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Entered at the Postoffice at Greensboro, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

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REECE & ELAM, Printers, Greensboro, N. C.

# STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

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VOL. V.

GREENSBORO, N. C., DECEMBER, 1900.

NO. 2

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THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE is published quarterly, from October to June, by a board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of a Managing Editor, chosen from the Faculty.

All literary contributions may be sent to the Managing Editor.

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

Terms—50 cents a year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

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## THE POET'S MISSION.

Written for THE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

Oh! the world is full of pictures;  
Full of beauty and of truth,  
And the heavens are full of glory  
Never told in song or story.

And the poet's eye can see them  
And the poet's heart can feel them,  
And the poet's pen reveal them  
Though our carnal clay conceal them.

—*Impromptu.*

WALT. WHITMAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

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A Lecture Delivered Before the New York Public Schools in 1890 by D. F. ST. CLAIR.

When "Leaves of Grass" appeared for the first time in 1853 Emerson read these poems with exalted emotions, for he saw in them much of his own philosophy, clothed in flesh and blood. He wrote to a friend in these words: "Americans may now come home from Europe, for a man has been born unto us."

That was nearly a half century ago, and Walt. Whitman has been dead more than six years and still Americans do not read him as they read Longfellow or Whittier, Bryant, or Poe. The fact is, they scarcely read him at all. In France, Germany and Russia he is more appreciated. In Paris and St. Petersburg, there are Walt. Whitman societies. But you may be sure there is no Longfellow or Whittier society in the literary circles of Europe. Longfellows and Whittiers they had before we had any, but they have had no Walt. Whitmans. Whitman has attracted attention in Europe, because of his new message and his wild, racy, unconventional manner in presenting it. For these very reasons he has been ignored at home. For a long while there has been a standing question: Has America anything distinctly its own to contribute to literature and art? Its original contributions to mechanical ingenuity and material enterprise, have partially established its individuality as a distinct family among nations. But in the realms of the higher imagination we have not only been feeble imitators, but we have been too timid to acknowledge promptly a poet like Whitman. We have waited to hear from abroad.

But even at home Whitman always had a few brave deciples, sometimes called Whit-maniacs, and the number of his friends is, I think, larger to-day than ever before. There are critics among us, who not only dare to say that he had something worth saying, but that he said it well. In the edition of "Leaves of Grass" for 1892, the latest, I believe, Whitman recommends the edition for the future if it is hereafter to be published, implying his doubt as to whether his poetry will live to see the future. But it will live because it ought to and must live. It has passed over its period of literary nightmare at least, and its reading has completely modified and reformed the lives of some excellent men and women.

But there never was a poet whose verse was so repellent at a casual glance to the reader. There never was a poet so hard for critics to define and so difficult for any one to get a satisfactory conception of. In the first place, Whitman is what is called a primal man. Primal men go to the heart of things regardless of consequences. They say outlandish things about us, spit on our laws of society, and our laws of art, trample our customs under foot, and puncture our shams and our lies. This they do not directly but by suggestion, by letting us glance at ourselves with our own imagination, as in passing a show-window we glance at our forms with our eyes. Shakespeare did a great deal of this sort of work, but with so much delightful humor and all searching imagination, that we hang on his every word. But men like Tolstoi, Ibsen, Emerson, and Whitman have not Shakespeare's comprehensive imagination. They have no humor. Each and every one of them is as serious as the old time Puritan. And Whitman was writing for the most humorous and the greatest humor-loving people on earth. A joke from Whitman would be utterly out of harmony with his thoughts, feelings and purposes—far more and out of place than a sermon on the Trinity from Mark Twain. He has had to keep the straightest and sincerest face to prevent good people from not only ridiculing him, but from charging him with pruriency and vice and immorality. Some have done that anyhow.

Whitman's apparent egotism is the first offence that stares the new reader in the face. Think of his longest poem being entitled Walt. Whitman and nine-tenths of the lines beginning with I.:

“ I celebrate myself;  
And what I assume you shall assume;  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you  
“ I loafe and invite my soul;  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.”

With this introduction, he continues with the promised revelation of a great secret. He says:

“ Stop this day and night with me, and you shall possess the origin of all poems;  
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun—(there are millions of suns left);  
You shall no longer take things at second hand or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the  
dead, nor feed on the spectres in books  
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me;  
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.”

In other words he meant to make a mirror in which we could see ourselves; and that after all is the highest province of literature and art—to help one to see one's self.

But Whitman's egotism is only apparent. If it were real it could not be offensive, but it is not real. He took himself to embody composite America. He could have taken John Smith you may say, but John Smith could have served the purpose no better than Walt. Whitman. Hear him as he attempts to speak in himself for us all:

"I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise;  
 Regardless of others, ever regardful of others;  
 Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man,  
 Stuffed with the stuff that is coarse, and stuffed with the stuff that is fine;  
 One of the Great Nation, the nation of many nations, the smallest the same, and the largest the same;  
 A southerner as soon as a northerner—a planter nonchalant and hospitable, down by the Oconee, I live;  
 A yankee bound on my way, ready for trade, my joints the limberest joints on earth;  
 A Kentuckian walking the Elkhorn in my deer-skin leggings—a Louisianian or Georgian;  
 A boat-man over lakes or bays or along coasts—A Hoosier, Badger, Buckeye;  
 At home on Kanadian snow-shoes, or up in the bush, or with fisherman of Newfoundland;  
 At home in the fleet of ice-boats, sailing with the rest and tacking;  
 At home on the hills of Vermont, or in the woods of Maine, or the Texan ranch;  
 Comrade of Californians—comrade of the free north-westerner (loving their big proportions);  
 Comrade of rafts-men and coal-men—comrade of all who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat;  
 A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfulest;  
 A novice beginning, yet experient of myriads of seasons;  
 Of every pere and caste I am, of every rank and religion;  
 A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker;  
 A prisoner, fancy man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest."

If he were living to-day, his patriotism would have him add to his repertoire a Malay and Porto-Rican. May be his great breadth already included these. Both Bayard Taylor and Edmund Clarence Stedman have condemned Whitman for this appearance of egotism, and the appearance has no doubt kept many persons from reading him, but it should not.

Looking again at what I have just quoted, you will ask if that is poetry. Well it may not be in form, but it is in spirit. The imagination and emotion are there,

although the lines drag, and halt. Most critics have dubbed Whitman's writings neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring, neither prose nor verse, but imaginings and fancies in words. The common idea of the form of poetry is lines or verses with metre and rythm or regular motion like the swing of a pendulum, but not necessarily rhyme. Whitman has ignored this idea in nearly all of his verse and it has greatly hampered his popularity as a poet. To the average ear most of his verse gives no music and the audible music of verse as we know is one of the most powerful agents in stirring the emotions. But Whitman had his great ideas to express and he did not want to be bothered with measuring off words and syllables for the purpose. Many a poet has lost his thought trying to keep his metre. If he can't keep both, he had better hold to his ideas as Whitman has done. He is too wild and racy for restraint.

Of the charges against Whitman, that of indecency, has, perhaps, been made the most of. This charge is just. He is so shockingly indecent in a few of his poems that he cannot hurt anybody. No nasty-minded person would ever read Whitman to get fuel for his own imagination. Had pruriency been one of this poet's vices, some of his poems might have had an immense circulation even in healthy America. These poems shock some of us just as an electric light suddenly turned on would shock a thief while doing his work at midnight. They are indecent just as many passages in the Bible are indecent and unfit to be read in public. Yet they have for men an important meaning, so important that Emerson, after two hours of pleading, could not induce Whitman to leave them out of his second edition of "Leaves of Grass." Emerson then took the author to dinner with him and complimented him on his courage. And high courage it was, for he knew full well that these poems would bar his book from many good homes. Nor would they make him any friends among the immoral. These indecent poems are a manly plea for healthy fatherhood and motherhood in all American homes.

Whitman's message has had but little, if any, effect upon his own generation. It stands alone. No writer has drawn on any of his ideas. The only literary mind in the world to-day that bears any points of resemblance is Tolstoi. But there is no imitation. In each of these men, his ideas were born. Whitman's message is for the future. It may require some other great poet to give it a more acceptable form. But the germinal ideas in his verse are pregnant with import. The loss of this message on his own time, was, perhaps, no loss at all. He saw this nation

struggle almost to death for its life. He has celebrated in the most catholic spirit that struggle under the general title of "Drum Tap." The spirit of no nation was ever finer and more heroic than that of America during the central decade of this century. (But this span of spirituality has been followed by a span of most engrossing materialism, when at moments it has seemed, especially to pessimists, that we had buried our souls to float our senses. But we have not done that. America is brimfull of spirituality at this moment, but it is formless and needs a voice to idealize it. Emerson, Whittier, Lowell and others have spoken for New England, but now we need some one to speak for the nation. We need some one who can gather its impulses into an ideal, an ideal that will not only make it safe to itself, but safe among other nations, an ideal that will make all the races at home with one another. There is plenty of love, plenty of sympathy, plenty of imagination in America, but they need the genius of expression.

Walt. Whitman, both as poet and man was an excellent example of the love that binds men's souls together. This is the central idea in all his poetry. His celebration of the human body along with the soul, of comradeship, of personality or apparent egotism, and of patriotism, are all spokes in this boundless circle of love. His indifference to death, yea even joy and triumphant over the idea, in the portrayal of which he surpassed all other poets, is but more evidence of his supreme grasp of the true meaning of life. There is in no other poet so much love, but none of it is of the ordinary sort, the sort between man and maid or husband and wife. That had already been exploited and there can be no further pressing need for its celebration. Over all his poetry gently floats the vapor of mystery, the mystery all great poets see in every thing they touch. Naturally surmounting his whole scheme of wisdom is the superbest optimism that any poet ever breathed upon this vale of tears.

Hear the dear old fellow swinging in his heart as he ambles along like a tramp through the wide world,

"I have said the soul is not more than the body,  
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,  
And nothing, not God, is greater than one's self is,  
And who ever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral, drest in his own shroud,



And I or you pocketless of a dime, may purchase the pick of the earth,  
 And to glance with an eye, or show a bean its pod, confounds the learning of all times;  
 And there is no trade or employment, but the young man following it may become a hero."

Whitman extols the body, because he sees it is the only means by which man can manifest his soul. Therefore he loves the very presence of men's bodies, says he:

"There is something in staying close to men and women, and looking on them,  
 And in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well."

With Whitman man is another name for God, another name for love.

"And I say to mankind, be not curious about God,  
 For I, who am curious about each, am not curious about God,  
 (No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death)  
 I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least,  
 Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself,  
 Why should I wish to see God better than this day?  
 I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then:  
 In the face of men and women I see God and in my own face in the glass;  
 I find letters from God dropped in the street—and every one is signed by God's name."

But in the following he strikes the very core of his philosophy:

"Think of loving and being loved, I swear to you, whoever you are, you can interfuse yourself with such things that everybody that sees you shall look lovingly upon you."

No one ever came into Walt. Whitman's presence without feeling this influence as will be seen when I give you a description later on of his great personality. But I have said he loved the immoral, the criminal and outcast men and women as well as any.

"You felons on trial in courts;  
 You convicts in prison cells—you sentenced assassians, chained and handcuffed with iron;  
 Who am I, too, that I am not on trial or in prison?  
 Me, ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are not chained with iron, or my ankles with iron?"

He implies that if a great many of us were to bore deep down into our own hearts, we should find ourselves about as bad as a great many of the men and women who fall. Then why should we hate them?

But did any poet ever before rebuke man so well for his unnatural life of greed, political and religious strife?

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contain'd ;  
 I stand and look at them long and long.  
 They do not sweat and whine about their condition;  
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins ;  
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God  
 Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things;  
 Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;  
 Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth,  
 So they show their relations to me and I respect them;  
 They bring me tokens of myself—and they evince them plainly in their possession."

