





## CONTENTS ..

---

---

I.	In Memory of Dr. J. L. M. Curry— <i>Gertrude W. Mendenhall</i> .....	187
II.	Dr. J. L. M. Curry— <i>Viola Boddie</i> .....	188
III.	Dr. Curry's Last Visit to the Normal— <i>Eula Glenn</i> , '03.....	192
IV.	Tribute of Respect from the Faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College.....	195
V.	Birds of Tennessee— <i>T. Gilbert Pearson</i> .....	197
VI.	First Annual Report of the Secretary of the Audubon Society of North Carolina.....	202
VII.	Report of the Treasurer of the Audubon Society of North Carolina.....	207
VIII.	A Glance at Washington— <i>Mary E. Lazenby</i> , '96.....	208
IX.	My Visit to Eagle's Nest— <i>Nettie Lee Parker</i> , '93.....	212
X.	A Visit to the Barium Springs Orphanage— <i>Mary Isabelle Ward</i> , '03.....	213
XI.	The Y. W. C. A. Work, and its Influence in College— <i>Alma Pittman</i> , '02.....	215
XII.	A Tragedy— <i>Stella Blount</i> , '06.....	217
XIII.	A Letter from Marcus Bridgers.....	219
XIV.	Something Worth Thinking About— <i>Evelyn Royall</i> , '04.....	222
XV.	The Voyage of Ulysses— <i>James Joyner</i> .....	223
XVI.	DeGraffenreid and the Indians— <i>Eugenia Malloy</i> .....	225
XVII.	Current Events— <i>Christina M. Snyder</i> , '03.....	228
XVIII.	Alumnæ and Former Students— <i>Eula Glenn</i> , '03.....	231
XIX.	Among Ourselves— <i>Millie Archer</i> , '04.....	233
XX.	Exchanges— <i>Annie Belle Hoyle</i> .....	239
XXI.	In Lighter Vein— <i>Bert Albright</i> , '03.....	241
XXII.	Some Books on the Magazine Desk.....	248
XXIII.	Editorial.....	255
XXIV.	The May School of the State Normal and Industrial College for Women.....	257
XXV.	Organizations.....	259
XXVI.	Advertisements.....	

---

---

# State Normal Magazine.

Vol. VII.

GREENSBORO, N. C., APRIL, 1903.

No. 4

---

---

**Managing Editor:**

ANNIE G. RANDALL.

**Assistant :**

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

**Adelphian Society:**

BERT M. ALBRIGHT, '03, Chief.

MARY I. WARD, '03.

MILLIE ARCHER, '04.

**Cornellian Society:**

EULA GLENN, '03, Chief.

CHRISTINA SNYDER, '03.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '04.

MARY I. WARD, Business Manager.

---

---

THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE is published every two months, from September to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelphian and Cornellian Literary Societies, under the direction of a Managing Editor, chosen from the Faculty.

All literary contributions may be sent to the Managing Editor.

All business communications of any kind should be addressed to the Business Manager.

TERMS: Fifty cents a year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

---

---

## IN MEMORY OF DR. J. L. M. CURRY.

GERTRUDE W. MENDENHALL.

We needs must mourn since he can come no more,  
To cheer us with his kindly voice and hand,  
And help us find the truth which he had found,  
Or help us toward the truth which he sought,  
For he was ever seeking to the end.

But while he comes no more he still lives on,  
For in his work he planned for endless years;  
And while his three score years and ten are done,  
His life goes on through the eternal years,  
Since all our lives are endless, if in God.

## DR. J. L. M. CURRY.

—  
VIOLA BODDIE.

In beautiful Hollywood at Richmond, Virginia, on the sixteenth of last month, was laid to rest the Honorable Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, the soldier, lawyer, statesman, diplomat, author, minister of the gospel, and apostle of education. Rarely is it permitted a human life at its close—even though the angel of death withholds its message beyond the allotted “three score years and ten”—to look back on a career so honorable, so successful, so full of usefulness as was that of Dr. Curry. By his death the South has lost perhaps its ablest and most sympathetic friend, the nation one of its most active peacemakers and effectual unifiers. When the electric current flashed over this broad land of ours the sad message that this tireless worker had finished his noble task, rightly did wise heads and sympathetic hearts make answer, “The nation mourns.” “We mourn our loss but rejoice in the splendid life just ended.” While men all over America and even in foreign lands are grieve to lose this great man, his own Southland appreciate and love him as no other could.

Dr. Curry was born in Lincoln county, Georgia, in 1825 and graduated from the University of Georgia in his sixteenth year. He was distinctly a southerner, but his judgment was too sound, his soul too magnanimous to be influenced by sectional interest or race pride, and by his death is made still smaller that remnant of truly great men who link the Old South with the New—men who have been able to engraft the progressive and broader ideas of a later civilization upon the proud, though courageous, generous and chivalrous character of antebellum days.

When a mere boy, Dr. Curry enlisted with the famous “Texas Rangers” to fight for the freedom of the Lone Star State and Congress recognized his services by a grant of land. In the Civil

---

War he served as an aide on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnson and later on that of General Wheeler. During the last year of this war he was made Lieutenant Colonel of the Alabama cavalry.

Almost as soon as Dr. Curry reached manhood he became active in the affairs of state, serving three terms in the legislature of Alabama and two in the national House of Representatives. When Alabama seceded from the Union he went immediately from the United States Congress to that of the Southern States and was one of the committee who framed that remarkably well written document known as the Constitution of the Confederate States. He was likewise the author of the last address and appeal of the Confederate Congress to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Soon after the Civil War Dr. Curry entered the ministry of the Baptist church. Although his services were sought by some of the most influential congregations of his church, he soon became convinced that he could serve his country and his God more effectually by becoming an apostle of education. It is unquestionably in this field of labor that he has accomplished his greatest work, and in this is he best known and best loved.

From 1866 to 1868 he was president of Howard College, Alabama; from 1868 to 1881, professor of English and Constitutional and International Law in Richmond College, Virginia. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Mercer University in 1867, and later the same degree was received from his alma mater. To these was added the degree of D. D. by the University of Rochester.

In 1881 he became agent for the Peabody Educational Fund and ten years later he was made trustee of the John Slater Fund and chairman of its educational committee. His nomination to the first of these positions of honor and usefulness was made by Ulysses S. Grant and seconded by Rutherford B. Hayes. These funds gave Dr. Curry the means with which to stimulate into action the latent powers and aspirations lying dormant throughout

the stricken South—seared by war's consuming fire and blunted by poverty's relentless grind. Dr. Curry's was the mighty soul to bid the South hope again—to convince her that true freedom was possible only when the God-given powers of her children were developed and directed to useful and productive labor. To him more than to any other one man is due the great educational revival which has lately turned the eyes of the thinking world towards the South.

When this apostle of education began his crusade there were no well organized and effective public school systems in the South. Few legislatures gave practical demonstration of their interest in public education; the colleges and universities were for the most part either hostile or indifferent to the education of the masses. He visited a dozen legislatures and pled for the helpless ones groping in ignorance. The whole South was his field, every child his theme. His plea was for all regardless of sex or race or condition. His earnest eloquence compelled them to listen; the wisdom of his arguments, to act.

For more than fifteen years with tireless energy and a perseverance and courage born of an unwavering faith in the future of his people, this leader, this Washington of Southern education, marshalled his forces for a mightier victory over a deadlier foe of independence than was King George III. of England. With more than Jeffersonian bravery did he make his indictment against ignorance. How fearlessly and how clearly he enumerated the charges against the enemies of freedom, countless numbers in the South today who have been thrilled by his eloquence and fired by his zeal bear testimony. And what a glorious harvest of his labors did a kind providence permit Dr. Curry to see—a public school system in every Southern State, separate normal schools, departments for the training of public school teachers in the universities and colleges, and the wisdom of local taxation admitted and tested, not to mention the worthy and constantly increasing company of Southern educators that had borne up the hands of this deliverer of his people, especially during the last decade!

---

In 1885 Dr. Curry suspended for three years his educational work to serve his country as Minister to Spain. What more fitting tribute to the manner in which he filled this place of honor could one ask than the fact that he was chosen so recently to represent our country at the coronation of King Alphonso. The kind deference and special attention shown him at the Court of Madrid, notwithstanding the recent trouble between the United States and Spain, proved the wisdom of our President in selecting the only man who could have been of such appreciable help in restoring friendly relations between these two powers.

Among the valuable contributions from Dr. Curry's pen may be mentioned "Constitutional Government in Spain," "William Ewart Gladstone," "The Southern States of the American Union in Their Relation to The Constitution and The Resulting Union," and "Establishment and Disestablishment in the United States." In these Dr. Curry writes as the master of English, the statesman, the philosopher. Those who know of Dr. Curry's rich store of interesting reminiscences and his magnanimous spirit can but regret that he did not give us a personal narrative of the men and times in the South for a decade before and a decade after the Civil War—a period which has been so meagrely or so unfairly recorded, for the most part by writers of political or sectional bias.

Organized bodies of every kind sought his distinguished and able leadership. His public service may be indicated by the fact that in addition to his work as agent of the Peabody and Slater Funds he was president of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, president of the National Sunday School Convention, president of the Virginia Baptist General Association, president of the Board of Trustees of Richmond College, president of the Alabama State Convention, trustee of Columbia University, vice-president of the Virginia Historical Society and of the American Historical Society, as well as supervising director of the Southern Education Board, and a member of the General Education Board.

Dr. Curry was one of the few men who have been able to project themselves into a future of which they knew they could form no part, consequently his services were as eagerly sought and as efficiently rendered in a ripe old age as in manhood's prime. Nearly four score years of ceaseless toil had not tired his energies, but even when his suffering frame could labor no more his cry was still for time in which to accomplish even greater things for the cause he loved so well. What an inspiration his life should be to the youth of our land! Though his kindly face will come no more among us with its smile of encouragement, and though his friendly hand may grasp no more our own in sympathy, and though his voice be no more heard to draw from common place things about him the great lessons of life, for the instruction and inspiration of those who sit at wisdom's feet, his great spirit, his noble example will still lead us into a patriotism as broad as this great land of ours, and into that view of truth which rises as far above pride, prejudice and selfishness as the fir-clad hills of our own Land of the Sky lift their snowy peaks above the fogs and mists of the valley.

---

#### DR. CURRY'S LAST VISIT TO THE NORMAL.

---

EULA GLENN, '03.

A little less than a year ago, on the 17th of February, there was an assembly in this hall for dedicating the first building erected in North Carolina solely for technical training of teachers. Among the distinguished speakers on this rostrum sat one in honor of whom this new building was to be named. As he came forward to address the audience, many of us realized from his feebleness that he whom we loved was perhaps bringing us his last inspiring message. While still in a very weak condition, he had left his bed in



order to accept the invitation to be with us and speak to us on that occasion. That visit and that message were the last we were to receive from Dr. Curry.

Many of us recall Dr. Curry's face and voice, and the evidence of strong emotion indicated by them as he began his address with these words—"How could I refuse to be here? How could I refuse gratefully, and at the same time humbly, to acknowledge the high, although unmerited, compliment which this institution has paid me by identifying one of its significant and important buildings with my unworthy name?"

Since the surrendering of his sword at the close of the Civil War, Dr. Curry had given his life to the cause of education. It was this that filled his soul and about this that he spoke most to us. In this last address he presented his view of the educational problem in North Carolina. He emphasized the fact that our poverty is due to ignorance, that ignorance is costing more today in North Carolina than knowledge, that North Carolina would not fail if she did her work in the right spirit. He emphasized the fact also that our schools can do nothing without trained teachers, that neither the aims nor the ends of education are understood by our people. He called our attention to the fact that "the broad requirements necessary to the training of boys are not less essential to the training of womanhood." He said "society depends more upon the culture and influence of gracious womanhood than upon any power of man." He spoke of the aim and of the influence of this institution, and of the work that woman has done for the world; among other incidents the work of the Red Cross Society, of that of Dorothea Dix, as she pled for the infirm, for the helpless, for the destitute, before the legislature of North Carolina.

In the course of his address he paid a tribute to our president, Dr. McIver, in stating that before his earnest appeals to the legislature, nothing had been done for woman's education in North Carolina except what had been done through the public schools.

He expressed his wish that this institution might last as long as civilization lasts as a record of Dr. McIver's work and of the work undertaken by the State for education of the people of the South. He closed his address with a personal tribute to the educational Governor of North Carolina.

