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VOL. I.

GREENSBORO, N. C., DECEMBER, 1897.

NO. 3.

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## A SCHOOL JOURNEY WITH A CLASS FROM DR. REIN'S PRACTICE SCHOOL.

P. P. CLAXTON.

One of the most interesting features of the German schools is the many outings made by teachers and pupils for the purpose of studying the surrounding country, and gaining by direct observation material for future lessons in the school room. These outings are of two kinds; short excursions in school hours and on the afternoons of half-holidays—Wednesdays and Saturdays—and the longer excursions at Easter, Whitsuntide and other holiday seasons, and in the short summer vacations. The short excursions, from one to five hours, have each a definite purpose, fully explained in previous lessons. They form no unimportant part of the weekly program, and are so arranged that at the end of the eight compulsory school years

the child has seen and studied in all its phases the country immediately surrounding its home.

The longer excursions, not less systematically arranged, sometimes extend over hundreds of miles, and occupy a week or more. A description of one of these will show the nature of all, and illustrate some important features of German teaching.

When I arrived in Jena, in May 1896, I found the second class in Dr. Rein's practice school preparing for a Whitsuntide excursion across the Thuringian forests to the Rhoen mountains and the sources of the Fulda river, and was invited to join the party. This class of eleven boys, nine to ten years old, had, the preceding summer, made an excursion through the Hartz mountains and the region of the Brocken.

For weeks, daily talks had been made by Principal Lehmensick and others, preparing the minds of the children for this excursion. The places to be visited and the routes of travel were located on a large wall map. The children told what they already knew of this part of the country comparing it with other parts previously visited. Certain topics of surface, soil, climate, products, mines, occupations of the people, their conditions and manner of living, roads, public buildings and grounds, ruins, etc., were fixed upon for study and the best means of investigation discussed. The boys were aglow with anticipation and eager for the trip.

May 27, at six o'clock, the party, eleven boys and twelve teachers, leave Jena on the Weimar train. Of the teachers, three are masters in the practice school, three are from England, three from America, one from Bulgaria, and two are German students. Each boy carries, strapped across his shoulders, a large military-looking pack, which, in true military style, he will not lay aside except when we stop for meals or for the night. We are to be out full five days, and most of the time these boys will march, in single or double file, over the fields, through dense mountain forests of beech or pine, or along the broad highways, keeping time to the music of "In the Fresh Green Woods," "The Lovely May," "The German Father-land," "The Watch on the Rhein" and other favorite songs, sung over and over again many times by children and teachers. All Germans sing, and they sing on all occasions.

Our first stop is an hour at Weimar. The boys march over a beautiful, shaded street to the large square on which stands the museum. They notice the elegant houses and well kept gardens. One of the finest of the buildings, they are delighted to find, is a public school. In the museum square, they point out with great accuracy

the changes made since they were here a year ago. Having begun to dig into the gravelled walk with his cane, a boy is sharply reproved by Mr. Lehmensick, who reminds him that a poor laboring man must repair the damage—what if that man were the boy's father? German people soon learn to respect public property and the property of others. Near the station the boys inspect a monument to the Weimar soldiers who took part in the war of 1870-71. They read the patriotic legends and study the fine grouping of figures. Standing on the broad terrace before the fine stone front of the railway station and looking out over the well-paved streets and carefully kept lawns and flower-beds, the boys are told this entrance to the city is like the reception hall in a home, by which one may know the tastes of the people. I thought of the station at Greensboro and in many another American town.

Our next stop is at New Dietendorf, a Moravian village with many features like those of our own Salem. We visit the cemetery with its simple grave stones so tastefully uniform in style. In the church, the boys sing to the accompaniment of the organ and bow their heads while Principal Lehmensick prays that God, who created the mountains and directs the winds, may direct and protect us on this journey. The German teacher misses no opportunity to give a religious lesson. From the church we go to the cinnabar works. Making cinnabar is the chief industry of the place. The men, in bright vermilion from head to foot as a miller is covered with the dust of his mill, come to the doors and windows to let us see them and to answer our questions about the manufacture and uses of cinnabar, and especially our questions about the unhealthfulness of the trade.

From New Dietendorf we go, again by rail, across a low range of mountains, through a long tunnel and down a rapid little stream in the Thuringian forest. Many interesting bits of scenery and a number of old castles are discovered, and the boys are busy with eye and tongue. At Saltzburg, across the Bavarian border, we climb the high Saltzburg hill, to the ruins of an old castle where the Saxon chief Wittekind submitted to Charlemagne. Standing in its courts, the children are told the story of the surrender. They are also told how the Monks got possession of the castle when, about the year 1,000, princes were mortgaging their estates to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem, there to await the end of the world and the coming of the Lord. We go through the ruins searching out the various halls and examining the different styles of architecture of the parts built at different periods. Standing in the old festal hall, the boys sing a familiar song of walls in ruin, silent halls, and flying clouds.

Returning by some salt springs and baths, we pass through the town of Neustadt, visiting the house in which Luther's mother was born. On the top of the chimney of a house near it is a stork on its nest—a new sight for the boys. This being their first Catholic town, the boys note especially the large number of crucifixes, and statues and pictures of the virgin on the walls of the houses and at the street crossings. They are asked to take off their hats in the presence of the principal of these, and told they should always respect the feelings of those of a different faith. We also examine a portion of the old wall of the town.

From Saltzburg by narrow-gauge road to Bischofsheim, a mountain town, old and poor and dirty. After marching and singing through the streets till dark, we put up at a little inn and get our supper, including a liberal allowance of Bavarian beer. After supper we go for another march through the streets, stopping to listen to the musical splashing of a fountain of clear, cold water from the hills, and to admire the loveliness of the mountains, bathed in a gentle mist, shot through with the soft light of the moon. Of course the boys sing again an appropriate song.

The boys sleep on straw at the inn, the teachers on beds—as will be done each night of the journey.

After an early breakfast we tramp up the mountains to a brown-coal mine, and see the miners at work. In the mine we gather specimens of the lignite, in all stages of development from the scarcely changed logs of wood to true bituminous coal. The formation of coal is explained, and this coal is compared with that used in the boys' homes. The miners are questioned as to their daily wages, which the children compare with the wages of their fathers in Jena. Near the coal mine we go through the long underground galleries of a mine from which is taken the black-earth used in making shoe-polish. On the way back to Bischofsheim, we come upon a stone-quarry, and see a crusher at work, crushing and assorting stone for the roads. A lesson is given on the stones most useful for this purpose. The boys are also much interested in the swinging cars which carry the crushed stone, high in the air, to the railroad a mile away. A similar arrangement of cars suspended on an endless rope has been seen near Jena. Next we visit a wood-carving school, and see the work of the pupils. The boys are permitted to buy small pieces as mementoes and for presents to their parents or friends.

After dinner at Bischofsheim, we tramp across the mountains, through magnificent beech forests, all planted and cared for by the state, to Kreuzfeld, on a mountain plateau, where "it is winter nine months in the year and cold the remain-

ing three." The temperature is many degrees lower than it was on the plain below. The night is spent in the large stone-built hospice kept by German Catholic Monks, who wear the costume of the monks of Luther's day. We eat in the large bare refectory, and are served beer brewed by the monks in their own cellars. After early mass next morning one of the monks shows us, with much pride, a beer-barrel holding 300 gallons. The four ladies of our party are not allowed to enter the hospice, and are cared for in an inn near by.

On top of the mountain just in front of the hospice stands a group of three gigantic crosses, the central one seventy feet high. These serve as a beacon to the country around, and give its name to the mountain. We visit these crosses, and climb the neighboring watch-tower for an extensive view of the country in every direction. We pass the seven stations to the cross, arranged along the side of the hill, and stop before a statue of St. Killian, the patron saint of the hospice. The children are told his story, and the story of the founding of the hospice.

From the hospice a rapid march of ten miles brings us to Schmalnau, where we arrive just in time for the train going to Fulda. On the march the boys give attention to the different kinds of forests planted on different parts of the mountains and on different soils. The long winding line of stones marking the boundary between Prussia and Bavaria is pointed out. We stop to see some road-making, and note the poverty of all this mountain region. Men, women and children are at work on the road, the women breaking stones and carrying them in great baskets strapped on their backs. All appear half-fed, are poorly clothed and wear wooden-shoes. The boys also note the opposite direction of the streams after crossing the divide at Kreuzfeld.

In Fulda we climb 120 feet to the top of a church tower, for a general view of town and country. We walk around the walls of a splendid new convent, and see the many crucifixes, virgins, saints and martyrs. We enter the new cathedral, modeled after St. Peter's at Rome, and see its statues of the twelve apostles and its rich crypt. Near the old abbey in the center of the town, we read the legends on the pedestal of the statue of St. Boniface, "St. Bonifacius Germanorum Apostolus," and "Verbum Domini Manet in Aeternum," and the boys listen to the story of St. Boniface (the English Winfried), the founding of the abbey in the eighth century, and the conversion of the Germans to Christianity.

