

# ALUMNAE NEWS

OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

VOL. 1. No. 4.

GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1912

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## FOUNDER'S DAY

October 5th dawned bright and beautiful. For weeks faculty and students had been looking forward to the exercises. The alumnae especially were anxious for everything said or done on Founder's Day to be in keeping with the eager, joyous spirit of Charles Duncan McVer. With that in mind we asked the essayist of '93, Mrs. Minnie Hampton Eliason, of Statesville, to be our chairman. She had planned to be with us, but just at the last, to our great sorrow and hers, she found it impossible to leave home. So the senior editor was her substitute.

The faculty and our distinguished guests took their places on the platform. The students, dressed in snowy white, filed into the chapel. Then the visitors and the college family united in singing "America". After an appropriate prayer by the Reverend R. Murphy Williams, pastor of the Church of the Covenant in Greensboro, the chairman said in substance:

"Friends and fellow students:  
 "More than one hundred and fifty years ago, on one of the darkest days in Prussian history, a poet-patriot was four times wounded in battle. Each time he rallied his men. The fifth time, when—his leg shattered by a cannon ball—he needs *must* fall, raising his voice to a loud trumpet call, he cried in agony: 'Children, don't forsake your king!' That soldier had so noble and gifted a soul that he was called the Poet of the Spring. Now many felt, even while, politically, their country's prospects had never been so gloomy, that the death of Kleist was more than the loss of many battles. Lessing, the greatest critic of modern times, wrote to a friend in these heart-broken words: 'It is too true. We have lost him. The learned professor has written an oration on him. Someone has composed a threnody on him. Now they wish you and me to write verses on him. I can not do it. Dearest friend, you *must* not do it. They can have lost little in Kleist, who now can do such things.'

"Six years ago not one of Dr. McVer's 'children' could have stood before an audience like this and spoken of him. Like a bolt from a clear sky the soldier's summons home had come—and we? We were stunned by grief, our eyes were red with weeping, our lips were dumb. But now, after six years, 'the mists have rolled away,' and we can stand here gladly, proudly, and ask

you to unite with us, *not* in the commemoration of his death, but in the coronation of our State's first citizen, whose splendidly unselfish service made him our unrecognized king. He had no time to utter a farewell charge, but had it been possible, he would have framed it thus: 'Children, don't for-

that their beloved president shall lead them.'"

The entire audience stood during the impressive scene, while Dr. Foust and his girls recited the most wonderful poem on love that the world has heard.

Then the chief speaker of the day was introduced by means of a parable showing what his influence as a teacher in our college has meant to many of our older alumnae. "Many years ago there sat in his workshop a busy artist. One day a timid girl knocked at the door and entered the workshop. She wished very much to be an artist and she told the master her hope. He met her frankly, sympathetically, gave her a corner in his workshop, made her welcome to the use of his materials, and let her watch him at his work. He helped her in many ways; and while he made her feel that all he had was hers for the asking, while he never wearied of explaining to her the *motifs* of his studies, the purpose in his composition, or the reason for his choice of models, he always told her frankly that she could not hope to become a true artist, if she slavishly copied him. He sometimes talked to her, eagerly and humbly, of *his* Master, in whose spirit he always tried to work. Artist and pupil were neighbors in the town, so the walk to and from the workshop was often taken together. She saw him in every mood—merry, and sad, strenuously active, or lost in blissful dreaming—and in every mood he helped her. \* \* \* But one day they left the workshop to return no more together. When the silent homeward walk was ended, both knew the final parting of their ways had come. The girl tried in vain to tell the artist something of what his generous help had meant to her—she could only bite her lips—the words would not come. Nor did he utter a conventional farewell. He took her hand, and with his

honest blue eyes fixed on hers, he said: 'Grow. Never stop growing. And remember: The only thing in all this world worth working for is to have our Master's approval stamped upon our work.' Thus he passed out of her life forever.

"The workshop was not closed. Many workmen used it, and all were good, but the girl never again entered it without a sharp pang of physical pain. She missed her master too sorely! She toiled on in her own studio. Her work was not always good—it was sometimes very faulty; but not for one day, not for one hour did she forget the artist. She heard no beautiful piece



**THIS BRONZE IN MEMORY, FRIEND, OF THEE;  
 BUT THOU SHALT ITS MEMORIAL BE.**

sake your State!' We have reverently accepted his commission and he is helping us to carry it through. No one, not wholly dead to spiritual influences, can live in this institution a week and fail to realize the power of his unseen presence. A simple illustration of this is that the members of the present student body, who never saw his face, have voluntarily memorized Dr. McVer's favorite Bible chapter, the thirteenth of First Corinthians, and wish to contribute their part in these memorial exercises by rising and reciting in concert this beautiful chapter. It is also their desire

of music, she found no beautiful thought in literature, she saw no noble deed done, that did not in some way link itself with him. He was called from one position of honor to another. His name is known on both sides of the Atlantic. Today he is our United States Commissioner of Education. The Honorable P. P. Claxton will deliver the memorial address."

Unfortunately for all who could not be here to hear him, Dr. Claxton spoke without notes and there was no stenographic report of his address. But he held us spell-bound as, in language no less beautiful than vigorous, he sketched Dr. McIver's life and work and drew a picture of him, so life-like, so human, that all present saw the man himself. So sympathetic and so eloquent was the interpretation of our founder's spirit, that all of us thanked God anew for Dr. McIver's deathless life. For he is with us yet and will be to the end.

"Many years ago," said Dr. Claxton, "in the home of my boyhood, I enjoyed going to the banks of the river that ran by the village and watching the great yellow flood sweep along in its journey to the sea. I went away and was gone many years, but recently I returned. The village had undergone the transforming influence of the times. It had changed into a city. The little store had been replaced by great business buildings and the old street that wound its random way had received the touches of civilization. The scenes that I once knew I knew no more. Even the people had changed. The village had practically disappeared. But when I came to the river, the banks of which had also undergone the improving touch of the hand of man, I saw there running along as of old the same great tide. There was no change. Although the drops of water were continually melting into the flood, the current was the same as it swept majestically onward towards the sea.