Dr. Curry was influential in the establishment of this institution. He loved it and did everything in his power for its support, and it is but fitting that the building dedicated on the day of his last visit should bear the name of him who stood so firmly for the principle which it represents.

Dr. Curry always showed a peculiar interest in the work of the students of this college. Since 1894 he has been a helpful honorary member of the Cornelian Literary Society. What his visits have meant to the students here cannot be told. Each one of us who has seen and heard Dr. Curry has learned to love him. We have always eagerly looked forward to his visits, knowing that with him he brought a sympathetic heart and words of wisdom and encouragement. He never let an opportunity pass when it was practicable to be here, if only for a few hours. We feel that it has been one of the greatest privileges of our lives, one of the greatest blessings, to have heard and known him, and we shall always remember his words of encouragement uttered during his last visit to us. We realize that in the death of Dr. J. L. M. Curry the Normal College and the students individually have lost an able supporter, a distinguished friend, a fatherly adviser.

---

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FROM THE FACULTY OF THE  
STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

---

In the death of Honorable J. L. M. Curry, educator, author, statesman and diplomat, the nation loses one of the most eminently useful men of modern times. Honored by his native State, by the Southern Confederacy, and by the Nation, all of which he so ably served, his long life closely approximating the limit of four score years, was one of almost continuous public service. For more than half a century he has been a commanding figure in our State and national life. During this time no official title has been conferred upon him which he has not adorned, no trust committed to him which he has not held sacred, no service assigned him which he has not well and faithfully performed. At home and abroad his name is endeared to thousands, and thousands yet unborn shall rise to call him blessed.

Though wide his field of service and numerous the distinctions won on it—it is as agent of the Peabody Fund that the name and mission of Dr. Curry are most closely associated. In this capacity his labors form no small part of the history of education in the South. In him there was given to the South at a sorely critical period a friend and leader in whom she safely trusted.

By financial aid wisely given, by fitly spoken words of wisdom, and, above all, by his intelligent sympathy and the gracious inspiration of his presence—he instilled into the hearts of a people seated amid the ruins of war and overshadowed by a threatening cloud of illiteracy, a spirit of hope and enthusiasm, the results of which are now being seen and felt in the great intellectual awakening in the Southern States.

As members of the faculty of The State Normal and Industrial College, the death of Dr. Curry brings to us a keen sense of personal loss. We recognize that to his earnest labors, to his elo-

quence, to the financial aid annually received through him, and, above all, to the strong faith he had in this institution, much of the success of the college is due. His work and worth were to us immeasurable, and the words of this memorial can but feebly express our sense of loss when called upon to record the death of one so eminently good and wise and great.

MARY SETTLE SHARPE,

LAURA HILL COIT,

W. C. SMITH,

*Committee.*

---

Resolutions of Respect to Mr. J. L. M. Curry, adopted by the Student body of The State Normal and Industrial College :

WHEREAS, Dr. J. L. M. Curry has been an invaluable friend of The State Normal and Industrial College since its establishment, aiding its growth by his influence and personal sympathy; and

WHEREAS, We are deeply sensible of his splendid service and untiring devotion to The State Normal and Industrial College.

*Resolved*, First, that the students of this College desire to express their love for Dr. Curry, and their appreciation of his friendship.

*Second*, That each student of this College feels a keen sense of personal loss in his death.

*Third*, That we desire to express our sincere sympathy for his family in their sorrow.

*Fourth*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Curry and that another copy be given to the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE for publication.

LEWIS DULL,

NETTIE LEETE PARKER,

CATHERINE NASH.

## BIRDS OF TENNESSEE.\*

*Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the Legislature of Tennessee:*

I regard it as no small honor to stand to-day before this body of Southern statesmen and represent that great class of nature's creatures which in the opinion of many scholars is of greater value to humanity than any other group of animals; to represent that class of feathered life which at this moment in every field, by every stream and on a thousand hills is proving its friendship to the human race by destroying, like a mighty army, the vast hosts of injurious insects which are laying waste the products of those who attend the herds and till the soil. I represent that great group of creatures who although through the ages have been man's most enduring friends, yet have been persecuted at his hands in every forest and by every ocean until many species are now known only to history, and their forms are never seen except perchance as dried specimens preserved here and there in museums of relics.

About thirteen thousand species of wild birds are known to exist in the world. Of this number nearly nine hundred occur in North America. They are found all over the land, on the margins of lakes and rivers, on the sea beaches and flying about the ocean far out to sea. Upon the approach of cold weather there is a general movement southward of this feathered horde. Those found within the Arctic Circle nearly all come south as far as the United States. Most of the birds of northern United States and Canada also drift southward several hundred, and in many cases thousands, of miles. When spring comes the birds once more move northward to occupy their summer haunts in the orchards, fields and forests and the land. These great annual migrations

---

\*Extract from an address delivered before the Legislature of Tennessee by T. Gilbert Pearson, Feb. 7, 1903.

---

are undertaken solely for the purpose of procuring suitable food. There has been recorded in West Virginia 245 species of wild birds; in North Carolina, 314; in Virginia, 315; and although no complete list of the birds of Tennessee has ever been published, still, lying as it does with its western border washed by the waters of the Mississippi and its eastern frontier bounded by the highest mountains east of the Rockies, thus forming a wide and varied range, it is reasonable to suspect that over three hundred species of birds occur within the limits of this State. And these birds are of great practical value to the people of Tennessee. There are thousands of persons who appreciate the wild birds and would have them preserved for the joy of hearing them sing and seeing their beautiful forms. But aside from this there is a value in dollars and cents which they possess that can scarcely be overestimated. The great bane of the farmer and the fruit grower is the insect pests which destroy the growing crops in the field, the grain in the cribs and the fruit on the trees. So destructive are they that one-tenth of the entire agricultural products of the United States is each year rendered a total loss by their ravages. The great natural enemies of the insects are the wild birds. They have been appointed by Nature as her special commissioners to keep down the undue increase of this great pest of man. Nine-tenths of the species of birds found in Tennessee feed largely upon insects, and three-fifths of the varieties are almost exclusively insectivorous. Men as a rule have failed to appreciate the great value which birds are to the human race in this way. For the average person seldom sees the bird except when it is in the act of escaping from its real or imaginary enemy—man. Go afield some summer day and move quietly among the growing crops or the shrubbery and watch and listen. As soon as the birds have become reassured that your intentions are pacific they will once more resume their accustomed occupation. On the ground are the quails, thrashers and sparrows searching among the leaves and in the mold for insects or their creeping lava. Along

the tree trunks move the woodpeckers, nuthatchers and creepers seizing the insects as they light upon the trees to do them harm. Up among the foliage is an army of warblers, vireos and tanagers, cleaning from the limbs and twigs a million harmful intruders, while up above the trees circle the swifts and swallows striking upon the wing those insects which are endeavoring to escape from the consuming fury beneath. Even at night the work continues, for then the nighthawks and whippoorwills and the owl population is abroad. But on a winter's day when the insects are nearly all dead or torpid, what can the birds find to do that is of value to men? Again we go into the fields and now we find the snowbirds and sparrows in many species everywhere feeding upon the vast quantities of seeds of obnoxious weeds and grasses. Along the trunks of the trees are the woodpeckers, the nuthatchers and the creepers excavating from the bark and the decaying portions of the tree the capsules of insect eggs hid away until the warm days of spring should awaken them to life and call them forth like a plague upon the land.

Unless one carefully observes the habits of the birds he is likely to have but little conception of the tremendous service they render men. Last summer on a lawn in Asheville I watched a pair of brown thrashers many days about their nest. The cradle for their young had been built in a thorn bush on the lawn eight or ten feet above the ground. The parents gathered food for their young chiefly in the yard where the nest was located and on the adjacent lawn and in a small garden at the rear of the house. Through my field glass I could see that these birds often carried as many as three or four worms or soft-bodied insects at each trip that was made to the nest. On approaching the bush where the young were concealed, the parents would light on the ground about ten feet away, and after looking hastily around to see that no danger was near, would hop rapidly to the bush, the limbs of which came to the ground, and then leaping from branch to branch, would rapidly ascend to the nest. One bird always went up on one side

of the bush, the other bird always ascended from the opposite side. I watched these birds many hours at different times of day, and found that the one which entered the bush from the righthand side averaged in its trips one every two and one-half minutes, while it of the lefthand route, probably the gentleman bird, made a trip every ten minutes. Even counting that the birds took only one worm a trip, it was easy to estimate that during the two weeks when the young were in their nest this one pair of birds were responsible for the destruction of the lives of five thousand one hundred and eighty worms and insects. This does not include, of course, the food which they gathered for themselves, and it is reasonable to say that the number of insects and worms destroyed last summer by this one pair of birds and their nest of young on these two lawns and in the garden amounted to ten thousand, and yet not many farmers in the land would raise their hands in protest if they saw their son in the act of destroying one of these useful birds. Ignorance of the laws of nature, gentlemen, costs the State of Tennessee more money annually than all the deliberate waste and luxury combined.

The bird's heart beats more than twice as fast as the human heart. A bird is more active than any man who ever lived, and the temperature of a bird's body would be to us as a terrible consuming fever. To keep up such tremendous animal activity the bird must be supplied with a great quantity of the most nourishing food. To meet these tremendous demands nature has provided the bird with digestive organs by which they digest food with great rapidity. Many observers unite in the statement that thrashers and other birds of similar character will normally destroy more than their weight of insect food daily. Tennessee is a land of cedar; in the winter it is the haunt of millions of robins who gather to feed on the berries of this tree. Foresters tell us that the cedar berry will rarely grow unless first warmed and softened in the crop of a bird.

Birds are rapidly decreasing in numbers. There was a time when a great many paroquets, the only parrot found in North



America, occurred in great numbers in central and western Tennessee, but many years have gone by since the paroquet has been seen in the State. There are men within the sound of my voice today who remember the vast flights of wild pigeons which once passed over this country. I have heard my father tell of the great flocks of these birds which during their annual migrations traversed the land. He has told me how flights would sometimes be hours and even days in passing a given point. How like a great cloud they would cover the earth with the shadow of their wings from horizon to horizon, in every direction. And the sound of their wings would be like the roar of distant thunder. He has told me too that when they alighted the forest limbs would crash beneath them as though smitten by a tempest; and yet, who has seen wild pigeons in Tennessee during the last twenty years?

All over the land you hear the complaint that the wild life is becoming less numerous, and we in our day are witnessing the passing of the birds. This decrease in numbers is due in part to the general advancement of civilization into the wilderness, and it is also due in a large part to the destructive influence of the small boy who, as firearms have become cheaper, has been furnished these deadly weapons by indulgent parents and permitted to roam the fields and woods, shooting down, at will, God's lovely creatures. The bird egg collector has also played his part, but perhaps the greatest force of any has been the New York millinery buyer who has employed men in remote localities to kill birds by the thousands to procure their feathers for millinery purposes. So destructive have these various causes been to birds that a number of scientists who took upon themselves the task of ascertaining what truth there was in the constant report that the birds are becoming exterminated, give in part the following report after much observation and examination:

During the last fifteen years Nebraska has lost ten per cent. of her birds; South Carolina, thirty-seven per cent.; Mississippi, thirty-eight per cent.; Georgia, sixty-five per cent., and Florida

the appalling amount of seventy-five per cent. Friends of the birds everywhere became alarmed at this and have raised a cry all over the country for bird protection, and within the last few years sixteen States in the Union have passed laws absolutely prohibiting the killing, except for scientific purposes, any of the wild non-game birds, and there are those who dare hope their example may be followed by the legislature of Tennessee.

---

#### FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

---

*To the Executive Committee :*

Your secretary begs leave to submit the following report of work done by the Audubon Society of North Carolina for the year ending March 11th, 1903:

Late in February, 1902, at a meeting of the faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College, a committee of three was appointed to arrange for a public meeting to consider a proposition made by a member of the faculty to the effect that a State organization be formed for the study and protection of birds and the preservation of game. This committee, consisting of Miss Laura Coit, Miss Bertha Lee and T. Gilbert Pearson, gave notice of such a meeting to be held in the chapel of the college on March 11th. About one hundred and fifty people were present on this occasion. Several speeches were made and an organization was effected with one hundred and forty-seven charter members. The officers elected were: President, Hon. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Vice-President, T. Gilbert Pearson, Professor of Biology and Geology in the State Normal and Industrial College; Secretary, Miss Annie F. Petty, Librarian in the same institution; Treasurer, Prof. Walter Thompson, at that time Principal of the

South Greensboro Graded School. During the next few weeks the vice-president visited six public schools and formed branch societies among the pupils and teachers. Two of these were in Durham, two in Winston-Salem, one in Burlington and one in Greensboro.