On the fourth day we go by train over a winding road to Bebra, passing the famous Biberstein castle. From Bebra we climb to the top of the Milseberg, one of

the highest of a large group of "Kuppen," or cup-shaped mountains spread over this part of the country, each rising alone from the level of the plateau. The entire day is given to a study of this mountain and others like it. We note the coarse, black soil, formed from the igneous rock which constitutes the core of all these peaks, the splitting of the rock by the weather and the roots of the trees, the great heaps of debris at the foot of the high cliffs, the winding valleys between the peaks, the forests crowning all these "Kuppen" and the reasons for planting them here, and much else of the same kind. On top of the Milseberg is a small chapel, with an out-door pulpit, to which the people around make pilgrimages at certain times. These pilgrimages are described, and the religious reasons for making them. We visit a hermitage, situated on an outlying spur of the mountain, and the boys listen to a story of the hermits of the early centuries.

Late in the evening we reach the miserable little village of Abtsroda and spend the night in a dirty little inn. On Sunday morning we ascend the Great Watercup (Grosse Wasserkuppe) and find, in some marshes and small springs, the sources of the Fulda. From the top of this mountain one may count forty or more towns and villages.

About ten, we reach Waestensachsen, where we remain some hours to see a religious procession. The people, dressed in their quaint peasant costumes, are gathered from the neighboring villages. The streets are strewn with flowers. At the ringing of the bells, the Christ and the Virgin are brought forth from the church, borne by men and by maidens clad in white. Preceded by a band of music, priests and officers of the church and followed by the people, the pilgrimage is made through the town and back to the church. At frequent intervals the procession halts before a temporary shrine, while the priest chants a mass and blesses the fields. I need not tell you our boys follow the procession and see what is to be seen.

When the procession is over, we visit a small Synagogue and set out across the fields to the extensive Black and Red moors. Gathering some heather on the edge of one of these, we go on to Frankenstein, "the poorest village in Germany." Here the houses have thatch roofs, the grass growing green on top of some of them; and many are without chimneys. We see the smoke issuing through doors from fires built in the middle of the dirt floors.

On Monday we walk many miles across the mountains, catching distinct views of many places already visited, and passing the boundaries of two or three states. At one place we see great bales of cork, shipped here to be made into corks for



beer bottles; at another we see a pipe factory; at still another toys are made by the poor people for a neighboring factory. About noon we take the train for Jena. At Salzingen, a health resort where there are salt baths, we eat our lunch on the veranda of a large, fashionable hotel. At Eisenach we march to the Luther monument in the great square, and get a glimpse of the Wartburg, where Luther was concealed after the Diet of Worms and where he translated the Bible. At ten o'clock we are again in Jena, where we are met by the parents and friends of our boys and by other boys of the Practice School. Some of these last have remained at home to meet and entertain a class of boys from another town whom they had visited the year before, and who are now repaying the visit as they make an excursion through this part of the country, probably walking over the Jena battle field.

This is, after all, but a meager account of this journey. But enough has been set down to show the nature of the excursion and help you to form some estimate of the wealth of material gained for future lessons in the school room. Remember that a class of children accomplishes a dozen or more of these longer journeys and scores of the shorter excursions while in the elementary schools, and you may then form some estimate of their educational value in giving a real knowledge of the country and in preventing much of the teaching from degenerating into mere word memory.



#### A CRITICAL AND INTERPRETATIVE STUDY OF MAUD MULLER.

MATTIE LOU BOLTON.

This poem is written in rhyming couplets of iambic tetrameter. It is something of a metrical romance and is indirectly a didactic pastoral. In it Whittier chooses exquisitely simple words, and their arrangement is easy, natural and harmonious. The general aim of the poem seems to be to express in unassuming language those feelings of discontent and yearning for the unattainable common to all mankind, and to show how little youthful aspirations affect the course of later life. In the poet's successful interpretation of these sentiments, lies the true secret of "Maud Muller's" popularity, though were the words robbed of their meaning they would still have all the charm of melodious music.

One of the most attractive features of the poem is the perfection of its pen-

pictures. That of a summer day in the country is unrivalled. Blushing modesty and admiring interest are painted with consummate skill. Maud's "chateau en espagne" is a graphic delineation of a rustic's conception of life in elevated stations; in that of the judge we see no less perfectly portrayed the philosopher's idea of rural felicity. Vividly contrasted with these two imaginary prospects are views of real life in each station. In these pictures as well as in his character analysis, Whittier shows rare ability to distinguish appearance from reality.

The Maud of this poem is a type of rustic youth, simplicity and innocence. Aroused by the stirrings of inherent discontent—as sooner or later happens to every normal nature—romantic aspirations awaken. All day dreams are but echoes of the heart's hopes. Whittier therefore pays a grand tribute to untaught maidenhood such as Maud typifies by making her dreams so sweetly unselfish. Therein speaks the purity of her unsophisticated soul.

The judge symbolizes the self-grossed man of the world, learned, famous, money-loving. Again, in his altogether dissimilar nature speaks out the universally discontented disposition of humanity. Even in such world-hardened hearts as his the corpse of dead Romance may be galvanized, but Reason will ultimately resume her sway, and intellect will dominate heart. In the state of illiterate innocence, surroundings constitute the compelling force, so Maud fulfils her destiny; in positions of social and intellectual eminence, public opinion is the ruling power as exemplified in the course pursued by the judge. Belong we to what caste we may, sometime in life a Juggernaut will roll by beneath whose car will be crushed our life's sweetest hopes.

Like Whittier's Maud, many women bear with brave resignation the burdens which fate has laid upon them. Maud only sighs "It might have been." Alas! how many of these silent tragedies are being enacted around us daily.

Men rarely bow uncomplainingly beneath even their self-imposed loads, so the judge gives voice to man's innate rebellion against any form of suffering in the cry "Ah, that I were free again!" This strikingly illustrates one phase of difference between man's nature and that of woman.

Youth is ever—as on this "summers day"—looking to the future; age is retrospective and in its retrospect always finds something to regret. Life is full of blissful visions with melancholy and oftentimes tragic terminations. The meaning of these broken purposes we shall understand in the hereafter for in order to mingle some elements of hopefulness with the sadness resulting from a study of the preced-

ing stanzas, Whittier adds the last two which are replete with christian consideration:

“Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes,  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!”

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### A VISIT TO GIBRALTAR.

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Nine days of tolerably smooth sailing brought us in sight of the Spanish coast, and by ten that evening we had dropped anchor and were waiting impatiently to leave the steamer. The rock towered high above us with here and there a tiny light twinkling from its face, while the base, wreathed in many circles of brilliant lights, looked so gay after our nights of total darkness that we were doubly anxious to set foot in this famous fortress. The town of Gibraltar is walled and the gates closed at sunset but word having been telegraphed from the Light House we passed early in the day, we were allowed to disembark. It is far from pleasant to get into a small boat for such a short row, but there is no quay and it must be done if you go ashore, and since it furnishes employment to a large number of men whom the English are loth to throw out of work, lest it should make more active enemies of their Spanish neighbors.

Having finally left the small boat, we suffered a very superficial examination of our baggage for fire arms, cigars, and tobacco, were registered and given tickets of admission to the city, closely scrutinized as we passed over a foot bridge leading to the gate, which opened in response to a signal from the guard, and we found ourselves walking through a long covered passage ending in a brightly lighted square with barracks on two sides. A swarm of porters surrounded us and some even followed us to the hotel, and wanted fees for having done nothing in the world but bother us. As for the men who claimed to have rendered us invaluable assistance there seemed to be no end, and by the time we had possession of our grips and had been freed from the crowd there wasn't a centimo left in the party to pay the man who actually took the bags to our rooms, so he had to come next day after we had converted some of our paper into the coin of the land.

Such a queer little hotel, with a court in which a few palms languished beside a

fountain long since gone dry! and sleepy men roused up enough to glance at the new comers! The only enthusiast outside our party was a big yellow cat that made love to my fur cape, then as suddenly began fighting it in dead earnest and finally disappeared up stairs spitting furiously. We followed, and were shown to our rooms with the inevitable single beds, two tables, a sofa and enough other furniture to completely obstruct traffic, made a hasty toilette, cheered by the gleam of two wax candles—we learned later to provide our own unless we were to make a prolonged stay, for, like soap, candles are always extra, and if they have once been lighted you pay for the whole at the rate of fifteen centimos apiece. We had been given a regular banquet before leaving the steamer, but voted that a cup of coffee in a Spanish cafe' wouldn't be bad, and it seems that this was the general impression among our fellow passengers, for before we left they were all there. The place was crowded and not over clean; beverages were by no means limited to coffee, nearly every one smoked. There was good music by a mandolin club, native dances remarkable for vigor rather than grace, were given by Spanish girls, and on the whole we felt repaid for going.

Close to our table sat three Moors, most picturesquely arrayed in flowing garments and bent upon inducing us to take a trip across to Tangier under their guidance, and until we had been fairly taken in charge by Cook's agent in that city some days later, these three men simply shadowed us.