Yes Whitman himself was one of them a great natural healthy, rank human animal, and he was no more modest nor immodest than these animals in the stalls, fields or woods.

"And as to you Death, and your bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me."  
 For how could death alarm one who says:

"I do not despise you, priests  
 My faith is the grandest of faiths, and the least of faiths,  
 Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern,  
 Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years,  
 Waiting responses from oracles, honoring the God, saluting the sun."

This poet is an orientalist. a firm believer in reincarnation, for he further says:

"And as to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths;  
 (No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.")

This furnishes the key to a great deal of his mysticism, a great deal that the average reader does not understand. Death is the rock on which he hangs his optimism, his hope, patience and charity.

This death for the body, was he thought, the best way to get a better body. It is excellent bodies that we all need. Our souls have always been perfect. The imperfection is in our bodies. For millions of us it is impossible to get a better body in a single life time. Death as well as life affords opportunities. No subject has so moved the imagination of this poet as death, upon which he has wrought his two great masterpieces, "When the Lilac Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking." The first is a marvellous dirge over Lincoln. There is here no catalogue of facts or events, no parade of glaring realism.

Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme has nowhere more delicate music than we find in the measured cadence of these lines. We are not told of the news of the assassination of Lincoln as a man on the street might tell it. It comes to us through a suggestion. We are made to feel a mood, not to listen to the description of an event. There is symbolism, suggestion, color, mystery. We inhale the languorous grace of the lilacs, we see the drooping star, in secluded recesses we hear a cry and hidden bird warbling a song; there are dim lit churches and shuddering organs and tolling bells and there is one sad broken heart seeing and hearing all:

“Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep for the dead I loved so well,  
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and land—and for his dear sake,  
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,  
There in the fragrant pines and the cedar dusk and dim.”

“Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking” is a poem of passionate expression, of strong and simple utterance of the deepest tones of grief without a counterpart in the world.

Permit me to give this poem in full. It begins thus:

“Shine! shine! shine!  
Pour down your warmth, gentle sun;  
While we back, we two together  
Two together!  
Winds blow south, winds blow north  
Day come white or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home  
Singing all time, minding no time  
While we two keep together.”

Such is the joyous and careless song of the two feathered guests, two mocking birds, on the seashore of Paumanok, on Long Island where Whitman was born. A boy, perhaps it was Whitman himself, standing by the lapping sea hears the song. The she-bird disappears from her nest never more to return, (perhaps killed by the boy) and the he-bird sings:

“Blow! blow! blow!  
Blow up sea winds along Paumanok shore  
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me,

Soothe ! soothe ! soothe !

Close on its wave soothes the wave behind

And again another behind, embracing and lapping every one close

But my love soothes not me,

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,

It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land

With love, with love

O night ! do I not see my love fleet turning out among the breakers ?

What is that little black thing there I see in the white ?

Loud ! loud ! loud !

Loud I call to you my love !

High and clear, I shoot my voice over the waves

Surely you must know who is here is here ?

You must know who I am my love

Low hanging moon !

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate.

O moon do not keep me from her any longer.

Land ! land ! O land !

Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again, if you only would.

For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look

But soft, sink low !

Soft ! let me just murmur,

And do you wait a moment, you husky voiced sea,

For somewhere, I believe I heard my mate responding to me,

So faint, I must be still, be still to listen

But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither my love

Here I am, here

With this just sustained note, I announce myself to you.

This gentle call is for you my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere

That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice

That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray

Those are the shadows of the leaves

O darkness, O in vain !

O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O past ! O happy life ! O songs of joy

In the air, in the woods, over fields,

Loved ! loved ! loved ! loved ! loved !  
 But my mate no more, no more with me,  
 We two together no more."

It stirs the boy's heart and he feels that it is towards him and not towards its mate that the bird sings and a thousand echoes have started to life in his soul.

"O give me the dew (it lurks in the night here somewhere).  
 O if I am to have so much let me have more  
 Whereto answering the sea  
 Delaying not, hurrying not,  
 Whispered me through the night and very plainly before day break  
 Lispered to me the very low and delicious word death, death.  
 Hissing melodious, neither like the bird, nor like any aroused child's heart,  
 But edying near privately for me, rustling at my feet,  
 Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,  
 Death, death, death, death, death."

This is the only solution of the crisis of unsatisfied love and here lies the highest problem which awaits the poet, always with the unconquerable almost unassailable mysteriousness. But Whitman is happy facing this great problem, for he sees its solution, in the firm belief that the soul reappears in a new body.

No truer picture of this poet's life and character can be given than his own receipt for making a poet. "Poets are born not made" is a Latin proverb, but Whitman tells how to make them. Says he:

"This is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, to devote your income and labor to others, hate ingrates, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and with the mothers of families, reexamine all you have been told in school or church or any book and dismiss whatever insults your own soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency, not only in its words, but in the silent lines of its lip and face and between the lashes of your eyes and in every motion and joint of your body. The poet shall not spend time in unneeded work. He shall know that the ground is all ready ploughed and manured; others may not know it, but he shall. He shall go directly to creation.

His trust shall master the trust of every thing he touches—and shall master all attachments.”

This may explain why we have so few real poets at this time.

But the personality of the man himself was greater than any poem he ever wrote. As I have already said, no one ever met him without feeling the charm of his presence. Once he accompanied a party of congressmen west to see a tribe of Indians. The party met the red men at Kansas City. The chief and his men took but little notice of the statesmen but they all gathered around Whitman, passionately grasped his hand and cried “how, how.” all the English they knew. These savage men instinctively felt his honesty in the very atmosphere. Think of a man being so composite in character and appearance, that he was taken for a priest, a lawyer, a sea captain, a bonanza king, a farmer, a frontiersman, a boatman, a hack driver, a general, &c. But this man was not a soldier for by nature he had no love for the carnage and blood-letting of battles. None of his war poems treat of a scene of actual battle. Yet he was brave enough man to shorten his life in the hospitals. What a benediction he was to the wounded and dying. He was a sort of physical healer of the nation in the soldiers’ hospitals as he may yet turn out to be a mental and moral healer of the nation in his poetry. A well known war correspondent gives this appreciative account of Whitman as a nurse.

“I first heard of him among the sufferers on the peninsular after a battle there. Subsequently I saw him time and again in Washington hospitals or wending his way there with basket or haversack on his arm and the strength of beneficence suffusing his face. His devotion surpassed the devotion of woman. It would take a volume to tell of his kindness, tenderness and thoughtfulness.

“Never shall I forget one night when I accompanied him on his rounds through a hospital filled with those wounded young Americans whose heroism he has sung in deathless numbers. There were three rows of cots, and each cot bore its man. When he appeared passing along, there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan and his presence seemed to light up the place, as it might be lighted by the presence of the God of love. From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer, for another he wrote a letter home, to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or postage stamp, all of which and many other things were in his

capacious haversack. From another he would receive a dying message for mother, wife; for another he would promise to go on an errand, to another some special friend very low, he would give a manly farewell kiss. He did the things for them no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in the hospital that night, before he left it, and as he took his way towards the door, you could hear the voices of many a stricken hero calling 'Walt, Walt, Walt, come again, come again.'"

It was here that he got that rich experience, out of which he wrote his war poems,

This poet, who has so exalted the body, possessed one of the most perfect bodies ever given to a human being.

Dr. J. Johnson, a Scotch physician, who visited Walt. Whitman in 1890 just two years before his death describes him in the following words:

"The first thing about himself that struck me was the physical immensity and magnificent proportions of the man, and next the picturesque majesty of his presence as a whole.

He sat quite erect in a great cane runged chair, crossed legged and clad in rough grey clothes with slippers on his feet, a shirt of pure white linen with a great white collar edged with white lace, the shirt buttoned about midway down his breast, the big lappels of the collar thrown open, the points touching his shoulders and exposing the upper hirsute portion of his chest. He wore a vest of gray homespun, but it was unbuttoned almost to the bottom. He had no coat on, and his shirt sleeves were turned up above the elbows, exposing most beautiful shaped arms and flesh of the most delicate whiteness. Although it was so hot, he did not perspire visibly, while I had to keep mopping my face. His hands are large and massive, but in perfect proportion to his arms, the fingers long, strong, white and tapering to a blunt end. His nails are square showing about an eighth of an inch separate from the flesh, and I noticed that there was not a particle of impurity beneath any of them. But his majesty is concentrated in his head, which is set with leonine grace and dignity upon his broad square shoulders; and it is almost entirely covered with long fine straggling hair, silvery and glistening, pure and white as sunlit snow, rather thin on the top of his high rounded crown, streaming over and around his large but delicately shaped ears, down the back of his big neck, and from his pinky white cheek and top lip, over the lower part of his face, right down to the middle of

his chest, like a catract of materialized vapor, giving him a most venerable and patriarchal appearance. His high massive forehead is seamed with wrinkles. His nose is large and strong and broad and prominent, but beautifully chiseled and proportioned, almost straight, very slightly depressed at the tip, and with deep furrows each side, running down to the angles of his mouth. The eye-brows are thick and shaggy with strong white hair, very highly arched, and standing a long way above the eyes, which are a light blue, with a tinge of grey, small rather deeply set, calm, clear, penetrating and revealing unfathomable depths of tenderness, kindness and sympathy. The upper eyelids droop considerably over the eyeballs. The lips which are partly hidden by the thick white mustache are full. The whole face impresses one with a sense of resoluteness, strength and intellectual power, and yet withal a winning sweetness, unconquerable radiance and hopeful joyousness. His voice is highly pitched and musical, with a timbre which is astonishing in an old man. There is none of the tremor, quavor or shrillness usually observed in them. But his utterance is clear, ringing and most sweetly musical. But it was not in any one of these features, his charm lay so much as in his *tout ensemble*, and the irresistible magnetism of his sweet aromatic presence, which seemed to exhale sanity, purity and naturalness, and exercised over me an attraction which positively astonished me, producing an exhalation of mind and soul which no man's presence ever did before. I felt that I was here face to face with the living embodiment of all that was good, noble and lovable in humanity."

The one great thing to do, is to get people to read this rich native poet. What most of us need above all things, are personality and charity and no writer is so rich in these qualities. The late John Addington Symonds, a great English critic, said 'Walt. Whitman made a man of him. Before he read Whitman he was an intellectual prig, he was possessed of false modesty about sex as many ignorant and over-nice people are. In fact he was an all round, physical, mental and moral dyspeptic. Whitman cured him.

After reading him with an intelligent faith, that he is reaching out to shake hand with your soul, you will find many of your every-day prejudices dropping off like scales. You will see that men are worth vastly more for what they show in their hearts, than for their position or for what they happen to have in their pockets. This poet whose verse is so unattractive at a glance, is all the more worth talking about to people and urging them to read.



## TRAINING OF TEACHERS IN MORTH CAROLINA.

ANNIE G. RANDALL.

When the four additional summer normal schools were established in 1882, the appropriation of \$4,000 which had been given to the University Normal was divided into five parts. Two thousand dollars was retained for the support of the central school at Chapel Hill, and five hundred dollars was given to each of the schools opened at Franklin, Newton, Wilson and Washington. After five summer terms of work at these places the normal at Chapel Hill was abolished and its appropriation of two thousand dollars was used to establish four other schools in addition to those begun in 1882. The new ones were opened at Asheville, at Boone (and afterwards moved to Sparta), at Winston and Elizabeth City.

In these normal schools, which existed but four weeks once a year, instructors could not cover the field of Pedagogics. They could but touch vital points. Hints were thrown out concerning methods; subjects could not be taught. Teachers teach as they have been taught, not as they are told that they should teach. While the short normal terms could not establish correct methods in the public schools, they did illustrate the good and the beauty of these methods. Not only did they show to the untrained but ambitious teacher of the back country the necessity of knowing what to teach and how to teach it, but a world of delight was revealed to them in lectures from specialists, scholarly men and women in many professions. Many of our best men lent themselves to the cause. Governor Vance, State Geologist Kerr, Hon. A. M. Waddell, Dr. R. H. Lewis, Mr. F. H. Busbee, Hon. A. S. Merrimon, Bishop Lyman, Bishop Rondthaler, Prof. Henry S. Shepherd, and all of the leading teachers of the State spoke at these normals.

