



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1918

No. 7

There is something very pathetic about the man who remarked that it might well be written on his tombstone, "He never played enough." You have seen many such people, earnest, persistent, thoroughly dependable, yet unimaginative. And tho no one might suspect it, the same staid persons are sometimes filled with that surging March-wind feeling which makes a hundred-and-fifty-pounder "trip the light fantastic," and a monotone match his raptures with the skylark's. But there are many who have, on a spring morning, awakened to the realization that an impulse so long suppressed does not easily find expression.

Evidently our College wishes to run no such risks with us, for down in the park, in the most alluring nooks and corners, are swings—long, new, strong, rope swings—that carry you up to the tree-tops, and merry-go-rounds and see-saws all painted white, doubtless wrought by the matchless cunning of Mr. Ratledge. Go down and swing a bit, and when the "cat dies" the work you shoved aside will creep up

MATCHLESS CUNNING

and poke its warm nose into the hollow of your hand and follow you a-wagging its tail the whole week long.

We hear the frogs beginning to herald in their sonorous voices that Spring is in our midst, those self-same frogs which not long since have grown from lungless, limbless, tadpoles into their present honey-throated state of being.

We see a blue bird dart across the lawn, each little sky blue feather a symbol of happiness, that self same blue bird which not long since has been a featherless, squawking bit of ugliness, eating angle worms.

We smell the breath o'spring, the dainty, white petaled flowers tipping off the green hedgerows, which not long since have been bare brown stick-like hedge rows.

We see a bubble, a gold and violet bubble, float off into air and vanish, that self-same bubble which not long since was a part of a prosaic yellow bar of Octagon soap.

We see a butterfly, the airy thing poised on a pink English hedge rose, that self-same butterfly which not long since has been a worm o' the dust, a creeping, wooly thing.

Be glad, you lungless, limbless, tadpoles, you squawking fledglings eating angle worms, you bare, brown, stick-like hedge rows, you yellow bars of soap and you creeping, wooly things, for Mother Nature has a useful as well as ornamental place for you to fill, by and by.

We feel something stir within us, a mighty power is at work. We stretch our wings, we dart about, we sing for joy, for at last the chrysalis comes forth. Be glad, tho you have waveless hair and pinkless cheeks, the Mother Country has a useful place for you to fill. Woman is coming to her own.

Nearly 40,000 illiterates were taken into the United States Army with the first draft. The above statement is startling when we consider the fact that the draft was made up of physically fit men between the ages of twenty one and thirty-one. This eliminates that great class of elderly illiterates who have never had a chance and the physically unfit. It also eliminates the greater number of foreign born illiterates.

One of the army camps recently reported more than fifteen per cent of white men and nearly fifty per cent of the colored men illiterate. If the percentages given above are anything like correct for that class of men, then we may expect a far greater percentage of illiteracy than has ever been reported among the people as a whole.

132,189 white adult illiterates were reported in North Carolina by the cen-

sus of 1910. Many of these have since learned at least to read and write and many are now being taught, but indications are that we have hundreds of illiterates whose names have never been written on any census report, and thousands barely in the twilight zone of literacy.

There is no time for an endless discussion of causes, nor will it avail us anything to close our eyes to facts and indignantly disclaim writers who are prone to saddle North Carolina, and especially the "poor mountain whites" with wholesale illiteracy and ignorance, and then proceed to mount this imaginery hobby and put it through the usual moth-eaten paces for the delectation of the usual credulous readers. We must realize the foundation of truth in these fabrications, else they would not have stood so long.

Adult illiteracy is the very darkest page that we continue to write into the history of our State. Causes over which we had no control were greatly responsible for it, but we are responsible for its continuation and we must guard against its dangers and menace to the welfare of our state.

The Legislature of 1917 made an appropriation for teaching adult illiterates. This fund is apportioned upon the basis of the number of illiterates taught. Anyone who is willing and able to do this work may be paid from this fund when the requirements are met. Some splendid work is being done in the State but whole counties and communities are not doing anything along this line. This is no more the business of the teacher than of the preacher, nor of any one more than of every one who has himself been more fortunate than those who have never even learned to read or write.

We are most anxious to cooperate with any school, church, society, fraternal order, women's clubs, or any other reputable organization or individual who may undertake this work. If there are illiterates—one or many—in your community, it is your business to do something other than to be smugly satisfied with conditions as they are.

Write us that we may send to you the regulations for the expenditure of the state fund for teaching adult illiterates and that we may offer suggestions that may be helpful concerning the work.

ELIZABETH KELLY

*Director of Schools for Illiterates
State Department of Education,
Raleigh, N. C.*

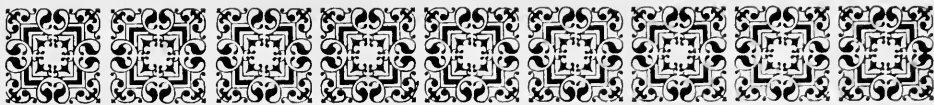


After the Heat and Toil

VERLA WILLIAMS, ADELPHIAN

After the heat and toil,
Peace and the night;
Silence of heaven, stirred
With wings in flight;
Petals of drooping flowers
Wearily close;
Men turn from field and mart,
Seeking repose.

After the purple shadows,
Dawn of a star;
Song of the Whipporwill,
Calling afar;
Dreams of the sleeping world,
Rising in air;
After the tumult and toil,
Nature in prayer.



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The Legacy

LUCY GAY COOKE, '19, CORNELIAN

Springtime had come to the country. The trees were in gala attire, their newest, daintiest, green. The bushes were glorious with the riotous tangle of yellow jessamine. There was springtime in the sky and in the air—the fresh clean sky and the crisp tingling air fragrant with wild cherry blossoms and breath o' spring, and the pungent freshness of newly-ploughed earth and a thousand other things, tantalizing, intangible. The very atmosphere was alive with trilling and crowing and twittering, and chirping.

What matter that in a vague "somewhere" away off on the other side of the world there was no springtime; that the trees were mangled and the sky dirty with smoke and the air stifling with the smell of powder?

For there was springtime in the heart of the girl. She felt like singing, skipping, or dancing or something. But she must not for there was one of the patrons of her school ploughing in the adjoining field and a school teacher must be very dignified.

"Oh, Mr. Williams," she hailed him gaily, stopping in the corner of the rail fence, "How is Milly?"

"She's coming on right peart now, thank you m'am."

"Well I certainly am glad to hear it, I hope she will soon be back in school."

"Yes'm I reckon maybe she will. She shorely is rale anxious to get back. It's a sight how she dotes on you, and her ma too. Her ma was talking about it today and admirin' your new clothes. She was wishing she could get the pattern to your dress but thought of course you hired some swell dress-maker to make it."

"I'm glad your wife likes it," she laughed. "Tell her I made my hat and dress both out of old ones and I'll be glad to let her have the pattern anytime she wants it. But I must hurry if I am to catch my train."

She hurried on down the country road with renewed satisfaction in her new-made-over hat and dress. She had copied a picture in a magazine and they did look nice if she did say it. She doubted whether Margery herself had a better looking one. She hadn't seen Margery since she graduated the spring before. Margery had been her senior crush at Marston and she had adored her with all the adoration of one college girl for an older one. Her invitation to spend a week end in town had come like a green spot in a desert for Margery was the acknowledged social leader in the small southern town nearby, and at heart, the little school teacher was delightfully frivolous and not entirely grown up.

She stood aside for an automobile to pass and suddenly gasped. Wasn't that Margery in that car? It certainly was for the automobile was coming back. Perhaps they had come for her. Glory! that would save car fare and car fare counted, especially in a teacher's pitiable income.

"Is that you Elizabeth?" came Margery's drawl, "Didn't you get my note?"

"Why no," in surprised embarrassment. What did Margery mean? and why didn't she introduce her to her friends? She wasn't sure she wanted to meet them tho; they were staring so rudely. She started to hide her traveling bag and then proudly did not. It was an old friend and a patrician, even if it was aged and shabby.

"You didn't? Goodness, that reminds me, I forgot to mail it. So sorry I couldn't have you this week. Going to a dance over at Kingsley. You don't mind, do you child? You can come some other time, you know."

"Certainly not," graciously smiled the little school teacher, summoning all the dignity her small person could rescue from the shock. "I hope you will have a nice time."

"Girl I knew at school—so crazy about me—expected me to have her out—awful bore," she heard Margery explaining as the automobile started off again.

She watched it disappear with burning cheeks. So this was her idol! Well her idol had feet of clay. "Come some other time indeed!" She'd have them know she couldn't be patronized even if she was only a country school teacher.

Slowly she started back to her boarding place and her ugly, bare room.

How she hated bareness and ugliness! She liked fluffy, frilly things and delicate shades of pink and blue. How she hated her boarding place! Eating at a table covered with an oil cloth, with a crowd of noisy ill-mannered children. It was bad enough to have to teach about a million of them all day in a wretchedly small, ugly, cold school room. All of her beautiful theories about having nice little games and all that had gone to pieces. She could not do justice to the children, or herself.

The little school teacher was usually too busy to give the little blue imps any fun. She had discovered that the only way to drive them away was by working hard as one could. Then there had been the visit to look forward to. But now—well she supposed she'd have to go on being a country school teacher all her life, so she might as well become reconciled. Only graduates got nice positions. If only Jim hadn't gone to the war. If it hadn't been for that man. (It was by this epithet that she always referred to the man who had caused her father's financial failure.) It had been a matter of "business is business" and entirely within the law, but dear, impractical, trustful father, already ill, had died from the shock. Her mother had never forgiven that man and she hadn't either. Jim had managed to send her to college until war was declared and then he had volunteered.

But why was that blue-uniformed man talking to her landlady?

"There she comes now," she heard her tell him.

Her heart felt like a leaden weight.

"Is it a telegram for me?" she asked in a voice that sounded strange to her ears.

She mechanically signed where the man pointed and took the little yellow letter and went to her room.

She read it over and over, scarcely comprehending.

There was a knock at the door and the landlady entered.

"I hope it aint bad news," she volunteered sympathetically.

"My brother has been killed and I must go home to my mother. Can your husband take me to Kingsley to catch the train?"

"Not the one that was in the war? And you so set on him too! You poor dear, yes indeed he will."