Breakfast is served at any time you like and is very simple—merely rolls and coffee with goat's milk, on tables arranged with an eye to absolute symmetry. We were just remarking this feature when from up the street came the sound of bagpipes, and being wild enthusiasts, we were ready to leave breakfast or anything for some new sight and the Highlanders fully repaid us for our trouble, as they came with their free swinging step, and air of conscious pride gay in their ribboned caps tipped perilously over one ear, jackets, plaid kilts, short stockings, and heavy shoes. They were gone before we had half finished looking at them. There were so many things going on, and everything and everybody was so different from anything we had ever seen, that we grudgingly left the window, finished our cold coffee and declared time to start sight-seeing in earnest.

I have been glad that Gibraltar was the first European city I saw—it is such a cosmopolitan place that it is in its way as good as an outline study of England and Spain, and with a bit of Morocco thrown in. The streets are narrow, and the side-walks narrow, so narrow that one uses the middle of the road when he expects to go anywhere in a hurry, even there, obstructions, in form of the overloaded

donkey, occur. It is a sort of go-as-you-please arrangement of streets and as they near "The Rock" there is nothing to do but cut stairs; up and down these the donkeys go, balancing their loads of fire-wood, vegetables or wine-casks with as much ease and grace, shall I say, certainly with as much independence as on the lower roads, and sad is your fate if you fail to give them "elbow room." Flocks of turkeys guided by men with long slender wands are driven from door to door, and the bargaining is long and animated when one is sold; chickens tied together two and two wander about the street and pick up a living, or a fight as the case may be. Flocks of goats tended by men and boys jingle their neck-bells as they trot along. Their milk is served fresh and in just such quantities as you wish, the flock comes to your door and the milking is done under your personal supervision, the milkman crouching behind the animal meanwhile. How in the world the goats ever pick up a living is a question, there is so little vegetation.

The houses are plain, square, closely-shuttered, gray buildings as they face the streets, but in the outskirts, they are relieved by verandas and set back in high walled gardens. There is so little but rock in Gibraltar that the gardens, earth and all, have actually to be imported from Spain, and one wonders how it is possible for trees to grow at all in such shallow ground. Cacti flourish but they are particularly suited to endure drought and scant food. Wonders have been accomplished in the Alameda, a really beautiful park, the fashionable afternoon promenade, where trees and shrubs and green grass make one almost forget the terrible desolation of the great wall of rock, which even here can be seen towering over all. You wonder at the tales of its network of secret passages, for it looks solid; yet they say that by pressing one little electric button the Governor of Gibraltar can blow up the fortifications, the rock, the town, and every thing in the harbor—such is the perfection of the British system. Only subjects of Her Majesty are allowed to visit more than the two lower galleries of the fortifications, even they may not now go to the higher parts, where extensive work is now in progress, and no one may, unless he (or his ancestor next removed) is a loyal subject, use a camera within the walls of the city; but I didn't know that until later else could have made better use of my time, as it is, I have merely six uncharacteristic street scenes secured the first morning, before we had done more than visit the fair—which is merely a big market in an open square, where cheap cotton and wool stuffs are put in any convenient place on the ground and you step round, over or on them as the case may be, while making purchases of gay cotton hander-

chiefs; red paper fans you can buy up near the wall where a few enterprising salesmen have varied the general line of goods. Crackers were a luxury after the light breakfast and we made a raid on a stand near by, filled our pockets, and started to the other side of the square to look at some remarkable articles of souvenir stamp, when a most picturesque young Moor with brown robe, and fez of red caught my eye. My camera registered six and I started boldly to get a picture but the boy gave me no end of trouble, and kept dodging until a guard noticed what was going on but he waited until I secured the picture, then took me in charge, camera and all, and instructed me in the law of the land. Now the father of one member of the party was born British, though long since a naturalized citizen of United States, so we posted off to all kinds of bureaus, and while we were assured that permission would surely be forthcoming, all we made out of it was to get a glimpse of a little of the red tape of the Service and to see the interior of some very interesting offices. We were received in a most impressive manner, a guard delegated a specially elegant Highlander to conduct us about, and that elegant, free, swinging gait of his allowed us scant time to take in architectural details, but we did see the little well-tended gardens filling the open courts, and once managed to lag behind long enough to look at some special cartoons under a long archway. By the time we had been to four offices and had not yet found the right one we began to feel as if we belonged to the class of people constantly urged to "move on", though nothing could have pleased us more than to do so and give up the whole search, but finally coming to the proper place received promise of a permit for photographing. This was all we ever did get. The afternoon was taken up with a trip to the fortifications. It was a sight to make the society with a long name rise up in a body, when four tourists and the driver started off in a queer little surry drawn by one horse. To our credit be it said that on the up-hill parts of the road some or all of us walked—'tis such a luxury to have a feeling of proprietorship in a vehicle and makes it much easier to walk. At the guard-house we were relieved of all superfluous articles, again registered and taken in charge by one of the soldiers, who, much to our disappointment had on a black, instead of a red coat. It is a climb to the beginning of the first gallery, up a steep winding path, with a wall to keep you from falling down into the town in case you make a false step; little shrubs have gained a hold in the crevices of the rock and quantities of sweet alyssum blooms. The outlook is beautiful; a bit of the town way down under your feet, here ships at anchor, there the Spanish coast with the town of Algeceras looking from this distance

very clean and white in the sunlight. On one of the low hills is a little old Spanish tower, called Queen Anne's Seat. The story goes that as long ago as the days when the possession of Gibraltar was in active dispute between Spain and England, Queen Anne went to that tower to watch the progress of events, and vowed that she would never come down from there until the Spanish forces had driven out the English. "She had to come down, though," as our guide remarked with a little justifiable pride.

The gates closing the entrance to the first passage seemed ridiculously inadequate as barriers, but the strong guard probably renders them unnecessary. The galleries are broad, high vaulted ways cut in solid rock and lighted by windows cut through to its face; here and there a chamber is excavated, and at regular intervals stores of ammunition and food are placed. Much of the way is very steep, often there are turns, and big staples on the inner wall show how stores and cannon are hauled up the incline. There is besides the question of food, that of securing a good supply of water in case of siege. This is provided for by a law requiring every house-holder to keep a cistern of certain capacity constantly filled with drinking water.

While it is true that we passed very many cannon in position at the loop holes, the guide told us that only eight were regarded as occupying anything like important points, and that a single one which we finally reached was practically in control of every approach from that side of the rock, whether by land or water. The picture from this point was most brilliant in its vivid blues; from the base of the rock stretched a narrow isthmus, where in the foreground a couple of cemeteries, bare and crowded, are jostled by a well-kept race track; beyond here a strip called Neutral Ground, patrolled on one side by the punctilious, red-coated Thomas Atkinson, while the other line, some three hundred feet beyond, is in charge of the picturesque Spanish soldier wrapped in a most becoming cloak, and making and smoking cigarettes the whole day through. Beyond is Spain. Near the shore a rolling country with sparse vegetation, and a warm purple-green look to the hard soil, here and there a little group of flat-roofed, white-washed houses, in one town in one place built around the big arena where bull-fights are held of a Sunday; back of the hills rise the sharp peaks of snow-capped mountains, looking all the whiter for the intense blue of the sky and water. One could well realize the vast possibilities of romance and tragedy in a country like this, and building castles in Spain seemed the most natural thing to do, but we had promised ourselves a nearer view, the

idea of driving over into Spain having quite taken our fancy; so, retracing our steps and having shown our guide a substantial appreciation of his services, we resented ourselves in the little surry and, conscious that it was all down hill and that there was a brake, devoted ourselves to close observation. Once outside the city gates we joined a long line of people, mostly laborers, going home for the night, and it was all very well as long as we were in British territory; the minute we had crossed the Neutral Ground swarms of beggars came from every direction; poor, wretched, blind, deformed children, crippled old men and women; I never before nor since have seen such concentrated misery. The next thing was a glimpse of the last recruits for the Cuban army—mere boys—training under officers who do not spare the rod; it was too much, and we ordered the driver back to town. Besides the relief from all this misery it was a relief to get once more on a British highway, the one across the line being unspeakably bad. We were stopped for customs inspection and had a chance to watch the close search for tobacco and cigarettes made in all packages the peasants carried. The very dogs are searched, for it often happens that bundles of tobacco are fastened under their bodies and they are hurried across the border by their owners. Suddenly our driver whipped up his horse, it seemed that he must have gone mad because he was hired by the hour, but the sound of the sunset gun just after we passed through the gate explained matters, and we realized the luxury of almost having had an adventure.

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### KATHRYN CLEMENS' THANKSGIVING.

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#### I.

Thanksgiving and holiday! Magic sends to any school-girl imagination, but doubly so to those who were in Kathryn Clemens' room that afternoon.

There were six of them. "The Heavenly Six" they called themselves, with the school-girl facility for following the law of opposites. They had been down in Virginia Heath's room deciding how best to spend the afternoon.