Perhaps there has never been in North Carolina an awakening which has resulted in so great benefit to the State as has come from the educational revival of the 80's. We are to-day feeling the effects and the spirit aroused then is controlling our people now with a continually increasing force.

In 1885 the University established a Normal Department for young men, but discontinued it after about two years.

There has been no organization so pregnant with good results to the cause of education in our State as that of the North Carolina Teacher's Assembly. Its first session was held at Waynesville White Sulphur Springs in June, 1884. The next two sessions were held at Black Mountain. It was at the latter place in 1886 that the first formal step was taken towards the establishment of a normal college in North Carolina.

The teachers passed resolutions asking for this institution and appointed a committee to memorialize the General Assembly on the subject. The members of this committee were Maj. S. M. Finger, whose work for the children of North Carolina deserves a statue to be erected by them; Miss Mary R. Goodloe, now Mrs. Ogden E. Edwards, a scholarly teacher of long and faithful service, and Prof. E. A. Alderman, whose brilliant career at home so attracted the outside world that we could not retain his services and who is now President of Tulane University.

Though each Teachers' Assembly passed similar resolutions and appointed similar committees, three years passed before the question reached the General Assembly for serious consideration.

In the meantime it was looked at from every point; at first with indifference, then with fear by those who flee at the mention of "tax." The name of the latter is legion in North Carolina. With us this fear is an inheritance, since our fathers fought the idea one hundred years before the stamp tax confronted them. Since "every man is a quotation from all his ancestors," and since we are known to be a homogeneous people, it must in the course of nature be that a Tar Heel's *bete noir* is the tax collector. To overcome this inborn fear was the task of the schoolmen, and so strenuously did they toil that in 1889 the idea of a training school for teachers found favor with so large a part of the people that its champions carried it before the lawmakers at Raleigh.

It was then that a committee from the Teachers' Assembly, of which Charles D. McIver was chairman, appeared before the Educational Committee of the Legislature in behalf of a "Teachers' Training School."

The Committee of the Legislature, after hearing the appeals of G. T. Winston, E. A. Aldermen, E. P. Moses, E. G. Harrell and C. D. McIver, of the Committee from the Teachers' Assembly, reported unfavorably on the bill.

The chairman, who then resided in Raleigh, proceeded to make an individual canvass among the legislators, and largely through his efforts, in spite of the adverse

report, the bill passed the Senate by an overwhelming majority and needed only about sixteen votes to secure its passage in the House.

The following Memorial presented to each legislator the day before the question was voted upon, will show the spirit which actuated the advocates of the measure far better than any condensed statement can do. It will also indicate that the most potent argument used with the legislators was the demand for better educational opportunities for women. So far all efforts for a co-educational institution had failed even of consideration: \*

MEMORIAL IN BEHALF OF THE NORTH CAROLINA TEACHERS'  
TRAINING SCHOOL.

*To the Honorable, the General Assembly of North Carolina.*

As members of a committee appointed by the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly to present the matter to the Legislature, we beg to call your attention to one feature of the Training School bill now before your honorable body.

That it is expedient to change the present system of normal instruction in the State few people doubt; that a system of county institutes would do more good, nearly everybody admits. The Joint Committee on Education from the two Houses were unanimous on these points, and decided to report favorably the entire bill as you see it printed. It is to call your attention to the importance of the Training School as the head of the system of county institutes that we take this means of addressing you. Everybody agrees that a permanent Training School would be a good and desirable help to the school system of the State. The Superintendent of Public Instruction has twice recommended it, and the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, through their committee, is now asking for it for the third time.

But without considering these points, it seems to us that there is one thing which, alone, ought to pass the bill: namely, its importance to the education of our *girls*. If it was wise a century ago to provide, at State expense, a University for boys, and if it is right to give this University support now, as no one will deny, can any man consistently refuse to allow a small amount from the public school fund (not enough to shorten the school term one-half a day) to establish a Training School where *girls* can prepare for almost the only work by which our social conditions allow them to earn a livelihood? If one sex had to do without education, would not men be better able to get along without it than women? Why is that for one hundred years the State has been helping the stronger and letting the weaker take care of themselves? Why is it that the subject has rarely, if ever, been mentioned by one of our leading politicians? Is there any good reason why we should make annual appropriations for the benefit of our sons and disregard this modest and only request that our daughters have ever made in that direction? If women are admitted on the same terms as men to the privileges of all other State institutions, why should we draw the line at education in the University and in the Industrial School? Shall

the State help her sons to develop their intellectual and industrial powers and do absolutely nothing for those who are to be the mothers of the next generation of men?

It is unfortunate that none of our female colleges are endowed, and that they are, on that account, too expensive for the average well-to-do citizen to patronize. Those who send their daughters to such schools generally do so at an expense of from \$250 to \$450 a year.

Now, if such a school is established as is contemplated by this bill, a man of moderate means who has a daughter desiring to become a teacher can send her to this Training School (which will be located at some place where board is cheap) for about \$100 a year. This would render the education necessary to make a girl self-supporting possible to one thousand girls in North Carolina who now have not the faintest hope of entering one of our more expensive schools, where the board alone costs from \$150 to \$200 a year. Unless some such measure as this is adopted, these girls, and those of coming generations similarly situated, are doomed to live and drudge and die without ever having known the blessing of being independent, and frequently without having ever gone beyond the borders of their own counties. At the same time the State is losing much of her best talent for the work of teaching her children. As a matter of self-interest, we think the State ought to do what this bill asks. Justice to our women demands it and, on the grounds of humanity alone, they deserve more from their brothers, who make the laws *and the appropriations*, than they have ever received.

Shall they appeal to you in vain?

Very respectfully,

CHAS. D. McIVER,  
E. G. HARRELL,  
E. P. MOSES,  
E. A. ALDERMAN,  
GEORGE T. WINSTON,  
D. MATT. THOMPSON,  
Mrs. J. A. McDONALD,

*Committee.*

Though North Carolina had no State school for the training of teachers, and none of any sort for the higher education of women, yet in the fall of 1889, the same year in which our General Assembly had declined to provide for these needs, there was opened at Raleigh the second State school for men—the Agricultural and Mechanical College supported handsomely by State and Federal aid.

At the session of 1889, the General Assembly abolished the eight summer Normal schools and placed the \$4,000, which had been appropriated to them, in the hands of the State Board of Education to be used for holding County Institutes. Their intention was to take instruction to every public school teacher's door.

The Board of Education sent out two men as Institute conductors who should

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during the years 1889 and 1890 visit every county and hold in each an Institute lasting one week. The men chosen were Charles D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman.

By means of these Institutes during the years '89, '90 and '91, nearly every county in the State was visited two or three times. The people were aroused to the importance of better trained teachers and of local taxes for public schools. About five thousand teachers and more than fifty thousand other citizens attended these Institutes.

The seed thus sown broadcast bore fruit quickly. The interest of every class of citizen was enlisted. Governor Fowle, in his message to the General Assembly which met in January, 1891, urged the establishment of the institution for which the teachers had been praying three years. The King's Daughters entered the ranks and sent out Mrs. Hobbs, of Guilford College, to speak to their members in behalf of woman's education. They petitioned for an Industrial School for girls. The North Carolina Farmers' Alliance in 1890 passed resolutions asking State aid for the higher education of women. Hon. J. L. M. Curry went before the General Assembly and made a strong appeal for a Normal College for women and promised aid from the Peabody Fund, a promise which has been most generously remembered. The Committee from the Teachers' Assembly presented a bill for establishing an institution for girls and women only.

The Act was passed establishing the Normal and Industrial College for white women.

At last, two years after the opening of the second State College for men; after fifteen years of State aid to negro men and women; after one hundred years existence of the University for white men, the white women of North Carolina were told that the State would aid them in their preparation for self-support.

The Normal and Industrial College was opened September 28, 1892, at Greensboro.

Mr. R. S. Pullen, R. T. Gray of Raleigh, and others donated the land—ten acres. The citizens of Greensboro gave \$30,000, the General Assembly made an annual appropriation of \$10,000 and the Peabody Fund gave \$5,000. The legislative appropriation was increased at every biennial session till 1897 when it was made \$25,000. Private persons have donated small sums now and then, but the men and women of the South have not yet learned that money invested in education, par-

ticularly in that of women, brings larger returns than that put in factories or railroads.

Though poor in money, the Normal and Industrial College is affluent in that material which enriches the Commonwealth, namely the young women who go out each year with preparation and with the determination to teach the coming citizen.

Charles D. McIver was made President of the College and has served with an ability and with an almost impassioned consecration to the work which are demonstrated in the notable success of the institution. He has been assisted by a Faculty which is the peer of that in any woman's college of our country.

During the eight years of this school's existence, she has marticulated about two thousand students. She has graduated with life certificates to teach in the public schools of North Carolina one hundred and ninety young women. From this number are found teachers in every town and city in this State where there has been voted a local tax and where there is, in consequence of this tax, a system of graded schools.

As the needs of the College have increased the Faculty has grown from nine in number to a body of thirty-two including seven officers. The number of students has increased from 228 in 1892 to 490 in 1899. The President is forced each year for lack of dormitory room to refuse admission to twenty-five per cent of applicants, young women who see in this College their only hope of an education. These have come from every county in the State and of late applications have come from other states. It is safe to say that in the coming decade a thousand students would make their pilgrimage each year to this woman's Mecca if the State or philanthropy would provide for them.

Since the opening of the Normal and Industrsal College for women, almost every church and private school in the State has added a Business course and a Normal department to its curriculum. The University also has revived its Department of Pedagogics, new colleges for the higher education of women have been built by the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. Trinity College, supported by the Methodist church, the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh and the State University have been opened to women within three years past.

The opportunities are broadening for the North Carolina woman, not only to become a teacher, an expert accountant or a stenographer, but to grow into a well-trained citizen in whatever sphere her lot places her.

As all men are not born to plead at the bar or from the pulpit, so every woman

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is not born to teach, to keep books or to write short-hand. When the State places her fairly and honestly upon the same firm stand in educational opportunity which her brother enjoys; whether she teaches or whether she keeps house; there will be no need of a compulsory law to bring the children to school.

Without the educated woman, there can be no trained teachers. Without trained teachers, there can be no effective schools. Without these schools, there can be no progress in North Carolina, either social, religious or political.

## LOUISBURG SCHOOLS.

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THOS. B. WILDER.

In every mind there is a more or less well defined interrogation point and the enjoyment that comes from the history of any place, people or epoch is due to this mental "How?" or "Why?" It is impossible properly to judge the present without reference to the events which have led up to it, or by which it has been both affected and effected. These causes are the background of the picture and every one knows that the trees, the clouds, the sky line, the harmonious blending of colors make the chief beauty of the picture.

When one visits a place for the first time the natural thing is either to ask directly something concerning it, or to pick up and add together traditions which have become a part of the town itself, and give to it its local color. So it is that almost every town, certainly every old town has within its history the characters, the incidents, the comedies, the tragedies which only await the master hand of some genius to form them into true literature. It is this imagination of genius which takes these everyday prosy, lack-lustre events, and with the skill of the lapidary, removes the rough corners, reshapes and gives to them the polish and brilliancy which every one can then see. Could a better example be found than David Harum, that recent brilliant success? He was in the main a shrewd, grasping man who considered everything fair in a trade and who had no conscientious scruples in taking advantage and yet under the hand of genius he has been formed into a really delightful character.

However, in a short article as this must needs be, it is impossible to speak of any of the local celebrities along the lines that would have delighted a novelist in search of original characters (for there are and have been many such in Louisburg) but it will be confined to a brief sketch of the educational history of the town.

