield." As they went the little boy "Fell" and stuck a "Thorne" in his foot. The father carried the little fellow home and put the poor little "Aiken" boy on the bed and sent for Dr. Hydrick and the nurse Veach. The people rebuked the father, saying, "You 'Auten' to have let him suffer so long before the 'Thorne' was taken out." But they immediately restored him to health and strength, so that it was unnecessary to send for good old Doctor "Alls-done."

P. C.



PREPS.



A GROUP OF PREPS.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

About her sit the men of brains—
The men of furrowed brow;
In judgment on her intellect
They weigh her statements now.
Yet, ah! this gentle maid in frill
And fluff and furbelow—
She knows a thing or two, perhaps,
That they may never know.

She knows the books they hold so dear—
She knows them all, but then
She brims with knowledge past their minds,
She also knows the men.

What cares she for M. D., B. A.,
M. A. and LL. D.?
The lettered man, in wisdom keen,
Salutes the S. G. G.

Romance of a Tea Cup

Far away in the dish-room a mighty clatter arose, as the waiters hurried to and fro, for Mrs. Leigh was standing behind the post to see that everything went well. Suddenly the door flew open and a waiter dashed in. "Where are the cups?" she cried. "Table No. 4 has to have two and I can't even find one." Diving into the china closet, she fished around, but no cup could she discover. Finally among the broken dishes that were set aside to be thrown away, she found a poor little broken cup, its handle cracked and a letter "V" chipped in its little side.

This little cup had seen its best days and had thought never to be taken out again. "Pooh!" I hear you say. "How can a cup think?" Truly though the cup had had a romance in its little china life. Away back in the days when it was first new, it was taken to table No. 4, filled with coffee and given to a little Freshman with big violet eyes. The cup fell violently in love at first sight, and it always tried to get at the bottom of the stack of cups, for "Freshie" sat up near the head and had to be helped last. One day it discovered that "Freshie's" name was Violet. Oh! how it thrilled and felt almost ready to jump when the red lips touched its own.

One day "Freshie" came down blue and tousled. "What's the matter, Violet?" asked the girls. It came out on further inquiry that she had had trouble with her chum and felt lone and miserable; and as she drank, the salt tears fell into the little china cup. Poor little cup! Its little china heart felt near to breaking, but there it dumbly sat while the coffee in it grew cold. Suddenly Violet became bright again, for "some one" sent a note, begging to be forgiven. All that year "Freshie" and the cup were together and the cup was happy, for not only did it kiss her lips twice a day, but also it weathered the awful storms of the dish-room. Then the parting came and "Freshie" went home for the summer, and the cup sat sad and lonely in the closet, hearing its companions relate adventures. Near it sat an old cup, cracked on all sides, its handle gone, and scallops around the lip. "I wonder," thought our cup, "if I'll ever grow to look like that. Oh, no, for then Violet would not want me!"

One day the clatter began again, for the girls had come back. Once again Violet—no longer a meek little Freshman, but a wise Sophomore—sat at No. 4. This year she had determined to do great things, but alas for her good intentions—she fell to chumming, missed her lessons, quarrelled with chum and cried almost every day. Poor little cup! Its nerves were so harrowed by its constant worry over Violet that it was less careful of itself, and one day while in the dish-room, another large cup fell on it—crash! "Something is broken!" cried the girls.

"Susie, just look, you have broken a cup." So the cup was broken, and the strange thing about it was that the crack took the shape of the letter "V." For awhile it was proud of bearing her intial, until she hurt it one day by saying, "Oh, here comes that horrid cup that has a 'V' in its rim. It seems I get it every time." After that it was no pleasure to the little cup to be put by her, and it hid itself behind the dishes, conscious of all of its ugliness. Yet it loved Violet still, and when the long summer days came it waited and waited for her coming.

"Just look at those Juniors! Oh, how proud they feel, and Violet is the worst of all. She won't speak to anybody but her chum!" Such was the verdict of all the girls at the beginning of the new year. Occasionally the cup fell to the lot of Violet that year, but the times it did feel her lips touch its little china ones, it was so unhappy and miserable and so ashamed of its ugly little crack that the hurt was more than the joy. How hard it is to love some one and feel that the one on whom you bestow your affections is indifferent to you! The last day Violet was there before the home-going the cup was on the table and was handed to her. "How on earth am I to drink out of this horrid, broken thing?" Violet cried petulantly. Then a friend sitting by her unselfishly exchanged, and took the little cup with the letter "V." Anyway the cup was happy, for had not her hands touched its handle? Oh, the pain of being made fun of because you are ugly! Remembering this, it hid behind the others, and when they were taken off the waiter it fell and the handle her hands had touched was broken. "Shall I throw this old cup away, Mrs. Leigh?" asked the waiter. "No, I guess not. We may need it sometime. Put it in the closet." "I wonder if I'm like that other old cup?" our little cup murmured. But there it sat and dreamed its china love dreams, wondering where Violet was, and wishing so much to see her. Oh, how its little heart ached when it thought that may be it could never see her again—and all because it was old and broken! It was restless all through the glorious summer until that day when we first saw the waiter come in hunting for cups.

And how ashamed it felt when it was taken to Mrs. Rhodes' table and put down before—Oh, yes, no other than Violet, now a proud Senior—the prettiest girl in the class. How happy it did make the cup feel to hear her voice again! The big violet eyes glanced disdainfully at the ugly little cup, and taking it up in her dainty little hand she said, "I hate old ugly broken stuff." Poor little cup! Its china heart was about to break with pain. "It reminds me of a horrid little cup they used to put off on me when I was a Soph." The little china heart could stand the pain no longer—it broke and the pieces fell over the table, the coffee spattering Violet's dainty clothes. "Take away the horrid thing," she cried. These were her last words for the little cup so worthy of her unworthy love. But it was happy now as it lay on the floor, its little china heart in pieces at her feet.

B. H.

OUR OLD COLLEGE HOME

[WITH DUE APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"]

The sun shines bright 'round our dear old college home.
'Tis springtime, the pupils are gay;
The exams. are o'er, and commencement day has come,
While the girls are singing all the day—
You can hear them talk from the third to second floor
All merry, all happy and bright;
By 'n' by sad times come a knocking at the door,
Then our dear old college home, good-night.

CHORUS

Cry no more, little children, O, cry no more to-day,
We will sing one song for our dear old college home,
For the dear old college home to-day.

They sigh no more for the peaches and the prunes,
The 'lasses they will sop no more,
They will steal no 'taters by the glimmer of new moons
From the room by the laboratory door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sadness where all was delight.
The time has come when the pupils have to part,
Then our dear old college home, good-night.

We will leave you now, but September 'll come again,
To our homes for awhile we must go—
Just a few short weeks and the summer time will end,
We'll be back where the purple violets grow.
A few more months we will bear the weary load—
What matter?—'twill never be light;
A few more months and we'll start upon life's road,
Then our home, our college-home, good-night.

—CLARA HEARNE.