It was Elsie who first suggested the plan. "A trick on the new girls, of course, it always is," she had remarked thoughtfully. Then, with a brightening up of sudden inspiration, she unfolded her impromptu plan.



"It is not quite what we have always done." She wound up with a satisfied air after a long whispered consultation interrupted by much laughter.

"Do you think it quite kind?" Miriam had ventured to remark, but she had been promptly requested to "come off the perch."

Virginia summed up characteristically, "If you don't like it, Miriam, you need not come." But Miriam's scruples could not carry her so far, and the upshot of the matter was that the whole party had left the room and gathered before a door at the end of the hall.

"I suppose she'll be awfully fresh," remarked Dorothy. "Suppose she cuts us up the way that little red-headed freshman did? She's awfully bright. This is her first year and she's a Senior! There are enough here to settle her if she tries it," and Molly knocked long and loudly.

A slim black-robed figure met them at the door.

"Does Miss Clemens live here?" Annie asked, rather confused at the beauty of the face before her.

"I am Miss Clemens," Kathryn responded, with perhaps a slightly surprised look as she surveyed the number of girls before her.

"Then we are the Heavenly Six, and we have come to see you; you can learn our names afterwards," and Elsie put out her hand with the winning smile, which so many people found irresistible.

Kathryn responded, with one as frank: "I am doubly glad to see you, for my room-mates are out, and I was beginning to feel lonely." She remarked as the girls settled on bed, chairs and table.

"We are paying quite a round of visits this afternoon," Dorothy remarked. "We always take this day to become acquainted with the new girls."

"We always make them tell us a Thanksgiving story," Elsie broke in, suspecting that the stranger was far more at her ease than they intended she should be, but neglecting to tell her that the story was a new feature of the so-called "stuffing process."

Kathryn looked up with an interested look in her face. "I think that is a lovely custom," she said quite simply. "You must be the better always, for Thanksgiving Day."

Virginia saw that Miriam's resolution was wavering, and broke in to prevent the betrayal of their plan by the penitent conspirator. "We want you to tell us one," she said, looking at Kathryn persuasively.

Kathryn looked down at her lap where her slim white hands were nervously interlocked.

"I am not a good story-teller," she said quietly, "and I am afraid the one Thanksgiving story I know would hardly interest you much, but I should not like to be disobliging."

She sat quite still for a moment, and began with her eyes still fixed on her lap.

"The story is about a friend of mine. She was poor, yes, quite poor." She gave a pitiful little smile and looked up for a moment at her audience, "but she was quite happy, for she was engaged to a man whom she loved, and who loved her. But the 'course of true love never did run smooth,' did it? and it didn't for her.

"Her father was old and her mother, and my friend was the beadwinner of the family.

"You don't know what that means, do you? You have never been obliged to work, to slave, from morning until night, saving only a few pennies every week. That is what it means. To grow pale, and anxious. To wear out your youth and life in a dusty room, when you are longing all the while to lie down in the green fields and hold your hot face close to the daisies, and count their cool petals, knowing all the while their answer.

"It was so with my friend, and every day she grew paler and thinner. Her lover was rich and would willingly, gladly have married her, then and there, but she could not leave her father and mother you know.

"Then he wished to support them all, but she could not allow that" with a proud little motion of her head, "and besides," her head sank again, "his people would not consent to their marriage, and she could not marry him in that way.

"Then her parents died, first one and then the other," with a sharp little indrawing of her breath, "and she was, oh, so desolate!

"Then he came again, and pleaded with her to marry him; but his mother was still unwilling, and she would not estrange them.

"They said she was not educated. Well that was true she had never been to school, she was poor, you know.

"Then the regiment was ordered away. He was Lieutenant of the —th you know, and he was obliged to go.

"He went to her once more, for he was to go the next day. He begged her to go with him, but she was determined to be worthy of him in every way, before she married him, and told him "no!" with a sharp little sigh. "She knew he would

not be really happy with an uneducated wife, but he was a man, you know, and he could not understand. So he left her in anger, and that was on Thanksgiving day."

Her glance wandered for a moment to the open window, and seemed lost in the clear November sky. Then she went on, speaking slowly, and apparently with difficulty. "The years that followed were the saddest of her life. She studied in the intervals of work. She went to a night-school, and she gained a fairly good education.

"And all that time she heard no word from her lover, but she knew that she was working for him, and that helped her to be firm in her resolutions.

"Day after day went by and she determined finally to go away to school. She had saved enough money to pay her way, and she was ready to go. Then one day she saw a paper with his name on it, and she snatched it up eagerly, only to be met with the news that Lieutenant Thornton Hamilton of the —th had been shot and dangerously wounded in a small skirmish.

"Then her love overcame her pride. She was a woman, and she loved him, you know. She flew to his mother's house for the first time. She had expected to see a haughty aristocratic old lady, and was surprised to meet the gentle, sweet-voiced little woman who had refused her son his happiness because the girl he loved was not a lady.

"Mrs. Hamilton was surprised, too, I think. She did not know a working-girl could be otherwise than coarse and loud, and my friend was neither. Mrs. Hamilton was inclined to be a little cold and distant, but seeing my friend's distress, her heart melted, and she put her arms about her and kissed her like a daughter." The proud head was bent low, and there was a quiver in the sweet voice now. "She was to sail on the next ship, and she promised to write and tell my friend just how he was.

"After that the days went by, oh, so slowly, until the letter came saying that he—Lieutenant Hamilton—was out of danger. That was only a month before she went away to school, and she went away contented, knowing that he was safe, and loved her still.

"To-day a letter came." She rose and went to the open window, "from him and from his mother, asking her to be his wife.

"Her Thanksgiving day has come at last, for at last she can answer "yes.""

Her slim black-robed figure stood out clearly defined against the red November sky; and her face seemed transfigured with the glory of the sinking sun. An almost

unearthly radiance seemed to surround her, and the girls, awed by her beauty, could find no word, but kissed her silently and went out, one by one, leaving the quiet figure alone with her happiness.

MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.

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### HOW WE WENT TO WINSTON.

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LEWIS DULL, '99.

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For several months the people of Winston-Salem had been looking forward with great interest to their Tobacco Fair, which was held Nov. 3rd, 4th and 5th. The Winston girls among us did not fail to expatiate on the beauties of Winston and the anticipated glories of the Fair, so we were very much delighted when Dr. McIver announced that he would take as many of us as cared to go.

Now there remained nothing but the question, what to wear, and gloomy forebodings concerning the weather, which after much subtle reasoning, we had decided would be inclement. However, the first great question being satisfactorily decided, our fears concerning the weather were finally dispelled by the sun streaming into our windows on Friday morning, warning us to be up and doing. Not a cloud was to be seen, and the sun fairly laughed us to scorn for so misjudging him.

Our special train was standing on the track at 8:30 o'clock, and not long after that time, about three hundred happy Normal girls, decorated with the white and gold, and quite ready to enjoy whatever might offer itself, were on their way to the Twin City.

We were sorry that Dr. McIver was unable to go with us, but acting in his stead, Mr. Joyner proved a very efficient commander-in-chief. We were glad to have with us also Misses Bruere, Petty, Mendenhall, Bu'e, Bingham, Allen, Wiley, Arrington and Dr. Gove; Mr. Clarence R. Brown, and Mr. Claxton, with about seventy of his practice school children.

About 10 o'clock the train pulled into the Winston depot, where a crowd of her hospitable people had gathered to receive us. Mr. Joyner formed us in line, and attended by Col. G. E. Webb, Secretary of the Fair Association, we marched to

Cherry Street, where we were to view the bicycle parade. All the business houses were tastefully draped with gay bunting and flags. The town was in gala dress. The people seemed to consider our line a very good street parade in itself; one gentleman was heard to remark that all of us seemed very well-fed.

The bicycle parade was excellent; the decoration of the wheels gave evidence of good taste. Miss Lilla Young, formerly one of our students, led the parade with Mr. David H. Blair, of the Winston schools. The prize for the most graceful riding was awarded to Miss Young, much to our delight.

Miss Ethel Follin of Winston received the prize for the best decorated wheel. A little touch of the ridiculous was given to the parade by the tall red calico-clad figure astride a rapidly moving wheel, which represented the "New Coon Tobacco."

From Cherry Street we marched to the Farmers' Warehouse, the scene of the Fair. The exhibits, one and all, received our enthusiastic praise. The Thanksgiving Dinner, Wright and Casey's exhibit, R. J. Reynolds & Co's Statue of Liberty, and the Durham exhibits were especially admired.

At about twelve o'clock the Winston girls with their friends whom they entertained, much to their mutual gratification, dispersed to their homes for dinner. The remainder, after assembling at the court house for the roll-call, marched to the train for lunch. Many of the party took in the chrysanthemum show, and all pronounced the display of flowers beautiful.

At 1 o'clock we went through the Salem cemetery to the old Salem church, where Bishop Ronthaler received us with true Moravian hospitality. Seated there in the cool shade of that old church, he told us in his own rare way the story of the church, and we listened to the limpid notes of the same old organ whose melody has charmed listening worshippers for well nigh a hundred years.

