













# ***THE ORACLE***

1911

PUBLISHED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF SALEM HIGH SCHOOL





PROF. ROLAND E. COOK  
Superintendent

## Dedication

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To our Superintendent

Mr. Roland E. Cook

We affectionately dedicate this volume of

"The Oracle" as a small token of

the esteem in which he

is held by

the Class of 1911

## The Oracle Staff

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MELANIE LINKENHOKER

*Editor-in-Chief*

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### Assisant Editors

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LEO DENIT

LUCILE BENNETT

CHARLETON WOOD

---

### Art Editor

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LOU CARLISLE

---

### Business Manager

---

CARLETON PENN





THE ORACLE STAFF

## Foreword

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**I**T has been our aim to get out an Annual which would give pleasure to our subscribers and friends in looking over its pages. We hope it will bring pleasant memories of the past to those connected with the school, and that it will give to those who are not some idea of what we do here in school. We are grateful to all who have in any way helped in the preparation of this volume. Especially do we wish to thank those who have so kindly given us their advertisements.

ORACLE STAFF.





High School Building

## In Memoriam

---

"Let not Ambition mock their useful  
toll,  
Their homely joys, and destiny  
obscure."

It was with a feeling of profound sadness, and full consciousness of our loss, that we noted the absence of "Uncle William" when we came back to school last fall. We no longer heard his familiar footsteps in the corridor, nor his voice on the playground calling to the boys in his characteristic good humor, for, with him, they had "gone down into the silence."

As janitor of the school he performed his duties faithfully and with a cheerfulness that won for him the highest regard and a warm place in our hearts.

Although no fault can be found with our present janitor, we miss "Uncle William" and his thousand little peculiarities which so endeared him to us.

His short, pithy sayings, his small talk, and, at times, his amusingly learned dissertations on the deepest questions of politics and economics were all told with the indefinable charm that is the gift of the old-time "darkey" alone. Upon him nature had bestowed that priceless gift of hers—the art of story-telling, and now I can remember the many times I have listened to him as he told stories of the Civil War—he took part in it—that had a decided tendency to raise one's hair, or, when he was in a lighter mood, his funny stories had the effect of convulsing his auditors.

True to the instincts of his race, he had a strong faith in his Maker and believed that God was the source of all good. He lived according to his faith.

It is not our object in writing this to have a written record of his faithfulness to remember him by, for we can *never* forget him; but we wish to show our appreciation and regard for him in some way, so we dedicate this page of our Annual to the memory of our old friend, "Uncle William."

PENN.—'11.



Board of  
Trustees



Prof. Roland E. Cook, Supt.



Mr. Libert Chandler, Chairman



Mr. J. S. Persinger



Mr. W. R. Cross

## The Faculty

MISS LUCY T. JONES

Principal

*Latin, Mathematics and Orthography*

---

MISS HANNAH G. ARMSTRONG

*English and History*

---

MISS ANNIE MCCONKEY

*First Year Latin and English      Science and French*





Miss Lucy T. Jones



Miss Annie McConkey



Miss Hannah G. Armstrong







## Senior Class Poem

---

Now at last we've reached the height  
That for four years has been our dream ;  
Now the longed-for goal shines bright ;  
Cares are naught ; pleasures fairer seem ;  
And, like some distant low refrain,  
Our hearts sweet memories retain.

In comradeship, strength and good will,  
Together the strifes we have won,  
And, together, we'll stand until  
The toils and strifes of school are done.  
School days ! dear school days ! now farewell !  
Our love for thee tongue cannot tell.

Knowledge, the keynote of all,  
Has opened her portals wide ;  
Fame and Ambition's voices call  
And Hope tarries at our side.  
Oh, may Success our efforts crown  
And no failures our spirits cast down.

Ye Fates ! make calm and clear the way ;  
Prevent winds that courage defies.  
For we have sailed the tranquil bay—  
Life's vast ocean before us lies.  
And may our barks in safety ride  
And guide us o'er the changing tide.

—*Poetess*

## Senior Class

---

MARY MUSSER, *President*

LOIS AGNEW, *Vice-President*

ALICE BURKS, *Secretary*

ADDIE LEIGHTON, *Treasurer*

IRENE FOUTZ, *Poetess*

ADDIE LEIGHTON, *Historian*

ALICE BURKS, *Prophetess.*

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### Class Flower

PANSY

### Colors

ROYAL PURPLE AND GOLD

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### Motto

*"Climb, though the rocks be rugged"*

---

### Hell

Rickety! Rickety! rah! rah! reven!

What's the matter with Nineteen 'Leven?

Nothin' at all! Nothin' at all!

We're the class that beats them all!

---

### Class Roll

BERTHA IRENE FOUTZ, Salem

LULU MAE BROWN, Salem

LOIS HOLLAND AGNEW, Salem

SADIE RAWLEY GALLOWAY, Salem

ADDIE DELANCEY LEIGHTON, Salem

LULA BELLE BRADLEY, Salem

SARAH VIRGINIA GOODWIN, Salem

ESSIE FRANCES HANKINS, Salem

ALICE EVELYN BURKS, Compton Bridge

MARY HELEN MUSSER, Roanoke

MELANIE HOLT LINKENHOKER, Springwood

CHARLIE A. SWITZER, Salem

CARLETON SANDERS PENN, Salem

JOHN LEE LOGAN, Salem



LOIS HOLLAND AGNEW

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form or lovelier face."

LULA BELLE BRADLEY

"Smooth runs the water  
Where the brook is deep."

LULU MAE BROWN

"It more becomes a woman  
To be quiet than to talk."

ALICE EVELYN BURKS

"Black were her eyes as the berry  
That grows on the thorn by the wayside."

BERTHA IRENE FOUTZ

"An open-hearted maiden,  
True and pure."

SADIE RAWLEY GALLOWAY

"And cloudy the day or stormy the night,  
The sky of her heart was always bright."

SARAH VIRGINIA GOODWIN

"She came and went."



AGNEW



BRADLEY



BROWN



BURKS



FOUTZ



GALLOWAY



GOODWIN



ESSIE FRANCES HANKINS

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

ADDIE DeLANCEY LEIGHTON

"To know her is to love her."

MELANIE HOLT LINKENHOKER

"With a jest on her tongue and a smile on her lips  
She's bubbling with fun to her finger tips."

JOHN LEE LOGAN

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

MARY HELEN MUSSER

"And many Jasons shall come in quest of her."

CARLETON SANDERS PENN

"How much more elder art thou than thy looks?"

CHARLIE A. SWITZER

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."



HANKINS



LEIGHTON



LINKENHOKER



LOGAN



MUSSEY



PENN



SWITZER



## Glass Song

---

*Air: "Jesu, Christ"*

---

Gloom settles o'er us,  
For 'tis time to say adieu  
To Salem High School,  
To the white and blue,  
Can we e'er forget thee,  
Howe'er distant we may be ?  
We shall always cherish  
Fond mem'ries of thee.

### CHORUS:

Salem, Salem High School,  
Dear to each and every heart ;  
Salem, Salem High School,  
We're loath from thee to part.

Teachers and classmates—  
All who in this High School dwell—  
We wish to bid thee  
Each a fond farewell,  
Life has here been pleasant  
And, 'though parting brings us pain,  
May we in the future  
Hope to meet again.

### CHORUS:

'Leven, Nineteen 'Leven,  
We are very sad to part.  
'Leven, Nineteen 'Leven,  
Stay thou in each heart.

## History of Senior Class

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### CHAPTER I.—FRESHMAN YEAR

**S**EPTEMBER 9, 1907, dawned bright and clear, and twenty-three smiling faces entered Miss Holt's room to be initiated into the mysteries attending High School. The first milestone we encountered came in the form of Latin. We struggled manfully with "Mica, Mica," and at last we were able to recite it satisfactorily, with Miss Holt's assistance.

Then Miss Jones introduced us to algebra, which we all promptly declared was horrid. Nevertheless, after she had straightened out the "kinks," we, as usual, excelled in that difficult study.

As we did not wish to be behind the times, we chose our class colors, royal purple and old gold, and the following yell was produced :

"Hickety hite! Hickety hite!"  
First Class, First Class,  
You're all right."

During the term, several members dropped out, and our numbers gradually became less and less until only seventeen remained. They reached the harbor in safety and were anchored in Miss Armstrong's room. The scholarship medal was won by Miss Irene Foutz.

### CHAPTER II.—SOPHOMORE YEAR

We had hardly gotten installed in the Second Class when we had to move down stairs into our new room. We then began work in earnest and felt very dignified, indeed. Heart-rending groans were raised when we were first introduced to Caesar. Although he was a great general, with Miss Jones as our leader, we came out victorious in our campaign against him. We now had our faces turned hopefully toward the future, and were looking forward to the day when we would be Seniors. Several members won first honors this year, and Miss Mary Musser received the scholarship medal. Miss Lois Agnew won the medal in recitation.

### CHAPTER III.—JUNIOR YEAR

It is impossible to describe our feelings as we entered upon our Junior career, for were we not the next thing to Seniors?

In the beginning of the term we were confronted by Cicero and Geometry; and these would have discouraged a class less brave than ours. But we, with our usual perseverance, mastered them, and in a few weeks they seemed mere trifles.

We gladly welcomed Miss Alice Burks to our grand old class, and at the end she won great glory for herself and the class by getting the medal in the recitation contest.

It was about this time we decided to surprise the other classes with our superior theatrical abilities. With Miss McConkey's aid, we gave our first performance, "Dr. Cure-all," in the Society Hall. It is needless to say that we covered ourselves with glory.

