

# The State Normal Magazine.

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Published every two months, from September 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.

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

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LELIA A. STYRON, '05, Bus. Mg'r.  
HELEN HICKS, '06.

**Cornelian Society:**

SADIE DAVIS, '05, Chief.  
KATE FINLEY, '05.  
ELIZABETH HICKS, '06.

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## WHEN A GIRL GOES TO COLLEGE.

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Without doubt, we learn far more in life by the assimilation of ideas and suggestions of other people than by direct study and subsequent reflection. Jessie Rogers, in the September number of *The Pilgrim*, gives a very plain talk to young women who are going to college. Her theme is on the subject of dress. Some of the ideas which she presents are so sensible and eminently practical that we wish to quote from her article with the view of giving some of our readers the opportunity of assimilating her views:

"I hope you have been judicious in your selection of clothing. You are wise if you have spent your extra shekles on the dresses that are to have the most wear. The light, befrilled creations to be worn only on festive occasions may far more wisely be made of cheaper material. The best material that can be afforded should be used in the making of the week-day dresses. The girl whose school dresses are made of cheap material works under a real disadvantage, since an unexpected exposure to rain or other accident literally wilts the garment, and its days

of respectability are ended, while a really good cloth is not in the least injured in such a happening.

“I hope that you will turn resolutely away from the contemplation of a wrapper of the fussy, tight-lining variety. It affords less actual comfort than a regulation tailor-made costume. A wrapper you must have, of course, but let it be what the name implies. The thing is a possibility—a beautiful Oriental garment, with long, graceful lines, which can be donned in an instant, and fastened with a few loops and frogs. Such a garment is a blessing at times, when in the privacy of your own apartment, you feel special need of relaxation, but remember that only the chronic invalid is excusable for appearing in public in such a state of dishabille.

“I hope your mother has been very sensible and taught you the invaluable art of mending and ‘fixing’ in general. The woman who is not mistress of the situation in this respect is an object calculated to make men and angels weep, and certain it is that the victim herself will often indulge in that lugubrious emotion. There is an assurance, an ease, in the bearing of the girl who knows how to make and mend that is utterly lacking in her who must depend upon another.

“Wage eternal war against spots and spills. Let the little tray in the new trunk where the toilet accessories are placed carry the simple but effective means of dealing with such accidents. Two or three small ‘silk’ sponges, a bottle of ammonia, another of benzine and another of alcohol; a box of French chalk and a clothes brush of the best quality. See to it that your toilet always suggests dainty freshness rather than constant change of apparel.”

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#### OLD MAGAZINES WANTED.

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The editors wish to secure at once the following back numbers of the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE. Vol. V, two copies each of Nos. 1, 3, and 4, are wanted. In Vol. VI, two of No. 1, and

one each of Nos. 2 and 3. Of Vol. VII, two copies of No. 1 are wanted. We wish these in order to complete some sets which it is desired should be bound in order that some complete files of the magazine may be preserved at the college. Any one having these back numbers or one or more of them, and willing to part with the same will confer a favor by writing us and stating the fact. We shall be pleased to pay 25 cents each for the missing numbers.



### INTERESTING LITERATURE FREE.

The Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Auxiliary offers, free of all expense, pamphlets on Civil Service Reform to all the high schools, normal schools and colleges willing to make these pamphlets the subject of a lesson in their civics course. During the past three years over 70,000 of the pamphlets have been distributed to about 1,000 schools and colleges scattered throughout every State and Territory of the United States.

The titles of the two pamphlets whose educational value has been so widely recognized by our teachers are "The Merit System—The Spoils System," by Edward Cary, and "The Merit System in Municipalities," by Clinton Rogers Woodruff. As the circulation of this offer directly to the heads of the colleges and schools must of necessity be gradual, the Massachusetts Auxiliary takes pleasure in announcing to teachers and others interested in the subject that copies of the above pamphlets, together with other of its publications, may be obtained free on application to the assistant secretary, Miss Marian C. Nichols, 55 Mount Vernon street, Boston, Mass.

## AMONG OURSELVES.

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HELEN C. HICKS, '06.

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We are a world among ourselves  
Where each one studies, strives and delves,  
Where each may laugh and talk and play  
Where each has days both sad and gay.

Since last you had our Magazine  
Many things we've done and seen,  
Many walks and talks we've had,  
Many things to make us glad.

The Juniors, on "All Saints" Eve,  
A party to the Seniors gave.  
The Seniors say they ne'er have seen  
A more enjoyable Hallowe'en.

The Methodist girls without an exception  
Were invited down town to a reception;  
The Episcopal girls, later on  
Were also entertained at one.

And one night with 'bated breath,  
We went down town to see Macbeth.  
Mme. Rive King one night did play,  
All who went were charmed and gay.

Next came the joyful invitation  
To society and initiation.  
What else we've done can now be seen,  
By looking o'er the Magazine.

Now at the joyful Christmas tide,  
We lay our work and cares aside,  
May Xmas bring to each of you,  
Sweet peace and joy that's strong and true.