From thence President Clewell led us into the Academy. With what a feeling of reverence did we cross the threshold of that old school, which has been the girlish home of the mothers and grandmothers of so many of us. The recital tendered us by President Clewell and his pupils was very much enjoyed. The exercises consisted of three solos, by Misses Florence Settle, Mary Tremble, and Hazel Dooley; recitations by Misses Scriber, Steffon, and Minnie Burton; and several fine instrumental solos by Prof. Shirley.

After the recital the Academy girls gave us an informal reception, taking us over the buildings and grounds, and doing every thing possible to increase our pleasure. We will not soon forget the kind courtesy of their reception. We also

hope that some time in the near future we may have the opportunity of returning their hospitality in kind. With a right good will we echo their College yell:

• Rah ! rah ! rah !

Ra ! ra ! ra !

Via la, viva la

S. F. A.

From the Academy we proceeded to Centenary Methodist Church, Winston, where we were favored with an organ recital, through the kindness of Mr. David Huycke, organist of this church, assisted by Miss Antoinette Glenn. The organ numbers were interspersed by solos and duets by Miss Glenn and Mr. Huycke. Some of us were so unfortunate as to arrive just as it was over, but those who heard it say that it was very fine. Those who missed this musical treat were somewhat compensated for their loss, by the Pythian parade which we met in the center of Salem. For goats and donkeys, for gorgeous costumes and general ridiculousness, it certainly deserved great credit. It was a most successful burlesque on Pythian mysteries.

From Centenary church we took the car for the depot, and boarded the train for our homeward journey, at about 5:20 o'clock.

Loud are our praises of the Fair, and of the fair Twin City; and most kind is our remembrance of her hospitable people.

## EDITORIALS.

**Our Duty to  
Our Magazine.** THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE with this issue makes its third appearance before the public. THE MAGAZINE is the result of a movement among the students last year for the establishment of a college journal. Without this movement THE MAGAZINE would never have been organized. We realize that this is the students' paper, and therefore we want it to be an expression and representation of the entire student body. Now that the enterprise has been undertaken, the editors wish it to be a success and they feel that all the students join them in this desire. To make it succeed and flourish, we must have the hearty co-operation of both the resident and the former students. We hope that all who have ever been students of the Normal and Industrial College, scattered, as they are, over the entire state, will interest themselves in our magazine and make it a strong bond of union and a delightful medium of communication for them.

Items of interest to the student body, reviews, longer articles, stories, poems, news, etc., are always gratefully received. We also urge you to aid us by giving us your subscriptions, and by patronizing our advertisers, so that it will pay them to advertise with us. It is our aim to make this magazine one that we shall feel proud of, and one that every North Carolinian will be glad to own. We confidently believe that, with the loyal support and active help of our friends, we can make THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE a leading journal.

S. H., '98.

**Summer Conference of the Y. W. C. A.** On the 15th of June, the summer Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association convened in annual session in Asheville, N. C.

Previous to this time the Southern Conference had been under the supervision of the international committee of the Y. W. C. A., but it was deemed advisable by those interested in the work to organize a Southern division. This change was therefore made, and now the Southern division has headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.

The Y. W. C. A. of the State Normal and Industrial College sent as representatives, Miss Lillie Boney, President, Miss Lucy Glenn, Corresponding Secretary,

Miss Penelope Davis, and Miss Bertha Lee, a member of the faculty. Seventy-five girls representing most of the Southern Colleges attended the Conference, and they were royally entertained by Dr. Lawrence, President of the Normal and Collegiate Institute.

Their short stay of ten days was filled with many pleasant experiences. The mornings were devoted exclusively to the study of the Bible, missions and college work, and in the afternoons they attended receptions, went driving, calling, and visiting places of special interest. Besides being very instructive, the Conference afforded an opportunity for the representatives of the Southern colleges to meet, thus causing the tie between the associations to become stronger.

S. McD, '98.

In the death of Charles A. Dana, Oct. 17, America lost her foremost editor. The *Sun*, under his management has always been original and entertaining. Even those who were opposed to his editorial policy read his paper with pleasure, and admiration took the place of love. To him are due the high literary character and wide-spread fame of the New York *Sun*. Before the war, he was Horace Greeley's managing editor on the New York *Tribune*, and during Lincoln's administration was War correspondent. Afterwards, he went to Chicago as a journalist but soon returned to New York and became editor of the *Sun*, through which he has for thirty years presented his views to the public and made his power felt. He was an accomplished linguist, an art connoisseur of no mean ability, and besides his journalistic work, has edited an encyclopedia, and written a history of Grant.

O. L. B., '98.

Each year the State Normal and Industrial College has provided for its students, at an almost nominal cost, an entertainment course, consisting chiefly of lectures with an occasional musical entertainment. These courses are planned by the President of the institution, assisted by committees from the two literary societies of the college, and through their agency we have been able to hear such men as General John B. Gordon, T. DeWitt Talmage, George Wendling, Tom Dixon, Bob Taylor and Dr. Willitts speak from our platform.

Our course for this year, consisting of seven or possibly eight entertainments,



opened with a lecture on Abraham Lincoln by Henry Watterson and will close with a lecture to be given in the spring, probably by President Andrews of Brown University. The entire course has not yet been fully mapped out, but one entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Cornelian and Adelpian Literary Societies of the College, will be furnished by the students themselves, while the remainder will consist of lectures or concerts of the highest order that our finances will allow us to obtain. The Greensboro Orchestra, of twenty pieces, recently organized under the management of Prof. Brockman will furnish music at four of our entertainments, which, we feel sure, will add greatly to the pleasure of those present.

Our entertainments are liberally patronized by the people of Greensboro, and the students of our neighboring colleges, yet we feel that among our own students there are still a few who fail to take advantage of the opportunities thus almost thrust upon them. The small price paid for admission makes it possible for almost every student to hold a season ticket to this course of entertainments. We, who have spent two or three years at College, now realize the great value of these entertainments, for they not only afford us relaxation from our hard every-day work, but they are in themselves great educational agencies, and surely such addresses as we will hear cannot fail to exert an elevating influence on our lives and characters. Therefore, in the name of the Societies, we call upon each and every student of the State Normal and Industrial College to patronize this course so liberally provided for us, that we may succeed in making it one of which we may all be proud.

L. O. W., '98.

**Death of the Author of "Progress and Poverty."** Henry George, candidate of the Jeffersonian Democracy for Mayor of Greater New York, died very suddenly on the night of the 29th of October, in his fifty-ninth year. His name is another added to the long list of Americans who, beginning life as poor boys and without the advantages of college training, have risen to positions of great eminence. Starting life as a printer he rose through the successive steps to the editor's chair. He is best known to the world through the publication of his writings on economic questions. His most noted work is "Progress and Poverty." He was also widely known by reason of his advocacy of what is called the "single tax"; that is, a tax solely upon land value.

Henry George's every word and action were characterized by goodness and gentleness. Always a devout Christian, his faith never wavered. It is said that when

in 1886 he was candidate for Mayor of New York, and was looking at the returns which showed his overwhelming defeat, he was asked if he saw the hand of God in that. His reply was, "No, I do not see it, but it is there."

On his nomination for the mayorship his friends doubted if the old man could stand the strain of a political campaign, but his strength seemed to increase with his duties. He took an active part in the canvass and had made a round of speeches on the evening previous to his death. He died in the harness, giving his life for the cause which had ever been so dear to him—the desire to raise New York from its corruption and misrule. In his death we are called to mourn a truly great, good, and pure man.

On his father's death, Henry George, Jr. was nominated by the Jefferson Democrats; but was defeated by an overwhelming majority in favor of the Tammany candidate.

M. P., '99.

Since the last number of THE MAGAZINE was issued, the election for local taxation to supplement the school fund in the various townships of the State has been held, and in nearly all the townships the cause of local taxation was defeated.

Both for the reputation of the State away from home and for the sake of its educational interests, we regret that more townships did not adopt the principle of local taxation, without which no average community in this country has been able to maintain an adequate system of public schools. However, we are not of that number who have lost hope because of apparent overwhelming defeat. It is true that only about eight townships out of thirteen hundred gave a majority of their registered vote for local taxation. It is also true that only about sixteen communities in North Carolina, namely, the leading towns and cities of the State, had adopted the principle of local taxation before this election, though there has been constant agitation for the cause in some parts of the State for the past twenty years.

The number of communities which are levying a special tax to supplement the State tax for public education is about fifty per cent greater than it was before this election was held. If it has taken twenty years to secure the adoption of the principle in sixteen towns, the friends of public education ought not to despair when by one election we add eight communities to the number adopting the principle.

Moreover, there is further encouragement in the fact that ninety-one townships in the State cast more votes for the increased tax than against it, and in several of

these townships, only three or four votes were needed to make the required majority of the registered vote.

In many of the localities which now have a local tax for public schools the question was defeated when first submitted to the people. When North Carolina votes again upon the question, we predict that many townships will be added to the list of those adopting the principle of local taxation for public schools.