Louisburg is the county seat and situated very nearly in the centre of Franklin County. This county was originally a part of Bute County which was divided into Franklin and Warren. From parts of these and a part of Granville has since been made Vance county. Lovisburg is located on Tar River at the terminus of a branch of the Seaboard Air Line. The town was incorporated in 1779 and its present



population is about 2,000. For many years the place was chiefly celebrated for its high school advantages. The Male Academy was founded in 1799 and its first teacher was Matthew Dickinson, a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale College. He was the uncle of Cyrus, Stephen, David and Henry Field, all of whom have been noted men in science of letters. Matthew Dickinson taught for some time and then began the study of law but died while so engaged and is buried about seven miles from Louisburg. The stone over his grave was sent here by his nephews above named. Mr. John Bobbitt followed him as Principal of the Academy and was a noted teacher, a man of broad education but of irascible temper. It was during his long incumbency as Principal that the Academy enjoyed such a repute throughout the eastern part of the State and at this time it was a difficult matter to care for the large number of young men who attended the school. The writer has heard the late Judge Davis speak frequently of the crowded condition of the rooms in which the boys lived during this time for it was very different then as to school facilities from what it is now and instead of many schools vieing with each other in the comforts they offered it was somewhat a matter of favor to be allowed to attend this school and submit to its inconveniencies. There used to be on the old Bobbitt place, a small single story office containing two rooms each of which was about twelve by fourteen feet, and Judge Davis said that he well remembered when there were ten boys rooming in it. As further illustrating the disadvantages of those days as compared with the present, the writer has heard those who were at the school tell of a young fellow who in a spirit of mischief took the bed on which he was expected to sleep and put it in his trunk and then made complaint that it had been stolen. After the matter had been duly investigated without result, he "accidentally," as he said, found it when he opened his trunk. Mr. Asher Ray succeeded Mr. Bobbitt and taught till about the year 1850 and Prof. Turner Jones first and then a Mr. Watkins taught till 1856 when Mr. M. S. Davis took charge and managed the school till 1872. One of Mr. Davis' assistants at one time was Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, late of Charleston, S. C., now of Baltimore, Md.

After the war, on account of the changed financial conditions, the school did not receive the outside patronage it had before, and from that time to the present its patronage has been almost entirely local.

The present principal of the school is Mr. J. J. Allen, a man of fine education and the possessor of a most prodigious memory. Although it has been years since,

as a boy, he studied Webster's Blueback Speller, yet he can now, without looking at the book, give at once the page and column where any word therein is located. The writer has seen this verified many times and has heard him say that if every one of the books were destroyed he could take pen and paper and write it out page by page just as it is.

During all this time the Female Seminary was enjoying a large and paying patronage throughout the eastern part of the state. In 1857 the Louisburg Female College was chartered and was quite successful for awhile, but was discontinued till about fifteen years ago. It is at present being successfully conducted under the principalship of Prof. M. S. Davis and has quite a large attendance both of boarders and day pupils.

The Academy and the College are located at the highest point in the town, on either side of Main street, each in an oak grove of thirteen acres which was set aside for this particular purpose when the town was incorporated.

## OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

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LEWIS DULL, Class of '99.

It was the soft twilight of November. The lamps had not been lighted in the home room where Miss Ursula Winter sat. She was lost in that pleasant, yet sad, retrospection so well in keeping with the hour, the lengthening shadows without and the dull glow of the fire on the hearth,

No one knew very much about Miss Winter. She had lived in the same stately house in the same conservative way as far back as Mapleton Memory extended. The only variation in her life of which they knew, was the coming one day of Miss Winter's lawyer, and a week later of Miss Winter's niece

However, no man's life is unimportant to himself, more especially if seen in retrospect. Who can tell what more than this passed before Miss Winter's eyes as she gazed into the fire.

Whatever they were, these scenes must have been most absorbing for the shadows outside had deepened into darkness before she was aroused from her reverie. The front door closed and some one came quickly along the hall singing in a clear, laughing voice:

"I know the great uncle of Moses,  
The date of the war of the roses."

The door opened and Emily Winter stood upon the threshold, her eyes sparkling with laughter.

"So you see Auntie, since I know all that, it is quite unnecessary for me to remember your warnings about the night air. But how does it come that you sit in darkness? Have you been waiting for me to enlighten you?" Tossing her hat aside, the young girl lighted the lamps, then drawing three letters from her pocket, she handed them to her aunt. "See, I have brought you all these and a trifle of news extra. I wonder if I will ever be important enough to get so many letters?"

"I trust not my child," returned Miss Winter, "they are wearisome things for the most part."

Miss Winter had read one of her letters and her face had lost its smile. The words she had read were these: "Major John R. Anderson has bought property in Mapleton, and he and his grandson will reside there in the future. Major John Anderson, Jr. is still abroad. There is no talk of his return.—But you have not given me your promised bit of news."

"My dear Auntie," replied Emily, "I have to announce to you that our privacy is about to be invaded. According to Miss Pamela Pettijohn, an aged interloper has bought the Snuggery, and will garrison his troops, e. g., grandson there."

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear, we are sufficient for each other, and therefore independent of our neighbors. They will be nothing to us. In the meantime you should be asleep, so good night little girlie."

"Well, Auntie, since I must, I will go and dream that Prince Charming has just taken up his abode next door."

Days past and nothing more was heard of the new neighbors. Emily could not help wondering if Miss Winter knew them, but she asked no questions and Miss Winter altogether ignored the opening of the Snuggery. One morning Emily was filling her basket and her arms with late autumn flowers. As she wandered here and there in the sunshine, in her red morning dress, with Jan, Miss Winter's shepherd, frisking all about her, she seemed a bit of the gorgeous autumnal picture. Presently she set her basket on the ground, that she might gather a piece of scarlet vine, and Jan picked it up in his mouth and walked off toward the house. "Oh, Jan, you naughty dog," exclaimed Emily, "I have not nearly finished," and she ran after him down the walk. Away they went, up and down the garden paths.

"Ha, Ha, go it Miss Emily!" Emily stopped and looked about her in astonishment. As she turned around the laughing face of a young man came into view above a trellis on the wall which separated the garden from the lawn of the Snuggery.

"That was a fine race, I'm sorry I spoiled it."

"Who are you and where did you come from," gasped Emily.

The young man laughed.

"I beg your pardon, of course you do not know me as well as I feel that I know you. My name is John Frederick Anderson, commonly called Fred, and I

live with my grandfather just next door. Your garden has been a stolen pleasure in this oppressively quiet place. I am sorry I revealed myself to you this morning, you look as if you were displeased."

"By no means, I am glad if our garden gives you pleasure. My aunt and I are very fond of it. Here comes Jan with my basket and I must bid you good-morning."

"Aunt Ursula, do you know Major Anderson?" asked Emily after she had related her adventure.

Miss Winter looked grave.

"I had hoped, Emily, that you would not encounter our neighbors at all. Since that is no longer possible, it is best for you to know about them. Major Anderson and my father were life-long enemies, and he has used every means at his command to ruin my life. I met his son at West Point not long after my father's death and we were betrothed. Major Anderson refused to welcome me as his son's wife. I was far too proud to marry John without his father's permission, and he went away angry at what he regarded as indifference to himself. He went to Europe and neither his father nor I have seen him since."

As a result of Mr. Fred Anderson's very glowing description of the race, the old garden, and his young neighbor, the next day's mail brought a request from Major John Anderson, U. S. N. for permission to call upon Miss Winter.

This was the answer which he received:

"Major John Anderson, U. S. N., will scarcely wish to call upon Ursula Winter, daughter of Paul Winter, Ph. D., late of Texas."

"Well I should think not, muttered the major, looking much dismayed. She has caused me enough trouble already, just like her rascally father."

Of all this young Fred knew nothing. He was much surprised, therefore, when his grandfather bade him never to speak of the neighbors again.

Major Anderson was not a man to be questioned, however, so he did as he was told, but he seemed to enjoy all the more his visits to the trellis on the garden wall and chance meetings with Emily Winter in the village.

One morning Miss Pamela Pettijohn paid Miss Winter a visit. She enjoyed the hospitality of all the good house wives of the village, always giving in return her choicest bits of gossip.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Miss Pamela on this occasion, "I most forgot

to tell you—Major Anderson is very ill. They think he will die. His son has been cabled for! You didn't know he had a son in Europe, did you? You did! You don't say! It was quite a surprise to me."

Major Anderson did not die, but many days his life hung by a mere thread. Major John Anderson watched unceasingly at his father's bedside. No one knows what passed between them in the long hours of the invalid's convalescence, but John Anderson went one evening in the early twilight to the cottage next door. Once again Miss Winter sits in the gloaming, but this time she is not alone, nor does she dwell upon the days of the past. Presently her tall soldierly visitor rises, "Come, Ursula" he is saying, "let us go to my father," and upon their faces is love's radiance.

When the garden was fragrant with spring blossoms, Miss Winter became Major John Anderson's wife and Fred is telling sweet Emily Winter, "If you had been named Ursula and I had been Uncle John, I should not have asked anybody's leave, I should just have carried you over the garden wall."

For which bold statement he received no answer.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Our opening article, to-day, from the pen of Mr. St. Clair, is of unusual interest because he shows "the other side" of a poet who has received much adverse criticism.

Mr. St. Clair, it will readily be perceived, is to be numbered among the ardent admirers of Whitman. This admiration does not appear to be confined to the subject matter or content of "Leaves of Grass" but is sufficiently comprehensive to embrace the author, his message and, to a large extent, the form or medium of communication through which the spirit breathes and by means of which the message finds utterance.

He is correct in asserting that Whitman is read and enjoyed in France, Germany and Russia more than in America. He fails to state the cause, viz: Whitman's sensual style. "Leaves of Grass" was not formerly and I believe is not now, because of this fault, placed in the hands of young people. Other poets give us thoughts as great without the appendage of gross suggestion.

Mr. St. Clair says: "You may be sure there is no Longfellow or Whittier society in the literary circles of Europe." He should have said "of continental Europe," for he must know of England's love for Longfellow, of his bust in Westminster; of England's veneration for Emerson, of Whittier's following there. He must know too that England and not France, Russia or even Germany stands for the strong, the pure in literature as in morals. America and England abound in homes and in the home, we do well to guard the library.

Mr. St. Clair's plea for Whitman's impure utterances is very weak. "In the world's riper years" even those passages of the Bible to which he refers are no longer read in churches. The clergy finds better matter and we realize that they are doing God's service. Then why plead for the admission of Whitman's grosser and feebler words into our homes and schools?

For a criticism as hostile as this of Mr. St. Clair's is laudatory—one might read the estimate of Whitman given in Hawthorne and Lemmon's *American Literature* pp. 259-264. Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" has some kindly words to say concerning the message of Whitman. Other estimates of the so-called Poet of Democracy—accessible to our students are to be found in

Pancoast's American Literature, pp. 292-304, Richardson's American Literature, Vol. II. pp. 268-281, and Stedman's Poets of America, ch. X. pp. 349-395.

In reading the many things favorable and unfavorable that have been written by Whitman's critics, it is well to bear in mind, that the critic's point of view is of vital importance. Poetry is more than metre and rhyme, it is literature—an effective means of expressing, ideas, thought and passion. In common with all literature it has two aspects, form and content. The critic who directs his attention solely or principally to form will give us an estimate affording very different reading from that critic who is concerned primarily with content or subject-matter. Only by keeping this dual nature of poetry in mind, shall we amid the maze of contradictory and apparently irreconcilable statements hope to form an intelligent estimate of the worth or worthlessness of Whitman's work.

A like remark applies to our own reading. Shall we—in reading "Leaves of Grass" accept and remain content with Poe's canon—that poetry "has no concern whatever either with Duty or Truth" or shall we say with Lowell:

For I believed the poets: it is they  
Who utter wisdom from the central deep.  
And, listening to the inner flow of things,  
Speak to the age out of eternity.