## THE CORNELIAN INITIATION.

The blackness of darkness, made more terrible by a silent stillness. Strange mysteriousness crowned with grotesque fancies! Hearts beating, hands trembling, senses alert, nerves quivering, glorious light breaking upon a new day! Initiation.

At the conclusion of the dignified and impressive ceremonies held in the Curry Building, the Cornelians repaired to the first floor of the Students' Building. Joy was in the very air as group after group of merry girls entered the reception room. Here blue and gold draperies and cozy seats heaped with pillows, gave an air of restful quiet, but excited shrieks and happy laughter floating through the curtained doorways made the crowd move on, ready to share in what was beyond.

Presto! The unfinished society hall was transformed into an immense old-fashioned barn. Two girls were swinging in a rope swing suspended from the rafters. Others were sliding down the large hay stack standing proudly in the center of the room. Huge pails of lemonade, each surrounded by a battalion of tin dippers, stood in the corners ready to refresh the frolics when they grew tired of playing in the hay.

Calico bedquilt portieres half-drawn revealed new wonders ahead. Passing through this doorway another room even more attractive than the last called forth cries of pleasure and surprise. Jack-'o-lanterns made from pumpkins cast a yellow light upon the company assembled beneath their smiling faces. Cobwebs of popcorn hung in the corners and upon the wooden rafters. Near the pile of hay in one corner a ladder reached to the hens' nests in the loft. Strings of corn, pepper and peanuts bestrewed the walls. Baskets were discovered here and there in the hay, filled with autumn nuts and fruits. Great bunches of bananas hung upon the walls and baskets of luscious oranges peeped out from half-hidden corners.

A stage decorated in keeping with the idea of the Harvest Home was hidden by curtains of bright colored quilts. Later

the curtains were drawn and an interesting program of songs and recitations was rendered, concluding with the Banjo Serenade, sung by a chorus of old-time Southern *darkies*.

After this entertainment was over the happy merry-makers sat on the hay and ate salads, olives and other good things with small wooden pitchforks.

The delightful evening was ended with an old-fashioned dance, and the tired Cornelians went away feeling that truly there was no more fascinating place than an old-fashioned barn.

A. B. E.

#### THE ADELPHIAN INITIATION.

Friday evening, November 11, 1904, the Adelpian Literary Society held its annual initiation. A crowd of expectant girls waited impatiently on the first floor of the main building to be admitted into the "mysteries of the unknown." What passed within the doors none but Adelpians are permitted to know, but when they returned from the hall about two hours later, they were wiser and happier girls.

The social part of the initiation consisted in a banquet in the dining room of the Spencer Building. Here all was arranged for a Japanese evening. The room was lighted with Japanese lanterns and decorated with umbrellas, fans and beautiful palms and ferns. A score or more girls, dressed in the characteristic costume of the Japanese tea girl, were in attendance to serve the two hundred and fifty guests. The tables were arranged in the shape of the society pin. At each place the guests found a souvenir menu printed in yellow, on red ribbon, and at the top was a silver pin in the form of the Japanese letter "A," being at one and the same time a favor from the Adelpian Society and a souvenir of its Japanese banquet.

Toasts were given to the society, the faculty, the new members, and the old members. These were responded to in an extremely clever manner.

At a late hour the Adelpian Sisters, old and new, bade each

other good night and parted, wishing that initiation was yet to come.

The menu card ran as follows:

Toast Mistress—Lelia A. Styron.  
Adelphian Literary Society—Clara Spicer.

Zingara Croquettes  
Crackers

Olives Celery

Salted Almons.

Our New Members—Grace Tomlinson.  
Japanese Cream,  
Yokis Blocks.

Our Old Members—Annie Lee Shuford.  
Chanoyu Tea  
Ginger Wafers.

Our Faculty—Josie Doub.

#### A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

A most original and charming Hallowe'en party was given Saturday evening, October 29th, by the Junior Class, to the Senior Class of the State Normal College. The reception was held in the rooms of the main building, which were attractively decorated in keeping with "All Saints eve."

Suspended in the front door of the building was a huge "lighted" pumpkin, from which hung a long cord. In a conspicuous place near was a card on which was written, "Pull the cord and wait." At 8:30 o'clock the Seniors timidly pulled the string and were ushered into the dim hall by an old bent witch. There they were met by several tall, white figures, which motioned the way to the front reception room and bade them in sepulchral tones "To lay their wraps up on the table." Standing in every corner of the room were more ghostly figures, which beckoned and glided back and forth. Box lanterns bearing the skull and cross bones gave forth the only light in

the room, while on the walls were hung sheets, decorated with silhouette figures of witches, black cats and bats. The silence was broken by faint screams from the Seniors as they were seized by some ghost and led to receive a proper introduction to a grim skeleton standing in one corner of the room. In the opposite corner other Seniors were blindfolded and told in ghostly whispers that they were to have their fortunes told. Putting their hands through an opening in a curtain they were given a hot potato, a piece of ice or a rubber snake to hold, which it is needless to say they immediately dropped. After being entertained by the spirits for about an hour, the Seniors were then blindfolded and led one at a time, through winding passages to a "Fairer Land."