Never was there so much class spirit shown as this year between the Third and Fourth classes. The Juniors, who were up-to-date in "fussin'," always came out victorious.

A few days before the close of school we raised our flag, and it floated proudly in the breezes, until the Seniors, ever jealous of our rising ambitions, tore it from the lofty pinnacle.

As our class has always been famous for winning medals, our record still remained unbroken, and Miss Foutz won the English medal, Misses Musser, Foutz, Burks, Hankins, Bradley, and Leighton made first honors this year.

We spent many happy hours in the Third Class, in spite of hard lessons, and all passed the examinations successfully. My space is limited, so I must now pass to the "illustrious fourteen"

"The class of Ninteen 'Leven,  
Bright as the stars  
That shine in heaven."

#### CHAPTER IV.—SENIOR YEAR

The first three years of our High School career were passed rapidly, and now we are really Seniors. How important we felt the first morning of school when we returned to resume our duties.

Miss Jones had sprained her ankle a short time before school opened and Miss Eugenia Griffin filled her place for a week or two until she was able to come. When Miss Jones arrived, she found us well started in Virgil—thanks to the pains Miss Griffin took with us. We were so glad to welcome our beloved teacher back; although we liked our substitute very much, indeed.

We soon selected our class pins and got them several weeks before Christmas; the whole class was perfectly delighted with them.

One incident which occurred during the year will never be forgotten by us. This was the last Society meeting. The entire program was rendered by the Seniors. We were very sad, as it was our farewell meeting, and could hardly refrain from tears as we sang our class song. There were many visitors present, and among them the teachers from the other grades; all of whom declared they had never attended a meeting which they had enjoyed more. And now we are nearing the close of our school life. Each day that passes brings us nearer the goal toward which our eyes have been turned since we first entered the High School; and may we all reach it successfully. With our motto ever in our minds, we shall triumph over every difficulty, and at length be rewarded with the victor's crown of laurel. *Historian.*



## Prophecy

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There was a young man named Penn  
Who was just the smartest of men.  
He gave "B———" his name  
And won newspaper fame.  
The brilliant young writer named Penn.

The fortune of John L., you see,  
A doctor, and takes a degree,  
And makes little pills  
To assuage human ills ;  
The distinguished John Logan, you see.

There was a young man called " Chink "  
Who wished to be—what do you think—  
He found work too cramping,  
So out he went tramping  
A care-free old " hobo " called " Chink. "

There was a famous poet, Irene,  
Who was really too sweet to be seen.  
She looked to the muse  
To buy her some shoes,  
This wonderful poet, Irene.

There was a young maid called Miss Mary  
Who was always so sweet—not contrary—  
Although fond of books  
She left all for " Brooks "  
The wise little maid called " Miss Mary. "

A nice little maid called " Miss Brown "  
Got tired of staying in town,  
So she wed a young farmer  
Whose last name was " Palmer, "  
This nice little maid called " Miss Brown. "

The fate of Miss Essie will be  
—And also of Miss Lula Bradley—  
They will both be teachers  
And both marry preachers,  
Essie H. and Lula Bradley.

There was a young maid, Adelaide,  
Who hated to be an old maid.  
From Roanoke he came  
And gave her his name,  
This happy young maid Adelaide.

There was a fair dame, Linkenhoker,  
Who was just as sharp as an auger.  
She wanted to vote  
And accordingly wrote  
On suffrage, did Miss Linkenhoker.

There was a fair damsel called Sadie  
Who was a most strong-minded lady.  
She never will marry,  
A miss she will tarry,  
This dear little spinster called Sadie.

There was a young lady Agnew,  
The best actress the stage ever knew.  
With Maud Adams she'll stand  
And go to England  
This famous young actress Agnew.

There was a young maid called Goodwin  
Who was always as neat as a pin.  
In "Math" you will see  
A great prodigy,  
This remarkable maid called Goodwin.  
—*Prophetess*

There is a young lady—Miss Burks—  
Whose duty she never shirks.  
She will cast her lot  
With a banker in Botetourt,  
This charming young lady Miss Burks.  
A. D. L.

### Acrostics

**S** is for Seniors, about whom these lines are composed ;  
The brightest class in school—that everybody knows.

**A** is for Alice and Addie, two dainty brunettes,  
Who will get first honors in June, you bet.

**L** is for Logan, a handsome young lad,  
But from drinking “dopes” he’ll go to the bad.

**E** is for Essie, who’ll soon be a teacher ;  
But she will drop her profession to join a preacher.

**M** is for Melanie, who hailed from Botetourt .  
Altho’ a country girl she’s a sweet little tot.

**H** is for history, which Miss Hannah teaches.  
On woman’s rights she makes many speeches.

**I** is for Irene, a modest young lassie,  
Who has always been first in all of her classes.

**G** is for Galloway, we all must admit,  
With all the boys she is making a hit.

**H** is for Holidays, now very near,  
Yet we leave with regret the scenes so dear.

**S** is for Switzer, for a good definition,  
To be a “ hobo ” is the height of his ambition.

**C** is for Carl, a comical chap,  
Who will learn some “ Trig ” if he studies, perhaps.

**H** is a letter used twice before ;  
So we will not repeat, for fear we may bore.

**O** is for “ Old Maid ” and I see Miss Annie’s fate,  
For something tells me she has long to wait.

**O** is for *Omnis*, that is, all the Seniors not mentioned here,  
But think not, dear classmates, we hold you less dear.

**L** is for Lulu, Lula and Lois, all lovers sincere,  
’Though they have sucked a lemon for more than a year.



## Statistics of the Senior Class

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1. Average age, eighteen.
2. Average height, five feet, eight inches.
3. Favorite profession, teaching school.
4. Handsomest man, Mr. Penn.
5. Prettiest girl, Alice Burks.
6. Best students, Misses Musser and Foutz.
7. Biggest flirt, Miss Agnew.
8. Biggest sports, Messrs. Switzer and Logan.
9. Best note takers, Misses Galloway and Leighton.
10. Favorite authors, Shakespeare and Byron.
11. Favorite study, spelling.
12. Most solemn, Miss Goodwin.
13. Most lovesick, Miss Leighton.
14. Best athletes, Logan and Switzer.
15. Jolliest, Miss Linkenhoker.
16. Most sentimental, Miss Brown.

*C.A.S. & J.L.L.—'11*

## 1911 Will

---

This is the last Will and Testament of the Senior Class, of 1911, of the Salem High School, we being in sane minds, our bedside being surrounded by friends and loved ones, this, the Fourth day of April, Anno Domini Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.

**Item,** To the whole school we leave our brilliancy, and a rare collection of old books, among them a few dog-eared Virgils of the vintage of '76 ;

**Item,** To Miss Jones, Miss Armstrong, and Miss McConkey, we leave, for equal division, our profound gratitude for their labors upon us ; also, to them we leave our love, and a remembrance of a bunch of fourteen naughty naughties ;

**Item,** To the Juniors we leave three rows of hacked desks, with our initials upon them ;

**Item,** To the Sophomores we leave our v a s t knowledge of geometry and Latin ;

**Item,** To the Freshmen we leave the advice of Benjamin Ram—that a still tongue is the best substitute for wisdom—so we advise them to be quiet 'till they acquire that priceless gem ;

**Item,** To those who may follow in our footsteps, we wish them to have our sense of right, integrity, high principles, and a few worn “ ponies. ”

(Signed)	<i>Lois Agnew</i>	<i>Irene Foutz</i>
	<i>Essie Hankins</i>	<i>Lula Bradley</i>
	<i>Addie Leighton</i>	<i>Mary Musser</i>
	<i>Sadie Galloway</i>	<i>Lulu Brown</i>
	<i>Melanie Linkenhoker</i>	<i>John Logan</i>
	<i>Charlie Switzer</i>	<i>Carleton Penn</i>

## Junior Class

---

### Colors

Gold and Black

### Flower

White Rose

---

### Motto

" We Never Sleep "

---

### Officers

---

*President*

LOU CARLISLE

*Vice-President*

DORA HAGA

*Secretary*

MATTIE THOMAS

*Historian*

HOWARD LAMBERT

---

### Class Roll

---

LOU CARLISLE, Salem

LEO DENIT, Salem

DORA HAGA, Salem

HOWARD LAMBERT, Salem

BERTA McCONKEY, Salem

BETSY McCONKEY, Salem

LOUISE PULLIAM, Salem

MATTIE THOMAS, Salem

BESSIE TURNER, Salem

GRACE MOYER, Salem

SADIE UPSON, Vinton





JUNIOR CLASS

## Ode to Junior Class

---

Like a sylvan mountain, solemn and grand,  
Those dignified Juniors gallantly stand  
With their silent beauty, unmarred by defeat,  
They have planted their standards their foes to meet;  
They are calm and stately, as an oak or an elm,  
Ruling, with dignity, their own little realm  
Of Latin, and Math', and English, and French  
With as much tact as a judge on the bench.  
They haven't the brass of a Grammar School brat,  
Or the smart-alec freshness of a first-year rat;  
But, peaceful and happy, they go on their way  
Trying, with cheerfulness and gladness, each debt to pay.  
They're, really and truly, a most wonderful lot,  
Continually believing that toil endeth not  
Until each task is diligently and faithfully, done  
And then is the time to break loose and have fun.  
And be jolly and glad that their heart is light  
Because their work is finished, and finished right.  
Now at their motto let's take just a little peep,  
There it is in bold letters: "WE NEVER SLEEP"  
And again for a glance at their emblem so bright—  
Who would have thought it—a bird of the night.  
Ah, there he sits, a most solemn old owl,  
Bearing no resemblance to any barnyard fowl;  
Look at his eyes! my! how wise he looks!  
Why, surely those Juniors really love books.  
But we are going too far by prying into such things  
And some of you said, "Miss Jones's bell rings"  
So, farewell, Juniors, I am glad we have met  
And I hope you will always have an owl for a pet.

