

The Oracle

1912

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THE ORACLE

1912



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STUDENTS OF SALEM HIGH SCHOOL*

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Dedication

This volume of "The Oracle" is
respectfully dedicated to the
Members of the Faculty
of the Salem High School as a
small token of the
high esteem in which they
are held by their
pupils

Foreword

IN publishing this volume of "The Oracle" we think we are getting out an annual that is a credit to Salem High School and hope that the talent presented in this book does the pupils of the school justice. Several have gladly contributed writings and drawings which have added much to the quality of the book and we wish to thank them for their work. We also wish to thank those who have helped us financially in publishing this volume and in years to come may the old students have pleasant memories of Salem High School recalled to their minds when looking through this volume.

ORACLE STAFF.

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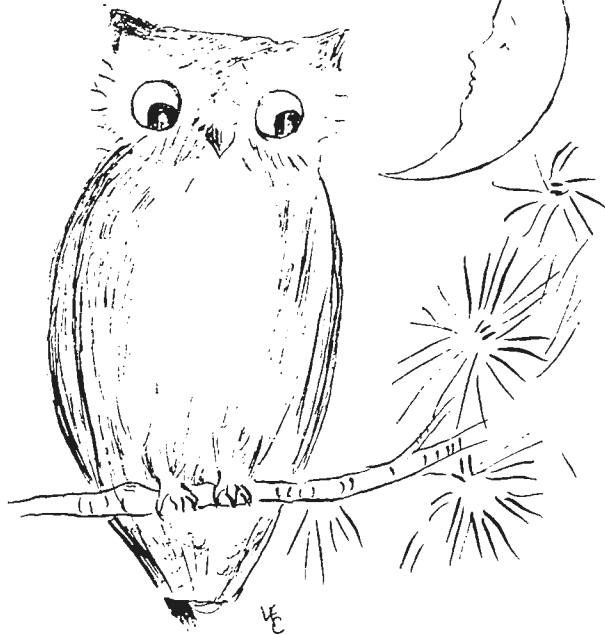


MISS ANNIE MCCONKEY



MISS HANNAH G. ARMSTRONG

"WE = NEVER = SLEEP"



SENIORS

Senior Class

Colors

BLACK AND GOLD

Flower

WHITE ROSE

Motto

"WE NEVER SLEEP"

Officers

J. HOWARD LAMBERT, President

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LEO A. DENIT, Editor

Hell

R—a—a—a—h! R—a—a—a—h!! R—a—a—a—h!!!

Nix nay! Nix nay!! Nelve!!!

Seniors! Seniors!! Nineteen and Twelve!!!

Class Roll

LEO A. DENIT

J. HOWARD LAMBERT

LOU CARLISLE

BERTA McCONKEY

GRACE MOYER

SADIE UPSON

BETSEY McCONKEY

DORA HAGA

BESSIE TURNER

MATTIE THOMAS

Class Poem

We are sailing, Seniors, sailing
O'er the seas of flying time,
And as the waves glide beneath us
Precious hours are left behind.

Some hours thus left behind us
May have been spent in idle play,
But let us hope when this eve's ended
We'll sail the sea of a better day.

Let us point our rudder onward
And spread the white sails of success,
And though the wild winds blow around us,
Let us ply the oars with great stress.

For we're making life's grim journey
And we know the way is long,
Still let us direct our course onward
And make life one grand sweet song.

Let us lend to any hapless sailor,
Who may be drifting on the tide,
A helping hand to guide him homeward
That on the rough sea he may not ride.

Then when our voyage is ended,
And we find our work well done,
On our heads will rest a crown.
At the rise of the morning sun.

And, dear Seniors, when we're parting
Let us hope each will do his work well,
And let us give to each a handshake
Then all may happily say—Farewell!



SADIE MARGARET UPSON

"Smooth runs the water where
the brook lies deep."

The fates hold for you, Miss Upson, a very favorable future. A life of leisure after the four strenuous years at Salem High School. Perhaps a little music, reading, etc., to amuse yourself. Yet looking farther on I see rice, old shoes, white ribbons, bells, etc. All symbols of ———?

BETSEY McCONKEY

"Those about her,
From her shall read the perfect
ways of honour."

Betsey's fate is not so clear. Such a student as she ought surely to continue at some fine college and take her degree. What she will do with it still remains wrapped in obscurity, as all prophecies are.



BESSIE SUE TURNER

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax
Her cheek like the dawn of day."

Bess, you seem to have arranged your fate yourself. You have planned to teach a year and then go off to school. Yet you can not see as far as "The Oracle." The leaves hold a better fate than you anticipate. We cannot picture you many years in school for we all know about the "Special" at U. Va.

MARGARET GRACE MOYER

"Deep brown eyes running
over with glee."

"Mischief box," Grace by name, thinks she is going to teach school for a few years. But we fear it will be a few years sure enough for she will "smash" some heart with those brown eyes and bewitching ways.



BERTA McCONKEY

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

This most attractive young maiden, Berta, has a brilliant future before her. Her life at Randolph will be one long brilliant college career. She will return home covered with "Math" and Latin medals and take up her class in some not far distant school. We all wish her success and hope that some day she will rival her "big sister." But Berta is too pretty to teach school long.

LOU FOSTER CARLISLE

"She doth little kindness which
most leave undone or despise."

Lou possesses a beautiful pair of brown eyes and a suit of hair of a rich brown hue. She is very attractive and loved by all who know her. 'Tis a pity her delightful company should be confined to "just one." We hardly know what Lou's profession will be. She may pursue her studies for a few years, but it will not be long until she will graduate from Cupid's advanced school.



MATTIE ELIZABETH THOMAS

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free."

Mattie's future is indeed clear. Can we not see her settled down as principal of a fashionable young lady's school. Although "Precise" may have been her name in the play, Thomas suits her better.

DORA BELLE HAGA

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

This little blue-eyed, light-haired, German (in the dramatic club) has an interesting future before her. After graduating from this school with honors, she will take domestic science for a few years. Then, Ah! well! C—st—r comes in some time, we can all bid Miss Haga adieu.



LEO ALFRED DENIT

"Every man his faults,
and honesty is his."

Ah, once more esteemed friend and classmate, Mr. Leo A. Denit. What a prosperous future you have to face. You are destined to be a "big bug" in the renowned State of Virginia. The offices you are to hold are important and most honorable. Although "The man dignifies the position."

JAMES HOWARD LAMBERT

"I'll warrant him heart-whole."

One can scarcely foretell his future. He is on a fair road to be a politician an, electrician, a poet, an orator, etc. Yet from all these five accomplishments he has chosen to be a "tin soldier." At any rate we hope he will succeed at this profession and we all know that if he fails to kill the enemy with bullets he can at least talk their arms off.

Class History

WHEN the Salem High School opened the twenty-first of September nineteen hundred eight, a class of no small ability was found ready to enter the sanctum usually provided for the Freshmen.

This class was very happy and ambition was written across the face of each member and if looks foretold anything, these boys and girls were destined to fill important places in the future history of our country.

I might as well say now that the class mentioned above was one which had thirty members and the present Seniors of the Salem High School were formerly members of that ambitious class and the events chronicled below were so closely connected with us, the present Seniors, that we will call them our class history.

As I have said before we were very ambitious and hopeful, but as soon as Miss Jones gave us a few looks that meant "Why haven't you got all of your algebra worked?" and Miss Hannah had delivered a few breathless lectures on the beauties of our native tongue, our temperature fell about ten degrees and fifty-two minutes and we might have left the earth altogether had not a guardian angel in the form of Miss McConkey been sent to watch over us. Her fond caress has enlivened our spirits many times when we were delinquent in "Math" or English. She won our love that year and has kept it ever since.

A new addition was being made to the edifice commonly called the High School Building and the racket caused by the saws and hammers kept us from going to sleep during the history recitation, while an occasional brick-bat or scantling falling on our heads served to remind us that Latin, "Math" and History had not taken all the life out of us.

In February a welcome addition was made to our class in the form of Miss Carlisle, and although she caused a little strife among certain members of the class she has always been a valuable classmate.

When the final exams. were over we found that many of our class had distinguished themselves highly, several having gained first honors and made hundreds on Mathematics.

Our Sophomore year was very pleasant in some ways and in some ways it was not. Our class proved itself to be the most popular in the school and it has retained that popularity ever since. We were honored by having six of our members made officers in the Lyceum during the year and our members showed considerable ability in this line of work, but we seemed to be somewhat slow in procuring a knowledge of the elements of Rhetoric and History. This delinquency

caused us to get many scoldings from Miss Armstrong whose love for English could not be appreciated by us.