"Many years ago I loved to walk on this campus, watching the lives of the young women here, serious, sympathetic and earnest, then. I well remember how they used to gather in groups or in mass meetings with a spirit of faithfulness and zeal in all the affairs that concerned them. As I return, I see great changes. The small buildings I knew have been replaced by larger buildings and a wonderful transformation has taken place. But on the campus this morning I saw the young women, just as of old, in spotless white, marching to this hall. Their numbers have increased since the time I knew, but I feel that, like the steady stream with its ever changing, yet unchanged current, here is the same fine spirit I once knew—the students of today being just as faithful and zealous as they were, the spirit of the college moving onward just as steadily in its compelling grandeur. It is well. For the founder's work is not yet done. You and they who follow you must carry it to fulfillment."

The chairman read a number of telegrams from alumnae and friends.

Miss Kathryn Severson, of the music faculty, sang the beautiful aria, "These are They," from "The Holy City," (Gaul).

While the college orchestra played a march, the audience adjourned to the knoll

in front of the McIver Building. Here the bronze statue of Dr. McIver was presented in appropriate words by Dr. J. Y. Joyner, President of our Board of Directors, and accepted by President Foust. While the students sang "Carolina", Annie Martin McIver, assisted by the artist, F. W. Ruckstuhl, unveiled the statue. This closed the exercises of the morning.

That afternoon we had the privilege of going over the college buildings with Dr. Claxton, who was genuinely happy to be here. He asked, by name, after many of the older alumnae and was much gratified to hear good news from Miss Annie Wiley and other former members of our faculty. We visited, again, the monument. We wished that the sculptor might have seen Dr. McIver in the flesh, but we agreed that he had caught and made wonderfully clear "the excellent spirit that was in him"—his moral earnestness, his indomitable will, his indefatigable industry, his never failing hopefulness, his compelling personality.

The inscriptions on the faces of the pedestal read:

Charles Duncan  
McIver  
Educational Statesman  
Born 27th September, 1860  
Died 17th September, 1906

Founder and First  
President of the  
State Normal  
and  
Industrial College  
For Women

"People—not rocks and rivers and  
imaginary boundary lines—make a  
State; and the State is great just in  
proportion as its people are edu-  
cated."

Erected by  
the School Children  
the Teachers  
and his other Friends  
and Admirers  
A. D. 1911

But you must come and see the monument for yourselves.

At 4:30 in the afternoon we went to the First Baptist Church of the city, where our new Director of Music gave an organ recital. With a punctuality to be admired and imitated, the first organ note sounded at the very minute for which the beginning of the program had been announced. There followed an hour of peace, filled with beautiful melody and wonderful harmony. The large audience was delighted. A citizen of Greensboro said to us afterwards: "I dropped in to see what it was like, expecting to stay ten minutes. But I could not leave. That was music. The Normal College has a treasure in Mr. Brown." (To all of which we heartily said Amen.) The following program will give you a slight idea of the genuine loveliness of this recital:

Grand March from "Aida"—*Ferdini*  
Mr. Brown

This march occurs in the second act of Aida and signalizes the return of the great General Radames and his victorious army.

Recit. and Air. "With Verdure Clad,"  
from "Creation"—*Haydn*

Miss Severson

Prelude in Fugue and C minor—*Johan Sebastian Bach* . . . . . Mr. Brown

One of the early compositions of this great master, but one which is calculated to display the effect of a large organ, notably so in the Fugue, wherein the tone is gradually increased up to the point where the subject enters on the pedals, fortissimo producing an effective climax.

The Largo—*George Frederick Handel*  
Mr. Brown

The famous "Largo" is taken from the opera of "Xerxes", in the course of which it is sung by a maiden under a tree, from which she invokes shelter and protection. It is one of those imperishable melodies which are a product of only the greatest genius and are independent of any particular medium of expression. Whether sung or played upon any instrument or combination of instruments, this noble melody stands unapproachable in its simple, quiet beauty.

Elegie—*Ernst* . . . . . Mr. Brockmann

In Summer—*Charles A. Stebbins*  
Mr. Brown

The plaintive piping of God Pan  
Floats through the shimmering haze;  
The lazy, far-off hillside doze,  
And dream of other days,  
Till joyous youths of Arcady  
Sweep by in sunburnt rout,  
And leave the listening leafy trees  
Drunk with their golden shout.

Berceuse—*Walter Spinney* . . . . Mr. Brown

This charming little piece partakes of the character of a quiet lullaby with the melody given to the tenor register, enhanced by a soft, dreamy accompaniment.

The Cross—*Harriet Ware* . . Miss Severson

Introduction, Theme and Variations, "The Old Folks at Home"—*I. V. Flagler*  
Mr. Brown

In the variations of this sweet and simple melody, the American organist has displayed much judgment in his diversified treatment of the theme as well as ample knowledge of the resources and capabilities of a large organ. Of the four variations comprised in this fantasia the interest culminates in the final one, in which the pedals are brought into active operation, and the full power of the instrument is employed, producing a certain grandiose effect.

We would like to think that this establishes a precedent and that each succeeding Founder's Day may give us a similar musical treat. Founder's Day is getting to be more and more Alumnae Day. Come next year and help us keep it. It will do you good.

## A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Henry Burton

O King of Kings, O Lord of Hosts, whose throne  
is lifted high  
Above the nations of the earth, the armies of  
the sky,  
The spirits of the perfected may give their  
nobler songs,  
And we, thy children, worship thee, to whom  
all praise belongs.

Thy hand has hid within our fields treasures of  
countless worth;  
The light, the suns of other years, shine from  
the depths of earth;  
The very dust, inbreathed by thee, the clouds all  
cold and dead,  
Wake into beauty and to life, to give thy children  
bread.