The kindly woman, worn and untidily with farm drudgery, began packing, doing all the necessary little things with infinite tenderness and understanding. How could one have ever complained, even to oneself, because she ate on an oil cloth! And the man, too, in spite of his seeming uncouthness must have the heart of a gentleman.

The long ride through the crisp starry night behind the farmer's best horse, and later on the train seemed a blurred unreality. She kept the little yellow paper in her hand and read it again and again. It was so horribly unreal, so unbelievable. Why Jim was going to whip the Germans himself and come back a general or at least a major! Why she could almost see Jim right now—big, good-looking Jim, jolly and brave, with the heart of a Galahad. Like Galahad he had gone on a quest. And this was the end of it.

She expected to find her mother overcome with grief and fierce hatred for those who had robbed her of her boy. She was a woman of strong feeling and Jim had been her life. She

found her calm and almost radiant. The younger brother had a new manliness.

After the first meeting her mother gave her a letter from Jim, which had come only the day before. It was a heart-throbbing letter, breathing thoughts that men sometimes write, but seldom speak.

"It will be about Easter when you get this," it said. "Easter in the South! I can picture it. Well it will not be Easter over here. The day of crucifixion is not over yet. Easter seems a long way off but it will come, it must come some day. If I did not know this I would go mad."

Again it said, "I thought when I came over here that it would be impossible for me to hate the Germans. They were only a poor misguided, deluded people to whom we were going to hand over liberty and all that. My idea of a German was our professor at the University, a sentimental old chap in spite of his blustering manner, and the German baker who used to get in fights with the French chef when we fellows used to stir them up for the fun of it and then they'd make up and be the best of friends.

"I thought all the stories of atrocities were newspaper sensationalism, a necessary evil to arouse what we call patriotism in the masses who could not understand the underlying conflict of ideals. Well, I've come and I've seen. My reason tells me that hate has no place in our ideal. But where is reason when one sees red? I see our enemy as a great hideous beast with grasping claws and teeth that mangle and grind. And when I think of that beast getting his claws in America—I think of nothing but to destroy him, I don't care how.

"And yet at this minute I know that I was right at first. I think I am beginning to understand those words at that first crucifixion. And mother, I wan't you and Elizabeth and Ted to think of them if—well I'll not speak of it. Don't hate them, they do not understand what they are doing. If hate is necessary—and it is—hate the beast, but forgive the people, or at least pity them."

Elizabeth finished the letter and for a long time there was silence. Then the mother spoke.

"People have been very kind."

Elizabeth made no answer.

"Mr. Stanley came and offered his sympathy and assistance."

"That man!" blazed Elizabeth. "I hope you cut him."

"No, dear, I had just finished the letter. Elizabeth, somehow it seems that he is to be pitied. He doesn't understand."

And Elizabeth saw her meaning.

Late one Friday afternoon two weeks later she was alone in her school-room. She had taken advantage of the Friday afternoon "speaking" to have a patriotic meeting and propose a Red Cross organization. She had bravely made a stirring speech that brought reality home to a people, still indifferent.

About the middle of the speech Margery and some of her friends had come in. Passing by they had seen the crowd and stopped for curiosity and a

lark. Elizabeth had stiffened perceptibly and proceeded with her speech with added vigor.

Margery had remained after the meeting, enthusiastic to help, still patronizing, but in earnest.

"Of course we've been doing our bit," she had said, almost forgetting the drawl. "I had a perfectly lovely knitting bag and knit a whole sweater, tho that horrid woman did say she'd have to take it out. We had a bazaar, too, but didn't make anything, tho we had loads of fun at it. I'd go in for bandages and all that but I make such a mess at them. But, really it would be awfully nice to help you get started out here. You'll need money you know."

Elizabeth had been cool at first. Then she had seen Margery's earnestness and had pitied her helplessness. After all it seemed so little to keep a grudge against anybody and Margery couldn't understand. She had accepted the offer.

She gathered up her books and started home toward the sunset. Above the gradually darkening burst of flame and grey a single star was smiling down at her. There was something about it, encouraging and understanding.

"You have come into your own, little sister," it seemed to say to her.

"Yes, Jim dear," she smiled back with tear-wet eyes, "and it is a precious treasure you have left me."

The Service Flag

ALICE PRESSON, '18, CORNELIAN

“Bye, my Baby Bunting; Daddy’s gone a-hunting”
Softly the lullaby floats on the peaceful night air;
The little head drops on the mother’s breast,
The shadows lengthen, and out of the far distance
Comes the echo—“Daddy’s gone a-hunting.”

But hark, do voices of the night dare penetrate this shrine?
“Dear Father, let no hope enter my heart today,
To flutter, glow for one fleeting moment,
Leaving my soul in yet gloomier darkness;”
She sighs, pressing the sleeping babe closer to her bosom.

A heavy step, one swift glance, a yellow slip,
And darkness hovers over her.
She looks at her sleeping child, sobbing “No Daddy, No God!”
And the hollow woods reverberate in low wailing tones,
“No Daddy, No God!”

Seconds, minutes, hours, and still darkness reigns,
Slowly from dreamland floats the child back to earth’s harbor;
And his wildering eyes wanders up and up to Heaven’s brow
There to spy a lone tiny star, playing at hide and seek.
“Look, muvver, God is hanging out his Service Flag, too.”

Slowly over the thick grove of pines rose the new moon
And with it a new life, a new faith.

April the First

LENA KERNODLE, 21, CORNELIAN

There were two of them—a boy and a dog.

The boy resembled most other red-haired, freckled-faced boys of his age, and there was a very close likeness of the dog at his heels to all other little yellow curs the world over. The boy was whistling a tune. School was out for the day. Moreover, this was the first day of April, and hadn't he fooled that silly little Virginia that sat behind him into thinking there was a spider in her hair? Why shouldn't he be whistling a tune?

Suddenly the whistling stopped. The boy dropped his books behind a mail box, looked cautiously around him and pushed through the crowd at the door of a tall office building and into the elevator. At the fourth floor he got out, looked cautiously around once more, stole quietly down the hall to a door marked "Private," slowly turned the knob, and entered. He tiptoed to the desk, looked hurriedly through the telephone directory, made a note on the pad and left as noiselessly as he had come, through the window that opened on the fire escape, the little yellow dog at his heels.

The day was hot for April the first and the man was tired. He left the elevator at the fourth floor and walked

slowly down the hall to a door marked "Private." He sighed heavily as he leaned forward in his desk chair to read the note on his pad—"Call Mr. Lyon—1073." Who was Mr. Lyon, and who had been in his office during his absence, scratching notes on his pad?

He took down the receiver.—

"Hello central. Give me 1073—yes please!"

"Hello! Is that 1073? Well can I speak to Mr. Lyon please? Mr. Lyon is in his cage? Who is that speaking? The Zoo? Oh! Well—er—I got the wrong number. Beg your pardon!"

He gazed questioningly at the note in his hand.

"Well who in the——"

A small boy came scampering over the window ledge into the room, and at his feet, a little yellow dog.

"April fool! April fool!"

There were three of them—the man, the boy, and the dog.

The sun had gone down behind the skyline leaving a cool shade in the city streets. The man smiled down at the whistling boy at his side. And why shouldn't he be whistling? For father had been added to the list of April fools.

The Everlasting Song

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

Whirl, thou madly throbbing wind,
Atuned to nature's being.
Thru the age-long changeless change,
With the poignant beatings of man's heart,
Thou hast ever panted hard in fellowship.
All the restlessness of youth, all the hungry, ceaseless craving,
All the failures and forebodings,
Heaving, seething, sobbing,
Thou hast sung with man,—
Hast sung in answering echoes.
All the freedom of a boundless heaven,
All the beauty of the semblance cleared,
All the proving of a God-given power,
All the hope of higher, vaster being,
Thou, like man, dost ever seek.
And with the heart of man
Beat on in throbbing oneness,
Thou windy heart of nature!

“We Will Give All”

BESSIE PARHAM, '18, CORNELIAN

Will you look back with me for half a century to those days in our own Southland which called for courage, for bravery to rebuild a broken state? Can you see the southern women who never before had known manual labor, whose every whim had been answered by a Pickaninny, rise early, and go about her household work? She could not go into the field to work; that would have brought disgrace to the southern man. He did not want her to work at all, but since conditions were such that it could not be helped, she was to work within doors. Watch that woman through the day, won't you? See her as she prepares the meals, as she cleans and dusts, as she turns this old dress that it might last a little longer, as she cuts that one up to make a pair of little pants for Johnny, as she takes a little piece of something here and a little piece of something there, to make a useful garment. She did all that she could to make life bearable, all that she could to make home comfortable. Ah,—the scheming and planning she had to do to make both ends meet. She was made of the stuff of which courageous women are made. It was her task to help rebuild a broken South, and she did not fail. She showed mankind that she could work if necessary, that she could plan and manage and it was she who gave the modern girl her start toward a broader and more independent life.

Today the American woman has more freedom than any woman in the

world. It is no longer a disgrace for woman to work, for her to take an interest in community life, for her to appear in national affairs. Today the American woman has the confidence of her men more than any woman in the world. She has proven to them that she is trustworthy and capable. Today when the United States is at war for the greatest principles in the world, she expects more of her women than has ever been expected before.

The first thing which the United States expects of her women is efficiency. It is the brains of this country that have been called to Washington to take charge of important committees, to carry through the measures of our congress. War has formerly been won by strength, but this scientific war will be won by the greatest brains of the world. Since the woman of America has the greatest chance of any woman she must realize that efficiency holds a high standard, that to come up to it requires courage and bravery; and she must turn every advantage to the greatest possible use.

The United States expects sympathy of her women, sympathy expressed in concrete, speedy accomplishment for the alleviation of suffering.

Today the Red Cross is the best organized, most wonderful movement we have; yet that organization has not received the cooperation of the average woman that it should. Many women are willing to join the organization, do knitting here and there when

they have nothing else to do, but when they are asked to do real labor during regular hours,—make bandages, compresses, pillows, things which go to save lives, they do not have time to spare. When you think of the nurses “over there” taking compresses, bandages, which have been used again and again, boiling and washing them that they may be used once more, and when you think of the old sheets, not ragged but just worn thin, stacked in the drawers at home, and when you think of the time which you would have to work for the Red Cross, if you did not waste it; I wonder how you feel?