When any excitement was to be raised our boys were always ready to do their share in promoting it. When the first day of April rolled around we concocted a plot to ring the fire bell. The plot was carried out successfully and quite a disturbance was created, but as we had no regular school that day we got off without punishment. This was the year when our class had the "Big Six" boys and they were worthy of the name even if "Midget" Denit was in the bunch.

When the final exams. were over and we had become Juniors, the Seniors placed their banner of royal purple and gold upon the flag pole of the building. As soon as our eagle eyes perceived it we promptly climbed the pole, took the rag down and in its place we put the glorious flag of blue and white of the Juniors. The next day a higher power ordered the janitor to cut it down. This event ended our Sophomore year.

As Juniors we showed decided improvement in many ways although some of our most important members had left us and our numbers were reduced to ten. But this ten did excellent work and our Latin and "Math" grades were a credit to us. We had the pleasure of reading to our hearts content the orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero, a famous Roman orator and writer who flourished during the first century before Christ. We also became better acquainted with a certain Wm. Shakespeare. We also maintained our place in the world of the Lyceum. During this year the number of boys were reduced to two and they had many heavy burdens to bear, but they were able to stand the work and the annoying attention of the ladies.

When we became Seniors our dream was realized and this class of eight girls and two boys bore the burdens of a Senior gallantly. We showed great originality and our class pins were considered the "cutest ever." Everybody was wild about them and at one time we thought we would have to get the militia to keep the mobs from taking them away from us.

A great deal of spirit was shown when the Lyceum elections were held. We usually were the master spirit in such instances and the Sophomores were very unsuccessful especially in the election which was held the eighteenth of February. This was a bitter and hard fought battle and after a series of diplomatic moves the election went according to the wishes of the Seniors and the Sophomores were overwhelmingly defeated.

In November we had the pleasure of meeting "Mr. Trig." He was an exceedingly pleasant gentleman and we enjoyed his acquaintance very much.

In January Mr. Denit went to Richmond to run for the legislature. He re-

mained there two months and when he returned this town could not hold him so he had to get a suit of long trousers to hold him.

Our Senior year was very happy and now when leaving the High School we hope our future lives will be just as happy and may success await each member of our class as we go out into the world to fight the battle of life.

J. H. L., HISTORIAN '12.

Will of the Senior Class.

WE the Class of '12 being in sane mind and sound body, this the fifth day of April, nineteen hundred and twelve, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

To the Juniors we bequeath our hate for Latin (provided they have not enough) our love for "Trig" and our general popularity as Seniors.

To those everlasting blockheads, called Sophomores, we bequeath our natural ability for work (since they have none), our diplomacy and ability to conduct Lyceum elections.

To the Freshmen we will our hopes that they will study hard; not use "ponies"; get out of "scrapes" in a "slick" way as we are accustomed to do; that Miss Hannah will not lecture them too much; and lastly that they will have a pleasant journey through "High Schooldom."

For the Faculty we have only everlasting gratitude for the lectures, patience and scoldings for without these we feel that we could never have accumulated what little knowledge we have stored in our craniums.

(Signed) BERTA McCONKEY
 LOU CARLISLE
 SADIE UPSON
 BETSEY McCONKEY
 DORA HAGA
 BESSIE TURNER
 MATTIE THOMAS
 GRACE MOYER
 LEO A. DENIT
 J. H. LAMBERT

Junior Class

Colors

Red and White

Flower

Red Carnation

Motto

"Sailing by the Stars"

Officers

President

DOUGLAS CRITZ

Vice-President

RACHEL GARRETT

Secretary

MYRA LOGAN

Historian and Poetess

GOLD LIGHT

Editor

LUCILE BENNETT

Class Roll

PATTIE BRIGHTBILL
LUCILE BENNETT
DOUGLAS CRITZ
IRENE CAMPBELL
FAITH CAMDEN
VIRGINIA DAME
MAUDE GOODWIN
MARY GOODWIN
RACHEL GARRETT
BERTHA HAUPT
LEONE JOHNSTON
LIZZIE LOWMAN

COLLINS LEAVELL
GOLD LIGHT
MYRA LOGAN
WALTER MILES
MAMIE MEADOR
NEWTON MOSELEY
OLA MORRIS
BETH MORGAN
REBA SLUSSER
ETHEL WHITESCARVER
MIRIAM WHITESCARVER



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Song

I

Gallant warriors standing to-day unconquerable,
We're the class of thirteen strong and brave, and so free.
Join our rank and march along with us as we go;
Climbing upward in a happy throng to receive our crown.

CHORUS

Noble Juniors, noble Juniors! Ours is the best class of all,
Noble Juniors, noble Juniors, we're the striving, conquering band.
Noble Juniors, noble juniors, happy, energetic, throng;
Let each one resolve to conquer we shall soon be through.

II

One more year, then we'll be free everyone,
But we must work very hard for the honors
And we'll each attempt to reach the highest goal—
Who will reach? Oh! 'tis hard indeed to say.

III

Although we shall graduate in thirteen,
We shall not be superstitious as some may be
In our handsome new building we'll drive away
Each and every strange and foolish notion of the past.

L. J. C. '13.

Junior School Days

Now o'er our school days,
Gently falls the curtain low.
Just one more year to stay here
Then, out into the world we go.

But with strongest efforts
We shall try our best to prove
Worthy students ever
Of the school we love.

Still, why are we lamenting?
Have not others done the same?
Left this roof—no one preventing—
Sallied forth in search of fame.

Let us not be worthless pilgrims,
Even if we realize more,
That our happiest days of childhood
Are forever and ever o'er.

No more notes will we write Billy—
No more billet-doux receive,
But we must keep rowing, rowing
On the rough and boisterous sea.

We no longer hear our teacher,
As she calls the roll each morn
And the bell is tapped for 'sembly
But we're not among the throng.

Think of all the math that follows,
And the Latin that must be read.
If those days could be repeated,
We would *never* shake our head.

Next comes that dear old physics
 With its Newton's laws and proofs
And old Galileo's experiments,
 Which have caused severe reproofs.

Let us not forget the spelling
 And the fascinating French.
If only English were omitted
 The entire course would be a cinch.

Hark! What's that? A bell is jingling.
 Can it be the end draws nigh?
"Monitors, get your hats," the teacher is singing
 To the tune of a great big sigh.

A general disturbance in the hall
 The clatter of many feet
The scholars all, both great and small,
 Have once more gained the street.

Oh! how we long to join them
 On their homeward march that day,
But we must be contented
 With the thought "We've raked our hay."

I. J. C. '13.

Junior Class History

A day that was destined to be the most famous and the most glorious for the Salem High School dawned upon the thirteenth of September, 1909, for the great and noble class of thirteen was enrolled. Our Freshman year, although, in some ways, it resembled the usual first year of the high school, was an unusually successful one, for the wonderful ability of this class was tested to the utmost when we first encountered Latin and Algebra. But the willow only bended to the breeze, and did not break, the majority fought nobly against the boisterous winds and, as a consequence of their persistence, entered the sophomore class in 1910.

In the second class, our strength did not fail us. Under the masterly guidance of Miss Jones, we waded through the streams of Latin prose, and broke the record for Latin-reading by translating more books of Caesar's Commentaries than any other class before us—and, most likely, after us. In short, as sophomores we bore ourselves with the dignity becoming those in the prominent position occupied by us.

Now, we are Juniors, and, as such we are wearing a stately mien. We are still achieving many triumphs, such as reading Cicero's beautiful (?) oration, "the Manilian Law." In our class may be clearly seen the growing buds that, eventually, will open to professional mathematicians and English scholars, and — a president, who knows?

The reason of such glory and achievements is this: We took as our motto, "We sail by the stars," and each one of us has endeavored to live up to that motto. Next year you will see us as gallant, record-breaking Seniors, looking from our platform, adorned as it has never before been adorned, i. e., with honors and triumphs, and you will think that

We have toiled our hardest,
We have sung and wept;
O'er the mighty oceans
We have often swept.
Nothing now our triumphs mars
For we sailed by the stars.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class

Colors

Maroon and Black

Class Flower

Red Rose

Class Yell

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

Motto

"Nulla Victoria sine labore."