A Page of W's

WHO ?	WHEN ?	WHAT ?	WHERE ?	WHY ?
Slept in the laboratory?	Will the Seniors skip Psychology?	Is the matter with the Juniors?	Does the Staff meet?	Does the breakfast bell ring so early?
Got 7 on Trig.?	Will we go to Mars?	Do Lessie Fisher and Estelle Daniel do Saturday afternoons?	Does the rabbit stay?	Does Evelyn W. love Lucile Edwards?
Received 10 on Deportment?	Will this scholastic year close?	Does Lottie Lee do on Sundays?	Is A. Meares' pillow case?	Can't we go to church at night?
*Chums?	Will the picture man come?	Does Ina Massey do to the Trinity Archive?	Is the girls' favorite resort?	Does Lessie Fisher never smile these days?
Is a little dear?	Will the L. F. C. Journal come out?	Is Josephine Perry's advice to cigarette smokers?	Does Leila Edwards love to go?	Is Leila Edwards anxious to finish school?
Giggles more than Seniors?	Will the "PANSY" be sent to the press?	Does Edith call her trio?	Is the best place to buy postals?	Does Miss L.— love Alma Williams?
Is always melancholy?	Will Bessie Harris evaporate?	Kind of shoe polish does Amelia Meares buy?	Is Sophia Forbes?	Does M. Buffaloe run every time she sees Miss Fell?
Makes mistakes?	Will we go to the ball game?		Does Miss F.— keep her dusting cloth?	Doesn't everybody get a man for the banquet?
Is so original as to wish for more laddies instead of more lassies?	Will Seniors be admitted to faculty meetings?			
Is Susie Finch's latest friend?				
Shall clean up the Society Hall?				

STUDYING FOR EXAMINATION

Jog it in, flog it in;
Our heads seem hollow.
Fling it in, sling it in;
My! how much more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Geometric mystery,
Algebra, zoölogy,
Latin, psychology,
Botany, geography.
Jog it in, flog it in;
Our heads seem hollow.

Scold it in, roll it in,
Till it makes us holler.
Bang it in, slam it in;
Yet there's more to follow.
Faces long, and thin, and pale,
Tell the same everlasting tale—
Tell of lessons learned—half asleep,
Rooms unnoticed for studies deep.
Those who've passed the hard review,
With happy heart, will tell to you
How the teacher jammed it in,
Lammed it in, crammed it in,
Pinched it in, clinched it in,
Lapped it in, slapped it in,
Pressed it in, "caressed" it in,
Shocked it in, knocked it in—
When our heads were hollow.

—V. W.

Faculty Irony

BETTS.....	The Tallest
LANHAM.....	Least Conceited
CLEVELAND.....	The Most Serene
HYDRICK.....	Dignity Personified
PULLIAM.....	The Least Sentimentally Disposed
JENKINS.....	Most Unassuming
AIKEN.....	Least Literary
AUTEN.....	Chummer
FLEETWOOD.....	Fastest Talker
STANFIELD.....	Non Self Importance
EVANS.....	Most Talkative
FELL.....	Ugliest
THORNE.....	The Most Affectionate
LEIGH.....	Most Distant
TAYLOR.....	The Least Indifferent
STIKELEATHER.....	Least in Diameter
ANDERSON.....	Frivolity
THORNTON.....	Non Interrogative
VEACH.....	Medicinal Skeptic
Mrs. LEIGH.....	Provider of Dainties
HERRING.....	Silence
BEST.....	The "Best"
Mrs. RHODES.....	Motherly Kindness
Mr. RHODES.....	Perfection



IN SUNSHINE



IN STORM

THE FACULTY
AND

An Important Letter

PLACE: THE EDITORIAL STAFF OFFICE.

MISS FISHER: Girls, we must attend to business now and write this letter.
MISS EDWARDS: Do write business-like and—
MISS MEARES: And tell him to answer at once. We must get the Annual off!
MISS HALE: I bet we don't get it before commencement. Say—
MISS FISHER: I can't write while you talk. Please some one dictate.
MISS PERRY: Tell him to send the contract at once and ask if he has received the cuts.
MISS FORBES: I know they were lost, because he would have written—
MISS HALE: What if we don't get an Annual!
MISS MEARES: If he has too many orders he won't get ours out in time.
MISS EDWARDS: Lessie, tell him to leave us a space and not to take another order until he has finished ours. We must have ours!
MISS FISHER: He has our order already, but he certainly ought to send the contract. Why doesn't he write?
MISS FORBES: Telegraph him.
MISS PERRY: Yes, telegraph him.
MISS FISHER: No, it costs too much, and you can't say enough.
MISS HALE: Send the letter.
MISS MEARES (never pronouncing "s"): Put a 'pecial delivery on it, so he will get it immediately.
MISS FISHER: I must stop if you don't hush.
(A silence of two seconds.)
MISS PERRY: I will be so glad when the thing gets off.
MISS HALE: It is going to be silly.
MISS MEARES: From such a staff nothing more could be expected.
MISS EDWARDS: Please tell him to leave room for our order.
MISS FISHER: How shall I close?
MISS FORBES: Say, "Lovingly, The Staff."
MISS PERRY: No, tell him to give our love to his wife and children.
MISS FORBES: And accept our kindest regards for himself.
MISS HALE: Tell him to write soon.
MISS EDWARDS: Don't, please don't!
MISS FISHER (angrily): I shall write exactly what you say.
MISS MEARES: All right, do tell him we love him and hope he loves us.
MISS FISHER (writing): Amelia, I shall sign your name.
MISS HALE: You must hurry and do it right, for it is going off on this train.
MISS MEARES: Be sure to put a 'pecial delivery on it.
MISS HALE: He won't get it any sooner.
MISS PERRY: Yes, he will.
MISS FORBES: It will impress him.
MISS FISHER (sealing it): Who will mail it?
MISS PERRY: I will. I am going down town.
MISS EDWARDS: Be sure to mail it.
MISS MEARES: Don't forget the 'pecial delivery.
MISS FISHER: No, put a special delivery on it.
MISS EDWARDS: And be sure to mail it.
ALL: I am dying to hear from him.

Thanksgiving Day at Littleton College

WILL the Juniors please meet in number thirteen immediately after dinner?" This announcement is made every day for at least two weeks before Thanksgiving. On every side you may hear the girls saying, "The Juniors think they are 'It' just because they have the privilege of arranging the program for Thanksgiving." A great deal of this is true, for more than one member of the honored class feels herself just a shade more important than she did at the first of the term. Who can avoid noticing this as she "struts" the corridors with the expression of one who might be a monarch?

In spite of the envious looks and scornful remarks, the girls of naughty-eight, all unconscious of what is being said, work diligently for two weeks and more to have a program which will entertain the inmates of the College. Also the friends—and I might be permitted to say more than friends—who come up to spend the holiday.

Thanksgiving is here. The long-looked-for pleasure is at hand and all the girls are in good spirits. Everyone feels that the day will bring great pleasure.