What has Walt. Whitman to say? What is his message to me and mankind? If naught that is new—has he given old truths—through a medium so imaginative, so musical, so rymthical—as to impress us anew and more forcibly—with their significance, their power and their beauty?

Poems by "O. H." (S. O. H. Dickson), Richmond, Va., Whitett and Shep-  
person, Printers, 1900. 50 cents.

This little book is a collection of a few of Miss Dickson's poems. It is a dainty souvenir of the North Carolina mountains. Apart from local interest, it is well worth a place on the shelves of the home and college library. There is in it a sweetness and freshness born of the forest and of the stream, and a strength born of the mountains. The following selections are representative utterances of this pure-souled Carolina poetess:



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“GOOD MORNING.”

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“Good morning !” says the sun and on a thousand hills  
 He leaves his morning kiss, and light and gladness fills  
 The waking world. Birds sing for very joy, and then  
 At his command the breezes roll the mists away,  
 The flowers fling their fragrant incense to the day,  
 And Nature’s silent worship finds its way to God !

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“GOOD NIGHT.”

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The long light slants adown the sapphire tinted hills,  
 And leaves a tender parting kiss of glory there,  
 It is the sun’s good night unto a tired world,  
 “Good night !” the sleepy valleys answer, and then draw  
 Their coverlets of mist about them and are still.

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A GREETING TO GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN.

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O Patriarch of the hills, thou sleepest well  
 Wrapt in thy regal robes of deepest blue,  
 With sunset clouds for canopy ! The spell  
 Of thy majestic silence rests once more  
 Upon my spirit, and I gladly yield  
 The homage of a loyal loving heart.  
 Oh ! I have seen old Pisgah crowned with clouds  
 “Stand up and take the morning” ; I have watched  
 The rosy dawn blush into beauty rare  
 From the famed summit of the mighty Roan ;  
 Have stood on Mitchell’s tow’ring heights and seen  
 A hundred mountains break in billows blue  
 Against his awful foot, but still I turn  
 And yield to thee the palm ! Thou are my king !  
 For something sure there is of kingly power,  
 Of a mysterious majesty, that dwells  
 With thee. It calms and soothes the unquiet heart,  
 And whispers, “Thou are safe. For as about  
 Jerusalem the mountains are, so God  
 Is with His people ever more.” Ah ! know  
 There is a subtle power that needs not words,—  
 An eloquence more deep than human speech ;  
 Beneath its sway the soul grows strong in faith  
 And in serener trust. It feels afresh  
 Th’ eternal safety of that happy man  
 Who puts his trust in the eternal God !

North Carolina Sketches—"Phases of Life where the Galax Grows," by Mary Nelson Carter, Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co., 1900. Price \$1.00. For sale by Wharton Bros., Greensboro, N. C.

This is another souvenir of our mountains written by one who has lived ten years among our hill-folk. The book is not pretentious. Mrs. Carter does not undertake to give all the traits of the mountaineer nor does she attempt to weave plots from the simple material of their bare lives. The sketches are rather studies from the outside. After all is said of the mountaineer his inner life, his mode of thought, is not revealed to the stranger. Those who have made homes among them are always "boarder folks" a sort of foreigner, and for this reason they do not unbend. They are a reserved—perhaps more truthfully, it must be said, a stolid people—the most difficult type to reproduce in words, and the average writer can do little more than to get an impressionist picture. Mrs. Carter has come nearer the core than most writers do but even she, after years of intercourse, does not show us the true North Carolina mountaineer. She attempts to show him as he was two decades ago. Since then the world has come to him. The summer visitor is an educating influence of which these people have taken advantage. This yearly invasion from the world of wealth and fashion has changed the dress, manner, language and homelife up among the clouds where twenty years since the people wore homespun; had no respect for privacy; said "we'uns" and "you'uns"; sold farm produce for a pittance; and exchanged anything for a box of snuff.

The honest homespun has been replaced with flimsy calico; they have learned the use of door bells; many provincialisms have been dropped; they still barter at "the stores" and may be the losers, but they make up that loss when they sell fruits and flowers to "the boarder ladies" or a bit of land for a cottage to the stranger. The snuff tooth brush is yet in evidence and is sometimes seen in the mouth of a well dressed woman, but it is not universal. Young men and women every year go out to school and college and return to exert a better influence.

The dialect which Mrs. Carter puts into this book, like that of most writers, is a mixture of that heard in England, Scotland, New England and the South. The English servant girl "keeps company" with her "young man." Our mountain country folks "fall in love" and are "sweethearts." There are other words and expressions in the book which one does not hear where the Southern Galax grows; "scollard" for instance.

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Among her character sketches, Mrs. Carter represents the man of Northern lineage as of marked superiority over his neighbors of Southern birth and rearing: In presenting a book to the notice of our young folks, one can but suggest to them that a closer study of the history and characteristics of sections will not discourage them.

If she has not accurately painted the man and woman, the writer has seen and felt and given to us many charming bits of earth, air and sky. Her love and knowledge of the great mother nature, is shown on every page. She brings to us as we sit about the winter fire, the mists, the mountains, the clouds, the snow drifts, the glint of sunshine, the glory of immensity.

Those who love the mountains everywhere will enjoy this little book and hope for another from the same pen.

Paul Jones, founder of the American Navy, a history by Augustus C. Buell, is one of the most readable of the new books and will be of special interest to our students, because of John Paul's adoption into and of his assuming the name of Jones, the family from which came our North Carolina leaders Willie and Allan Jones, of Halifax county.

Marcelle of the Quarter, by Clive Holland, author of "My Japanese Wife," "An Egyptian Coquette," etc. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

This is a very readable book to those familiar with the Latin Quarter and the Art Students Life in Paris. There is no design in it except to entertain and to show life as it is among the socially irresponsible students of the Quarter. Apart from the local color, there is not sufficient interest in its pages to do harm as is the case in most books of the Trilby sort.

The Farringdons, by Ellen Thorney-Croft Fowler, author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "A Double Thread," etc. New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1900.

In this book, as in its predecessor, Isabel Carnaby, the story is but a thread upon which to string the writer's witticisms, bright little gems, they are, too. "Charming from first to last sentence" is the reader's verdict. For reading aloud around the fire or at the reading club, these books have no superiors among the later publications.

On October 23rd there was formed at Raleigh the State Literary and Historical Association for the purpose of fostering literature in North Carolina and of preserving historical records of the State. Judge Walter Clark was chosen president, which is an assurance that the work of the association will be of a high order. Any white resident of North Carolina is eligible to membership. The initiation fee and annual dues of each member will be one dollar.

THE NORMAL MAGAZINE hopes that the association will be strengthened by a large membership from our Faculty and students and that by this means the spirit of research and of historical study may be carried into every public school district in North Carolina.

For information concerning the association, apply to the secretary, Mr. Alex. J. Field, Raleigh, N. C.

#### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The map of the world is rapidly changing and the student of today will have to learn anew the boundaries of many countries when he or she comes to teach the next generation. One of the keys to the new geography is "The Great Trans-Siberian Railway" which is described in Henry Norman's "Russia of Today," in November Scribner. In the same number the "Cross Streets of New York" are described so vividly by Jesse Lynch Williams, that one is more impressed by his pictures than the average man or woman has time to be in traversing the streets. "Tommy and Grizel" comes to an end in this number and the end is so grotesque that even the soft-hearted forget to weep. From "A Window in Thrums" to "Tommy and Grizel" Barrie has made a long descent. "A Little Gossip" by Rebecca Harding Davis is a pleasant glance at Boston's literati of nearly forty years ago.

A pleasant feature of November Harper's is "The Love Letters of Victor Hugo" by M. Paul Meurice. "Some Literary Memories of Cambridge" by William Deans Howells, has the charms of Howells and of Cambridge combined. "A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin" is one of the many stories now picturing the stage of the world's latest tragedy.

In November McClure's is found the "Siege of the Foreign Legations in Peking" by Katharine Mullikin Lowry, a presentation of the chief act of the tragedy.

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The Century begins in November its sixty-first volume. It contains a contribution from Bishop Potter, "The Philippines" one of a series on "The East of Today and Tomorrow." John Bach McMaster begins his "Daniel Webster" and there is the usual Chinese story, "The Peril of Fan-Way-Chin.

"Defense of American Parties" by William Garrett Brown is the leading article of the November Atlantic. It is timely and rich in suggestion to the student of civil government.

The Woman's Home Journal and the Ladies' Home Journal for November are pleasant reading and are valuable to the home maker.

The December Century presents Milton's "Ode to the Nativity." The colored illustrations by F. D. Du Monde are very effective and very beautiful. In the same number Jerome Dowd, formerly of Charlotte, has a strong paper on the race question in the South, "Paths of Hope for the Negro." Mr. Dowd looks at facts; honestly presents the negro characteristics, good and bad; is just and generous toward the colored man; and makes some wise suggestions along lines political, religious and educational.

The leading article in McClure's for December is the "Last Days of the Confederate Government," from papers left by Stephen B. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy in the Confederate Cabinet. As is seen in the title, this paper is of unusual interest, being the testimony of an actor in that most thrilling drama. Since it comes from one who should be above reproach in Southern hearts, the stigma which he attaches to Greensboro, and, in consequence, to North Carolina, since this is the only town in the State where the fleeing government stopped, is one of weight. If the accusation be untrue, THE MAGAZINE hopes that some one of the older citizens of our town will refute the charge.

In the same number of McClure's, Kipling begins his story "Kim" and there are a number of stories and short articles for amusement during the holidays.

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 EDITORIALS.
 

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**One Hundred  
Thousand Dollars.  
Endowment  
Loan Fund.**

President McIver and the friends of The State Normal and Industrial College are undertaking to raise an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars, the income therefrom to be used as a loan fund at the College. Loans will be made to young women of brains, character, and ambition who have not the means to pay even the comparatively small expense of a college course at this institution.

Many of the brightest young women in the state have neither the money nor the opportunity to borrow money to invest in their education. The annual income from \$100,000 would furnish loans sufficient to pay the entire college expenses of fifty students or half the college expenses of one hundred students.

This would mean every year to fifty or one hundred young women enlarged opportunity, increased usefulness, quickened ambition, fuller life, joyous entrance to a wider world.

Who can compute the value to a young man or a young woman of an opportunity to contend on equal ground in friendly rivalry with aspiring and generous youth for four years? College life furnishes the justest and most democratic society on earth. Simple merit and genuine worth frequently receive their first just recognition there, and to the timid and lonely come courage and hope and power. Selfish pride and supercilious pretense are checked and sometimes are taught the beauty of humility and the aristocracy of worth and usefulness.

Many of those who enter college, like many of those who do not enter, fail to use their opportunities wisely; but no one realizing the manifold and indescribable opportunities offered by a good college can fail to sympathize with that large class of young people who have some dream of what these opportunities are, but have no hope of enjoying them because the few dollars necessary to secure them seem beyond their reach.

Can the \$100,000 be raised? Undoubtedly it can be. The plan proposed is to secure 1000 subscribers at \$100 each. This means only about ten subscribers to each county in the State. No subscriber will be under obligation to pay the subscription until the \$100,000 is subscribed.

The college has no wealthy alumnæ to aid it, but no institution ever had greater wealth of love and loyalty from its daughters, and, if all will use their influence to further this cause, the \$100,000 will be ready for use during our decennial year, 1901-1902.

This effort is being seconded in a substantial manner. President McIver has received several letters from applicants for enrollment in the list of subscribers. Among the letters received is the following from one of the most prominent citizens of the State:

“Your plan to raise an endowment fund of \$100,000 by 1000 subscriptions of \$100 each is in every way admirable. It will enable men and women of very limited means to have a hand in the great work you are doing, and will doubtless develop and strengthen philanthropic impulses which are now lying dormant for lack of stimulus and opportunity.