J. HOWARD LAMBERT. *Poet*

## Junior Class History

---

ONCE more I am called upon to make known to the world the deeds of the most famous class that Salem High School has ever been honored to have. But, alas for me! I feel that I am unworthy the honor of being called the historian of such a grand class; but yet, I will endeavor to do my best and not to disgrace my class.

This famous collection of eleven of the most remarkable boys and girls ever joined together as classmates is the cream skimmed from a class of twenty-eight or thirty rats who entered Salem High School in 1908. Of course, you know, when milk is skimmed all of the cream cannot be taken off; we always get a little "Blue John." Well, that is why this is such a remarkable class. All other classes have been either all distinguished pupils or all poor pupils. Now, this class belongs to neither of the above varieties, but it is just a class composed of pupils of good common sense. Other classes have had such unusual ability (their ability may have been great or small) that they were not unusual classes; but this is a class of plain, every-day ability. Now, it is unusual to see a class so far advanced in learning having just plain ability; and, therefore, this is a remarkable and unusual class. But, please bear in mind I am not saying that the members are not talented (for the members are talented, each having his talent for a special thing), but I am taking the class as a whole.

As rats, we were not one bit fresh; we were just plain, simple rats. We bore the scorching which Miss Hannah gave us like Spartans, and we bore like tortures with like courage; and in the end we came out all right.

Now, as Sophomores, we were remarkable; we were not proud and haughty, as most Sophomores are wont to be, but we ever kept our calm and dignified manner with us. We, as Sophomores, gained a good deal of popularity, and this popularity has stuck to us unto this day.

And now we are Juniors, and, I think, we are worthy of the name. We may have done things which we ought not to have done, but I hope we have done more things which are a credit to us. I am not boasting of great deeds we have done as rats and Sophomores are wont to do, for, I think, if we have done anything wonderful, and I hope we have, the world will know of it soon enough, without it being heralded by our own pens and mouths; and the world will give us all the praise we deserve.

And now, I hope that when we become Seniors we will be a credit to the High School, and I hope that it shall never have cause to be ashamed of this remarkable and most unusual class.

J. HOWARD LAMBERT, *Historian*



## Sophomore Class

---

### Colors

Red and White

### Flower

Red Carnation

### Motto

---

"Sailing by the Stars"

---

### Officers

---

*President*

SIDNEY SCARBOROUGH

*Vice-President*

RACHEL GARRETT

*Secretary*

MYRA LOGAN

*Historian*

COLLINS LEAVELL

*Poetess*

GOLD LIGHT

### Class Roll

GEORGE CLARK . . .	Salem	ALVA JARBOE . . . . .	Salem
DOUGLAS CRITZ . . .	"	NAOMI SMITH . . . . .	"
COLLINS LEAVELL . .	"	GLENNA PRICE . . . . .	"
SIDNEY SCARBOROUGH	"	ETHEL WHITESCARVER	"
FAITH CAMDEN . . .	"	MIRIAM WHITESCARVER	"
MAUD GOODWIN . . .	"	WALTER MILES . . .	Roanoke
GRACE GOODWIN . . .	"	MAMIE MEADOR . . .	"
LENA GOODWIN . . .	"	NEWTON MOSELEY . .	Vinton
MARY GOODWIN . . .	"	BETH MORGAN . . . .	"
STELLA GARNETT . . .	Salem	LUCILE BENNETT . .	Catawba
RACHEL GARRETT . .	"		
GOLD LIGHT . . . . .	"		
MYRA LOGAN . . . . .	"		
LIZZIE LOWMAN . . .	"		
OLA MORRIS . . . . .	"		
PATTIE BRIGHTBILL .	"		
VIRGINIA DAME . . .	"		
BERTHA HAUPT . . .	"		
LEONE JOHNSTON . . .	"		



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Class Song

---

*Tune: " Stars of the Summer Night "*

Stars of the summer night !  
Shine on forever bright,  
For 'tis by thee we sail.  
Thirteen ! Class of Thirteen !

Darkness of the midnight drear  
Before our stars must flee,  
For they shine calm and clear.  
We sail ! We sail by the stars !

Sophomores ! Sophomores !  
'Tho' now it is but 'Leven,  
Two years will bring us to  
Thirteen ! Nineteen Thirteen !

Red and White ! Red and White !  
For purity and work you stand,  
And we must e'er be true—  
A striving, happy band.

*Poetess.*



## Sophomore History

**I**N the course of inhuman events the class of '09 emerged from its three-months' sleep to take up life again as the Sophomores of '10. Although they had many struggles and trials in the Freshman year, having for the first time taken algebra and Latin, and, moreover, as Freshmen, having had to endure many indignities from the upper-classmen, nevertheless, nearly all the Freshmen came back the next year a happy and contented (?) lot.

This year was begun with about thirty members—a very large Sophomore class, and, although several had dropped out, several had “dropped in.” The Freshman class, also, was very large, and all the other classes could not ——— but the rest must remain untold. Our Math. and Latin teacher hammered those most important (?) studies into us, or, at least, tried to; while our English and History teacher stormed and threatened us into writing compositions and remembering what Napoleon did when he sailed across the English Channel.

Our Chemistry teacher was also busy teaching us laboratory stunts and other miracles.

Although we have had many adversities, we still show our class spirit. During examinations the Freshmen requested us to change rooms with them, on account of their large number and small room. The Sophomores, not being willing to sit under the Freshmens' flag, some of our staunch leaders attempted to pull it down, but the principals coming in spoiled the whole affair, and left the red and black dangling in the air like a furled pennant. Although incurring the displeasure of some, we gained quite a decisive victory that day and found out that we had an undoubted champion in our teacher.

Fate seemed against us this year; the first day of April came on Saturday and our hopes of fun were scattered to the winds; but we live for the future.

As the session draws to a close, we do not feel that we are flattering ourselves in saying that our class is second only in name, but that it is first and foremost in every quality requisite to school life.

HISTORIAN





## Freshman Class

### Colors

Maroon and Black

### Flower

Red Rose

### Motto

*"Nulla victoria sine labore"*

### Class Yell

Hickety ! rickety ! whikety ! whack !  
We're the class of maroon and black ;  
All are bright ; none are green ;  
We'll be Seniors in June '14.

### Officers

#### *President*

MILLER BUSHNELL

#### *Vice-President*

ELIZABETH OAKEY

#### *Secretary*

BERNYCE AGNEW

#### *Treasurer*

WILLIAM PRETZMAN

#### *Historian*

KATHERINE YONCE

#### *Poet*

BERNYCE AGNEW

#### *Editor*

CHARLETON WOOD

### Class Roll

BERNYCE AGNEW . . . Salem	GAY JONES . . . . . Salem	WILLIAM PRETZMAN . . . Salem
LILLIAN AMES . . . . . "	MYRTLE JONES . . . . . "	DAVID PLAINE . . . . . "
HAZEL BROWN . . . . . "	EARL JOHNSON . . . . . "	ANNIE ROBINSON . . . . . "
LUCILE BOONE . . . . . "	MARION JONES . . . . . "	NANCY SHELOR . . . . . "
MILLER BUSHNELL . . . . . "	FRANCIS KILLIAN . . . . . "	FITZHUGH SHELOR . . . . . "
LOUIE CUSTER . . . . . "	INDIA KILLIAN . . . . . "	HOWARD STARKEY . . . . . "
ANNIE CALLAWAY . . . . . "	EDWARD KUDER . . . . . "	HATTIE THOMAS . . . . . "
SUSIE CALLAWAY . . . . . "	RUSH LAMBERT . . . . . "	MARION THOMASON . . . . . "
FLANDERS CALLAWAY . . . . . "	REA MARTIN . . . . . "	LOUIS VEST . . . . . "
CUSTER CORNET . . . . . "	VIRGINIA MARTIN . . . . . "	AMINEE WOODS . . . . . "
LAWRENCE DUNCAN . . . . . "	DORCAS MARTIN . . . . . "	LILLY WILSON . . . . . "
FRANCIS FLANAGAN . . . . . "	FORREST MILLER . . . . . "	CHARLTON WOOD . . . . . "
REEVES GRAVELY . . . . . "	GEORGE MOYER . . . . . "	LENNA WALTERS . . . . . "
CLARENCE HARTLESS . . . . . "	ELIZABETH OAKEY . . . . . "	KATHERINE YONCE . . . . . "
ERNEST HALFY . . . . . "	JULIA PRICE . . . . . "	JULIA COOK . . . . . Vinton
ALLEASE JONES . . . . . "	ELIZABETH PULLIAM . . . . . "	WILLIE MASON . . . . . "
LUCY JONES . . . . . "	MARGARET PENN . . . . . "	WENDELL COLES . . . Bent Mt.





FRESHMAN CLASS

## First Class Poem

---

### I.

Of the class which is to us so dear  
I'm sure the world would like to hear ;  
So I'll try to give a true relation  
Of this star of the rising generation.

### II.

But briefly shall we mention the name  
Of a couple of mates on their way to fame—  
Wilson and Wood, who are running a race  
For the highest honors at the end of the chase.

### III.

Of each member we'd like to relate,  
But, as time is precious, we'll leave the rest to fate ;  
May they journey onward and their courses pursue,  
Until each has accomplished his aim through and through.

### IV.

Maroon and black are first-class colors,  
And prettier are they than all the others,  
And the first day our pennant adorned the wall  
The other classes envied it, one and all.

