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Winter, adieu!
Skies are all bright
With sunny light,
Breezes now blow,
Brooks murmur low.

Distant woodlands greenly shimmer,
Smiling bluets shyly glimmer,
Swiftly fall the springtime showers,
Sweetly bloom the springtime flowers.
Mocking birds sing,
Spring's on the wing,
Life is a song
The whole day long—
April, all hail.

—Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian.



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THE VANDERBILT ESTATE

Marguerite Hey Wiley, '16, Adelphton

That George W. Vanderbilt owned a vast amount of property in the western part of North Carolina is, of course, a well-known fact, to North Carolinians at least, but it is only when one has seen for himself some part of this enormous estate that he can fully realize the greatness of Mr. Vanderbilt's Carolina possessions. In 1888 Mr. Vanderbilt, on a pleasure trip through the south, incidentally stopped in Asheville, intending to spend only one night there and continue his trip the next morning. But when daybreak came, and the great millionaire looked from the veranda of Battery Park Hotel to the glorious mountains of the western range with the sun breaking over them, his very soul took in the freshness and the glory of the scene and he determined to linger a while. And so it happened that he created in that mountainous region one of the most wonderful estates of the world and that he became the great benefactor of thousands of our Carolina mountaineers.

It is natural to think only of the magnificent mansion and private park when the Biltmore estate is mentioned, but there is more than that which goes to make up the estate; there was more projected than the building of a palatial home for the Vanderbilts when the place was chosen. The restful looking little village which has been the happy home of many a family basking in the sunshine of George Vanderbilt's keen interest and favor, bears witness to the millionaire's intelligent generosity.

Standing upon one side of the bridge crossing the Swannanoa River, the visitor is in Asheville; crossing the bridge, he finds himself in an old English village. The macadam roads through Biltmore have been beautifully laid out by a splendid workman and the sidewalks are made shady by well-cared-for maples. While the plan of the village is strikingly English, it is in the cottages and other buildings with their sloping roofs and other characteristics that we find Biltmore so particularly English. Along one side of the village stretches the "Village Green", extending to the very edge of the private grounds and bounded on one side by the Swannanoa. Many people, in and out of the village, have enjoyed the Green, always kept in perfect condition by the Vanderbilt employees.

Near the center of Biltmore is that building second only to the mansion in its importance and prominence—All Soul's Episcopal Church. This church, with its well-known rector, noted choirmaster and full choir of trained voices, was maintained wholly by its owner, every penny of the collections taken being given to charities. In Biltmore also is the Clarence Barker Memorial Hospital, established, partially maintained, and endowed by Mr. Vanderbilt. This hospital has done much work in relieving suffering. Of Mr. Vanderbilt, Dr. S. Westry Battle, head of the hospital staff, says: "To him the institution looked for encouragement or help, as the case may be, in the sunshine and the storm."

In the earlier days of the mansion, in fact in the days of its erection, there was no need of permission to enter the private grounds; people were allowed to enter and to observe at their will. But, as is generally the case, this privilege was abused. One granite arch had to be rebuilt, it had been so scarred by souvenir hunters; other parts of the building were injured and the shrubbery and flowers were ruthlessly torn up to be taken away as souvenirs. So the estate has been closed to the unappreciative public, except by permission.

It is now necessary to pass through the village before entering the private grounds and to obtain tickets of admission from the office in Biltmore. It is only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays that permissions are given to drive over the private park. As the visitor's carriage draws up at the

massive iron gates, an old Englishman who has been at this post of duty since the completion of the mansion, takes the tickets and permits the carriage to pass through the gates, which are said to have been brought from Jerusalem.

Inside of these gates the visitor has before him forty miles of macadam roads with marvelous landscape. To attempt to describe the extraordinary beauty of the banks of perfectly interwoven shrubbery and flowers, dotted here and there by well-placed trees, now sloping gently downward from the road and again rolling away to high elevations, would be impossible. Nature had done her best to make this place one of the world's fairest, but where there was opportunity for development, the landscape gardener saw it, and flowers and shrubbery were brought from various parts of the world to enrich the natural charms. The work of creating this wonderful park was under the direction of Fredrick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect who gave Central Park to New York.

In the seasons when the Vanderbilt family are at the mansion, guards are placed at the entrances of the road leading directly in front of the house, and the visitor is content to take his view of the mansion from the back, and then at some distance. At the back of the mansion a terrace rises very high above the visitor as he drives along the road and upon that rises the mansion, glittering in colors of white and gold. It was built under the direction of the eminent architect, Richard M. Hunt. It is a château of the French renaissance, and is said, in many of its features, to be not unlike the famous château at Bois, France. It is three hundred and seventy feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. The house, as we have just described it, is seen when looking to the left and upward as the visitor drives along this road; if he looks to the right and downward, he sees in the Mirror Lake below the perfect reflection of the house.

Here and there over the park in fairyland-like nooks, are various shaped lakes with snow white swans upon them. Artistic rustic bridges form the crossings for many mountain streams which have not been disturbed in their courses. In speaking of these charms, Margaret Morley says, "Let the nature lover or the poet, in any other form, enter these roads

winding through apparently untouched forest, and he will feel something that he does not feel in the wilderness, something that moves him as a great picture moves a sensitive spirit, and for the same reason.”

Coming out from the charms of these lovely ferns and flowers, the visitor finds within his view Mr. Vanderbilt's immense farm land, his large model dairy and barns. Upon this farm land an exceptionally fine market garden is maintained and the vegetables from it supply many people of Asheville. The entire herd on the Biltmore estate numbers more than two hundred and twenty-five registered Jersey cows. Everything pertaining to the milk is perfectly attended to from the time of the milking, done by men wearing sterilized white suits, until it is perfectly bottled and sold to the people of Asheville from automobile delivery wagons.

Not all of the time spent in Carolina by the Vanderbilts is passed in the Biltmore house. The weeks which found the mountains in all their resplendent glory usually found the family and friends of Mr. Vanderbilt at their lodge on Pisgah Mountain. There is an exclusive automobile road, seventeen miles long, to Pisgah, built by Mr. Vanderbilt at a cost of fifty-one thousand dollars. Passes to traverse this road are issued from the main office at Biltmore and all automobiles are required to go and come at the same time to prevent any passing on the mountain. At several points in the road nine separate mountain ranges are visible. The lodge, situated between Pisgah on the north and Little Bald on the south, is fifty-two hundred feet above sea level. It is quaint and old-fashioned, though the interior has every modern convenience. It is built of logs and there is a covered walk connecting the house and the kitchen, as is the case in many of the real old-fashioned homes throughout the mountain region. In Pisgah forest there is a large game preserve, and also a school of forestry, one of the first in the United States, where young men learn scientific forestry.

All of this then, the village, the private park and home, and the mountain preserve and lodge, was the property of George Vanderbilt. Although the disposition of the estate is known, since the death of the highly-esteemed George W. Vanderbilt, it is not yet known what the outcome will be as to maintaining the estate and leaving it open to the public.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE CARDINAL

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

The cardinal swung on the highest limb
And ruffled his plumage gay,
His red throat swelled in a burst of song
To his lady-love over the way.
His voice pealed out with a confident ring,
"Sweet, Sweet! It is spring! It is spring!"

His lady-love swung on her limb nearby
And carelessly preened her dress;
With half-turned head and indifferent air
She rebuffed his joyousness,
Replying but once to his song exquisite,
With a tiny, inquiring chirp that said, "Is it?"

He tilted and called in mad endeavor
Till happiness seemed his,
Till his tender trill of tentative hope
"It is spring!" was answered, "It is!"
A fleeing streak of timorous brown and a following flash of
red—
"Sweet! Sweet! It is spring! It is spring!" "It is! It is!"
she said.

PO' LI'L LAMB

Isabel Bouldin, '17, Cornelian

“Bedtime come fo’ li’l boys—
Po’ li’l lamb.
You’ll be good tomorrow, sho’,
Don’t you fool me, chile, no mo’,
You’ll be good tomorrow, sho’,
Po’ li’l lamb.”

The drowsy black head on “mammy’s” breast dropped lower and lower as the song was crooned softly. The crickets chirped, an owl hooted, and far across the cornfields the whippoorwill’s weird cry rang out. One by one the stars came out and “mammy” stopped her rocking and tiptoed softly into the cabin to lay her baby down. Then she, too, slept.

Quietness had settled over the earth, but the little boy stirred restlessly. The night was sultry, not a breath of air stirred. Presently the little boy sat up in bed, crying, “Mammy, oh mammy, look at that big light yonder!”

Mammy waked with a start and gazed wide-eyed out of the window.

“Li’l Jim, lie down, chile, hit’s a fire. The ‘big house’ is on fire. Stay right whar yo’ is til mammy comes back!”

Little Jim fell back as mammy left the cabin. His eyelids were heavy and soon he dozed. Presently the sound of a far-away shout roused him and he sat up again. “Mammy, mammy,” he called. Then he remembered “mammy” had gone. The “big house” was on fire. Why, the big house was where “marster” and the “young missus” lived. Hadn’t he been up there this very day and hadn’t the “young missus” said:

“Jim, you are nearly five now. You ought to be taking care of the ‘little marster’.” And hadn’t she let him play with “little marster”, who wasn’t but one year old?

Little Jim stood up. The “big house” was on fire. Would a house burn like a piece of wood? Little Jim had never seen

a house burn. He would go see, that's what he would do. Swiftly the child ran out of the house up the hill.

There he saw the "big house". Lurid flames were wrapping it around. Oh! how hot it was, and little Jim couldn't find his "mammy". There were a crowd of people all around the house. Jim wondered where the "young missus" and "li'l marster" were. There was the "young missus"! But she was crying and struggling with the men that held her. Jim wondered why; so he crept closer.

"Oh, my baby, my baby; will no one get my baby? Why did you bring me out? Let me go! oh, let me go! He's in the house."

Jim listened. The "young missus" wanted her baby. It was in the house; so why didn't someone go get it? Why did those bad men hold the young missus when she wanted to get her baby. Then Jim had a thought. *He* would get the baby for the "young missus". He slipped close to the house. Oh, how hot it was! Would fire burn him like it did the house? Once he had burned his finger and it had hurt so much. Little Jim shrank back—but the "young missus" wanted her baby.

As little Jim slipped into the house, no one saw him. Upstairs he ran. Oh, how hot the stairs were! They burned his bare feet. On the bed in the nursery lay the "little marster", laughing in the bright glow. It took all Jim's strength to lift him and carry him over the broad window-sill. As Jim stood at the window someone cried, "There's a little negro boy at the window with the baby!"

What was Jim going to do? If he dropped the baby, it would be hurt and he couldn't carry the heavy child downstairs.

"Throw him, child, throw him and jump yourself," someone cried; so Jim pushed "little marster" off the window-sill. He hoped they would catch the baby. Oh, how hot it was! Little Jim was frightened. Those flames were just behind him. He looked down. The men were holding a sheet and calling him to jump. Jim smiled. Maybe the "young missus" would let him play with the "little marster" tomorrow because he had gotten him for her. She had him now in her arms. Jim could see her.

Why did those men say, "Jump"? He would go back as he had come, for he was afraid to jump. But those ugly red flames were just behind him; so, panic-stricken, he fled back to the window. Below he saw his "mammy's" face. She was crying. Was it because his gown was on fire? Oh, how he wanted "mammy". His little arms were stretched out. Why didn't "mammy" come take him? "Oh, mammy," the tears were streaming now—"mammy!"—

As the second floor fell in there was an agonizing scream, "Oh, my li'l baby. My li'l black baby"—

* * * * *

Another twilight was falling softly. The whippoorwills were calling, the smell of ripening corn was wafted on the breeze. But an old negro woman, oblivious to the beauty of the night, sat before her cabin door, with empty, aching arms, crooning softly:

"Bedtime come fo' li'l boys—

Po' li'l lamb.

You'll be good tomorrow, sho',

Don't you fool me chile, no mo',

You'll be good tomorrow, sho',

Po' li'l lamb."

THEOCRITUS, THE PASTORAL POET

Annie Spainhour, '16, Cornelian

As to the life of Theocritus, the first and by far the most eminent of the Greek pastoral poets, nothing is known except that he was the son of Praxagoras and Philina, and a native of Syracuse. He appears, however, to have resided in Egypt, under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

The poems which have come down to us from a collection of the pastoral poets made some fifty years after the death of Theocritus, while they vary much in subject and manner, have a common quality which was well understood by the critic who gave to them the name of *Idyllia*. Of the thirty idyls of Theocritus, now extant, only ten are strictly bucolic. And it is doubted whether all of these were really written by Theocritus.