The United States expects the women of America to meet the economic crisis of the country and world. They must be economical in food, because the allies are looking to the United States for these supplies and we must not fail them. Before us are the failings of England and France as examples, and we cannot afford to follow in their footsteps. If ever woman had her chance to prove that she can save, here it is. It is part of

her work to superintend her own household, and it is certainly her patriotic duty to see that not a particle of food is wasted.

The United States expects her women to be economical in dress. Do you know that for several years the German women have considered it the height of vulgarity for a woman to appear in a new dress or hat? Shall we take a lesson from them? Shall we pay fourteen dollars for a pair of slippers, fifteen for a new hat, and thirty, or forty dollars for a new dress this spring, or shall we look over last Spring's clothes and see whether or not, after a brisk brushing, they would not be nice enough for this spring? I wonder which we will do—

It is said that in one of his trips over France Premier Clemmenceau was asked by an old peasant concerning the war. The old man asked, “Sir, do you think all will end well?” Clemmenceau answered “Yes.” “Then” said the old man, “we will give all.”

Camouflage

MARGARET HAYES, '19, CORNELIAN

Before I knew what the word meant it breathed to me something of the mysterious, the seductively inviting. An auróma of romance hung over its roll of sonorous syllables. Born during the great war it smelled of far off battlefields;— the roll and crash of heavy guns and the charge of bayonet upon bayonet, echoed thru it.

But most of its seductiveness lay in the fact that its meaning seemed to be so securely hidden. Dignified per-

sons of my acquaintance used it freely but became evasive when questioned about its definition. I sought the dictionary in vain and then finally consulted an authority on world affairs, feeling that she at least would have an inkling of its significance and could explain it to me.

She could and did, and I left with a pained feeling that I had been shown by means of a concrete example.

That Yaller Pup of Ourn

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

I fetched him back one day from town,
 The day I got my waggin tire.
 He's nothing but a yaller houn',
 But he's shore got the eye of fire;
 An' Abe, my little boy, done foun'
 Them other dogs ur natchal sight
 When yaller pup sets in his bite.

He shore aint much fer beauty built,
 Jist years, four legs, er yaller streak;
 But he can howl with head er-tilt,
 An' Abe hav learnt him how ter speak.
 An' he's no dog ter hide his guilt,
 His tail jist drops an' 'fesses up—
 That dirty, little yaller pup.

An' when I's noddin' in the do'
 He'll lie erbout an'snap an' scratch,
 Then tote my shoe ter some fer row
 'Way down ercrossst the tater patch.
 An' when I slip up on him slow,
 He'll sort er snort an' sneeze an' cough
 Then drop his tail an' totter off.

But Abe has learnt him lots er tricks,
 Jist how to be er man an' fight;
 An' when he gits his breakfas' mix,
 He makes him speak an' stan' up right.
 An' then he'll run an' fetch you sticks
 You throwed him down ercross the lot,
 That yaller pup of ourn, we got.

Imagination in the Saddle

RUBY SISK, '19, CORNELIAN

He had two inborn abilities: a full measure of creative imagination and a remarkable capacity for overtaking bad luck. Age had dimmed neither quality; rather it had added a varnish of increased vision to his imagination. The fact that Harry Rae remained, at the age of twenty-five, only a book-keeper was due to the usual brand of luck; his presence in the mountainous Cherokee Country, on his vacation, on this particular day in July was due to his imagination. Bad luck had influenced his actions since he arrived. Imagination, however, had failed him and could devise no scheme to extract him from the present dilemma.

It was now nine o'clock, yet he could not force himself to get up. He knew that the Larkin family ate breakfast at six o'clock and that he, though a boarder, by all the rules of the Larkin etiquette should have been present when the blessing was asked. Every bone in his body ached; his head throbbed; he couldn't even think.

"Stranger, it's gittin' up time." A lank, roughly dressed old man entered the room. "Be ye sick?"

Nimrod Larkin regarded the staring dejected heap on the bed with a pained expression as he thoughtfully pulled the end of his conspicuous nose. Harry managed, with a deal of difficulty, accompanied by a series of extraordinary facial contortions, to raise himself on his elbow. He extended one hand to farmer Larkin. It was scratched and bleeding. Closer observation re-vealed

the fact that skin was altogether lacking over one cheekbone, while an egg-shaped knot adorned his forehead.

"Don't hurt yerself tryin' to get up or say anything; ye'r plumb stove up! Just lie right still till Virey's brung some water to wash your bruises in."

Just then a door flew open and a gust of air swept into the room. It set the young man to sneezing violently. The mountaineer took two long steps to the bed and stuffed Harry forcibly under the covers.

"Sonny, fer the love of mud, never sneeze in bed of a Sunday morning. It's awful bad luck! Jest you pull a hair out of your left eye brow and throw it over your right shoulder." Harry complied with these plain but puzzling instructions and the old man left the room with a satisfied air.

On coming to the Cherokee Country Harry had discovered, much to his satisfaction, that all superstition was not yet dead. He was amused and interested. He recalled his first appearance in the home of Nimrod Larkin. As he entered the gate a black cat dashed wildly across the yard in front of him. The simple Nimrod seemed terrified.

"For the love of mud, there's Cis Picklesimer's black cat again. Wish that old woman would keep that hateful thing to home. Sonny, it's mighty bad luck for a black cat to run across in front of ye. Specially if it belongs to an old woman. If she's a witch it means she's got designs on ye, shore

as fate. Jest ye make a cross mark in the dirt with the toe o'yer shoe and spit in the mark. That'll fix ye, I reckon," Then he had given the end of his over-prominent nose a satisfied pull.

Harry's first sensation, after climbing laboriously up three very steep stone steps, was that of being in a harness shop. It proved, however, to be the Larkin "front room." A shiney light tan saddle hung in state on the wall. It's magnitude was only equaled by the gaudiness of its trappings and the whole room smelled of new leather.

"Yes sir, Stranger," Nimrod had explained, "My son sent me that there from Texas; cost seventy-five dollars. She's a nice one, shore! Finest saddle in Cherokee! I tells 'em, I low, by Ned, ain't no nag in this county fit to carry that there saddle, much less my old hoss, Buck. He's plumb cranky. Stranger, I jest wouldn't swap that saddle for no low-lander's automobile." The old farmer had stopped to gaze at it in admiration, while he gave his nose a characteristic tug.

It was this self-same saddle, as an instrument in the skillful hands of bad luck, Harry now reflected, which had been the cause of his present troubles. What had persuaded him to go, last night, to a country breakdown five miles away, over rough, unfamiliar roads, he knew not. Of this alone he was sure; bad luck lay for him on the return trip; its hiding place a certain creek bank.

Each incident, each picture, Harry recalled accurately and vividly, how the planks creaked as he descended the narrow stairs with stealth! The strong smell of leather guided him to the spot and he tremblingly removed the saddle from its peg. Every move-

ment caused a creak which sounded to Harry like the pop of a machine gun. As he walked on tip-toe from the house, he stumbled over an object, dark, sinister. It moved so suddenly that he almost lost his balance.

"Abomination, it's Cis Picklesimer's black cat!" When he finally reached the barn, Larkin's plumb cranky horse, Buck, submitted to the heavy, creaking Mexican saddle with only a snort of terror. Once mounted, however, Harry was able to calm Buck's fears with a pat and a "Quiet Old Boy!" and he had started for the dance. Buck paced well. The moon came up soon and Harry became light-hearted. Indeed the evening was a success. He was popular with all the delightful maidens of Cherokee. He danced the old square dance; he ate gingerbread; he drank cider; he smiled; he flattered; and quite forgot farmer Larkin's seventy dollar saddle and Buck. It was only the breaking up of the dancers in the early morning that caused Harry to remember, and when he was again seated on Buck's back, with the precious saddle creaking safely beneath him, the young man considered the situation. He must ride five miles to reach the Larkin domicile; he must keep an eye on Buck; he must take care of the borrowed saddle at any cost.

"Abomination, the moon's under a cloud! It's dark as Cis Picklesimer's black cat!", Harry exclaimed to himself, feeling strangely depressed. Perhaps he had a premonition that bad luck was preparing to take a hand in the game.

He rode on. Suddenly the calm of the waters of Cherokee Creek was broken by the abrupt landing of a body in their midst. Another splash indicated the whereabouts of the good

Nimrod's saddle. Buck had taken a "plumb cranky" spell. Then Harry picked himself up and groped for the saddle. With the wet, soggy mass of leather on his shoulder, he made a desperate effort to get into the road again. A tangled hedge of rhododendron and "ivy" bushes barred his way; long limbs reached out to tear parts of the saddle from his grasp. Thorns and sharp twigs tore his hands and face but he crashed blindly through the thick underbrush, slipping and bumping his head against inconvenient tree trunks. At length, following the direction of a low neigh to his left, Harry emerged into the slippery road. Buck came up and nuzzled his arm with an air of extreme innocence; then, as Harry reached for the bridle, loped towards home. Near by rocks echoed the forceful expression of Harry's sentiments. There was a sinking feeling in his knees; a dizziness in his head, but he set out doggedly, to wade through ankle deep mud five miles to Larkin's place.

Harry dragged himself through the gate of the Larkin farm, just as the moon was setting. Its last rays betrayed Buck calmly grazing in the yard. This was too much! Harry delivered a kick in the ribs of that cranky quadruped.

Stumbling, almost pitching headlong at times, Harry finally managed to lead Buck to the bars of the east pasture and turn him in. It was a work for both hands to replace the pasture bars, but something was wrong with his right hand, he couldn't move it. Suddenly he recalled that this thing upon his shoulder was in his way; it was weighing him down, crushing him. In the dim morning light Harry studied the misshapen piece of leather.

Its trappings were gone, its beautiful color had faded. He flung the thing from him into a briar patch on the ditch bank. A dark form darted swiftly out from among the briars and disappeared across the meadow. It was Cis Picklesimer's black cat!

The sight of the saddle had induced a strange hallucination: Farmer Nimrod seemed to stand over him; to be angry beyond compare; to gesticulate; to pull his nose vigorously. The rest of his acts were shrouded in a haze. Somehow Harry reached his room, there, in wakeful misery, to consider his predicament.