### V.

But what is the motto of such a class ?  
Very naturally you will ask,  
And the reply, 'though not applied to the sword or saber,  
Will be : "No Victory Without Labor."

### VI.

As the end of our Freshman days is almost come,  
May we stand in June with our task "well done"  
And when again we meet in September,  
The dear old Freshman days we'll remember.

## History of the First Class

---

**I**N September, 1910, a great event in the history of Salem High School took place. At that time the largest class on record was enrolled, and in it was found quality, as well as quantity. Early in the fall the class was organized, electing its president and other officers. After selecting our colors, black and maroon, we made a pennant which we hung on our class-room wall. Although it was not our original intention to hang it in so inconspicuous a place, it was thought the wisest plan, to preserve peace.

It is considered the privilege of the other classes to annoy Freshmen as much as possible, and though we have not entirely escaped, there being strength in numbers, we have not been bothered by them to a very great extent.

Though only Freshmen, and new to the ways of high school life, the class of 1914 has made a good record. Our Society work has been good, and shows that the class possesses much talent. Several members have also made the football and baseball teams. The highest grade at the January examinations was made by a Freshman, and no doubt we shall carry off many honors in June.

In spite of these honors, we are still young and inexperienced, and what we do in haste we generally repent of at leisure. Though our act of haste in celebrating the birthday of the "Father of His Country" was not meant to be defiance as we were told it was, we hope the ill-effects will not be far-reaching.

The ups and downs of High-School life have been enjoyed and endured. We have had our fun and "scrapes."

Our hopes and ambitions are high, and no doubt the class of 1914 will give to the world great statesmen, poets, musicians, suffragettes, and, perhaps, a President.







## Dramatic Club

### THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

Mortimer J. Sterling . . . . .	Lawrence Duncan
Victor Brown . . . . .	Grady Garrett
Harry Stevenson . . . . .	Leo Denit
Barnes, the butler . . . . .	William Pretzman
Mike Shannon . . . . .	Lewis Vest
Mrs. Lydia Sterling . . . . .	Addie Leighton
Minerva Sterling . . . . .	Berta McConkey
Clara Sterling . . . . .	Myra Logan
Molly, the maid . . . . .	Ethel Whitescarver
Belle Brantley . . . . .	Gold Light
Mrs. Wright . . . . .	Rachel Garrett
Miss Palmer . . . . .	Lulu Brown
Mrs. Jennie Van Deusen Spuyker . . . . .	A Personage

#### RECEPTION COMMITTEE

Miriam Whitescarver, Beth Morgan, Julia Cook, Hazel Brown, Elizabeth Oakey,  
Hattie Thomas, Lucile Bennett, Maud Goodwin.

### GADSBY'S GIRLS

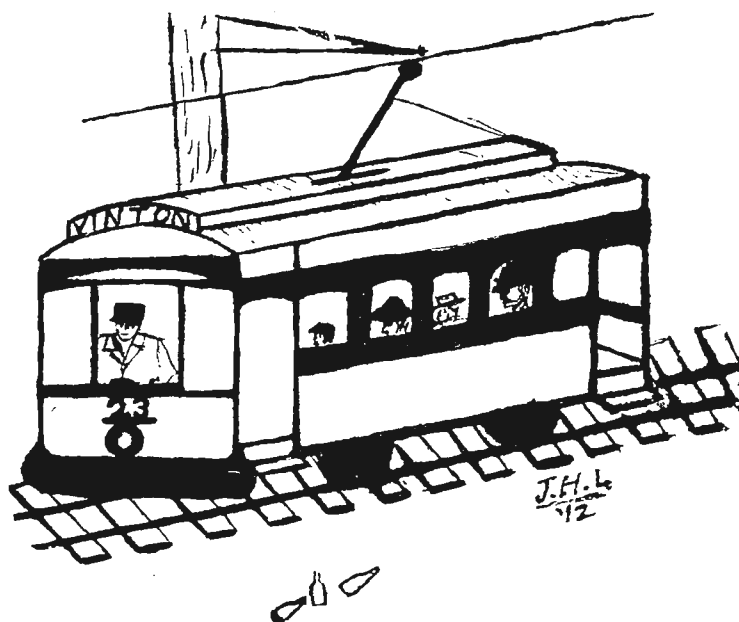
Richard Stanley . . . . .	John Logan
Joseph Parker . . . . .	Charlie Switzer
Morris Young . . . . .	Howard Lambert
Steve, the farm boy . . . . .	Sydney Scarborough
Mabel Parkins . . . . .	Alice Burks
Ester Carroll . . . . .	Lois Agnew
Grace Chester . . . . .	Sadie Galloway
Mrs. Dodge . . . . .	Melanie Linkenhoker
Maximilian Hunnewell Gadsby . . . . .	Carleton Penn



DRAMATIC CLUB



## The Vinton Club



### COLORS

Royal  
Purple  
and  
Sky  
Pink

=

### MOTTO

We  
Never  
Walk

### MEMBERS :

I. NEWTON MOSELEY

WILLIE G. MASON

JULIA M. COOK

BETH L. MORGAN

SADIE M. UPSON

### NAMES OF OFFICERS :

*A PROFOUND SECRET*

### Crops :

Broom Sedge and Wild Onions

### Drinks :

Adams Ale and H<sub>2</sub>O

### Favorite Dishes :

Pickled Mosquito's Tongue, Eel's  
Ears, Sauer-Kraut, Cornbread

### Occupations :

Looking, Seeing, Listening, Hear-  
ing and Eating

### Flowers:

Cowslips and Dandelions



## Lyceum Roll

### SENIORS '11

John Lee Logan	Charlie Switzer	Carleton Penn
Alice Burks	Sadie Galloway	Mary Musser
Irene Foutz	Lois Agnew	Lulu Brown
Melanie Linkenhoker	Lula Bradley	Essie Hankins
Virginia Goodwin	Addie Leighton	

### JUNIORS '12

Howard Lambert	Louise Pulliam	Sadie Upson
Leo Denit	Mattie Thomas	Lou Carlisle
Bessie Turner	Betsy McConkey	Berta McConkey
Dora Haga	Grace Moyer	

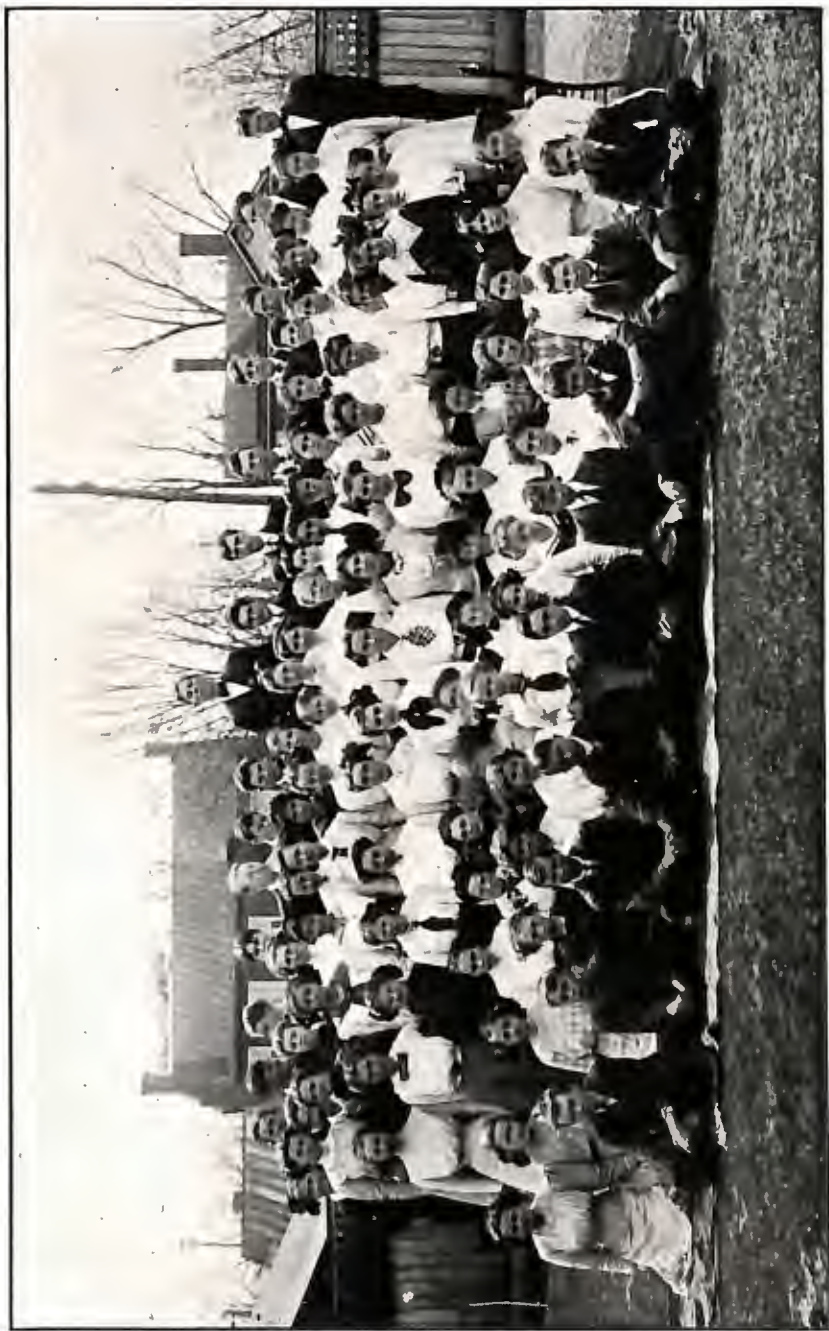
### SOPHOMORES '13

Miriam Whitescarver	Sydney Scarborough	Pattie Brightbill
George Clark	Douglas Critz	Collins Leavell
Walter Miles	Newton Moseley	Lucile Bennett
Faith Camden	Maud Goodwin	Grace Goodwin
Lena Goodwin	Mary Goodwin	Stella Garnett
Rachel Garrett	Gold Light	Myra Logan
Lizzie Lowman	Mamie Meador	Ola Morris
Beth Morgan	Virginia Dame	Bertha Haupt
Leone Johnston	Alva Jarboe	Naomi Smith
Glenna Price	Ethel Whitescarver	

