





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*

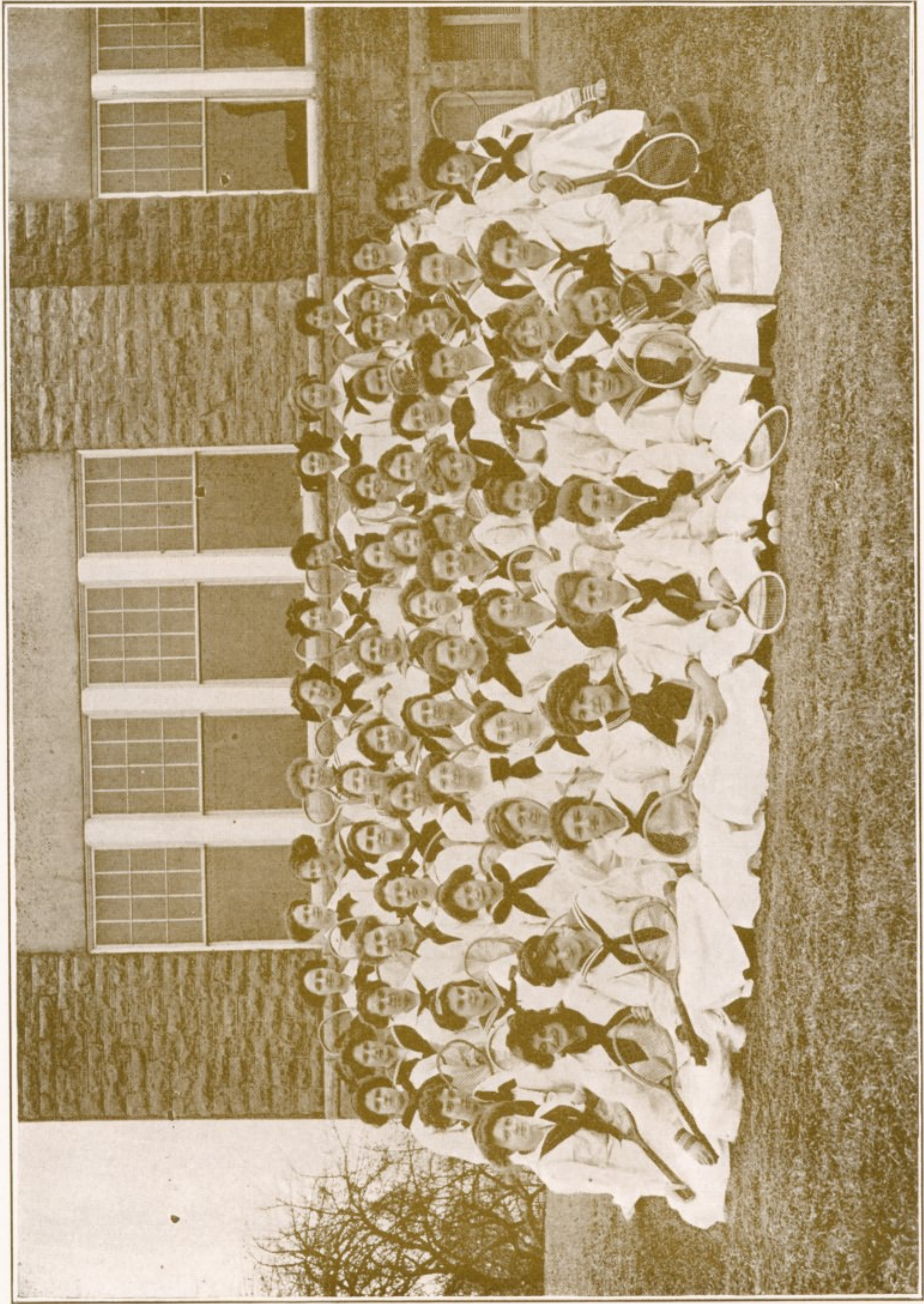
Frances Mackey ..... *President*

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

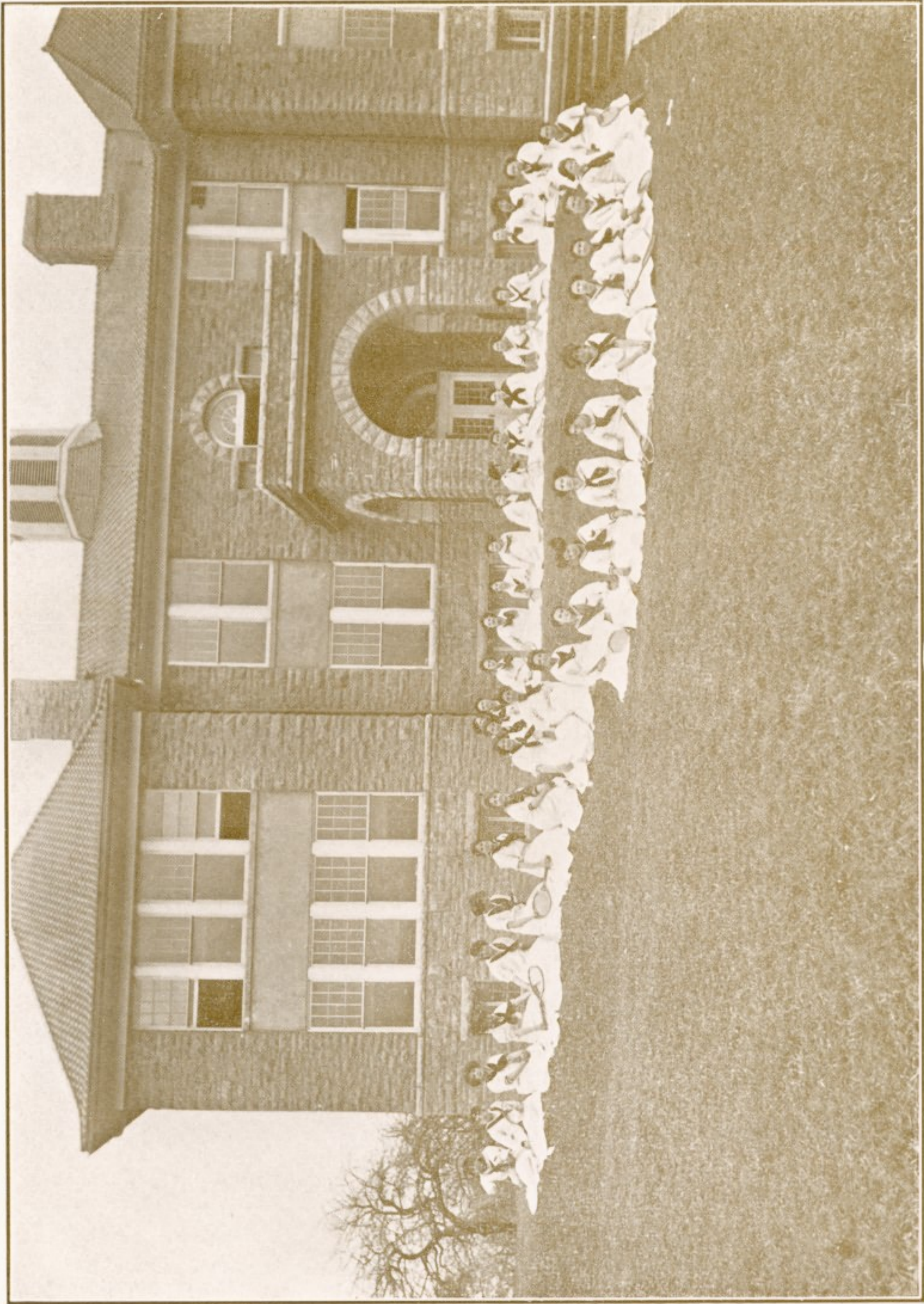
LIZZIE MCGAHEY

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

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 Macon  
 Dorothy Lancaster  
 Florence Keezell  
 Sadie Fristoe  
 Audrey Jones  
 Mannie Johnson  
 Sallie Hulvey  
 Sophie Hulvey  
 Florence Powers  
 Virginia Allen  
 Margaret Allen  
 Sarah Allison  
 Bertha Allison  
 Hilda Bare  
 Bertha Benson  
 Pattie Puller  
 Rosa Block  
 Josephine Bradshaw  
 Josephine Bryant  
 Margie Burke  
 Margaret Burke  
 Pearl Haldeman  
 Ethel Harman  
 Carrie Haroff  
 Mary Sale  
 Carrie Scates  
 Edmonia Shepperson  
 Willie White  
 Lena White  
 Annie Wise  
 Marjorie Grizard  
 Marjorie Gay  
 Marceline Gatling  
 Alpine Gatling

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

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!