Class Officers

President	Lewis Vest
Vice President	Julia Cook
Treasurer	William Pretzman
Secretary	Mary Carter
Poetess	Fitzhugh Shelor
Historian	Rives Graveley
Editor	Charlton Wood

Class Roll

FLANDERS CALLOWAY . . . Salem
LAWRENCE DUNCAN . . . "
RIVES GRAVELEY . . . "
ERNEST HALEY . . . "
EARL JOHNSON . . . "
RUSH LAMBERT . . . "
GEORGE MOYER . . . "
DAVID PLAINE . . . "
WILLIAM PRETZMAN . . . "
HOWARD STARKEY . . . "
LEWIS VEST . . . "
CHARLTON WOOD . . . "
BERNICE AGNEW . . . "
LILLIAN AMES . . . "
LUCILE BOONE . . . "

SUSIE CALLOWAY . . . Salem
MARY CARTER . . . "
ALLEASE JONES . . . "
DORCAS MARTIN . . . "
FORREST MILLER . . . "
JULIA PRICE . . . "
ANNIE ROBINSON . . . "
FITZHUGH SHELOR . . . "
NANCY SHELOR . . . "
MARION THOMASON . . . "
LILY WILSON . . . "
STELLA GARNETT . . . "
HATTIE THOMAS . . . "
ANNIE CALLOWAY . . . "
JULIA COOK . . . Vinton



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class Poem

Since the Freshman days of yore
Which now, as Sophs, we know no
more

We've learned a thing or two;
We've opened Latin's ancient page,
Studied of each historic sage,
And learned, despite our tender age,
That ignorance would not do.

And so this year, by losing sleep,
We've brought from learning's dusty
heap

A mighty pile of lore;
We saw great Richard's armor shine
Beneath the walls of Palestine,
And heard him in his prison pine
For his native land once more.

We've fought in wars on land and wave,
Waged by the coward and the brave
For holy church or state;
We've read the edicts and the bills,
And suffered plagues and many ills,
And bent beneath the royal wills,
Till reverence turned to hate.

We've fought the ancient tribes of
Gaul,
We've seen their conquered banners
fall
Beneath great Caesar's hands;
We've crossed the Alps to Italy
With our Lord of high degree,
And heard him cry, "*Et tu Brute*"
When slain by traitors' hands.

Down by the blue Venetian tide
We've met Bassanio's fair bride;
And old Shylock, the Jew.
We've been snow-bound by the winter's
hoar,
We've heard the raven's "*Nevermore*"
When perched above our chamber
door,
With wings of ebon hue.

We've charged the lists with Ivanhoe,
We've heard Rebecca's tale of woe,
And the Saxon chief ignore it;
We've studied very long and hard
The works of many a noble bard,
And some day hope for a kind reward
In the shape of a good class poet.

C. F. S.

Sophomore History

WHEN, in September, 1911, the class of 1914 became Sophomores, it was found that many of its members had dropped by the wayside. While we were grieved over the loss sustained, we were glad to welcome into our midst several new classmates.

As Freshmen, we had not been hazed because of strength of numbers. Believing hazing to be detrimental to school spirit, we, as Sophomores, decided to abolish it at Salem High School.

We entered quickly into our school life, and were soon settled quietly in our new room. Here we find that we have become more interested in our studies, and enjoy (?) thoroughly Caesar's own account of his Gallic Wars. We shake hands again with our old friends "Billy" Shakespeare, Scott, Poe, Longfellow and Whittier, but this time under the skillful guidance of Miss Armstrong. Here also, we meet Physics, with all its pitfalls for the feet of the unwary student, and Miss McConkey introduces us into the mysteries of laboratory work. Obstacles beset our path, but with a smile on our lips, and our motto, *Nulla Victoria Sine Labore*, ever before us, these have been overcome.

The Class of '14 has always been among the first in every phase of school life. When the scholarship medal was presented at the Commencement exercises in June, 1911, it was a member of our class who received it. Several members of the class received distinctions, and the work done this session promises additional honors in June. Our class has been represented on both football and baseball teams. In the Lyceum, the members of the Sophomore class have done well in recitation, declamation, music and debate. Our day in the literary society was one of the best meetings of the year. Two members of our class had the honor of being on the first extemporaneous debate ever held in the Lyceum, and which visitors said would have done honor to any college society. A goodly number of our class are members of the Dramatic Club, and several play leading parts.

The members of the Class of 1914 have plenty of class and school spirit. Almost every member of the class has a Lyceum pin, and a number have ordered annuals.

The Class of Fourteen has, of course, made mistakes during the two years of its history. For these mistakes we are truly sorry. Discretion comes with years, and our mistakes become fewer as time goes on.

No man can tell what the future holds in store, but we feel that some of the Class of Maroon and Black shall hold high positions in life, and that we shall

“Departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class

Wythe Felty	President
Ruth Garrett	Vice-President
Frankie Campbell	Secretary
Marvin Grove	Treasurer
Margaretta Bushnell	Historian
Max Bowers	Editor

Class Flower

American Beauty Rose

Colors

Maroon and Gold

Motto

"Through difficulty to the stars."

Bell

Rickety! Rackety! Rickety! Roop!
Old gold and maroon!
Rapety! Rackety! Rickety! Reen!
Freshman! Freshman ! Fifteen!

Class Roll

Max Bowers
Miller Bushnell
William Butler
Strouse Campbell
Dorsey Crosswhite
Wythe Felty
Russell Graham
Marvin Grove
Charlie LeFew
Paul Oakey
Claude Saunders
Walter Saunders
Eldridge Tice
Byron Wilson

Russell Yarbrough
Effie Bradley
Marion Brand
Margaretta Bushnell
Annie Bennett
Lucile Brown
Eleanor Clark
Frankie Campbell
Edna Coon
Elizabeth Cooper
Erma Cook
Georgie Deyerle
Ruth Garrett
Nellie Gwynne

Susie James
Lucile Linkenhoker
Ollie Moran
Lily Rader
Willa Slusser
May Townes
Dorothy Whitescarver
Fannie Wright
Nora Woodrum
Ruth Webster
Mamie Williams
Mary Parsons
Katherine Surface
Amelia Harveycutter



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman History

TO a large and noble class the doors of the Salem High School were opened September the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and eleven. During the year our roll has decreased from forty-five to thirty-six. Some left us to become co-eds at Roanoke College. Five of our Vinton classmates returned to that city where a High School was started for their benefit.

During the first few weeks we were introduced to several strangers, Rhetoric, Algebra and Latin, whom we now look upon as faithful companions. What Freshman can ever forget his first month of High School work? Rhetoric at first was fine. All ignorant were we of the fact that soon we would have pages to write in chasing the stag over hill and valley or in writing sketches of the strongest character in a book with a "why" for every statement. We will spare you our Latin and Algebra wails—confident, as we are, that the very sight or sound of these two words will win for us the sympathy of *every one* who has ever been a Freshman.

Early in our new career we learned that History was no longer to be to us a story of the deeds of our fathers and grand-fathers, but the deeds of ancient heroes—men whose names have changed in our minds from myth and legend to characters of the living present.

But for the newness of it all we have spent a calm and peaceful winter—no real excitement. Of course we are "rats" to the Sophs, "freshies" to the Juniors and "the children in the First Class" to the Seniors; but with all this we have found in the upper classes a willingness to help or advise the Freshmen. We have learned, too, that they are not as we had heard, "creatures to be dreaded."

Probably thus because we have not taken the liberty of adorning our classroom walls with our banner or of having a "Freshman celebration" of any kind.

Some day, however, we hope to see the walls of the commencement hall hung with maroon and gold when we shall realize that our happiest days have been spent in the four years climbing "Through Difficulty to the Stars."

HISTORIAN.



Lyceum Roll

SENIORS '12

Leo Denit
Lou Carlisle
Dora Haga

Howard Lambert
Grace Moyer
Bessie Turner
Mattie Thomas

Berta McConkey
Betsey McConkey
Sadie Upson

JUNIORS '13

Pattie Brightbill
Lucile Bennett
Douglas Critz
Irene Campbell
Faith Camden
Virginia Dame
Maude Goodwin

Mary Goodwin
Rachel Garrett
Bertha Haupt
Leone Johnston
Lizzie Lowman
Collins Leavell
Gold Light

Myra Logan
Walter Miles
Mamie Meador
Newton Moseley
Ola Morris
Beth Morgan
Reba Slusher

Ethel Whitescarver

Miriam Whitescarver

SOPHOMORES '14

Flanders Calloway
Lawrence Duncan
Rives Graveley
Earl Johnston
Rush Lambert
George Moyer
David Plaine
William Pretzman
Howard Starkey
Lewis Vest

Bernice Agnew
Lilian Ames
Lucile Boone
Annie Calloway
Susie Calloway
Mary Carter
Allease Jones
Dorcas Martin
Charlton Wood
Julia Cook

Forrest Miller
Julia Price
Annie Robinson
Fitzhugh Shelor
Nancy Shelor
Marion Thomason
Lily Wilson
Stella Garnett
Hattie Thomas

FRESHMEN '15

Max Bowers
Miller Bushnell
William Butler
Strouse Campbell
Dorsey Crosswhite
Wythe Felty
Russell Graham
Marvin Grove
Charlie Lefew
Paul Oakey
Claude Saunders
Walter Saunders
Eldridge Tice
Byron Wilson

Russell Yarbrough
Effie Bradley
Marion Brand
Margaretta Bushnell
Annie Bennet
Lucile Brown
Eleanor Clark
Frankie Campbell
Edna Coon
Erma Cook
Ruth Garrett
Nellie Gwynne
Katherine Surface

Amelia Harveycutter
Susie James
Lucile Linkenhoker
Ollie Moran
Lily Rader
Willa Slusser
May Townes
Dorothy Whitescarver
Fannie Wright
Nora Woodrum
Ruth Webster
Mamie Williams
Mary Parsons



LYCEUM MEMBERS

Dramatic Club

Characters in "The Colonel's Maid."