### FRESHMEN '14

Bernyce Agnew	Lillian Ames	Hazel Brown
Lucile Boone	Miller Bushnell	Julia Cook
Louie Custer	Annie Callaway	Wendell Coles
Flanders Callaway	Clarence Hartless	Reeves Gravely
Lawrence Duncan	Ernest Haley	Allease Jones
Lucy Jones	Earl Johnson	Gay Jones
India Killian	Myrtle Jones	Frances Killian
Marian Jones	Edward Kuder	Rush Lambert
Rea Martin	Virginia Martin	Dorcas Martin
Willie Mason	George Moyer	Elizabeth Oakey
Elizabeth Pulliam	Margaret Penn	David Plaine
William Pretzman	Annie Robinson	Nancy Shelor
Fitzhugh Shelor	Howard Starkey	Hattie Thomas
Marion Thomason	Lewis Vest	Aminee Woods
Lilly Wilson	Charlton Wood	Katherine Yonce
Julian Price	Lenna Walters	Forrest Miller





LYCEUM MEMBERS





## Puns

---

John Logan—"Miss Jones, I don't think we ought to have a sentimental play this year, for, you know, love making can't be properly done on the stage."

---

Miss Jones—"Carleton, what part of speech is 'pigro'?"

Carleton—"It's a verb."

Miss Jones—"Give the principal parts."

Carleton—"Pigro, pigere, squeeli, grunt."

---

Miss Hannah—"Gold Light is a very bright girl."

C. P.—"Well, we would naturally expect gold to be bright with a light on it."

---

Old Lecturer, taking up collection—as he came to Miss Jones—"The liberal soul shall be made fat."

Miss Jones—"Give me back my quarter."

---

Charlie S.—"Lulu, your face is like a rose to me."

Lulu (much pleased)—"Oh, Charlie!"

Charlie S.—"I mean it's as red as a rose."

Lulu—"Very gentlemanly, I must say."

---

Miss Alice Burks wants to know what happened on the 50th day of October.

---

Sadie G.—"Mary, come in the assembly room at recess and see my female quintette."

Mary—"All right, I'll be there."

Leo Denit (after appearing to be in a deep study)—"Sadie, what sort of rare animal did you say you had in the assembly room? I'd like to see it, too, if it won't bite."

---

Miss Hannah often uses an expression that puzzles the class. It is, "My one idea." We never know whether she means her "one idea" or her "one-eyed dear."



These are the voices heard in the room adjoining Howard Lambert's "Come, come here, pony;" then, "whoa, whoa, I tell you;" after which follows a few "giddaps," and he begins with "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse—whoa, I tell you—our—giddap—patience."

---

### SONG OF A SENIOR

(Composed after the death of his pony)

#### I.

Once I had a little pony,  
A pretty pony he,  
Black and white and read all over  
He was the world to me.

#### II.

But alas! as fate would have it,  
I rode him out one day,  
He pranced and capered, ran and played,  
And was from me snatched away.

#### III.

And shall it thus forever be,  
That I shall have to walk,  
Just because that blamed old pony  
Had to go and balk?

---

Miss A.—"Douglas, what is the smallest part of a compound?"  
Douglas—"An elephant" (element).

---

Miss H.—"Who can describe Cedric's tonsure?"  
Myra (raising her hand)—"It was richly embroidered."

---

Collins, to Sidney—"Sidney, have you any courting plaster?"  
Sidney—"Yes, but none to spare."

---

A clause from Stella's composition: "We were anticipating a catamount."

Miss Hannah—"Rush, put down your collar; I hate to see those things up around me."

Rush (grinning)—"It's up around me, Miss Hannah."

---

Miss Annie (angrily)—"Who was that talking?"

Miller—"I guess it was me, Miss Annie, but it was only one word."

Miss Annie—"Well, I'll take your name; you were talking."

Miller (resuming his conversation)—"Well, I'll get my money's worth."

---

Miss Hannah (after spelling class)—"How many words did you miss, Charleton?"

Charlton—"One."

Miss Hannah—"I thought you missed two."

Charlton—"I missed that word twice."

---

Miss Jones—"William, what are you eating in school?"

No reply from William.

Miss Jones (to Wendell Coles)—"Wendell, was William eating?"

Wendell—"He told me not to tell."

---

Miss Annie (in physical geography class)—"What is there that is as light as a feather, and you can't hold it ten minutes?"

George Moyer—"Your breath."

# Chronicles of the Hi-Skulites

---

BY THE GREAT PROPHET AND PATRIARCH

## CHAPTER I.

**A**ND it came to pass in those days that a decree went forth from Rollins Cook-us, that all the sons of men should gather themselves together unto him at the Palace of Hi-Skule.

And upon the day decreed the sons of men came to the Palace of Hi-Skule ; in mighty numbers did they come, each bearing the ensign of his tribe upon his helmet. And among them, all the sons of men who wore the ensign "11" walked the proudest, and were looked upon by all as mighty men of valor.

Now, it had always been the custom at the Palace of Hi-Skule to have the mighty kings ranged in their order ; but this day a stranger sat upon the throne of Great Queen Jonesephat.

On the third day of the congregation of Hi-Skulites, a messenger came telling that Queen Jonesephat had been sorely wounded in a battle against the Bedfordlites.

Great were the lamentations of the sons of men at this sad news, many wrapping themselves in sackcloth and eating ashes.

But the minds of the Hi-Skulites were soon turned from the sore wounding of Queen Jonesephat to the coming in of a new tribe.

This new tribe was called the Wbratts. A most mongrel tribe was this tribe, made up of both large and small, mighty and puny ; but all were of the same verdant hue.

But of all the tribe of Wbratts there were none like unto the other tribes of Hi-Skulites. The tribes of '11, '12 and '13 would not so much as look upon the Wbratts, saying that they were unworthy of the notice of the Hi-Skulites.

And it furthermore came to pass that Queen Johanna ruled in those days, in the stead of Queen Jonesephat did she rule with a powerful hand. And had it not been that those days were shortened by some goodness, all of the sons of men would have perished.

But Queen Jonesephat was beheld coming in the distance. Then did swift runners go to meet her, bowing their faces to the dust, and crying, "Oh, Queen Jonesephat, your return is life to us, for in thy absence we have been very much oppressed." Then Queen Jonesephat was lifted into the Palace of Hi-Skule.

And then did she rule with diligence and equity, to the downfall of the strange Queen and of all others. And to this day does she rule the Hi-Skulites and there is peace throughout all the land, world without end, a—woman.

## CHAPTER II.

And furthermore, it came to pass in the reign of Queen Jonesephat that a band was formed among the Hi-Skulites. This band was called the Lie-see-um; and it was decreed that when the sun had chased the moon around the earth three-score times, that then should a new set of chiefs be set over the Lie-see-um. The chief of all these was the Chief High Dog, who sat at the table with the Scratching Dog, who kept the names of the Lie-see-umites. Then there were others appointed by the High Dog; these were called Pupp-Growleys. Now the duties of the Pupp-Growleys were to name the Lie-see-umites who should dance and make musick at their meetings.

Also, it was the duty of Queen Johanna to set aside the choice of the Pupp-Growleys and make her own choice supreme in all matters. Thus, in time, it came to pass that the realm of the Lie-see-um came to be considered as the rightful portion of Queen Johanna.

And in those days did all the powerful rulers govern their domains, Queen Jonesephat ruled over the Hi-Skulites, Queen Johanna over the Li-see-umites, and Princess Maxeyoverthe lower kingdom, Chemistritus, of powerful mixtures, horrible fumes and curiously fashioned vessels.

## CHAPTER III.

1. And it came to pass that on the night of the seventh day of the third moon of the ——— year of the reign of Queen Jonesephat that a marvelous thing took place.

2. While I, Dham, the son of Aghun, sat in my chamber at a late hour, and, with a weary eye, studying the books of Math, it came to pass, even before mine eyes.

3. As I was reading that touching little contribution of my old friend Pythagoras, to the science of geometry, I heard a rustle at my side. Before I looked up, the faint odor of bergamot was wafted to my nostrils, and I at once knew that my sister Hecate had come to visit me. Looking up, my eyes verified the judgment of my olfactory organ.

4. When I saw her; my heart gave a great leap of joy, for she was more beautiful than I had e'er seen her before. She wore a cunning little hobble skirt, and



the hair of her three heads was arranged after the strictest Greek style, such as the young damsels of the Hi-Skulites imitate. In one of her three mouths was a marvelously large wad of chewing gum, while the other two carried on an incessant flow of conversation. The talk of each of her two talking mouths was intended for each of my two ears. The conversation coming in at each ear, met in my head and at once became a coagulated mass of meaningless talk.

5. Then did I fill one of her mouths with my hand cloth rolled into a ball. Then could I perceive the meaning of her words. In words of such liquid sweetness that they ran out of the corners of her mouth and down her chin she told me to follow her and see where the wicked science of Math was forged.