Satiety had followed over-production in the world of poetry. "Homer is enough", became the cry of the critics; and to many it seemed better "to be born to labor and the mattock-hardened hand than to woo further the muses who sat now with heads sunk on chill nerveless knees." To bring a new flush to these worn faces, to renew, if but for a little, the brightness of poetry and the joy of song, was the achievement of Theocritus.

Theocritus was the greatest of all the Greek poets, in that he developed singly and at once from the crudest, most primitive order of song imaginable, the most purely artistic poetic form that had yet appeared in literature; for with the idyl one needed no music or choric movement to make it effective.

That his pastoral poems were the greatest ever written is proved by the fact that the greatest writers since his time have imitated them. His poems were the models for his own successors in Greek poetry, for Vergil and the Latins, and through Vergil for the literature of more modern Europe. Spenser and Milton, in English poetry, imitated him. Tennyson himself proudly acknowledged his indebtedness in spirit to Theocritus.

It is important to remember that Theocritus not only invented pastoral poetry, but he perfected it, and that later variation on his method involved no change. The Greek purity of line is as dominant in him as in Homer and it is this quality which gives the idyls poetic value even when their subject is coarse or trifling.

The poetry of Theocritus is marked by the strength and vivacity of original genius. Everything is distinct, and peculiar; everything is individualized, and brought closely to the eye or understanding of the reader, so as to stamp the impression of reality. His scenes of nature and his men and women are equally striking for circumstance and manners, and may equally be described by the epithet picturesque. His shepherds, fishermen, and country girls, studied directly from nature, seem to one to be real people and not the persons of the nobles masquerading as peasants.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORATORIO

Lillian Wakefield, Cornelian

“Music is the most social of the arts, not only because it is the most universally beloved, but also, because it affords the largest opportunities for co-operation. Among the larger forms of musical art, the one most commonly enjoyed and encouraged by the people in general is the oratorio.”

So says Edward Dickinson. Now what is the oratorio? It is that form of sacred music, chiefly epic in character, consisting of choruses and solos, accompanied by the orchestra. There are combined in the oratorio some of the most impressive qualities of both church music and the opera. The oratorio enjoys the variety of expression offered by the opera, and yet is free from the over-emphasized display of vocal brilliancy often characteristic of it. The fact that oratorio draws into itself the best from these two forms, would seem the reason that it is said to be the most generally encouraged and most largely enjoyed of all the larger forms of musical art. But its popularity is due mainly to the subject matter. Oratorio almost invariably takes a Biblical subject, at least a religious one; and when any art deals with a religious subject, it at once appeals to the deepest human interests.

The origin of the oratorio is found back in the middle ages, when the Renaissance was effecting such vital changes in every phase of life. It took different forms in different countries. In the northern nations the reformation was in religion and politics; in Italy, however, it was a revolt against traditions of art and literature. Heretofore the music had been of a polyphonic style, well adapted to the church, but unfit for dramatic purposes. The material on which the Renaissance had to work, was the old miracle and morality plays, the real beginning of both the opera and the oratorio. These plays were rude dramatic representations of Bible scenes, by means of which the public was taught the chief facts about Bible history. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these representations were given all over

Europe, but later they lost their power and became very much degraded.

Fortunately there was one man who preserved the purity of the original mysteries. This was St. Philip Neri, the priest of a church in Rome, who, recognizing the evil influences of the times, wrote and presented in his chapel, simple dramatizations of Scripture stories, for which Animucia, director of the chapel choir, wrote the music. This music had at first only a slight connection with the subject, but the two gradually became closely knit together. After Animucia's death, the great master, Palestrina, furnished the music for St. Philip's mysteries.

Burney, in his history, says that "an oratorio or sacred drama is but a mystery or morality in music". If this is true, then St. Philip's dramatization had really developed into oratorio. But the first recognized oratorio was Cavalieri's "La Rappresentazione di Animo e di Corji", which was given in Rome in 1600 A. D. This was merely an allegory, in which the dramatis personae were such characters as Time, Pleasure, Soul, and Body, but since the first performance was given in the oratory of the church, it was called oratorio.

There was a pause in the life of the oratorio after Cavalieri's death, and now Carissimi was to develop it. He banished all scenery and action from the drama, and introduced a narrator, who made all necessary explanations. But his principal contribution was the development of the recitative. Scarlatti next introduced the aria, or melody for a single voice.

Oratorio originated in Italy, but we must look to other countries for its development. During all these years there had been developing in Germany what was called the "passion music", which was an important factor in shaping oratorio. At the beginning of the Christian era the old mystery plays in Germany had taken for a subject the passion of Christ, and it was from this that the "passion music" was evolved. Schuetz, who has been called the "father of German music", was one of the best of these early writers. He and all of his followers limited their subjects to the passion of Christ. As Schuetz recognized the inspiring effect of congregational singing, he introduced the chorale, which was a hymn to be sung by the people.

Germany had now put oratorio on a higher level than it had ever reached in Italy; but the Italian melody, in the form of aria and recitative, had come across the boundary, and was waiting to be combined with the German chorale and organ music. This perfecting of the form by mingling the two influences was the work of John Sebastian Bach. Under his treatment the chorale developed wonderfully, and harmony was written in four parts.

As the passion music had begun its life in Germany, so there it ended its career, for oratorio now moved into England, where it found, under Handel, the form as we know it today. He assigned the principal parts of the oratorio to the chorus, using it for any and every purpose, either for the teaching of a moral lesson, for dramatic climax, or for narrative or descriptive purposes. He did not limit himself to the passion of Christ for subjects, but chose from the whole range of Biblical history, a proceeding which has been followed by all subsequent composers.

For thirty-five years after Handel's death, nothing was given to the form. But this period was followed by the appearance of two German works by Joseph Haydn. His greatest work, "The Creation", was probably inspired by Handel's choruses; while in "The Seasons" he gave to the form a sprightly, light-hearted character which had hitherto found no place in the composition.

After Haydn's death almost a quarter of a century elapsed before there was any further development. Then the "German Jew," Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, appeared. In his "St. Paul" and "Elijah" there appears a much closer relation between the words and the music than there had been previously. It has been said that the "Elijah" is in every respect the most dramatic oratorio ever written.

The outlook is bright for this noble art-form, and nowhere is it more promising than in our own country. She leads in the other phases of civilization; why can she not come to the front in arts as well? Our nation is essentially a democracy, and oratorio is essentially the music of the people. It is, therefore, inevitable that sooner or later oratorio will be the musical form to take firm root in America.

GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN

Eugenia Watson, '17, Cornelian

In the Blue Ridge of Western North Carolina, almost equally distant from where this range extends into Virginia to the northeast and to South Carolina to the southwest, near the county lines of Caldwell, Avery, and Wataugua, the Grandfather mountain lifts his face to a height of several feet above the heads of all the others of his line. It is the highest peak in the range, being 5,997 feet above sea level. Owing to its location and elevation, its summit furnishes a splendid command of one of the most beautiful sections in the Blue Ridge. Its rough surface and odd shape make it one of the most picturesque of our mountains.

When seen from a great distance, the outline of the mountain greatly resembles the profile of an old man. One of the three peaks forms his forehead, another his nose, and the third completes his face by forming his mouth and long beard. As the mountain is approached, the outline resembling a face disappears, and in its place there is a steep mountain side, with rock after rock heaped up to form its barren top. Now again, there is a reminder of the name it bears; this time there is the look of age and the resemblance of the naked top to a bald head. There is still another resemblance told of by the people living in sight of the face-like mountain. They say that in winter, when the ice is frozen, they can trace distinctly the ice-covered streams from two springs rising just below the Grandfather's brow. These springs, they say, are his eyes; and they speak of the little streams as Grandfather's tears. Even if there were no other reasons for its bearing the name, there is a certain dignity and imposing look about it, which makes the name "Grandfather" especially fitting.

The side usually chosen from which to climb the mountain is the side of the "beard" peak. This side is approached by the well-graded Yonahlossee Road, which, at some places makes almost complete loops around the mountain side. Upon reaching the foot-path leading up the side of the first peak,

all carriages must be left, and if the travelers propose to cross the mountain, the carriages must be sent nine miles farther around the mountain. There is but one trail across this mountain and there is but one way of traveling it—and that is on foot. For a little distance the path is not steep, but after a little way, it becomes both narrow and steep, and it usually seems long before the top, three miles from the starting place, is reached.

At the base of the mountain there is a dense forest of large balsam and tamarack trees, filled in beneath with rhododendron and other shrubbery. Farther up, away from the foot, the balsams and tamaracks become dwarfed and finally disappear, leaving only the shrubbery. Along the way, at convenient distances apart, there are a number of little springs pouring from a crevice in a rock or bubbling up in a little level spot. At these little level places the ground is always damp and often muddy. At last the trail becomes almost perpendicular; and at some places, on account of rocks too steep to be climbed, it is necessary to go a much farther way around. Long before the traveler is in sight of the first summit, he begins to think that the cliff just ahead is the top and hastens from one false summit to another some time before he reaches the real one.

On top of the first peak there is a small flat surface of almost solid rock, scarcely large enough to furnish room for a picnic for a dozen people; but there is never a picnic spread there, for the wind is always blowing and with such force that travelers are kept busy holding their hats. From here there is an excellent view of hundreds and hundreds of acres of the surrounding country. On every side there is a broad expanse of mountains and the narrow valleys between them, of small towns and villages, and of homes.

The path from this peak to the next two and on to the foot on the other side, is more difficult than ever and often hard to find. At some places the rocks are so high and steep that it is necessary to climb to the tops of the cliffs by means of ladders that have been left there for that use. Between the "beard" and the "nose", there are several high cliffs and little peaks of solid rock. Nothing grows near their tops

except clumps of dendrium where there is enough soil for it to have sufficient roots to sustain itself against the strong winds. The view from the second and third peaks is almost the same as that from the first, but they are much rougher than the first. Often a single step from the path would pitch one into the tree tops many feet below. The entire distance across is nearly eleven miles.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Ellen Carson, '17, Adelpian

Far back in the glorious mountains
Among the rocks I rise,
And slowly trickle downward
Until I see the skies.

I murmur o'er the mossy stones,
And sing the whole day long
As I mingle with the other streams
And catch each merry song.

And when the great sun sinks
At the close of a busy day,
And nature takes its meed, repose,
I neither stop nor stay.

For when the stars appear
In the vast vault of blue,
I fill the verdant valley
With murmurs for lovers true.

But when I reach the falls
And o'er the gray rocks glide,
I sing out loud and cheery
As I leap to the other side.

Now faster, faster, on I chatter,
As again I seek the plain:
Down hillsides steep, through meadows green—
At last I reach the main.

WHEN LOVE CONQUERED

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpkian

Phoebe put a "No Admittance" sign on her door and gave herself up to the pleasures contained in her letter from Dick. Even a college girl must have a little privacy, especially when it comes to a love letter.

"I know what he'll say either first or last," she told herself; and then, "Oh, he said it first."

She whispered her lover's words over to herself, "I love your beauty, your tender blue eyes, your rosy lips, your soft hair—but Phoebe dear, I love you far more than your beauty." She paused there and asked herself, "I wonder if he really would love me if I was terribly ugly." It was a pertinent question, for Dick Langston was truly a worshiper of the beautiful. In the first place, he was an artist, a young one to be sure, but nevertheless a true artist, with all the artist's love for beauty. The first thing about Phoebe Barnes that had attracted his attention was her beauty, for she was a very lovely girl. Of course, he soon found a girl to love beneath that outside beauty, a girl with a soul as lovely as her face. He was desperately in love with her. All through one glorious summer he made love to Phoebe. The next fall she went back to college an engaged girl. She was going to marry Langston as soon as she graduated, which would be the following spring. Then they were going abroad to spend their honeymoon and be blissfully happy. Until the spring-time, letters were their only solace. How woefully inadequate are letters as a solace for absent lovers! Nevertheless these two lovers made the most of it, much to the detriment of Dick's new picture and Phoebe's chemistry. There was one thing that marred Phoebe's happiness more than she would admit. She knew that she was lovely. She knew that Dick adored her loveliness. Did he love her for more than that? Of course he thought he did. If she could only have some proof of it she thought she would be perfectly happy. Often she pondered over some way to apply the test to him. It was

one day while playing basket ball that the inspiration came to her. She accidentally received a blow on the nose, not a very severe knock, but, nevertheless, she saw stars. From the stars came the inspiration. Suppose she had broken her nose; suppose that aquiline feature, so much admired by artistic Dick, had been crooked forever, would Dick still love her? To be sure, her nose was not broken. But why not pretend to Dick that it was? There would be her proof. And she told her conscience that a lie was not a lie if you told the truth eventually, as she, of course, must do. She was so taken up with her new idea that she absentmindedly made a foul.