*Guards*  
 Maude Snead  
 Mabel Richardson

Marion Russell

*Captain*  
 Margie Bryant  
*Center*  
 Frances Cole

*Substitutes*  
 Eunice Gordan

*Forwards*  
 Ida Via  
 Margie Bryant

Audrey Jones



## Junior Basket Ball Team

*Motto*

"Lam dat ball right through de basket."

*Yell*

Chickapoo! Wallapoo!

Chicka! Laca! Less!

Juniors! Juniors!

H. N. S.

*Captain:* Frances Mackey

*Forwards*

Pattie Puller

Kate Selby

*Center:* Frances Mackey

*Substitutes*

Beatrice Eshelman

*Guards*

Olivine Runciman

Mattie Worster

Effie Garland



## Senior Basket Ball Team

*Yell*

Alleivi! Alleivi! Alleivi! 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	Lizzie McGahey
Margaret Fox	Lucy Madison
Alpine Gatling	Willye White

## A Convict's Thanksgiving

**I**T 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.





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



ARTS CLUB

*F*

# 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

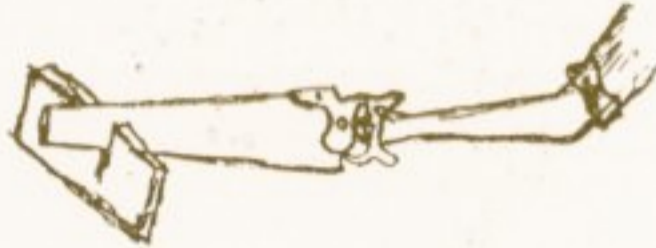
Jessie Thrasher

Mary Wilson

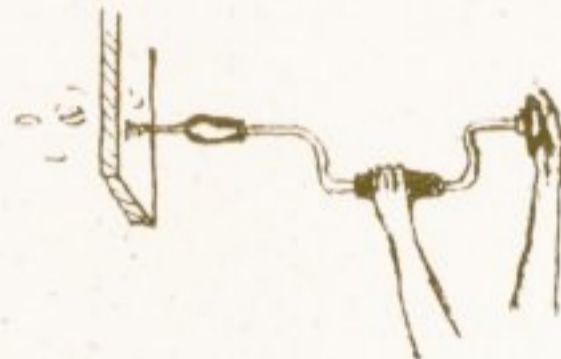
# A Riddle

## And Some Other Things

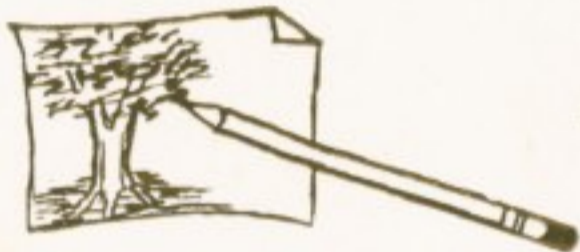
What girls can always see to



What girls can even bear to bore?



Are so attractive that they draw



Great trees as Orpheus did of yore?



Their hands are clean, and yet they stain;

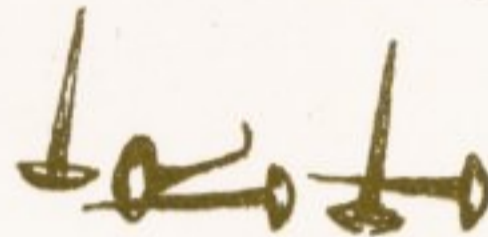
They "ax" not axioms, but an



Not plain they are, yet plainly



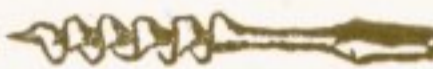
Not tackey, yet they handle



Not stooped, and yet without a



These lazy girls won't work a



Still at a most industrious pace



They make settees, but never sit.

They are not bookish, yet make



They, far from earthy, work in clay.

They cook not, yet equip the



With



and with



gay;

Not artful, still they practice arts;

They dye, and still teach rural schools.



Their surrey to the country starts

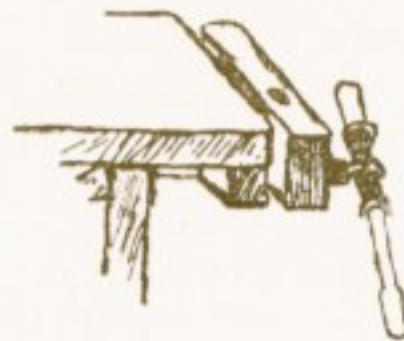
With



and all kinds of tools

(A speckled horse between the shafts).