**The Need of a New Library.** "Books like friends should be well-chosen." Just as the character is moulded to a great extent by the influences and example of those we know as our friends, so the mind is incalculably influenced by the reading and companionship of books.

Petrarch says: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves, both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honor for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted with the tranquility of retirement than with the tumults of society."

From books we see, through the author's eye, phases of life which we would never have known, thus making our judgments broad and liberal. Our imaginations are especially developed in the efforts to reproduce in the mind the things about which we read. By frequent perusal of standard works—our vocabulary is naturally enlarged and our conversational powers thus increased.

If this is true, have not books an educational value? Is it not beneficial to compare our lives and the times in which we live, with the people and times which, except as they live in books, have passed away? And in this respect not only are histories and biographies helpful, but works of fiction, the stories drawn by a master hand from the drama of daily life. No man is truly educated who is not a well-read man.

Then in a school whose aim is the development of well-rounded women, is not an ample library especially necessary?

Now in the State Normal and Industrial College, there are over four hundred

young women, whose business it is to train themselves in the best possible way for whatever may come to them.

Our present library and reading room measures about thirty by forty feet, and contains about three thousand volumes. Each society has a small collection, principally works of fiction; and the remainder, most of which are books of reference, have been purchased by the College, except a few single volumes given by individuals.

From this statement, the inadequacy of the present library is clearly seen. Not only do we need more books, but a larger and better adapted reading room.

The question now arises, how is this improvement to be made? The societies have done their full share already, the College would have made the increase long ago if it had been possible.

It is a custom in some colleges for each class to present some valuable gift to the institution, at graduation, by way of memorial. Why should not we adopt this custom? Each year an average class of eighteen young women graduates from this College. The cost of a few standard books would scarcely be felt among so many. Would it not be a very graceful thing for each class to present a set of well-chosen books to the library? THE MAGAZINE thinks it would. In the course of a few years, our library would assume proportions worthy of our institution and at very small comparative cost. Let our enterprising classes take this matter in hand, and its success is assured. Then, let us hope the Board of Directors may see fit to use a part of our appropriation for enlarging the library facilities by building a new Assembly Hall and fitting up the chapel for a reading room.

L. D., '99.

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#### AMONG OURSELVES.

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Prior to the formal opening of the college, ten of the Normal students enjoyed six weeks of delightful Latin study with Miss Boddie. The after-tea reading circle will be particularly remembered.

The Model School opened September 20th with a fuller attendance than ever. Since the addition of the county school district, the Model School buildings can not

contain all the children. The fifth and sixth grades now occupy the new school rooms prepared for them in the rear of their former quarters. There are over 170 pupils enrolled in the school and they are eagerly looking forward to the handsome new building to be erected for their sole use in the future.

Though a large Model School building does not greet the glad eyes of the new seniors, yet all former students welcome the dairy in process of erection, and sigh with satisfaction over the fine looking cows which make their daily promenade before the school buildings. No more capable superintendent of the dairy could have been found than Miss Phoebe Pegram. Doubtless our cows will soon be so well covered that, like those at her own home, they will be apparently boneless. Miss Pegram will also assist Mrs. Sharpe in the gymnasium.

The girls extend a loving welcome home to Dr. Gove, who has been abroad for a year, but has returned to make her daily rounds at the Normal College.

Among the college improvements, we note a capacious carriage drawn by two large dark bays. It has four seats, and an unlimited capacity. It has been rumored that the girls can be carried down town shopping for ten cents apiece. There are also other additions to the stable and its occupants.

Not only horses, but the cyclists, with whose genial brotherhood Mr. Brown has enlisted, have been moved to gratitude by the fine grading of the roads which was done during the summer. We hope all dwellers by the road-side who have seen the road sink below their level will wisely follow Mr. Ward's example and improve their property by terraces.

The college welcomes its new comer, Mr. Thomas L. Brown, one of Mr. Vanderbilt's landscape gardeners. He is to direct the new horticultural department, and has a conservatory nearly completed on the college grounds. Mr. Brown will occupy the new cottage which Mr. Joyner caused to be erected near his own place during the summer.

The walls of the dormitories have all been tinted and freshened and the dining-room floor shines as if to invite to a dance. Nor has the main building been neglected. Its walls have been kalsomined, and the wood work stained, adding much to the general appearance.

The Young Women's Christian Association has begun its winter's work in real earnest. It has always made a practice of endeavoring to make the new girls feel

at home by mingling them with the former students at a reception. The reception this year was, as Dr. McIver so kindly said, ideal. The moonlight promenade, the fine music to which Mr. and Miss Brockman and Mr. Brown treated the delighted audience, and Mrs. Sharpe's charming little recitations combined with the sympathy expressed by Dr. McIver in the association's work, to make the evening one of encouragement to the association and wholesome pleasure to all. The association is grateful to be able to offer to the students the opportunity of a weekly hour of Bible study with Miss Mendenhall, an opportunity not lightly valued by earnest students. It also cordially invites all students to its daily 15 minutes prayer meetings as well as to the longer evening services held in the chapel on Thursdays and Sundays. It hopes to have a large membership this winter, but sincerely trusts that even those who do not identify themselves with the association will always feel that they are wanted at its services, that they will always feel at home at its meetings.

The dining room service this year will not only exceed in excellence that of every preceding year, but will have a charm which could only be given by the pretty lawn aprons and smiling faces of some of our fellow students. When we remember what disorder in the dining room means to those willing but busy companions, we are very particular about our table manners.

Miss Mary Petty expects to convert a part of the old typewriting room in the basement into a chemical store room.

The post-graduates, with Miss Jamison's kind consent, expect to use the Domestic Science room as a study. Mr. Claxton will also hold his private senior conferences in Miss Jamison's precincts, as the Model School piazza is rather breezy in cold weather.

The college is happy in having with them again Miss Mary Arrington, '95, who now is the registrar and general rescuer of the desolate and oppressed. It is also for the first time blessed with several immensely important post-graduates. We hope they are the pioneers of a large post-graduate class. There are other young women doing post-graduate work in Latin, English and Pedagogics, together with some senior work.

One of Greensboro's worthiest sons, Dr. C. A. Smith, head of the department of English, Tulane University, Louisiana, has been spending the summer here and delivered a charming and appreciative lecture on "Southern Orators and Oratory" in the College chapel, Oct. 11.

Mrs. Sharp spent part of the summer months in attendance on the Emerson School of Oratory, Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard. She is brimful of delightful new ideas for her elocution and physical culture classes.

We learn that Dr. Caroline Hetrick, who was with us as resident physician during Dr. Gove's absence, is to be married in the near future to a Boston physician. We most sincerely wish Dr. Hetrick all happiness in her new life.

Miss Jamison we are glad to have with the students in the brick dormitory. We miss Miss Lee, who is at Mrs. Ward's.

Hon. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, delivered a most delightful lecture on Abraham Lincoln at the Normal, Saturday, Nov. 13th. Mr. Watterson is a delightful speaker and naught could come more gracefully from the lips of a son of this fair southland than the portrayal of the character of one of America's greatest, Abraham Lincoln.

Friday evening, Nov. 12th, witnessed the initiation of new members by both societies, and the receptions given in their honor.

The Seniors recently gave a five o'clock tea to the new members of their class, which proved very pleasant to all participants. Besides the dainty menu, a very important feature, several vocal and instrumental selections were very enjoyably rendered by Misses Hanes and Saunders.

The Entertainment committee spent two afternoons last week, canvassing Greensboro in the interest of their course of entertainments, kindly assisted by Mesdames Robertson and Sharpe. Many and varied were the pleasant incidents, the remembrance of which bring a smile to their lips when those afternoons are remembered. This committee hopes to give a very fine course of entertainments, which we trust, will be very liberally patronized by the students, for whom it has been prepared.

Miss Bruere spent some time at Cornell last summer, storing her mind with new ideas for her Physics, and enjoying herself in congenial atmosphere of her alma mater (?) On her way south, she stopped in Philadelphia and selected some new apparatus for the Physic Laboratory. She has had a large work bench erected in the laboratory for the use of students.

Miss Bryant is going to take her geology class and their hammers to Jamestown. It must be nice to be a Senior.

The Normal was well represented at the Chapel Hill Summer School this year. Misses Bryant and Bingham, Messrs. Claxton and Brown, being present, besides a goodly number of Normal girls. Both Cornelians and Adelprians speak very enthusiastically of the reception tendered the members of the two societies by Miss Bryant, while there.

The Seniors say that Dr. McIver is going to take them to Washington. (Evidently Dr. McIver doesn't think that a young woman is properly educated until she has seen the two W's—Winston and Washington.)

The college has made a very happy beginning in its compliance with dormitory regulations. Perfect quiet reigns within the dormitory walls for the space of three hours every evening, even though they contain well nigh four hundred women.

The editorial sanctum of the MAGAZINE was greatly honored recently by a visit from three members of our Board of Directors, Dr. J. M. Spainhour, Col. A. C. McAllister, and Hon. R. D. Gilmer. If these friends of the institution knew how much we appreciated their visits, they would come oftener.