A morning or two later young Langston's carefully manicured fingers trembled as their owner read the following from his betrothed:

"Dearest Dick: I can't write much this time for—oh, Dick, I've broken my nose! Isn't it awful? I broke it playing basket ball. The horrible part is that it will be crooked forevermore. The doctor said so. Oh, I look frightful! perfectly frightful! Sorrowfully, Phoebe. P. S. Imagine yourself traveling over Europe with a broken-nosed girl."

Soon a letter assured her of her lover's great sorrow over her misfortune. The last sentence contained volumes for Phoebe: "Say, your nose won't really be crooked, will it?" She hastened to assure Langston that it was now certain that the injured member would be even more crooked than at first feared. She was careful not to hint of any suspected change in his feeling, but she pictured very vividly the young fellow faring forth with a hopelessly disfigured bride. What a consort for an artist!

The following is an extract from Dick's next letter: "Since you seem so anxious, possibly we had better postpone—or rather, maybe, you had better consult a specialist before we proceed with our plans. I believe you are right. I fear I must not urge you, if you are so sensitive, about appearing so much in public."

There was much before and after the above extract of a soothing nature, but no avowal of undying love for her no matter how ugly she might be. Phoebe was a wise young lady. She saw her knight enter the fiery furnace and come out with

his gold much tarnished. Now her idol lay smashed at her feet.

Her engagement ring disappeared from her finger. Her grades went up in chemistry. Her teachers told her that she was working too hard. She did get pale and thin. Her mail box knew no more of Dick's big, bulgy letters. The girl tried to console the ache in her heart by thanking her stars that she had discovered her lover's instability before it was too late. And then her unreasoning love for the fellow would clamor for the few years of happiness which might have been Phoebe's if she had not discovered the weak point. A "No Admittance" sign appeared on her door often now. She wanted privacy in which to weep rather than to read love letters.

Then one evening as she was settling down to drown her sorrows in her books, she was handed, by the maid, a box—a box of chocolates. Inside she found Langston's card, on the back of which was written in his beloved scrawl:

"Darling, I cannot stay away another hour. I've found that I can't live without you. Can you ever forgive me for trying to? I'm in the parlor now, wild for a sight of you and that blessed nose. Dick."

Phoebe looked in the mirror as she prepared to go down to the parlor. Regarding her nose, she addressed that feature: "All you need is a dab of powder. Since he's proven pure gold, after all, I'm glad you aren't crooked."

Then she went down.

OLD FORT JOHNSTON

Katie B. Pridgen, '17, Adelpkian

The settlers in America took quite an active part in the War of the Austrian Succession, in which England was engaged with both France and Spain. As the southern colonies were in danger of attacks, especially by Spain, since they were in an exposed condition, the Assembly of North Carolina, in 1745, appointed a committee of eleven who were to supervise the erection of a fort at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. This fort was completed in 1765, but its construction was very poor. The material of which the walls were made was so full of sand that every time a gun was fired off from within, a portion of the parapet fell down. Even before its completion, Fort Johnston was brought into service by being used as a quarantine station for Wilmington. His Majesty, George II, in order to make his colonists feel more secure against inroads of the enemy, mercifully provided the fort with twenty cannon.

Although nothing exciting hapened to it during the early years of its existence, we feel assured that it would have successfully checked the invasion of the enemy had any been bold enough to appear before its frowning front. Although the settlers of North Carolina looked on it with disdain and considered it useless, it was the strongest fort in the colony. Governor Dobbs was very anxious to have the garrison strengthened, but the Assembly of North Carolina authorized only about one-half the number desired, and less provision for its maintenance than he wished.

Twice before the year 1776 was the prudence of the colonial leaders justified. The first time was when our sturdy forefathers defied the enforcement of the Stamp Act. It was very humiliating to Governor Tryon to see the commander of the fort spike the cannon lest they be turned against the English vessels that lay in the harbor. The second occasion was when Governor Josiah Martin fled hurriedly from New Bern, and after a nine days' journey, reached the fort on June 2nd, 1775. Here he remained until the 18th of July, attempting to force

North Carolina to honor and obey the laws of her mother country. His efforts were in vain, however, for on July 18th he received a notice, signed "the People", from a member of the Wilmington committee of safety, announcing the intention of the committee to capture the fort. Judging it advisable to offer no resistance, the Governor took refuge on the English warship, the "Cruiser", leaving the fort to the patriots. The angry provincials destroyed all the buildings by fire. The exit of Governor Martin marked the end of royal government in North Carolina.

The most important part taken by the fort in the Revolution was when five British regiments camped on its site.

Fort Caswell, the construction of which was begun in 1825, so outrivalled Fort Johnston in strength, that in 1836 the garrison of the latter was withdrawn.

Upon the outbreak of the War Between the States, a volunteer force from Wilmington, fearing that the Federals might blockade the port, took possession of both forts. However, upon the command of Governor Ellis, they were reluctantly restored to the union. Since then, Fort Johnston has been abandoned entirely.

Although Fort Johnston was never the scene of bloodshed, at least it gave the people of North Carolina a sense of security, and it lets us know that our forefathers realized that the province in which they lived was worthy of being defended.

A VISIT TO ELLIS ISLAND

Florence Hughes, '15, Adelpian

One of the most interesting and stimulating trips which I have ever taken was a visit to Ellis Island. Our party met at the Battery one Wednesday morning in the latter part of June. The ferryboat which runs from the barge office at the Battery, to Ellis Island in New York Harbor, makes the trip every hour and we were just in time for the ten o'clock boat. On board we noticed many foreigners whom we presumed were going to Ellis Island in order to meet relatives and friends whose arrival they were expecting on that day. Soon the whistle blew and the gangplank was pulled over to the wharf. The paddle wheels began to revolve and we were moving out into the harbor. To port and starboard puffed and tooted busy, impertinent little tugs: ferryboats paddled in all directions. A large white double-decked excursion steamer passed on its way to Coney Island, and from it were wafted the mellow tones of the harp and other stringed instruments which were being played to amuse the excursionists. The monotony of the rhythmic swish of water and the recurrent thud of the paddle wheels was broken only by the occasional screech of a whistle. At a distance, apparently rising from the surface of the water, in the middle of the harbor, were some grayish looking buildings. As they came nearer into view they grew reddish and it was plain that they were of brick with gray stone trimmings. The treeless strip of land upon which, as it could now be seen, they rested, was Ellis Island, the New York station of the United States immigration service. As we drew nearer to the landing we could see at once that an efficient landscape gardener had charge of the artistically laid out grounds. After leaving the boat we went at once to the main building, in which were the offices of the employees. I was impressed with the neatness of the place and its attractiveness, due to the beauty of the huge beds of cannas and salvia whose bright-colored blossoms formed a striking contrast against the rich green background of well-kept

lawn. From the porch of the main building we admired the profusion of ivy leaf geranium plants which were freely blooming in boxes placed along the railing of this porch.

As we entered the building, the only people visible were some men hard at work scrubbing the concrete floors. One of these men directed us to the room where the official to whom we had our card of introduction, could be found. This room, pleasant and sunny, was full of busy typewriters and uniformed employees coming and going, for the island is a busy place. Thirteen ships had come in that day, and nineteen hundred immigrants were in the buildings, but this the official informed us, as he led us up the stairs to the visitors' gallery, was not a particularly busy day. "We sometimes have seven or eight thousand immigrants to handle at once," he said, "and then we have to work pretty hard." Opening a door on the second floor into a long gallery running hundreds of feet, he showed us two two-storied rows of wire mattresses upon gas pipe frames and standards. "This is where the women sleep when they have to be detained for any reason over night. The opposite gallery is for the men. Each immigrant has a blanket allowed him or her. Every blanket is sterilized and laundered in the morning, and the whole gallery, floor, walls, beds and all, is flooded with hot water and carbolic acid from a hose."

By this time the visitors' gallery was reached. This gallery looks down into the great main hall, in the middle of which is a stairway coming from somewhere below. Up this passage poured an unceasing stream of immigrants two or three abreast. Most of the men had small trunks on their heads or shoulders; the women wore bright colored shawls or handkerchiefs on their heads, and led or carried small children. All wore an anxious, eager expression on their faces and carried strange burdens of feather beds, cooking pots, and things unknowable but mighty of bulk, in bags of bed ticking much the worse for wear. There was the fellow with the knapsack that had never one time left him on the way over, not even while he slept—for then he used it as a pillow, so our guide conjectured. It was when the stalwart youth ate that we saw the contents of his knapsack—we received fleeting glimpses of

its interminable coils of sausage, its uncanny depths of pump-ernickel bread and cheese that eked out the steamer fare. In addition to their gaudy headdress, the women were further adorned with big golden earrings and other jewelry. Most of the young girls were attractive looking. They had a healthful rustic appearance, due to the color of their cheeks, which was of a richer hue than the pink and white we were accustomed to in America. They all came up stolidly, steadily, submissively; and a couple of inspectors, standing within the lane defined by gas pipe railings, which led straight from the stairway to the end of the hall, saw that they removed their hats and trunks from their heads, and that they had their tags with numbers in sight. "The first thing they see," explained the official, "is the American flag, as it hangs below us here, and all hats must come off before it." Leaning over the gallery, we saw a flag of superb size with a cluster of electric lights so placed as to illuminate it at night. We noticed that not one in a score of the newcomers appeared to look at it intelligently, or to understand why hats come off.

They had little time to look or understand, for they went forward, between the guiding lines of railing, to the first pen to the right, where two brisk, uniformed doctors stood with a trim nurse in attendance and a great array of basins and towels behind. "The doctors examine each immigrant," explained the official, "for one of the seventeen contagious eye diseases that have to be watched against, and various skin diseases. When the doctor finds disease, he chalk marks the case and it goes to the hospital, for detention or deportation, as the decision may be." As the human stream flowed in, the doctors caught the head of each immigrant, jerked it back and turned up the eye lids with skillful finger and thumb and if there was no disease, let the man or woman pass to the next pen. Occasionally a few chalk marks were made on the shoulder of a coat or dress. Those thus marked went off to the left to the hospital. Separations thus caused in families aroused considerable anxiety and weeping among the women and children related to the detained one. "Each has a tag," said the guide, "marked with a letter of the alphabet and a number. There are thirty under the letter A, thirty under B and so

on. We have fourteen inspectors at work and each has a certain letter assigned him. The hall will hold two thousand at a time. Then, at the lower end is the money exchange office. Commissioner Williams, who made such a fine record here, and brought order out of chaos, found that the firm in charge was making money out of the immigrants by a very slight increase in the rate of exchange. He threw them out and now the money is exchanged with absolute fairness. "Who brings the most money with them?" asked one of our party. "The Russian Jews. They generally have about twenty-five dollars apiece. Those people coming up now are from southern Italy—the largest class of immigration at present, and the poorest. Next to them in number, come the Austrian Jews, then the Teutonic immigrants—Germans and Scandinavians together, and then the Slavs." The official went on to tell us that as a class the immigrants were getting poorer all the time. He stated that a large number had recently been deported because of destitution. One of us asked if there were no examiners at the foreign ports. He said yes, but that the steamship companies were so eager to make profits that they brought the immigrants on the risk of their being admitted to this country, even though if they were deported the steamship company would have to take them back free of charge.

We then walked around to the other end of the gallery so that we were just above the money inspectors. "How much you got?" shouts the inspector to the head of the long line moving up between the iron railing; then, remembering, in the same breath shrieks out, "Quanto moneta?" The Italian brings up from the depths of his pocket a pitiful handful of paper money. Before he has it out, the interpreter has him by the wrist, and with a quick movement shakes the bills out upon the desk. The official shakes his head and asks the ship's manifest if the man is going to friends. Then the Italian begins to explain eagerly concerning his prosperous brother, who has fine vineyards. He holds up a bundle of grape sticks in evidence that he has brought these all the way from his village at home to set out in his brother's field. "Ugh," grunts the inspector as he stuffs the money into the man's

pocket, "they won't grow, but bring them on." He shoves him on and yells to the approaching German, "Wie viel geld?" Then the German joins the Italian in his bewilderment en route for something or somewhere, shoved on by guards. The inspector wrestles with a case who is trying to sneak in on false pretense. He is hauled off by an officer and ticketed "S. I.", printed in large letters. This means he is held for the board of special inquiry, which will sift his story, so our guide informed us. Next comes a stalwart Montenegrin lugging his gun of many an ancient feud; he proves his title clear. The official said to us, "His gun will seem grotesque to him before he has been here a month." The men at the desks seemed to know every language and dialect. They conversed with Swede, Jew, and Greek in their own tongue.