“In admiration of the excellent institution which you founded and which you with your faithful and efficient colleagues are managing with rare skill, zeal, and wisdom, and from a desire to contribute to the education of the women of North Carolina and the elevation of the home, I beg to be enrolled among your subscribers. May the full number soon be completed.”

This body will meet at Richmond, Virginia, December 27—29. This will be a gathering of notable educators and all teachers or those interested in education will be amply repaid for attendance.

It is with pleasure that THE MAGAZINE notes the large number of North Carolinians among the speakers. Among these are the Presidents of all our State Colleges and of Wake Forest College; also Profs. Alexander of the University, and Claxton of the Normal College. Besides, there are several non-resident North Carolinians who have won for themselves prominent positions in other states. Dr. Barringer of the University of Virginia leads these.

Prof. Branson, now of Georgia, and Prof. Walter A. Montgomery of the University of Mississippi are Tar-Heels whose careers are a pride to the home-folks.

Miss Haliburton, formerly of the State Normal and Industrial College, now of the Asheville Public Schools will read a paper.

This brings us to another noticeable feature of the program,—namely: the large

number of women speakers. Since women do nine-tenths of the teaching in this country, it is evident that a gathering of teachers which does not take counsel with them is not a body representative of the profession.

**Woman's Influence.** Among the influences for the right and for the merciful which have been used by women is an order from the good Queen of England that her horses shall not have their tails docked. Now if the grand old woman will order that none of the ladies of the royal household shall wear birds, or bird-wings or feathers on their hats, she will have further reduced the sufferings of our dumb and helpless creatures.

**Women Students.** The total enrolment of women in New York University for the last year was between 360 and 370. Only five out of its ten schools enroll women students. The five, with the approximate number of women enrolled, are as follows: The Graduate School, 64; School of Pedagogy, 138; Law School, 39; Summer School, 52; Women's Law Class, 70. The five schools which have no women students are the College of Arts and Pure Science, School of Applied Science, Medical College, School of Commerce, and the Veterinary College.

**Athletic Association.** To the class of 1900 we owe much for first introducing The Athletic Association into our college. That class also is the first and only one that has had its own basket ball team and its own private grounds. The object of this article is to beg other classes each as a class and all the students, as a college, to take more interest in the association. Join a tennis club or a basket ball team and thus pleasantly as well as beneficially, pass those hours from your studies which we all must take. By each girl lending her own personal interest and thus working together unitedly, at the close of the year we shall be astonished at the progress we shall have made.

Let class challenge class and remember that to the champion basket ball team the cup will be awarded. Practice all that is possible and employ every means to that end. The outlook for athletics, especially in basket ball, is very bright.



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Students from both our Literary Societies are discussing the ad-  
**The Annual.** visibility of publishing an Annual. Many colleges issue them and  
the State Normal and Industrial College should keep pace with the  
times. Apart from this reason, the Annual presents and preserves for future reference  
in condensed form the events of the year and is peculiarly the outcome of student  
thought and methods.

There is as much talent in our college, along as many lines as the average college  
Annual brings to light. It is not our purpose to publish anything which might lessen  
the dignity of the Faculty in the estimate of the student-body, feeling sure that the  
young woman who would ridicule those in authority over her will not be a power  
for good in the land. There are in the college the following organizations: Two  
Literary Societies, the Young Woman's Christian Association, the Tennis Clubs, the  
Basket Ball Teams, the County Clubs, Orchestra and the Glee Clubs. We hope  
that each of these organizations will contribute to the success of the Annual in order  
to make it worthy of the Normal.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

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The Scientific American of recent date gives the following information concerning the United States Postal Service. It will be of interest to Normal students who are notably generous patrons of Uncle Sam's biggest industry.

The annual travel of the mails amounts to 445,744,845 miles, equal in distance to two round trips to the sun. Daily travel on railways is 813,000 miles, equal to about thirty-two trips around the world. The 6,576,310,000 pieces of mail sent out annually if placed together would make a band seven feet wide around the world.

The mail is carried by means of pneumatic tube, street cars, railways, steamboats, and horse-back. At present there are but eight miles of pneumatic tubes in use for this purpose. There are nearly twice as many miles of star routes as of railway transmission.

We are told now that Nansen's polar exploration has been eclipsed by the Duke of Abruzzi's Arctic expedition. Dr. Nansen reported that in 1895 he traversed the polar sea to a point 86 degrees, 14 minutes north. This was four degrees farther north than any previous explorer had reached. Now, the Stella Polaris, the Duke of Abruzzi's vessel, is reported to have penetrated to a point 86 degrees, 33 minutes north. This is within 3 degrees, 27 minutes of the pole, which we shall probably have reached within the first decade of the twentieth century.

At last the greatest problem of modern inventors seems to have been solved. After an expenditure of much time and money, Count Zeppelin is said to have completed an air-ship which obeys the helm perfectly. It remained poised in the air forty-five minutes and then safely descended into a lake. A full article on the air-ship, giving a minute description of its construction, may be found in McClure's Magazine for November. In this article is opened a world of pleasant anticipation, for by this means we may overcome the pestilential fevers of Africa and the ice of the north pole.

Another proposed mode of travel is the bicycle railway or the monorail. As the name implies, there is one ground rail, but at each side of the top is a guide

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rail. Small wheels, running under this, are fastened to the side of the car which is long and narrow, coming to a point at the end. Each car will accommodate about fifty persons. This will economize both space and time because, owing to its construction, the car can obtain a much greater speed than an ordinary railroad train.

This, if perfected, with the air-ship will revolutionize the commercial and traveling world.

Complete restoration of former relations between Spain and the United States was effected by the Treaty of Amity which was signed August 20, 1900.

By this treaty, the relations between the two countries have been modernized. Before the Spanish-American war, the two countries were acting under a treaty made nearly one hundred years ago.

The South African war is virtually at an end, though some predict that it may last six months longer. The Boers have made a stubborn resistance but cannot hold out much longer.

In the crisis through which our nation has just passed, a word as to the political parties may be both interesting and helpful. Few of us know exactly how many there were during the campaign and much less their names. They were the Socialist Labor Party, the Social Democratic Party, the DeLeon Socialists, the United Christian, and the Prohibition Party; the Silver Republicans, the Anti-Imperialists, and the Gold Democrats, and lastly the Democratic and Republican parties. Only the last two are worthy of consideration in the present making of history. In the election just past the Republican candidate for president, Hon. Wm. McKinley, was elected by a large majority.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

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Cocke-Gudger—At her home in Asheville, N. C., Miss Ada Gudger was married to Mr. Philip Cocke, Oct. 10th, 1900. Misses Rosa Bailey and Oberia Rogers, '99, were among her bridesmaids.

Farrior-McKoy—The marriage of Mr. Earnest N. Farrior, Charlotte, N. C., to Miss Mary Lillington McKoy, of Wilmington, took place at 6 o'clock in St. James' Episcopal church, Nov. 1st 1900. Miss Sadie Hanes, '99, was maid of honor.

Wilson-Bradley—On the 8th of November, 1900, at her home at Gastonia, N. C., Miss Mary Bradley was married to Dr. Frank G. Wilson.

Nichols-Covington—On the evening of October 31st, 1900, at Zion Methodist church of Rockingham the marriage of Carrie Maie Covington to Mr. Alexander C. Nichols was solemnized.

One of the prettiest marriages ever celebrated at Laurinburg was that of Miss Annetta Everett, of that place, to Mr. Angus McLean in the Methodist church at 9 o'clock, Oct. 25th, 1900. Miss Isabel Brown, '99, was one of the bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. McLean will make their home in Washington, N. C.

Miss Hampton, of Statesville, was married on October 10th to Mr. William A. Eliason, of the same place. Mr. Grimsley and Miss Bryant attended the ceremony.

To these young women, who are all our former students, THE MAGAZINE extends the very best of wishes, and to the fortunate young men, heartiest congratulations.

Maude Kinsey, '00, has a position as bookkeeper and stenographer in Wilmington, N. C.

Isla Cutchin, '00, has charge of the sixth grade in the Mt. Airy graded School.

Vila Lindsay is teaching the fifth grade in the public schools of High Point.

Norma Hardy, '00, is spending the winter in Boston, Mass.

Oberia Rogers, '99, is teaching in the graded school of Waynesville.

Birdie McKinney is principal of the school at Spray, N. C.

Bessie Tays and Gertrude Nelson are in training schools preparing themselves for nurses.

Sadie Hanes, '98, has cast off the dignity of a pedagogue and will spend the winter at her home in Winston.

Lena Boddie, '03, is teaching in Ashe county this year.

Nellie Bond, '97, is our assistant English teacher.

Katharine Rollins is spending the winter at her home in Asheville.

Canary Harper did not return to us this year but is spending the time in Wilson.

Lizzie Howell teaches in Hertford, N. C.

Virginia Thorpe, '99, has charge of a private school in Albemarle.

Sarah Howard is stenographer for Mr. Lynch, of Kinston.

### AMONG OURSELVES.

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Among the additions made to our guides in the world of knowledge we are glad to welcome Miss Bond, a graduate of 1897, and formerly a teacher in the Statesville Public Schools. Miss Bond is assisting Mr. Joyner in the English department.

Mr. Charles Brockmann and Miss Brockmann, formerly of the Greensboro Music School, have charge of the Department of Instrumental Music in the College. To those who have known Mr. and Miss Brockmann it is needless to say that this is a valuable addition.

We are to have an orchestra of ten instruments. A mandolin and guitar club is also being formed.

Mrs. E. C. Cline, of Hickory, is also with us. It is with much patience that she leads the struggling beginner through the mazes of Isaac Pitman's Phonographic Instructor.

We are also glad to have with us Miss Jones, of New Bern. She has for some time been teaching in the Boston Kindergarten and has come among us as one of the supervising teachers in the practice school. Her work is in the Primary Department as she fills the place made vacant by Miss Haliburton's absence.

Dr. Beall is our resident physician. His practice among us is not extensive since there are not many urgent calls, and it is Miss Hobbs who

Now listens to our ills,  
And administers little pills  
To dispel the aches and pains  
Which cloud the school girl's brains.

On the 25th of October, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry was at the State Normal and Industrial College on his annual tour of inspection as general agent for the Peabody Fund.

He visited the classrooms and the various departments of the College; dined with the students, and in the chapel addressed the Faculty and students. He expressed himself as greatly pleased with the many improvements made here since his last visit.

Having referred with much feeling to the sorrow which befell the College one year ago, he added:

“I was delighted to come back here and find such a spirit pervading the school, such a one as thrilled the Alumnae at commencement when they gathered together with sympathetic hearts, unshaken fidelity, and renewed devotion, testifying their interest in their Alma Mater, and giving by their presence and words a stimulus which has probably resulted, in some degree, in bringing together such a collection of young ladies as I see now before me ”

His reminiscences of school life as it was in his boyhood brought many a smile, and a realization of the better opportunities which are now enjoyed, not only in the building and furnishing of school houses, but in the easier access to literature. He paid a deserved tribute to our North Carolina Journal of Education.

He thinks the greatest of all improvements has been made in those who teach, showing the economy to the State of employing the trained teacher. He said:

“I learn now that in Germany pupils will acquire commonly in two years as much as they do in most of our schools—not here—in three years; that is, the teacher saves one-third of the pupil’s time and energy by knowing how to teach, by having the advantages of normal instruction, and that is another advantage which you have here.

“The school room ought to be the best decorated and the handsomest room to be found anywhere. Pictures and all that appeals to the pupils’ æsthetic taste should be there. There ought to be the hypnotism of environment in the school room.