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## COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS.

### SENIOR CLASS.

President—Bessie Sims,  
 Vice-president—Ella Mosely,  
 Secretary—Ellen Saunders,  
 Treasurer—Hattie Mosely.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

President—Frances Suttle,  
 Vice-president—Nellie Whitfield,  
 Secretary—Emma Parker,  
 Treasurer—Josie Laxton.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President—Emma Bernard,  
 Vice-president—Annie Shaw,  
 Secretary and Treasurer—Bessie Tays.



## FRESHMAN CLASS.

President—Alice Watson,  
 Vice-president—Maud Waddell,  
 Secretary—Julia Glenn,  
 Treasurer—Miriam Stamps.

ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—*Secret.*

CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—*Secret.*

## Y. W. C. A.

President—Lillie Boney,  
 Vice-president—Rose E. Holt,  
 Corresponding Secretary—Lucy Glenn,  
 Recording Secretary—Bessie Harding,  
 Treasurer—Myrther Wilson.

## CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Devotional—Penelope Davis,  
 Missionary—Bertha M. Lee,  
 Finance—Myrther Wilson,  
 Membership—Bessie Moody.

## Y. W. C. T. U.

President—Mary Tinnin,  
 Secretary—Lucy Glenn.

## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Miss Lee Reid, '96, is teaching in Baltimore, Md.  
 Miss Jeannie Ellington, '96, is teaching in Reidsville.  
 Miss Lyda Humber, '97, is teaching near Gulf, N. C.  
 Miss Madge Little, '97, is a teacher of Latin in Graham.  
 Miss Mary Arrington, '95, has accepted the position of registrar at the college.  
 Miss Iola Exum, '97, is teaching at her home in Snow Hill, N. C.

Miss Hattie Berry, '97, teaches in the Oxford Orphanage.

Miss Bessie Rouse, '97, is studying at the Art League, New York.

Miss Nellie Bond, '97, has charge of a public school at Laurel Bluff.

Miss Willie Watson, '97, is teaching in the Statesville Graded Schools.

Miss Mary DeVane, '97, is assistant principal of a school in Mooresville.

Miss Irma Carraway, '97, has charge of a private school in Nash county.

Miss Sabrella James, '97, is one of the teachers in the Tarboro Graded School.

Miss Aleathea Collins, '95, will spend the winter in Newark, N. J., visiting her sister.

Miss Francis Eskridge, '97, is teaching the 5th and 6th grades in the Shelby Schools.

Miss Bertha Donnelly, '97, is in charge of a flourishing public school near Charlotte

Miss Fannie Harris, '97, is numbered among the teachers of the Charlotte Graded Schools.

Miss Mabel Wooten, '95, and Miss Grace Smallbones, '97, are teaching in the Mt. Airy schools.

Miss Annie Hankins, '97, is spending this year at home, enjoying the delights of Wilmington society.

Miss Elsie Weatherly, '96, has charge of the primary work in the North Greensboro Graded School.

Miss Laura Coit, '96, and Miss Josephine Coit are conducting a very successful High School in Salisbury.

Miss Mary Lewis Harris, '94, teaches in Concord this year, having gone there from the Winston Graded Schools, where she has been teaching since her graduation.

Miss Mary Jones, '97, is teaching in the Goldsboro Graded Schools. Miss Jones's examination was the best ever stood by an applicant for a position in these schools.

Misses Cheves West, Grace Scott, Emily Gregory, of '97, Virginia Taylor, '95, Mattie Lou Bolton, '93, have returned to the Normal to take advantage of the post-graduate courses offered for the first time this year.

## MARRIAGES.

MASSEY-HEATH—Miss Maude Heath, of Waxhaw, N. C., was united in marriage to Mr. Chas. S. Massey, also of Waxhaw, on the 24th of November, 1897. They will make their home in Waxhaw.

ZIMMERMAN-TORRANCE—At her home in Charlotte, N. C., Miss Sue Torrance was married to Mr. John Zimmerman, Nov. 24, 1897. Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman will make their home in Charlotte.

MCNEER-FIELDS—At her home in Sparta, N. C., August 11th, 1897, Miss Maude Fields to Mr. E. F. McNeer. Mr. McNeer is originally from Lynchburg, Va., and is now travelling for a firm of that city. After a visit to the Nashville Exposition they returned to Elkin, N. C., where they will reside.

MOSELY-HARPER—Miss Blanche Harper, of the Class of '96, to Mr. Wiley T. Mosely, November 14, 1897. Both of the contracting parties are natives of Lenoir county, N. C. Mr. Mosely is a successful young farmer of that county, and they will live at the country home of his mother, about nine miles from Kinston.

RIVERS-BATTLE—On the 18th of October, 1897, at her home in Radford, Va., Miss Mary Dancy Battle was married to Lieutenant William Cannon Rivers, of the United States Army. Lieutenant and Mrs. Rivers will spend the next six months in European travel. A card recently received from Mrs. Rivers brings news that the steamship Werra, on which they sailed, was then nearing Gibraltar.

DAVIS-HARRIS—Miss Emma Harris, '96, to Mr. Robt. M. Davis, on the 14th of November, 1897, at her home, Seaboard, N. C. Mr. Davis is the Principal of the Tarboro Graded School and one of the prominent young educators of the eastern part of the State. Mrs. Davis, as Miss Harris, taught in the Tarboro Graded School last year. The like has been known before. After a week spent sight-seeing in Washington City, they returned to Tarboro where they will make their home.

To these young women the Normal extends the very best wishes; and to the fortunate young men, heartiest congratulations. The hundreds of Normalites throughout the length and breadth of this State wish them a long life of happiness and prosperity. We feel sure that these young women will be able to make their homes all the brighter and better for the time spent at the Normal College.

## ABOUT FORMER STUDENTS.

Miss Bessie Oliver is teaching near Kenansville.

Miss Elva Byan is teaching at Merry Oaks, N. C.

Miss Annie Lewis is teaching music at Liberty, N. C.

Miss Jessie Smith has charge of a school near Fayetteville.

Miss Mary Lil McCoy will study art in New York this winter.

Miss Lucy Cobb is one of the teachers in the Newberne schools.

Miss Annie Trotter is in charge of a school at Craig's Head, N. C.

Miss Lillian DeVane has accepted a position in the school at Linden, N. C.

Miss Katherine Livingstone is teaching at Riverton, Robeson county, N. C.

Miss Minnie Dancy has a position in the public schools of Randleman, N. C.

Miss Julia Cox is doing stenographic work in an office in Washington, N. C.

Miss Olivia Sutton has charge of a flourishing school in New Hanover county.

Miss Allie McFadyen has entered the Training School for Nurses in Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss Addie Malone is librarian in the School for the Deaf and Dumb at Morganton.

Misses Elise Fulghum and Emma Blair are teaching in the High Point Graded Schools.

Miss Antoinette Burwell is teaching stenography and typewriting in Statesville Female College.

Miss Mattie Cochrane is teaching in Newton this winter, but expects to return to the Normal next year.

Misses Minnie McIver and Bessie Hoyle are in charge of a school in Whiteville, N. C. Miss Hoyle has a flourishing class in stenography in addition to her school work.

Miss Loula Gardner has been elected to a position in the Graded Schools of Reidsville. The Class of '98 mourns her absence. Her brief visit during the Thanksgiving holidays was greatly enjoyed.

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Miss Annie Travis is teaching at Weldon, N. C.

Miss Etta Kearns is located in Charlotte as trained nurse.

Miss Mary Helen Price will spend the winter in New York.

Miss Lizzie Long is studying music and art at Elon College.

Miss Florine Robertson has a position in the school at Burlington.

Miss Eugenia Bradsher has charge of a school at Mt. Tirzah, N. C.

Miss Mamie Rogers is spending the winter at her home in Alamance county.

Miss Julia Howell has opened an office for general stenographic work in Goldsboro.

Misses Myrtice Thompson and Mamie Springs are studying at Elizabeth College, Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Ophelia Howell is teaching in Shawboro, N. C. She has a large music class in connection with her other work.

Miss Sue May Harris, of Mebane, has been visiting in Greensboro and spent two nights in the college. There is always a warm welcome for Sue May.

Miss Pearl Griffith is spending the winter at her home in Winston. Her many friends were glad to welcome her to the College during the Thanksgiving recess.

Miss Sadie Hirshinger and Sadie Clarkson spent Thanksgiving with friends at the College. Both these young women are teaching in the Charlotte Graded Schools.

Mrs. A. H. Eller, of Winston, who is remembered at the Normal as Miss Laura Newlin, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lunn, near the college, and has spent some of her time with friends in the institution.

The many friends of Miss Lilla Young, of Winston, were delighted to have her with them for a night on her return from a visit to Fayetteville. Miss Young has been elected supply teacher in the Winston Graded Schools.

## LITERARY NOTES.

“Robert E. Lee, and the Southern Confederacy,” by Henry Alexander White, is a new biography of General Lee which will be warmly welcomed by the people of the South. It gives a trustworthy and accurate account of the life of the greatest and most beloved of Confederate generals.