Thou who hast sown the sky with stars, setting  
thy thoughts in gold,  
Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours, with  
blessings manifold;  
Thy mercies have been numberless; thy love,  
thy grace, thy care,  
Were wider than our utmost need and higher  
than our prayer.

O King of Kings, O Lord of hosts, our fathers'  
God and ours!  
Be with us in the future years; and if the tem-  
pest lowers  
Look through the cloud with light of love, and  
smile our tears away,  
And lead us through the brightening years to  
heaven's eternal day. Amen.

## WOMEN AND CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

Mamie Loxenbey, '96

The activity of women in matters of civic welfare, which is widely extended and rapidly growing, may be thought of as a development of good housekeeping instincts. There is really no reformer who shows half the zeal of a good housekeeper. We have all seen her chafe over some neighbor's disorder or neglect which she has not the privilege of transforming. This privilege, however, women now appear to be assuming in large measure, through the methods of organization. Through clubs of one sort and another, in a more or less definite fashion, thousands of women are working to make their home towns better and happier places in which to live. The women who used to meet to discuss Browning thought they were in advance over those who were happy with a pink tea, but now the really advanced woman's club shows a reason for its existence in some wholesome improvement of the surrounding town or country, or in an interest in some phase of welfare work that meets a human need. In Chicago alone the fifty-seven philanthropic centers that have been established have all been initiated by women.

No woman who begins now to work for any needed reform need be afraid that she will attain publicity, for she is but one of an army that finds good fighting everywhere. Moreover, the women engaged in this campaign are not there for the purpose of seeking recognition, but only to help. All credit for things accomplished is willingly given to those who, for the most part, do the voting and make the laws, but women are insisting, in the interest of good municipal housekeeping, that many things heretofore neglected shall be done for our common homes, the towns and the cities. They have swept "before their own doorsteps" for years, but they know that they dare not stop there, because their neighbor, who may not sweep, is too near to be ignored, and the germs of physical and moral contagion too treacherous.

May not the healthy and intelligent interest shown by the best women in the improvement of the poorest and least educated mean more to our country than most of its Congresses? Poverty and ignorance and disease can not be wholly eradicated, but a real understanding of and sympathy for the less fortunate of the world will do more to smooth their lives than any amount of indiscriminate charity, and must result, moreover, in some methods of practical relief which really fit the case.

Every community presents a field for an organization of its best element in an effort to clean up, beautify, and make a happy and wholesome place in which to live. The public-spirited interest which women are showing in making the whole community attractive and homelike is a development of the old instinct for beauty and order, and cannot be called a fad. They have begun, by the efficient means of organization, a beautiful and beneficent work, which ought to enlist an interest as tireless as the work itself is inexhaustible.

## A GRANDSON

The eldest son of Lina James Welch, '95, is now at our State University. We quote from the New York American:

Chapel Hill, N. C., Oct. 12.—Enjoying the distinction of being the youngest student ever matriculated at the University of North Carolina, Robert Welch, Jr., twelve years old, is a full-fledged freshman at this institution in the A. B. course. In knee breeches and looking more like a child than a college youth, he was admitted at the opening of the session this fall after he had passed the entrance examination with ease. In fact, he was declared immune when the hazers set about their pranks soon after college opened.

Son of a well-to-do planter residing near Hertford, N. C., the lad exhibited such unusual signs of precocity at an early age that his mother began to use him as an experiment for some of her pedagogical theories. When three years old he could read intelligently and tell the time of day accurately.

At four he knew the multiplication table up to the twentieth line, reasoning it out for himself without the use of a book. At this age he also had a fair knowledge of fractions. After this his progress was so rapid that he was not allowed to study at all between the ages of six and eight.

At ten he entered the Elizabeth City High School, where he remained two years, standing at the head of his class each year. During this period his mother kept constantly in touch with him, talking with him over the 'phone several times a day in regard to his studies.

The lad has a marked predilection for mathematics.

## FROM HANGCHOW, CHINA

Annie Chestnut Stuart, '00-'03

I am so interested in the Alumnae News. It is like a fresh breeze from home, and I am looking forward to receiving it from time to time. I hope you can make some use of the little article on Chinese Homes.

Since coming to China in 1907, and getting a working knowledge of the language (which takes two years or more), my work has been mainly visiting with a Bible woman in the homes of a large suburb of Hangchow city and the nearby villages. In the business section the streets are so narrow that you can only walk single file and as everybody pours the waste water out into the street, the stones are wet and slippery. The houses are all built in a long row, being separated by thin wooden partitions. The whole front of each is open to and immediately adjoining the street. The boards which constitute the front wall are placed on benches during the day making a good large table for use. The front room is the workshop, or store, whichever the case may be. There are no windows and only a small door at the back. The front is fearfully exposed to wind and sun (when the street is not too narrow) while further back the house is in semi-darkness all day. Ragged, dirty children play along the street, growing up in ignorance with no care and training; their mothers are busy waiting on customers or making joss paper which gives them

two hundred cash a day, less than ten cents United States money. The poorer class live in straw huts with a ground floor, the only furniture being a bed, a table, several benches and boxes and a cooking stove with no chimney. The smoke fills the whole hut and escapes through the front and only door. The better classes live in walled compounds, but even here we find the homes bare and unattractive, lacking what we call necessities, to say nothing of the comforts of life. Many of the ladies with small feet have never been more than a mile from home. Their costume looks very queer. Instead of skirts which are only used on high occasions, they wear tightly fitting trousers of figured material and long flowing kimona-like coats reaching half way to the knees. Their hair is combed straight back, coiled in a knot on the neck, and every hair is plastered down close to the head with slippery elm bark. Very few can read and they live aimless, empty lives with nothing to do all day but to keep up with the gossip of the neighborhood. While we are welcomed most cordially into every home, many show plainly that they do not care to hear the gospel; they are more interested in asking questions about the "honorable country" from which I have come, examining my clothes and my hair, wanting to know what I eat, etc. And yet there are many who will listen for an hour or more while we tell the Old, Old Story, and some ask intelligent questions.