Not vicious, still they love a



Not crafty, still they deal in crafts.—

Now guess what Club can be so nice.





## Home Economics Club

*Flower:* Dark Red Carnation

*Colors:* Red and White

### *Motto*

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

### *Officers*

<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

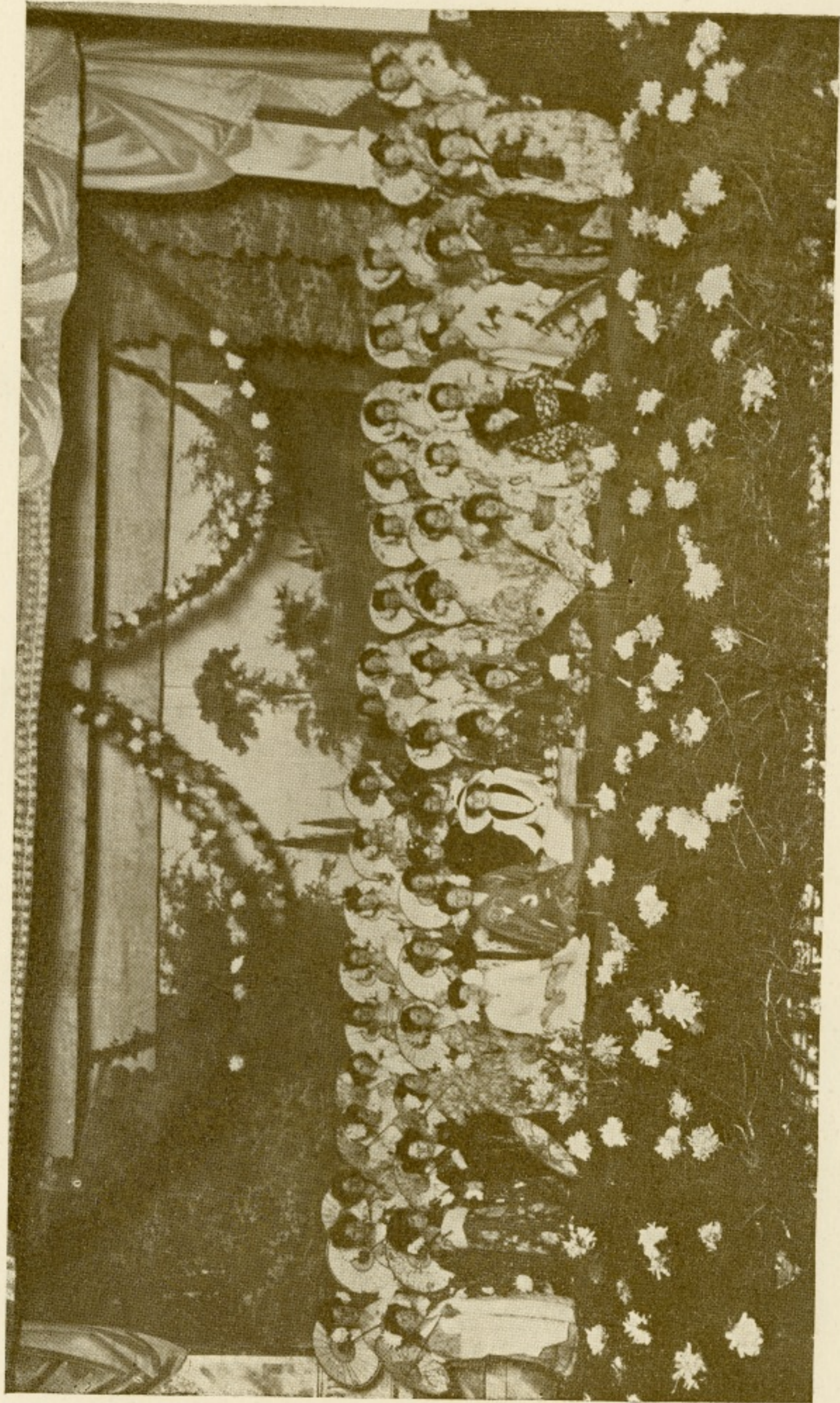
### *Honorary Members*

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 Constantinianovich Vishanoff. At least that is all of it that I can remember.