"Abomination, I'll go to jail for this!" His last friend deserted him. Where was imagination?

These pictures and thoughts faded from his mind with the entrance of Virey Larkin. She was a woman of the dried up, boney type, but her touch was tender and her voice comforting. The old woman bathed Harry's hands and face in warm water and a fragrant balsam ointment, while Larkin looked on volunteering an occasional sympathetic, "Fer the love of mud, Sonny, you shore air plumb stove up!"

Harry sat up. He felt better. A spark of something stirred within him. At the same instant his face took on a terrified expression. A wild look came into his eyes.

"Mr. Larkin, an explanation is due you, but—I'm afraid to say a word."

Harry shivered violently for more than one reason. Time was necessary as well as an effect; imagination was yet a little coy "She told me not to tell. She threatened my life. She will sprinkle my blood in—Cherokee Creek, at midnight—but I must tell it.

"Last night I was awakened by the mournful cry of a night owl. There was a feeling of numbness over my whole body. And then—I found myself in the road. An old witch had turned me into a horse, a dashing horse. She rode me miles and miles, not in level, sandy roads, but through briars, over rocks, up cliffs, she weighed me down with a heavy saddle. She drove me furiously like the north wind, while her black cat clawed me like spurs. Six long hours she rode over mountain and down valley, at this break-neck pace, until I was foaming at the mouth and gasping for breath. At the break of day the old hag took the saddle from my back at your pasture bars. The saddle was wet with dew, torn by thorns, scratched by the cat claws, ruined!" He paused.

"It was your seventy-five dollar, Mexican saddle, Mr. Larkin." Wrath and dismay were mingled in Nimrod's expression.

"Then she turned me into myself again and put me to bed, but, oh, the bruises, the aches remain in my body. She was terrible! I must tell you who she was, Mr. Larkin. She was Cis Picklesimer!"

There was dead silence save for the creaking of the bed as Larkin's grip tightened on the foot. Harry continued.

"Mr. Larkin, you will find your saddle on the ditch bank in the east pasture, where Cis threw it when she dismounted."

Harry dived under the covers in a fit of coughing, shivering and perhaps, something more. The simple Nimrod blankly regarded the covers and the small portion of a head visible above them. Suddenly he gave his over prominent nose a satisfied pull.

"Don't you git any sicker, sonny. Virey'll bring some soft old rags and tie up your bruises. We'll git even with Cis Picklesimer, too; my pa was a witch doctor. I'll jest draw that ol' woman's picture, near as I kin, and stick it up on the gate post. Then I'll git my rifle and let you shoot at it. Where the bullet strikes the picture she'll git took with a misery. Say it strikes the arm of it,—ole Cis Picklesimer will take a pain in her arm and plumb die out."

"Now, sonny, jest you raise yourself up here and let Virey tie up your head." As Harry raised his aching head to submit to the kindly ministrations of Virey Larkin, he glanced out of the window. On the ground below, coolly washing his face sat — *Cis Picklesimer's black cat*. The cat bestowed on him a prodigious green-eyed wink.



Ambulance Driver No. 3

GORDON THOMSON, '18, CORNELIAN

"Drive! We will make it, Number 3,
 There's just that stretch of road ahead."
 Over the ground he tore until
 We reached that field of slain.
 "Water! water!"—the cries and groans arose
 From every part of the field at once.
 There, in and out, we worked—
 Useless—useless—useless.
 Not a man would be removed
 For the guns and shells had done their ghastly work.
 Whizz! whizz! —My God! It got him!
 Number 3 fell at my feet—I grasped his hands—
 Through groans there came the words
 "Home.....Country.....Liberty.....Justice."

Under the cold white glare
 Of a thousand midnight stars
 I knelt and cried—
 "O Father! These are the things
 Men *live* for
 And—the things
 Men *die* for!"
 The white hands trembled in
 My grasp and then.....
 I felt the soul of Number 3
 Brush past me on its homeward way to God.

Half Holiday Monday, Pro and Con

ZOE YODER, '20, }
LOIS WILSON, '20, } CORNELIAN

Pro

Funds, buildings, library and faculty do not alone make a college. A student body is necessary, and a student body in which the students reach the highest standards. A cramming machine, an unfinished piece of tapestry, a room lacking space for standing,—these are not typical of the conditions existing in the minds of students of the best type. They are however accurate pictures of a Normal student's mind. In State Normal student life, Monday half holiday would satisfy three demands for time by gathering together the little spare minutes into a connected period.

In the March number of the Magazine, the editorial "Lumber" gives a clear idea of the minds of students here. As the rawhide whip-cracks make the wagons jerk and careen about in seeming chaos, so in our minds come the little fifteen-minute periods, our only free time, in which we must try to assimilate our knowledge. In our minds, time in which to gather together our newly acquired knowledge and think for ourselves, is needed. This thinking for ourselves is as important as the getting of the knowledge. Why not, when all the other part of the week is given to getting, have half a day for assimilating?

At the end of every week there are many loose ends on the tapestry of our minds. Threads left hanging, which

require time for their fastening and cutting off are abundant. Perhaps one week there is an extra reading for history; the next a theorem learned, but not conclusively proved in one's own mind. Monday morning holiday would give a time to go over the work, fastening and then clipping off loose threads instead of merely breaking off the threads, as we now do, without regard to the strength of the fabric or its beauty or design in those hurried spots.

Time, without a definitely required thing to do, is desired in the life of every student. Browsing in the library, "looking up" a high-school friend's chum, or attending to little personal affairs are some ways in which it might be spent. Let us not attempt to say exactly how it should be spent, since that would defeat its purpose. The same amount of time, divided as it now is, is not satisfactory because fully three-quarters of an hour is necessary to read an article or two of particular interest, and because it is hardly possible to find a girl in a few minutes, much less learn to know her. Rearrangement is all that is necessary in many rooms lacking standing space. This condition exists in our weekly store-room of time.

We have already reached the place in our student life where we realize the need for time for more than preparation and recitation periods. Having realized this need, we have drawn up our

our schedules so that by concentrated study we may have a few scattered moments of our own. It is now time that we realize that, as we need Saturday afternoon set apart for outside activities, we need Monday morning for miscellaneous necessary things. Imagine trying [to hold meetings at little scattered times all thru the week. Let us then gather all the little minutes together and have Monday morning not to waste (we would not do that since we are no longer children), but to use in order that the student body of our college may not be lacking.

Con

It has been suggested that the student body of this college appeal to the proper authorities for Monday morning as a half holiday, on the grounds that a holiday is needed to furnish time for physical rest, and for reading and thought on subjects which are vitally important now. When we consider the advisability of this plan, two questions arise, "Would it be wise for students still in college?" And "would it prepare students for future work?"

The answer to the first question is emphatically negative; for the plan is impracticable. Already we have Saturday afternoon free. How do we spend that time? It is not too high an estimate to say that three hundred girls in college waste four hours every Saturday afternoon that is not occupied with meetings of various organizations. This means that a total of twelve hundred hours is misused on a single Saturday. Yet we clamor for permission to waste four more hours apiece every week. We now fail to perform, until much later, the duties that we put off until Saturday. With an opportunity to put off these duties

till Monday, the final performance of them would come still later. Moreover, very few of us spend Saturday afternoon in reading good books, magazines, or newspapers, or in real thinking. There might be some excuse for our relaxation of mental effort on Saturday, if, by it, we furthered our physical development and rested from the nervous strain of the past week. Instead of that, most of us loaf around eating indigestibles, all the while worrying over the work we are not doing. Neither our bodies nor our minds are rested.

A half holiday on Monday would be impracticable, not only because it would not be used as time for physical and mental development, but, because it would leave an accumulation of work to be done the rest of the week. With some students, as, for instance, certain music students who have only one vacant period in the week it would be absolutely impossible to catch up. With all, it would mean undue crowding of programs and proportional nervous strain.

Another phase of impracticableness cannot be overlooked. Difficulty in arranging programs would arise. Classes meeting three times a week can now meet on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, while other classes meet on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. With Monday morning eliminated, all such classes would have to meet on the Tuesday series or be shifted to the afternoon. Such shifts would frequently cause conflicts with laboratory work.

In addition to being impracticable, the plan would not be consistent with business principles. If women claim the right to compete with men in business, they must be willing to come

up to the business standards that men have. What man in business could think, for an instant, of demanding more than Saturday afternoon off? Women who are taking men's places now cannot afford to demand privi-

leges which men, in the same positions, do not have.

From the standpoint of students in college and of future business women we can not afford to have a half-holiday on Monday.

Why Envy the Nightwatchman?

The Nightwatchman

Per EDITH RUSSELL, '19, CORNELIAN

(With a reminder to Miss Goforth that only worthy things are parodied.)

Why envy the nightwatchman
 Who lives through the glorious night
 And sleeps dull sleep—when, I pray?
 For the night is the only sure time of repose—
 Less door-bell-ish, less housewifely,
 Less groceryboy-ish, less motor-truckly than day.
 The night is more varied than the day
 With its lack of discordant sounds—
 None graphophone-ly, none street-carly non steam-whistle-ly
 But low and soothing and faint.
 He misses the sweet quiet sleep of the just,
 The silence and calm and the darkness;
 Hears truly the real music of life—
 The cries of the neighborhood baby
 The yells of the tribe of mock Indians—
 While he fain would be lost in dreams—even nightmares!
 Why envy the trust that is put in him
 As he walks his rounds thru the night?
 What matters that to him, when, sighing,
 A vision of bed looms before him,
 And sleep unbroken by jarring confusion?
 Why envy the nightwatchman?

The Master of the House

TO M. E. M. S.

PEARL SOUTHERLAND, '20 ADELPHIAN

"The Crowells are coming!" my eldest daughter shouted as she leaped over the crocus bed at the corner of the house and ran waving a paper of poisonous yellow.

"Heavens, you don't mean it!" I exclaimed.

She handed me the telegram:

"Sophia, Plautus, Alexander and Prudence will be with you tomorrow, Wednesday, if convenient."

"What are we going to do?" Lena asked breathlessly.

"The best we can, I suppose," I said, mechanically folding the paper. "Put on the big kettle and the little one."