Lewis Vest	Col. Robert Rudd
J. H. Lambert	Col. Richard Byrd
William Pretzman	Robert Rudd, Jr.
Berta McConkey	Marjorie Byrd
Frankie Campbell	Mrs. John Carrol
Myra Logan	Julia Carrol
Leo A. Denit	Ching Ah Ling
Lawrence Duncan	Ned Graydon
Newton Mosely	Mr. John Baskom

The Flag Drill

Lou Carlisle	}	Indian Girls
Ethel Whitescarver		
Lucile Brown	}	German Girls
Dora Haga		
Betsey McConkey	}	Irish Girls
Mattie Thomas		
Dorothy Whitercarver	}	French Girls
Edna Coon		
Leone Johnston	}	Austrian Girls
Marion Thomason		
May Townes	}	Spanish Girls
Grace Moyer		
Amelia Harveycutter	}	Italian Girls
Fitzhugh Shelor		
Nora Woodrum	}	U. S. Navy Girls
Lucile Boone		
Margaretta Bushnell	}	Dixie Girls
Annie Robinson		
Marion Brand	}	U. S. Army Girls
Julia Price		
Lizzie Lowman	}	English Girls
Beth Morgan		
Gold Light	}	Scotch Girls
Lucile Bennett		
Ruth Garrett	}	Japanese Girls
Julia Cook		
Bessie Turner	}	Swiss Girls
Lucile Linkenhoker		



DRAMATIC CLUB

P U



N S

Once upon a time while a gentleman was calling on Miss H——h, he remarked: "Biologists say that the human frame is completely renewed every seven years, so in a short time you will be Miss —— no longer."

Prof. Jones—"Leo how many times will one go into infinity?"
Leo Denit—"That depends on what infinity is."

Miss Hannah—"Who was King of England when Jamestown was settled?"
Bill Pretzman—"John Smith."

Lewis Vest, (who has been reported for using "profound" language)—"I think it is a shame; I was only singing."

Flanders Calloway—"Who wrote 'The Courtship of Miles Standish?'"
Miss Hannah—"Wm. Wadsworth Longfellow, of course. That's in the book."

Flanders—"Wasn't Bill Nye the greatest poet?"
Rush Lambert—"By the way, Miss Hannah, how tall was he?"

H. Starkey—"Miss Jones, what does *nihil* mean in the fourth sentence?"
Miss Jones (who is having a Latin recitation)—"That means *nothing*."
Starkey (to himself)—"What was it but in there for?"

Duncan (in Latin)—"What does *saxa* mean?"
Woods—"Brick-bats."

B. M.—"Leone, how many muses are there?"
L. J.—"Only one—Herbert."

Some people think all rats are alike, but Irene Campbell says the "Brown Rat" is the best of all.

Miss Jones—"Collins, what does *ne scio* mean?"

Collins (scratching his head)—"I dun no."

Miss Jones—"Exactly. You are improving in Latin."

We have found at last why Miss Hannah never got married. She says, "A man in love is the most tiresome creature on earth."

Prof. Mc. (in Physics)—"Why will not water run up hill?"

Geo. Moyer—"Because things are not adjusted right."

Cicero (according to the Juniors) says the fourth class are made up of lazy, good-for-nothings who will never amount to anything. Of course, that doesn't mean Seniors.

Leo Denit—"Didn't Virgil say something about the Siamese Twins?"

H. Lambert—"Oh, to be sure he did."

TOAST TO THE JUNIOR BRIDE.

Here's to our bride,
May she ever love the Mann.
Not just a little,
But as hard as she can.

Denit—"Boys you will look on my face no more after today."

Miles—"You're not going away?"

Denit—"No, I'm going to raise a beard."

So modest that he won't even do improper fractions.—D. Critz.

Laughs like a pitcher-pump sucking water.—"Rat" Wilson.

Lambert, J. H.—"You ought to learn the violin."

Miles—"Why?"

J. H.—"It will give your chin a rest."

Mosely—"I caught the street car conductor who owes me money on the car platform yesterday evening."

Leavell—"Did you get your money?"

Mosely—"No, he did the same thing my other debtors do."

Leavell—"What's that?"

Mosely—"He put me off."

One of "Judge" Lambert's girls says to him: "You claim you love me."

He—"So I do, dear." (Not dearest.)

She—"Would you die for me?"

He—"Well, hardly. Mine is uddying love."

Bowers says:—

"In this history class I sit.

Gawd! how I want to spit.

But I must swaller if I can

This tobacco like a man."

Just after "Rat" Campbell came to town he walked up to the postoffice and says: "What is the least you can take for a two-cent stamp?"

Irene Campbell—"I never pretend to know a thing that I do not; when I don't know a thing I say at once, 'I don't know.'"

Duncan—(absent-mindedly)—"A very proper course; but how monotonous your conversation must be, Miss Campbell."

Doug. Critz—"Generally speaking, women are——"

Newt Mosley—"Yes, they are."

D. C.—"Are what?"

N. M.—"Generally speaking."

Ruth Garrett—"Byron you remind me of spring and autumn at the same time."

Byron W.—"Why?"

Ruth—"Because you are so green and always look so dull."

Diary of the Senior Class

SEPTEMBER 11, 1911. School begins and her Majesty, Miss Jones, is on the throne wielding the scepter. Prof. Armstrong and Prof. McConkey are at their posts as assistants and advisers. Great number of miserable "rats" also present.

September 12. Dull day but we manage to keep our tongues in motion.

September 13. Of course this is an unlucky day. We have the *Magna Lex* expounded in detail to us.

September 14. Awful dull day.

September 15. The first week ends today. We feel better and are beginning to be accustomed to the routine. Society is organized. The Soph candidates are unsuccessful.

September 18. Rats have a spelling lesson. Mourns (and sermons) are heard. Here is a partial roll call and the response: Eldridge Tice, fourteen; Byron Wilson, ten; Marvin Grove, nine; and Max Bowers said he missed only seven. Seniors have a class meeting down at Miss Carlisle's. Not much business transacted, but "Judge" Lambert steals two "3 for 5c" cigars and one cigarette. He would have taken more but "Stump" Denit gave him a look that meant a sermon on morals and a "I didn't think that of you."

September 19. Rats are not "fresh" yet, but I expect they soon will be. Sophs are afraid to buck 'em.

September 20. Senior Lambert sees the fairest damsel in the world (except a few more.) He doesn't fall in love with her for he is too bashful to do that. Denit "laffs" at him.

September 21. Diarist absent.

September 22. Friday and another week ends. Nevertheless it is a dull day and nothing happens.

September 25. The Diarist is not here. His excuse says he was "out of town." That is he goes squirrel hunting.

September 26. No school. All go to the fair. Even Miss Jones goes. We get rubber balls, chin ticklers, pop-corn, ice cream cones, etc.

September 27. Her Majesty is worn out because of her trip to the Roanoke fair.

September 28. Some students go to the fair again. They didn't get enough Tuesday.

September 29. Seniors have their first written lesson in English. It was

almost a "cinch." Miss Hannah tries to explain what *gaunt* means but the words won't come fast as she wants them to. I don't suppose she ever saw a gaunt person. She also gives the Juniors a general "scorching" in English. Poor Juniors! Society today. Mr. Denit, Mr. Penn and Mr. Mosely are very loquacious so they proceed to get very eloquent. Mr. Penn presents the society with a *gavel*. I think that is what he called it. It looked like a plain wooden hammer polished up and a little silver tacked on one side. It was a pretty good looking hammer though.

October 2. Miss Hannah gives the Senior boys a very pleasant scorching for not preparing their English. It is rainy today.