When we were taken down and shown the detention pens, where the unsatisfactory cases are kept for further investigation or deportation, we felt thankful that America was spared these. In spite of ventilation and smooth, lately scrubbed walls and floors, and running hot and cold water invitingly given for the women to wash their clothes and children, the odor and look of the crowds in each pen was discouraging. Yet if not allowed to enter the land of promise, America was as hospitable to them as possible. The great dining-rooms, with their long tables, hot soup and mighty slices of rye bread proved this.

Those who passed the inspectors could be seen scribbling elaborately with stubby pencils on postal cards that were star-spangled and striped with white and red. It is their announcement to those at home that they have passed the gate and are within. Then these admitted ones were sorted out for their various destinations. The government makes special efforts to keep any immigrant from going through New York City unprotected. Baggage is checked at a special rate of twenty-three cents and food is sold under large signs, "Provisions cheaper here than on the railroads." These signs are written in five languages, Italian, Hungarian, Scandinavian, German, and English. The list of provisions in the five language columns shows what the immigrants prefer in the eating line. "Smoked bloaters, kosher bologna sausage, wheat

bread, rye bread, cheese, boiled ham, pressed ham, crullers, pies," each at the lowest possible prices.

We came away impressed by the order, system, wisdom, and hospitality which America shows in receiving immigrants at her greatest port. On our journey home we could not help but wonder what America's future will be if she does not help these immigrants to become self-supporting and self-respecting citizens, a benefit and not a detriment to this country.

MY STAR

Gladys Avery, '15, Adelpian

Far in the starry heavens
 When the curtain is drawn for night,
 A faithful little star
 Sends out its kindly light.

And those of the hopeful heart
 See at the close of day
 'Midst the bright celestial bodies
 The beauty of its ray.

Few look in the darksome night
 For aught save a glorious gleam;
 But some there are who cherish
 The star with its gentle beam.

It has no time of wavering;
 But steadfast, earnest, and true,
 The soul of the star grows purer
 In the work that it finds to do.

BYRON'S DESCRIPTIONS

Mildred White, '15, Adelpian

Who can read "Childe Harold" without reveling in the strength and crashing roar of the storm, the surge of the sea, and the absolute majesty of infinite solitude, without breathlessly waiting the outcome of the fierce contest, without living over the heroic scenes with their great actors, and without having a truer conception of the meaning of art? For, however much Byron may be criticized, there can be no doubt but that he possesses, to a wonderful degree, the power of forceful description.

When we mention Byron's descriptions, we naturally think first of his nature pictures; for in these the poet seems more entirely to lose self-consciousness. As Matthew Arnold expresses it, nature seems to take the pen from him and write for him. He is inspired. There comes instinctively, when we think of nature in connection with Byron, a broad background of woods, mountains, or sea, with a solitary human figure in the midst, perhaps, musing on the blessedness of nature's solitudes, perhaps exulting savagely in her wild beauty. Such a picture is distinctly Byronic. Byron, while he has a deep sense of the beautiful in nature, is not one who attempts to interpret her secrets for us; rather he is an accurate and sensitive observer of her beauties. It is doubtless due to this fact that he paints such glowing word pictures of nature's beauties. His close observation has taught him to seize the most striking details and to bring these forcibly to the eye at once, sketching freely and boldly, making his picture the more vivid by startling contrasts.

In the hush of a night so reposeful that there comes to the ear the drip of the suspended oar, the chirp of the grasshopper and the note of a bird in the brakes that has started into song a moment, then is still—there comes crashing in the leaping of the live thunder among the crags, the pattering of rain upon the earth and the play of forked lightning. Then the thunder becomes a far-off roll of departing voices

and the morn is up with cheek all abloom, laughing away the clouds with playful scorn. On the rolling stream of the lovely Rhine, with its fertile banks lined with forests and Gothic castles, suddenly recedes and the Alps are above us with their vast wall pinnacled in clouds their snowy caps. Here eternity is enthroned in icy halls, where the avalanche, that thunderbolt of snow, holds sway.

But not always does Byron describe the majestic, awful scenes in nature, though his spirit does seem to find its truest expression in such. At times there is such loveliness and quiet beauty in his descriptions that we can hardly realize that the poet writing thus is the poet of the awful Alps, the bleak crags, and the dread carnage of battle. In the "Italian Sunset", as the moon comes up, a single star at her side, and floats through the azure air, while sunset divides the sky with night and a sea of glory streams along the Alpine mountains, until all the magic changes, the rich hues fade, a paler shadow creeps over the mountains and

“ * * * parting day
Dies like the dolphin whom each pang imbues
With a color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone
And all is gray,”

we are reminded of Shelley rather than of Byron.

That Byron was a tumultuous spirit is quite evident from the way he joys in picturing the rush and fury of body meeting body, of conflict carried to its bitter end.

In such descriptions the passion and intensity of the poet has full sway. We are fairly swept on by the powerful force of the lines and breathlessly we wait the outcome. There are no wasted words here; each single one counts. The Spanish maid who once was frightened by the semblance of a scar, when she sees her people scattering before the enemy, smiles in the face of danger and leads the men in glory's fearful chase.

“Her lover falls, she sheds no ill-timed tear,
Her chief is slain—she fills his fated post.”

* * * * * * *

“Who can appease like her a lover’s ghost,
Who can avenge so well a leader’s fall?
What maid retrieve when man’s flushed hope is lost
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul.
Foiled by a woman’s hand, before a battered wall.”

Not only does Byron excel in describing conflict, but he is gifted also with the power of making real the historic scenes which he visited. Byron had a strong sense for what is beautiful and noble in human action and suffering. This enabled him to comprehend and to distil the very essence of the peculiar atmosphere which belongs to every historic spot. Every detail of his descriptions contributes something to bring out this atmosphere. At Clarendon, “the birthplace of deep love”, there is the breath of romance in the air. Everything here speaks of Love, the trees take root in Love, the snows above the glaciers have caught its hues; even the crags and rocks tell of Love. So does the “populous solitude” of bees and birds, the gush of springs, and the bend of stirring branches. In that splendid tribute to Rome, “Lone mother of dead empires”, the poet realizes the atmosphere of decay, of glories long dead, that hangs over the city; and every detail of his description emphasizes this. Here we plod our way over steps of broken thrones and temples, the Scipios’ tombs contain no ashes, the very sepulchres lie tenantless—all is a chaos of ruins.

Of Byron’s descriptions of art it need only be said that to read Canto IV gives us the feeling of wandering through the old Italian galleries, stopping here and there to look with a poet’s eyes on, perhaps, the Venus of Medici, the goddess who loves in stone and fills the air around with beauty until dazzled we turn away; or on Laocoon’s torture, and see the old man struggling in vain against the coiling strain and gripe of the serpent—“a father’s love and a mortal’s agony blending with an immortal patience.”

Indeed, so vivid are all the descriptions of Byron that we might say they all go to form one great picture gallery wherein we find something that fascinates, something that promotes culture, and something that stimulates the soul anew.

CHILDE HAROLD, A GUIDEBOOK

Annie Humbert, '15, Adelpian

If "Childe Harold" were known for nothing else it would be remembered as one of the most interesting and most inspiring guidebooks ever written. It is a glorified guidebook—to quote Dowden—that tells us much of Europe's natural beauties, her poets' and heroes' graves, and her great works of art.

In the earlier cantos of *Childe Harold* the hero, although not so interested in men and affairs as he later becomes, carries us with him to visit the picturesque towns of Spain and Portugal, to admire "Spain's dark glancing daughters", to wonder at the Spanish swain's desire for vengeance, to enjoy the spectacle of a bull-fight, until half-satisfied, half displeased, he turns away to visit Greece where

“ * * * o'er each mouldering tower

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.”

Here he finds a land more to his taste, where freedom's flame has once blazed and still glows in some humble hearts. He passes by Dodona's oak, Epirus' bounds, Thebes, Athens, Sparta, with a sigh of grief that their glories are no more. Through all these scenes, however, Byron sends his hero as a sightseer who is curious to behold the hills and cities about which he had heard in his childhood.

In the third canto the real Byron, with his interest in men and their doings, comes to the forefront. At Waterloo he sees not merely the field where a great battle was fought and won, but he thrills at the storm which he knows was raging in Napoleon's soul; he sees no ordinary battle, but a Titanic struggle which was to determine the fate of nations and of worlds. Likewise, he is interested in the old baronial halls of Germany, the battlefield of Morat, because of the men and memories which he associates with them. He gives to the famous monuments of the old world an interest which no mere reading of history can give, a human interest which is throbbing with the hot passion and fire so characteristic of Byron in his nobler and freer moods.

But the poet does not confine himself to admiration of civil and military heroes. He feels a passion amounting to reverence when he stands at the shrine of some ancient poet, like Petrarch or Dante, or of some self-torturing sophist, like Rosseau, in whom he sees the passion and conflict which he has felt contending in his own soul. In his admiration, almost adoration, for genius of any kind, Byron leads his readers on until they, too, feel the same desire to kneel at the shrine and worship.

In his rapture over the men whom these scenes memorialize Byron remembers to appreciate the monuments themselves as works of art. He leads his traveler to visit the great art galleries of Italy. In Florence, especially, he has much to say both of her artists and their works. It is here in his description of the Medicean Venus that we fully appreciate Byron's love for the beautiful in art and his power of expression. Some one has said that a description loses all its charm when the reader can no longer read between the lines. Byron knew full well what to say and what to suggest. As he himself says, he leaves to the artist and his ape to tell how well his connoisseurship understands the graceful lines of the master's workmanship:

“Let these describe the undescribable.

I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall forever dwell.”

His purpose is merely to tell of the pleasure which he derived from the contemplation of perfect beauty. And he succeeds admirably in arousing a desire in his readers which will not rest until they have seen and judged for themselves the things which the poet pictures so well.

But it is not pictured and sculptured beauty alone which delights Byron. Amid all the fierce battles of the warrior and the gentle dreams of the poet he does not forget the exquisite beauty of nature which surrounds him and his pictured heroes. He sails down the peaceful Rhine, watching the banks picturesque with storied ruins. He climbs the mountains of Switzerland until he halts, awestruck by their sublimity and grandeur. He watches the fierce lightning leap from cliff to

cliff or the peaceful beauties of placid Leman. One day he stands on the plain of Thrasimene, now quiet, where was once such turmoil and confusion, or praises the crystal wave of Clitumnus. Soon he sees at Terni,

“The fall of waters! rapid as the light.”

“The flashing mass,” foaming, shakes the abyss, while the ceaseless agony sends up a spray which

“Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald.”

Every place to which Byron carries his hero, and through him his readers, is treated with a delicacy, yet firmness of touch, which leaves the reader eager to see for himself the well-known scenes which the poet has invested with a new glamor.

AS LONG AS STARS SHINE IN THE SKIES

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpian

As long as stars shine in the skies,
As long as this old world shall last,
Young eyes will surely meet young eyes
And make young hearts to beat more fast.

As long as birds choose mates in spring,
As long as flowers are tipped with dew,
Young hearts will pledge by everything
Their love to be forever true.

As long as maids descend from Eve,
As long as gallants plead and woo,
Young lives will blithely smile and grieve,
And vows and hearts be broken too.



Sketches

SHADOWS

Sadie Woodruff, '17, Cornelian

Did you ever notice the difference between a shadow in the day time and a shadow at night? Did a shadow ever mean more to you than just a "reflected image"? Did it not sometime take on a personality in the evening, that did not appear in the daylight?

When we were children, shadows were both a source of pleasure and terror. Often we would arrange ourselves before a bright shiny surface, as metal rods, tea kettles or sometimes a tub of water, making mimic faces at our reflections. Then again on the long, summer evenings, when the setting sun lengthened out every object into gigantic proportions, what fun we would have playing "tag" on the lawn! Instead of "tagging" the person with our hand, we had only to step on his shadow to make that person "it". Such scampering as there was to rid ourselves of the tall monstrous shapes that were always at our heels! This play was always a source of enjoyment to short, chubby little girls who took pleasure in anything that would change them for a time, at least, into tall slim silhouettes. Our shadows were indeed our playmates.

But when the evening twilight had deepened and we were led by our mother's guiding hand up, up the long stairway, yet something slipped behind us, something was about to grab us, something stealthily, swiftly glided near us. It hung right over our shoulder; there was no escape; it darted this way and that when we tried to evade it. Then safely tucked into bed, with the light turned out, we thought we were at last in a safe harbor.

But still the idea of insecurity haunted us. Perhaps a vine from the trellis outside the window would swish against the

pane. Startled and wide-eyed we would sit up wondering what transformation had taken place in the room. Pale moon beams filtering through the window panes cast shadows of the leafy branches of the old apple tree outside into weird and dancing phantoms on our white counterpane. In the lingering flicker of the street lights, as the wind tossed the branches to and fro, a moving ghostly, black, uncanny procession appeared menacingly, tauntingly waving their arms at us, and striking terror to our little hearts.