Here they were welcomed by the presidents of the Junior and Senior classes, into a brilliantly lighted room, where numerous Hallowe'en tricks awaited them. With shrieks of laughter the girls "bobbed for apples" or tried in vain to bite those hanging from the ceiling. They learned "whether or not they would get married" by being blindfolded and blowing out candles, "and how soon they would marry" by carrying a nut around the room on a knife blade. They found the initial of their future husbands by whirling a perfect apple peeling over their left shoulders.

About 10:30 o'clock all marched to the banquet hall where a most delightful sight met the eye. The room was decorated with autumn leaves and draped with the Senior colors. The table was loaded down with fruits and nuts of every description, served in hollow pumpkins. Cider, ginger bread and doughnuts completed the menu. In the center of the table was an immense pumpkin, from which were stretched streamers of blue baby-ribbon to every seat. Small wooden kegs, with the word "Fate" and '05, '06 burnt upon them were fastened on one end of the ribbon. Tied to the other end within the pumpkin were English walnuts, which contained an appropriate quotation for each guest. Mr. Brockmann's orchestra furnished beautiful music during the feast. Just before leaving the hall, a toast was given by the president of the Junior class, ex-



pressing the devotion of the Juniors to their older sisters, the Seniors. This was responded to by the president of the Senior class. Other toasts were given to the faculty, post graduates and Sophomores.

After supper, all gathered around the fire in the reception room and seated on the floor, told ghost stories. Miss Bailey was rewarded with a skull match holder for telling the most blood-curdling story.

After giving a rousing cheer for the class of 1906, it was with reluctance that the Seniors bade their hostesses good night and returned to the dormitory, declaring that "they had the best time they ever had in their lives."

S. S. D., '05.

Mme. Julie Rive-King, America's greatest pianist, gave a concert in the Smith Memorial Building, down town, October 28th. All the music girls were very enthusiastic about her playing and are longing for the day "when they can play like that."

Recently the Methodist girls were given a reception at West Market church, and the Episcopal girls were given one at St. Andrew's. All who went returned charmed "with the good time they had had and the nice people they had met."

The old girls who came to initiation were Misses L. Foust, I. Cowan, S. Pickett, M. Ward, M. Archer, M. Miller, M. Hanes, I. Dunn, B. Terry and L. Austin. Their many friends were glad to see them.

Miss Daphne Carraway spent a few days with us not long ago.

Louise Hill was at home a few days to be present at the christening of her baby sister.

Minnie Buerbuam has gone home on account of her mother's feeble health.

Lucy Pannill, who was called home on account of her mother's death, has returned.

Rosa Bailey has gone home on account of the death of her father.

Zeta and Bessie Caldwell were recently called home on account of their father's illness.

The "Schubert Orchestra" gave a concert not long ago, which was enjoyed very much by all who attended.

Mrs. Pass visited her niece, Delma Noell, for a few days.

Mr. Fred Ledbetter was here Sunday afternoon to see his sister Kate.

Mamie Ives was called home some time ago on account of the death of her father.

Mattie Yokeley went home last week to attend her sister's marriage.

Mrs. Davis spent Thanksgiving with her daughters, Sadie and Mena.

Mrs. Petty spent Thanksgiving with her daughters, Rachel and Martha.

Mrs. Meens, accompanied by her son, Mr. Ross, spent Thanksgiving with her daughter Minnie.

Miss Poindexter recently visited a few days with her sister Claude, at the college.

Misses Elizabeth Rawls and Selma Webb passed Thanksgiving with friends at the college.

Misses Mamie Secrest and Rachel Holton spent the Thanksgiving holidays at their homes in High Point.

Miss Kate Sheppard spent Thanksgiving at her home in Winston.

## ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

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ELIZABETH W. HICKS, '06.

Read about us, Seniors weary,  
Juniors tired and Sophomores dreary,  
Freshmen, list to what we're doing,  
Perhaps' twill help in work pursuing,  
Once we too, trod the dreadful height,  
Worked from the morn till far into night,  
Strove in vain with English and Math,  
And then we wept to appease our wrath.  
Now 'tis a thing of the happy past,  
The years are going fast, so fast,  
Soon from College you will have passed.  
Some of us tired of teaching  
Tired of striving and of reaching  
Have made end to all this strife  
And have become "the loving wife."  
We know for what we do you pine,  
So learn the rest in plain—writ line.

Edna McCubbins is teaching in the Salisbury graded school.

Minnie Field, '02' is teaching in Statesville.

Eva Wilson is stenographer for a firm in Washington, N. C.

Myrtle Detwiler is teaching in Hendersonville.

Jessie Williams, '02, is teaching in the Statesville graded school.

Sallie Jamison is bookkeeper for the Weddington Hardware Company, of Charlotte.

Mary Dixon is teaching at her home in Hickory.

Eula Glenn, '02, is teaching in the graded school at Statesville.

Jessie Ratliffe, after spending some time in Washington, Oregon and Canada, has returned to her home in Marion.

Roche Michaux is teaching in the Hickory graded school.