October 3. Rainy again, but nothin' doin'.

October 4. Nearly clear, but not quite clear enough for the Diarist to be here.

October 5. Bright and fair, that's all.

October 6. The Senior boys become a menagerie (what ever that is) according to Prof. Armstrong. Too bad that they should become anything like that, isn't it?

October 9. Mr. Hynson calls and "soaks" us for some "illegant" class pins.

October 10. Her Excellency, Miss Hannah, wages war on the delinquent composers of compositions of the Junior class. Sir Collins de Pussley is a victim of her Amazonic nature.

October 11. Several things happen, but they are not worth mentioning.

October 12. "N. D."

October 13. Powerful unlucky day, so was its predecessor. We have a weak Geometry recitation.

October 16. We have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trig. Seems to be a very pleasant gentleman, but he may prove otherwise.

October 17. "N. D." in Seniordom.

October 18. Freshman Campbell has a new name given him by his prospective father-in-law. "Demetris." Some name, isn't it?

October 19. "Bum" day.

October 20. "Bummer" day.

October 23. "Bummest" day.

October 24. The fairer sex get it into their heads that Seniors Lambert and Denit, Junior Miles and Freshman Campbell possess tenor, bass, tenor and tenor voices respectively.

October 25. Another "bum" day.

October 26. Absolutely "N. D."

October 27. We get our class pins. "Some class to 'em, too."

October 30. Your old servant conceives the idea of placing his class pin in trust (of some young lady) so as not to lose it. He gives voice to this idea but his classmates greet it with a scowl. It sure is awful to be in a class of ten when eight are girls. They get so "blamed" jealous of other girls.

October 31. The president of this class perceives a young man (a good looking youngster) wearing one of *our* class pins.

November 1. This is a "bum" burg and we don't care who knows it. This morning everything looked just as it did yesterday, and last night was Halloween. "Aint it awful?"

November 2. Miss Hannah says she knows what Senior Lambert has heard of and what he has not. She is some mind reader O. K. The English is awful poor. Seniors don't use the encyclopedia enough.

November 3. Society today, that's all.

November 4. Her Excellency, Miss Hannah, is not here to teach us English. She is sick. The Seniors are left by themselves and they live pretty comfortable during that time. Awful rainy, too.

November 7. "N. D."

November 8. The class pins are not satisfactory so we sent them back for another specimen. Then we decide the first specimen was pretty satisfactory after all. A Junior says, "Irving was born in 1873, Longfellow in 1807, and Homer in 1809."

November 9. Bad rainy day. Denit absent.

November 10. Miss Hannah insists that she will have her full period in English whether she has it or not.

November 14. Mr. Cross visits us. Mr. Cook follows in his wake.

November 15. French "exam" today. "Big cinch." Miss Hannah says the House of Yankister was put on the throne of England. Yankister is a new one on me.

November 16. Society election discussed. It comes off tomorrow.

November 17. Society election comes off. Sophs try to carry it all and they don't carry any. They get awful "sore." Don't blame 'em either.

November 20. Awful cold. We begin to review Latin. Unholy thoughts are drifting around. "*Horses*" are the subject of the thoughts.

Nov. 21. Tuesday. Bad day. Senior Lambert has difficulty in applying the principle of Logs. He remains until 4:00 o'clock in order to get Prof. Jones views concerning their application.

November 22

November 23

November 24

November 27

November 28

November 29

November 30

December 1

Nulla facio

December 4. Denit late. That's all.

December 5. Denit has French "exam." Must have been easy for he finished mighty quick. Denit and Lambert depart from this life. One is dead in love and the other is alive in H—L, metaphorically speaking.

December 8. Denit and Lambert have a bad "Trig" lesson. Denit plays a skin game while Lambert gets an A1 "cussing."

December 11. Denit wears his big brother's big shoes.

December 12. Junior Leavell late as usual.

December 13. Unlucky day. Lambert and Denit stay in for talking.

December 14. A true son of Erin visits us in the form of a Catholic priest. He was not a very pleasaut scoundrel.

December 15. Bum French lesson.

December 18. Denit sick and Lambert goes hunting and the mighty Ninrod has bad luck. Each Senior gets two quizzes on History and two sentences to read in Latin.

December 19. Bright and fair.

December 20. Getting ready for the "Xmas" society program. We get returns from Latin "exam." Berta Mc. gets 98.

December 21. Denit late and we have some compositions. Turner is also absent. No Latin today.

December 22. We are turned out for "Xmas" holidays. We have a society meeting and have a fine debate.

January 2. Awful day. We had bum holidays. Prof. Jones puts down the "iron hand" of discipline.

January 3. Denit takes a history "exam." and finds it to be "tuff biz." He is preparing to go to Richmond to run for the legislature. Miss Jones gives several demerits for disorder. Denit and Lambert get their share.

January 4 }
January 5 } "Bum" days.
January 6 }

February 5. The days since January 6 have been taken up with "exams" and the effect produced by the "exams." Nothing happens except the dear little Sophs rile Miss Hannah so she calls on "Sister" Jones for advice. Critz and Miles get eloquent. As a reward they are given a thirty-seven figure subtraction proposition.

Feb. 6. Bad day. Latin and Logs fierce. Everybody is bad on "Trig." The girls smile sweetly on Lambert because Denit is not here for them to smile at. He takes it all very modestly.

February 9. No fierce "Trig" today and no drudgery to go through. A love bubble belonging to "Judge" Lambert busted, according to Miss Garrett. Juniors bride comes in singing, "I wish I was single again."

February 12. Miss Hannah gives a short but sweet lecture on dancing. She advises us to read some of Dickens' novels instead. Several members of the class are visibly affected. Such a pity Denit was not here to derive the benefit of this lecture.

February 13. Senior Haga is weak on Latin. Onery Sophs come in here to take back "exams."

February 14. Miss Carlisle has her hair arranged in a new way. She looks like an "old maid" now.

February 15. Junior Garrett is very late. Miss Hannah makes special note of it and looks mad. I suppose she was riled. She also informs us that we do not study Macbeth. Soph Vest comes in and riles her again.

February 15. Nothing doing except Lambert gets his name taken for speaking to his coat.

February 16. Miss Hannah is much riled because of our next society meeting. She wants to have a Senior evening with Juniors in it. The president of the class disagrees with her and both of 'em become riled. Society today.

February 19 and 20. That "blamed" diarist is absent again.

February 21. Diarist here at 2:40 o'clock. He circulates the report that he is going to quit school. Prof. Jones almost believes it and becomes alarmed.

February 22. Diarist here. Miss Jones looks pleased, Miss McConkey looks surprised and Miss Hannah discusses a debate with him. This annoys him immensely. We don't get holiday today. That's a shame, isn't it?

February 23. Junior Leavell is late. Miss Hannah becomes vexed because the Society program has been changed. She orders it to be arranged in its original form. Then she lectures on Lyceum discipline (not on school discipline). Miss Hannah sure is the master spirit of the Lyceum.

February 26. Nothing doing but it is rainy. Miss Hannah is interested in "Love's Old Sweet Song."

February 27. Miss Jones lectures a certain Senior on the evil of being absent. It sure was a strong lecture, too. She tells him how much "Trig" he knows. He thinks she under-estimates him and he calls Trig a "lead pipe cinch." Miss Haga is absent.

February 28. Miss Haga still absent.

March 1. Rev. C. S. Penn.—B. S. S., H. S. '11, who is a student of R. C. visits us today and warms up the building with his "hot air." He also takes a peep at some of our pretty girls and extemporizes on discipline and a certain professor's love for the individual student.

March 2. Her Majesty, Miss Jones, is in a bad humor and she proceeds to use the "iron hand."

March 4. Miss Turner absent. History is suspended for three weeks. Great jubilation in the class ranks.

March 5. Weak French lesson. Miss McConkey almost gets angry.

March 6. Several demerits are given for misdemeanors in general. Junior Miles gets his share.

March 7. Business manager of "The Oracle" lectures on school spirit. "Sister" Jones also has a few words to say on the subject.

March 8. Exams on "Math" in both classes. Lambert's "lead pipe cinch" keeps him until 4:30 o'clock.

March 11. Miss Hannah informs us that she was almost launched into a pugilistic encounter because of her views of educational methods. Another accomplishment of Miss Hannah's of which we have been ignorant.

March 12. Miss Hannah lectures on money and its value. She touches on the moral side pretty strongly and takes a peep at the pecuniary condition of certain citizens of this "burg" but mentions no names.

March 13. We get returns from the Trigonometry examination. They were very gratifying. Miss Berta Mc. gets the highest, 99 $\frac{1}{2}$, as usual.