In June the Audubon Society held a meeting in connection with the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, at Morehead City, at which time several addresses were made on the subject of bird study in the schools. At this meeting a new election of officers was necessitated by the removal of Professor Thompson to a distant part of the State, and by Miss Petty's resignation, due to the greatly increased work of the secretary, which she felt unable to satisfactorily discharge. Your present secretary was elected to fill her place, and Mr. William A. Blair, President of the Peoples' National Bank of Winston-Salem, was elected vice-president. Prof. R. N. Wilson, of Guilford College, was chosen treasurer, and Miss Selma Webb, of Shelby, assistant secretary.

The following Executive Committee direct the affairs of the Society:

W. A. Blair, Winston-Salem, Chairman; T. Gilbert Pearson, Greensboro, Secretary; Prof. J. A. Holmes, State Geologist, Chapel Hill; J. F. Jordan, Sheriff, Guilford County, Greensboro; Prof. D. Matt Thompson, Superintendent City Schools, Statesville; Dr. C. P. Ambler, Asheville; H. H. Brimley, Curator State Museum, Raleigh; P. D. Gold, Jr. Greensboro; Prof. J. I. Foust State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro; Miss Viola Boddie, State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro; Prof. C. F. Tomlinson, Superintendent City Schools, Winston-Salem; E. P. Wharton, President Southern Loan and Trust Company, Greensboro. The President, Secretary and Treasurer are *ex officio* members of this committee.

The chief object for which the Executive Committee has been working is the creating of a better sentiment in the State for the protection of the wild birds, and as the first step in this direction

it has earnestly sought to secure better legislation for the preservation of the song and game birds of the State. Looking to this end, seventy-five thousand leaflets bearing on this topic have been published and distributed in North Carolina.

To meet the expense of publication, as well as paying a salaried stenographer, traveling expenses, postage, &c., it became necessary to increase the membership list, as thus far the membership fees are the main source of income to the Society. Your secretary and others have interested themselves in this matter and the membership at the present time is as follows:

Regular members (annual fee, 25 cents)	- - -	380
Junior members (annual fee, 10 cents)	- - -	412
Sustaining members (annual fee, \$5.00)	- - -	100
Life members (\$10.00, paid once)	- - - - -	25

For some months past the work of the Society has been directed mainly toward the end of securing the passage of the "Audubon Bill" for bird protection, at the recent meeting of the Legislature. Governor Aycock in his message to the General Assembly made this recommendation:

"THE AUDUBON SOCIETY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"About a year ago there was formed, at Greensboro, the Audubon Society of North Carolina. The object of this society is to protect and preserve the game and non-game birds of the State. Already the society contains a large membership of many of the best people in the State. We have heretofore paid little attention to the preservation of our birds, other than those which have been protected for the sake of game, but the birds other than game birds are of great practical value to man. They render much service as destroyers of insects which are injurious to vegetation, as consumers of small rodents, as destroyers of large quantities of seeds of injurious plants, and as scavengers. Some of these birds consume more than their own weight of insects daily. In this

---

way they are of great protection to our crops, and the little injury which they do to them is much more than counterbalanced by the service rendered. There have been found in the State three hundred and twelve species of birds, but they become scarcer with each year. Many of them are almost entirely extinct. Our sea birds have been almost exterminated for the plumes collected for the great millinery houses. The Audubon Society will ask for the enactment of a law protecting all these birds. The society will undertake the task of enforcing the law without expense to the State. I recommend a careful and favorable consideration of the plans which will be proposed by the society."

The bill introduced into the House by Representative Roberson, of Guilford county, provides for the selection of game wardens by the society. They shall be commissioned by the Governor, and paid by the society out of a fund arising from a license tax of \$10.00 which is required of every non-resident coming into the State to hunt. The bill also makes provision for the protection of most of the non-game birds and their nests. After being nobly defended by Mr. Roberson and his friends and receiving the support of Senator Glenn, also of Guilford county, the bill was ratified and became a law on March 6th, 1903.

I wish to speak of the great assistance which has been rendered to our society by Mr. William Dutcher, of New York City, Chairman of the Committee on Bird Protection of the American Ornithologists' Union. The contributions which have been made to our work through him have amounted to \$150.00, and his advice and suggestions have been of much practical service in getting the society upon a substantial footing.

The increasing interest in the subject of bird study is very gratifying to those who are interested in the preservation of our birds, and it may not be out of place here to mention that during the past year your secretary has accepted twenty-eight invitations to address audiences on this subject, and on these various occasions has spoken to 3,930 adults and 2,690 children.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR SERVICE.

The opportunities for service which are now open to the Audubon Society of North Carolina are very great. Large numbers of circulars bearing on the economic value of birds to the farmer and the fruit-grower should be widely distributed the coming year at teachers' institutes, farmers' institutes and among the school children of the state. Free circulating libraries of the best nature books and lectures illustrated with lantern slides could be used to good advantage. These things can easily be done if the income from the membership fees warrant the expenditure, and your secretary would suggest that an earnest effort be made on the part of the executive committee and others to interest the friends of the birds everywhere in joining the society.

By means of the Thayer fund, the agent for which is Mr. William Dutcher, the society expects to be able to place wardens along the North Carolina coast the coming summer to protect the sea-gulls and terns from the millinery feather gatherers.

Wardens for the enforcement of the game laws are now possible in many counties in the state and will be on duty this year.

In conclusion it may be well to call attention to the fact that the recent Legislature of North Carolina displayed great confidence in the integrity and judgment of the Audubon Society in granting to it such unprecedented powers for the enforcement of the game and bird protective laws of the state and it behooves the society to act with great care and wisdom in the exercise of its prerogatives.

Respectfully submitted,

T. GILBERT PEARSON, *Secretary.*

---

 REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY OF  
 NORTH CAROLINA.

---

 MARCH 1ST, 1902 TO MARCH 1ST, 1903.

*(Including report of Mr. Walter Thompson, former Treasurer).*


---

## RECEIPTS.

Membership Fees.....	\$624 64
Gifts.....	8 00
American Committee on Bird Protection.....	15 00
	<hr/>
	\$782 64

## EXPENDITURES.

Printing.....	\$178 75
Stenographer.....	118 00
Travelling Expenses—Vice-President.....	39 97
Supplies—Secretary's Office.....	23 10
Postage—Secretary's Office.....	87 94
Postage—Treasurer's Office.....	6 04
Legal Services.....	10 00
Cost of Charter.....	3 00
Travelling Expenses—Treasurer.....	68 50
Express.....	6 45
Typewriting.....	14 25
Telegrams and Papers.....	9 38
Travelling Expenses—Secretary.....	220 25
Deficit.....	99
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$783 63      \$783 63

---

## A GLANCE AT WASHINGTON.

MARY E. LAZENBY, '96.

A small girl read in a geography years ago that eight people could walk abreast on the side-walks of Washington, the "City of Magnificent Distances". That was one of the few bits of information imparted by the geography that stayed with the small girl long enough for her to grow up and see for herself if it were true. Apart from the historic and personal associations that are so innumerable and fascinating, this roominess of Washington is one of its chief charms.

Primarily, the fact that Washington is not a city for business purposes, nor took its origin in trade would seem to have all to do with her broad avenues and streets, since every inch of space does not need to be utilized for profit. Pennsylvania Avenue, running from the White House to the Capitol, is wide enough for a double street car track in the middle and space enough on either side for an average thoroughfare. One can always give cars and automobiles a wide berth, and of the latter there are not a few in this city. There is no lack of space, except, of course, on inauguration days and similar occasions when people flock there from every point of the compass.

One cannot walk many blocks without coming to a little park with flowers, a fountain, trees and singing birds until the place seems not so much like a city as the country idealized. The prettiest park, as many think, is Franklin Square, near the heart of the city. This takes in but one square—no park there does more than that—and is hilly, like the real country. This may be the reason it is preferred to Lafayette Park, in front of the White House. The latter has more adornments, but is more like an over-filled garden. Should the President ever snatch a moment from his busy day to look from a west window, the trees of Lafayette Park greet him if he have an eye for them. Here in autumn the beeches are



---

especially beautiful. In the center of this park is an equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, and from this statue there is a fascinating view to be had of the White House with its big columns rising above a sparkling fountain, and the Washington monument looming grandly in the back ground. In the two corners of the Park facing the White House are statues of our French friends, Lafayette and Rochambeau. The latter was unveiled only last May. To the right, as you face the White House, is the State, War and Navy Building, big enough to justify its name. To the left is the Treasury. It is built of gray stone which has been black for years. Now they are restoring the original color. At the immediate left and in front of the Treasury is the Lafayette Opera House which covers the site of James G. Blaine's old residence. It was here that he brought his cousin, Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) who won great social and literary victories. The south front of the Arlington Hotel faces the Park. This fashionable hostelry adjoins the house that Charles Sumner lived in and that was occupied by the British Legation when Lord Lytton was British Minister. His son, "Owen Meredith," was his secretary and wrote "Lucile," it is said, in this house. Here, too, is old St. John's Episcopal Church, the church home of many distinguished men, among them several Presidents. Next to St. John's is the home of Secretary of State Hay, a palatial brick edifice with ivy clambering around the base. Near by, is the elegant residence of Chauncey Depew. But in this locality almost every house is the residence of some distinguished personage, so it is of no use to call the roll.

Most of the parks and circles are named for the man whose monument adorns them. Adorns? In some cases, perhaps. In Lincoln Park we have the spectacle of Lincoln striking the shackles from a crouching slave. In most of the other parks there are equestrian statues. In fact, there are so many of these that the "men on horseback" have become a joke. The average person will encounter a few such riders of whom he has never heard or has forgotten. Washington is commemorated in three handsome

ways: by the matchless monument, by a statue in front of the Capitol, and by an equestrian statue in Washington Circle. Dupont Circle is sometimes called the Millionaire's Circle because so many of that class inhabit its vicinity. Here is the Leiter residence where Lady Curzon lived before her marriage.

This Circle is in the most fashionable part of Connecticut Avenue which with Massachusetts Avenue are the most important residence avenues. When L'Enfant laid out the city long ago, it was southern men who loomed large in the counsels of the time, and the city's great founder, who thought that its growth would be from the front of the Capitol eastward, gave the names of the Southern States to the avenues in that locality. It is said that the exorbitant prices asked for real estate there gave the growth a turn to the west, and now the avenues that have the names of the "Yankee" States are the significant ones both for residence and trade.

East, North and South Capitol streets, and Pennsylvania Avenue on the west, radiating from the Capitol, divide the city into its four sections. The streets running east and west are lettered, while those running north and south are numbered, so it is easy for a stranger to locate himself unless he happen to be diverted into one of the avenues, which run diagonally.

The two most attractive places in the city are, the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Library of Congress. They stand wide open with all their treasures to welcome, to cheer, to rest and to inspire. One thing about the Corcoran Art Gallery that appeals to a southern heart is that it is the only place in the Capitol city where we find those two heroes dear to the South—Lee and Jackson. A painting recently placed there is called "Sunset after Appomattox." The delicate tints of spring are in wood and sky. On the trunk of a fallen tree sits the great and gentle leader, the ineffable sorrow of the Lost Cause written deeply on his face. A soldier is silently kindling the evening fire and the gray horse, "Traveller," stands with his nose on his master's arm in mute sympathy.

Whether it is a sort of a universal consciousness that nothing could

---

surpass it, or whether it is a fact deduced from the most approved statistics that the Library of Congress is the handsomest library building in the world, is immaterial. Surely it is handsome enough to make us all feel as did the old Indian from the western plains who viewed all the sights of Washington with stolid indifference until taken to the Library, when in wonder he asked his guide, "Made by man?" The library with all its resources stands open to any one who wishes to take advantage of it. Two copies of every copyrighted book published in this country are deposited here. Only senators, representatives and a few other favored individuals are allowed to take books out, but the books are at the service of the public to be read in the reading room. The name of the book, the reader's name and the number of the desk at which he sits are written on a card and presented to a clerk at the big desk in the center of the room. Through a pneumatic tube he sends this card to the part of the building where the book is kept. Quickly over a return tube the book is brought and is sent by a messenger to the reader's desk. There is an underground passage between the Library and the Capitol through which books are conveyed by the same system. This is for the convenience of Congressmen only. The reading room is octagonal. High up in each of the eight corners is a figure representing a department of learning as, "Science," "Poetry." Above each figure is an appropriate quotation, selected by President Eliot of Harvard. On either side of each figure is a bronze statue of a man distinguished in that field. To look up into the great dome that arches the reading room, high enough to be a trifle dim and mysterious, is to catch a vision to carry through life. Besides the reading room, there is a great periodical room where the leading newspapers and magazines from every state and every nation are kept. Then there is the Music Room where almost any piece of music can be found, and the reading room for the blind, where they have not only books for the blind, but where readings are often given by persons in the city who volunteer to do this.