At half past ten we see the girls assembled in the social hall ready for church. They make quite an interesting picture to a looker-on. Some are tall and some are short, every imaginable type may be seen. The one thing that would attract special attention is the fact that they are all talking as fast as their tongues can wag. Nobody seems to be listening, while everybody seems to be talking.

At last the bell taps and the President of the Junior Class gives direction as to how the girls shall be seated in church. As she speaks, I involuntarily turn to look at her. I see no ordinary-looking person, but a young woman with a stately form, black hair and eyes. From her face I can tell that the future holds no small opportunities for her. She speaks distinctly, gives her directions, and the girls go, merrily chatting.

Dinner, the great event of the day, is ready. The inmates of our College home have just entered the beautifully decorated dining hall. The girls have shown no little taste in their display of colors. Gold and crimson, the colors so loved by the dear old class, the Freshmen of '05, the Sophomores of '06 and the Juniors of '07, are draped gracefully around the columns in the middle of the hall. The perfume of carnations fills the air and the scene is one profusion of gaiety and beauty.

Our much beloved president, Mr. Rhodes, asks the blessing, and we are seated. It would be useless for me to describe the dinner, there is no end of good things. After the first course is served, Ina Massey, an important member of the Senior Class, gives a toast to the Juniors. She is applauded by every one.

Next, while the second course of delightful refreshments is being served, Katherine Deitz a saucy member of the Junior Class, tells the class prophecy. We have often heard the old saying, "He is the right man in the right place." Katherine is the right girl in the right place and so she proves herself. A girl with plenty of sense, inclined to be lazy, but when she has assigned to her the important task of writing the class prophecy, she is delighted. Thoughtfully and charmingly she tells the fate of all her classmates. Poor girls, may some of them escape the future designed for them! Katherine not only gives us a peep into the future, but she also takes us on a flying trip around the world. So ludicrous does she make some of the girls and so successfully does she tell her long story that when she has finished and takes her seat, the hall fairly resounds with applause. On every side we hear words of praise.

Next, Winnie Evans, also a member of the Junior Class, gives a toast to the Freshman. Winnie is so good and so sincere that no one can help loving her. When she rises and drinks to the future success and happiness of her sister class, the girls all feel that she has spoken from the depths of her great, big, loving heart.

The last on the program is the Class Song, followed by the Class Yell. The dinner over, the girls scatter to make preparation for the game of basket-ball.

We next see this happy throng on the campus. Those who play ball are dressed in their colors, the "Rippers" wearing red and white; the "Snorters," blue and white. The whistle blows and the game begins in earnest. How exciting it is! First one side and then the other is ahead. Finally the "Snorters" come out with flying colors. You should hear the congratulations and the praises of victory.

Supper is served in our rooms and then the girls are busy dressing for the recital, given by the Faculty. Again the Juniors play the important part by opening the entertainment with the class song. Each girl waves a flag of gold and crimson and the crowning feature of the day has come. Praise is rained down from all sides, never before has the Junior Class made such a sensation.

After the recital is over we have "social hour." Yes, the girls really have the most delightful privilege of talking to the boys from Central Academy and also from town. Well, I don't have to tell you that they make good use of this opportunity, which comes so seldom in the life of a Littleton girl. She knows the "golden moments" are flying and again you may see her talking as hard as a girl can possibly talk.

Then comes the room-bell, and in spite of the sadness its clear sounding brings, the "good-nights" must be said. Every one retires to rest with a feeling somewhat akin to regret, knowing that the fun is over, but satisfied that the day has been a most charming one.

My best wishes for the Juniors of nineteen hundred and eight are that they may have the success of the Class of '07 and have the same amount of fun.

M. F. MAYO.



MUSIC

L'ENVOI—THE SECOND

(With sincere apology and all due respect to Mr. Kipling.)

When the Seniors' last exams. are over,
And their minds have been relieved;
When commencement has come and gone,
And the diplomas have been received:

They shall rest, and faith, they shall need it:
Sit down for a winter or two,
Till compelled by necessity
They start to work anew.

And those that have passed shall be happy;
They shall sit in a breezy hall,
And revel in papers and magazines,
With no classics to plague them at all.

They shall have real men for their heroes,
Such as Henry, John, and Will:
They will read and dream of them by day,
And at night, too, when all else is still.

Doing things only at pleasure,
No bells to call them forth then;
And no one shall mention good "dailies,"
And no one shall think of a "10."

But each one taking life easy
In their home, be it near or far,
And building air castles for the future
For their *real* heroes as they are.

—L. L.



GLEE CLUB



ART



ELOCUTION

Adventures of a Diamond

MY home was once in Africa, and no doubt you will wonder how I came to be in America. If you will listen, I will tell you. One day, as I was quietly sleeping in my cozy bed, I was suddenly awakened by a jar, and found myself in the hands of a good-looking young man. It annoyed me to have my rest disturbed, but nevertheless I became reconciled to it after a bit, and began to wonder what he was going to do with me. I found out sooner than I thought, for that afternoon he went on board a large ship, and I saw I was leaving my native land. You can't imagine how I felt when I saw the shores getting farther and farther away! I cried for a long time, but he did not seem to mind my tears, at all. We reached America in about a month, and then my troubles began. He must have forgotten I was from Africa, and thought I was from Virginia; for he took me to some people, who rubbed my back until it was so sore I could hardly lie on it, and if that is the way they do Virginians, I don't wonder that they are called "Sore-backs." Then he had me set in a little gold band; and people called me a diamond ring, and said I was beautiful. This made me very vain, for I, myself, think I am rather good-looking.

One night he went to see a beautiful young lady and left me with her. I was so glad, I cried for joy, for I thought she would treat me well, and she did. But one evening he called on her, and they got very angry and quarreled. Then she drew me off her finger and reached out her hand to give me back, but I was determined I would not go back, so I jumped out of her hand on the floor. They both stooped down to pick me up, and their hands met. I hardly know what happened next, but as well as I remember, I was slipped back on her finger, much to my joy, and got almost as many kisses as she did.

She has been better than ever to me, since then. Beside me is my husband, a wide gold band, which I married a few weeks after, and I expect to live happily forever in my bright American home.

R. B. S.—'09.



LADDER OF SENIORS

"That we may rise on stepping stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

Seen and Heard at the Medicine Chest

It had been announced that all girls wanting medicine should see the nurse immediately after supper.

About a half dozen voices:

"Miss Veach, hurry and give *me* my tonic *first*, for *I* must go do *so* and *so*."

Another: "Miss Veach, do give me something for my head, it's been about to kill me all day."

"Well— I just can't half study for my head, it must be my eyes."

"For pity sake, do you give salts for headache? You must give it for everything."

"My cold doesn't get a bit better, Miss Veach, but I just can't take oil though. Oh, my! that capsule, why it's as long as a fence-rail."

"Just look girls, at that child taking that capsule without any water!"

"Why that isn't anything. I always swallow pills without water."

"Please do something for this cough, I have just coughed my head off."

"Just look at that girl swallow that oil, isn't it awful?"

"Miss Veach, please do something quick. I have another sore finger—what makes me have so many hurts? I fell down and mashed one."