Since the Revolution broke out many have given up idol worship, but ancestral worship has a strong hold. This, together with poverty and the difficulty of keeping the Sabbath, are some of the greatest hindrances to the gospel. You can see that our difficulties are very great, as is natural in foundation work, but we have great hopes for the future in the new order of things which has come in.

## EDUCATION IN CUBA

Mabel Haynes, '01

It is hard to know where to begin to send a message to one's alma mater after an absence of eleven years. Seven of them have been spent in my own native state teaching our deaf, and the last four in Cuba doing the same kind of work but not to the same extent.

The deaf have always been near my heart, and naturally so, since both my parents were deaf. So when the needs of Cuba's deaf were brought to my view, what could I do but come? Cuba, the very "Pearl of the Antilles", is as fair and as rich as Nature could make her, and her people have many noble traits, but she has never taken care of her afflicted children as she should have done. Not until six or seven years ago was anything done for the deaf, and then it was done by a foreigner, a young lady from Georgia, under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Convention. It is true that she reached only a very few, but it was the beginning, and beginnings are always small. After she left, the government took up the work and established in one of the city schools a class for deaf children, in which there are now about a dozen pupils

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## ALUMNAE NEWS

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GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1912

## COLLEGE NOTES

## THE SUMMER SESSION

W. C. Smith

Beginning Wednesday, June 12, and closing August 7, the College held its first Summer Session. This extension of the work of the institution by an additional term of eight weeks marks another step in the attainment of the ideal early announced by its great founder: *A college adequate to a people's needs and growing with their growth; its ministry statewide, including all the people in all the walks of life.*

Apart from this ideal, several considerations urged the establishment of a Summer Session. Important among these was the economic consideration that a plant so large and well equipped, representing an investment of \$650,000.00, could not justifiably remain unused and unproductive for more than one-fourth of every year. The indefensibility of this policy of unused resources was all the more apparent when confronted by the increasing demand on the part of North Carolina teachers and students for summer courses of instruction, and the almost uniform success attending the quarter session experiments of other colleges and universities. The increasingly large attendance of North Carolina teachers, particularly women, upon the summer sessions of beyond-the-state colleges was conclusive evidence of a desire for summer study, while the growing demands of our own students for extra instruction that would enable them to make good deficiencies resulting from lost time and inadequate preparation were appeals that could not be ignored.

The College, therefore, announced as part of its permanent program, a regular summer session of eight weeks in which the full resources of the institution,—faculty, buildings, dormitory accommodations, libraries, and laboratories,—were at the service of the women of North Carolina.

The work of the first session was necessarily tentative or experimental in its nature. Some fifty or more courses representing all departments of collegiate instruction were offered. The faculty was composed chiefly of the heads of departments. Most interesting perhaps to the alumnae, were the courses for home-makers. These included among other offerings, simple and practical instruction in Household Biology,

Gardening, House Furnishing and Decoration, Food and Dietetics, Cooking, Sewing, Kitchen Conveniences, Household Chemistry, and Textile Fabrics.

Special features of the Summer Session were the Teachers' Institute beginning July 15 and closing July 26; the Home-makers' Conference opening July 30 and lasting four days; and the series of public lectures delivered by Dr. Charles De Garmo, of Cornell University; Miss Jessie Field, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Page County, Iowa; Dr. J. Y. Joyner, Dr. P. P. Claxton, Prof. D. J. Crosby, and Hon. W. M. Hayes, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

A large measure of the success of the Home-makers' Conference was due to the ability, skillful management, and keen interest of the presiding officer, Mrs. Robert R. Cotten, of Bruce, N. C. Mrs. Cotten is the President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in North Carolina, and her very presence, aside from the many words of wisdom which she gave from her abundance of experience, was a guarantee that the conference would be a valuable contribution to the community welfare. Her enthusiastic support of the work of this conference is a strong factor in making it a permanent feature of the summer session.

No special effort was made to secure a large enrollment. The services of the faculty were chiefly a labor of love, only their necessary expenses being paid. They had worked faithfully during the year and it did not seem wise to burden them with large classes. It was important, moreover, in the outset that proper standards of earnest, college work be set and that each student should be made to feel that her work was subject to prompt, thorough and complete inspection. The total enrollment was 416. Of this number 227 were in attendance upon the Teachers' Institute, 189 were regularly registered for full summer session courses, and 49 were applicants for collegiate credit.

The character of the work done was excellent. The faculty labored faithfully and conscientiously; the students were diligent, earnest, and attentive, and the Summer Session as a whole may be pronounced a decided success.

## NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

Mr. Wade R. Brown, the new music director, comes here from Meredith College. He has studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and in Berlin and Paris. He has taught in Greenville Female College and Winthrop College in South Carolina and for the past ten years at Meredith College.

Mr. Brown says that only one person out of a hundred cannot sing, and he grants just six people the privilege of keeping silent during the singing in chapel exercises. The alumnae should hear the other five hundred and ninety-four as they peal forth the familiar hymns and songs, dear to all Normal students.

Miss Karhryn Severson, from Cohoes, N. Y., is the vocal teacher this year. Miss Severson has studied under Alice Montague Turner, at Honolulu; under John David Beall, at Rochester, N. Y., and under Hall, at New York City.

Two new piano teachers fill the vacancies created by the absence of Miss Brockmann and of Miss Eugenia Harris (now Mrs. Earl Holt, of Oak Ridge). One of these is Miss Ethel Abbott, of Union Springs, N. Y. Miss Abbott studied at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore and with Ernest Hutchison at Chatauga, N. Y. She taught at the Peabody Conservatory for four years, and also at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon, for four years. The other piano teacher is Miss Alice Churchill, of Buffalo, N. Y. She studied under Carl Baerman at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Before coming here she taught at the Southern Female College, at Petersburg, Va.

It cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction and joy to the alumnae, to know that, at last, we have a General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Jane Taylor Miller, a graduate of Marietta College in 1908, and of Hartford, Conn., in 1912, is filling that office most acceptably.

Miss Eunice Anderson, of Charlotte, N. C., a graduate of the Presbyterian College, is teaching the sixth grade in the Training School. She succeeds Miss Dupuy, who has gone as a missionary to Korea.

Miss Jowitz, of New York City, a graduate of Pratt Institute, is our new house-keeper.

Eleanor Elliott, '07, of Greensboro, who has been teaching in the Greensboro High School, returns to the college this year to assist in the English Department.

Clyde Stancill, '10, is assistant in the German Department. She fills the vacancy caused by the absence of Miss Snyder, who is spending a year at Chicago University. Miss Parker is also at Chicago, and Bertha Stanbury, ex-'13, is supplying for her in the Mathematics Department.

Miss Ethel Harris, after a year's work in the Greensboro City Schools, is again teaching vocal music in the Training School.

Alice Whitson, '12, is teaching for Miss Robinson, who is resting at her home in Morven, N. C.

May Green, '12, is Assistant Registrar.

Jane Summerell, '10, is assisting in the Latin Department.

Edna Forney, '08, is the assistant in the Treasurer's office.

Miss Oeland Washburn is Dr. Foust's stenographer in the place of Miss Nan McArn, who is at her home this winter.

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Monday, September 23rd, dawned bright and clear upon the formal opening of the 21st session of the college. The ordeal of entrance examinations was over and old and new students alike were ready and eager to take up the work of the new term. After the usual chapel exercises and a few opening remarks, Dr. Foust introduced to faculty and students the guests of the morning, Mayor Murphy, Mr. R. D. Douglas, and Mr. J. Norman Wells, who in turn expressed to all a hearty welcome to Greens-

horo in the name of the citizens in general, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Merchants' Association. Regular college work began Tuesday.

On account of the incompleteness of the new dormitory, the Senior Class did not return to the college until October 2nd. Even then for unavoidable reasons the building could not be occupied; but the Seniors hope to move into their new home about the middle of November. For the time being they are "at home" in the annex of the New Infirmary and in every conceivable nook and corner of the Spencer Building.

An interesting social affair took place on the afternoon of Saturday, September 28th, when the Young Women's Christian Association entertained the new girls at a mock field day. The walk along the "street" and the "car" ride, which enabled the guests to reach the race courses—otherwise the gymnasium—were very enjoyable. Those who entered the amusing contests and races furnished fun for the onlookers. Refreshments were served during the races.

On account of the death of Mr. R. T. Gray, of Raleigh, there was a cessation of activities at the college from eleven until two o'clock on Friday, October 4th. Mr. Gray was a prominent member of our Executive Board. He had been one of the college's staunchest friends since its foundation. It was as a token of love for him and appreciation of his services that the faculty and students suspended work during the hour of his funeral. On the preceding day Mr. Smith had made, at chapel exercises, a beautiful tribute to his life and character.

On the evening of October 4th, Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl, designer of the McIver statue, delivered, in the Students' Building, an illustrated lecture on "Great Art and What Makes It Great". This is the same lecture which he recently delivered at Columbia University.

The great improvement in music at the college this year brought about by the untiring activities of Professor Wade R. Brown has been shown in the organization of a chorus consisting of 125 voices.

On October 17th-19th there was on exhibition in the banquet halls of the two societies the Horace K. Turner collection of prints made from the most famous masterpieces. This art exhibit, which was brought to the college under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association, proved most instructive.

Dr. Lewis S. Chafer, of Northfield, Mass., who was conducting Bible classes in the Presbyterian Churches of Greensboro, gave a talk at chapel exercises Friday, October 25th, on the "Great Plan of Salvation".

Would that all old Adelphi and Cornelians could have been at the college during the initiation season! Beginning with the delivery of invitations Thursday afternoon, October 24th, and ending with the Cornelian banquet the following Saturday night, every hour was filled with happy minutes for both old and new students and as a result of it all each society has on its roll a list of about 150 enthusiastic new members. The initiation entertainments of both societies

took the form of banquets this year. The toasts were unusually good and were enjoyed by all present. We regret that we did not see more "old girls" back for initiation. Since the Teachers' Assembly probably accounts for this small number we are now looking forward to seeing them at Thanksgiving.

"The Miscellany", an organization composed of the members of the Senior and Junior Classes, has been reorganized for the coming year. The first work planned was a presidential campaign. Representatives of the four most important candidates were elected and then real work began. Campaign and publicity managers became busy. Stump speeches were made anywhere and everywhere. The battle continued to rage even up to the eve of the election, Saturday, November 2nd. At the meeting of the Miscellany held that night, the four presidential candidates, Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt, and Debs, in turn presented their platforms and the principles of their parties, appealing to the masses—the members of the Miscellany—to cast their votes for the right. When the vote was taken Wilson received a large majority. Though this election was held partly through a spirit of fun, it was characterized by great seriousness too, since the students realize that they may at some early day need to know enough of the principles of the different parties to vote intelligently if they are called on to do so by the State.

Miss Mendenhall entertained at the Green Cottage Saturday afternoon, November 9th, in honor of the new members of the faculty.

On Sunday evening, November 10th, Mrs. Wade R. Brown sang most beautifully at our vesper service.

## ARTIST AND FACULTY RECITALS

Professor Wade R. Brown, Director of Music, has arranged, to our great delight, a series of music recitals for the benefit of our college family. The first of these was given on the afternoon of Founder's Day. Its beautiful program is given elsewhere. The second, a Chamber Concert by the Schubert String Quartette, of Boston, was given in our own chapel, Tuesday evening, November 5th. The music was of a high order, wisely chosen and beautifully rendered. In addition to the program printed below, the musicians responded to the hearty applause of the audience by giving several encores. Faculty, students and visitors found the evening's entertainment most delightful and all hope the Schubert String Quartette will come to us again.