The light changes; an uncertain gleam cast by some wayfarer's dim lantern makes a zig-zag path across the wall, and we see whole straggling lines of grinning faces, little demons rearing their heads as the lantern is swayed back and forth. We watch breathlessly, not knowing which one of the patterns in the wallpaper is to snatch us. They gradually recede toward the foot of the bed; then our glance falls on the floor. The shadows of the chairs, tables, rockers have become ogres which seem to be impelled by some unseen incantation instead of only the shifting lights.

We glance from side to side. The black shades have surrounded us. On the wall, through the window panes, ghostly figures, shadowy phantoms, terrible black demons advance. There is no escape—nothing will dispel them. Seemingly there is only one refuge, and that under the covers. Then like a poor foolish little ostrich burying its head in the sand, we pull the quilts over our eyes and find safety. We never considered, not even imagined, that it was only the shadows, our daytime playmates, which struck fear and terror into our hearts by their nightly revelry.

HOW TO MAKE A PLAYHOUSE IN THE WOODS

Elizabeth Evans, '17, Cornelian

In order to understand how to make a playhouse, you need not have a great deal of education, but you must have at least a little of the imaginative power of a child who is six or eight years old. It is my purpose to start with the selection of

a suitable site for a playhouse and to go as far in the building and furnishing process as the ordinary housewife is able to go in one day.

In the selection of a site there are a great many things to be considered. It must be a nice shady nook, the trees and bushes must be so placed that they will be cornerstones and guides in forming the rooms, the site must not be too far from mother's house, it must be near water, and last but not least, it must be where there is little danger of its being found by naughty schoolboys, who are the one great enemy to little girls' houses.

When the site has been selected, the leaves and trash should be cleared away from the house and yard. This trash, if left in little rows, makes a very nice paling indeed for the yard and saves the trouble and expense of getting one elsewhere. In the building of the house there is very little to do except divide the different rooms, halls, and porches from one another and from the yard by placing broken limbs, pieces of plank, or small stones between them. The doors are placed wherever two trees happen to come at the proper distance from each other. If there happens to be no such door, you can make one of birch or of blocks.

When the real house has been made and divided into different rooms, it is time to go shopping and purchase the furniture. This is the most delightful part of the making of the house. You, of course, visit all the many stores of the forest and see where you can find things that are most suitable for the least expense. The dressers, washstands, cribs, beds, tables and sofas you can get from mother's woodshed; or if you care for your furniture to be more elaborate, you can get it near by made from the remains of some of the largest trees in the forest and carved beautifully by the experienced and efficient hand of time. The furniture for your best room you can have upholstered at almost any mossy hillside; and here, too, you can purchase a carpet for as many rooms as you like. Your dishes and cooking utensils are very inexpensive, as there is usually a place around most homes where they are sold at reduced prices almost every day because of some accident in mother's dining-room or kitchen. The pictures and

wall decorations may all be obtained from old magazines or papers. After you have done your shopping and have put the furniture, pictures, and other articles in order, it is better to leave the buying of the other things for another day. Perhaps if you wait, the stores will get in a new stock, for nature's stores are full of pleasant surprises for all those people who patronize them.

AN OLD WASHERWOMAN

Irene Myatt, '17, Cornelian

“Aunt Margie”, as we children were taught to call her, was an old negro woman who had done the family washing for a number of years; indeed, she had been with us so long that mother felt that “Aunt Margie” was the only washerwoman in the whole village, who could do the work satisfactorily and at the same time could be depended on.

What a true satisfaction she was! Every Tuesday, whether hot or cold, rainy or fair, as regularly as the day came, this faithful old negro would come early in the morning to the kitchen door and present herself for work. Tuesday was her day for washing, she said, for after going to church so much on Sunday, she was “'bliged to take Monday and rest”. And mother willingly gave over to this one peculiarity, for the old soul was so patient and good-natured. The work was never too heavy for her, and so full of industry was she, that when she had a little more than usual to do, she began work in great haste in order that she might get through at her usual time.

How we children loved to see Aunt Margie come cheerily to our house on washday, with her black sailor hat hanging on the side of her head, and her old apron, weighed down with its over-loaded pockets, tied and wrinkled around her fat body. But, best of all, we loved to see her take off her hat, take a dip of snuff from the old nickel snuff-box that she always kept in her apron pocket, and begin her work. For, as she scrubbed and stirred the boiling clothes with her long stick, she would laugh and tell us about the things she did for “Massa and

Missy, before she was sot free''. And her big black eyes would roll and sparkle with joy as she told us about the good times she used to have with all ''dem niggers'' on the old plantation. And when we scampered away at mother's call, we could hear her singing in a loud, strong voice, her ''Sunday-go-to-meetin' songs''.

Although this good old washerwoman has recently passed away, she still lives in our memory as a patient, cheerful, good-natured creature whom we loved, and still miss as the Tuesdays continue to come around.

GRAVY

Maria Loftin, Cornelian

To get gravy out of a ''Normal'' meat dish is a delicate operation; if, however, one has acquired the skill of holding the spoon at just the right angle, and tipping the dish in exactly the right position, it is remarkable how much of the delectable brown liquid may be obtained. It reminds the initiated of the theory of limits, always approaching zero, but never quite getting there.

Occasionally though, we have a whole bowl full of gravy. Here, too, we have the limit, but this time it is the speed limit. For every one knows that if we wish to get a second bowl, we must serve the first one with breathless speed, and take our place in the long line that marches slowly—oh, so slowly—up to the big round gravy pan. And then perhaps just as we get within reach of the much desired goal, we have to wait until the cook can take it back to the immense iron pot in the kitchen and refill it. But on his return he gives us a bowl of the steaming liquid, and as we proudly march back to our table with our precious burden, we feel fully repaid for all the anxiety of our ''watchful waiting'' by the smile of satisfaction that greets us.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON AT A VILLAGE STORE

Ruth Tate, '16, Cornelian

It is about two o'clock on a typical mid-August afternoon. The sun pours down its blistering rays upon all those who have the energy to be abroad. Even at "the store", the business center of Pineville, all is quiet, except for the occasional bits of conversation from the "elders" of the village, as they whittle listlessly beneath the protecting foliage of two great oak trees at the side. Inside, the heat is unbearable; so even the keeper seeks shelter outside. Here the vegetables, so fresh and green in the morning, are now wilted; the gum drops and chocolate creams flatten against the showcase in a sticky mass; and here and there a banana peel curls under the steady rays of the sun. Now the sound of horses and wagon breaks the monotony. The horses, with heads low, pull the covered wagon up slowly to the tiny porch, and their driver asks eagerly for water. At this moment, a sleepy looking dog crawls out from under the step, but goes back, with a yawn, as the wagon disappears slowly down the white dusty road.

UNCLE ZEB

Iris Council, Adelpian

One of the most pleasant memories of my childhood days is of the hours spent in the cabin of Uncle Zeb, an old negro man, who had been a slave before the war, and who now lives on my grandfather's plantation. He was to us a veritable Uncle Remus. And although the stories that he told us were not of the Tar Baby and the animals, those that he did tell us, of what happened "befo' de war" and "when de war wuz here", were equally as interesting as those that Uncle Remus told the little boy. Kindly, simple, old soul though he was, he inspired us with a kind of awe that remains to this day. True to the old darky instincts, his superstitions knew no bounds. What tales of ghosts and "hants" he might have told us, had this

not been strictly forbidden by our parents, can only be imagined. Since I have grown older, each time that I see him there is something in the thin, white hair, something in the old, bent shoulders and the wrinkled, kindly beaming face that arouses alike my respect and my pity. I feel that, in our modern times, he is out of his element; that this "new order of strange faces, other minds" fills him with dismay.

AN INCIDENT

Ethel Thomas, '15, Cornelian

You have taken a railway journey alone, of course? Then you have experienced that sensation of all sensations, the most undesirable; then you know the true meaning of the dread term "bored". Recently I had the privilege of a revival of the delightful sensation. I had perused the last word of the last advertisement on the last page of my last magazine. I had scanned the landscape till my head whirled at such a rate that the landscape stood still. I had mentally constructed and reconstructed life histories of all the passengers on the car. I had planned every detail of my next season's wardrobe. I had enumerated to myself all the ways I could imagine that a wreck might occur. I had reminded myself that my chances for death were infinitely greater on this train than on a train in Germany. I had visualized myself heroically crashing my fist into the glass case and with gory hands drawing out the heavy axe. I saw myself sublimely hewing out an escape for the little mother and the now peacefully sleeping infant across the aisle. Meanwhile, the flames licked down upon me—meanwhile, I lovingly eyed my prospective rescue.

But in spite of all, life was becoming irksome. If only *something, anything*, would happen.

Suddenly—why suddenly the baby sat up in her mother's arms. Alert and wide-awake, she stared at me, pointed an accusing finger at me, and yelled. One loud, unearthly scream! Diversion? A nervous woman awoke in hysterics, a stout man seized his bag and umbrella, the passen-

gers, who had in a body rushed forward, made way for the anxious parent as he came running from the smoker. Then the baby reached forward from her mother's arms, clasped the fond father around the neck and cooed, "Baby love 'oo."

ODE FOUR FROM HORACE

Arey Lipe, '16, Cornelian

Icy winter melts away
 'Neath Favonus' gentle sway.
 The dry-beaked vessels that grimly stood
 Drawn up near the shelt'ring wood
 Now sail the peaceful sea.

Out in the grasses green and tall
 Go the flocks from dreary stall,
 The farmer leaves the warm fireside
 To toil in fields fresh ploughed and wide;
 The dog plays on the lea.

And now beneath the shades of night
 Grown softer in the moon's pale light
 Venus leads forth her joyful bands
 To dance in glee on flowery strands
 Joined hand in hand in mirth.

Glowing Vulcan in sooty shops
 Keeps hard at work the great cyclops.
 The land now thawed from winter's cold
 Brings flowers forth from fertile mould
 To cheer the gloomy earth.

Now to crown the head 'tis meet
 With fragrant blooms or myrtle sweet;
 Or to Faunus in groves less bright
 To sacrifice his own delight
 A ewe lamb or a kid.

Alas! too soon our joy is o'er,
Pale Death must knock at every door;
And Life's brief span scarce yet begun
Must leave the light of this dear sun
 In darkness to abide.

Thou, too, O Sestus! dreary night
Will soon o'erwhelm in gloomy light;
Thou too a phantom wraith must go
To the shadow-home of dark Pluto
 To dwell eternally.

Here stands no store of sparkling wine
Pressed from the fruit of Sabine vine
Nor can love flourish in the light
Of Pluto's deep and endless night
 Which shall o'ershadow thee.



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When we come away to college, somehow it always seems as if we are closing the door to the world behind
COLLEGE LIFE us. Our college seems just a little plot of ground marked off and fenced in from the rest of the earth, with the sign *Posted* stretched all the way around.

In our seclusion we wonder what manner of man inhabits the big world. Too, we are so busy with our own little interests right here, they seem so all our own, that we find it hard to believe there are other like communities living the same life, enjoying the same pleasures and opportunities, meeting the same problems, and thinking the same thoughts as we. Sometimes we feel a consuming curiosity about the life of other colleges; they seem so far away, we know they must be different. And yet, glance over the various college magazines and note the remarkable similarity in the subject matter that reflects their immediate college interests. Perhaps one would expect the magazines of our own state to have more or less

resemblance, but it is rather startling to find a New England College discussing subjects so close akin to us. Yet that is the case. Every single subject discussed in "The Mount Holyoke" is paralleled right here with us.

Take the January number of "The Mount Holyoke". First, we see a "point of view" concerning a certain acid reaction, namely, the relation between faculty and students, an antipathy the writer would have us believe not mutual there. Then follows a poem deploring the exhaustion of lung power at the period corresponding to our "fifteen minute period", exhaustion notably evident at recitations next day; a case where the law of compensation could well be dispensed with here as well as there—would that equal distribution might succeed. But one is surprised at the next article—an idea how to prevent congestion in the postoffice at mail times! We didn't know *everybody* had that trouble. And the suggestion that the one door be used for entrance solely and the other for exit could be advantageously adopted right here! Then, "Topics of Conversation"—they talk about the same things we talk about, more's the pity. "Concerning Crushes" needs no commentary, nor does "On Studying in Chapel". Not unintelligible either is the description of campus dignity; if you happen not to understand, just walk the length of College Avenue once and count the number of girls you see who are in a trifle of a hurry here. And then the editorial commending the abolishment of domestic work of the students at Mount Holyoke. It does the heart good to discover such as this: "The fact that our college owes its democracy to domestic work is a popular fallacy." While we have not had that particular fallacy, we have others no less fallacious. For instance, we might quote the tradition that the strength of our literary societies depends upon their secrecy. We might have our opinions, too, about the source of our democracy.