"My sore foot isn't well yet. I have walked on my toes till my foot is about out of shoes."

"Do give me something *for* corns, I have *only* twelve."

"Please, Miss Veach, give me something to cure my throat in one night."

"I want to have my picture taken. Give me something for the toothache, headache, backache, and the melancholy. Castor oil!!!! Horrors!! I never heard of giving *that* for what's the matter with me."

"Look at her chewing that oil."

The lights suddenly wink and out comes the faculty.

"Go to your room. Why are you in the hall?"

"Oh! Miss ———, I have been to the nurse."

From Basement to Housetop

LIDA (coming from the dining room)—"Oh, girls, where are we going to read Latin? You know we haven't another lesson this afternoon."

Leila—"Let's read in the basement."

Amelia—"What under the sun makes Leila have such low ideas? I have higher aspirations. Let's go on the top of the house."

Virginia—"Come on, children, let's strike the happy medium and go to the chapel."

Leila—"No, to the basement, now."

All—"Well, anything to please the children."

Amelia—"Maybe, if we go to the basement we will be nearer Æneas, although they do say he was pious."



Virginia (reading)—"Pius Æneas, flying many miles through the night—"

Amelia—"My crown! That's not right."

Lida—"Pius Æneas—"

Leila—"Did you all see that funny-looking man in church Sunday?"

Virginia—"No, what did he look like?"

Amelia—"A man, loon."

Lida—"Come on, girls, and let's read."

All—"Pius Æneas—"

Leila—"What page are the notes on?"

Virginia—"Where does the lesson go to?"
 Amelia—"I do not know, I cannot tell, but I think it goes to the bottom of the page."
 Lida—"Hush, be quiet, girls. There comes a faculty. Where shall we go?"
 Virginia—"To the chapel. Won't anybody ever think of going there?"



All—"Pius Æneas—"
 Virginia—"Wait a minute. I've lost my notes."
 Amelia—"Oh, girls, don't you feel just like Mr. Rhodes up here on the rostrum?"
 Leila—"I wish we could hurry and get through. I'm tired of studying any way. I don't see what folks have to go to school so much for. I'd like to know how much good Latin is going to do me."
 Lida—"Not any if you don't come on and read."
 Amelia—"Have you read the jokes in the last 'Ladies' Home Journal?' Let me tell you the one about the two Irishmen."
 Virginia—"No, Amelia, do wait until we read this pesky Latin."
 All—"Pius Æneas—"
 Virginia—"Well, wasn't he a pious man?"
 Amelia—"As far as we've gone, he was."
 Lida—"Girls, I have an idea for the Annual. I'll tell you when we finish. Horrors! there goes Mr. Rhodes to fix the radiator."
 Leila—"Let's skidoo through No. 27."
 Virginia—"Folks, do you reckon he saw us?"
 Amelia—"I don't care if he did. It will all come out in the wash. Wonder

what bell it is. I know the cutest place on the top of the house."
 Lida—"All right, the faculty will hardly get up that high."



Virginia—"Suppose someone should come."
 Lida—"Here's the place."
 All—"Pius Æneas—"
 Leila—"I tell you what; let's go down town and buy some pickles and candy."
 Amelia—"I will if Virginia will lend me five cents."
 Virginia—"Not on your tin type. I am scared to trust you."
 Leila—"I bet we will fall if we get any nearer the edge."
 Amelia—"I reckon some of us would keep on falling."
 Lida—"Girls, how much Latin do you think we have read—just one line—."
 Amelia—"Oh, we can read to-night after supper and—"
 Leila—"Sure thing, I will be glad when I can say good-bye to Latin. It's the very bane of my existence."
 Virginia—"I tell you, we can all pay five cents and go down town and buy some peanuts."
 Amelia—"I knew she would say peanuts."
 Lida—"Well, school is just out—"
 Amelia—"Let's go to mail-call and then ask our section teachers to let us go down town. I do work so hard over my Latin, I think I ought to have some exercise."

Thus ended the afternoon's task of reading Latin.

AN UNSEEN ONLOOKER.



TWO FLAGS OF L. F. C.

A beautiful star of glittering gold
 Was telling the purple dawn good-by.
 "It's hard to leave you," said the star,
 "O would that we to the earth could fly!"
 "Easy enough," said the purple dawn,
 "Let's blend into a mass so fine,
 And call ourselves the Flag of Naught Nine."

A rose and lily-leaf were gaily talking,
 When the star and dawn near them fell.
 The bright idea was then suggested,
 That lily-leaf and rose together dwell.
 And on learning the name of the children of Heaven,
 They resolved to be called the Flag of Naught Seven.

—R. B. S., '09.

A Ghost Story

HOW well I remember! 'Twas Christmas night; cold, windy, and sleeting. I was appointed to hang the presents on the tree after all were in bed. Everyone in the house had retired, and just as the clock struck one, I finished my task. Looking into the great flames as they mounted the chimney back, I sat down before the parlor fire to spend awhile in dreamland. Suddenly, I was aroused from my phantasy by a figure in white bending over me, whispering very indistinctly. It took me several minutes to gain control of myself, for on seeing the white-robed creature with its glaring green eyes and having felt the touch of its cold, clammy hands, I almost went into a nervous spasm.

I had oftentimes heard of ghosts; so, instinctively, it flashed across my mind that I was on the verge of having some experience with such. My thoughts were going at the rate of a mile a minute. What to do, I didn't know. Scream for help was my first thought (woman-like), but having a feeling akin to the Princess Ida, I clinched my teeth and determined to prove to the male sex that they were not the only courageous ones.

"And what have you come for? To share the Christmas gifts?"

"No," was the emphatic reply. In what way to turn the conversation now, I knew not, so the next thing I ventured to say was:

"Have a seat and let's get acquainted with each other."

"I am the ghost of one long gone before," she informed me.

"Oh!" I said, "You gave me a start at first. I was afraid you were a material thing come to rob the children's tree. And I, the eldest daughter of Froebel, have spent the day preparing these little gifts for the pleasure of my younger brothers. Come, how like you the arrangement of the tree?"

"Very beautiful indeed, but ah! as I look at this little sword, it reminds me of the mission on which I have come to thee. Didst not thy father betroth thee to Ferdinand, the son of Louis XIV? Well, when I left France to-night, the king and his army were making haste to come to America to bring about the marriage at once. Of this, fair lady, I have come to warn thee."

Just then, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs and the clang of swords. In rushed the soldiers, led by the king, who was closely followed by that detestable son of his. Fortunately, I had had a few minutes in which to reflect, and as I met them, I coolly shook hands with the king's son, saying:

"Ferdinand, would'st thou force me to marry thee?
 Thee whom I can never love?
 I appeal to thy manhood to let me go free,
 Free as the eagle that soars far above."

I saw the pity in his eyes as he replied:
 "Clarissa, thou knowest that I love thee and have loved thee since first we met, but, by this thy touching plea, I would not, for my life, cause thee pain, so thou *art* free. Adieu!"