### PROGRAM

1. *Quartet*—B flat major—Op. 18, No. 6  
*Beethoven*  
Allegro con brio; Adagio ma non troppo; Scherzo—Allegro; Finale—Adagio, Allegretto, Prestissimo.
2. *Violin Solo*—Rhapsodia Piemontese  
*Siningoglia*
3. (a) Interludium, from *Quatuor Slave*  
*Glazounow*  
(b) *Spinning Song* . . . . . *Hollaender*
4. *Violinello Solo*—Elegie. . . . . *Arensky-Blair*

5. *Quartet*—F major—Op. 77, No. 2  
*Haydn*  
Allegro moderato; Menuetto—Presto ma non troppo; Andante; Finale—Vivace assai.

Mr. Brown had prepared us for the enjoyment of this program by a charming analysis of the principal numbers.

The third of the series was given in the college chapel on the evening of November 16th, by Miss Ethel Abbot, pianist, assisted by Miss Kathryn Severson, soprano. Both these ladies are new members of our faculty and each of them is gaining for herself a warm place in the hearts of the college community. On the afternoon of November 14th Miss Abbott gave a delightful informal talk to the special music students, by means of which they were prepared to listen intelligently to Saturday evening's program. Miss Abbott has kindly furnished us with the brief outline of her work. It is given below:

- I. *D'Albert, Allemande, Gavotte and Musette* (from Suite in D minor).
- II. *Chopin-Liszt* . . . . . Chant Polonais, No. 5
- III. *Debussy* . . . . . Clair de Lune
- IV. *Schumann* . . . . . Four Pieces from "Kreisleriana".
- V. *Delibes* . . . . . Passepied
- VI. *Dobnanyi* . . . . . Capriccio in B minor

A suite is a collection of dances. The earlier suites, notably those of Bach, were called Partitas.

The arrangement is usually as follows: Prelude (sometimes omitted), allemande, courante, sarabande, gavotte or minuet, gigue.

This has always been a favorite form with composers, and today we have the orchestral suite, one by Tschaioksky called the "Nutcracker" suite being well known.

This suite, part of which will be included in the program for Saturday night, is by D'Albert, a noted living German composer, who has achieved much success in composition, several operas, some fine orchestral works and smaller works for piano, testifying to his originality and ability.

The Allemande is a stately introduction to the suite, rather Bach-like in treatment, and although it was written when D'Albert was only sixteen, it is considered a mature work by discriminating musicians.

The Gavotte employs some bold harmonies, while the Musette (so called from the fact that it imitates a small bag-pipe or oboe) follows with even greater daring, using harsh, rugged dissonances with great effectiveness. Altogether this composition is a good example of the way composers of today are writing.

The second number is a transcription of a song of Chopin, by Liszt, entitled "Meine Freunde" (My Friends).

Liszt has adorned the lovely original melody with some of his inimitable ornamentation consisting of exquisite runs, trills, and similar embellishments, adding to its beauty and effectiveness.

Liszt as a transcriber is almost, if not quite, without a rival. He is better known to most people in this capacity, than as an original composer—so many of his transcriptions of songs being familiar to concert goers.

The third number, "Clair de Lune," is by Debussy, a well known and much discussed modern French composer.

Debussy has been called a musical impressionist; one celebrated critic compares his works to those of Whistler, describing them as "vague, mysterious, fluid, haunting and impossible to grasp". Some of Debussy's best known works are: A setting of Rosetti's Blessed Damosel, the opera Pelleas and Melisande, in which Mary Garden created the title role with much success, orchestral works, such as "l'apres Midi d'un Faune," and various songs and piano compositions. This number, "Moonlight", from the Suite Bergamesque, is a general favorite with American audiences. It gives a subtle impression of the ethereal purity, radiance and mystery with which moonlight floods the earth. It is a delicate, poetic mood impression.

The fourth number, Kreisleriana, by Schumann, requires some explanation. It is dedicated to Chopin, whom Schumann warmly admired and defended.

Kreisler was an imaginary, fantastic character, found in several of the novels of Hoffman, an author much read by Schumann. Kreisler impersonates the character of a true musician, devoted to the highest ideals, in conflict with the frivolous, commonplace world. He is finally driven to insanity.

A sketch by Hoffman shows Kreisler blowing soap bubbles, his attitude suggesting that "the world, after all, is nothing but a soap bubble." The ideas and moods of Kreisler induced Schumann to write the Kreisleriana, which is considered one of his finest works for piano. It is original and poetic, by turns dreamy, passionate, tender or mysterious.

Schumann's ideal love story is so well known, that only a brief mention need be made of it here. At the time of writing the Kreisleriana, he was deeply in love with Clara Wieck, the daughter of his piano teacher. She afterward became his wife, and was famous as an interpreter of her husband's works.

In letters of this period, Schumann speaks of this work repeatedly, saying with what joy he watches it grow, thinking continually of his beloved Clara, the source of his happiness and inspiration. Schumann's works are a sort of musical commentary on his life. His daring, freedom, and originality in composition revealed a new spirit—and his works are universally beloved.

The concluding numbers, a little Passaged of Delibes, and a Capriccio by Dohnanyi, are modern in every sense of the word.

Dohnanyi is considered by some musicians as the successor of Brahms. A Hungarian by birth, he is a profound admirer of Schumann and Brahms. He was at one time a pupil of D'Albert in piano. It is said that Dohnanyi began to compose at seven, and as he is still a comparatively young man, we await his development with keen interest.

Miss Severson sang as her first number that exquisite song, "Villanelle" by Del'Acqua; as her second (a) "The Birth of the Morn'", (b) Iahn's "The Exquisite Hour", (c) Spross's "Yesterday and Today."

These entertainments are a source of great profit as well as of pleasure to the entire college.