It was refreshing, it was inspiring to get this glimpse of Mount Holyoke. It makes us wish that there could be a more intimate relationship between the students in the sister institutions of our country. Surely we could help one another.

In times past we have been known sometimes to express sentiments that were not—well, that were not always of admiration for certain aspects of our college life. In times past, shall we say, we have found fault with our “atmosphere”. Sometimes it has seemed indeed that “all our ways were full of sound”, so that to turn back and face four years of life here is to be so *deafened*, as it were, that we know not whether “That rage was right in the main, that acquiescence vain,” or whether acquiescence were right and vain. We had no outlet for our pent-up opinions; and it is a fact that we were more often than not guilty of having opinions. We might have written a “point of view” for the Magazine, but all of us are not so fortunate as to rank among the *litteratae*, nor do all of us consider our points of view worthy for the delectation of the whole state. The Magazine has not filled the need. The best we could do was to send our ideas to the Students’ Council. Yet one likes to say one’s own say one’s self. Representation is not always adequate. And so nothing has remained for us to do but to talk. Perhaps we should not have talked quite so much—yet acquiescence would have been no less than hypocritical. So we have not failed to talk.

In the past then, we have felt a need for some medium for the expression of our college life.

But in the future we are to have a new era in many ways. We are to try a new scheme, self-government. If we are to make the new enterprise a success, we *must nip before it buds* the spirit of unrest, of useless dissatisfaction, of unwarranted criticism. We must encourage a spirit of loyalty, of co-operation, of fairmindedness, and of sympathy.

And how may we do this? By satisfying the need for a medium of expression. By issuing a students’ newspaper, a newspaper all our own, which, making no literary pretensions whatever, but remaining absolutely free and open to every student, and circulating, if deemed wisest, only at the college, shall serve as the official organ of the Self-Government Association. The existence of such a paper would render useless fault-finding utterly inexcusable, and would act as an incentive for us to think, to *do* something. Such a paper would

not only express, but would provoke thought. Such a paper would likewise do much to cultivate a wholesome atmosphere, to encourage a true college spirit, and to promote a sensible way of thinking.

We need it; it will be a benefit to us. Can we not have it? In the March issue of the Magazine, in the Contributor's Club, appeared an article on the point system.

THE POINT SYSTEM

The point of view was: "At present the point system in our college is a farce. Shall we continue to have it, or shall we make it what it should be?" Briefly, the article said that the point system is inadequate; therefore, the point system is a farce; therefore, we should either abolish it or reform it.

The article summed up the situation pretty accurately, but let us consider the conclusion. Grant that a point system is necessary. Then, we all agree that the present point system is incomplete, and will continue incomplete as long as the societies remain closed. However, because "it goes only half so far as it should," are we to stop it from going even that far?

"At present a student may have five points * * * and yet be chosen an inter-society debater." Without the point system, a student might have the value of five points in honors and work, be an inter-society debater, and have five more points. The history of our organizations prior to the adoption of the point system, would disclose just such instances; within the memory of the present Senior class run such recollections. Better a farce with the point system than a tragedy without it.

But what the article really advocated was that the societies be "opened" in order to complete the point system. Well—the words "open society" are not the bug-a-boo they once were, but we hardly believe the societies will be opened for the sake of the point system. Open society is another story.

And so, even though reform seems out of the question for the time being at any rate; if we have need of any point system at all, let us continue to use the one we now have.

"If we have need"—and the facts indicate that we do have need, but let us consider the source of that need. We, as a

student body, are under the delusion that the various college "honors" are purely gifts within our power to bestow upon whomsoever we will, whether *they* will or will not. As a student body, therefore, we have found it expedient, for the preservation of life, to weigh our gifts and tag them so many pounds each, and to make a compact that we will impose no burden of more than so many pounds upon any one individual. That is the point system. That, the original merit of the question, must govern our decision.

Though these things are not exactly pleasing to think on, they are yet true. And enough thought about them is all that is required for their remedy.



The Contributors' Club

It is very interesting to observe the conversation among college girls.

COLLEGE CONVERSATION

As they are nearly always talking, they discuss a great many topics. I shall mention what I consider the main ones,—the faculty, the college work, dress, and questions of current interest.

The faculty are naturally interesting to the students, since they are the task-masters. During recitations, there is ample time to observe the teacher and to note all his peculiarities in appearance and habit. These peculiarities are repeated and exaggerated until every student is familiar with them and watches for them. Defects that would not be noticed in any one else are seen in the faculty and are promptly discussed. The methods of the different teachers are criticized and compared. No one teaches just as the students think it ought to be done and as the student, herself, would do. Each student forms an opinion of each teacher, usually different from any one else.

The girls constantly talk about the college work. It is usually uppermost in every one's mind and it is impossible to keep from talking about it. It is discussed in the halls, on the campus—in fact, everywhere. From Friday afternoon until Monday morning, the English themes are the chief topic of conversation. No one seems to know what to write about or what to say on the subject assigned. The other lessons are discussed equally as much. During examinations, they are the main topics of conversation. They are talked about at the table and everywhere else. The length of the lessons is also discussed and criticised. Sometimes, instead of talking about the lessons themselves, the girls talk about some way to get out of the lessons, or to bluff the teacher.

The students, being girls, are, of course, vitally concerned with dress. All the latest fashions are commented on and their advantages and disadvantages brought out.

While college girls are principally concerned with the things immediately about them, they sometimes discuss the questions of the day. "Woman Suffrage" is now the main topic. This is discussed from every viewpoint. As some girls defend it and others condemn it, the conversations on this subject usually develop into informal debates. Other questions of the day, such as the "Negro Problem", are also discussed.

Thus we see that college girls have quite a wide range of conversational topics, some are of nation-wide interest and some seem very unimportant; but all are discussed with the same interest and vigor.

IRENE TEMPLETON, '17, CORNELIAN.

Some days it is amusing to notice the different topics of conversation at our dinner table. These different topics have

**TABLE
DISCUSSIONS**

no relation whatever to one another, but it seems that each person has racked her brain to find some subject for discussion at that time.

One person renews the subject of sociology which has been discussed that morning in class. After the "Darwin Theory" has been explained to those of the table who are not so far advanced in their studies, one girl says she cannot believe in it, for she believes it contrary to the teachings of the Bible, that "God created man in his own image". Another says she half way believes it.

Another girl asks if everything that is original can be new. It is decided that, while the expression may be new and original with the person who spoke, perhaps the same idea has been expressed by some one before. Another wants to know if a boy who is a flirt can be true to one girl. She first assures us that there is nothing personal in the question; she then proceeds to give her idea on the subject. She believes that if a boy flirts with every girl he meets, he cannot be true to one girl, however true and sincere he appears to be; others believe he can be true to one and in the meantime flirt with others.

If the meal is Sunday dinner, we tell what we have been doing during the morning. One girl says she has been reading one of her parallel readings in English. The question then arises, is it wrong to do this on Sunday. Several, especially those who indulge in such reading, believe it is not wrong, for since a girl always reads something, "The Ladies' Home Journal" or some other magazine, why not read something that is worth while? Others believe it is wrong. They think we should read only our Bibles.

These are fair samples of the topics that are discussed at our meals.

MABEL SWANSON, '17, CORNELIAN.

Our public school system, that institution through which the nation's children are trained for service, should never be

**A PLEA FOR
THE HUMANITIES**

approached in a spirit of mere captious criticism. Yet if the standards of civilization shift—as they are unquestionably doing—school curricula are most

likely to change with them.

The almost universal cry of our times is for practical education—education that will fit the boy and girl "for life"; that is, for economic independence at an early age. "Getting on" is the acme of success in America, and the educated man is the man who is "on to his job". In the high school a striking change has been going on. New subjects are constantly being added to the curriculum. Household economy, cooking, sewing, millinery, and allied subjects for girls; manual training, shop work, metal working and the rudiments of some of the trades for boys, are a few of the subjects which have been added to the course.

But let us take heed! The pendulum of public opinion may swing too far and impair, if not wholly destroy, the efficiency of a delicately balanced, carefully planned educational system. The United States Commissioner of Education says: "In recent years a great deal of criticism has been heaped upon the schools for their alleged lack of a practical education. Much of this criticism has been just, but the most practical thing in life is not money getting, nor even skill in trade. The American people need to be reminded frequently that along with this education—practical contact with the ordinary duties of life, there is also need for that inspiration and culture which comes from an intimate knowledge of the ideals, aspirations, and wisdom of the human spirit at its best." We should have no quarrel with the so-called practical studies, but we should try to prevent the education of our boys and girls from becoming one-sided.

It surely is as much a part of education to teach the young how to make a life as it is to teach them how to make a living. A man whose training fits him merely for getting on, finds not the full measure of happiness and gives not the full measure of service of which he is capable. This running into narrow channels of study is the college idea of specializing. Experience has proven that specializing without a broad cultural basis keeps a man from growing to his full stature. It is better to be fitted to do excellent work for twenty years than to be forced through lack of preparation to be handicapped for a lifetime.

Naturally, as his extreme zeal for practical education increases, the zeal for the classics decreases. When the movement began, the opponents of Latin said: "Why study the dead when we have the living? French and German are as rich in culture and discipline as the classics, and they afford what the classics cannot give, a practical knowledge to be used in everyday life."

If the classic languages are dead, they yet speak to us, and with a clearer voice than that of any living tongue. What is a practical education? My answer is, that which makes for character and power is the practical education. Then, can a practical educational curriculum exclude Latin? Mr. James P. Munroe, the well-known business man and educational expert of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, says: "The old education with its Latin grammar and more Latin grammar, and still more Latin grammar, produced a hard-headed, hard-fisted, hard-hearted race, but it was, in the main, a race sound physically, mentally and morally. Many of the new methods of gentle cooing towards the child's inclinations, of timidly placing a chair for him before a disordered banquet of heterogeneous studies, may produce ladylike persons, but they will never produce men."

There is no doubt about it; the study of Latin makes men, the kind of men that our country needs more than anything else in these times of great social and economic problems—thinking men, men of action, men of judgment. The men who are making their mark in the world today are, for the most part, the men who have been stiffened to their tasks by this same hard study, Latin.

Besides its influence in building strong character and inflexible wills, a study of Latin trains in logical and scientific processes; is very valuable as a preparation for the applied sciences; is almost a "sine qua non" as a preparation for law, medicine, theology, and teaching. It makes the acquisition of the English and Romance languages easy; it opens wide the gate to the beauties and the pleasures of English literature; it makes for inspiration and culture; and, lastly, the Latin language and literature in and for themselves are worthy of reading.

The theory of the old school curriculum with its intensive drill, was, in some ways, a narrow one; the present curriculum is wide and shallow, including all sorts of things intended to interest and arouse vocational instincts, from plaiting straws, weaving cords, and making pictures in color to industrial shop work. But, however pedantic the education of the old type may have been and however just the demand for greater efficiency, the safe course lies not in over emphasis. "It is no more essential to the progress of the universe that every girl should be taught to cook than that every man should be taught to milk a cow."

The new movement rightly contends that we must give to the pupils who cannot master the traditional subjects, Latin particularly, an opportunity to profit by public education along lines adapted to their peculiar ability. But, on the other hand, the education which can offer to the average boy or girl the greatest intellectual strength, the most complete mental sanity, and so the broadest outlook upon life, is the need and the right of every boy and girl.

ANNIE BEAM, '16, ADELPHIAN.

Probably the greatest reason why we have failed, so far, in solving the negro problem, is that we have failed to see the real reasons why the problem should be solved, the real reasons why we should be interested in the negro. It seems to me that we can never solve this great problem until we so overcome our prejudice against the negro that we can see his real relation to us and our duty toward him. And so it is the purpose of this paper to discuss a few of what seem to me, the real reasons why we should be interested in the negro.

The first of these reasons should be the fact that we, as southern people, are under obligation to the negro race. If we should go back in our history to 1619, when the first ship load of negro slaves was landed on the shore of Virginia, we would find that these slaves came to us against their own will. Perhaps as a race they are in better circumstances today than they would have been had they remained in Africa; nevertheless, we are dealing with a race of people who were forced to live among us. This fact gives the negro a claim on our sympathy and generosity that no other race can have. Besides being forced from his native land to live among a people whom he did not know, the negro has, by his obedience to the law, by his patriotism and fidelity, by the millions of dollars which his brawny arms have added to the wealth

of this country, earned the right of American citizenship. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, for there are among his race, as there are among all races, many worthless, shiftless and law-breaking members. But as a race, I say that the negro has earned the right of American citizenship.