"Kettles nothing, mother; it's a matter of the kettles' contents and a butler."

"Make it so if you can; our rich kin have found us before in circumstances more straightened. Wednesday is our wheatless day, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we've never before had the Crowells to dine. The 'gifted' Sophia, 'stately' Prudence, 'handsome' Alexander, and Plautus, 'charming', or whatever the social column calls him,—all coming on our wheatless day. O, I get so tired of being poor! What will they say of us as they go home again in their limousine?"

"We cannot help what they say. Your father's check is not due for a week or so, and everything we've planned already takes all but a few dollars. Then there's a rug to be

bought for the drawing-room before they see inside it! It's all a proposition to me!"

"Ye gods!" shouted Court rushing suddenly out upon the veranda with a flaming red tie in his hand. "Here, mother," holding out the tie, "won't you tie this? I'm due down at the office in five minutes!"

"O what shall we do!" Lena said impatiently as I arose to tie my grown son's tie.

"What, what!" Court snapped at his sister, "Party dress not finished? Mad with Charley?"

"None of that. The Crowells are coming tomorrow and we've nothing but a mush dinner to give them!" she returned.

"Well" he remarked absently adjusting the tie that I had put on.

"That means I'll have to help cook!"

"But mush isn't hard to cook, is it?"

"You needn't believe that they're coming," she answered angrily. "Just read this."

He whipped the paper from her hand and mockingly proclaimed his delight. Then, in a serious tone, "Say, didn't you know that sweet-scented billet-doux were productive of evil?"

"No, but if you say so, I'm ready to believe you."

"Did you think that when you wrote them to come any time convenient, that they would know you were so poor you would not set a date?"

"And there's the rug to be bought for the drawing room!"

"Whew—rug for the parlor, and a dinner 'a la' too?"

"Have you seen the holes in the old rug?"

"Hadn't noticed them."

"I think that's queer."

"O—well," with a lazy strut down the path toward a bed of my cherished peonies, "sell some peonies," and he departed out of sight.

"What can be done, mother?" Lena wanted to know.

"You heard what Court said."

"About the peonies? Mother, be serious."

"Didn't he say sell them? Everybody in town does admire them you know."

"Come, mother, I would say what I meant."

I picked up my crocheting and retreated to the kitchen to acquaint Clio with the news.

"Umph," ejaculated my only domestic dignitary, "guests a-comin'! Whey's dey frum? New Yawk? Denver? Sholy, bofe places up dere nea' bout togedda anyhow, I gits 'em mixed up. Well, Mis' Humphrey, what yo gwine do?" Assuming her favorite position with elbow dangerously akimbo. "We'll jis' ha' t' do de bes' we kin, I reckon; I reckon we will," she mused.

"That's what we will," I agreed.

"How would you like to have Thompson, help you as butler?" I was afraid to ask this question, knowing her dire aversion to that person, but I thought that now, as well as at any time, she might have her say.

"Ef I aint tole yo' one hundred times what dat nigga look lak t' me I'll do it!" she exclaimed. (Poor

women that we are,—victims for our cooks to vent their spleen on!)

"Yes, I think you've told me," I said, "but just tell me this: how do you suppose they would feel having you flopping around serving them when they're used to being waited on by men? How do you think I would feel? I'm talking plainly now, Clio, because I want you to see my side of it."

"Yas'm an' yo' side's flat, I suppose. Well, ma'am, ol' Clio'll cook, but jes' don't ye let that Thompson come nigh me—black, devilish—!"

"Then that's settled." I turned my back and left her talking to herself.

Sometimes house-keepers and home-keepers get tired of their job. We don't say so; we try not to think it. But in the face of an ordeal such as the visit of a husband's dread relatives while the husband is away,—when the cook gets indignant and dusts her feathers independently in our eyes, and when the daughter of our bosom assumes the management of affairs, calling upon mother only for suggestions in times of stress, using them when they please her, and at other times rejecting them, we are provoked to wrinkling up our foreheads unconsciously and admitting grey hairs.

I sat down at the dining-room table and gazed absently out of the window. Nine-year-old Rupert was having a jostle with Marjory over his marbles.

"The hole's in the wrong place," Marjory insisted. Rupert insisted that every boy knew that he could dig a marble well where it ought to be. Marjory dusted her shirts and departed panting.

"Say, you come back, an' you can play with my flint," Rupert called carelessly, and peeped to see if she was coming. She was not. He ran to catch her.

"You got my marble anyhow," he accused. Marjory ran, but he overtook her and extracted from her pocket a marble which she admitted was his, and, grumbling about the worry that little girls were to big boys, he ran back to his wells.

I marvelled that Marjory should part with the marble so readily even though it were not her own. Prompted by curiosity, I slipped to the door in time to see her walk up the kitchen steps, and unconcernedly ask Clio if she could spell "Mediterranean,"—a question that never failed to provoke Clio's wrath. While Clio battled with a hot griddle cake, preparatory to a swift and strong rejoinder, if not the wielding of the poker, Marjory slipped a handful of cakes from the plate and ran out the back door to show Rupert what Clio had given her.

It was there that my twenty-year-old fondling bounded, pencil and paper in hand, through the dining-room door and seized me by the shoulders in an ecstasy of delight.

"Mama, I know how to get the money for the rug," she exclaimed.

Slowly I gathered together my stray wits and looked at the paper she held out. It read:

"I'm out selling peonies, mother lets me do what I please with the money. They're a dollar a dozen. Surely you know of mother's peonies. They're the prettiest in town. When shall I bring them? How many dozens do you wish?"

"Heavens, Lena, what can this be?"

"Rupert memorizes this, and says it and folks will buy," she explained. "They would just love to buy your peonies, mother. Don't you remember how Miss York admired them yesterday and said that she would be glad to buy them? And Mrs. Ashton from Boston? Why, they would think Rupert the cutest boy at all to go around soliciting customers in that way."

"Do you remember Nydia in 'The Last Days of Pompeii'?" I asked.

"No, was he a flower grower?"

"Read the book and see. Rupert shall not sell flowers until we come to want or nearer it than we are now."

She left, and by her tread I knew that it was not for "The Last Days of Pompeii." I began to think of little boys of the neighborhood, who had been to my door to sell coupons to buy billy-goats, and it seemed to me that Rupert's purpose could not be less worthy than theirs. The longer I thought of it the nearer I came to indulging this absurd plan of Lena's. What harm would it do? Rupert would probably get good business training.

Suddenly I heard noisy footsteps in the hall, and Lena and Rupert burst madly into the room.

"Mother, let me go! You can have money and all! Mother, Lena will give me her old watch if I'll sell eight dozen. Please now, mother."

"I think best not, my son," I replied.

"But don't you want to please me, mother?" he pleaded.

"Usually, but now you may go and bring in some coal for Clio."

"Mother, if you don't, I expect I'll worry you. I don't want to, but as

you say lots o' times, 'I think Ill have to.' I just can't help it."

"Well go on, and mind everything Lena tells you. Whatever you do don't tell them what you are really selling the flowers for."

"No Ma'am!" he exclaimed, jumping up with delight; and snatching the paper from Lena, he bounded out reading it.

I followed him in time to see him accost his best friend, the postman, and read the paper to him. I fled to the kitchen for fear of seeing signs of further explanations. Clio was brooding over the lot that would be hers on the following night and was not disposed to sympathize. "Miss Marjory is jest as bothersome and divilish as he is; and what more's to be expected with him learnin' her more meanness every day?" she mumbled, slamming the door vehemently.

Again I sought refuge and calm on the cool piazza. The dews of night were whitened by the full moon. The breath of roses pervaded the air. All was tranquility, fragrance, stillness.

A shrill song of a bird answered the throaty call of his mate in the poplar. Then all was silent as before. In a few minutes I heard a quick step, and Court walked up leading Rupert by the hand. Seeing me on the veranda, he strode up and demanded to know if Rupert had been actually selling flowers.

"Yes," I said, "and it's all right if he has done as he was told, and that I seriously doubt."

"What have you told?" I asked Rupert.

Evidently something was on Rupert's conscience.

"I've sold eight dozen!" he answered meekly.

"Eight dozen!" I echoed. "and how did you do it?"

He looked puzzled as if by some profound problem. "I—uh—I guess I told a story, mother. I told 'em I was selling peonies for the Benefit Club, and that we boys at school were all doing it."

"Rupert! suppose they tell the other boys!"

"Yes'm, Mrs. Boyle said she wouldn't buy any till she saw Robbie; and that she would buy whatever he had to sell."

"Rupert, I'm sorry to have you tell stories and have your neighbors mistrust you, but I won't punish you this time if you promise never to tell another story."

"I promise," he vowed with relief. "Tomorrow morning Mrs. Barker wants hers, and Mrs. Ashton hers tomorrow afternoon for a party."

"I suppose they will pay you for the flowers when you deliver them?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, here's the money," fishing out eight dollar bills from among fish-hooks and marbles, and other sacred belongings, and holding them out to me.

I could not take the money. I stood dazed at the sight of it—money that my little son had so faithfully labored for, selling flowers for me and telling stories for a rug that would never give him the least enjoyment. His faithfulness, as it then seemed to me, was the most touching thing in his nature. He looked so little, so earnest, so pathetic. But I checked myself from giving way to words and, having taken the bills, led the way into the dining-room. Court was indignant, I could tell. Nothing else would he say except a mumbled "d—d

hot night" as he flung his hat on the couch and dropped down in a chair.

For me, supper was but a perfunctory meal, and I think it was for Court. Lena was enthusiastic over Rupert's achievement and pleased him beyond words, by presenting him with her old broken watch.

The next morning at breakfast, I announced to Court my intention that he should purchase the rug. Rupert was bent upon going to help bring it up; and Court suffered it, although I could divine by the set of his shoulders that the trial was a sore one.

In about two hours after the guest sanctum had been swept and garnished we beheld the two returning, one holding one end of a long roll, and one the other. They both came in dipping with perspiration from the hot morning sun, and I could see anger branded on Court's face. Not a word would he say until he had slammed the rug upon the floor and spread it out. Then he asked indignantly what I supposed Rupert had done this time.

"There's no telling," I answered, noticing that my little son had fled the noxious premises.