“It occurred to me this morning there ought to be a gallery of fine arts here for the education of these girls. There ought to be of course a museum of natural curiosities and of all the productions of North Carolina. \* \* \* \* “Among the great improvements in this world of ours is the high appreciation of woman’s ability, woman’s capacity, and now women are having the same advantages that men have. \* \* \* \* “Nine-tenths of the school children of the United States are taught by women, and just see, therefore, the need for the education of women, women trained to teach because the children of the United States are to be in your hands to be moulded and guided and built up by you. The child is absolutely the most precious thing on earth. You may take a man, let him be degraded to the lowest depths, lost to all that he ought to possess, and fallen deep into the mire—

a disgrace to his parents, and after all he is more than a brute; he has capacities and possibilities more than a brute. A child, the most precious thing on earth, has capabilities and possibilities beyond what the tongue can express, and the object of education is to draw out those possibilities and develop them and to make the child a true man and a true woman, and that is the true object of teaching."

Dr. Curry advocates co-education of men and women. He also is the champion of an idea which is growing, namely, that there is no sex in occupation. He says: "I am glad that women are now recognized in the hundreds of professions which heretofore have been opened only to men. I think that women ought to be paid just as much as men are paid if the work done is equal in grade and in amount."

We have also had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Fuller who is in charge of the Domestic Science Department in the Georgia Normal College. Our "Domestic" girls were specially glad to welcome her to their rooms.

Miss Mary Wiley, of the Winston Graded Schools, spent a few days with her sister a short time ago.

Miss Bessie Howard, of Winston, and Misses Flora Patterson and Mary Collins, now teachers in the High Point public schools, have made us short but welcome visits.

Mr. Ed Cline, of Hickory, spent the first Saturday and Sunday in November with us. Before leaving he gave one hundred dollars for the students' building. He made many friends while here and we hope his visit will be repeated.

During the Central Carolina Fair we had the pleasure of having with us Mrs. George L. Kirby, of Raleigh.

Miss Skinner, of Raleigh, spent a few days with Miss Kirby recently.

Mrs. F. M. Royall, accompanied by her little daughter, spent a day with us in October. She is at home for her rest from her missionary work in China.

Among our former students taking a post graduate course, we are glad to welcome Miss Hattie Berry, a graduate of 1897.

Among our pleasures the new tallyho takes no mean rank. We no longer need our gymnastic skill when in our "high-day and holiday togs" we visit the city.



The class of 1901 promises to be a progressive one. Almost every day we see groups of Freshmen discussing their organization.

The clamor for Bryant's poems shows the spirit of research which the Sophomore English class possesses. It is impossible to satisfy the demands of these inquiring minds with facts of the bard's life and works. We need a larger library for the satisfaction of these would-be-wise Sophomores.

The girls whose windows look down into the backyard have the advantage of knowing all the good things Mrs. Davis buys from the "country wagons." Many a wagon comes and unloads its burden in our storeroom. The good effects of this is seen on the tables.

Not long ago Miss Davis, the assistant matron, called for volunteers to fill a few vacancies in the diningroom work. Some of the girls, at first, as a kind of a joke, responded to the call, but now have gone to work in earnest. This is from jest to earnest, nevertheless it is good to see the girls don their aprons and go willingly to this task. There is no play in washing dishes and preparing the tables for our fastidious "four hundred."

The fountain in front of the main building has been rearranged. Now we have a clear pool for the goldfish and a fine silvery spray in the centre.

During the first days of November on every hand the question was heard: "What do you want to be, a Cornelian or an Adelphian?" Their destinies are fixed and in our next issue we shall be enlightened.

Mr. T. S. Brown, formerly the Horticulturist of this College, now has charge of the Newland estate, near Asheville. We miss Mr. Brown, but we still enjoy his work. The improvements he made on the grounds are appreciated by former students. The green-house, the roses, the heliotrope beds, the fountain and the "turn around," the young hedges and many other ornaments of the park, are the works of his hands. May he succeed in his work at Asheville as he did here, in hedging us in, as it were, by the beauties of nature and art.

Ten girls are happy. They are not "summer girls" but summer-school girls. They did earnest work during the heated term under the kindly supervision of Miss Mary Milam, at her residence on Mendenhall street in this city. They have, with.

out an exception, passed the College entrance examinations with credit to themselves and to their teacher.

These summer school girls throw a rosy light over the picture of this students' resort. They tell of kindness, fresh air, and Arithmetic; of encouragement, cooling drinks, and Algebra; of sympathy, watermelons, and Geometry; even of love(!) lawyers, and Livy.

The College record tells of more than one great "1" to the credit of these ten happy girls. All hail to Miss Milam's Summer School!

The First Presbyterian Church, of Greensboro, gave a reception to the members of the Faculty and Normal girls of that denomination on Friday evening, the twenty-sixth day of October. We were cordially welcomed at the door by several ladies of the church and Dr. Smith, the pastor, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of happy faces. After enjoying a musical program we were greatly refreshed with cream and cake, which was served by the ladies of the church. It is needless to add that the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the representatives of the Normal, and all others who attended. We heartily appreciate the kindness and thoughtfulness of those to whom we are indebted for the pleasure of the evening.

There has been recently introduced among the students many enjoyable and strengthening modes of recreation. Among these there is one which is destined to be a source of much interest and pleasure to the students concerned—The Surry County Club. The club was organized October 3, 1900, and is composed of nine students. Its officers are as follows: Kate Smith, President; Carrie Sparger, Secretary and Treasurer; Sadie Yokley, Critic. The object of this club is to keep the home people in touch with the College and its work, and to afford social recreation and general culture to its members. The first mentioned is attained in the following manner: Twice each month a member is chosen to write a letter to the paper edited in her town, and these letters, which will go throughout the length and breadth of Surry, will be the means of bringing that county in closer touch with our College than it has ever been before. This is beyond doubt a valuable organization, and THE MAGAZINE extends congratulations to Surry for such enterprising representatives. We hope that other counties will soon be able to rival Surry in the number

of their representatives, and that similar clubs may be organized which may rival this in interest and value.

When the Baptist and Presbyterian girls were invited to receptions at their church homes, on the evening of the 26th of October, some of us who do not belong to either of these churches, were feeling that we were strictly "out of it," and very solitary. Not for long, however, for soon we received a little missive, which read like this:

MISS KATHERINE DAVIS  
AT HOME  
Friday Evening, October 26, 1900.  
Nine to Eleven-thirty.

It seemed that nine o'clock would never come, but it did and in due time, too.

Miss Davis, our gracious hostess, decked in smiles and floral gems, extended to us a hearty welcome. The room, decorated in white and blue, looked like dreamland, where fairies had been at work. Roses graced the mantel and the dainty little window-seat was an embankment of smilax and maiden's hair fern. The most beautiful of all was the table laden with so many things good for the eyes and for the palate. The menu of chicken salad, crackers, tongue, sandwiches, croquettes, olives, pickles, banana cream, fruit and chocolate cakes, confectioneries, fruits and other delicacies, had full justice done to it. Each guest was presented with a cluster of sweet violets as a souvenir of this pleasant occasion. Thanks to our kind assistant matron for this bounteous spread and delightful evening.

The German class of 1901 will long remember the afternoon of October 27th, when each member accepted an invitation "Zum Kaffee" at the home of Miss Margaret Glenn. Having been warned that we were expected to converse in German, we were prepared for our introduction into Deutschland, by our beloved teacher, Miss Lee. Games and a delightful repast rewarded us for our honest efforts to appear at home in a foreign land, and the pleasures of the afternoon, so well remembered, will spur us on zu sprechen Deutsch another time.

#### THE ADELPHIAN RECEPTION.

"Initiation night" is an epoch in a Freshman's life, and this year the Adelpian Society received about sixty-five new students into its membership. To these let it

be said that we are glad you are with us and may you ever remain true, loyal and worthy sisters.

After the initiation ceremonies and the regular business meeting, each member was provided with a card tied with different colored ribbons, by means of which partners were found. The Art room and the History room were made beautiful with autumn leaves, roses, ferns, palms, pictures, statuary, bright rugs, easy chairs and happy faces.

An "Advertisement Party" was held in the Art room. Each person was asked to guess the articles advertised in the twelve pictures hung on the wall. The fortunate guessers, Charlotte Webb and May Coble drew for the prize, since both lists, were correct. Miss Webb drew the first prize, a handsomely bound copy of "The Redemption of David Corson" and Miss Coble was given the consolation prize, a similar copy of "Two Prisoners." Both were presented by Mrs. Randall in a few well-chosen words.

In the "Belle and Beau" room each person received a card to which was attached either a tiny bell or a little bow. On one was written the name of a famous beau of former times; on another was the name of a belle of the same period. The letters of these names were sadly mixed, so that it required some historical knowledge to guess whom the bearer personated. Who could think that Betheliza Neque spelled Queen Elizabeth? The prize was awarded to Mrs. Joyner, whom we all love, and was presented by Miss Bryant in a spicy little speech, while Mr. Joyner chimed in ever and anon with a "well-rounded English sentence." Mrs. Joyner received the prize, a handsome picture, with a few words of thanks and appreciation.

The Adelphian Society drew a prize in Prof. Brockmann, leader of the Brockmann Orchestra. He, with his corps of musicians, furnished us with music, weird, solemn, or gay as the program of the evening demanded.

The next feature of the evening being refreshments, we wended our way to the "sky parlor," whence came sounds of merriment and laughter. There the guests found a more material enjoyment in most palatable dainties. The menu was as follows: Chicken Salad, Olives, Ice Cream, Wafers, Cheese Straws, Cake, Fruit. All of which were promptly provided by a proficient corps of waiters, presided over by Miss Virginia Newby.

After this delightful period, the guests returned to the reception rooms, prepared for their enjoyment and the remainder of the evening was spent in charming

social intercourse. At last, when the hall clock pointed to the beginning of a new day, guest and host took leave of each other, and with many regrets that the evening was over, said a last "good-night."

CARRIE SPARGER, '02.

#### CORNELIAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of November 9th, the Cornelian Society received into its fold about sixty-five new members. Having passed through the mysteries attendant upon admission to the Cornelian Sisterhood, we repaired to the reception rooms. Who of us could have recognized in the tastefully decorated halls, our every-day haunts, the Modern Language and the Administration rooms? The hall of Pedagogics had been converted into a bower of beauty, hung with the dainty blue and gold, so dear to the heart of every Cornelian. Here was served a banquet, which must have appealed even to the homesick Freshman.

The souvenirs of the evening were Cornelian triangles in the society colors, and bearing the name of some prominent character in the leading books of the day. Those holding triangles bearing the names of corresponding characters, were ushered into the dining hall, where they were cordially received and refreshed. The pleasure of the evening was enhanced by piano and vocal solos.

When the hall clock warned us of a coming peal from the gong, and we were ready to heed its warning to depart, President McIver joined us, when, with one accord, we raised the Normal war cry, "The Old North State." And with this tribute of loyalty, from the Cornelian Society to our President; and of love for our State, we closed what was voted unanimously to be the most pleasant evening of the session.

MARIAN M. REVELLE, '03.

#### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Our Association motto is: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Out of a college enrollment of three hundred and ninety students, two hundred and thirty-eight have entered the Y. W. C. A. Of these, two hundred and twelve are active members. The remainder are associate members, that is, those who are not members of any church.

Our Missionary Committee meets weekly. Misses Jordan, Bond, Moseley and Stewart conduct reading circles in missionary study.

Rev. Dr. Crawford, of Greensboro, and a number of ministers who attended the Methodist Conference recently held in Greensboro have visited our Association.

Never has there been shown a more earnest desire to study the Bible. Miss Wiley's class is studying the Life of Christ. Miss Coit's class is enjoying the book of Genesis. Prof. Claxton teaches Deuteronomy. Other Bible work is being done.

The work of the Inter-Collegiate Committee for the first month and a half consisted in sending the report of our Association work to Mr. Pierson, to be started with those of other colleges on their itinerancy. This Committee, with the Devotional Committee, arranged for our services during the World's Week of Prayer.

ANNA FERGUSON, '01.

The Young Woman's Christian Association gave a most enjoyable reception to the new students, Friday October 9th.