March 14. Denit comes home. Great jubilation. All the girls crowd around to greet him. He is "some dog." That's what he is. But every dog has his day. Miss Jones "craps" down on the talkers. She is a bit "raw" today. Miss Turner remains after school for exercising her tongue too much.

March 15. All Seniors present at roll call for the first time in two months.

March 16. Miss Carlisle has a new sweater. Denit and Miss Haga try to flirt. Denit looks pale since he has come home.

March 17. Seniors have music today. The annual business is progressing. Things are looking bright.

March 21. Miss Moyer absent.

March 22. We practice the play today.

March 23

March 24

March 25

26-27

March 28

"Bum" old week.

April 3. Miss Hannah lectures on postal laws and regulations.

April 4. Lambert and Denit go to "the lower regions" to kill time.

April 5. Lambert whistles with surprise at an incident and Prof. Jones assigns him a double portion of Latin.

April 8. We get up material for the Annual. Busy day, too, but nevertheless Denit is awful lazy.

April 9. Here we go to press. So, farewell!

A Visit to an Ancient High School

ONE afternoon while out walking with my only boy classmate, we came to a cave in the side of a very steep bluff. It presented a very strange appearance and it looked as if no one had been in or even near it very recently. We decided to explore it and set to work getting some pine sticks for torches. Having prepared the torches we entered and began our work.

At first the cave was about eight feet high, six feet wide and extremely rough with projecting rocks. It continued this way for about seventy-five feet, then it became small suddenly and only a tunnel about two feet in diameter was left. At first we hesitated whether to go on or not. Finally we decided to proceed.

We crawled into the tunnel, which was about fifteen feet long, and when we reached the end we found ourselves in a spacious room having a smooth stone floor. The chamber was very regular shaped and a rough symmetry was observed in the shape size and position of the rocks which formed the walls.

We sat down to study the chamber and to rest ourselves. Just a few seconds had passed when our lights seemed to grow dim although the flame did not seem to decrease. Then a haze seemed to slowly fill the chamber and my classmate, who was sitting about ten feet from me, slowly vanished, his form being enveloped in the haze. Then all became very dark and I could scarcely see my torch, which was fast going out.

It seemed almost gone and I was in total darkness, when it gradually began to burn again. It grew brighter and brighter until I could see quite well. The haze vanished slowly and everything looked bright in the light shed by the ever-growing flame of my torch. But my companion was no longer with me. He had disappeared and instead of the smooth floor which I had seen a few minutes ago, I saw a vast amphitheater stretched out before me and I found myself sitting on a shelf of rock from which I could overlook the amphitheater.

In the structure there were ten rough stone columns, each being about five or six feet tall. These were arranged in systematic order and before all of these stood another column about the same height as the others but it was a half larger. This was very strange to see these stones in such an orderly position and I sat there and looked at the sight very closely.

As I sat there and looked I saw the stone columns move slightly and then there came a very slow change over them. They began to slowly but surely take the shape of human beings and finally my eyes beheld ten young people perfect in form, eight of which were girls and the other two were boys. They were attired

in ancient Greek costumes and at their head stood a sage, very stout and wise looking. A faint rumbling sound reached my ears and then I perceived the youngsters to draw themselves up in a single line with a boy at each end. I heard another rumble and they began to execute various difficult drills with great precision, but when a pupil, for such they seemed to be, executed a motion that was not in union with the general motion of the line a loud crash was heard which resembled a peal of thunder. Then the face of the sage would darken and the pupils would tremble, but soon all went on again as smoothly as ever. Many very peculiar drills were performed thus, and usually with great precision.

This drill was kept up for more than thirty minutes and when it was over with all seemed pleased, even to the old sage. He seemed to want precision and steadiness of movement. The motions being made with firm jerky movements and with little grace.

As soon as these exercises were over with, the old master left the room and he was no sooner gone than the room was filled with wild confusion. There was a perfect babble throughout the chamber and much confusion was present. But presently another sage came in. He was very stern but did not seem to have the prestige and power of the first. As soon as he entered the confusion ceased and I heard a noise like the clattering of hoofs and the panting of horses. Immediately the pupils began to drill again, in very much the same manner as before except that there was much more grace in the movement and the motions were very rapid. All seemed to be in a hurry and a great number of drills were executed. Some were so rapid that mistakes could not be noticed very well. A certain uniform time was taken for each drill and finally when the time was up the sage seemed very much disappointed and left the room in no pleasant humor.

He had scarcely departed when a female sage entered. Her form was the most beautiful I have ever looked upon. There was grace and beauty in every movement she made. Her face was exquisitely chiseled and a faint but most pleasing smile played on her countenance and her very air was suggestive of Venus, and although she was extremely sweet and gracious in her manner, yet determination and integrity was plainly written on her lovely countenance.

As soon as she entered the whole atmosphere changed and a soft golden light filled the chamber and I heard a sound which sounded like the babbling noise of a brook as it runs gurgling and trickling through grassy meadows and verdant dells. Then the pupils began the drills once more, but they seemed so different from the former drills. There was grace and beauty in every move they made and their movements kept time with soft music which seemed to be coming from the air around the chamber. I think I have never heard before or since such delicious music as pervaded that room. It was composed of a series of beautiful waltzes the first of which was started on an extremely high note and then the succeeding

ones gradually lowered until they reached a low bass. It was very low, yet very distinct and I was held spell-bound while it was played.

Every drill executed in time to the music was perfect and not a single move was in disunion with others and all the participants seemed extremely happy. Their countenances were radiant with a supreme joy which seemed to pervade them all. At length the time was up, the drill ceased, and all took their regular order. The fair mistress departed and once more confusion reigned. Noises were heard which sounded like an approaching storm. The winds blew and peals of thunder shook the atmosphere but the confusion did not cease. Stones were pulled from the walls and hurled about and it looked as if the whole place would be destroyed. At length a peal of thunder much stronger than any previous one shook the air. Then the pupils seated themselves quickly and order prevailed.

The three sages entered and took seats in front of the pupils and once more the drills began. This time I noticed much more perfection in the performance and everyone seemed greatly pleased. Then all present filed out and I was left alone.

As soon as they left it began to grow dark and gloomy and soon I found myself in total darkness. This lasted only a few minutes and then a steam of silver light shot from the floor ahead of me and illumination thus produced was intense and dazzled my eyes. At length it changed to a glow and became very soft and extremely pleasant to the eye.

As I watched I saw in this light the dim outline of a huge marble building the front of which was perfected of Corinthian architecture. This outline slowly became clearer and clearer until it stood out in contrast with the clear sky, for during the last period of darkness the amphitheater had disappeared and now a plain was stretched out before me and on this the great marble building stood.

Soon the silver light began to die away but at the same time the moon could be seen coming up over a grove of trees. The sight which then met my gaze will never be forgotten. The moonlight was very bright and as it fell on the plane I perceived a great many people advancing from what I first thought was a rocky hill but which now proved to be a city. The music of the lyre was wafted to auricular organ and a great concourse was singing a most beautiful song which told of many heroes who it seemed had participated in a recent war.

The concourse proceeded to the magnificent marble edifice and began to pour into its three entrances. In a few minutes all had disappeared within and the plain was vacant. Then I jumped from my seat and ran with all haste toward the hall. When I was within a hundred or so meters of it I checked my speed and advanced to the portals very cautiously. I tiptoed along until I was within ten feet of the entrance. There I stopped for I could see all that was within very plainly.

It was a magnificent sight. The whole interior was about two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide. A row of magnificent Corinthian columns ran through the center. The walls which were about thirty feet high bore many sculptured figures and were covered by figures in bas-relief. These depicted the whole Trojan war from beginning to end. There was Achilles, Agamemnon, Hector, Pyrrhus, Ulysses and many other heroes engaging in combat on the plains of Illium. There was the great wooden horse and finally the destruction of Troy. In the front of the building a massive stage was constructed. This was decorated with curtains and embroidered tapestry of Tyrian purple. On the stage, sitting in ivory chairs embossed with gold, sat the eight girls and two boys with the three sages, all of whom I have mentioned earlier in my narrative. They were robed in black with gold trimmings and all seemed very happy. The building was filled with benches of marble and most of these were occupied. The whole scene made up the grandest sight I have ever seen. It was majestic and filled me with awe. Words are unable to describe it.