6. I did as she bade me and followed her out of mine house, even into the dark night did I go with my sister Hecate, until she came to a far-off field.

7. Now reaching into her hip pocket she drew forth her magic wand. Holding this in an out-stretched hand she murmuringly murmured a formula of great power.

8. At once a mighty pit appeared in the face of the earth and out came a wondrous wonder, a mighty man with wings as the size of a ship's sail. He knelt before us and my sister Hecate bade me mount. I did so. She followed.

9. Then at a word from Hecate he plunged into the pit and flew downwards with increasing speed. After dropping for about 98c worth, the winged man said that we were seven thousand leagues beneath the earth.

10. Soon the smell of brimstone came into my nostrils. After twenty-seven flaps of his mighty wings the winged man set us down in a large open place.

11. In the distance with mine eyes I could see great fires and could hear many moans, groans and shrieks, mostly female voices, although I saw my old friends Cicero, Vergil, Catiline and Anthony, all in a most friendly manner shooting a game of pool. About every five minutes Cicero would mount an empty beer-keg and cry out, "How long, oh Mr. Catiline, will you have patience with my abuse?"

12. Then the winged man led us to the lowest apartment of the realm.

13. There I beheld a wondrous sight. His Royal Highness, the Devil, sat enthroned, and before him a huge cauldron boiled. We went near. Then sister Hecate led me to His Royal Horny Headedness and made known to him our mission.

14. The heat from the great fire under the cauldron burned my face, and with great kindness His Crooked Tailedness ordered two of his imps to hold a glass before me so that I might see all and yet not be burned.

15. Then I beheld other imps whose duty it was to feed the fire. I observed them using as fuel many curiously shaped objects, which His Satanic Majesty informed me were the minds of many poor unfortunate scholars of Math.

16. His Cloyen-Footedness further informed me that they were filling an order for Queen Jonesephat. Her requirements were that this new creation should be so hard as to wring pupils' minds out by the roots.

17. Then His Shag-Haired Majesty gave orders to his servants: "Now mix  $90^\circ$  secants with a tangent of angles. To that add a mantissa of digits." To me he said that he was confident of pleasing Queen Jonesephat, for this mixture would indeed be the masterpiece of his realm.

18. Now he gave further orders to those who did his bidding: "Roll out a cotangent of logs and to them add a cosine of points. Then stir in equal parts of schemes, vertices, lines and negative angles. Stew it all up with an angle of functions and a formula of signs. Then cover the whole with radicals and let cool."

19. At this moment did my sister Hecate beckon to me and told me that we must go, for dawn drew nigh. Then upon the shoulders of the winged man did we leave without His Devilishness even noticing our exit.

20. With mighty flaps of his wings did the winged man soon bring us out of the earth and set us down. My sister Hecate took my hand and led me to the door of mine house.

21. Then she vanished and I stood alone in the cool air of the March night and thought of my visit to the birth-place of Trig.

## Senior Class Diary

---

**S**EPTEMBER 12. Miss Jones is not here. A thing unusual. The boys feel the loss of "Uncle William." "Fessor" Keaton was a main-spring to the school. Thirteen Seniors present to-day.

Sept. 13. Miss Jones not here yet. We hear it is a badly sprained ankle. Great sorrow is manifest in all the classes because of her affliction. Nothing doing except for Miss Annie prohibiting "bucking the rats," and Miss Hannah astounded both the higher classes by asking "Judge" Lambert what he would think if he saw a rooster a yard tall going up the street. "Judge's" answer was characteristic of him. He said he "wouldn't think nothing much."

Sept. 14. Miss Linkenhoker arrives looking very fat and corpulent. She comes from a good country. Senior Agnew takes a tumble. She screams: such an undignified thing for a Senior to do. Of course, the blame of her fall was laid on innocent Carleton Penn.

Sept. 15. Nothing doing in the Senior class this morning. In the afternoon Mr. C. A. Switzer was given a ticket to the "Ball Headed Row." He appeared to enjoy himself immensely. He is requested to remain a minute after school. Bucked two new boys. Miss Hannah threatens to "bust the whole class."

Sept. 16. Nothin' doin'.

Sept. 19. Monday morning. Miss Jones sends a message that she expects to arrive to-morrow on crutches. A teacher with crutches is a thing to be feared. Seniors Logan and Penn read French in grand style. P. S.—Miss Jones has arrived on crutches. Seniors Logan and Penn called upon to bring her up the steps.

Sept. 20. No school to-day. All go to the "Great Roanoke Fair."

Sept. 21. Attempt is made to buck the rats. They outnumber us and the attempt is unsuccessful. Society is organized this afternoon. The class of '11 still continues to have a hand in the game.

Sept. 22. Seniors Logan, Switzer, and Linkenhoker are absent. Supposedly taking in the Fair.

Sept. 23. Nothing doing again.

Sept. 26. Monday morning. Senior Penn is given a free ticket to the "Ball Head Row." (No comedy as when Senior Switzer last filled that seat.)

Sept. 27. Seniors hold a class meeting.

Sept. 28. Great excitement! A representative of E. A. Wright calls around to take our orders for class pins. After much discussion, a pin is selected. Miss Hannah, in closing English class, made a remark about her broken train of



thought. Perhaps her smoker and diner got disconnected. Miss Jones, upon entering says something about her shattered threads of thought. She thinks too much about clothes, or perhaps some one has unraveled her mind. Prof. Mac-becomes wrathful. Her voice goes up to the pitch of L, and she pounds the poor dictionary and requests and threatens the Seniors to behave.

Sept. 29. Great preparations for our first "Society Day." Three old "Freshies" came up to learn to sing in Assembly. Miss Hannah talks on the great and inexhaustible theme of life and its duties.

Sept 30. Nothing particularly exciting happens in the forenoon. "Society" in the afternoon. "Judge" Lambert electrifies the society by a brilliant speech.

October 3. Secretary Burks received a letter stating that our order for class-pins is received. Senior Switzer and Dolly Dimple are absent to-day. Perhaps they are taking a trip together. Subjects for a composition are discussed. Senior Agnew has a sore mouth. Been playing postoffice, no doubt. Sulphurous fumes arise from the lower regions, accompanied by fiendish laughs.

Oct. 4. Weather fine. We hear that we get Thursday and Friday as holidays. Teachers' Institute is to be held. 2:00 o'clock p. m. At this time all Seniors paying 10 cents can get a reserved seat at Penn's window, from which place a good view can be had of a continuous pig-fight. This is a show that all civilized, enlightened Christian people should see. Instructive and entertaining. Will not offend the most fastidious nature. Come all!!

Oct. 5. Weather cloudy. Miss Hannah stormy. She declares the Seniors act disgracefully. Senior Penn thinks of getting a colored school to teach. Senior Agnew on a high-horse. Dolly Dimple declares she is going to get a school for one year, in order to get her trousseau.

Oct. 10. Monday after the Teachers' Institute. Senior Logan absent. Miss Jones has disposed of her crutches. Miss Jones gives the "Spearmint Kiddo" a black eye. She prefers a song in which the sweet sentiments of love are not so coarsely expressed.

Oct. 11. Seniors read their compositions. Miss Hannah thinks she'll reject one of them. Senior Linkenhoker is set upon rather hard by Miss Hannah.

Oct. 12. Seniors take the first written lesson of the term. Miss Jones, escorted by Senior Penn as guard, goes through the boys' ground to clear the fence of the "Four Hundreds." A quintette is organized among the boys. Great crowds gather to hear them sing. Mr. Cook pays a visit to the school. Prof. Mac. actually says that Senior Penn is doing well in French.

Oct. 13. Thirteenth of the month. Unlucky for Seniors Burks, Leighton, and Switzer. A task of thirty figures is presented to them by Miss Jones. Senior Penn moralizes that "The wages of sin is death." Senior Switzer calls it his "Jonah Day."



Oct. 14. Nothing doing.

Oct. 17. What do you know about Carleton Penn getting on the honor roll? Senior Penn nearly "throws a fit." Senior Agnew has a weird seizure and is "set on" by Miss Hannah.

Oct. 18. Miss Jones actually slings a little slang. Senior Penn laments the fact and she informs him that she tries to speak so he can understand her. Senior class stirs the Annual question again.

Oct. 19. Miss Hannah proves to her own satisfaction that woman is superior to man in every respect except physical strength; and it may be safely added that she is not much lacking in that quality. Prof. Mac. is exceedingly dignified today. Later in the day Miss Hannah informs Junior Turner that she (Miss Hannah) is not engaged in the business of money changing.

Oct. 20. Thursday is still Senior Switzer's "Jonah Day." By a clever arrangement, Miss Hannah hands him the wrong question. Seniors Logan and Penn can't come to his rescue for the vigilance of Miss Hannah's eyes. Senior Galloway is absent to-day.

Oct. 21. Senior Foutz is sick to-day and Miss Galloway still absent. The day opens by a severe lecture being given the "young gentlemen of the Senior class" by Miss Jones. The cause of her lecture was the falling of a ruler, which so shocked her nerves that she thought some one had tried to assassinate her, and so she gave a talk on the evils of carrying matches. The Seniors look much debilitated after the 10th proposition in Book IX.

Oct. 24. Seniors Foutz and Galloway are at school again after being sick. They try to look much emaciated in order to soften the hearts of the teachers. First bid for the publishing of the Annual is received. Great excitement! Our class-pins have arrived. Everybody "tickled to death." Miss Peel, of the class of 1910, paid our class a visit this morning.

Oct. 25. To-day the Senior class was introduced to Trigonometry. Miss Jones assures us that we will get along all right if we study. Carleton Penn makes a resolution to study it with all his might.