It has been said that Washington has no slums. There are no localities of any great extent that are wholly slummy, yet the benighted poor are there, too. This was strikingly disclosed to me by a visit to a mission chapel one Sunday. There were men of rough exterior, women sad and downcast, in whose faces could be read life-long and hopeless poverty and sorrow, little children ill-clad and ill-mannered. Yet these people had recently held a home missionary meeting in the interest of the "mountain whites"—but "that is another story."

---

### MY VISIT TO EAGLE'S NEST.

---

NETTIE LEETE PARKER, '93.

Of the many mountains which enclose the little village of Waynesville, North Carolina, the highest and the one of most interest is "Junaluska." On its summit is a hotel called Eagle's Nest. Here many seekers of health and pleasure spend delightful hours of rest and refreshment.

During the past summer I had the pleasure of a week in this mountain village. I had heard much of Eagle's Nest and therefore impatiently awaited the afternoon decided upon for the trip.

We left Waynesville early in the afternoon and within an hour had reached the foot of the mountain. Before us we saw a steep winding road, which grew steeper with ascent. Behind us we saw the town of Waynesville. Anxiety as to danger was lessened by interest in the everchanging scene, which lifts one out of self and instead of bodily fears comes spiritual exaltation. Now and then the driver stopped the horses for rest thus affording us an opportunity of enjoying the views which were had through occasional breaks in the dense woodland. Hundreds of feet below us to the right were ravines while on the left rose precipitously the mighty rock ribbed forest,

As we neared the top the curves grew shorter and more frequent. The air was fresher, sweeter, cooler and warm wraps were necessary as we gained the summit. Eagle's Nest, the name of the hotel, is well chosen for it is built upon a rocky cliff on the mountain top.

Dropping into a rustic seat I was lost in admiration at the magnificent panorama spread out before me. The tiny coves with their glistening streams like silver ribbons invited one to their fairy haunts, while the great mountains stood round about guarding them from the strife and turmoil of the world. The sun which during our drive had been hidden, now came forth in golden splendor and cast broad bands of light upon the blue mountains. The scene was one of inspiration.

The descent was so rapid that cowardly fears attacked us in spite of the elevation of soul inspired by the great teacher, nature. Our fears were fleeting however, while the joy of having breathed the air and of watching the glories of the heights will ever remain. Great as is the exhilaration that comes from breathing this tonic air, the virile influence is that of rest, when we feel the "peace of the mountains." On every height there lies repose.

---

## A VISIT TO THE BARIUM SPRINGS ORPHANAGE.

---

MARY ISABELLE WARD, '03.

In September I made my first visit to an Orphans' Home. Before this I had thought, as so many do, that orphans were to be pitied rather than loved.

This Presbyterian Orphanage has an almost ideal site situated as it is on a slight elevation amidst two or three hundred acres of native woodland. Of the six buildings connected with the Home five are of brick. Of these latter one is used as a home for the little girls, one for the little boys, a third for the

larger girls and the fourth for the larger boys. The fifth is the home of the Superintendent. The frame building is used for an infirmary.

I was not a little surprised to learn that all the work: cooking, sewing, washing and farming is done by the children. Every thing is carried out in a systematic way.

The rising bell rings at five-thirty A. M., fifteen minutes later the children march out from the different dormitories and file into the dining room which is in the central building. They remain standing until the blessing is asked. Before beginning the plain yet wholesome meal each one must repeat to the head of his table a verse from the Bible, assigned the day before. If the children leave food upon their plates it is placed before them at dinner and must be eaten first. This is done to teach them not to become extravagant.

After breakfast the children return to their dormitories and everybody goes to work, for the rooms must be put in order before school begins, at eight o'clock exercises are conducted in the chapel by Superintendent Boyd who speaks so plainly and simply that even the youngest can understand. The school which consists of nine grades is taught by four teachers. The work here continues until two o'clock.

After dinner the children begin their manual work, the boys at the wood-pile and farm, the girls in the sewing and cooking rooms. From five until six in the afternoon the study hour is kept. Supper is then served and they are at leisure until bed time. The hours are necessarily "early to bed and early to rise."

On Sunday the day's program is somewhat changed. A sermon is preached, usually by Mr. Boyd, in the morning and Sunday School meets in the afternoon.

One of the prettiest sights I ever witnessed was the hundred and more boys and girls gathered out on the lawn Sunday evening after tea, singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving to Him who is a Father to the fatherless. Hymn after hymn was sung until the

little tots tired and sleepy were taken off to bed by the matrons.

I wish that every one could visit an Orphanage and see the children as they really are. They would find, as I did, that they, like other children want not our pity but our love, sympathy and help.

---

### THE Y. W. C. A. WORK, AND ITS INFLUENCE IN COLLEGE.

---

ALMA PITTMAN. '02.

As I look back over my College life, with its dark and its bright days, I can recall nothing that has been so helpful to me as our Young Women's Christian Association. I was not professing Christian for the first two and a half years that I was here, yet, even then it had a great influence upon me. Three years ago it led me to know Jesus Christ, and since then it has given me the dearest friends that I have. Moreover, it has given me more self-control and has helped me more to be able to stand before an audience and say what I want to say without embarrassment than any other factor of my college life. I have given this testimony of what the Y. W. C. A. has done for me, and it has meant just as much in the life of other girls. It strengthens and gives purpose to a life.

One of our former students, who is now teaching in another state, during the last term, sent us a dollar for Y. W. C. A. work—with this message: "From one whom your prayers helped last year, and whom God is now prospering," No name was signed. Such a testimony as this means much to us.

Another former student, who was one of our delegates to the Asheville Conference in 1901, realizing the joy that was hers in Christian fellowship with us, and the help that it has been to her in her work since she left us, sent us fifteen dollars with which to send another delegate to Asheville this summer. Many of the former students will give gladly and liberally when we begin to raise our Asheville delegate fund.

Why have I mentioned these facts? Because they are too little known. Our association work is daily growing, and yet people generally have very little knowledge of the organization, and the great work it has done and is doing among our students. Very few of our own students know that two of our Y. W. C. A. officers during the Association year, and the chairman of each of two committees, were not church members when they came here, and were brought to Christ through our Association. Perhaps few know that our Association is one of the largest and strongest in the South, and that it is the second oldest in the State; that of Peace Institute having been organized in 1886, and ours in 1893.

We have about 320 members in our Y. W. C. A. this year,—the largest enrollment that we have ever had. We are, this year, supporting Sarasvati Morya Ganpat, a child widow, eleven years of age, in Pundita Ramabai's home for child widows in India, and also giving forty dollars toward the support of Miss Lela Guitner, of Westerville, Ohio, who has recently taken up Y. W. C. A. work in Madras, India. Some time perhaps when our Students' building shall have been completed and furnished, we hope to have our substitute on the foreign field. If every member of our Y. W. C. A. would give as liberally as one of our dining-room girls has given this year, we could have our missionary, or foreign Y. W. C. A. secretary on the field even now.

Miss Bertha Conde, one of our national student secretaries, was a guest of our Association from the evening of March 2nd till noon, March 5th. She was a great help to us in the work, and helped many by her talks at our Y. W. C. A. meetings, and by personal interviews with as many as she had opportunity of speaking with. She could have been used here a week, and then possibly not have seen all who wished to talk with her. We count it a great privilege to have had Miss Conde visit our Y. W. C. A., especially so, when we learn that she visits only three other colleges in the Carolinas.

As we look at our past record, and the present, and compare the two, can we not look beyond the thin veil that hides the future



---

from us, and see—though dimmed it may be—a grand work being done by this Association as it yields to the touch of the Master's hand? Let us thank God for what He has done through this Association for our College girls, and like St. Paul, "take courage and press onward."

---

### A TRAGEDY.

---

STELLA BLOUNT, '06.

It was a beautiful, fresh morning. Everything was wet and dripping from last night's rain. The sky was as blue as it possibly could be, and dozens of crows bathed themselves in the fleecy drifts of clouds which sailed gaily along overhead.

Wee Robin balanced himself on a swaying apple tree branch, and blinked saucily at the old grey cat who was creeping along on the top of the fence near by. Wee Robin was in love, any sensible person could see that. There were signs of the malady in the brightness of his eye, and the nervous, expectant manner in which he twitched his tail—to say nothing of the short, joyous notes he let forth every few seconds. In truth Wee Robin was awaiting his lady-love. She always came that way to take her morning airing. There! a little whir of wings announced that she was near by. Wee Robin hastily settled his russett vest front, and carefully arranged his tail feathers. Then he hopped lightly down from his perch and prepared to greet his lady. How fast his heart beat as he espied the little brown bird hopping daintly along, busily hunting for insects in the long grass.

"Good morning, madam," ventured Wee Robin in the politest tone possible.

"Ah, Wee Robin, can that be you?" cried Lady Robin, giving a little startled chirp.

"It is indeed, madam," answered he, making his best bow, which consisted of a number of funny bobbings up and down.

This laborious ceremony over with, he sidled up to her and said, "My dear lady, allow me to find you a worm for your breakfast."

Now Lady Robin had already had eight long plump worms and a tender grasshopper for her breakfast, but she cast her eyes down and said coyly, "If you care to, sir," and away flew Wee Robin, bursting forth into song with sheer delight.

Meanwhile, the old grey cat had been creeping nearer and nearer. Now he was crouching on a projecting rail of the fence, his eyes growing a dark green as he waved his tail to and fro. Lady Robin, all unconscious, nestled comfortably in the grass—a spring, a flutter, a shrill, terrified cry followed in quick succession, then all was quiet.

Wee Robin, delighted at being able to fulfil a mission for his lady-love, flew fast and far until he came to a place where the fattest and sweetest worms could be found. It was a long time before he found one suitable to his taste. Then he flew back as fast as his wings could carry him. He lit in the apple tree, and looked around for Lady Robin. Not seeing her he flew down, and began to make a soft chirruping sound. But all in vain. Evidently, she had gone away. Just then he saw a grey cat sneaking out of the grass, and all at once, a great terror filled his heart. With a cry he dropped the worm, which he held in his mouth, and fluttered about in the grass calling aloud in the most persuasive whistles and chirps. After a while he came upon a little heap of russet and brown feathers, and near it a bird's wing with a beautiful, snow white feather in it. Wee Robin cried out in a passionate despairing chirp. The white feather belonged to his Robin, his little brown beauty, the lady of his heart. Poor, Wee Robin! He cast himself in a pitiable, quivering heap on the little wing, and wept as never a robin wept before.

Wee Robin never mated. The light of his life had gone out. His spring time was over. The twilight of bitterest winter overshadowed his life. After a while he ceased to be seen hopping about on the fence, and one day, the farmer's boy found him cold and stiff beneath the apple tree.

EUREKA, TRANSVAAL, Feb. 27th, 1903.

*To the Editors of THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE:*

I was pleased to receive your letter asking me to tell something about Transvaal and Transvaalers (not South African Republic). I am afraid that those of you who read the newspapers during the beginning of the war have read all there is on the subject.

I will mention something that happened a good while ago. The silver coins in circulation here are the half crown, two-shilling or florin, one-shilling, the six-pence and three-penny.

At the time I am speaking of, the kaffirs had never seen a two-shilling piece. A Scotch contractor hired two hundred boys (or kaffirs) and paid them off in two-shilling pieces at the end of the month, and then he left. When the kaffirs found that they had accepted two-shilling pieces for half crowns (because a Scotchman told them so) they were all mad, and concluded to call the new coin a "Scoschman" and they do so to this day in that place. I always thought the Scotch were slandered when it was said that they can't see the point to a joke, but I am no longer of that opinion, for I have told several Scotch men and Scotch women, and have heard others tell them about the two-shilling pieces being called a "Scoschman" but—would you believe it?—I have never seen one yet who could see where the joke came in!