I perceived, as I stood there, that some ceremony was about to be performed and the first sage rose and was about to speak when he cast his eyes on me. He gave a shout and at once a troop of Greek soldiers poured forth. I started to flee but I was seized immediately and taken before a group of aged men. They held a short consultation; then a soldier advanced and made a sweep at my head with his sword. I tried to dodge but I was too late. I felt a sharp pain in my neck and then I began to drop. I must have dropped several miles, but I was unable to tell for my eyes were closed and I could not open them. At length I felt myself hit water; then my eyes opened and I found myself in the middle of a river. Up the river about fifty feet I perceived an old man standing in a frail ferry-boat and looking very much surprised.

I easily guessed my location; it was in Avernus and I beheld grim Charon. The current carried me rapidly down stream for I was unable to swim. I had little time for observation, yet I caught glimpses of fleeting spirits who were wandering on one side of the river.

I began to wonder how I was to save myself when, on looking down stream, I perceived that I was approaching an immense cataract. My blood ran cold in my veins and terror shook my frame. But I saw that all hope was lost so I closed my eyes and gave myself to fate. I was swept headlong over the falls and fell many feet through the pouring water and then came to a stop very suddenly.

I opened my eyes and found myself lying at the entrance of the cave which my companion and myself had entered. He was standing over me and had just dashed some water in my face. Near him stood a doctor friend of mine.

It seems as if both my companion and myself had encountered fire damp in the cave and had been rendered unconscious. Our friend, the doctor had entered the cave a short while afterward found us unconscious, quickly suspected the reason for our condition, hurriedly carried us into the open air and resuscitated us.

EOB NELLA RAGDE.

The New-Fangled School

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb.
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he
 couldn't
 do a
 sum.

They taught him how to mould the head of Hercules in clay
And how to tell the diff'rence 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach
 him how to
 spell his
 name.

Now Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
What 'twas they did that make his son so backward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool,
"I want him educated!" so he
 took him
 out of
 school.

Little Liney

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language."

Far back in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains this little life-drama was enacted and the month was May. The mountains were covered with the fresh green of a new season and the trees upon their crests waved in the wind as pompous plumes upon the helmets of gigantic warriors. Here and there above the sharp outline of the mountains great massy clouds hung, as snowy fleece upon an azure background. Away to the westward rose the most prominent peak which met the eye and this was styled by the inhabitants of the section "The Ridge." Upon the side of a spur of "The Ridge," about midway between base and summit, was nestled a cabin of the type prevalent in the mountains. One would not call it homelike, but yet an air of thrift pervaded the place. About the back of the house were placed a row of bee-hives, some chicken coops and over yonder under the shed stood the cider mill. Upon the south side of the cabin some coon and possum skins were tacked to the logs. Except for the maternal clucking of a few hens, the low droning of bees in the apple trees about the house and the yapping of a chained cur, the only evidence of life about the place came from the kitchen, as the high-keyed voice of a woman rose and fell in the singing of some quaint mountain song.

Suddenly the singing ceased and a middle aged-woman appeared at the kitchen door. Her neck was long and sinewy, her features were tanned and her small black eyes were deeply set and calculating. Her hair was thin and stringy and was fixed in a flat, greasy knot on the back of her head. After looking down the winding path, which led to the spring in the hollow, she called in a sharp, rasping voice, "Lin-n-e-y, Lin-n-e-y, Oh, Lin-n e-y." Getting no response she called out vehemently, "Liney, don't ye hear me callin' fer ye?"

From the shadows of the hollow a faint long drawn, "Ma-a-a-m" rose, which indicated that Liney had heard. Pausing a moment to look and not seeing Liney's figure appear around the curve at the lower end of the path, the woman again called, "Liney, if ye don't come on, I'll come an' fetch ye."

Just then the girl's figure appeared coming slowly and deliberately up the winding path. From beneath the wreath of wild flowers which crowned her head, her dark brown hair fell in a luxuriant mass upon her shoulders and made a pretty contrast with the rosy color of her cheeks, and formed a rich tapestry from under which her large eyes, although of the deepest brown, shone like two bright jewels

in some shadowy Oriental temple. Her figure was slender and lithe and her movements easy and graceful. She wore a faded calico dress which was ill fitting and struck her about her ankles, which were bare and her feet, freed from the burden of shoes, moved with the freedom and elasticity of some wild thing.

As she came towards the house she turned and looked down upon the chestnut trees in the little valley, which were moving in the breeze and from a distance had a soft feathery appearance as they swayed in unison. Softly she murmured to herself, "Oh, if I could jes' be a fairy, and sail out over the valley and walk along in the tree tops and talk with the birds and squirrels and never come back."

The woman standing in the door grew impatient and called testily "Wal' come on if ye're comin', and don't be so dreamy-like. Hit 'pears to me that thar must be *something* thet's got into ye lately thet makes ye so quiet and have that fur-off look in yer eyes. Hit's gettin' so ye're no count 'tall to do any work."

Liney was now in the yard and seeing a freshly filled churn in the sweltering, evil smelling kitchen, she drank in a long, deep draught of pure mountain air and without speaking she began her task of churning. The door stood open and the girl stood where she might look out beyond the sordid every day-life to her cherished realm of the blue sky with its great white clouds, and to the green woods threaded by silver brooks. This was her own realm, where daily her thoughts roamed in limitless space, free from the narrow confines of her own existence, and where she could best listen to the Something which talked to her from within, and have her soul feel the joyous freedom of the infinite thought-world where she daily lived and talked to imaginary beings with whom she felt all at ease.

During the day other tasks had to be done, but Liney worked patiently and silently and listened to the Something which called to her to come to the shadows of the wood where the squirrels played and the brook babbled over the mossy stones.

Soon the time came for the cows to be driven from the valley below where they had been grazing during the day. Bareheaded, Liney went, with her dusky tresses flying in the wind and her free limbs retarded only by the faded calico dress which lapped about them as she ran to find the cows,—and to see again that day, the beauties of her world of sky, and mountains and valley and stream.

Reaching the edge of a bare, steep cliff she stopped and looked about her. Away off yonder to the west behind the crest of "The Ridge," whose dark pines stood like bristles in the effulgence of departing day, the sun sank to rest. Above, the sky was a harmony of all the colors blended into a vast multi-colored dome which continuously changed and wrought new shades and colors. Faintly from below came the tinkling of cow bells, and looking below her she saw the depths of the valley becoming shadowy, while above, the slopes of the mountains were kindled by the glow and glory of the dying day.

Liney stood there upon this eminence in the evening breeze of the mountains. Her waving brown locks were fitfully blown about her neck and shoulders and were themselves made luminous as the departing sunlight fell upon their shadowy coils. Slowly the sun sank, leaving the sky yet golden in the glory of its farewell. The girl unconscious of her lengthening shadow, watched intently, raptuously the departing day and the Something was talking to her in a language which she could understand but could not speak, and which brought into her soul those emotions which she could not explain and did not want to, and which made her breast heave and fall and which filled her very soul with an unutterable mingling of joy and sadness and yearning for some far off thing which yet she did not know.

Now the sun had sunk behind the mountains and she turned and fled in the direction of the sound of the cow bells and drove the cows homeward. After the evening tasks were finished and her plain repast eaten, she betook herself to her little attic room. Its walls were whitewashed and for its ceiling it had the rough shingle roof. In one corner stood her bed and upon a rude table in the centre of the room were her few treasures,—a few school books, some delicate shells found in the brook, a pretty glass bottle which had once held perfume, and a jar of wild flowers.

Denied the light of a candle she undressed by the light of the moon and then eagerly sought the cord about her neck which held her most cherished possessions. Unloosing the knot she opened a little gingham bag, which lay upon her breast, and took therefrom her wealth which consisted of a little gold band, much worn and two little pieces of closely folded paper. The first of these had been the seal of her mother and father's wedding and remained as the only tangible memory of her parents and early childhood. She handled it tenderly and reverently and then took up one of the folded bits of paper and read—

“Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
He had the Passion and the power to roam.
The Desert, Forest, Cavern, Breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spoke
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages ———.”

Here the page was torn and her treasured bit of literature brought to an abrupt and incomplete ending. She carefully folded the scrap of paper and laid it beside the ring upon the bed. Then she unfolded the other paper and read for the twentieth time,—“A scholarship in the Braxton Woman's College will be given free to the girl under eighteen years of age sending in the best original story before June 15th, 19—. Address all manuscripts to W. H. Harris, Ph. D., Pres., Auburn, ———.”