Louise Glass has a position as stenographer in Durham.

Margaret Perry, '00, is teaching the eighth, ninth and tenth grades in the Graham graded school.

Laura Sanford, '01, is spending the winter in Louisiana.

Fanny Gorham is teaching near Rocky Mount.

Lila Austin, '02, is teaching in the Graham graded school.

Josephine Speight is at her home in Tarboro.

Sarah Hammond has a position as stenographer in Charlotte.

Laura and Elinor Hammond are at their home in Columbia, S. C.

Laura Hairston is attending school at the Salem Academy.

Kate Vanstory is at school in the Presbyterian College of Charlotte.

#### MARRIAGES.

On August 10th Elsie Stamps, '02, of Raleigh, was married to Mr. Moore Parker.

Frances Cole, '02, was married to Mr. Nicholson on the second of June. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson now live in Greensboro.

On the 21st of August, Lilly Terry was married to Mr. P. W. Glidwell. Mr. and Mrs. Glidwell reside in Wentworth.

Carrie Wood was married in September to Mr. Winston Fulton. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton now live in Mount Airy.

Mamie Hines was married to Mr. Worth McAllister on the 22d of June. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister reside in Greensboro.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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L. JOSIE DAMERON, '05.

Governor Bates, of Massachusetts, appointed ex-Governor W. Murray Crane to succeed United States Senator Hoar, deceased.

On October 3d the thirteenth international Peace Conference opened at Boston.

William L. Douglas, formerly of North Carolina, has been elected Governor of Massachusetts.

On October 10th President Roosevelt appointed Robert J. Wynne to succeed the late Henry C. Payne as Postmaster General.

On October 18th Columbia University conferred the degree of LL. D. on the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and other literary and historical works of great value.

King George, of Saxony, died on October 14th, in his 72d year. He is succeeded by his son, King Frederick August.

Albert Henry George, the fourth Earl Grey, is the new Governor-General of Canada.

The first Japanese newspaper was published in 1863, only 41 years ago. Today Japan has over 1,500 daily newspapers and periodicals. The *Japan Times*, of Tokio, is published in English, but it is edited exclusively by Japanese.

Over thirteen million persons are enrolled in the Sunday-schools of this country. In the public schools the enrollment is over sixteen million, or only three million more.

Five women at Washington, D. C., are still drawing pensions as widows of soldiers who served in the War of the Revolution, which ended one hundred and twenty years ago.

On October 31st, Columbia University celebrated her hundred and fiftieth birthday.

More than two thousand skilled workmen have left the French silk factories of Rouvaix and Turcoing within a year, for the United States.

On November 3d, President Roosevelt sent congratulations to President Amador on the first anniversary of the independence of Panama.

An apparatus, called a "pulse register," has been devised by a Viennese physician, Dr. Gartner. "It is intended," says the *Medical Times*, "to watch and register the action of the heart and pulse, while the patient is under the influence of chloroform, ether or cocain."

On November 1, Secretary Hay and the French ambassador signed a treaty of arbitration between this country and France.

Professor Constantine Gregory, of Naples, has invented a new chemical process for the preservation of flowers and foliage.

Commander Frederick De L. Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army in the United States, has been assigned to command in London at the international headquarters of the army.

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## REQUITAL.

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BY MARGARET MAY.

The purest thing I know in all earth's holding  
Is mother-love, her precious child enfolding;  
Yet when the mother's footstep feeble groweth,  
As sweet the child-love then which round her floweth.

—*From Outlook, Nov. 19, 1904.*

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 IN LIGHTER VEIN.
 

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SADIE S. DAVIS, '05.

Soph (in geometry)—“Only one perpendicular can be drawn to a straight line from a given eternal point.” We did not know before that geometry was so heavenly.

We wonder why all the packages from the stores down street to be sent to the Spencer Building, are addressed to the “Spinster” Building, State Normal College. We suppose it is done as a matter of course.

First Freshman—Did you go to church this morning?

Second Freshman—Yes; you ought to have been there. They dedicated a deacon.

Student (to the maid)—Has the mail been delivered yet?

Maid—No, ma-am, but they is salting it over now.

We think it would be a wise plan to “salt over” a few letters that leave the college.

On History Examination—What text books have you used in your study of history?

New Girl—Not any text books at all; just plain histories.

Although athletic girls are strong,

And run and jump and row;

A girl who never trained at all,

Can draw a six-foot beau.

—*Exchange.*

Before Examinations—

“O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget, lest we forget.”

After Examinations—

“The Lord of Hosts was with us not,

For we forgot, for we forgot.”

—*Exchange.*

In the Dining Room—I wonder why M. B. C. is printed on this cracker?

Why, it means “Made Before Cæsar,” of course.

In the Practice School—What is the equator?

Pupil—A menagerie line running around the earth.

The sun shone in the clear, blue sky,  
 The brooklets laughed, the birds sang clear.  
 The world was merry, life was gay,  
 My heart was happy, you were here.  
 But now a cloud is o'er the sun,  
 The brook is dry, the birds have flown,  
 The world is dreary—life is sad,  
 My heart is heavy, you are gone.