About eight o'clock the students and visitors assembled in the chapel. Miss Eunice Kirkpatrick, President of the Association, after a few words of welcome, announced the program for the evening:

1. Violin Solo.—"Hungarian Idyl."

MR. BROCKMANN WITH MISS BROCKMANN AS ACCOMPANIST.

2. Tableau—"This Way Grannie?"
3. Tableau—"Taking Baby's Picture."
4. Vocal Solo—"Tatters,"

MISS LUCY GLENN.

5. Tableau—"Sunshine and Shadow."
6. Tableau—"Freshman and Senior."
7. Vocal Solo—"The Heavenly Song,"

MR. BRADLEY.

8. "Ruth and Naomi,"

MRS. SHARPE AND MISS JAMISON.

We were glad to have with us Mr. Hodgkin, pastor of Westminster church, and Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Baptist church. In the name of the pastors they gave us a welcome to the city and a cordial invitation to the various churches.

After the rendering of the program we were invited to Miss Fort's room, which had been fitted up as a reception room. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse. Each student wore a card bearing her name and the county from which she came, thus making it easy to accomplish the object of the evening—

the getting better acquainted with each other. Another entertaining feature was palm reading by Miss Bryant.

Too soon the gong sounded and we left, feeling grateful to the Young Woman's Christian Association for a delightful evening.

ROSA WHEELS, '04.

#### ORGANIZATIONS.

**SENIOR CLASS**—President, Bertha Hermon; Vice President, Bertha Sugg; Secretary, Anna Ferguson; Treasurer, Lizzie Zoeller.

**JUNIOR CLASS**—President, Carrie Sparger; Vice President, Lizette Brown; Secretary, Fannie Mosley; Treasurer, Florence Mayerberg.

**SOPHOMORE CLASS**—President, Lucille Foust; Vice President, Mary Ward, Secretary, Emma Stafford; Treasurer, Louise Woodruff; Monitor, Mary Madearis.

**FRESHMAN CLASS**—President, Rosa Wells; Vice President, Katherine Nash; Secretary, Emma Sharpe; Treasurer, Edna McCubbins; Critic, Selma Webb; Monitors, Mary Lassiter and Susie Williams.

**THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**—President, Miss Kirkpatrick; Vice President, Miss Cole; Recording Secretary, Miss Ferguson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Snyder; Treasurer, Miss Haynes.

**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**—President, Annette Morton; Senior Vice President, Rosalie Rowe; Junior Vice President, Daphne Carraway; Sophomore Vice President, Mary Ward; Freshman Vice President, Selma Webb; Secretary, Lila Austin; Treasurer, Annie Kieser.

**THE R. D. TENNIS CLUB**—President, Emily Austin; Vice President, Laura Kirby; Secretary and Treasurer, Nettie Allen.

### EXCHANGES.

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Among the magazines which have come to us for this month are several new exchanges. It is a pleasure to us to see our old friends at the beginning of the year. We also welcome new-comers. We hope they will continue to come to us. Knowing that criticism is an excellent thing for both critic and criticized we have determined to take all suggestions in good part—to be helped by them in better accomplishing our work, believing that at all times we shall be judged justly, if sometimes a little harshly.

The Guilford Collegian for October contains a very interesting and instructive account of the life work of Henry W. Grady. Among the editorials is quite a lengthy one on football. There seems to be a general awakening in athletics among the colleges, just at present, which, it is to be hoped will continue. We, ourselves, intend keeping up with the rest in perfecting this branch of our education.

Another good point brought out in this magazine is the value of chapel exercises.

The Tar Heel for October 17, tells that the new dormitory for the University is a certainty. While we are glad to hear of any improvements at Chapel Hill, still thoughts of how much more we need, and would appreciate this dormitory will rise in our minds. To the general public we will say that your substantial support in assisting us to erect a dormitory for ourselves will be, at all times, gratefully accepted.

We offer our congratulations to Pine and Thistle for having made so many improvements. The sketches of the authors of the day and the Literary Notes prove that the Red Springs Seminary keeps abreast of the times.

The Oakland High School has shown its enterprise by publishing the Oaklandite. This number contains a forcibly written paper on "The Social Emancipation of Women" by Miss Myrtle Detwiler, a graduate of Oakland High School, and now a member of our class of '02.



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The Davidson College Magazine contains a delightful sketch—"The Negro in Virginia Before 1861." Quite an interesting view of life among the darkies "before war," is given.

In the College of Charleston Magazine is a strong and well-written article on a subject which is of vital importance to the South—"The Race Problem." This is a question which grows more weighty as the years roll by and the issue, when decided, will be of no little moment. The Book Reviews and Editorial Department of this magazine are well gotten up.

Among the editorials in the Clemson College Chronicle is one on the Annual. Every college ought to have an Annual of the right kind and we congratulate Clemson on deciding to have one. The fiction in this number is of no special merit. It can be plainly seen that the story "His Last Good-bye," was written by a boy for a boy's magazine. We are proud to say that we number among our acquaintances very few girls who are like Mabel, the creation of Aliquis.

The Erskinian for October has come and contains two good articles—"The Moral Element in Literature" and "The Man With the Club."

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A PSALM OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

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Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
The school-girl's life is but a dream:  
The rising bell disturbs her slumbers  
And note books are not what they seem.

Her life is hard: it is earnest:  
And commencement is its goal:  
From home thou comest, to home returnest,  
Are the words that cheer her soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is its destined end or way,  
But to think that each to-morrow  
Nearer brings commencement day.

The course is long, and time is fleeting  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
At the thought of failure grave.

In the athletic field of battle,  
In the toil of school-girl life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle,  
Find a "hero" in the strife.

Trust no hopes however pleasant,  
Let dead failures bury their dead;  
Cram, cram, in the living present!  
Examinations hang o'erhead.

Lives of other girls remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
On the walls our doggerel rhyme.

Doggerel that perhaps another.  
Sailing o'er this school-girl's main,  
Sighing for another's brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and chewing  
On the beef as tough as fate  
The paths of knowledge still pursuing  
And for digestion sadly wait.

MARY MILAM, '96.

A student from Leipsig, who, by the way, now teaches Ped. in a State college for women not a thousand miles from Greensboro, was impatiently waiting his turn in the negro barber's chair. Finally he exclaimed;

"If you keep me as long as you do that man I will charge you for my time."

"Well, Boss, I *kin* run over a face in no time, but dat aint no way to treat a gem'an. It takes time to shave a gem'an right," replied the barber.

"The best shave I ever had," said the student, "was done in two and a half minutes and cost two and a half cents."

"Whar was dat, Boss?"

"In Germany where every body is educated. A man with a Ph. D. wilj shave ——."

"Dar now. Boss! I knowed it want no razor dat he used," was the triumphant rejoinder.

Although the present fashion of christening children with family surnames is much to be commended for many reasons, it carries with it some awful possibilities unknown in the days of Mary Anns and John Henrys. To glance at the following list, each name of which is genuine, will illustrate sufficiently well the possibilities of nomenclature resting with parents in their choice of names for the men and women of to-morrow: Edna Broker Mothershead; Marian English Earle; Sawyer Turner Somerset; Will W. Upp; Nealon Pray Daily; Benton Kiilin Savage; Owen Taylor Money; Ima Little Lamb; Broke Husbands Hart; R. U. Phelan-Goode; Marie A. Bachelor; May Tyus Upp; I. Betty Sawyer; Mabel Eve Story; Will Waltz Wither; Waring Green Cotes; Iva Winchester Rifle; Etta Lotta Hammond-Degges; Barber Cutting Mann; Weir Sick O'Bryan; Makin Loud Noyes; Hurd Copp Cumming; Rodenor Pullman Karr; Doody Spies Sourwine; Knott Worth Reading.—*From Life.*

Practice school teacher—Willie, if your mamma had five dollars and your papa should give her five more, what would she have?

Willie—She would have a fit.

Civics student—Dr. M., if women were elected to Congress what change would there be in its government?

Dr. M. (seriously)—There would be more than one Speaker in the House.

If the hairs of our heads are numbered some of us unfortunates would bless the person who can supply the back numbers.

Mr. C.—What is an optimist and a pessimist, Miss W. ?

Miss W.—An optimist is a person who is happy when he is miserable and a pessimist is one who is miserable when he is happy.

The Bible tells us that Naomi was 580 years old when she got married—surely that is some consolation.

Mr. C.—What will not come to him who waits, provided he knows what he is waiting for ?

Precocious Junior—The opposite side of the street.

Maude Muller, in the summer sun,  
 Golfed like sixty and called it fun  
 "Oh, Judge," demurely faltered she,  
 "Will you kindly make a tee for me?"  
 But the Judge replied with manner bland,  
 "My dear Miss Muller, I haven't the sand!"  
 And Maude concealed her wounded heart,  
 Laughed and said, "You think you're smart!"

—*Detroit Journal.*

One day during the Fair held in Greensboro not long ago two ancient individuals, approaching the place of the Normal exhibit, saw hanging on the wall a portrait of Vance, which was painted by the well-known artist W. G. Randall. Said the old gentleman to his better half, "Who is this, now?" pointing to the picture.

"Wall, now," answered the old lady, "I dunno's I know. O yes!" she suddenly exclaimed: "Don't yer see? That's W. G. Randall, for there's his name on it."

Ere the appearance of another issue of this MAGAZINE, another chapter in the Book of Ages will be closed, a new chapter will be opened. December, Nineteen Hundred, is here at last—last month of the last year of a dying century. Standing upon this little isthmus of a month that joins two ages—two eternities—in the tide of time, our heart stretches reverent palms of Gratitude to the Past and eager palms of Hope to the Future. We are whelmed in a flood of emotions that can not be uttered, thoughts that cannot be expressed, and our impulse is to think, feel, thank, wonder, and be silent.

Of this age let the observant, optimistic and eloquent Channing speak for us: "What infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflict and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And, at the same time, what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in an age, so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible."

So much more beautiful, comprehensive and fitting is it than any prayer for the new century that our weak words can frame, that we beg to adopt as ours this immortal prayer of the sweetest singer of our times:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."

For ourselves, we shall endeavor to speak, though brokenly, of what we conceive to be the most hope-inspiring characteristic of the age. It is the feeling for humanity—the recognition of the worth of the brotherhood of man. This has found eloquent voice in the literature of the age, in the poetry of poets like Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Whittier and Walt Whitman, in the novels of novelists like Dickens, Scott, Victor Hugo, and others. The fine thrill of universal love and sympathy, the new revelation of the beauty and holiness of common life, of the passions, sufferings and virtues of the masses of the people, found in such literature, has done much to change the unfeeling indifference towards the depressed multitude into active sensibility. In the growth of the Democratic idea of government, in the recognition of the political rights of the multitude, in the splendid achievements of philanthropy, public and private, in the mighty missionary movements and the spread of Christianity, in the decrease of religious intolerance and persecution, in the diffusion of education through universities, colleges and schools, and especially in the multiplication of public schools at public expense in recognition of the right and

duty of universal education, and of the intellectual and moral worth of the humblest human being; in all of these are to be found splendid manifestations of this finer feeling for humanity, this touch of human brotherhood, this thrill of Christlike love.

Of other signs of hope in this wonderful century, we dare not trust ourselves to write in these brief comments, but, lest our readers think us blind to its imperfections, let us endeavor to speak also of what we conceive to be the chief discouraging characteristic of the passing age. It is the greed of gain, the passion for accumulation, manifesting itself in a wild war of commerce, a consuming fever of speculation, an irrepressible conflict between manhood and money, the world-old struggle between God and Mammon.

The record of the old century is made up. In it men may read much of hope and much of warning.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new.”

Nineteenth Century, fairest child of the Past, we bid you farewell! Twentieth Century, beautiful child of the Future, we bid you welcome! All the Centuries of the Eternity of the Past stand waiting at thy birth to pour into thy lap their richest gifts.

Unto

“Our fathers' God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,”

with humble, but courageous and unfaltering hope, we commit the future.

“God's in His heaven  
All's right with the world.”

J. Y. JOYNER.

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