Oct. 26. Miss Hannah groans and cries because of the Junior English lesson. She utters some sarcastic remarks. Senior Logan leaves at the first recess. Our foot-ball team plays the Roanoke High School to-day.

Oct. 27. Much foot-ball discussion to-day. The score of yesterday was 5 to 0 in favor of Roanoke. In the society "Judge" Lambert made a speech in which he somewhat ridiculed the old Southern gentleman. He was answered by Senior Penn, and Junior Denit also made a speech. Then "Judge" Lambert started another speech, but Miss Jones called time on him.

Oct. 31. Secretary Burks is called to teach a room in the graded school. Miss Armstrong requests Hist. Penn to buy a different style of shirt. She doesn't like the collar turned up.

Nov. 1. Last night was Hallowe'en. Mighty poor lessons to-day. The Juniors take up the study of "Chaucer's Prologue." Miss Hannah tries to convince them of the bargain they have made by paying 10 cents for the use of the "Literatures" belonging to the school. She also informs Senior Switzer that he has got to do better. He makes a noble effort. Miss McConkey's temper somewhat ruffled.

Nov. 2. Miss Hannah still agitated about the soft collars being worn standing up. She says she doesn't want any of them standing up around her. Hist. Penn tells her that she should have no fear that collar standing around her, because he only wears a No. 14 shirt and she couldn't very conveniently have that stand up around her.

Nov. 3. Seniors have their second set of compositions to-day. Senior Switzer absent. Prof. Mac. becomes wrathful and commands the Juniors to be quiet. Hist. Penn remains for an hour after school to have a tete a tete with Miss Jones. Two agents from Caldwell-Sites call on the Senior class in order to sell them their invitations. When Miss Jones is asked if she will buy them she says "nit." Juniors also want to select their invitations a year ahead.

Nov. 4. Nothing doing to-day. Miss Jones brings forward a theory of how one of her windows got "busted." She also requests Senior Penn to talk in plain U. S. language. Senior Switzer is back at school to-day.

Nov. 7. Miss Hannah threatens to send Senior Switzer "home to stay." She calls on Miss Jones for aid in the noble work. Senior Switzer sings "Home, Sweet Home."

Nov. 8. Miss Hannah has laid aside her big stick and is now using the "Board" on Senior Switzer. Senior Logan has a pet caterpillar that looks like a worm wrapped in a bear-skin. Senior Switzer will remain this evening for a heart-to-heart talk with Miss Hannah. Spelling lesson to-day.

Nov. 9. Miss McConkey informs the Seniors as to the amount of knowledge they should have.

Nov. 10. Two Seniors absent to-day. Miss Agnew gone to "Ben Hur" and Miss Hankerings gone.

Nov. 11. Miss Hannah is a wonderful woman; no doubt about that. She can think up more things to demerit people for than all of the other teachers combined. She has passed an anti-nose-blowing ordinance. She imposes a fine of 1 demerit on old Kasper Penn. It is rumored that he will have his case taken to the higher court—that is, before Judge Jones.

Nov. 14. Miss Hannah in a most gracious mood this morning. Various the-

ories are advanced by the Seniors about the cause of her hilarity. She declares that there is "mighty little benefit in love." This statement is challenged by Senior Penn. Miss Hannah says he may get some pleasure from it but she, never. Senior Switzer adds, "No doubt about that." Review begun in French.

Nov. 15. Seniors have a written lesson in History. Mr. Daaner called for the third time to take the picture of the Senior class. He is anxious to get the pictures of such a handsome bunch as the Senior class. Miss Hannah enlightens the Seniors as to what a man likes in the character of a woman. She sho' does know a heap about that. Maybe some gentleman friend has been instructing her.

Nov. 16. Nothing doing to-day.

Nov. 17. Ditto. Senior Galloway present.

Nov. 18. Election of new officers this morning. Miss Jones tries to drill a hole through some skulls to let a little Trig. drop in. She promised to continue her drilling after Latin period

Nov. 21. Monday morning. In Assembly the newly elected President of the Lyceum resigned. Senior Logan was elected in his stead. Talk of a basket-ball team.

Nov. 22. Nothing unusual to-day, except that all of the members of the Great Triumvirate are in good humor.

Nov. 23. To-morrow is Thanksgiving. Society this afternoon. We got Friday as a holiday also.

Nov. 28. Monday morning. No more long holidays till Xmas. No one studies to-day.

Nov. 29. Cold as the North Pole out doors and colder inside. Miss Hannah in an excellent mood.

Nov. 30. Some old grizzled gray prunie comes to make a talk on the shapes of heads and noses. While taking up the collection he looked at Miss Jones and declared, "The liberal soul shall be made fat," and Miss Jones took back her money.

Dec. 1. Miss Jones exhorts all to study hard, for the new month has begun.

Dec. 2. Seniors Switzer and Penn indulge in reading a dime edition of Billy Shakespeare.

Dec. 5. History—written lesson this morning. Four inches of snow. Ten Seniors present. Miss Hannah discusses the Seniors' essays. Miss Jones turns the Senior Latin into a law court. No prosecuting attorney.

Dec. 6. A young lady teacher from the graded school requests an interview with Senior Switzer. Later, Miss Hannah draws him closer by an invisible cord.

Dec. 7. Miss Hannah makes a touching appeal against divorce. I wonder why it is that Miss Hannah discusses matrimony and its contingencies so much here lately.



Dec. 8. No assembly this morning. Seniors have a class meeting in the lower regions.

Dec. 9. Society day. Miss Hannah's responsibilities seem to weigh heavily upon her.

Dec. 12. Miss Jones declares she wants to meet a student of R. C. Miss Annie Mac in a bad mood; she seems to have a hallucination on entering; she makes the innocent atone for the crimes of the guilty; one innocent got away.

Dec. 13. Miss Jones gives Senior Penn a ticket to the renowned, world-famous "Bald-head Row." Miss Jones has the "three young gentlemen of the Senior Class" doing time at the blackboard.

Dec. 15. Senior Leighton taking in a "sight o' money" these days; I wonder what commission the great triumvirate pays her for collecting for them. French exam. tomorrow. Senior Penn called on Senior Burks last night; he said he learned a great deal of French. Logan and Switzer look sad over the exam. for tomorrow

Dec. 16. French exam. today. Practice in the afternoon for the "Match-Box."

Dec. 19. Nothing unusual today, except that all of the Seniors study Latin most devoutly. Seniors Logan, Switzer and Penn go to the laboratory to study Latin. Senior Switzer explores a heretofore unknown cavern. Senior Penn betakes himself to study Latin with Miss Burks this evening; she fears that he has used a "pony." Far be it from such that he would stain his spotless name with such a horrible crime as "pony-riding."

Dec. 20. Latin exam. in the Senior class; groans and shrieks rend the air.

Dec. 21. Most of today is taken up with arranging the stage for the play and practicing.

Dec. 22. Last day of school before the Xmas. holidays. School lets out at 11 o'clock. The "Match Box" is played; it was a production marvelous, unequalled, gigantic, unexcelled.

Jan. 2. The holidays are past and school reopens; seven seniors are present; school is dismissed at 2:30 o'clock.

Jan. 3. The first thing in the morning Senior Switzer is remembered by Miss Hannah; with a lavish hand she generously gives him a ticket to the celebrated, world-renowned "Bald-Head Row." He watched the show with interest and thought it a good, farcical comedy. Later in the day he again takes in the show. We understand that a Senior is very much interested in a fair damsel of the Sophomore brigade, spent Friday evening in her parlor and had a very pleasant time. Ask him about it.

Jan. 4. Majority of the Seniors miss their history lessons. Senior Penn learns the truth of the maxim "he who laughs last laughs longest." He and Miss Jones have a pleasant chat after school.



Jan. 5. Cold out-doors and hot inside during the first period of the day. Senior Agnew gets amused at Senior Goodwin getting cross-eyed from squinting into her history, which is open at an angle of about 20°. A few more Seniors miss their history. Senior Musser, who has been sick, returns to school.

Jan. 6. Senior Leighton has had some likenesses of herself struck; they are very good of her; she has a cute little pet animal seated in front. Senior Logan startles everyone by his superior knowledge in Latin.

Jan. 9. Senior Goodwin forgot her belt; Miss Hannah will conduct an after-school history lesson this afternoon. Another Senior takes the "Bald-head Row."

Jan. 10. Miss Burks declares nature has given her the roses in her cheeks. Senior Brown blushes over her dimples. Miss Goodwin says she is feeling "right peart, thanky."

Jan. 11. Nothing particular happens today, except the new encyclopedia arrives; only six volumes, and Miss Jones' face falls.

Jan. 12. Seniors have a double-headed history lesson. A little pup made its appearance at school today, slept most of the morning in Senior Penn's desk. It caused great disorder in the class. To the disappointment of all, he refuses to sleep any more, so Senior Penn puts him out on the floor to seek other diversion. In the afternoon the "young gentlemen of the senior class" betake themselves to the lower regions.

Jan. 13. Miss Hannah listens with interest to a dazzlingly bright scheme of Senior Burks; Miss Hannah also wants to see a certain Senior have the starch taken out of him by a man. She knows how to wilt your paper collar alright, believe me.

Jan. 16. Monday and nothing doing, except Senior Burks is called upon to teach a class in the Primary School.

Jan. 17. Four young "Sophs" take a little diversion from their labors by taking down the "Rats'" flag. A reward of two demerits is then given by Miss Jones, also a one dollar show follows. The two demerits are remitted. Spelling match between the Seniors and Juniors; Seniors adhered to their old custom of coming out on top.