H. H., '06.

The man who cannot take a joke, to be a bore has grown;  
 But worse is he who takes your joke and tells it as his own.

—*Exchange.*

A FEW OF OUR SENIORS—BY K. F., '05

Annie Lee Shuford—First in Latin, first in Math., and first in the hearts of her classmates.

Inez Flow—“Much learning doth make thee mad.”

Sadie Davis—“Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax. Her cheeks like the dawn of day.”

Josie Rainey—“Write me as one that loves his fellowmen.”

Bess Crowell—“Please go away and let me sleep. Don't disturb my slumbers deep.”

Ethel Harris—“For my voice, I have lost it hollowing and singing of anthems.”

Claude Poindexter—“She knows, and knows that she knows.”

May Williams—“She above the rest in shape and gesture, proudly eminent, stood like a tower.”

Clara Spicer—“Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl.”



Rebekah Warlick—

“She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet never loud.”

Grace Tomlinson—

“The sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath is love.”

Josie Dameron—“All are architects of fate.”

Louise Dixon—“Of manners gentle, of affection mild.”

Ione Cates—“Man delights not me, no, nor woman either.”

Lettie Spainhour—“To be rather than to seem.”

Mary Davis—“How can such a little head carry so much learning!”

Emma Sharpe—

“Lives of Seniors all remind us,  
We ought to make suggestions  
And avoid the teacher's quiz  
By asking lots of questions.”

Mary Weldan Huske—“The smallest Senior of them all.”

Bessie Daniels—“Still water runs deep.”

Lelia Styron—

“Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
Silence that speaks and eloquence of eyes.”

## EXCHANGES.

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KATE FLNLEY, '05.

During the months of October and November eight magazines have come to us from beyond the borders of North Carolina. Five of these came from South Carolina colleges, two from Virginia and one from Maryland.

The first from South Carolina is the *Furman Echo*, which contains two good sketches, "Lee," and "The Man of Destiny." This magazine evidently prefers the heroes of history rather than those of fiction. This is commendable, if not carried to the extreme. Too many productions of this kind hide the real college spirit that makes a magazine enjoyable.

*The Erskinian* presents itself in an attractive cover of red and gold. "Across the Blue Ridge" is an interesting personal narrative. The writer, however, in describing Marion, N. C., mentions the most disagreeable thing about it, and seems to be blind to the attractive features of this little mountain town. In one paragraph of nineteen lines the pronoun "I" occurs ten times. It seems this could have been avoided, although the production is a personal one.

We consider the *Converse Concept* one of the most readable magazines that comes to the exchange department.

The debate on the Russo-Japanese war is carefully prepared being clear and to the point.

The *Winthrop College Journal* gives excellent suggestions in regard to criticisms. May we all reach the ideal standard. The story called the "Bow and Arrow" is about the standard of those usually appearing in college magazines. Its merit lies chiefly in its originality.

The *College of Charleston Magazine* lacks two important essentials that make a college magazine interesting—fun and

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poetry. Too much space should not be devoted to the above, neither should they be entirely omitted.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* was read with interest because it contains the inaugural address of Dr. E. A. Alderman. The address is an able one and worthy of Dr. Alderman in whom we are deeply interested, because he was once a member of our faculty and is now an honorary member of one of our literary societies.

The *Philomathean Monthly* contains a beautiful little poem called "Hope."

A "Leap Year Story" appears in the *Wake Forest Student*. The plot is not an unusual one and the description of the heroine is hackneyed. The sketch of George Peele is poorly written. The sentence structure and choice of words could be improved. The poem, "To the Mountains of North Carolina," is good. The descriptions are real and the sentiment is poetic.

The *Guilford Collegian* is lacking in its literary department. Longer stories and more of them are needed.

The *Trinity Archive* has several productions that are worthy of mention. "The Constitution and By-Laws of the Freshman Class," is one of the most humorous articles of the season.

Among other friends met at the exchange table are the *Western Maryland College Monthly*, *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Ivy*, *St. Mary's Nurse*, *Red and White* and *The Lenorian*.

## ORGANIZATIONS.

## MARSHALS:

*Chief*—CLARA SPICER, Wayne County.*Assistants:*

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 ROSA LEE DIXON, - - - - - Critic

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Our carpet department is full of Fine Imported and Domestic Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs and Foreign Matting. All mail orders are given personal attention, "promptness guaranteed." We are agents for the American Lady Corset. This corset is built on the lines of health, neatness and durability. Our constantly increasing sales prove the merit of the American Lady Corset.