“St. Ives,” the last of Stevenson’s novels, bears the incompleteness of death. He did not finish it, the last chapter being written by Mr. Quiller-Couch; Stevenson having told him the story as he intended it to be. The plot is one of the strongest, but the style is not up to the standard, as it was dictated, not written.

“Wolfville, Tales by an Old Cattleman,” by Alfred Henry Lewis, is one of the books most talked about just now. The stories have been published from time to time in some of the large newspapers over the name of Dan Quin. They are stories of the West and are told in an exceptionally vivid way. Mr. Lewis is perfectly familiar with the people of whom he writes; having lived among them, he knows the life and characters he describes, and tells the stories in his own straightforward way, not copying Bret Harte, as so many do who try to depict the life on the plains. To many people the book will be more acceptable because it is illustrated by the man who knows how best to picture cowboys and miners, Frederick Remington.

“Tennyson, a Memoir,” by his son Hallam, Lord Tennyson, is one of the most valuable additions to the already large collection of Tennysonian literature. The book is entirely worthy of its subject, and contains much that has never before been given to the public, and is truly a treasure house of literary reminiscence. It tells of his poetic development and his judgment of art and artists, gives insight into his religious views, and some exceedingly interesting glimpses of his personal relations with other noted men and women of his time, including the queen.

“Corleone,” by F. Marion Crawford, which appeared serially in *Munsey’s*, has been recently published in book form, and belongs to the Italian group of novels which have made their author so famous.

We are delighted to know that Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is about to break his long silence by publishing a new story. His first long novel, “Red Rock, A Chronicle of Reconstruction,” will appear as a serial in Scribner’s during the coming year. Mr. Page has been at work on this story for about four years, and we may expect something that will be on a level with his best works.

"Three Partners," by Bret Harte, is as entertaining as his stories usually are, and is full of thrilling and diversified situations.

Two new stories by Jules Verne are to be published this fall. They are entitled "For the Flag," and "Clovis Dardentor," each being illustrated by well known French artists.

Madam Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins," has written a new story, which is said to be her most important literary undertaking.

Margaret Sidney, author of "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," in response to the universal desire to know more about Phronsie Pepper, who was but thirteen when the series closed, has written an appendix to the series. The title of the new book is "Phronsie Pepper."

Jean Ingelow, the distinguished poet and novelist, died in London, July 19, 1897, in her 77th year. Her poems have had widespread popularity. Of her works The Saturday Review of London said: "The writer has among other requisites for poetic composition the gift of clear, strong, and simple language; and she has one gift for a poetess, in that she has something to say. She has touches of great sweetness and pathos, and her pictures show at once an accurate observation of nature, a vivid and true imagination, and a strong sympathy with the common instincts of human life."

That which is claimed to be the original copy of Home Sweet Home is buried in the grave of Miss Harry Harden, John Howard Payne's sweetheart. Miss Harden declined Payne's offer of marriage on account of her father's strong opposition to it. The two corresponded regularly, however, and when his famous poem was finished, Payne sent her the original manuscript. After her separation from Payne, Miss Harden lived in almost absolute seclusion.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

## A PASTORAL OF YE OLDEN TIMES.

(YE GALLANT BOLD:)

Now whither goes my ladye faire  
 In such a fine array,  
 With riband bows upon her hair,  
 And kerchief smoothed and pinned with care,  
 As for a holiday?

(YE LADYE FAIRE:)

With roses red my cheeks aglow  
 To hear your honeyed words.  
 I journey forth where wild flowers grow,  
 And babbling brooks by mosses flow,  
 Midst twittering of the birds.

(YE GALLANT BOLD:)

What calls my ladye faire to roam  
 Within the shaded dell,  
 The lullaby of insects hum?  
 The fragrance soft of wild flowers bloom?  
 Or woodland fairies' spell?

(YE LADYE FAIRE:)

I go to pluck the blossoms gay,  
 And bear them home with glee;  
 But much I fear I'll lose my way,  
 And from my path go far astray;  
 Kind sir, wilt walk with me?

(YE GALLANT BOLD:)

My ladye faire, there never grew  
 A blossom half so sweet,  
 And I will be most brave and true  
 If I may walk life's way with you,  
 And guide your dainty feet.

(YE LADYE FAIRE:)

The woodland path is hard and steep,  
 And so is life's long way,  
 But if you'll vow me safe to keep  
 From burning sun and pitfall deep,  
 Why sir, I think you may.



## HOW BRER WASP COME TO HAVE SICH A SMALL WAIST.

"Well, chile! You want for yerry how Brer Wasp come to have sich small waist? Well, you see it happen brer Wasp come flyin' long, berry well, and berry good size, when he meet Brer Skeeter, and Brer Skeeter he say, in a berry fine, leetle voice: "Mornin', Brer Wasp, how you fine yourself today?'" So Brer Wasp him say, "Mornin', Brer Skeeter, I ain't so well—how you lef all home?" Den Brer Skeeter he make answer, "All so so, tanky, but de time is berry tight, diggin tater."

Den Brer Wasp say, "How de crop turnin' out anyhow?" Den Brer Skeeter was bery largin' and talk big; (while all de time Brer Wasp know dat he was leetle more'n chillun and hab nuss for mine 'im) an 'e say, "Why man, if you could come out to my Pa fiel, you wouldn't belieb!"

So Brer Wasp him laf to 'eself, and he just want to see how much braggin Brer Skeeter gwine do, so 'e say, "Da so? Well, how big you tink de best part yo tater is?" So Brer Skeeter, 'e just lean ober an quick as 'e could, 'e roll up 'e little pantaloon as high as 'e could go, and den 'e say, berry largin', "You see de biggest' part ob my leg? Well, de moreset part ob our crop is jest about dat size!" Den 'e roll down 'e pantaloon an look roun for see what Brer Wasp gwine say. But what you tink 'e see? Dey was Brer Wasp, all double up wid de laf; tell 'e couldn't talk, en de more 'e try for stop, de more 'e hab to laf, cause 'e tink wat a slim chance dere was fer eatin, wen de biggest taters was like Brer Skeeter leetle dry leg! So 'e laf, en 'e hole 'e side wid 'e two han,—but it never do no good; for long as Brer Skeeter keep stanin' dere en lookin' so proud o' eself an de big taters in 'e Pa fiel, so long Brer Wasp bleged to laf an hole on to 'e side.

Den Brer Skeeter get vex, and gone home, and wen Brer Wasp take 'e hand down from 'e side, 'e waist was gone in so long wid de laf, dat he nebber come out no more.

So den Brer Skeeter nebber try dat kine o' big braggin' talk to enny body else, en Brer Wasp had to be berry careful bout laffin, cause 'e was berry fraid 'e might break in two some day, ef he laf so bout ebey fun.

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(SOPHOMORE, TO WILLIAM, THE NEW JANITOR.)—William, when can you clean off the tennis court for us?

WILLIAM—(*ever willing if not always wise*)—Well, Miss, I can't do it today; but if you will bring it to me tomorrow, I'll fix it de fust thing in de mawnin'.

# Our Advertising Directory.

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Alderman, S. L., Photographer.  
Andrews, E. M., Furniture.  
Andrews, Chas., Confectioner.  
Brockmann School of Music.  
Brown, Sample S., Dry Goods.  
Baker, Taylor Co., Publishing House.  
Calumet Tea and Coffee Co.  
Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railway.  
Cox-Ferree Dry Goods Company.  
Edwards & Broughton, Job Printers and Binders.  
Farrar, W. B. and Son, Jewelers.  
Ginn and Co., Publishing House.  
Holton's Drug Store.  
Hendrix, J. M., Dry Goods.  
Gorrell, Mrs. C. C., Milliner.  
Gardner, Howard, Drug Store.  
Greensboro Steam Laundry.  
Greensboro Ice and Coal Co.  
Greensboro Book Store.  
Garibaldi and Burns, Jewelers.  
Johnson and Dorsett, Dry Goods.  
Johnson, Dr. J. T., Occulist.

Leach, Shewell and Sanborn, Publishing House.  
North Carolina Fence Company.  
Odell Hardware Company.  
Randall, W. G., Artist.  
Rankin, A. E. Bros., Shoe Store.  
Richardson and Fariss, Drug Store.  
Southern Railway.  
Scott, J. W. & Co., Groceries.  
Stone, Joseph J., Job Printer.  
Schiffman Jewelry Co;  
Shrier, M., Shoe Store.  
University of North Carolina.  
White, R. G., Photographer.  
Ward, Drug Store.  
Wakefield, Dr., Occulist.  
Wharton Bros., Book Store.  
Weatherly, Mrs., Milliner.  
Wakefield Hardware Co.,  
Whitsett, Dr. G. W., Dentist.  
Workman Bros., Furniture House.  
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.  
Vanstory, C. M., Clothing House.  
Vanstory, C. P., Livery Stable.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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### Remember that we are Headquarters

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