He is gone! How can I thank thee, poor spirit, who hast wandered to American shores to keep my life from being blighted by marrying one whom I do not love? Ah! I feel a cold wave roll over my back, my hair begins to stand straight, and looking around I see this same noble spirit.

Ah, fair Clarissa, thou hast acted wisely. Thy mission is here with these motherless brothers and thy lonely father. He needs thee and thou canst accomplish more as his helper than thou couldst ever hope to accomplish as wife of Ferdinand, the reckless young prince."

With these few words of warning, the ghost disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

ANNIE LAURIE CREWS.

This twentieth century we live in
 Is certainly hard to beat—
 Deportment is cut for every chum,
 But ain't the dear chums sweet?

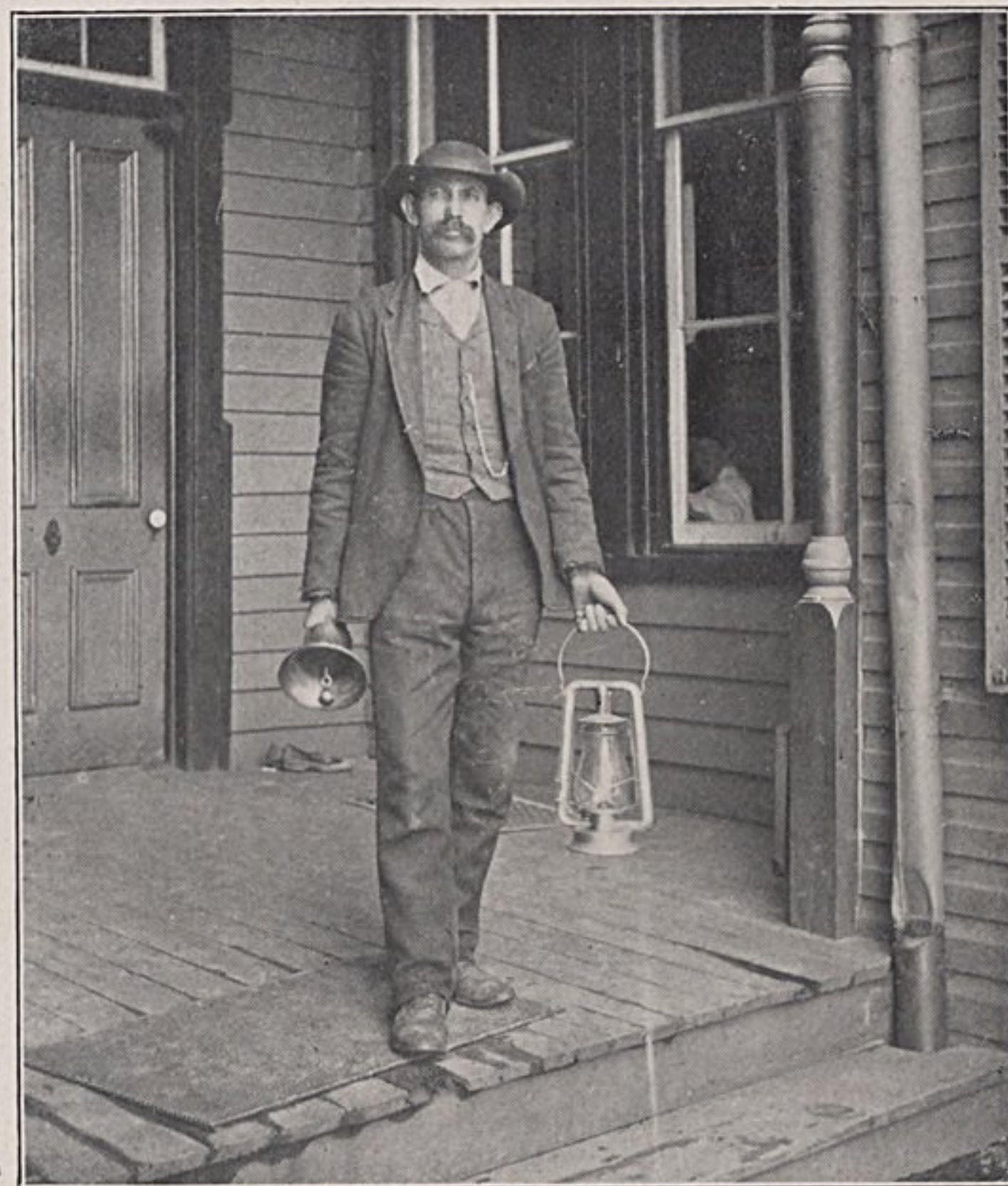
In this hustling, busy age,
 When in a whirl are men and things,
 Inquire of the thoughtful Miss C.
 "Which party should give the rings?"



A WAGON-LOAD OF SENIORS

Her Worst Fault

Leila Edwards.....	Love-sickness.
Elizabeth Herring.....	Visiting.
Clee Reel.....	Always late at meals.
Maria Jiminez.....	"Taking off" the Faculty.
Estelle Daniel.....	Flirting.
Nolie York.....	Whistling.
Virginia Hale.....	Never satisfied with the one she loves.
Massey and McNeill.....	Debating.
Lucie Ross.....	Not talking enough.
Amelia Meares.....	Laughing.
Lottie Lee.....	Playing jokes.
Louise Goode.....	Timidity.
Macie Coble.....	Writing letters.
Patty Williams.....	Talking too much.
Mary Mayo.....	Making some hearts ache.
Louise Barrington.....	Eating so much.
Maude Betts.....	Loafing.
Rosina Moreno.....	Pouting.
Nettie Wise.....	Never laughing.



NIGHT WATCHMAN



THE COOK

TO LITTLETON COLLEGE

Oh, thou whose love hath taught us
To be good and great and true!
Oh, thou who hast besought us
Paths of wisdom to pursue!
Thee will we love and cherish,
Yes, ever love thy name;
Thee will all thy daughters praise
For the triumph of thy fame.

Thou who standest for truth and light,
Ready to hear stern duty's call,
May thy standard rise to a greater height,
And, oh, may it never fall!
May thy glory ever spread
Thy name and fame abroad,
And many daughters love thee
For the triumph of the cause.

Farewell, our Alma Mater!
Oh, how sad our hearts to go!
But life and work are calling,
And we must answer now.
And now again farewell,
But not farewell forever!
We breathe a prayer that naught
Shall from thee our hearts' love sever.

—I. M.

Advice

Miss Auten.....Please look out!
Miss Fisher.....Seal your envelopes, *s'il vous plait*.
Miss Boyce.....Don't break the camera.
Miss Pulliam.....Think—before giving the final answer.
Miss Daniel.....Don't take anything for Grant-ed.
Miss Simmons.....Put your sign (chumming) out for Miss Betts.
Miss Hydrick.....Be more explicit in speaking of a *telescope*.
Miss Meares.....Be sure your transom is closed.
Miss Forbés.....Look wise if you cannot speak.
Miss Buffaloe.....Before going to Lockwood's, parse "Fell."
Miss Swindell.....Take notice of the weather.
Miss Hale.....Avoid the third floor.
Miss York.....Remember, skates are to remain in the
bottom of your trunk.
Room 29.....Turn off the heat, and do be more quiet.
Miss Lanham.....Do not judge others by yourself.
Miss Goode.....Take care of the laboratory keys.
Miss Cogdell.....Shut the doors after you.
Miss Edwards.....Please keep out of scrapes.
Miss Perry.....Beware, or you will be reported.
Miss Wise.....Laugh once a year.
Miss Matthews.....You may go to No. 65.

