

court at a time when she should be playing.

(17) Since Alma Paschall, by her frivolous ways, has given her class president an untold burden of trouble we will her all of our Senior dignity.

(18) We will and bequeath to Susie Wilcox and Verlie Vick all the chewing gum they may find sticking on the heads of beds, under chairs, behind bureaus, and under mantle-pieces in our rooms.

(19) We will and bequeath to the Seniors of 1911 the privilege of going uninvited to all of Marguerite Millikin's midnight chafing dish parties. We also give them the privilege of attending all suspicious meetings of the Junior class, of allowing no jokes on themselves to be printed in "Echoes," and of refusing to sing a class song at next year's Commencement.

(20) We will and bequeath to Virgie Knight and Julia Wetherington all of our poetical and musical talents, provided they employ them in writing the words and music to a song which shall take the place of number seventy-six in the Chapel exercises.

(21) We will and bequeath Lizzie Leigh Aycok's love of bats to Ettie Mae Holland.

(22) We will Laurane Joyner's "appreciative rat" to some one equally appreciative—that is, to some one who every night massages her face with Nadinola—Marguerite Milliken for instance.

(23) We will and bequeath to the student body as a whole the privilege of sitting in their desks on cold mornings while the Faculty wait in the hall until every girl sharpens her pencil, borrows all the books she needs and takes her seat, at the end of which time they may give a signal for the Faculty to march in and take their seats on the stage without daring to look at the stove.

(24) We will and bequeath to Miss Cherie Mae Preston the privilege of giving three hours (private) lessons in voice twice a week to Mr. William Jackson.

(25) We will and bequeath to Miss Grant the privilege of conducting a millinery and sewing department among the unruly A. and M. boys next year.

(26) To Miss Williams we give the exclusive right of writing a piano method—"Her own." We also give to her the privilege of going to New York in a flying machine invented by Dr. Fleming and of taking with her for publication the above mentioned method.

(27) We will and bequeath to Miss Dickens as many cats, parrots, and flowers in her old maidenhood as will make her happy, keep her busy, and thus help her to avoid further teaching of expression.

(28) We do will to Miss Tuttle—"The Brilliant"—a partner in the near future who will appreciate her value and will help her to throw out her brilliancy in the right direction. We do further will to her three thousand dollars with which to increase the library, with special instructions that one set of "Blackstone" be added and as many other volumes on law as she may select.

(29) We will and bequeath to the Building Committee twenty-five years in which to make a plan, select a site, and order material for the new building. We also will to Miss Cora D. Bagley and one person (whom she may choose for herself) the opportunity of discussing the subject with as many members of that committee as she may see fit every

day in those twenty-five years, and the privilege of laying coals of fire on their heads when they are slow.

(30) We will and bequeath this hat to the gentleman who was so unfortunate as to leave it when he left the college campus rather abruptly several nights ago. (Will the owner please come forward and receive it?)

(31) To the present students and to all of those who may be students of Louisburg College, we will and bequeath this our Class Constitution as a model for all others.

(32) To the incoming Seniors we do will and bequeath our best wishes for a crowning success in the long weary months of their earnest toil, and may the hallowed influence of the hours spent together in Louisburg College never die.

(33) To Mrs. Ivey Allen, our President, we will and bequeath the love of every girl in Louisburg College. We do further will that she forget all the little vexations which we have caused and that she remember only that which was pleasant.

(34) We hereby appoint Mr. Ivey Allen our lawful executor to execute this our last will and testament, according to true meaning of same, and every part and clause thereof, hereby revoking and declaring void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we, the said Senior Class of Louisburg College, do hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-fourth day of May, 1910.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1910.

Sealed and declared to be their last will and testament, we inscribe our names as witnesses.

M. EMETH TUTTLE.
J. ROBERTA DICKENS.

CLASS HISTORY.

By Mary Stuart Egerton.

"The writer of a history," says Irving, "may in some respects, be likened to an adventurous knight, who having undertaken a perilous enterprise by way of establishing his fame, feels bound in honor and chivalry to turn back for no difficulty or hardship, and never to shrink or quail, whatever enemy he may encounter." Laboring under this impression, I retired to my room, there to chronicle behind closed doors, safe from interruption, the events of the early life of the class of 1910.

The history of this class could begin twelve years ago, when I, a little girl, entered the kindergarten department of Louisburg College. From this room I entered the primary department, and in four years, after poring laboriously over "Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic," I graduated and entered the Collegiate Department.

It is with great pride that I look back over our four years of college life, and I fain would sing the praises of my class. We were never considered the best looking class in school and perhaps it was for that reason that our thoughts were turned to higher things. Sweet harmony has ever prevailed, and our friendly and fraternal spirit has not only been conducive to pleasurable intercourse between ourselves, but tended to promote a feeling of "good fellowship" with the student body, and win the respect and confidence of the faculty.

The four years of college life have been defined in the terms of some of Shakespeare's plays. The freshman year is truly called the "Comedy of Errors." As Freshmen the lot of our class was somewhat different from that of most fresh classes. This was the year in which we became prominent and took our stand as the leading class in school. This prominence was gained by our booth's leading in the bazaar.

When we returned as Sophomores, the year of "Much Ado About Nothing," our ranks had greatly thinned, but we plunged into the year's work with a determination to conquer. Conquer we did, but not until we had proved the maxim, "Success is gained only through failure," for we had repeated failures on our mid-winter Math examinations. Just as the Dark Ages preceded Renaissance, so it was with us. With Soph. Math. conquered, our cloud had rolled away, and now in our Senior year, Miss Bagley reports some of the best work ever done in that field. Already two of our "smart ones" wear Mathematics medals. This year was not filled with hardships alone, we had one honor conferred upon us which made us the envy of the whole school. This honor was nothing less than a banquet, our first real banquet. All toasts and formalities were cast aside and the evening was enjoyed as only hard worked Sophomores can enjoy such things.

Again the wheel turned and we came back to resume our work as Juniors in the year of "As You Like It." Although we failed to recognize all of our former class-mates, we made some valuable additions in this year, and were very nearly compensated for the loss. This year was not one of such hard work, there being many little social features to break the monotony. One of our most interesting courses of study, while not put down in the catalogue was, nevertheless, important, was given by the Senior Class on etiquette, and intended to prepare us for the time when we would be leaders in Louisburg College society. As Juniors, we drew up our class constitution and thus claimed the honor of being the first class who ever had any written laws.

At last our Senior year appeared and we returned, eleven in number, full of the dignity and honor known only to Seniors. This has been a year full of pleasure and hard work for us, but as it has drawn to a close, we can truly say with Shakespeare, "All's well that ends well." We appreciate fully the interest taken in us by the Faculty and our beloved President. It will always be a pleasure to look back upon the many kindnesses shown us during this year. There have been delightful boat rides, receptions, and excursions planned for our especial benefit. One of the most pleasant features was a trip to Wake Forest to see a game of ball between Trinity and Wake Forest. Another important event of the year was the Senior Class play given to raise funds for our gift to the College. The gift, a clock, was given in the hope that it might keep all students from killing time, be accurate in striking the hour for light bell, study hour, and particularly correct in striking the hour for meals. In the beginning of this year we chose the laurel as our class flower in the fond hope that some of our members might deserve a crown. While most of us may wear