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Cash Customers.**

**Fariss-Klutz Drug Company.**



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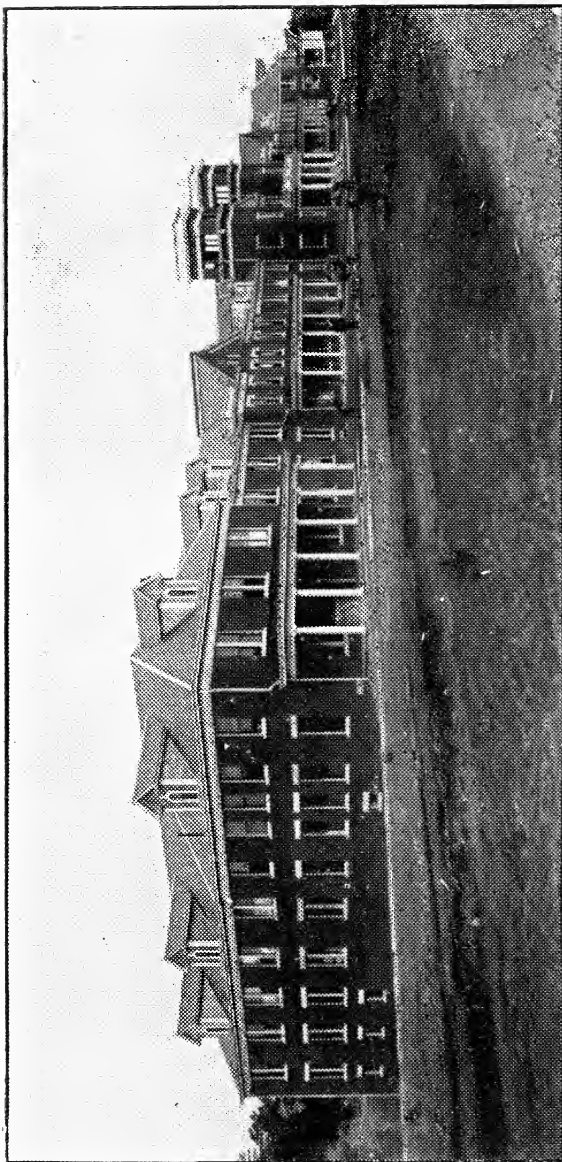
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SPENCER BUILDING, STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

# State Normal Magazine.

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## THE CALL OF THE SEA.

CORNELIAN, '05.

The buoyant sea—it calls to me;  
The mirthful, leaping, dancing sea.  
The salt spray strikes against my face,  
And the breakers swirl in joyous chase,  
But ever in the sea's deep throb,  
Filling its mirth or deadening its sob,  
Comes the longing deep, the lure, the call  
Like the sea's own surge through an earthen wall.  
It draws my soul from my awed breast  
And drives it on in a stinging quest.

The restless sea, it moans to me;  
The sobbing, grieving, piteous sea.  
It moans of the lost that lie below  
Where the voiceless tides through the seaweeds flow  
And the slimy creatures, to and fro,  
In its roomy caverns come and go.  
And my soul grows sick with a wan disgust  
At the piteous sea and its cruel lust,  
As it sobs its warning on the gale  
And charts its doom in the ripping sail.

The stormy sea sweeps upon the shore;  
In mirth and joy it leaps no more,  
But hungry creeps along the sand  
As envious of the constant strand.  
It slings the dead upon the beach,  
To lash and beat them with its reach.  
It thunders o'er the shining hills,  
Their hollows white with sea it fills.  
Its anger scoffs at earthly law;  
Its grandeur fills the world with awe.

The siren sea sings soft to me;  
The shining, treacherous, siren sea.  
The little waves caress my feet,  
And woo, and break with murmurs sweet.  
The storm is still, the winds asleep,  
And languor breathes across the deep.  
The daring sinks to the sea's embrace;  
Its waters curl about his face,  
It croons its mystery in his ear,  
And drowns in gladness all his fear.

## MRS. CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER.\*

We are met to dedicate a noble building to the education of women and to christen it with the name of a woman whose career illustrates the best that life offers to woman and the best that woman gives to life; a typical North Carolina woman, wife, mother and grandmother—Cornelia Phillips Spencer.

This occasion is a striking event in the educational life of our State; for it marks a great step forward in the growth of a college, the opening of whose doors twelve years ago inaugurated for North Carolina the era of universal education. There were schools and education, to be sure, before this college, but the idea of education and the system of schools rested upon a false basis, until the establishment and equipment of a college intended especially for the professional education of women teachers. Prior to 1860 our teachers, both male and female, were usually imported. Teaching was not sincerely regarded as a profession, and neither training nor experience was expected of those who engaged in this work. The following letter shows the status of female teachers in North Carolina from early Colonial days almost to the Civil War:

“Durant’s Neck, Perquimans Co., N. C.,  
January 3, 1782.

“Messrs. Thos. Benton & Sons,  
Commission Merchants, New York City.

“Gentlemen:

“Please send me, at your earliest convenience, by sloop or schooner, the following articles for my fishery and plantation:

“1,500 bushels of salt.

“6 hogsheads of molasses.

“10 barrels of Jamaica rum.

“12 kegs of nails, 10 penny.

“150 pairs of stout brogan shoes, sizes 7 to 12.

\* Address delivered by Dr. George T. Winston at the State Normal and Industrial College upon the occasion of the dedication of the Spencer Building, December, 1904.

“10 bolts coarse strong woolen cloth, for outside clothing for slaves.  
Yours truly,

JAMES DURANT, Planter.

“P. S.—I forgot to include:

“2 sacks best Rio coffee.