Change-o-scope

EVERYBODY in the College was in a great flurry, for the picture-man was coming to take the pictures for the Annual. Of course the mirrors were in great demand, for becoming poses had to be practised. About two o'clock some of the girls in the front windows were taken with great excitement. A man was seen coming who bore in his arms a large black box. "The picture-man is coming," they called, and the excited Seniors rushed down to meet him.

Virginia and Leila reached the reception hall first, as they possessed the most curiosity. Of course, though, the man passed on into Mr. Rhodes' study and the portentous door closed upon him; the indignant Seniors gather in a noisy band, fussing because Mr. Rhodes had cabbaged the "picture-man."

Suddenly the study-door opened and Mr. Rhodes, smiling a broad smile, appeared in the door: "Miss Emma, will you kindly send for Miss Evelyn Matthews, the president of the Senior Class?" These words brought Miss Evelyn down panting, with her tongue hanging out, only to come to a halt at the study-door. "Step inside, Miss Evelyn," and Miss Evelyn stepped.

The others waited impatiently outside, knowing that some weighty discussion concerning the whole class was going forward within. "Is it a question of morals or manners?" they cried. "Will our deportment grades come down?" "Send for Ina, she's so dignified and can manage best?" "Don't let Leila go in, for she's so undignified!" These and like expressions filled the air until a sudden calm settled on those assembled—Seniors. At the opening of the study-door, Evelyn came forth, her eyes shining and her face full of excitement: "Girls, come to No. 14."

All the class rushed down to No. 14 with a noise like the falls of Niagara, and with a giggle like the murmuring of many brooks. They all tried to get in at once but failed, and some failing in this went in goose fashion. Of course Ina got in first, followed closely by Estelle Daniel. Instead of sitting down quietly they began to all talk at once with so much vigor that Miss Betts and Mrs. Rhodes entered: "Oh, it's nothing but the Seniors! We certainly must take it off their deportment for being so noisy!"

Suddenly Miss Auten appeared at a long trot around the corner, closely followed by Miss Fleetwood paddling along barefooted, her curl papers bobbing wildly in the breeze. "What is it, Miss Auten?" she was crying.

"This noise must stop," said Miss Auten authoritatively. "You, Seniors are taking entirely too many liberties. And I assure you it shall come off your deportment."

Hardly had they disappeared, when a soft voice saying, "Girls, this noise *must* stop," proclaimed the presence of Miss Pulliam. She, too, disappeared, and the Seniors noisily settled about their discussion. Evelyn soon told them the news.

Briefly it was this: instead of being the photographer, the man now caged in Mr. Rhodes' study was one who bore with him a strange machine called the "Change-o-scope." Now we have all heard of telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes and other various "scopes" Miss Hydrick talks about; but this is a brand-new discovery by Prof. Charlatan of Paree, Rome, who is going to show it here at Littleton College for the first time in its history. This wonderful machine possessed the property of being able to change those who went in, to whatever they most desired.

"Let's go try," they all cried, and rushed forth at breakneck speed. They knocked Mr. Rhodes over in his own doorway. He was getting ready to go into the machine himself, but restrained his ardor in order that the Seniors try their fortunes first. All screamed at the top of their voices, trying to tell the man what they wanted to be, till he fainted away under the stress. Not noticing this, they continued their orders.

Above the din, those outside heard two voices crying, "Make me and Lessie twineses." And the reply, "Yes, make me and Estelle boy twins." Then Ina's strident voice proclaimed, "I will be president of the United States or nothing at all. Better to die than not be something loud." Leila's fine, high voice also penetrated the door: "Please, please make, Louise, Ginga, 'Melia and me, perfect ladies." "Yes, yes," the rest screamed, "Perfect ladies. Let our manners and our morals be correct!" A somewhat nasal voice brawled out: "I want to be Maie Spence, please." Then Sophia's voice was heard: "I want to be the music rack in No. 27, so I can always be there when my beloved comes forth."

"As president of the class, ladies, I suggest that I become the personification of dignity," spoke the presidential voice of Evelyn. "Never mind, girls," came a voice from the corner, "I am going to be the doll-baby for the town-girls," thus spoke Lura as she rushed forth madly and threw herself against the terrified and now reviving professor. His terrible plight caused a sudden silence in the midst of which Nettie Wise was heard to say, "I want to be a dear little fossil on the road, so the rain won't wet my shoes."

The professor, having regained sufficient command of himself to speak, besought them to tell him separately, and not collectively, their wishes. "Please some one enter the machine," he said. Needless to say he meant the invitation for one only, but all rushed in, in a body.

Those waiting awe-stricken in the hall heard the terrible clatter and bang of the revolving wheels and waited with pallid faces the results of this melting of the Senior Class. Suddenly they were horrified to hear proceed from the presidential office a long, ever-prolonged giggle. Some one opened the door and the giggle swept contagiously into the hall. Freshie, Sophs, Juniors and Faculty all took it. Giggle! Giggle! Giggle! It went everywhere, growing noiser and noiser. The Seniors had attained their wish! The whole class had become a perpetual giggle.

But what of Mr. Rhodes? you ask. He, too, had his wish, but that is another story for another time.



The Science Club

(Founded February 25, 1907)

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....INA MASSEY
VICE-PRESIDENT.....MARY MAYO

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

SENIOR CLASS.....{ VIRGINIA HALE
 { AMELIA MEARES
JUNIOR CLASS.....BERNICE HORNADAY
SOPHOMORE CLASS.....BESSIE BOONE
FRESHMAN CLASS.....PAULINE CHERRY



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



HYPERION SOCIETY

Hyperion Society

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	VIRGINIA HALE
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.....	ANNIE CREWS
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.....	ROSINA MORENO
TREASURER.....	ANNIE SHOTWELL
SECRETARY.....	MARY MAYO
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.....	MAIE SPENCE



EUNONIAN SOCIETY

Eunonian Society

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	LESSIE FISHER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.....	EUNICE BRYAN
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.....	MARY SLEDGE
SECRETARY.....	LOUISE GOODE
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.....	VELA WALKER
TREASURER.....	SALLIE JORDON



CHAFING DISH CLUB



Hungry Marys

MOTTO: "Beg, grab, steal, and cram"

COLORS: Orange and Lemon

YELL: Stuff, Stuff, Stuff,
We never get enough!
Steal, Beg, Grab.
Cram, Cram, Cram,
Don't give us a slam!
Nine of us, Pity us,
Starving Marys, kicking up a fuss.