She then put this paper with the others and sat there upon her cot, wrapt in deep meditation. In the clear sky the moon was pillowed among fleecy masses of clouds, and its light fell as a shaft of whiteness through the open window upon the figure of "Little Liney" as her keepers called her. At last she arose, went to the window and gazed long and intently at the splendors of the moonlight as it fell upon the nearby trees, and its light filtering through the branches wrought curious designs on the carpet of grass below. She saw away off in the distance the outline of "The Ridge" lifting itself above its neighbors that it might receive the baptism of the glorious liquid light of the full moon. In the trees the insects of night chirped and buzzed, while a mocking bird in a nearby mulberry tree poured forth his very soul in a volume of melody. The scene about her was one of infinite tranquility and the unspeakable peace of the sky flooded the girl's soul and inspired her with a new power of thought and feeling. As she stood there looking up at the star-studded sky the moonlight fell squarely upon her, glistening in the tears in her eyes and revealing the true beauty of the girl, showing the pearly whiteness of her neck and the perfect symmetry of her arms. Raising her hands in supplication, she entreated, "Help me, Oh, help me not to fail, stand by me now and be my help."

Turning about she went to her little center table and took her school tablet and pencil and sitting on her bed she began to write. Faster and faster flew her pencil and the simple story of her life of shadows was coming from under her hand, told in the simple mountain dialect but with a force born of talent and a pathos which was the fruit of experience. One hour, two hours, three hours passed and yet she wrote steadily on, sometimes half crying, sometimes half laughing. At last she laid aside her pencil and folding the paper she put it under her pillow, that the first born of her talent might be near her throughout the remaining hours of the night.

When she awoke the first gray streaks of day had come and rising she dressed herself to go about her morning tasks. She placed her cherished labor within her bosom and when she was sent to the village, which lay in a valley beyond "The Ridge," her feet traversed the familiar paths quickly, and the story of her life was soon on its way to its final destination.

Four weary weeks dragged by, weeks of anxiety and heart-worry which were fast robbing her cheeks of their color and her nights of their rest. She was sent once more on an errand to the village, and grasping the shelf of the post office window, to support herself, for she was faint from the four weeks anxiety, she fearfully asked if there might be any mail for her. The postmaster went through the packet and as he fingered letter after letter she felt ashamed, her head swam and she was about to turn away in the agony of bitter disappointment when he handed her a letter! Grasping it she pressed it to her bosom, went quickly out of

the store and took the path homeward. Coming to the edge of the wood she found a seat under a canopy of rhododendron. With trembling fingers and fluttering heart she opened the envelope and drew from it a letter. She read it once, twice, three times, and then began to weep for pure joy for it announced that *she* was the winner of the Braxton Scholarship! She ran deep into the heart of the woods and in exultation talked to the squirrels and birds who had been her companions in the past and to whom now she would show her fidelity by making them partners in her secret.

Now she took her lonely path homeward and the fragrance of the wild flowers was wafted down the mountain side to her as the sweet incense from some altar of gratitude and as she went along the shady way her heart was light and her soul was communing with nature and the Something was whispering, "Follow me and let me be thy guide." When she reached home she went quickly to her little attic room and hid her treasure.

Swiftly the months of summer glided by and she confided her secret to her former school teacher and together they planned and toiled so that at the close of summer she was supplied with suitable clothes and everything which was necessary for her college life.

It was now her last night in the little mountain home among those scenes so dear and those haunts so familiar by association. She stood once more by her window in the moonlight, and looking out over the scene below her she said, "I love you all, trees and rocks and brooks. I am going to leave you but some day I shall come again to see your familiar shapes. For what you have taught me I am grateful." Then lifting her arms toward the moon of harvest and fruition, and said, "I thank thee for thy help in the past; continue to be my guide," and closing her curtains she retired to her rude cot to dream of a happier future.

* * * *

Behind the ridge the sun was slowly dropping from sight. Already the lower parts of the mountains were enwrapped in the filmy haze of dusk while their summits glowed in the last rays of the departing sun as if it were their coronation day and the retiring monarch of the west had laid a golden crown upon their brows. Upon the cliff where four years ago "Little Liney" had stood, and with longing heart watched the setting sun, Miss Caroline Harvey now stood and with intent gaze beheld the glorious close of day. As the sun dropped inch by inch behind the summit of "The Ridge," she thought of the years she had lived among these mountains; she thought of the evening when four years before she had stood upon that same place, and of the yearning cry of her heart. She then thought of that moonlit attic room and the tumultuous beating of her heart as she toiled in the bringing-forth of her first literary production. She remembered the lonesomeness of

the four long years she had spent away from her familiar haunts among the mountains, and looking upon the scene about her she murmured,

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free!"

The day was now over and the only light present, came from the emblazoned sky, whose clouds were of every shade from the delicate pink of the sea-shell to the deepest rose and brightest gold. Away to the east the clouds were becoming gloomy and shadowy in anticipation of the night, which was close at hand. Turning about she looked into the steady blue eyes of the man at her side, who had stood there speechless and in deep meditation. He looked down into her eyes, with an infinite tenderness and longing, and making a gesture towards the surrounding mountains, she said "I love them, these great rock-ribbed peaks, I love them better than the whole world, better even than my life."

The man looked away toward the shadowy stretch of distant mountain peaks, but said nothing. The lines about his mouth hardened and he swallowed as if choking great emotion. He ran his fingers through his wavy hair and kept his face averted from the girl at his side.

"Don't you think they are grand," she asked fervently, and then added, "You will learn to love them by and by."

He faced her and said, "I love them *now* and always shall, but there is in my heart a love deeper and stronger than that. There is a little girl whom I love dearer than life, and to be in her presence is to me like Paradise, and yet I fear she has no room in her heart for me, for those mountains have entirely filled her affections."

Caroline's cheek became a deep scarlet and lowering her head she said softly, "Tell me about her, is she beautiful?"

Taking her hands in his he replied, "She is as pretty as can be imagined, certainly, the fairest little creature I ever saw, and I love her with all my heart. Caroline you know I love you, and always shall. Promise that you will try to love me just a little won't you, dearest?"

Softly she murmured, "I love you now more than all the world."

Encircling her slender waist with his strong arm he drew her to him and looking down in her deep brown eyes he plead, "Say it just once more, for my sake, dearest." For an answer she lifted her face toward his and raised her chin that he might kiss her, and there upon the mountain side with only the faint stars to see,—he kissed her.

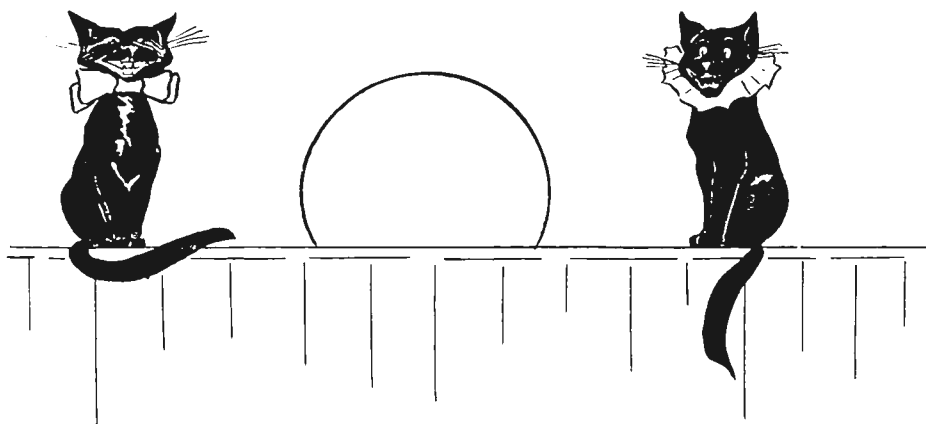
From the valley below rose up the strains of music from the orchestra which was playing during the evening at the new summer resort which had been lately

built near the old spring in the hollow. Here it was that Caroline was now staying, that she might finish writing her new book among the scenes which had inspired it.

Standing there in the evening breeze, with the stray locks of her hair blowing against his cheek, and his arm about her, they listened to the strains of music coming from below, but in their hearts the symphonies of Love were mingling into a grand harmony, whose chords should reverberate forever, and be attuned to the melody of the voice of that Something which had guided her in devious paths into pure happiness.

At last they began their descent to the mountain resort in the little valley, and as they disappeared in the shadow of the depths below, the moon suddenly shone out and glorified every earthly object with her silver light, and away off in the old mulberry, a mocking bird once more poured out his very soul in a flood of delirious music that made the night tremble with the song of his love.

Graduate of '11



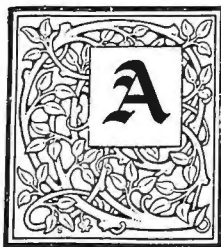
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
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
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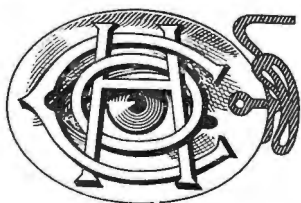
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