“2 barrels sugar.

“1 case French wine.

“1 Woman School Teacher, to teach my children and those of two neighbors.

“N. B.—Not Too Young and Good Looking.

“The last one married the oldest son of Honorable William Campbell, Esq., running away to Virginia, to the much vexation of neighbor Campbell.”

Truly a pathetic and instructive picture! A very mixed invoice of coffee, wine, sugar, and woman-teacher; with resultant of happy dinings by the old folks and happy wooings by the young folks, amid savage negroes, fresh from Africa, cultivating cotton and tobacco, and more savage overseers, fresh from Connecticut, wielding bull-whips and profanity, with balls and tournaments, duels and horsewhippings, fox hunting and deer-stalking, and the imported school ma'am, central figure in the romance running away from the arduous and heroic task of school-building to the still more arduous but sweeter work of home building. But others came to succeed her, and patiently went to work in the little academy, selecting the seed corn of each generation for better culture and higher development, while she, now, as mother-teacher, by gentleness and inexhaustible love, was conquering the violent forces about her even as the silent and peaceful sunlight and the gentle dew of Heaven are always conquering the violent and destructive hurricane.

The chief education of man has come, and will ever come from woman. Each generation of children must learn from her; from her lips, language; at her knees, reverence and religion; by her example, good habits; from her teaching and inspiration, ideals of life and character. Since the time,

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millions of years ago, in the dim morning dawn of life, when woman, struggling upward from savage to civilized life, took by the hand her brute husband, and led him by love and gentleness along the path that rises to the skies, woman has been the chief teacher of humanity. We often hear it asked "What contribution has woman made to civilization? What books has she written? What pictures painted? Statues carved? Music composed? Orations spoken? Sciences invented? Discoveries made? Knowledge increased? Buildings constructed? Bridges built? Kingdoms founded? Battles fought?" The answer is easy. In the beginning man possessed none of these things; but stood, like other animals, hungry and naked, among the beasts of the field, a wild, savage thing, a free child of nature, untaught, untrained, and unrestrained. Without woman he would have remained so forever. It was for woman to make the beginning of civilized life; not only by furnishing the moral and spiritual force essential to that beginning, but also by discovering and practicing the material arts that made civilization possible, the arts of cooking, of spinning and weaving, of tanning skins, of painting and dyeing and decorating, of taming and domesticating young birds and animals, of tilling the soil, planting seeds, harvesting crops, curing meats, making and using pottery and cooking utensils, the art of medicine and nursing, of caring for the sick and aged; and, above all, of rearing and instructing the young of each generation, handing down to them for preservation and improvement all the knowledge and virtues of that humble civilization, and inspiring them with aspirations for still higher and nobler lives. Such was woman's work in the early days, while man was hunting, fishing, fighting, drinking, gambling, and carousing; a work without which, in the dawn of life, civilization would never have begun, and without which today civilization would cease. What bridge building, or house constructing, or statute carving, or poem making, or science inventing,

or stump-speaking was ever comparable to this! Civilization began with the home; with the home it will end. Civilization is maintained, not by the cultured music of the prima dona, amid plaudits resounding from pit to gallery, but by the tender lullaby of the mother, as she bends low at midnight over the weeping infant, wetting its face with tears of love; not by the fierce shouts of thousands rushing to victory on fields of battle, 'mid boom of cannon and crash of shell, but by the silent prayer and cheerful fortitude of her who struggles alone, 'gainst poverty and sickness, 'gainst tired body, sad heart and aching nerves, 'gainst neglect, ingratitude and frequently oppression, to maintain in her own life and that of her household ideals of living and character that make glad the angels in heaven.

Civilization is maintained, not by the lifting up of marble and iron, but the steady uplift in character and inspirations of every human being that is born into the world. This is the work of a woman. And certain it is that this work will never be accomplished except by woman. If man were required, without the aid of woman, to rear from infancy, not his neighbor's offspring, but his own, it is doubtful whether the human race would last two generations. If man were forced to bathe, dress, feed, caress, coddle, instruct, reprove, spank, nag, and otherwise rear, train, and educate infant darlings, the end of twelve months would see half the fathers in the world victims of suicide, and half the infants thrown out of the windows. The silliest question ever discussed, either by college sophomores or by ordinary idiots, is whether women are the equal of men. There is only one way for woman to become the equal of man, and that is by losing half the power she now possesses. "Isn't Jones half drunk?" "No, not half drunk; but if he sobers up for a week, he will then be half drunk." If a woman should lose half her patience and endurance, two-thirds of her sympathy and love, three-fourths her cheerfulness and hopefulness,

four-fifths her grace and beauty, five-sixths her tact and all her faith, she would then be started down hill on the road to equality with man.