MEMBERS

MARY SLEDGE
MARY MAYO
MARIA JIMENEZ
MARY SWINDELL
MARY LOWDER
MARY MCNEILL
MARY WATKINS
MARY STRICKLAND
MARY FERGUSON

FAVORITE DISH

PEANUTS
RED STICK CANDY
BIG SOUR PICKLES
GINGER SNAPS
BANANAS
ALL-DAY SUCKERS
KNICK-KNACKS
APPLES
RAISINS

Butt-in-sky Club

MOTTO: Be in at the wrong time

SONG: I'll be there

PRESIDENT.....Miss EMMA THORNTON
SECRETARY.....Mrs. RHODES
TREASURER.....Mr. PEGRAM

MEMBERS

PULLIAM
AUTEN
AIKEN
STANFIELD

BETTS
CLEVELAND
THORNE

Y. L. K. C.

COLORS: Dark White and Light Black

FLOWER: Two-lip

SONG: "Dearie"

MOTTO: 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all

YELL

Beautiful, beautiful, lovely and bright,
Oh, for my sweetheart to kiss me good-night !!

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....MACIE COBLE
VICE-PRESIDENT.....MARY MAYO
SECRETARY.....MAUDE BETTS
TREASURER.....LOUISE BARRINGTON

MEMBERS

SOPHIA FORBES
PAULINE CHERRY
EDITH SIMMONS
JOSEPHINE BOYCE
Miss LEIGH
MAIE SPENCE
LIDA SAWYER
ETHEL SPIVEY
JULIA RALEY

ELIZABETH HARRIS

Miss CLEVELAND
Miss FELL
Miss BETTS
Miss HERRING
ALMA DAVENPORT
SUSIE LUMLEY
VELA WALKER
SALLIE JORDAN
ELLA HOWELL



PROCRASTINATION CLUB

Procrastination Club

MOTTO: "Procrastination is the thief of time"

YELL

"Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow"

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....MACIE COBLE
VICE-PRESIDENT.....KATE UMSTEAD

MEMBERS

EVELYN WALKER
MARIA JIMENEZ
LOTTIE LEE
ESTELLE DANIEL

LESSIE FISHER
JENNIE FARLEY
LOUISE BARRINGTON
SUSIE LUMLEY



Poor Pussy Club

MOTTO: Never laugh

YELL: Me-o-w, Me-o-w, Mew.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....SIDNEY KINSEY
VICE-PRESIDENT.....PATTIE WILLIAMS

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH HERRING	LOUISE BIGGS
LOUISE GOODE	PAULINE STIKELEATHER
KATHERINE DEITZ	SOPHIA FORBES
	PAULINE CHERRY



The Gigglers

MOTTO: Giggle with those who do, or do not giggle

YELL: Te, he, he,
Here are we,
Gigglers, Gigglers,
One, two, three.

MEMBERS

LURA PERRY.....	AND THUS SHALL I ALWAYS GIGGLE
SOPHIA FORBES.....	DON'T WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE POINT
AMELIA MEARES.....	LAUGH REGARDLESS OF TIME OR PLACE
LEILA EDWARDS.....	SPASMODICALLY INCLINED
VIRGINIA HALE.....	NO SOLEMNITY IN MY LIFE
BERNICE HORNADAY.....	LET NOT A MOMENT PASS UNLAUGHED
LOUISE GOODE.....	MY FACE SHALL EVER BE WREATHED IN SMILES
JOSEPHINE BOYCE.....	I AM SO TICKLED

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS HYDRICK.....I WOULD THAT I COULD FROWN



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AMELIA MEARES



CHIT-CHIT-CHIT.



"SNORTERS"—BASKET BALL CLUB



"RIPPERS"—BASKET-BALL CLUB



TENNIS CLUB

WANTED—A letter in a yellow envelope.—Mary Mayo.

WANTED—A pony (for Cæsar).—Misses Harris and Adams.

WANTED—To know if the Seniors will wear bed-room slippers when they graduate.—*The School.*

A Freshman passing Frances Ward's picture said, "I wonder if that is a picture of Mr. Rhodes' first wife?"

Miss Lanham (to Sophomores)—"What does the rainbow signify?"
Sophs (silent).

Miss Lanham—"The covenant of the Lord with *Moses*."

Professor of Science (to Earl, you may describe the stages of the mosquito.)

Pupil (hesitatingly)—"The *egg* and—er—then—er—it turns to a tadpole."

Molasses, 'tis of thee,
True friend of L. F. C.,
Of thee I sing;
Forever by my side,
Thou art my stay and pride,
Oh, may thou ever be
At L. F. C.

Mr. Rhodes (in chapel)—"There is no girl here who has ever regretted saying too little."

Fresh (to her neighbor)—"Well, I have—"

"When?—"

"On exam."

WANTED—To know how Mr. Rhodes expected the boys to fight fire in the street when the fire was on the campus.

Miss Taylor (in algebra class)—"And what kind of expression is that?"

Soph—"Hydrophobia!" (Meaning homogeneous.)

WANTED—To know why a certain music pupil hurts one of her fingers nearly every music day.

Miss Hydrick (on Physical Geography)—"What relation is an earthquake to a volcano?"

Bright Sudie—"First cousin."

THE ANNUAL HAS GONE TO PRESS—"AFTER"

GOOD-BYE

At school we form bonds of friendship strong,
They're ties which none can sever.
In four short years we must say "adieu,"
Perhaps to part forever.
But deep within each maiden's breast,
A loyal heart is free
To think of all the happy hours
Spent with the girls of L. F. C.

—T. L. M.



*F. H. Thompson, Jr.,
Durham, N.C.*

VACATION

To everyone who reads this volume, we wish to beg that you be lenient and not criticize too severely. The book is not what we wanted it to be, but what it is. *We* did it ourselves. Doubtless there are those more capable of making a better one, but when they deemed other work more important than ours and refused us aid, we did our best. We have worked hard and faithful, and have had our trials—hard, because we had no one to sympathize with us, no one interested in our work. If, in comparison to the Journal, its grammatical merit appears lacking, remember that they had experienced advisors, while we had ourselves.

Therefore, along with the blame give *us* the praise.