As I was coming up by rail from the cape, I saw several carloads of coal, all nicely white-washed. When I asked the reason for this, the answer was, "So the soot will be white." After pausing a short time the facetious gentleman told me it was done so they could tell if any of it had been stolen.

South Africa is a great place for languages. Two are in use in most parts, and in others three. In this colony, usually we have but two: English and "kitchen kaffir," which is a corrupt form of Zulu mixed with Dutch. I used to think the ability to speak

several languages was a great accomplishment, but I don't think so now, since I have heard negroes who could not write their names speaking Dutch, Portuguese and English, besides two or three native languages.

All housekeepers must learn to speak the Zulu dialect. An Englishman who had been out here several years sent home for his sweetheart, and married her as soon as she landed in this country, —and similar marriages are not at all unusual. He taught his bride a little "kaffir," as it is generally called, and she started housekeeping with a kaffir "cook boy." The first thing she told him to do was to go down town and "Tangisa lo mosaurubaun," (Buy some potatoes). When he came back he showed her the basketful. Then she ought to have told him "Lungela hamba," but she got mixed up and this is what followed: "Figa," (Come). Boy comes closer. She thinks she will try another word, "Oza," (Approach). Boy approaches. She became frightened and said, "Buya," (Come, or come back). Boy came still closer. Then she screamed, and a lot of people ran to see what the matter was. She accused the boy of wanting to attack her, and felt very foolish when it was all over.

There are many foreign words in common use among the English speaking people in South Africa. The best one is "Ikona." That will answer almost any question in the negative. I think it ought to be put in the dictionaries, and believe it will be some time. Some other words are "Edouga," a little gorge or big mountain gully; "Indaba," business; "Dingus," concern. I have seen people here of several nationalities who have lived in various parts of America, and many English people here have lived in other countries besides their own. There are also here a great many Australians.

There is one great difference in the appearance of a crowd here and at home. There are few either very old or very young men. They are most usually between twenty-five and forty years old. I have seen but one cripple in this country and he went back home.

There are about five men to one woman, and very few girls.

As regards the people's being law-abiding, I think they will compare favorably with those of the Old North State.

A few of the kaffir customs may interest you. Their usual way of carrying a letter is to take a long stick, split the end, put the letter in it and tie it there. If one has a note to carry he will stick it through his ear. A great many of them cut holes in the ears with their pocket knives. I have seen kaffirs keep snuff in a long box, stick the box half-way through his ear and let it stay there until he wanted it. Sometimes, but very seldom, they take a horn and cut all of it away except about three inches at the top which has two long pins made of the other part which are used to fasten it in the hair. The whole affair is fashioned into an ornament for the head and a snuff-box in one. How is that for two desirable qualities in any article?

They have wooden pillows. Married couples have theirs chained together with a wooden chain, all carved out of the same piece of wood.

I have not said much about the white people here because they do not differ materially from those at home.

There are more banks here in proportion to the population than in North Carolina and fully three times as many people accumulate money though they generally lose it in the end.

Yours truly,

MARCUS BRIDGERS.

## SOMETHING WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

---

EVELYN ROYALL, '04.

What are you worth to the world  
If only yourself you please,  
And never minister to others  
But seek your own comfort and ease?

What are you doing for the world,  
If you never speak a kind word?  
Would the world be any worse  
If your voice had never been heard?

How much are you helping the world;  
If you never lend a hand  
To make burdens lighter for others,  
In this sinful and sorrowful land?

How much do you add to the world  
If but honor and fame you win?  
How many lives are made better  
Because with you they have been?

How much do you love the world,  
If you never offer a prayer  
For those who know not of Jesus,  
But live under burdens of care?

What will you leave to the world,  
When called to appear before God?  
Will you be missed in the world,  
When you sleep beneath the sod?

---

## THE VOYAGE OF ULYSSES.

---

JAMES JOYNER, 7TH GRADE PRACTICE SCHOOL.

(This work was done in school without the help of the teacher.)

Ulysses, the sagacious Greek chieftain, had been for some time detained on the Island by Calypso, a beautiful nymph, who had at the command of Jove consented to release him.

After much toil, a raft had been constructed. First tall trees were felled by Ulysses, their trunks and sides were then squared and fastened together. A bulwark was next built to keep out the waves. On the fourth day, his toils being ended, he departed. On board was a plentiful supply of water, wine, and provisions, placed there by thoughtful Calypso. Over his left he kept the star called the Wain which ever looks towards Orion.

Neptune coming from among the Ethiopians saw him while he was yet afar off. As thus he saw the man whom he hated about to escape, his wrath arose.

In a mighty voice and wielding in his hand the trident, he summoned the winds and clouds about him.

Darkness fell over all the ocean, a mist arose and the waves rose mountain high.

Ulysses saw with terror the approaching storm and thus said to himself, "Ah me! which of the gods is offended that he visits me with these disasters? I fear that all the goddess said concerning my voyage homeward was true. Thrice happy! four times happy! those who fell on Troy's wide plain while battling for Atreus' sons. Would that I had perished on the day that great Achilles was slain! Then had the Greeks erected a monument to my memory and my fame forever live."

As thus he spake a wave frightful and huge, broke over the raft. The rudder was torn from the grasp of Ulysses and he was

swept into the deep sea. The mast also, being caught in a terrific blast, was broken and with the sail blown far over the water. Ulysses after being swept into the water was kept under a long time on account of the heavy clothes given by Calypso. On emerging, however, he ejected the briny water from his throat and struggled to the raft.

A sea nymph, seeing Ulysses struggling in the stormy sea, pitied him and rising from the deep abyss, in shape a cormorant, alighted on his raft.

The sea nymph having alighted upon the raft of Ulysses proceeded to give him a magic veil which he was told to bind around his breast and then to swim toward land. Ulysses however was suspicious lest some god was planning his destruction and determined to stay on his raft until forced to leave it.

As he was debating what to do Neptune sent a huge wave which tore the raft to pieces. Ulysses, clinging to a massive beam, bestrode it and proceeded to take off his heavy clothes and bind the veil around his chest, after which he plunged into the deep.

For two days and nights he floated on the ocean, helped by Pallas. On the fourth day he saw land near, and swimming closer to examine the coast, was hurled violently against the rocks. Ulysses to keep from being crushed, seized the rocks with his naked hands and the next wave on bearing him back to the ocean left great flakes of flesh from his hands on the rock. However on examining the shore more closely he discovered a quiet river into which he swam until he found a safe landing.



---

## DEGRAFFENREID AND THE INDIANS.

---

EUGENIA MALLOY, 6TH GRADE.

Baron DeGraffenreid came to America with some new settlers from Switzerland and Germany. They settled on the Southern part of Pamlico Sound in North Carolina, which is now called New Bern.

The Tuscarora Indians were very unfriendly to them. DeGraffenreid, knowing that they were the fiercest tribe in North Carolina, tried to make friends with them. At first they were very treacherous, but finally, seeing that DeGraffenreid was kind and just to them, they treated him with courtesy.

One day DeGraffenreid was lost in the woods and at night the Indians found him. They took him to their camp and made a feast of cider and venison. They also made a large fire and danced around it all night. These were their ideas of hospitality. In the morning they showed him the way back to his settlement.

About two weeks after this he consented to go with his friend, John Lawson, the surveyor of the settlement, on an exploring expedition farther inland. They took with them two Indian slave boys as a safe-guard and two negro slaves to row the boat. They also took provisions for fifteen days.

They traveled down the river for two days, stopping at night on the banks of the river to camp. On the third night they saw an Indian town, inland, and thinking that it was better to camp in the town than on the banks of the river, they landed and went toward the town. When they arrived they saw that the Indians did not want them, so they made their way back to their boat.

As they were returning, the Indians most treacherously attacked them. DeGraffenreid and Lawson and their slaves were so utterly taken by surprise that they could do nothing. They were taken

prisoners by the Indians, who took them to their king at Hencock Town. It was a long way to Hencock Town and the prisoners were footsore and weary when they reached it. The king treated them with courtesy and the citizens gazed at them with wonder. Many of them had never seen any "pale faces" before. The prisoners had no breakfast and they could not eat the dinner that was set before them.

Early in the morning messengers were sent for all the warriors to gather together for council. They began to gather at evening, when a great fire had been built.

Some of them rose and spoke against the prisoners, while others took up for them. Nobody said any thing against DeGraffenreid but all hated Lawson because he measured off their land. Finally they decided to let both of them go home in the morning. But early in the morning two foreign chiefs arrived and disputed with the councilors when they heard what they had decided to do, so there was held another council. During this Lawson got into a dispute with an Indian, and the Indians all rose up and sentenced them both to death.

In the morning, they were carried to the execution ground, which was a dreary place in an opening in the woods. The council was already gathered there. The prisoners were stripped and bound. An old priest walked ahead of them chanting his songs. The executioner was also there, with an ax in one hand and a knife in the other. There were some Indians beating time on a drum, while women and children danced around a large fire.

The warriors assembled for a last council. DeGraffenreid knew that this was his last chance for his life, so he rose and told of his innocence, and how the great Queen of England who had sent all the "pale faces" over here would avenge his death. One of the Indians, who understood English told his comrades what DeGraffenreid had said. They were greatly troubled and did not know what to do. Finally they sent a messenger to Tom Blunt, an esteemed warrior. The messenger returned and said that Blunt had

said. "Let DeGraffenreid go, but kill Lawson." The Indians let DeGraffenreid go, but left Lawson to perish.

They bound him to a tree and stuck pine splinters in his body and set them on fire, while they danced around him and shouted till his body dropped from the tree charred and black.

CURRENT EVENTS.

---

CHRISTINA M. SNYDER, '03.

A recent outgrowth of wireless telegraphy is the wireless telephone invented by Armstrong and Orling. One of its chief recommendations is its cheapness and simplicity. They have also invented a system of wireless telegraphy which consists in tapping the ground and sending electrical impulses through it.

A new statue of Balzac has been unveiled in Paris, it was begun by M. Falgmeie and finished by Marquette.

Right Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, has accepted the appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. Six years ago when it was offered to him on the death of Archbishop Benson, he declined.

The Catholic Mission Union has founded an Apostolic Mission House in Washington where missionaries and priests will be trained for work in the Islands belonging to the United States. This will have a great influence upon the ecclesiastical question in the Philippines.

Mr. James E. Kelly is working on a statue of General Fitz-John Porter, to be placed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Three years ago the Methodist Church decided to raise a Twentieth Century Thank Offering of \$20,000,000. That has now been accomplished and the Church is ready for greater undertakings.

Dr. Edward F. Green, of Brighton, England, has discovered that by placing a certain oil between the parts of a rectilinear lens, refraction is so increased that photographs may be taken more quickly than by any method now used. Photographs can be taken instantaneously in the ordinary light of a theater, in one minute at

---

midnight with a fair moon, or in fifteen minutes on a dark night with no light.

Dr. Artemier, Professor of Electricity, at Kier, has found in a gauze of thin metallic wire, a good protection from currents of high tension, during experiments. This is a good conductor and when any one whose body is enveloped in this gauze comes too close to a high current emitting sparks, it conducts the current to the ground.

It has been found that both ants and bees can distinguish colors. Bees have a preference for blue, and ants for red.

A museum of Egyptian antiquities has been opened in Cairo, where are found Egyptian remains, Greek antiquities and Byzantine relics. Among these are enormous stelas, giant sphinxes, granite sarcophagi and statues of the gods. The mummies, M. Maspero found, also the potteries, plants, flowers and ornaments belonging to ancient times.

There is a church in Philadelphia whose members believe that men should eat no meat. The church is nearly a century old, having a membership of 40. A similar church in England has 75 adherents.

A monument in honor of Henry Ward Beecher is to be erected on the site of his old church in Brooklyn.

The Durbar celebrated in India for the purpose of proclaiming King Edward, Emperor of India, was a wonderful exhibition of Indian splendor. Delhi itself affords many attractions to visitors for it is a city where the motley life of the gorgeous east is well represented. The number of visitors at this time was so great that a veritable city of tents was built outside of Delhi for their accommodation.

One-half million people are affected by the famine in Finland. The conditions here are analogous to those in northern Sweden: a

failure of crops on account of a drought and flood and a scarcity of fish in the Gulf of Bothnia. The Swedes are eating a bread made from dried pine bark ground fine and mixed with stewed ice-land moss.