Pal of mine, you should have been here for the Hallowe'en parade. A special dispensation was granted us to do as we pleased between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Well, we pleased to have a grand parade. We masked, gathered up every kind of musical(?) instrument from a comb to a dustpan, and went all over the campus, to the cottage, to the turnip-patch, and 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.

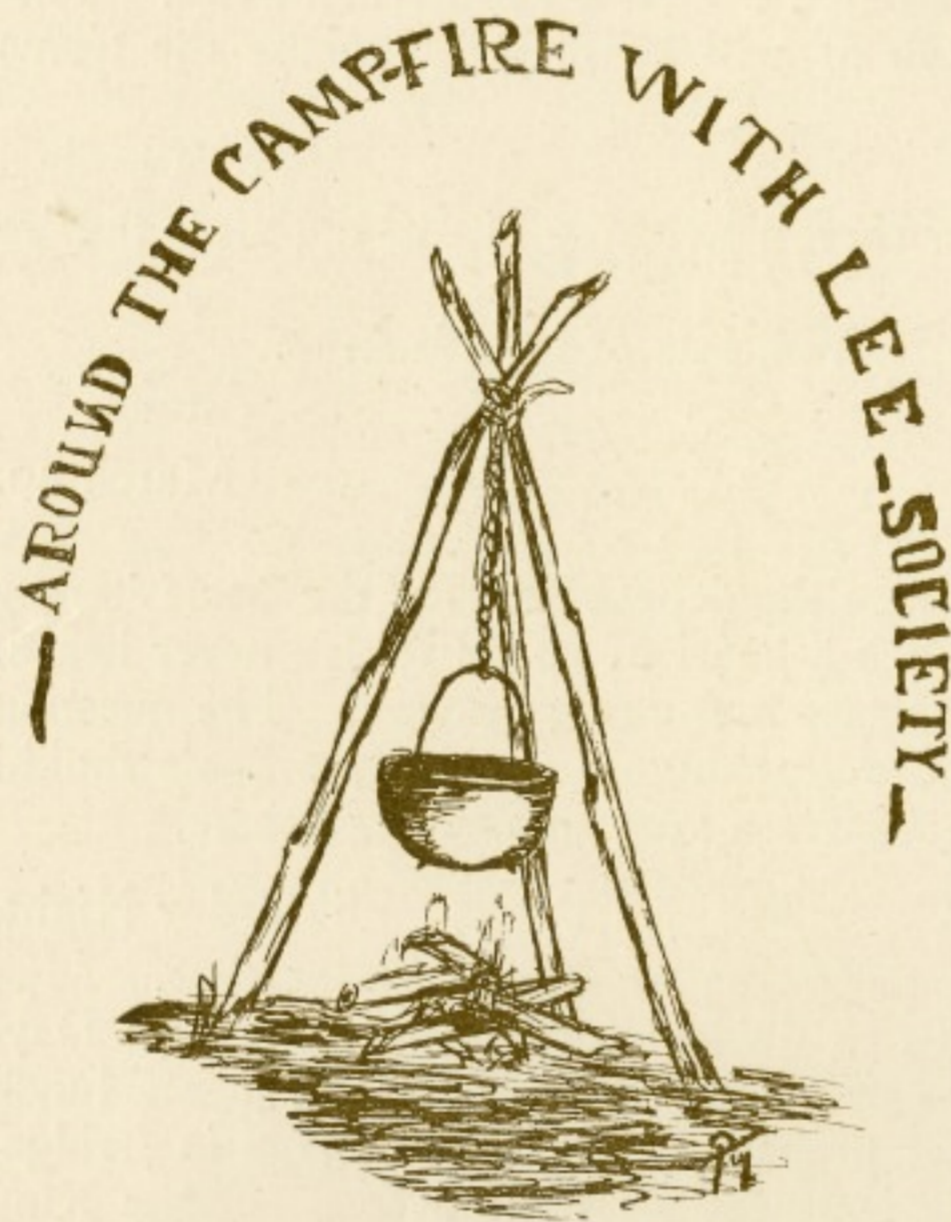
If you want something that really takes, try shadowgraphs at your bazar next year. You may be able to get a better idea from this drawing, but you'll have to see shadowgraphs to appreciate them.

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.



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 Conrads 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.



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