The music faculty are generous in their cooperation with others and Mr. Brown has in a marked degree that trait of Dr. McIver—the power of making people enjoy doing their duty.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

### OUR ABSENT EDITOR

We do not grudge Miss Julia Dameron her longed for year at Columbia University. We are glad she is there, but we realize that—just now, at least—her gain is our sad loss. We can not exaggerate our appreciation of her and of her fine work as editor of the "Alumnae News". We are willing to "substitute" for her until next autumn, when we expect to turn over our quarterly into the proper hands.

### A QUERY FROM BLACKHALL, CT.

Are you doing anything in North Carolina in the way of training in rural school work? It has only recently been taken up here. In fact, last year was the first time that a real rural school had been taken for training purposes. It was done only as an experiment, but it proved so successful that the experiment is to be repeated next year under improved conditions. As I am being used in this work, I am anxious to know what is being done in a similar way in other states.

I hope to attend commencement in Greensboro sometime before many years elapse.

ALICE W. D. BROWN.

### WEDDING BELLS

Right merrily have the wedding bells been ringing, and the Normal has had many an invitation to attend some daughter's nuptials. She is always glad to welcome sons-in-law into her family and there is never a doubt in her mind as to their loyalty. The following is a partial list of the marriages:

July 17, Mary Thorpe, '07, and Mr. Lawrence Horne, Rocky Mount, N. C.

June 20, Belle Welch, '07-'10, and Mr. Guy Parker. Their home is in Edenton.

July 2d, Elvira Foust, '08, and Mr. John Oates Plonk. They are living in King's Mountain.

Sept. 3, Woodfin Chambers, '00, and Mr. Hubert Hill.

Sept. 17, Wil-Warder Steele, '03, and Mr. Thomas Hill Tate. Their home is in Jacksonville, Fla.

Oct. 16, Lydia Yates, '98, and Rev. J. C. Wooten.

Edith Latham, '11, and Mr. A. C. Settan. Their address is 40 Massachusetts Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

Lula Dixon, '10, and Mr. William H. Meroney. They are living in Murphy.

Hattie Arrington is now Mrs. R. H. Gregory, and is living in China, where her husband represents the American Tobacco Company.

Mary Murphy, '03-'04, and '06-'07, and Mr. John Kerr Davis, of the American Consulate to China. They are living in Peking.

Janet G. Crump, '07, and Mr. Eugene Price Gray. Their home is in Winston.

### OTHER NEWS

Blanche K. Ferguson, '93-'95, who is a trained nurse at Aneon Hospital, Canal Zone, is spending several months at her home, Kendall, N. C. She writes, "I am very glad to hear that you are to have a special course for nurses."

Georgia Bell, '92-'96, is still living with her parents in Brevard, N. C. She sends the following items about her sisters:

"Allie Bell Blythe, 1895, lives about one mile from Brevard. Her oldest daughter, Margaret, will finish at the Brevard High School next spring. She, with her two younger sisters, will be ready to enter the Normal in a few years." We remember Margaret Blythe as the donor of a piece of her own hand work for our linen shower at the New Infirmary.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bell Shipman, '95-'98, has one little daughter three years of age. Mrs. Chester Bell Withers, '97-'99, lives at Patterson, N. C. She has one daughter, Sarah.

Mrs. Carrie Martin Upshur, 1899, in remitting a substantial donation to the McIver Loan Fund, writes the following: "I have four children, but I am sorry to say there is only one girl to plan to send to the Normal."

Miriam MacFadyen, 1900, has been made a critic teacher in the Training Department of the East Carolina Teaching School. She recently spent three months in New York and New Jersey, spending six weeks at Columbia University. She expects to attend the Teachers' Assembly.

Lulu Cassidey, '98-'02, taught for several years in Clinton, N. C. During the summer she passed a profitable season at the Oxford Orphanage helping in the great work at that institution. We gladly note her promotion to the office of assistant County Superintendent of Sampson.

Bert Albright Moore, '03, is now living in Greensboro. In a recent letter she says: "The college hardly seems the same, there has been so much done in the way of improvement; but the 'feeling' is there and we are all mightily proud of it."

Rosa Bailey, '04, is teaching at Biseoe. Rosa Wells, '04, sends the following message from Paris: "I am really in Europe. I have been here in the Hotel Meurice for two weeks. I suddenly had a fairy godmother appear on the scene."

Mrs. Ed Barnes (nee Lyda Faison), '03, now living in King's Mountain, sends an announcement of the arrival of Leslie May, on May 7th.

Ione Cates, 1903, is now at work in Eureka, Utah.

Estelle Davis, 1906, teaches Mathematics in the High School at Washington, N. C. She attended Columbia University during the summer, and also spent some time at Virginia Beach, Va.

Mrs. E. A. Huggins (nee Nell Lassiter), '01-'05, has a son, Willard Ashworth, born July 4th.

Several weeks ago Miss Jamison was in Oxford in the interest of the Extension Department of the college. While there she was most kindly entertained by the Normal alumnae. Among others she visited Minnie and Alice Kimball, and Minnie Ross Kimball, '04-'07, in their beautiful country home six miles from town. The latter has a little girl of three months, whom we hope some day to see at the Normal.

Mrs. John T. Lowe (nee Auvila Lindsay) sent the college a card, announcing the arrival of John T. Lowe, Jr. Our one regret is that he cannot be a prospective Normal student.

Emilie Smith plans to attend the New York Normal School of Physical Education this winter. Her address is 3605 Broadway.

Clara Bell writes from Boonville, N. C., that she hopes to return to the college for her degree. This is good news to us.

Mary Ethel Wilson is filling a position as stenographer in the office of the Southern Railway in Asheville.

On Sunday, November 10th, a little son was born to Mrs. Edna McCubbins Rouzer, '00-'03.

Edna Duke, '09, now has the fourth grade in the Goldsboro Graded School. She hopes to attend the Teachers' Assembly.

Bessie Cauble, '09, is spending the winter at her home in Black Mountain, N. C.

Florence Landis, '09, and May Hunter, '08, are teaching in Valle Crucis.