Germany has solved the coal problem! She is burning "briquettes," which are made of lignite peat and the dust and waste of coal mines.

Pope Leo XIII, on the 25th anniversary of his election to the Pontificate, received a very substantial expression of the affection of his people, a gift of \$80,000.

One of the prominent features of the World's Fair at St. Louis will be a reproduction of Jerusalem. Within the city, which will be surrounded by a wall having gates like those of the present day, will be the sacred buildings. During the fair 500 native Jews will live there going through the routine of their daily life.

The Legislatures of North Carolina, South Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, New York and Alabama have passed laws this session regulating child labor.

A bill was introduced into Congress to establish a laboratory for the study of man; to study him scientifically, beginning on childhood and youth, to determine the conditions that cause crime and pauperism in order that crime may be prevented if possible instead of being punished after commission.

The new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, George B. Cortelyou, is rapidly mounting the ladder of success. Within a very few years he has climbed from the foot as stenographer, by the successive rounds of private secretary to the inspector of the New York Post-Office, stenographer to the President of the United States, executive clerk, and secretary to the President. While performing the duties incumbent upon these offices he found time to study law and has been admitted to the bar in the District of Columbia.

## ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

---

EULA GLENN, '03.

Among former students who returned for the second term to resume work are Daisy Randle, Della Ricks, Margaret Dixon and Ella Clement.

Daisy Randle has since taken a position as stenographer in Durham, N. C.

Jessie Ratliff who gave up her work in the fall on account of ill health has returned.

Eleanor Watson, '00, has recently taken charge of the fifth grade in the Concord Graded School. Sallie Whitaker has charge of the fourth grade in the same school.

May Coble is teaching a public school at her home near Tabernacle.

Rosa Field has charge of a public school near Greensboro.

Florine Robertson, of Burlington, is teaching in the Thomasville graded school.

Elva Bryan, of Jonesboro, is teaching at Haygood.

Vennie Templeton has taken charge of a public school at Riverdale, N. C.

On the afternoon of December 23rd, 1902, at Wake Forest, Bessie Hagwood was married to Mr. C. M. Beach, of Lenoir, N. C. Mr. Beach graduated last year from Wake Forest College and is now principal of Delway High School. Mrs. Beach has charge of the business department in the same school.

At Mocksville, December 23rd, 1902, Sadie Hanes, '98, was married to Mr. R. D. W. Connor of Wilmington.

On December 17th, 1902, Effie Reade, of Mt. Tirzah, was married to Mr. Frank Powers, of Wallace.

At Concord, N. C., February, 5th, 1903, Miss Bessie Sims, '98, was married to Mr. James Mewborne, of Kinston.

An elaborate church wedding was witnessed in the Methodist church at Leaksville, Wednesday evening February, 6th, 1903, when Miss Carrie Guerrant Scott was married to Mr. John P. Price, a successful business man of Leaksville.

At the home of the bride at Henrietta February 18th, 1903, Miss Sara Haynes was married to Mr. Robert Love, of Lincolnton. Mr. and Mrs. Love after spending several weeks in Florida have made their home at Lincolnton.



## AMONG OURSELVES.

MILLIE ARCHER, '04.

The social life at the College for the last few weeks has been at high tide. One of the most important functions was the reception given to the Seniors by the Juniors. On the 13th of February, each Senior received a dainty missive written in red ink—the class colors—requesting her presence at the parlors of Love. The parlors were converted into a veritable love's bower, for from corner to corner were strung red and white hearts. At the door, each girl was presented with a red heart pierced with an arrow. Later in the evening "big hearts" were distributed on which each girl wrote a valentine to her lady love. The first prize—Gibson's "Conspirators"—was awarded to Miss Kizer, as she had the best valentine. We went to the dining room and found that the tables had been arranged in the shape of a heart and on the middle table the flags of 1903 and 1904 were crossed. The heart design was carried out in every feature. The evening passed pleasantly to all.

In her rooms, on Saturday at 5 p. m., Nettie Parker, our chief marshal, gracefully entertained her assistants. The rooms were tastily decorated in red and white and as a souvenir each girl was given a red and a white carnation. Delightful refreshments were served.

On Friday afternoon, Feb. 6th, Mrs. Guignard entertained the Episcopal girls and girls who regularly attend St. Mary's chapel. Mrs. Guignard is a charming hostess, and the time passed too quickly to the girls.

We have been particularly fortunate for the last few weeks in having very delightful Sunday evening services. One Sunday, Mr. Pres-

ton, of Princeton, gave us an interesting talk on Missions. Dr. Smith, one of our Greensboro friends, was good enough to come out and give us one of his usual good talks. Miss Tingling, of London, whom we all know in the Temperance work, was with us one evening. On another evening, Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Christian church, was with us.

Mr. Newton, recent pastor of Greensboro Baptist church, but now a missionary to China, visited the College before he left the city and spoke concerning his work.

Miss Conde, travelling secretary of the Student Body of the Y. W. C. A., spent several days at the College and spoke to us on the "Christian Life." She is an entertaining speaker.

Dr. Crawford, pastor of the Methodist chapel, and Dr. Turrentine, pastor of West Market Methodist church, have both been up on different mornings and conducted chapel exercises for us. We are always glad to have them with us. Mr. Joyner was also with us at opening exercises one morning and delighted the girls by talking to them for a few minutes.

We have been fortunate in having with us one evening for a lecture, Ernest Seton Thompson, and for a concert, "The Katherine Ridgeway Concert Co." Mr. Thompson's knowledge of wild animals and their ways is wonderful. His address on the stage is pleasing and of the large audience present not one was disappointed. Each member of the Ridgeway Co. was good, but Mr. Hunter and Miss Ridgeway were artists in their different lines.

Miss Eunice Kirkpatrick was at the College with Miss Dull for a day recently.

Mr. W. E. Moore, of Jackson Co., has been to visit his daughters, Mamie and Nina.

Miss Ione Scott, of Graham, spent several days with her sister, Bess.

---

Rosalie Smith and Elizabeth Borden, of Randolph-Macon College, visited Clara Spicer and Margaret Castex.

Mr. James Parker, of Asheville, has been to see his sister, Nettie.

Mr. John Pannill, of Reidsville, and Miss Florence Pannill have recently visited their sister, Cora.

Miss Caldwell Hoyle visited her sisters, Helen and Maude.

Mr. Shuford, of Newton, came to see his daughter, Annie Lee.

Mr. Will Jenkins visited his sister, Belle, for a day.

Mr. Alderman, of Graham, visited his sister. Katie Alderman also spent several days with her sister, Myrtie.

Mr. A. D. Hacket was in Greensboro recently to visit his daughter, Jennie.

Lizzie Mallison, '99, spent several days with her sister, Annie.

Miss Ethel Chapin, of Providence, R. I., visited Millie Archer.

Mrs. Noell, of Roxboro, with little Amelia, visited her daughter, Delma.

Little Emma Wilson, of Winston, spent several days with her aunt, Clara Spicer.

Miss Lil Jamison, of Durham, was with her sister, Miss Jamison, for several days.

Miss Tomlinson visited her sister, Annie.

Mrs. Sinclair, of Wilmington, spent several days with her niece, Gertrude Bryan.

Among the old girls, who have recently visited the College, are Mat Griffin, Susie Bryan, Mamie Banner, Jessie Whitaker, Frances

Womble, and Mrs. Harris better known to the girls as "Miss Tempe." The old girls are always greeted with a hearty welcome.

Mr. W. Reinhardt has been to see his sister, Edna.

Mrs. Johnson, of Salisbury, was with her sister, Annie Kizer, for a day at the College.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season was given on the evening of March 20th by the University Glee, Guitar and Mandolin Clubs, orchestra and quartette under the auspices of the Adelpian Literary Society. The large crowd present applauded every number. The renditions of the quartette were the most popular on the programme, the voices being very good. The second bass with cultivation could be made exceptionally fine. The Glee Club sang very well but rather too loud to be artistic. The orchestra was well up to its part and was thoroughly appreciated. The boys closed the program with a genuine "Yackety Yack," and the crowd went mad. Some had heard *of* a college yell but few before had been so fortunate as to hear one.

Miss Susan E. Blow talked to us in the Assembly Hall at 11 a. m. of Saturday, March 28. Miss Blow has done more for the establishment of Kindergartens in the United States than any one and more for the interpretation of Froebel's ideas than all other persons together. She was accompanied by Miss Harriet Niel, the director of Mrs. Hearst's Kindergarten Training School in Washington. Mrs. Hearst has established and supports the training college for kindergartens, and is offering a certain number of free scholarships for young women in the South who desire to take up kindergarten work and who show aptitude in that direction. Both faculty and students with a number of Greensboro's citizens gave Miss Blow their closest and most interested attention throughout her address. She gave a most attractive exposition of the uses, the beauties, and the needs of the kindergarten. One of her most inspiring utterances was, "Environment! Talk about be-

ing held down by environment? No, we can walk away from environment." That is a word of hope which we shall do well to carry along with us through life.

At the last meeting of the Adelphian Literary Society, "Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch," was presented by some of its members. Two of the members of the society dramatized the book, and we thoroughly enjoyed the philosophy of Mrs. Wiggs.

Recently the Cornelian Literary Society had a very interesting evening with "Cornelia—the mother of the Gracchi."

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell and his daughter, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston, were our guests, March 31 and April 1. They are editors of *The Woman's Journal* published in Boston and devoted to the cause of universal suffrage. Mr. Blackwell married Lucy Stone, who was among the first and most zealous and influential of the workers in this great cause. In the college assembly hall, Mr. Blackwell spoke to the faculty and students on what he terms "Domestic Imperialism," showing eloquently and forcibly the unreason of woman's present status in the nation. He began by saying that his interest in the institution was the greater because its existence had been made possible largely through the work of her with whom it had been his happiness to live forty years. He then told briefly and touchingly the story of her great life. She was the daughter of a Massachusetts farmer in the days when women were thought to need no intellectual training. Her father thought as his fathers had done. Her brothers were of the same opinion. She knew of a gross injustice done to a mother, done according to the law of the State and learned that it was possible because she was a woman. She was told that woman must be subject to man. She did not believe it. She determined to study Greek and Hebrew that she might read the Bible in the original and that she might know the truth. Her father refused assistance. The education, he said, which her mother had acquired at the village school was good

enough for her. He provided for his son's collegiate training but not for hers. She picked berries and in other small ways managed in a few years to accumulate ninety dollars. There was then but one college in America which admitted women. That was Oberlin in Ohio, then on the western outskirts of our country. She went there traveling in the cheapest manner. She completed her four years' course on that ninety dollars and had enough left to buy a calico dress in which to graduate! Then she began her career of unselfish labor for the advancement of women. Our space does not permit an analysis of the whole of Mr. Blackwell's address nor of that of Miss Blackwell. The girls showed hearty interest in this lesson which is new to them and both faculty and students expressed appreciation for entertainment and instruction.

## EXCHANGES.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE.

Many interesting magazines have found their way to our table since the exchange editor last had an opportunity of reviewing them. Nearly all of the smaller publications show great improvement, although much is printed still which deserves a place in the waste basket. The magazines of the higher institutions have kept up their standard admirably, and a number of articles which have come out this year are worthy of a more conspicuous place than the pages of a College magazine.

*The Elizabethan* is one of our best exchanges. The general style of the magazine is attractive and the departments are well arranged and well edited.

In the *Clemson College Chronicle* the "Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry" are full of interest. There is much wholesome advice in them, which any college student would do well to read. "An Old Sailor's Story" is the best piece of fiction in the February number. The plot of "Only an Error" is hackneyed, and some of the sentences are badly constructed, for example: "A few feet away lay poor Marion, his face covered with blood, and he in an unconscious condition."

*The Converse Concept* has improved greatly since the first issue this year. There are several pretty stories in the January-February number. "Vergil as seen through the Georgics" shows appreciative study.

"The Classic Questions" in the *Davidson College Magazine* is an able plea for the study of The Greek and Latin classics. "A Misunderstanding" is an interesting story, but in the working out of the plot the chief character is made to exhibit some very weak traits.

---

*The Richmond College Messenger* contains a sketch of the life of Dr. J. L. M. Curry which will be read with interest by the many friends of that noble man who blessed everything that his life touched. The poem by J. C. Quarles, "A Conqueror," might fittingly have had its place after this sketch. "A Street Car Incident" is fluently written and adroitly brings out various sentiments toward foot ball.