"Old Crow's wife bought some of the flowers he was selling. She told old Crow that Rupert was working to buy the rug—said that Rupert walked up to that Boston woman—whatever her name is—and seeing her in a dust cap sweeping, asked if she were the maid! She said no, I suppose, and then he read off his paper to her. She told him that she had no money, and asked him why you should wish to sell your peonies. Thereupon Rupert told the whole tale, warning her that it was a secret, and that you were awfully careful what he told people.

"Court!"

"And if old lady Crow isn't a gossip there isn't one in Bailey."

I called Rupert, but he would not come.

I called Lena. She was busy polishing shoes and would come "in one minute."

The minute was a long one, however "Mother, aren't you letting Lena kind of run things?" Court asked.

"How can I help it?" I wanted to know.

He picked up his hat and stalked out. I followed him, and, glancing back from the door to see the new effect, caught the sickening hue of it all. The kitchen I found in a bustle of preparation with the salad cut up and the meat roaster in use. Rupert had been sent up town by Clio. Clio stirred the cake batter sullenly. I immediately took the bowl and bade her go pull some parsley in the garden. Soon I had commissioned Court with mowing the grass and set Lena to polishing silver. For the grown-ups, lunch was an untasted meal. Finally all the little duties had been performed and the evening hovered near with its momentous engagement.

Just as the sun winked its last black lid to wish us a good evening; just as Lena in a gown of filmy white came down the lighted stair; just as Court yawned behind his paper, the soft purr of an automobile sounded at the end of the lane. Then we heard it creak, then stop; and we all went out.

Under the brightest, friendliest moon of the season we welcomed them, and piloted them across the lawn. Plautus immediately seized Lena's elbow and steered her straight through my peony bed to the doorway. The ladies marvelled at the high way scenery over which our road led. Every one

seemed as happy as old friends, and I began to feel that no embarrassment was to be expected. Even Court managed to pull himself out of his grouch.

Dinner was good and enjoyed by everyone. Rupert stared in wide-eyed amazement at them when they spoke to him and Marjory glanced continually and surreptitiously from Lena to the attentive and handsome Plautus. Despite all Alexander's bribing entreaties to talk to him, she kept silence during the whole meal.

When we had gone into the drawing-room she finally consented to sit on his knee. Plautus established himself beside Lena, and Court gracefully attacked the black-gowned Prudence on the question of the waste occasioned by the war. Sophia desired Rupert to entertain her with a story. Rupert, after he could be coaxed to answer, pleaded ignorance of any story that she would like. Had not Marjory whispered in his ear, I suspect the fatal idea would never have occurred to him. When I saw the look of glee that immediately swept over his face, a feeling of horrified dread sickened me.

"You see this rug I'm sitting on, don't you?" he asked. "It's brand new. When we got the telegram that you were coming, Lena began to fuss about mush and things to eat, and mother didn't know what in the world she would do for a new rug, 'cause the old one had a big hole in it, and I said, I'll sell peonies, and mama let me, though I could see she didn't want me to. I got eight dollars for eight dozen peonies, and the funny thing was, the story that I told mama. She said I couldn't do it at first—"

"Rupert!" I gasped, "what are you inventing!"

"But I did," he went on, "I told Mrs. Ashton that I was doing it to finish paying for a rug, and she promised me not to tell. I told mama I said I was helping the Benefit Club, an' mama was mad 'cause I told a story, but she didn't whip me, an' I know she won't whip me now 'cause the rug is so pretty. Sister gave me this watch for doing it," he said proudly exhibiting Lena's old watch.

The whole room burst out in a laugh at this tale,—I because the rest did; Lena because she wished to frustrate all belief in what he had told, and Court, I am prone to suspect because the bomb that had long been weighing down his mind, had at last exploded and there was no worse to come.

"I never saw such ingenuity in a boy nine years old!" Plautus exclaimed heartily.

"Nor I!" the two elderly ladies rejoined.

"The name of Humphrey will some day be indeed honored," Alexander commented.

All of their enthusiastic appreciation was but little balm to my feelings. Their tact was charming, and I rose to the occasion by quietly pretending to be very pleased.

Rupert, having found an interested audience continued to entertain though with less stirring narratives; and when the time for departure came each regretted leaving.

We followed them to the machine at last bidding them farewell.

Plautus held Lena's hand in a long clasp before stepping in. Court tenderly installed the voluminous cousin Sophia. Rupert and Marjory were promising to go soon to see the cousins.

"I have a delightful grove where Rupert can imagine stories by the bushel," cousin Prudence declared. And I secretly promised myself that Rupert should not be thus encouraged in the art in which he was already too proficient.

When at last the machine glided noiselessly away, we all were left with sudden, hollow feeling of portentous quiet, and dissatisfaction. The night breeze whispered softly of calm—yes; the moon was mellow and round—yes; and the whole lawn was veiled in a magic mist of moonlight. For a moment we stood watching the automobile, now only a speck, disappearing in the distance.

Court turned to go into the house first, and we all followed mutely. Not until Lena, with fight in her eyes took Rupert by the collar, did even he think to speak. You've seen little boys with devils in their eyes and drooped head, so afraid that they

would be punished that you were too sorry for them to look at them. Such was Rupert then. But Lena did not mind the drooping head. Rupert, as she tugged at him, crying and begging his sister not to punish him, allowed himself to be dragged to the back porch with Marjory at his heels protesting against such an unjust attack. When I heard him give a scream of supreme discomfort I intruded, and told Lena that I would finish punishing him.

Rupert flew to my arms for refuge, and what could I do but caress him and lay my head on his and tell him not to fear any more whipping? Instead of sending him upstairs alone to his room, I went with him. Court saw me from the sitting room as we passed, and mumbled to my all too sensitive ears some thing disgustedly about the "establishment" and the "master of the house."



Clara Barton

MARY GASTON, '19, }
IDA GORDNER, '19, } CORNELIAN

As Florence Nightingale, the "Lady with the Lamp," lit the light of a broader, more sympathetic humanity in England, so Clara Barton virtually became the nurse of the nation and made possible the Red Cross in America.

In temperament, Clara Barton presents a most interesting study. Possibly no other life was ever more strikingly molded by a course of decisive events than hers. This was due, as we shall see, to a temperament that dared not assert itself in its own behalf but when others were concerned was entirely fearless. Born on a "lean hill" farm in 1821, the daughter of a farmer, who had fought under "Mad Anthony," Clara lived the life of any American farm child. She was a healthy, athletic girl, quite as precocious in the games she played with her older brothers as she was adept in the countless tasks of the farmhouse which fell upon her young shoulders. She developed no particular fondness for any of the tasks, however, but did them merely because they were to be done and because she wanted to "clear the track" for something else. Since she was youngest by a dozen years, the relation of the rest of the family to her was naturally that of mature, serious-minded teachers. Under the tutorship of her older brother, her two sisters, teachers in the public schools, and her father, her education began quite early and was very thorough.

The seed fell upon fertile soil, so that when she entered school instead of being put in the "d-o-g" and "c-a-t" class, she was put in the "artichoke" class.

It would seem that such a precocious child would make her way in any field of work in which she might cast her lot, but here her temperament played a part. Despite her vigorous outdoor life, she was painfully bashful. Her parents thought to counteract this by sending her away to school, but this was of no avail. Afraid of her teacher, her schoolmates, afraid to recite and even to eat she soon fell dangerously ill and had to be sent home, where, in the quiet and seclusion of her farm home she again became happy and useful.

In her eleventh year occurred the first decisive event in her life. Her brother, David, her idol since her earliest days, fell ill with a fever which the doctors of the community frankly admitted baffled them. The boy lay at death's door for nearly two years. Stricken with grief, Clara refused to leave his bedside, and, with an unnatural boldness, insisted upon her right to attend his every want. Soon she had banished the other members of the family from the room and her careful nursing had much to do with his recovery. The family was greatly interested in the change that seemed possible in Clara; for at least one avenue that might not be blocked by her

timidity seemed to be open. Moreover the girl had an excellent foundation laid in the valuable art, nursing. Though more retiring than ever, she seemed greatly changed. A sense of idleness oppressed her; she became restless, despondent, feverishly anxious for something to do.

Then came another incident to direct her course. Strange as it may seem today, the diagnosis that the professor of the "science of phrenology" (the "science was popular and influential" at the time) gave to the anxious mother, contained the keynote of the sensitive temperament of the girl. "She will never assert herself for herself," he announced. "She will suffer wrong first, but for others she will be perfectly fearless. Throw responsibility upon her. She has all the qualifications of a teacher. As soon as her age will permit, give her a school to teach."

So it was that at sixteen, Clara Barton took charge of District School Number Nine,—and the predictions of the scientist were fulfilled. Too frightened, on the first day to look at her pupils in the face, she soon discovered that they respected and even stood in awe of her. That anyone should feel abashed in her presence was an unbelievable discovery which caused the overflow of the timid girl's warm sympathy to those who were also timid. Thus her weakness gave her her strongest attribute as a teacher—sympathetic understanding and kindness—which resulted, of course, in perfect discipline. As a teacher she soon ranked high and her services were sought from all directions.

Ill health forced Miss Barton to resign her work as a teacher in 1854; and while on a visit in Washington, her interests were drawn into another

channel, which resulted in her decision to forsake one profession for another. She was soon appointed head clerk in the Patent Office, and as she was the first woman employee of the department, her intrusion was rudely resented by all the clerks. She was undaunted, however, in her purpose; for here she had a chance to defend the rights of others. She saw in the inventors, whom the clerks had been defrauding, a class of weak undefended people. Their very weakness made her forget her own and she so used her versatile talents that by 1857, when she was removed for alleged anti-slavery sentiments, she had thoroughly reformed the office.

In the Spring of 1861 came another great decision. One day she saw the train bring in such a number of wounded soldiers that the small Washington hospital was thrown into a panic. She was something of a nurse herself and knew where to take hold, and, seeing no better chance to serve "her country and humanity," she took hold. Within a few weeks she had made her "third lightning" change from one occupation to another. Witnessing the great amount of suffering in Washington, as the men were brought in from the front, she realized that much of this suffering could be alleviated by a nurse present on the actual field of battle. After many rebuffs, she succeeded in establishing herself beyond the army lines, and soon America was stirred with stories of the famous army nurse, the Florence Nightingale of America, who was just behind the battle line at many of the most deadly conflicts. With all this, it must be remembered that she was neither subject to any one nor had authority over anyone; she was

simply an American woman who gave expression to a passion of the highest patriotism and purest humanity. To her the stricken foe and fallen friend were alike. Both needed her care and, in so far as she could, she gave it. In such a passion lay the great promise of her service for humanity in the future.