Moreover, there was a time when we were, to a great extent, dependent upon the negro for manual labor. He did not fail us then in our great need nor should we fail him now. The highest test of the civilization of any race is its willingness to extend a helping hand to the less fortunate. We are extending a protecting arm and a welcome voice to the foreigner, but we seem to forget the black man at our door, whose habits we know, whose fidelity we have tested, whose strong muscular bodies have stood by us for three centuries and toiled in forest and field and mine to help make the south the land of promise and glorious possibility. The life of the negro is now in the making; his destiny is slowly working out; he must work it out himself—but not alone; we must needs work with him.

But there is a more vital reason than this why we should be interested in the negro. This sense of obligation should influence us, but not so materially as the fact that upon our interest in him depends, to a great extent, our interest in the highest and best of our own race. The negro is too intimately a part of our own life for us to ignore his welfare. He enters into every relationship of our life; we are hedged in by him on all sides; he affects us physically, intellectually, morally. Should it not matter to us what kind of surroundings encompass the negroes who cook our food, who wash our clothes, who nurse our children? If these negroes are dirty or unhealthy, we ourselves must suffer. Not only our physical but our intellectual ability is often impaired by the negro. How often have we seen children become superstitious and woefully hampered in intellect just from association with ignorant and superstitious negroes. More important, however, than either the physical or intellectual influence of the negro race upon ours, is the moral influence. Our children and we ourselves are constantly being thrown in contact with negroes whose moral tendencies are not very high. If, then, as Henry Drummond says, "We become a part of every man we meet and every man we meet becomes a part of us," we ought to become alarmed at this careless association and set about uplifting the negro morally.

But there is another phase of self-preservation which we ought here to consider, and that is the intermingling of the races. There was in the United States between 1899 and 1910 an increase of 17.6 per cent. in full-blooded negroes, while within the same time there was an increase of 80.2 per cent. of mulattoes. These figures should be appalling to every one who has the highest interest of both races at heart. There is evidence that neither the character nor the intelligence of either race is being brought to bear upon securing purity of race. This immoral mixture of races is a defiance of the laws of God and of nature, and unless something is done to check this immorality we shall soon have such a

mixture of races in the United States that we cannot distinguish one race from another. We are bound, then, for the sake of self-defense, to see that the negro is placed on a higher moral plane, for in the long run we cannot be up if he is down; we cannot be healthy if he is diseased; we cannot be cultured if he is barbarous; nay, we cannot be good if he is bad. It is not, therefore, the negro's well-being alone that is at stake, it is the civilization of the south.

And yet we have not, it seems to me, come to the one great reason why we should be interested in the negro. It is true that we bear him an obligation; it is evident that to save our own race, we must be interested in him; the greatest reason, I think, why we should be interested in the negro is the fact that he is a human being, made in the image of God, and as such a being, he is our brother. It is time, then, we were forgetting our prejudices and facing, like men and women, our duty to the negro as a human being. How often we fail to see under his black skin a humanity as dear to justice and to God as our own. If we view the negro problem fairly we shall see that it is only a part of the working out of that great law which lays upon us the necessity of working out a state of civilization embodying the spirit of human brotherhood. It is our duty to bring ourselves to that point where we can see in the negro first of all, deeper than all, higher than all, an individual which is sacred, a soul that is born to live eternally. Then and not until then, can we fully comprehend the great reason why we should be interested in the negro; then and not until then, will our interest manifest itself for the highest development of both races. Then, too, we shall realize that our superior civilization and our higher ideals were given to us for service; then we shall know that if we would be a great people we must use these superior gifts in service to others, for it is as true today as ever that "He who would be greatest must be servant of all".

Ours then, is a problem of wonderful importance, a problem which we can never solve fairly until we realize our obligation to the negro as a race, his influence upon the physical, intellectual, and moral well-being of our own race, and our duty to him as a human being.

PEARL SEAGRAVES, '16, CORNELIAN.

“Ever since the time of Froebel and his philosophy, ever since the publication of his Education of Man, we have been seeing more and more the significance of play in relation to physical, intellectual, social and ethical life. This is now becoming embodied in great playgrounds costing millions of dollars.” The playground movement in America had its origin in the various social, educational, economic and civic problems growing out of the change from country to urban life; in an awakened conscience relative to the welfare of children; and in a keener, more intelligent, and sympathetic appreciation of young life, if that life were to be healthy, vigorous and happy.

Historically, the movement began in Boston about 1882, but it did not

make much progress until about 1900. Before 1906 there were but forty-one communities that had supervised playgrounds; there were eight playground associations. No states had playground legislation. In 1910 there were one hundred and eighty-four cities that maintained playgrounds, and New Jersey, Massachusetts, Virginia, Ohio, and Washington had enacted playground laws. In 1912 the number of cities and towns that had supervised playgrounds increased to four hundred.

One of the most important missions of the playground is the prevention of crime. It has been found that a small park neighborhood recreation center is co-incident with a twenty-eight and one-half per cent. decrease of delinquency within a radius of one-half mile. To provide a probation district with adequate play facilities is co-incident with a reduction in delinquency of from twenty-eight to seventy per cent. or forty-four per cent. as average. In addition, over a much larger area, the small parks have a tendency to decrease delinquency seventeen per cent.. The small parks have been a greater factor in the prevention than in the reformation of the juvenile delinquency. For the small playgrounds, the only indication of a helpful influence is the fact that usually in the neighborhood very close to the playground, there is a decrease of twenty-four per cent., as compared with eighteen per cent. for the whole city.

Besides preventing crimes, the playgrounds also prevent a great many accidents by keeping children off the streets, for one-third of all accidents to city children occur on the streets. This, however, is only the preventive side of the playground. There is a positive side also that is coming to be recognized. This stands for education and morality, for the formation of good habits and the development of character, and for making citizenship of a higher order.

Play does these things because it hardens and strengthens the muscles, develops the heart, and cleanses the blood; gives quickness, agility, grace of movement, and endurance with which to meet the stress and strain of after life. Games exercise the mind, cultivate the judgment, make one observant and ready to take advantage of swiftly passing opportunity, reveal principle by which is played the great game of life. Games also teach the great lesson of team work, and make one realize how insignificant is the individual when alone, how weighty when co-operating with others and obeying the great immutable laws which nature has established. But perhaps the greatest work of games is to educate one in right thought, "square" action, clean speech, self control and consideration for others.

The playground, and not the street, is the place for games. For the street stands for anarchy and disorder; the playground stands for law and order. The street is the place where the bully prevents freedom of action; the playground stands for that freedom which is possible only where law is enforced. On the street the child learns to antagonize government, and to think of it as something imposed on him from without; in the playground he learns self-government.

But it is not for all these reasons alone that the great majority of the people of the country want public playgrounds. It is because they

realize that life is worth living for its own sake and that anything which gives the people the capacity for greater enjoyment, which enables them to live more fully while they do live, is doing just as much for society as any discovery which lengthens the period of life itself. The people also realize that it is impossible that the poor—or the well-to-do either, for that matter—should provide their children with playgrounds if each family attempts to act alone; for in most of our towns and cities there is not space enough for family playgrounds, and if there were enough space, the majority of the people would not be able to rent it.

Thus far we have seen that besides being a source of joy and pleasure to the otherwise dull lives of a dwarfed and deadened childhood, the playground protects lives and develops children physically, mentally and morally. To offset these advantages, there is only one disadvantage, and that is that it takes a little more money to maintain supervised playgrounds than it does to care for delinquents. But "what shall it profit a city if it gain the whole world and lose the souls of its children?"

MARIE LOFTIN, CORNELIAN.

Very much, if not most, of the opposition the suffrage movement encounters, is raised because it is supposed that its success will in some unaccountable and inexplicable manner, interfere with the home, and woman's relation to the home. We meet with this argument everywhere. Instead of woman's suffrage disrupting and dissolving the home, as objectors to it prophesy continually, it should only tend to make it stronger and more efficient. Thinking people everywhere are coming to realize that in the denial of the right of suffrage to women the State is losing its best service, the united effort of men and women; men and women, their greatest happiness—the interchange of perfect harmony and trust; but more than anything else the home is losing its best atmosphere—that of peace and harmony.

The prejudices of ages seem to have so blinded the eyes of woman as to what is really her proper sphere that our greatest difficulty today is to arouse her to meet the responsibilities which in her desire to remain in her sphere, she lamentably shirks. Is not the nurture of infant life within woman's sphere? Nestor tells us that fully one-half the deaths of the tiny babies in our cities could be prevented by proper sanitation. This proper sanitation will obtain only when the direct influence of woman is exerted over town and city authorities.

But our women are told that they should not concern themselves with politics, that the home is their place. Does not politics concern itself with every department of home life? Politics says whether there shall be a saloon at the corner or a gambling house in the vicinity to ensnare boys; politics controls the education of children; in fact, politics touches every phase of a woman's life, and it is her right and her duty to see that the laws that are made are for the protection of the home; for a

woman is a failure in a home unless she looks after the health and welfare, both moral and physical, of her family.

Not only will woman suffrage benefit and bring about many needed reforms in the home, but it will, by its broadening influence on the woman in the home, elevate our citizenship. In our daily lives we seem to forget that children should be brought up to recognize their civic responsibilities and duties. The children of today represent the next generation. If the world advances at all, every generation must go ahead of the one behind it. If the children of today are taught by their mothers civic responsibility and trained in the idea of civic relations, the next generation will be citizens who know what they are voting for and why; know whom they are voting for and why; and what things they most need and how to get them. Unless women are made a vital and responsible part of democracy, they cannot rear fit citizens for a genuine democracy or for the heads of the future homes of the country.

The argument that woman will neglect the home, that she will plunge wildly into the political arena, if she is allowed to vote, is very antique and very absurd. But besides the antiquity and absurdity of this argument, it brings a direct libel and slander on womanhood. Women who are now keeping their homes, who now let no outside issue keep them from their sacred duties, are the women who will use the ballot for the protection of their homes, and for the elevation of our citizenship. It cannot be shown that there are many women in our homes who do not have time to vote intelligently and most certainly the study of the vital questions of our government will make them better comrades for their husbands and friends, better guides for their sons, and more interesting and valuable members of society. Indeed, under the influence of this new woman who, as Whitman, in his magnificent prophesy for American womanhood, says, is "ultimate in her own right, calm, clear, well-possessed of herself", the home cannot but become a stronger factor, a more invincible bulwark of church and state than it has heretofore been under the influence of the woman who had no keener interest, no broader outlook than pots, kettles, trivial gossip, and bridge whist.

Even as man has always needed aid and co-operation of woman in every political crisis, just so he needs it now. We are standing today upon a new social world, a new democracy, facing new and menacing problems, with duties and tasks unprecedented, upon the proper performance of which rests our republic. In order that we may stand, "a nation splendid and unafraid" in this great mutual struggle in behalf of state and home, we must of necessity have the aid of woman, which can only come through giving her the ballot.

CARRIE GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN.



Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpkian

Instead of the Wednesday evening service, on Thursday evening, March 19th, Dr. John N. Mills, of Washington, D. C., addressed the Association on "Progress and Prospects of China". Dr. Mills has recently made a trip around the world and his address was most interesting. He has spoken at nearly every great educational institution in the United States. All the other Wednesday evening services have been given over to Mr. Jackson's Mission Class on "The Negro Problem in the South", the last lesson of which was held on March 25.

On Sunday evening, March 1st, the election of officers for the new Association year took place: Mary Worth was elected president; Mazie Kirkpatrick, vice-president; Annie Spainhour, secretary; and Hallie Beavers, treasurer. They assume their duties the first of April. Sunday, March 8th, the delegates to the State Student Volunteer Convention made their report as follows: Nina Garner, "The Social Side of the Convention"; Bessie Wright, "Miss Cox of Mexico"; Annie Scott, "Personnel of the Speakers"; Margaret Linker, "Dr. Little on Mission Study"; Marianne Richard, "Importance of Mission Study"; Florence Hughes, "Deputation Work"; Sidney Dowty, "The Surrender of Self"; Addie Klutz, "Work at Our Own Door"; Ruth Arey, "Reasons for Being a Volunteer"; Hattie Coates, "General Impression of the Convention". Rev. A. W. Crawford, of the Alamance Presbyterian Church, spoke Sunday, March 15th, from the text, "And Jesus looking on the young man loved him". Sunday, March 22nd, Rev. Henry B. Phillips, of LaGrange, Georgia, spoke on "Social Service in the South". March 29th, the installation of officers, the program for the evening was as follows: Processional, "Father of Lights"; report of the year's work by the retiring president, Maude Bunn; yearly report of the treasurer, by Edith Haight; report from the store, by Hallie Beavers; Miss Miller's "Farewell to the Old Cabinet and Charge to the New", and a solo by Miss Severson.