It is ever a pleasure to review the *University of Virginia Magazine*, "A Visit to the Turleytown Block-house" opens the February number. It is an excellent description of the old Indian fort in the Shenandoah Valley, "Her Boy" is an effective little story which brings out the pathos in the separation of a family by divorce law. "Finis," and, "To you, My Dear" are commendable poems. "You" is a very pretty ballad which deserves to be set to music.

*The University of North Carolina* may well be proud of its magazine. The material is admirably suited to the several departments. Of special interest is the article on the "Proposed Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve." The full-page illustrations which accompany this article add greatly to its attractiveness. One of the best things the magazine has published this year is "The Last Tourney at Castle Vere," a recast from the *Lingua Franca* of Bloudel. "Mother's Love" is a real poem. The adoption of the words to the thought is beautiful, and if this were an age when poets praised themselves. N. W. W. comparing himself with other verse-writers, might say with Horace: "Odi profanus vulgus."



## IN LIGTHER VEIN.

---

BERT ALBRIGHT, '03.

There was a young lady from Hottentot,  
Who went down to supper without a knot.  
At the back of her head  
On her hair so red,  
She tied two bows instead of a knot.

S. D., '05.

"Actions speak louder than words," she yelled to her deaf (?) room-mate. "But not louder than yours," said the girl next door.

We are hoping to have for our next issue the first of a series of papers entitled "Unhappy Marriages, and How to avoid Them," by a young author from the freshman class who is rapidly rising into prominence.

A senior informed us, not long ago, that Creatore's band would give a very enjoyable concert that evening,—that there would be "sixty-five pieces—on the program." ? ? ? ?

Marvelous things happen at Christmas time! Listen! A post-graduate, one who is supposed to be nearing the "age of discretion," after buying her ticket for home, carefully placed it in a convenient place the night before she left, and — carefully left it there. Oh, my! and still another, an undergraduate this time, locked her ticket and her purse in her trunk and sent it to the station! A few others grew anxious about their checks when they could not be found, and upon investigation, we learned that they had not even sent their trunks to the station. Christmas seems to affect some people in a funny way!

## TOASTS.

" Here's to those that love us—  
If we only cared !  
And to those that we'd love—  
If we only dared !"

" Here's to one, and only one,  
And may that one be she !  
May she love one, and only one,  
And may that one be me !"

" Here's to you, as good as you are,  
And here's to me, as bad as I am ;  
But as good as you are, and as bad as I am,  
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am !"

" Here's to our meeting, long ago  
In the beautiful by-gone days.  
Here's to the first sweet words you spoke.  
Here's to your winning ways."

" Here's to the dance—that first rapt dance.  
Here's to your smile's soft power.  
Here's to the times we walked and talked.  
Here's to the *silent* hour."

" Here's to the blissful drives we've had.  
Here's to the deep blue sea  
That rose and fell as my hand held yours  
In a rhapsodical harmony."

" Here's—but I really haven't time,  
For, my dear, it is perfectly true,  
It would take too long, too long to drink  
To the dollars I've spent on you !"

S. M., From " Life."

## TO MY VALENTINE.

I thought that I was strong,  
As strong as I could be,  
    But Cupid's dart  
    Has pierced my heart,  
And I'm no longer free!

Full strong and brave my armor,  
Full strong and brave was he!  
    He stood apart  
    And shot a dart  
From your sweet self to me!

“Will the ‘Y’s’ in this class please stand.” It’s queer that nobody stood!

We learn from the Senior French examination that Adam de la Halle wrote “Adam’s Apple” instead of “Adam’s Play.”

“An artesian well is a deep hole in the ground spouting up water, 130 gallons a minute,” says a freshman.

S. W. says we had a good dinner down in “Hash Hall” on Jan 19th, because it was Booker T. Washington’s birth day. Poor George!

One of the teachers in the Observation School walked into her room the other day and, before beginning the lesson, paused and raised her head slightly as if in deep thought. The bad boy raised his hand and asked, “What’s the matter, Miss ——? Are you praying for order?”

“Why is woman’s work like boarding-house rice? It’s hardly ever done!”

“Milk weighs 8 pounds to the gallon,” explained the man at the barn. “But doesn’t some milk weigh more than others?” inquired the girl. Now, do they?

Miss H——: “Im so glad I’m a Cornelian because my mother and I both have Cornelia in our names.”

“A rattlesnake has a tail on the end of its body and a rattle on the end of its tail.”—*Freshman Gazette*.

Marshal: “Young ladies, you must not talk so loud here in the halls. You disturb the recitations near you.” Freshman: “Well, I thought I could talk when I wanted to.” “But not when it disturbs others.” “Well, —— ——, I’d just like to ask you something. Will you kindly inform me if that is Miss Coit’s *domain* just in there?”

“What kind of cream have you to-day?” asked the college girl in a village drug-store. “Ice cream,” replied the soda-fountain boy, in a disgusted tone.

A Senior: “Is the orchestra going to sing to-night?”

“John, where do you live?” a Practice School teacher asked. “Just over the hill,” replied the boy. “I see the girls out in the Normal *pasture* real often.” Oh, horrors! Johnnie!

Miss B—— says it’s quite natural that “Prof. Audubon Pearson’s” first lecture, after his return, should be on “bird bills.”

The poor Freshmen! Another has been accused, this time, of describing a sitting-room in which “the chairs were arranged in chronological order.”

#### EXAMINATION WEEK.

Examination week is here,  
The week of pain and sorrow,  
For while to-day we may be Sophs.,  
We may be Fresh. to-morrow.

6’s seen just everywhere,  
While 5’s sometimes are found,  
And tears are falling from each eye,  
And sorrow doth abound.

The sky itself doth sympathize,  
 And rain falls from on high,  
 As if to weep with those who weep  
 And cry with those who cry.

Be still sad heart. You cannot hope  
 To mount at a single bound.  
 Begin again, and, slow but sure,  
 Try it round by round.

M. L., '05.

MY GENE!

"Sweetest lady ever seen!  
 If you would belong to me,  
 Then I'd ever happy be!  
 We'd live on love and bread and cheese,  
 And in the winter never freeze!"

TO MRS. M—:

"I love thee  
 But I can't write poet—tree!"

---

### SETON-THOMPSON'S VISIT TO THE NORMAL.

---

(To the tune of "Goo-goo Eyes" with variations in the chorus).

Seton-Thompson came on a damp, bad night,  
 And the rain was a-falling fast.  
 We thought he wouldn't come at all,  
 But he got here at last—  
 "Oh, listen to his tale of woe!"

The cars, they told him, did not run  
 On regular schedule time;  
 They guessed he'd have to wait awhile,  
 If he really did not mind—  
 "Oh, listen to his tale of woe!"

While standing on the corner there  
 He saw a cab approach.

He bargained with the driver quick  
 And stepped into the coach—  
 "Oh, listen to his tale of woe!"  
 The night was dark, the horses sick,  
 And the red mud held them fast.  
 Seton refused to be left outright,  
 So he got here at last—  
 "Oh, listen to his tale of woe!"  
 He left the horses in the mud  
 And walked the last ten miles,  
 And rivers three he swam, he said.  
 You should have seen the smiles—  
 "Oh, listen to his tale of woe!"

CHORUS.

Aint it a shame,  
 A measley shame  
 To keep poor Seton  
 Out in the rain?  
 Oh, have a little pity!  
 Won't you fix your streets  
 And let him ride?  
 Knee-deep in mud  
 He had to stride!

M. A., '04, and B. A., '03.

I.

If you know what's best  
 And you want to take a rest  
 Before walking period's over,  
 Just drop on your knees,  
 Wherever you please,  
 And look for a four-leaf clover.

II.

If you want to walk on the grass  
 When you see a teacher pass,  
 Just go to your class-tree.  
 Thus with impunity,  
 Without alarming the community,  
 You can get around the faculty.

E. H., '04.

---

ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN ROOM-MATE IN ANTICIPATION  
OF VACATION.

Since for a parting gift  
You're needing something nice,  
I've decided to give you  
Some very good advice.

Be sure to check your trunk,  
And buy your ticket too.  
Don't put your check in your trunk,  
Whatever else you do.

Please do not use  
All the pins that you find  
For you surely must know  
That some of them are mine.

Clean up the room well  
Before you do start,  
For I am sure you know  
That isn't my part.

A white and yellow bow  
Be sure that you wear.  
At strangers on the train,  
Be careful not to stare.

If chewing-gum is offered,  
You must refuse,  
And politely answer, that  
No Normal girl chews.

Don't even smile, at  
The boys whom you meet,  
At street-car conductors,  
And dudes on the street.

To be here the day school opens,  
Is most important of all.  
Remember well that contract  
Which you made last fall.

If you think you can't get here  
During the previous night,  
Don't come at all,  
And it will be allright (?)

E. P. R., '04.

SOME BOOKS ON THE MAGAZINE DESK.

---

THE LAUREL READER—A Primer—W. N. Hailman. Illustrated by Marie Estelle Tufts. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston, U. S. A.

A delight to the baby learner. A grateful help to the teacher or mother. The pictures and "lessons" are so beautifully blended in form and color that the infant scholar will not be frightened at sight of this school book. It is peculiarly fitted to aid the thousands of country mothers who must start their little ones on the non-royal road to learning.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, an Introduction to the Principles which Govern its Right Use. By Frederick Manley and W. N. Hailman. C. C. Birchard & Co.

It is an excellent guide to the acquirement of grammatical knowledge. It robs the purely technical study of many terrors by the gradual development of principles and by the very apt illustrations of definitions. It is good reading matter for the teacher and will be a friendly aid to him or her whether or not it is adopted for the pupils' use.

SCHOOL COMPOSITION by William H. Maxwell, M. A., and Emma L. Johnston, B. A. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This little book contains much more than the technicalities of English composition. The best models of English are presented with directions for their study. These models serve the higher purpose of introducing young people to literature and to literati, arousing interest by good stories, anecdotes and descriptions, both in prose and in verse. In addition, is found the usual instruction concerning the necessities of English composition.



---

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE by William Edward Simonds, Professor of English Literature in Knox College. Boston, New York, and Chicago. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Though designed for school use this book will prove a charming and valuable addition to any library. There is not a page of mediocre interest in it. To the teacher of History it is indispensable, giving as it does information about the manners, customs and social life of different epochs, as well as being a charming history of our literature.

PRINCESS FLORINA IN NATURELAND, by Eva M. Carter. Illustrated by the author. The Abbey Press, Publishers, New York, London, Montreal.

This is a dainty little book which carries within its pages the open sesame to the hearts of children and to the hearts too of older folks who love the children.

It is the second within two years from the pen and brush of Miss Carter, who is a Raleigh girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Carter.

Many of our people will recall her "Gleanings From Nature," issued from the same house that sends this out. In that the young authoress gave exquisite bits from nature: a bird, a butterfly or a flower, with its story, each illustrated by herself. That gave the promise which this, her second effort verifies. Princess Florina is a pretty little story, told in a clear, sweet and withal in a forcible style, with no waste of words or crowding of ideas.

It will be a delight to the bright child and a stimulant to the dull one. The writer, in the shape of Fairy Sharp Eyes, takes the little ones by the hand and trips merrily with them through Mother Nature's halls, showing them the good and the beautiful things that flourish there.

It is the most fascinating of the many "Nature-books" which have recently been pouring from the press for the benefit of chil-

dren. Miss Carter shows that she has lived with Mother Nature, that she knows her and loves her and that her heart so turns to the little ones that she must needs share with them her knowledge and her pleasure. To show the purpose of the book, the reviewer cannot do better than reproduce her own words :

“ This little book, while written in a fanciful style that will appeal to the imagination of the child, will at the same time be an open portal through which he may enter into the love of all those gifts which Mother Nature lavishes upon us, if we know where to seek them.

“ No mere book of facts, unless it unfolds an ideal, or an inspiration, will furnish children with beautiful conceptions compatible with their age or awaken them to the marvels of creation.

“ If after reading this story, even a few of our girls and boys are inspired to gain for their own, secrets which before were hid, or are led to make friends with the humblest creatures which cross their path, then this work will have fulfilled the purpose of

“ THE AUTHOR.”