Miss Barton's active labors did not cease with the war. Moved by a feeling of pity for the families who could not locate their loved ones, slain in the war, and led on by a desire to help others, she organized a bureau of records at Washington to aid in the search of missing men.

Her most noted work along this line was done at Andersonville, Georgia, where she spent the entire summer of 1865 marking the graves of 13,000 soldiers in the National Cemetery. Unhesitatingly she used her own funds, maintaining an office at Washington with a force of twelve men. Congress making inquiries about her work, found that she had expended no less than \$8,000 of her own money and, at the next session, appropriated \$15,000 to her work. Miss Barton, however, had not asked for this; she never desired pay for the service she rendered her country and humanity.

About this time she engaged herself with a lecture bureau and for three years lectured at different places throughout the country. From her salary received in this work she succeeded in saving about \$25,000 which she used in her later work.

In 1869, her nation at peace, her health almost spent, Clara Barton went to Europe for a rest; only to find, unexpectedly, a new phase of her life's work presenting itself. An interview with the representative from the Inter-

national Committee of the Red Cross was the beginning of it all. The Red Cross was an entirely new thing to Clara Barton and she listened with interest, heartily approving of the principles of the society. In fact, these same principles had been her own during the Civil War. The representative explained that the society had been endeavoring to get the United States to sign the Geneva Treaty, but had as yet been unsuccessful. Would she take the matter up with her government? At first she was not enthusiastic; for the Franco-German war had just broken out and she felt that her nearest duty lay at hand. As she entered into the work of the Franco-German war however, and worked with the nurses and surgeons behind the lines, she saw the splendid organization of the Red Cross societies in the field and there is little wonder that her enthusiasm grew so that she exclaimed: "If I live to return to my country, I will make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty."

Illness deferred the fulfillment of her resolution for some years. Then for five years she was forced to "hammer at the gates of legislation" in Washington, until, in 1882, President Arthur signed the treaty. An American branch of the Red Cross was established—Clara Barton very properly being made its first president, which she remained for twenty-two years.

Then, when she had her Red Cross safe and sound, a strange thing occurred. It seemed as if there was nothing to do. Suddenly it was brought forcibly to her mind that "war although the most tragic, is not, the only evil that assails humanity. Daily newspapers told of distress in some parts of the country: a river had

overflowed its valley, a fire had ravaged a forest, a cyclone had turned a city upside down, people were houseless, hungry, wounded. Why could not the Red Cross treat the scene of these disasters like a field of battle? Thus it was that Clara Barton secured an amendment to the Geneva treaty to provide for Red Cross aid in time of peace—the cleverest adjustment she ever made.

It remained now for the people of the nation to accept and understand the work of the society, in order fully to appreciate its value, and to give the society the hearty cooperation that it needed. It would seem that Nature deliberately gave Clara Barton the opportunity she craved. No sooner had the first society been organized in Dansville, New York, than a terrible forest fire swept thru Michigan; a little later a cyclone devastated a port of Louisiana; still later the Ohio River floods caused much distress. All along the way local branches of the society sprang up, which received the hearty cooperation of the citizens. Yet there was no thorough organization. Whenever possible, Clara Barton visited in person the scenes of these disasters, supplied provisions and money for all the local branches; and with her aides dispensed all benefactions. So the Red Cross continued to grow. In 1896 it even crossed the sea to Armenia and rescued thousands from starvation and disease. Its crowning work for its originator came

in 1898, at the outbreak of the war in Cuba. There, with her Red Cross nurses, Clara Barton accomplished service unparalleled up to that time. President McKinley, in his message of 1900, speaks "in terms of cordial appreciation" of the "timely and useful work of the American Red Cross . . . under the able and experienced leadership of the president of the society, Miss Clara Barton."

During the war, the Red Cross had acted as a department of the government, but with the close of the war this relation seemed no longer to exist. Clara Barton remained president; in truth she was even more—she was the Red Cross itself. Its headquarters were in her own home in Washington, and from there she received and gave out the charities of a nation. Unduly criticized for her business methods, she retired in 1904. The society was then reorganized and Secretary of War Taft made its president. So Miss Barton's "child" became the adopted child of the government. At her death in 1912, she little dreamed of the wonderful growth and development the future held in store for it.

It is hardly believable that the timid little girl on the farm would have accomplished so much almost unaided and entirely on her own initiative. Unquestionably her life was dominated by a passion such as only a sense of the highest, purest humanity can give.

Locals

CAPTAIN DAVID FALLON

"Sure it's a lucky man I am to have the privilege of addressing so lovely and beautiful a gathering," were the first words of Capt. David Fallon, of the British Army, in a recent address at the college. And sure it's a lucky audience we were to have had the privilege of hearing from the lips of this hero, seventeen times wounded in action, the things which before were known to most of us only from printed matter.

As he entered, the student body were singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," followed by "God Save the King." Capt. Fallon expressed his joy in the fact that if the Great War which has reddened Europe has done nothing else, it has strengthened the bond between the Anglo-Saxon races, so that "American children can sing the anthem of the mother country."

With characteristic Irish vigor and humor, he related his thrilling experiences in the war to an eager audience, which sighed audibly when he was forced to stop in order to fulfill an engagement elsewhere.

He spoke fondly of his own student days in Dublin, that now seemed a hundred years ago. He told of his visit to Germany, of the cold repelling atmosphere there; and he spoke with a voice full of pathos of the then fair Belgium and France, now bleeding and devastated in the wake of the Hun.

Capt. Fallon was teaching in a military school when England entered the war, and was immediately transferred to

Australia to train recruits, then on to Egypt and Gallipoli, where he declared the Turks put up a cleaner fight than the Prussians.

In vivid language he then told us of the many German atrocities he had witnessed on the western front. An aged Belgian blacksmith found with hands flattened and nailed to his anvil that he might never again shoe an enemy's horse, children bereft of their hands and tongues that they might never tell or write what their eyes had seen, a pillaged convent on whose door the fiends has crucified a white haired mother superior.

He recited one of his most thrilling experiences on the western front, when he and a pilot went over the German lines in an airship to locate their big guns. They succeeded in blowing up a large quantity of ammunition, but missed being captured only by miracle. After the escapade, when he woke up in a hospital, he decided that the reason one of the many pieces of shrapnel found in his jacket had not hit him was because the Huns didn't know "how to spell his name." In fact, he maintains that the reason he stands before us today, is because he belongs to the class of optimists, who believe that "the shell is going to the pessimist who thinks it's coming his way."

He spoke in highest praise of President Wilson, saying that they over there in England, thought him the greatest man in the world. He found us lacadaisical and indifferent to the situation, because we had not yet seen

our dead brought home, but in closing he said that if we kept on as we were going now, who knew but what the summer of 1918 would find the Stars and Stripes, the tricolor, and Union Jack flying over Berlin.

MISS RANKIN'S VISIT

February 22nd was indeed a memorable day in the history of the State Normal College. The day was in charge of the senior class and with the help of the College, Miss Jeannette Rankin was obtained as the speaker of the evening. For a long time the students had been desirous of hearing the first congresswoman and naturally Miss Rankin was very enthusiastically received. She arrived on an early morning train and was met by a committee who entertained her during the morning. A reception was held in the afternoon when not only the seniors but guests from the city met the visitor. At supper Miss Reams, president of the Student Self-Government Association welcomed Miss Rankin in the name of the Students. Miss Rankin very cordially replied, after which songs expressing the attitude of our students toward suffrage were sung.

At 8:30 Miss Rankin spoke on "Democracy in Government." She showed very graphically how her native state, Montana, was similar to our nation in its growth and development.

Miss Rankin told us that Democracy in Government would never come until every woman in the United States had awakened to her responsibility and duty as a citizen of this country of ours. When she does awaken and begin to inform herself, and to prepare herself, then shall she be entitled to her full share in matters pertaining to government.

By her grace of manner and mastery of speaking, she very successfully held the attention of her very large audience.

CORNELIANS HAVE A CURRENT TOPIC EVENING

On the evening of February 16th, 1918, the Cornelians were very delightfully entertained by a program that presented many interesting topics of today. Wearied by an unprofitable day's work, Miss Annie Lee Stafford, a very remarkable little newsboy, fell asleep and dreamed of the various newspapers and magazines he sold. Another very interesting feature of the program was a typical illustration of the need of social service and what it has accomplished. A history of the Red Cross organization, introducing many of its prominent leaders, was given in an attractive pageant form. Also several original short stories were well told. The Society was very gratified with this unusual and very original program and hope that another of its kind will soon be presented.

CORNELIANS ENTERTAINED BY SOPHOMORES

"Daddy" was presented by the Sophomores on the evening of March 3rd. It was a very interesting play, and promising dramatical ability was shown by all the characters. Miss Norma Holden, who has always appeared as a young lady in plays, gave her audience a surprise, as well as much pleasure, by playing the roll of an old lady. Miss Minerva Jenkins deserves especial mention as the hero.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Mr. Wrexson Brown.....Mary Benton
Teddy Brown.....Lucile LeRoy

Paul Chester ----- Minerva Jenkins
 Thompson ----- Ethel Boyte
 Mrs. Wrexon Brown .. Florence Miller
 Nellie Brown ----- Carson Yates
 Mrs. Chester ----- Norma Holden
 June ----- Margaret Lawrence

Adelphai -----
 Mary Gordon

This program was very much enjoyed, not only because of its beauty and appropriateness, but because of its uniqueness and variety. Songs were sung; poems, stories, and sketches read and recited; at the last, a most beautiful dance and tableau were given. Miss Green's interpretation of "The Pipes o' Pan" was perfect. A feature of considerable interest was "Breath of Spring," the words of which had been written by Miss Louise Goodwin a former student, and the music of which had been composed by Professor Scott-Hunter. Miss Florine Rawlins sang this song very beautifully. Six of our most graceful girls clad in violet-colored costumes gave a very ethereal, flower-like dance to the tune of "Come and Search for Violets." The entire program breathed forth the atmosphere of Spring and the perfume of violets.

