

a few leaves it is only our valedictorian who deserves the wreath.

And now, dear class-mates, the time of parting is drawing near, and we who have spent so many years at Louisburg College, standing together in victory and defeat, must say farewell. Our struggle together has joined us more closely as a class, and has deepened those friendships which we will carry with us through life. Wherever we may be in the future, let us sometimes live again in the "golden haze of student" and endeavor every where to be loyal to our College, our Country and our Motto.

#### CLASS PROPHECY.

By Annie C. Jerome.

I sat in my chair in front of the fire watching the forked tongues leaping here and there. The letter from my classmate had fallen unheeded to the floor, for I was dreaming of the past and wondering of the future, when suddenly from the flames a little red devil hopped out and grinned at me in such a comical way that I laughed out in spite of my fear.

"Oho, my dear," he said, "since you are disposed to be so amiable, I'll show you to Hades." Then, without further notice, I felt myself sinking through the earth. When my fright would permit me to open my eyes I found myself with my chaperon standing in front of a grotto within which was a lake of some very dark fluid. Black walls of rock arched overhead. There was an old boat near us which I supposed must be Charon's. Into this we stepped and were carried across. Strange noises echoed and re-echoed throughout the cavern, and as we neared the opposite shore, lurid gleams shot forth and the atmosphere grew hot and stifling from the fumes of sulphur. The red imp laughed at my astonishment, and said: "You see it's a fine place, although it is rather hot for warm-blooded people, and by—," with a terrible noise cut short his speech. As we left the boat a great shout reached our ears. At this his honor pointed a finger in that direction, and with a comic bow, disappeared as quickly as he had come.

I walked toward the shouting. A group of women were gathered around some one who was speaking. It was very confusing, and I moved nearer to catch the words, but could only distinguish one now and then, such as "ballot," "women's rights." Surely the figure on the stump was familiar. Could it be? Yes, it was Bessie Norwood a suffragist! Who would have believed it? She moved away, surrounded by a crowd of admirers before I could speak to her.

Some one touched my shoulder, and I turned to find myself facing Mary Stuart Egerton. I was nearly overwhelmed by the flow of language that greeted me, but I immediately noticed an improvement. She did not once say "my brain cells have reached their utmost capacity," for a great wonder for after leaving us she had gone to a higher college and taken her A. B., thence to a University and become a Ph. D. She was at that time pursuing a special course at the University in Leipzig, and was preparing a dissertation on "The Significance and Value of the Literary Contributions of the Class of 1910 of Louisburg College to the Sum of Knowledge of the People of North Carolina."

As usual Rebecca Johnson was not far away, and as soon as greetings were over, the strange combination of colors which she wore attracted my attention. They were yellow and black. I asked what she was doing, in the hope that she might tell me. "I am the gymnasium instructor at the college this year" she said, "Just at present I am coaching a team of rooters for the Trinity-Wake Forest baseball games—to be brought into service when needed," she added as an afterthought. Just then a strikingly tall, dignified woman passed us. In a few minutes I recognized Annie Norwood. She was, as learned later, Dean of the Math. Department in the "North Carolina University for Women."

As we walked on together, we met a woman with a light hoe in one hand and garden rake in the other. I thought that reminds me of our farmer-classmate. And it really was Letitia Midgett. She had taken a course at the A. & M. College, and had then an experimental farm and was giving to the farmers the results of her work.

Quite near the farm I noticed the dome of an observatory. A woman who, from her serious face and masculine attitude, I presumed, had laid aside all feminine frivolity, was within. It was Sallie Gardner, who had become one of the world's greatest astronomers. It dawned upon me suddenly that her inspiration must have come in the days of Halley's comet when we as Seniors had stood on the campus at 2 o'clock in the morning gazing at the monstrous body in the heavens. She had discovered several new planets, satellites, etc., and had predicted to the day the return of Halley's comet in order that future students at L. C. might not be disappointed upon getting up at midnight and gazing at the heavens until the sun rose without seeing anything but a light streak across the sky, supposed to be the tail of the aforesaid very bashful comet, who kept his head well hidden from their gaze.

I was surprised not to find Sarah Jones near Sallie, and then they told me that she had married a widower, but the dearly beloved had departed this life after a few months of happiness, leaving a nice, big bank account to the widow. Sarah, ever mindful of her alma mater, had had erected a handsome, well-equipped hospital just back of the science hall on the south side of the main building, and, after taking a course at Johns Hopkins, was herself head nurse.

"Let's go hear the lecture, since we won't have to take notes," Rebecca said, and without inquiring into the nature of it, we entered a large building. I wondered if I was in another meeting of the suffragists, for a woman was speaking; but no, Dr. Corbett, the famous woman lecturer, seemed to have already gained her rights, and was speaking of the results of her work in pellagra and hookworm. As we left the building, a most beautiful voice held us spell-bound for a few minutes. Instinctively we were all drawn toward the low, sweet notes of the wonderful singer. Now louder and clearer it rose enchanting every one. Before we were half-conscious of it we were standing face to face with Madeline, to my utter astonishment, for she had sung so lustily in our class song that I never expected to hear her voice again.

Only the third Annie, Annie Bowers, remained undiscovered. I inquired and Letitia said, "Don't you remember that the history teacher at Louisburg had decided to go abroad for rest and change of climate. Annie has gone as her companion." Such unalloyed bliss needed no comment.

"Oh, now, tell us about yourself," she said, "The best is always saved for the last." I was about to reply when I suddenly awoke from my dream and learned that a coal from the fire had nearly ended my fate.

#### IN AND AROUND TOWN.

We saw the comet!

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Miss Sibyl Gates, of Manteo, visited Miss Margaret Hicks during Commencement week.

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Mr. Edward Egerton, of Wilson, is spending some time with his parents in Louisburg.

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Commencement is over and a calm like that of the "deserted village has settled upon the town.

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Egerton's closing-out sale created more interest in Louisburg than the comet. The store was crowded with bargain-hunters every day while it lasted.

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Another ancient landmark will disappear when the convicts complete their work on the mill hill. It is being leveled preparatory to building a large livery stable.

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Misses Frances Thomas, of Norfolk, Va., and Alice James Costen, of Sunbury, were guests of Misses Marguerite Harris and Annie Allen after Commencement.

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Attorney-General T. W. Bickett delivered the Annual Address at the Graded School Commencement. His theme, "Weights and Measures," was handled in a masterful manner, and thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience.

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Mrs. Barrow's Music Class held its Commencement exercises in the Graded School auditorium. In addition to the musical selections an operetta, "Ye Old Folks Singing School" was rendered, which was highly enjoyed.

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Mr. D. S. Hill, of Baltimore, spent several days with relatives in Louisburg recently. This was his first visit back home in eighteen years, and so many have been the changes during those years that almost the entire business part of the town was new to him. From Court Square he could identify but two buildings that he had ever seen before. These were the stores occupied by Messrs. W. H. and F. R. Pleasants.

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Echoes welcomes the return of Misses Maude Hicks and Annie Allen, '09, who have spent the past year at Greensboro Female College and Converse; Annie Belle and Ina Harris, from the Normal; and Messrs. Weldon Egerton, Chapel Hill; Badger Hart, V. M. I.; Albea Parker and Daniel Pou Smithwick, Trinity College; Courtney and Graham Egerton, Marvin Jones and Ernest Thomas, Plumbtree, and Robert and Palmer Bailey, Bellbuckle, Tenn.