The first chapter shows us a lonely little princess, weary of the devices of money and longing for something to happen. Fairy Sharp Eyes appears, and says Mother Nature invites Florina to a dance of the Wild Flowers, where each one will tell her own story before the music and the dance begin. On magic wings the fairy and the princess reach the forest glade where they find at home Mother Nature, a sweet-faced, cheery old lady. Then we are told:

“ When Princess Florina looked around her, she noticed that unlike real, everyday flowers, all the guests had bright little faces. She was able to see this because her eyes had been touched by Fairy Sharp Eyes' magic wand.

“ Florina did not know any of the wild flowers and could not tell their names. In fact, these were the first she had ever seen.

“ All the flowers are so pretty,” she said to Hyacinth. “ Do you know their names ?”

“ Yes,” replied Hyacinth. his face brightening. “ I know all

---

the wild flowers, but they do not like me. They count me an intruder, for I am the florist's pet. But I was invited by Fairy Sharp Eyes and have as much right here as any of them."

"Would you tell me their names?" asked Florina.

"Certainly," replied the Hyacinth politely. "You see that group of dainty flowers yonder, dressed in pale, grayish blue?"

"With their faces gazing up to the sky, as if they were very good and prim?" asked Florina.

"Yes," said Hyacinth, "they are Quaker Ladies. Sometimes they are called Bluets. Their home is a retired spot along the brookside. They belong to the Madder family.

"Then those modest looking ones, dressed in purple, trying to hide behind the round green leaves are violets. People love them because they come to the woods so early in the Spring, sometimes before rough old Winter has gone away. The flowers are afraid of winter, he is so cruel; but Spring is sweet and gentle. When she calls they come at once."

"What is the name of that bold looking flower all dressed in bright yellow?" asked the Princess.

"Her name is Black Eyed Susan," answered Hyacinth. "She is a gypsy flower. She wanders over the fields and meadows, laughing and dancing the whole summer long. She is not particular about the company she keeps and will make companions o the commonest roadside weeds."

"She is handsome," said Florina, "but I like best the little lady near her in the pretty pink dress."

"Every one likes her," replied Hyacinth. That is Miss Brier Rose." \* \* \* \* \*

The Hyacinth went on telling Florina the names of the other guests, until Mother Nature rose and with a gesture of her wand motioned them all to silence. Fairly Sharp Eyes stood by her side.

"Each flower in my service," said Mother Nature, "is useful to me. Each plant fulfills its mission of purity, sympathy and love,

and I will not give more honor to one than to another. At your request I will allow you a hearing and see how each of you improves his time and opportunities. But, first, I will introduce to the Flower World the Princess Florina, a Princess of the people whose lives you strive to brighten."

"The Princess rose, and with a bow toward the flower people smiled brightly.

"The flowers curtsied and smiled in return.

"Father Lichen is requested to begin," said Mother Nature, "as he is the oldest of the flower people." Then Mother Nature took her seat and an old silver-haired Lichen in a grey green robe rose and thanked his people for their kindness in preferring him, a rusty old lichen, when there were so many beautiful flowers present. Then he went on to say:

"My dears, we Lichens are the pioneers of the flower people. Do you know what a pioneer is? I see by your faces that some of you do not, so I will tell you. In the People World pioneers are brave men and women who go forth in a newly discovered country and prepare the way for others to live where they have toiled. A pioneer must be brave, hardy and contented with the bare necessities of life. Now we Lichens have these qualities in a marked degree.

"For instance, on a bare, rock ledge, where there is no soil, no higher plant could live, but we Lichens always manage to gain a foothold. The particles of earth are brought to us by rain storms, and thus patches of soil are formed to which the higher plants may come. Humbly and silently we accomplish our tasks. When the people World pass a beautiful hillside hedge and admire its adornment of Laurels, May Pinks, Fern and Brier Rose they little think that this beauty was made possible by us Lichens. Ah, well! true worth, if not realized by others, has its own reward."

Many other of the flower folk told their stories and when Jack in the Pulpit had preached his little sermon one of the large family of Golden Rods came forward and after giving some of her family names, sang this little song:

“Long ago we learned the secret  
Of a lovely art,  
It was how to hold bright sunshine  
In the heart.

“Ever since we’ve roamed the land,  
In a happy gladsome band  
Brightening all the dusty wayside  
Where we stand.”

\* \* \* \*

“By the time all the wild flowers had spoken, the musicians arrived for the dance. The Katydids and Crickets, wearing neat suits of green and brown velvet, came with their fiddles and a jolly old locust brought his drum along.” \* \* \* Then Sweet William danced with Miss Marigold. Goldenrod took Bouncing Bet for his partner. Wake Robin and Primrose danced together and the brilliant Cardinal-Flower chose Iris for his partner. \* \* \* In and out they wound in the mazes of the wild-flower minnet.”

“Fire-flies were flashing torches that grew brighter and brighter as the evening grew darker and the mossy green carpet was soft and velvety.”

These pretty pictures of the forest are found on every page of the book.

Fairy Sharp Eyes does not desert the lonely little princess but comes time and again and takes her on pleasant journeys through Natureland. Once they visit the home of the wild-birds. Florina thinks the birds are happy because they have nothing to do. “You are mistaken, Princess,” said the Fairy, smiling. “None of Mother Nature’s children are idlers. Each bird has a trade by which it earns its living.” Then she shows the child the birds engaged in their various avocations of fishing, hunting or carpentering and the like. Here is the little girl’s introduction to the “Maryland Yellow Throat:”

“Witchery, witchery, witchery!” sang a clear bird voice.

“Who sings witchery?” asked the Princess, as they glided on

through the woodland. "The Maryland Yellow Throat," replied Fairy Sharpe Eyes. At that moment the Princess saw a pretty yellow breasted bird looking at them inquisitively from a tangle of low bushes. He was ever on the alert, hopping and flitting about in the thicket and twittering sharply. "Witchery, witchery?"

"No," repeated Sharp Eyes, "I am a Fairy, and, this is a Princess."

"There is no witchery, unless you are a witch yourself, Yellow Throat."

"Evidently the little bird was satisfied that the Princess and the Fairy meant no harm, for he came nearer and chirped: "Follow me and you shall see what my pretty treasures be."

"On they followed until they reached a reedy marshland, where tall brown cat-tails and plummy grasses bent over a shallow nest built on the ground in a grassy tangle. The treasures of their little bird guide proved to be four pretty eggs, white, with spots of brown and lilac."

This book should be placed in the hands of our public school children, not only as a story book full of interest, but as a charming instructor in the first few grades where teachers are striving to awaken the child's interest and observation in the teaming life of insect, bird and flower.

We are prone in North Carolina to admire what is done in the way of book-making by our friends "up North." True we have had but few from the pens of our own people, hence we should the more readily show our appreciation of one which comes from a North Carolina woman. This is no plea for the book because it is a home product. However much we may love an author, poor English, inaccurate statement, or heavy matter should not be inflicted upon children, but this work of Miss Carter's presents the child with graceful wording, useful knowledge and the most charming of fairy tales.

EDITORIAL.

---

Our table of contents is longer than usual, some matter having accumulated in consequence of the use by the College of the February issue. If it be good enough to publish at all, it has not spoiled by waiting.

Among these are the tributes of love to Dr. Curry by several members of the faculty and of the student body. It will never be too late for this institution to lay a flower of memory upon the mound of our loved friend. The paper from Miss Glenn was read at our memorial service held in the College Chapel at about the same hour when Dr. Curry's remains were being laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond. Miss Dull, from the Degree Class, gave us at this memorial service, a brief sketch of his life. The sketch which appears is from the pen of Miss Boddie of our faculty. She was his pupil and appreciative friend as her work of love evinces. The Magazine Board of Editors, as a college organization, would add its offering of gratitude to Dr. Curry's memory. The Magazine has several times been graced with his words of cheer and wisdom, which we cannot too sacredly prize.

A glance at Washington City is from the pen of an alumna and is full of interest. The national capitol is our property in whose beauty we feel a personal pride and we are greatly indebted to Miss Lazenby for her excellent pen picture. This is to ask her for more for the benefit of our students who have not visited that city beautiful with its great buildings and works of art.

Mr. Pearson, the bird lover, kindly gives us the talk which he made, by request, before the Tennessee Legislature, also his first report as Secretary to the State Audubon Society. Since this society was conceived and organized in our college, we feel that our Magazine has the right to assume the role of the society organ in

North Carolina. Those who may wish to hear from the birds and their protectors may subscribe accordingly.

In the remaining contributions, the various classes of the college are represented. Even "the Children in the Practice School" are heard from and the Magazine publishes with pleasure the excellent and unaided work of Miss Malloy and of Master James Joyner of the sixth and seventh grades.

A word to those who would criticise the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE because it does not cleave to the clear cut lines marked out for the stereotyped school publication. Whether the matter comes from the students, faculty, or outside friends is a question which has been settled here by mutual understanding. The faculty and students here strive to work together. They have no separate interests. If our matter does not interest the exchange editors of other publications we must hope it will fare better in the minds of our own alumnae and former students to whom primarily the Magazine is indited as a letter from home.

Commencement draws near. This year, will come the added interest attached to the honors conferred upon the Degree Class.

Complete schedules have not been completed. The dates are May 24, 25, 26, 27.



---

## THE MAY SCHOOL OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.

---

The May School of THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE was established one year ago. The results were so entirely satisfactory that the authorities have decided to make this school a regular feature of the College. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded all women teachers of the State to strengthen themselves in scholarship and in the latest and best methods of presenting the different subjects to classes. Those who contemplate teaching and who for any reason have not been able to attend a normal school cannot do better, as a means of preparation for the work, than to pursue this special course.

Instruction will be given in all the subjects taught in the common schools of the State. There will also be a course in methods and school management, conducted by the Department in Pedagogy here.

In addition to the regular faculty of the college, the services of eminent teachers from other institutions have been secured. Professors Stevens and Burkett of the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College will give lectures on rural science and kindred subjects. Special lectures by city Superintendents and other educators will also be given at various times during the session of the school.

We have in connection with the Normal Department a Practice and Observation School, of four hundred children, conducted under the supervision of trained and experienced teachers. Each day an opportunity will be given, those attending the May School, to observe the work done in the *Practice and Observation School*. This will be one of the strong features, as teachers can see the practical application of the methods discussed.

The session this year will commence Tuesday, April 28th, and continue until commencement, May 24th.

The railroads of the State have granted greatly reduced rates. You should consult your ticket agent about the days on which these tickets will be on sale. He will be able to give you all the information you desire. We hope to refund to those who come from the most distant parts of the State all railroad fare in excess of \$5.00.

A matriculation fee of \$5 will be charged, which will entitle each member of the school to the use of all necessary text-books and the privileges of the College Library. Board can be obtained in the city for \$3 a week. Applicants for admission to the May School may send, instead of recommendation, teachers' certificates.

For further information, or for College Catalogue, call on or address,

CHARLES D. McIVER,

*President.*

Since this announcement was printed we have received definite information from the railroads in regard to rates. The reduced rate tickets will be on sale April 27th-28th and May 4th-5th. You can obtain the reduced rates on no other days.

CHARLES D. McIVER, *President.*

## ORGANIZATIONS.

## MARSHALS :

*Chief*—NETTIE LEETE PARKER, Buncombe County.

*Assistants :*

## ADELPHIANS.

MARY I. WARD,	-	-	-	-	-	Buncombe County.
GENEVIEVE JENNINGS,	-	-	-	-	-	Guilford County.
BERTA ALBRIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	Alamance County.
SUDIE HARDING,	-	-	-	-	-	- Pitt County.
WIL WARDER STEELE,	-	-	-	-	-	Buncombe County.

## CORNELIANS.

CHRISTINA SNYDER,	-	-	-	-	-	Oneida County, N. Y.
MARY HORNE BRIDGERS,	-	-	-	-	-	Edgecombe County.
LUCILLE FOUST,	-	-	-	-	-	Forsythe County.
IDA SATTERTWHAITE,	-	-	-	-	-	Beaufort County.
MARY TAYLOR MOORE,	-	-	-	-	-	Surry County.

## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, President.

EVELYN ROYALL,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
KATE BARDEN	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary.
MARY WELDON HUSKE,	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary.
INEZ FLOW,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

Since our last issue the Classes have elected their officers for the Spring Term :

## DEGREE CLASS.

MARGARET PERRY,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
MARY WILEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
EMMA LEWIS SPEIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer.

## SENIOR CLASS.

MARY TAYLOR MOORE,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
EULA GLENN,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
OLIVE ALLEN,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
NETTIE LEETE PARKER,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