MAGAZINE NIGHT WITH THE ADELPHIANS

"The first sweet violets of early spring," formed the key-note of the Adelphian program of February 16, which is as follows:

*Magazine Night—Adelphian Society
 February 16th, 1918*

I.

VIOLETS

Violets ----- *Isaac Erwin Avery*
 Thelma Dellinger
 Come and Search for Violets -----
 Glee Club

II.

ADELPHAI'S VIOLETS OF THE PAST
 Hope ----- *Eleanor Watson*
 Mary Gordon
 Pipes o' Pan ----- *Louise W. Goodwin*
 Pauline Greene
 Breath o' Spring .. *Louise W Goodwin*
 Florine Rawlins

III.

ADELPHAI'S VIOLETS OF THE PRESENT
 The Weavers ----- *Nelle Bardin*
 Nelle Bardin
 Victory ----- *Pearl Southerland*
 Pearl Southerland
 Bob White ----- *Winnie Leach*
 Reid Parker
 Reverie ----- *Verla Williams*
 Verla Williams

IV.

ADELPHAI'S VIOLETS OF THE FUTURE
 Come and Search for Violets -----
 Evelyn Shipley, Lois Lytle, Rebecca
 Symmes, Natalie Coffey

ADELPHIANS PRESENT CINDERELLA

"Cinderella," that old favorite of childhood, was ably dramatized and presented by the Adelphian Literary Society, on the evening of March 3rd. All of the pleasing little details of the story, were shown; good acting and appropriate costumes added much to the general effect of the play. Miss Theresa Williams was especially good as the fairy god-mother. She entered as a poor old woman clad in black, but on throwing off her black cape, she transformed herself into a beautiful fairy, capable of turning by her charm pumpkins into coaches and rats into horses. Miss Pauline Green, as Cinderella, was most charming in her plain dress, as well as in her splendid ball costume. Lula Martin McIver, as

the prince, charmingly and splendidly played the part of a dashing young prince. The cast for this very enjoyable and well-interpreted and well played story was as follows:

Cinderella.....Pauline Greene
 Prince Charming...Lula MartinMelver
 Fairy Godmother...Theresa Williams
 Step-mother.....Ellen Marsh
 Clornida.....Mabel Smith
 GriseldeMary Winn Abernathy
 Herald.....Rebecca Cushing
 King.....Naomi Neal
 Queen.....Lizzie Dalton
 Lords, Ladies, Attendants.

Y. W. C. A.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

On Wednesday night, March sixth, the Young Woman's Christian Association held its election of Officers for the coming year. The following officers were elected: President, Lucy Crisp; Vice-President, Marjorie Craig; Annual Member, Camille Campbell; Secretary, Isabel Audrey; Treasurer, Ruby Sisk. Those of us who have given thought and time to the work of the Young Women's Christian Association in our College feel that the prospect for the coming year under the leadership of our new officers and their cabinet is most promising. We feel that now, as never before, the Young Women's Christian Association has a big challenge to meet,—that of becoming a moving, stirring force in the life of every one in College. This is the goal toward which we have been working this year, and we feel that what we have failed in will be accomplished next year and in the years to come.

And so we would offer to our new officers and cabinet our sincerest, most earnest wishes for a great year, and

great things—for the opportunities are big.

DR. CLARENCE USSHER

On Monday evening, February eighteenth, the Young Woman's Christian Association was most fortunate in hearing a message from Dr. Clarence Ussher. For many years Dr. Ussher has given of his thought, time and energy, as a medical missionary in Van and other parts of Turkey.

Dr. Ussher remained in Turkey during the first year of the war, and was therefore able to picture in an intimate and personal way the almost unthinkable suffering, hardships and needs of the Armenians. Dr. Ussher's graphic representation of life in Turkey, together with his wonderful, drawing personality moved the heart of his every listener to deeper, more serious thought.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE

The North Carolina Student Volunteer Union, a unit of the National Volunteer Movement, held its annual meeting at Elon College, March 8-10.

Never did a more thoughtful and serious crowd of students gather together than those who came to Elon. Happy faces and genial smiles were seen everywhere, but each delegate felt that the hour had come for the college men and women of America to rise to action at the clarion call for Service.

Many things, we are sure, contributed to the success of this meeting, but we would place first, the environment. Elon College is noted for its home-like, spiritual atmosphere, and this is not a false claim. Each student left with the feeling that it was good for

us to have been there. Mr. Hodges, president of the North Carolina Union, was another vital factor in the wonderful results realized. He came before the audience on the first afternoon with a message from the heart, urging us to self-examination, trust in God, and real service.

Saturday morning was devoted to business, at which time the reports from the different bands were given. Then a lively round table discussion of College problems took place. All went out from the meeting with a deeper sense of the needs of our colleges. Strength was given to our convictions and hope for future advancement thru the advice and encouragement of Dr. Lovell Murray.

From this time our vision was enlarged. With such able leaders as Miss Dorothy Mills, Drs. Ussher, Bradley, Atkinson, Weatherford, Murray, Wilson and Wood, we obtained a panoramic view of the needs in non-Christian lands, and realized that this was the time for the establishment of Christian Principles of Democracy.

Feeling sure that some had come to the Conference for the purpose of finding their life work, four Volunteers told what it had meant to them to have a definite purpose in life.

We knew that efforts had not been in vain when more than sixteen delegates dedicated their lives to service in foreign fields.



Exchange Department

The *Concept* for February opens with the poem, *Camouflage*, which has real beauty of thought and form. The poem, *A Poet*, is delicate in fancy and expression, a really delightful little gem. Those two poems set a much higher standard than is reached by the remaining contributions in this issue. The stories are very amateurish and fall largely into two classes; girlish boarding school adventures, weak in motivation, and patently moral in conclusion, and hackneyed patriotic tales in which the characters seem senseless automatons. Taken all in all, there is a serious lack of character portrayed and real thought and feeling.

There is a marked similiarity in the subject matter in the different articles in the February number of the *Trinity Archive*, seven of them being either Southern or local. "Lady Fingers at River Side Inn" is based on a joke that is long since threadbare, and "A Vic-

tim of Temptation" in the Alumni Department is decidedly too amateurish and melodramatic for a college magazine. There is, however, good material to balance this. "Religious and Educational Training of the Slaves" gives evidence of extensive compilation, but is rather long and statistical. In "The Legend of Money Island" the writer succeeds in creating just the right atmosphere, and in preserving local tradition. "Lusitania" is one of the few articles dealing with world-interests. The intensity of its underlying feeling, the picturesqueness and the invective against injustice, rings with genuine power.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following publications,—*Woman's College Journal*, *The College Message*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Concept*, *The Pine and Thistle*, *The Wellesley College Magazine*, *The Princess*, *The Taller*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Focus* and *The Wesleyan*.





B. H. "I have been having such an exciting time playing *solitaire*."

P. F. "Who've you been playing with?"

Freshman: "Why do they call the Main Building the *Admiration Building*?"

Note to Dick's Shoe Shop: "Dearest Dick—I am sending my shoes down by the delivery wagon which needs half-soling."

Passed the Censor; "Dearest, I am sorry I can't tell you where I am because I am not allowed to say. But I venture to state that I am not where I was, but where I was before I left here to go where I have just come from."

Freshman (listening to a discussion about quarantine): "My, but I hope we won't be train guaranteed again!"

Freshman: "Is this puffed *rice* made of *wheat*?"

They say sound travels at the rate of 400 yards per second—but there are exceptions—

1. Scandals 1000 yards per second.
2. Flattery 500 yards per second.
3. Truth $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards per second.

4. An alarm clock barely 1 ft. per second.

Smile

Oh! what's the use to worry,
 And get all in a flurry,
 Because you have to hurry,
 From Guilford Hall to Curry?
 Just stop on the way and smile.
 Don't consider life a trial.
 Be happy all the while,
 And smile, smile, smile.

Elma Farabow,

'20 Adelphian.

Think three times before you decide which member of our faculty walks like a—

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Mongoos? | Horse? |
| Duck? | Seal? |
| Squab? | Pig? |
| Bantam Rooster? | Cat? |
| Robin? | Cow? |
| Peacock? | Billy Goat? |
| Turkey? | Giraffe? |
| Fat Hen? | Kangaroo? |
| Pouter-Pigeon? | Santa Claus? |
| Crane? | Pall-bearer? |
| Goose? | Ghost? |
| Little Biddy? | Monk? |
| Hound Dog? | "Sammy"? |
| Bull Dog? | Baby? |
| Fice Dog? | Little Boy? |
| | Goddess? |

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

ORGANIZATIONS

THE STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Lucile Reams.....	President	Lucy Crisp.....	Secretary
Victoria Mial.....	Vice-President	Rouss Hayes.....	Treasurer

MARSHALS

Chief—Dorothy Phelps, Sumter, S. C.

Cornelian

Margaret H. George.....	Alleghany County
Sue Ramsey Johnston.....	Gaston County
Margaret McIver.....	Moore County
Katherine Phillips.....	Edgecombe County
Edith Russell.....	Wake County

Adelphian

Eleanor Robertson.....	Robeson County
Susie Brady.....	Mecklenburg County
Laura Linn Wiley.....	Rowan County
Mary Wooten.....	Edgecombe County
Arnette Hathaway.....	Perquimans County

LITERARY SOCIETIES

ADELPHIAN AND CORNELIAN SOCIETIES—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Mildred Ellis.....	President	Mary E. Walker.....	Treasurer
Winnie Leach.....	Vice-President	Frances Walker.....	Critic
Annie Bell Harrington.....	Secretary	Laura Linn Wiley.....	Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Macy Parham.....	President	Bessie Boyd.....	Treasurer
Jennie Kirkpatrick.....	Vice-President	Ruby Sisk.....	Critic
Margaret Harris.....	Secretary	Bessie Stacy.....	Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Nelle Bardin.....	President	Ethel Boyte.....	Treasurer
LaRue McGlohon.....	Vice-President	Natalie Coffey.....	Critic
Sybil Barrington.....	Secretary	Henrietta Alston.....	Cheer Leader

Freshman Class

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