Belle Hicks, '10, who has been teaching the pupils of the Salisbury Graded Schools to decline and conjugate in Latin, is spending the winter at her home in Hendersonville.

Annie Moring, '10, is also at her home in Asheboro.

Winnie McWhorter, '10, has been teaching in Battleboro ever since her graduation.

Nora Carpenter, '11, is studying Domestic Art at the University of Tennessee.

Annie Cummins, 1911, has moved from Kinston to 1515 Floral Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Gertrude Finger, '09-'11, is teaching the fifth grade in Hickory.

Lola Taylor, '10-'11, is now living in Ashland, Kansas. She writes that she likes Kansas fairly well.

Hattie Burch and Louise Lucas, '12, are teaching in Andrews, N. C. They are enthusiastic over the mountain-country.

Ethel Skinner, '12, writes from Rich Square: "I am kept busy these days teaching twenty-eight pupils in instrumental music, besides doing chorus work and sight singing in the grades.

Bessie Jordan, '12, is teaching at Dunn, N. C.

Margaret Wilson, '12, Jamie Bryan, 1912, and Jessie Earnhardt, 1911, are teaching at Wilson, N. C.

Alice Morrison, '12, is teaching in Louisburg.

Helen Harps, '11-'12, has moved to her former home in Snydersville, Pa. We regret to lose her from our college circle.

Nan McArn is spending the winter with her parents in Laurinburg. Her mother's health made it necessary for her to give up her work at the college for the winter. All of us at the college miss her genial presence.

### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

Nothing that has taken place at the college in recent years has given the editors so much joy as the great forward step taken by the Christian Association in the election of a General Secretary, and the wisdom of our Board of Directors in confirming her election. We know that all of our alumnae who labored with us in the Christian Association, all who contributed to the fund for the erection of the Students' Building in the hope that our association might have a local habitation as well as a name, all who pray daily that the students of our college may "seek first the kingdom of God" will rejoice with us, because our common hope has crystallized into a fact and Miss Jane Miller is our General Secretary. She has begun her delicate and difficult work with eagerness, becoming humility, and great sanity. Pioneer work is always hard, and pioneer work in a field as large as this offers daily many perplexing problems. But Miss Miller is as brave as she is earnest; and with the loyal support of students and faculty we expect her to lead us to our greater things than we have as yet attempted. For her and her helpers here we ask your sympathy and your practical aid. The advice of our alumnae is always welcome, even if we do not always take it. The money of our alumnae, when sent to us in memory of happy days spent here in Christian service, is the most acceptable money we can get. So, if you wish, as the Christmas time draws near, to gladden us and your own hearts, send us a Christmas gift. We will use it as you direct—for our yearly budget (we aim at a thousand dollars this year), for our secretary's salary (raised entirely by voluntary offerings), for a Christian Association Building, for whatever you desire. May our Lord watch between you and us when we are absent one from another!

[Continued from page 3]

and much humbuggery, while there should be a national school with at least five hundred pupils.

Cuba is a lovely island and not as far from the states as formerly since Flagler has built his over-the-sea road that brings us several hours nearer. Every winter the number of American tourists increases, and in January and February Havana looks like an American town. The relations between the Cubans and Americans are friendly, and the Cubans are cultivating this relationship by teaching their children our language. English is compulsory in the public schools, and many parents are sending their children North to be educated, while the very wealthy have American or English governesses.

Some of the English work done in the public schools is fine, and would do credit to older schools. The school system was modeled after that of Ohio, and during the American intervention \$10,000,000 were expended on the public schools. There are

no regular school buildings, but the schools are housed in large available buildings, and scattered over the city. The only thing that would indicate what they are is the name-plate on the door, telling the number of the school and the sex of the pupils. The largest public school in the city has over twelve hundred pupils and is housed in an old Spanish hospital that the Americans under General Wood cleaned up, and it is an ideal school building with its long galleries and big, airy rooms. It is in one of the poorest sections of the city and some of the little street urchins that attend are barely covered with their filthy rags. They are pitiful sights, so dirty and unkempt, and with never a hook or a pencil. There is no color line drawn in Cuba; so we find in the schools white and black children side by side, white and black teachers working for the same end.

There are no high schools, but in each province there is the institute that does work such as our colleges did seventy-five years ago. Then the National University in Havana is the head of the system. In both these, men and women are admitted. The B. A. degree is given in the institute, and no private schools can confer this degree. Their students must appear before the directors of the institute to get the degree.

There are a great many clubs in the city, and each one has its own reading rooms, day and night schools, hospitals, etc., and by paying a small sum monthly, the members receive all the benefits of the same for themselves and their families. So oftentimes the tuition fee for several children is very small, and, of course, these club schools rank a little higher than the public schools, at least socially. Then the churches all have their schools, and train hundreds of boys and girls for the Catholic Church. The Methodists, the Baptists and the Episcopalians have good schools, and all realize that one of the best kinds of foundations for strong mission work is good schools taught by consecrated men and women.

Another part of the school system is the "escuelas", or what I call nurseries. Parents frequently send their babies of three and four years to some girl in the neighborhood, who isn't supposed to teach them anything at all except perhaps the letters, but she keeps them out of mischief, and as the mothers often say, teaches them to sit still. Why they should want their children taught to sit still, I have never been able to understand, unless it is because they know it is their children's only opportunity of learning such an accomplishment, for in most schools the children do not sit still, and it sounds like bedlam.

In all the private schools, the girls are taught to embroider and to do all kinds of lovely fancy work. Most girls at fifteen have finished their education and are ready to get married. It is a strange sight to see the little girls carrying their embroidery frames to and from school, or perhaps the servants walking along behind, carrying their young mistresses' work.

I have reached the conclusion that the man who said, "To teach in Cuba one must either lose his self-respect or his religion," was about right. It is a hard yet glorious work that will yield better dividends than any other thing.

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financial bondage those whose chief posses-  
sion is acres of land."—Charles D. McIver.