Sidney Dowty and Cora Caudle, representing the Student Volunteer Band of this College, attended the Missionary Meeting of the Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement, which met in Durham March 19th. Mr. Merritt spoke on "Mission Study" Thursday evening at that Convention.

The Student Volunteer Band held an open meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 29th, at which they discussed "The Call from the Church Mission Boards". The new officers elected this month were as follows: Leader, Florence Hughes; assistant leader, Arey Lipe; secretary and treasurer, Addie Klutz. The proceeds from the candy sale held the first of the month by the Student Volunteer Band amounted to four dollars and ninety cents.



Society Notes

With the Adelprians

Annie V. Scott, '14, Adelprian

The regular meeting of the Adelprian Literary Society was held on the evening of February 27th. The literary programme consisted of a debate on the query, "Resolved: That the railroads of the United States should be owned and controlled by the government." The speakers for the affirmative were Sarah Gwynn and Margaret Blythe; negative, Annie Humbert and Maud Bagwell. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Members of the Adelprian Society have made a very successful dramatization of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch". This play, consisting of ten brief scenes, was presented before the Society on the evening of March 13th.

At the invitation of the Cornelian Literary Society, the Adelprian Society was glad to assemble with them in the auditorium on the evening of March 27th and enjoy a lecture given by Dr. E. Delia Dixon Carroll, of Raleigh, N. C., on "Social Service".

With the Cornelians

Annie E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian

Following the regular business meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society February 27th, a debate was held. The query was, "Resolved: That the railroads of the United States should be owned and controlled by the government." Misses Elizabeth Craddock, Anna Doggett and Evelyn Whitty were the speakers on the affirmative side; while Mary Powell, Ruth Tate and Tempie Boddie spoke on the negative side. Miss Belle Walters presided over the debate and Miss Annie Simpson Pierson acted as secretary. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

The Literary program of the Cornelian Society on March 13th was a lecture given by Miss Elliot of the English Department of our College. The subject of the lecture was short-story writing.

On the evening of March 27th, the Cornelian Society was addressed by Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll, of Raleigh, N. C., on "Social Service". The guests of honor on this occasion were the members of the Adelprian Literary Society.



Among Ourselves

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

On March 19th and 20th, Dr. Ping Wen Kno, and Messrs. Tenyi You and Yong Chen, the educational commission sent by the government of China to observe the educational systems of Europe and America, were guests of the College. Dr. Kno made a splendid talk at chapel exercises on Thursday.

Friday evening, the 20th, the second annual convention of the North Carolina Peace Society held its first session in our auditorium. Mr. H. L. Koontz, principal of the Asheboro Street School, in behalf of Greensboro, extended a welcome to the convention; Prof. F. S. Blair, of Guilford College, explained the nature of the program, which was an intercollegiate oratorical contest. Dr. J. J. Hall, of Atlanta, presided over the contest. The speakers were: J. M. Pritchard, of Wake Forest, on "The Highest Patriotism, International Peace"; J. M. Waters, of Atlantic Christian College, on "The Day of Peace, a Nation's Glory"; Guy Hamilton, of Trinity College, on "War, a Determining Force for Peace"; R. L. Lasley, of the University, on "Peace Through a Higher World Unity"; David E. Henley, of Guilford College, on "Justice and Peace". The first prize of seventy-five dollars was won by William Jennings Bryan, of Elon College, with the subject, "The Need of a Reign of Peace". The second prize of fifty dollars was won by B. Frank Pim, Jr., of Davidson College, whose subject was "The Battle Cry".

On March 30th, Mr. R. D. W. Connor was with us to begin his series of lectures on North Carolina history. The subject of the series this year is "The Ante-Bellum Builders of North Carolina." The first lecture gave a summary of the educational, industrial, and political history of the State between 1790 and 1840, while the second lecture, on Tuesday evening, discussed the life of Archibald D. Murphy.

The mathematics department has instituted a series of lectures on the history of mathematics. The lectures are conducted by Miss Potwine, and are held once a week.

We are glad to welcome our new member of the faculty in the department of education, Professor J. S. Connolly, of New York City.



Exchanges

Julia M. Canady, '15, Cornelian

There is much good material to be found in the February number of *The College Message*. The diction of "The Deserted House" is especially good and the sketch as a whole is very well written. With no conscious attempt toward moralizing, it points out the unknown good that may dwell in the heart of the condemned. "The Handicap of Josiah Miller" is an especially humorous and entertaining story. We have a decided feeling of relief when Josiah overcomes his "handicap" sufficiently to propose to his heart's ideal. "The Song" is rather disappointing in its denouement, for one cannot help but censure the man who makes no attempt whatever to rescue a girl from death. Notwithstanding this fact, the story is very good.

"The Return of the Muse", in the February number of *The Isaquena* is one of the most delightfully refreshing stories we have read recently. Besides the charming manner in which the plot is handled, the story affords a good character study of three individuals,—first, the impulsive, enthusiastic Margaret, full of wit and determination; second, the dainty and gentle little housewife, Clare; and last, but not least, the much-adored Phoebe, beautiful, talented, and with an indomitable will-power. In these girls we find portrayed the strong and lasting bonds of friendship formed during college days. "Much Ado"—something between a story and a sketch—is entertaining. We cannot help but admire Arthur for his truthfulness which triumphed in the most difficult circumstances. The sketch, "Mammy", gives us a good example of the love and fidelity of the old ante-bellum darkey. The poetry in this magazine is all of the lighter vein, and is, therefore, disappointing. There are two good articles, "The Background of the Elizabethan Drama" and "Louisiana at the Time of the Purchase".

Among our exchanges this month comes *The Dwightonia*, from Dwight School, Englewood, New Jersey. "An Unfinished Story" is original in treatment and entertaining. "The Blue Hills—and Beyond" is peculiarly charming in its portrayal of the undying love of the native mountain girl for the beauties of her surroundings. Its ending, however, seems weak and rather detracts from the story, but its descriptive power is really excellent. "And All for the Want of a Wee Sma' Garment" is original and clever. The meter of the poem, "Twilight", is poor, but the thought is good. No essays nor sketches are to be found—the magazine being made up almost entirely of short stories and poems. The exchange department is much too brief, and editorials are lacking. The editors should bear in mind both variety and proportion.



In Lighter Vein

Edith C. Haight, '15, *Adelphian*

B. S.: "Is the anatomy part of the spinal column?"

In Junior English. Miss W.: "Yes, David's lament over Absalom is a great elegy."

B. P. (to the girl next her): "Who wrote it?"

A. B.: "Come, go to Hooper's with me."

B. M.: "Oh, I haven't got a pass to go."

In French: "What does the imperfect tense denote?"

Freshman: "Ah-er-it denotes a future act in past time which never took place at all."

A. B.: "I'm going to see 'Faust' tonight."

B. C.: "Oh, do you have to go to see Dr. Foust again?"

Training School definitions: "Humbug—a bug that hums. Idiom—something silly."

In Algebra. Miss P.: "What shall we let X equal in this problem?"

B. M.: "Let X equal the price of the eggs."

A. B.: "No, X equals the cost of the eggs, Miss P."

After the vote was carried in favor of student self-government. Freshman (enthusiastically): "Oh, I am so glad we have woman suffrage now."

B. S.: "What are you reading for your English unit?"

B. M.: "The Waverly novel."

B. S.: "Who wrote it, Kenilworth?"

Translations in the Senior French class:

Fizarre lightens all the candles.

He made a bow from behind.

The baseness of his proceeding will be my preservative.

B. C.: "At last I have paid my Y. W. C. A. fee."

A. B.: "Oh, dear! I can't remember to pay mine. I've had the money for it over at the *Retreat* all year."

After the annual visit of the University Dramatic Club. A. B.:
 "I have a friend who went to the University this year. I know he will
 be in the Dramatic Club next year."

B. P.: "Why?"

A. B.: "Because he is so good in athletics."

B. M.: "Where is that new girl going to room, I wonder?"

B. S.: "You know where Mary Jones rooms? Well, she is going to
 room in the room object to hers."

H. E.: "There is a thread hanging to your dress in the rear."

B. M.: "Where? In front or behind?"

B. P.: "Did you read the description of the Durham hero?"

A. B.: "Yes, he had a commanding voice and a spiritly walk."

B. S. (Sunday evening): "I've got to go home and write a letter
 before I go over to hear the social service man."

A. B.: "Oh, I thought he was an Episcopalian."

BROKEN DISHES

When I look at the list of the dishes I've broken,
 The thoughts that rise up are not fit to be spoken;
 For I know that each one I carelessly smash
 Makes a terrible hole in my small stock of cash.

First a slim sauceboat fell to the floor;
 Bereft of its handle, its service is o'er.
 Next a cup, resting near the edge of the table,
 Lost its balance and fell—who to catch it was able?

A wee butter plate comes next on the list,
 A dessert saucer, too, just a turn of the wrist.
 A glass with a notch broken out at the top
 And a crack down the side, was the next one to drop.

One morn I was gathering leftover hash
 When a meat platter fell with a deafening crash.
 Ten pie plates fell the very next day,
 And shivered in fragments were all swept away.

Today I was bending low o'er the sink
 And over my shorthand was trying to think,
 When my ear was caught by a sorrowful wail,
 And a vegetable dish thus poured forth its tale:

"Though for twenty long years, in sunshine and gloom,
 I've acted my part in this wearisome room,
 And borne food to girls, rich, poor, large and small,
 It seems that I never can please them at all.

“If I’m laden with corn, they’re longing for beans;
 And if with tomatoes, they’re crazy for greens;
 So no matter what I bear for their dinners
 They’re sure to complain, the miserable sinners.”

“When dinner is over, I’m scalded and scrubbed;
 At breakfast I’m loaded with oatmeal and snubbed.
 I’m tired of it all; I wish I could die!”
 The poor old thing actually started to cry.

A broad crack bore witness to a long, noble fight.
 And since it was weary, I thought it but right
 To end all its trouble, to grant it surcease;
 So now with its fellows it’s dwelling in piece.

—*Lela Baldwin, Adelpian.*

“*Winter Ade*
Scheiden thut weh.”

THE COLD AIR FAMILY

We are s-s-sleeping on the roof,
 We are b-b-bathing on the stoop,
 We are d-d-dining on the lid
 Of a b-b-backyard chicken-coop.

We have t-t-taken up the rugs
 And the m-m-matting on the floors
 We have knocked the w-w-windows out—
 We are l-l-living out-of-doors.

In the snow upon the l-l-lawn
 Sits the bubbubbaby fat and cool,
 And the older chuchuchildren go
 To the Fresh Air Public School.

We are fufufull of b-b-bounding health
 Every momomoment of the d-d-day,
 And the bubublizzards from the north
 Find us sh-sh-shivering but g-g-gay.

And the neighbors envy us
 As we gugggather round the light
 Of the street-lamp out in front,
 Reading in the air at night.

—*Selected.*

“*Aber dein Scheiden macht
Dass mir das Herze lacht.*”

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O gift of God! O perfect day;
Whereon no man shall work but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

O life and love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Willie May Stratford, Mecklenburg County

Adelphian

Fannie Robertson Robeson County
 Mary Green Davidson County
 Nina Garner Carteret County
 Edith Avery Burke County
 Kathleen Erwin . Transylvania County

Cornelian

Jeannette Musgrove .. Halifax County
 Sarah P. Shuford ... Catawba County
 Marguerite Brooks .. Guilford County
 Mary Worth New Hanover County
 Louise Whitley Stanly County

Students' Council

Willie May Stratford President Ruth Harris Vice-President
 Annie Spainhour Secretary

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Iris Holt President Effie Newton Secretary
 Eliza Moore Vice-President Cora John Treasurer
 Sudie Landon Critic

Junior Class

Vonnie McLean President Cora Belle Sloan Secretary
 Hilda Mann Vice-President Vera Millsaps Treasurer
 Mamie Eaton Critic

Sophomore Class

Anna Doggett President Jay McIver Secretary
 Eunice Daughety Vice-President DeLuke Pinkston Treasurer
 Mary Gwynn Critic

Freshman Class

Ruth Kernodle President Ruth Roth Secretary
 Irene Myatt Vice-President Flossie Harris Treasurer
 Madge Kennette Critic

Y. W. C. A.

Maude Bunn President Kathleen Erwin Secretary
 Lila Melvin Vice-President Edith C. Haight Treasurer

Athletic Association

Effie Baynes President Isabelle McAllister, Freshman V-Pres.
 Anne Watkins Senior Vice-Pres. Frances Morris Secretary
 Pauline Shaver Junior Vice-Pres. Margaret Sparger Treasurer
 Sarah Gwynn Sophomore V-Pres. Frances Summerell Critic