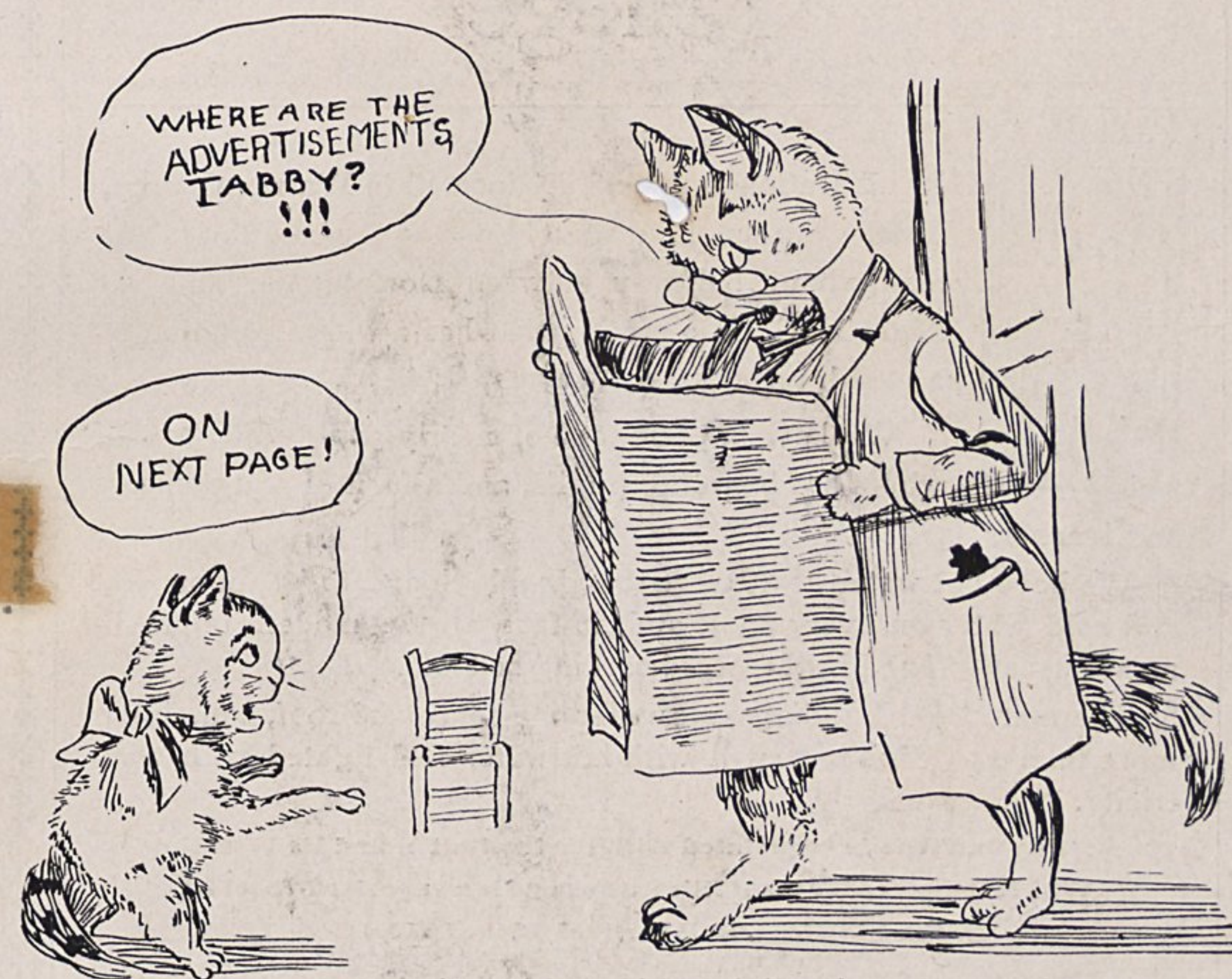
Respectfully,

LESSIE FISHER,
LURA PERRY,
LEILA EDWARDS,
VIRGINIA HALE,
AMELIA MEARES,
SOPHIA FORBES.





LITTLETON COLLEGE



77

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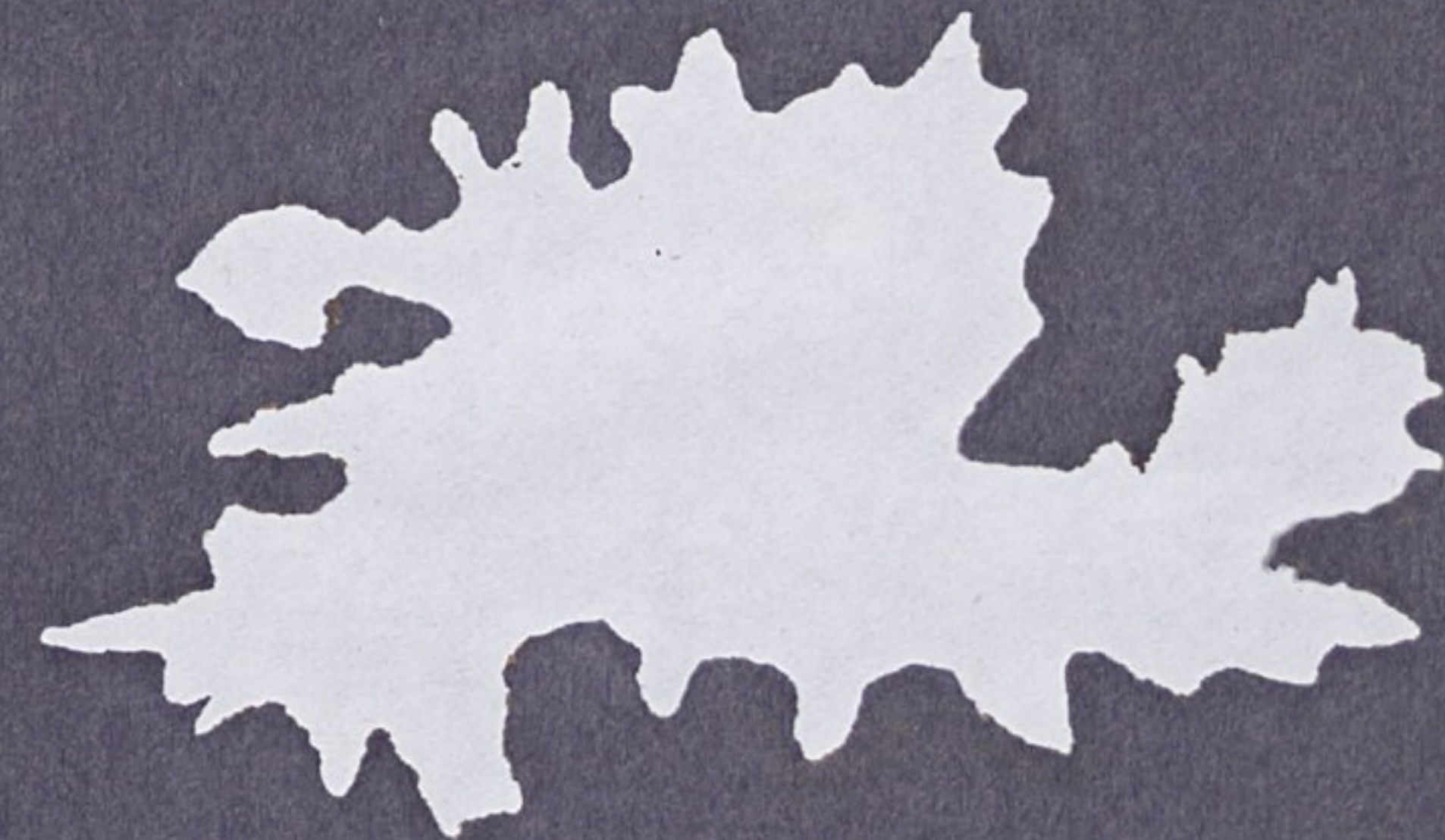
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