Jan. 18, "Exams" begin tomorrow; much examining done today.

Jan. 19. "Trig" examination today.

Jan. 20. English examination. Miss Hannah requests the Seniors not to discuss the "exam." She meant "cuss!"

Jan. 23. Monday and a history "exam" that is guaranteed to be hard enough to "crack the skull" of any ordinary Christian "numskull."

Jan. 24. Spelling "exam" today, and all get out early.

Jan. 25. Today is the day of "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." A few survive the ordeal, but many poor unfortunates perish. Most of thefortunates go to Roanoke to celebrate, especially Logan and Switzer.

Jan. 26. Today Senior Penn made speeches in the rooms to get subscriptions for the Annual.

Jan. 27. Society organized this evening. Judge Lambert elected president. Seniors hold a class-meeting today and Senior Linkenhoker is made editor-in-chief for the Annual.

Jan. 30. Senior Burks is back at school again after an attack of lovesickness. Senior Switzer goes home for his French reader.

Jan. 31. New month begins tomorrow, so Miss Jones wants us all to keep from getting any "marks."

Feb. 1. Mr. Cook pays us a visit. A new act is passed forbidding the Vinton pupils to get off the car at Dillard's; they must ride to the corner of Union street. Miss Jones teaches a "trig" class after school.

Feb. 2. Nothing happens today.

Feb. 3. Written lesson in history this morning.

Feb. 6. Senior Switzer is absent today. Some pupils are requested to remain after school, when a most unrighteous task was given them.

Feb. 7. Nothing of interest happened today. Senior Switzer occupies his old seat on the "Bald-head Row."

Feb. 8. Miss Hannah read the subjects for the Senior essays this morning. Class "motto" discussed.

Feb. 9. Today Miss Hannah got some young ladies of the Senior Class to let her have the "Diary." She read it over, and, fearing that mention would be made of some of the entries in the Annual, she marked them out and then persuaded Miss Jones to forbid them. The funny part of it was that the young lady who procured the "Diary" for Miss Hannah was the same one that was referred to in the omitted passage.

Feb. 10. Senior Agnew is absent today. Some more remarks are cut out of the "Diary." Great excitement.

Feb. 13. Monday morning, and Senior Logan's name was read on the honor roll; may he continue the good work. Fearful lesson in "Trig." We finish second book in French. Senior Switzer is absent today.

Feb. 14. Senior Agnew is requested to let Senior Foutz study; she gets offended.

Feb. 15. Senior Penn goes home sick. Begin third book of French today.

Feb. 16. Senior Penn still absent. Senior Logan has several weird seizures. Senior Linkenhoker guesses at her history question and misses it.

Feb. 17. Several of the Seniors absent. Everything quiet in the morning, but a very interesting meeting of Society in the afternoon.

Feb. 20. A very brilliant poem is written by Seniors Logan and Switzer.

Feb. 21. A sudden wave of patriotism sweeps over the school. Everyone wants to keep holiday tomorrow in honor of the great "Father of His Country."

Feb. 22. No holiday today. It's a shame that we Virginians can't keep holiday on the birthday of one of the world's greatest men, who was also a Virginian. A very slim assembly this morning, for many are taking holiday, anyway.

Feb. 23. Senior Burks wishes to substitute the word "literature" in place of "letters" in a motto. Mr. Cook calls on us in "Trig." period.

Feb. 24. While discussing the proceedings for the High School play, Senior Logan advances the theory that "amateurs" can't love on the stage.

Feb. 27. Senior Galloway, the "star" in "The Princess Beatrice," a Roanoke College play, returns after a day's absence. We congratulate her on her success.

Feb. 28. Senior Burks is absent today. A most unrighteous "Trig." lesson.

Mar. 1. Senior Burks still absent. Miss McConkey very dignified today.

Mar. 2. All the Seniors present today. "Trig." lesson looks "like a mountain." Senior essays discussed. Great preparation for the Seniors' last Society day tomorrow. The boys go to the "lab." for study and moral edification.

Mar. 3. Society this afternoon. Senior colors and pennant used as decorations. Class song is sung by the Seniors. It was a never-to-be-equalled meeting.

Mar. 6. Commencement invitations discussed. Senior Switzer gets one demerit for shooting dabs in school.

Mar. 7. Senior Switzer gets another demerit for his iniquities. Senior Bradley tries to decide whether a pink or blue commencement dress will best please "dear Jakey"—I dare say an old rose dress would set off her complexion "powerful well."

Mar. 8. Examination in "Trig."—comes in two days. Miss Foutz makes a new word (maybe she'll write a dictionary, some day, in the Dutch language). In the afternoon the "three black brothers" go to study "Trig" in the underworld. Senior Penn is suddenly taken violently ill; fears are entertained that perhaps he'll cross Jordan; but "far be it from such."

Mar. 9. Senior Logan is absent in the morning on account of a violent toothache? The grammar in use is mistaken in the gender of "goat;" it should say "Nannie and Billy."

Mar. 10. "Trig." examination today. All the Seniors work and toil over it.

Mar. 13. Senior Foutz absent today; probably the heavy strain of the "Trig." examination has given her nervous prostration.

Mar. 14. Senior Penn buys a season ticket to the "Bald-head Row." "Dolly Dimple" says "Tee-hee-hee-hee;" that sort of curious noise will scare him away.

Mar. 15. Senior Galloway is absent. Senior Switzer gave a demonstration of "blamed stubbornness" in the French class.

Mar. 16. A funny-looking, hog-eyed, bandy-legged, goat-toothed, slue-footed, hook-nosed, big-eared old pruny, dropped in the quiet "city of peace" to strike the combined beauty of each class. The Senior Class was the last up. He did many wonderful stunts. He hopped around in a most charming manner and delighted



every one. When he hopped you could hear his "slats" rattling against each other; but the Seniors got him mad and his gyrations ceased. He cussed, he ripped, he roared and he snorted, and went away and we have not heard from him yet.

Mar. 17. Nothing happens today.

Mar. 20. Senior Musser absent today. Miss Bradley has a drawing made of herself.

Mar. 21. Senior Agnew is brought up on the "Bald-head Row," to repent of her sins; she does not look very remorseful, though. "Gadsby's Girls," one of the High School plays, will practice this afternoon. Some of the young ladies of the Class of 1911 surely can blush beautifully.

Mar. 22. Much disorder in English class this morning as Senior Goodwin made a statement that sounded rather peculiar, for it was something about swimming, I think. Miss Foutz has a drawing made of herself, but Miss Hankins refused to pose.

Mar. 23. "Gadsby's Girls" rehearse again this afternoon.

Mar. 24. The "rats" have brought in too many excuses to Miss Jones and somewhat ruffled the placid waters of her amiable disposition; we get the full benefit of this in Latin Class. A funny little "guy" with side whiskers called around to see us and brought his sister-in-law, dressed in a thin, airy, bespangled "mother-Hubbard" and a curious sort of sun-bonnet; she was brought in and smiled very cunningly. "Cute Kid"—560 pounds avoirdupois.

Mar. 27. Annual discussed today. No boys of the Senior Class on the honor roll. Miss Jones delivers an oration on the prevalent evil of "giggling."

Mar. 28. Senior pictures, which were taken March 16, have arrived, but only a few are sold. Someone said that on this trip the "old fellow" lost his money and religion both.

Mar. 29. The "Annual Staff" have a meeting; class pictures for the Annual will be taken tomorrow, except the Seniors, who will have theirs taken Saturday.

Mar. 30. All the classes appear in "glad-rags" today for the pictures, but it is too windy to take an out-door picture; great disappointment to the young ladies.

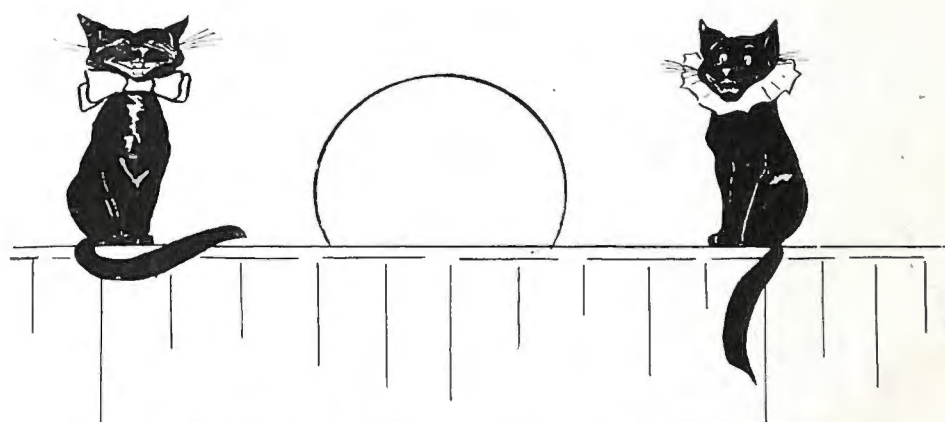
Mar. 31. The Junior Class have their class-picture taken at the studio. The two great heads of the "Triumvirate" are in a most gracious mood.

Apr. 3. All the Seniors except the boys have had their likenesses struck. The boys waited to be the last, in order that the camera might not be broken before the girls had theirs taken.

Apr. 4. Senior Agnew has lost her class pin. We extend to her the "right hand of fellowship" and our sincere sympathy. We had some preaching this morning in assembly; also sung a hymn for a rarity.

Apr. 5. Today is the last day of the "Diary," for it goes to the editor-in-chief to undergo many expurgations and impurgations; so "Good-by, take keer o' yerself!"





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