There is much complaint today on the part of men because women are invading their professions: practicing law and medicine, selling goods, type-writing, stenographing, book-keeping, clerking, pay-mastering, tailoring, mill operating, working in many lines heretofore occupied exclusively by man. It is especially noticeable, however, that no man is contending with woman for the privilege of keeping house and rearing children. Man is perfectly willing to surrender this field of labor, because it is the most perplexing, the most complicated, the most wearing, the most endless, and the least rewarded, in material rewards, of all occupations allotted to the children of men. This is man's reason for generously surrendering to woman these apparently trifling duties that lie at the foundation of civilized life; and I greatly fear that this is frequently woman's reason, too, when she abandons the work that nature has allotted her, running away from burdens hard to bear, to take up the easier work heretofore monopolized by man.

Every efficient woman is a better worker than her husband. The black-smith's wife does greater tasks day by day than the blacksmith. His work requires strength and skill in a single line; hers, tact, judgment, cheerfulness, patience and skill in many lines. She is cook, laundress, seamstress, housekeeper, nurse and teacher. She must also keep up social relations with neighbors, fellowship in the church and faith in God. No wonder she sometimes runs away from the battles, and seeks diversion at afternoon teas, discussing the religion of Swedenborg, or the mysticism of Blavatsky. So the wife of soldier or sailor, farmer or merchant, lawyer or doctor, king or president, endures more, feels more, hopes more, works more, braves more, and leaves for humanity and civilization greater results than can possibly be accom-



plished by him to whom God has not granted a woman's heart, a woman's touch, a woman's instinct and a woman's soul.

By establishing and maintaining this college for the training of women, the State of North Carolina recognizes that one of the foremost duties of government today is education and that the work of education must be performed mainly by women. May this college stand forever and may noble lives in each successive generation be here nobly dedicated to this high work. But let the pupils who go out from this college remember that the chief work of education must be performed not in the school room, but in the home.

There is in modern life a strong and dangerous tendency to rely upon schools for education which should be given at home. It is amazing, to see how little training is furnished today in the average home and how much is expected of schools. A collection of reasons why parents send their sons to school or college would make a pitiful curiosity.

"Teach my boy economy," writes a loving mother, "he is a great spendthrift. When at home he asks me for money every day, and I cannot help giving it to him." Another is sent off to school "because at home he is lazy and will not work. Make him industrious. Get him up early in the mornings, at home he sleeps 'till nine o'clock." Another "needs to be cured of smoking cigarettes, a habit very offensive to me and his mother, but which he will not give up." Another "needs to be separated from the girls, because he thinks of nothing else." Another "should be taught politeness and manners, as he is rude to his mother and sisters." Another "has contracted the habit of staying out at night, giving his mother great uneasiness and trouble." Another "eats too fast, swallows his food down in a few seconds." Another "is untidy in person and habits." Another is "careless about telling the truth." And so the sad story

goes, pictures of unhappy homes, inefficient fathers and mothers and untrained children.

One of the chief purposes of education today, in my opinion, should be to assist in the building up of homes. The inefficiency of the home is the greatest obstacle to the work of the school. The home is fundamental, the school is supplemental. The decay of the home is the greatest evil in modern life. Thank God, this evil has not yet come upon North Carolina; may it never come! May your chief labor be to keep it away. Let your teaching of each generation, and especially your teaching of girls, look to this end. Teach them that their noblest mission in life is to become builders of homes.

This is the message too, sent you by her whose name this building bears. "My best wish," she said, "for the Normal and Industrial College is that its work shall stand the test of time, and that A. D. 1940 and A. D. 2000 will see enrolled here as pupils the daughters and grand-daughters of those who are educated here in 1905; still true to the best ideals of their sex as taught and illustrated here."

Four months ago at the request of the distinguished president of this college, whose name will be enrolled high among the greatest statesmen, teachers and benefactors of our State, I visited the city of Cambridge, Mass., to obtain from this most gifted daughter of Carolina consent that this building bear her name. It was with much reluctance that she finally consented. "What have I done," she asked, "that the building be named for me? Let it rather bear the name of McIver, who created the college, or of Curry, its friend and counsellor, or of Peabody, its benefactor, or of Finger or Joyner, Superintendents of Public Instruction." "The building shall bear the name of a woman," said I, "because it is dedicated to the education of women. It should bear your name, for two good and sufficient reasons: First, because

your life has been that of a typical North Carolina woman, and second, because you have rendered to North Carolina distinguished services in behalf of education." She granted the first reason, and denied the second. I persisted in my arguments and entreaties, threatening her with the wrath and displeasure of her daughter and grand-daughter, of every University alumnus, of all the girls in this college, and of every woman in North Carolina, when finally she, like every other woman, "swearing she would never consent, consented."

A sketch of Mrs. Spencer recently appeared in the woman's edition of the Raleigh News and Observer, written by one who has enjoyed her intimate acquaintance for nearly thirty years. I cannot do better than recall the lines of that sketch and add to it a few touches of my own.

While the picture there presented of Mrs. Spencer is vivid and faithful it does not sufficiently emphasize her public services. Her influence upon men and events in North Carolina during the last fifty years has been surpassed by very few, even of the most prominent actors in this momentous period. She was both actor and adviser in public affairs. She was an intimate, personal and trusted friend and counsellor of three of the State's greatest sons: William A. Graham, best balanced and wisest statesman; David L. Swain, who made the University the greatest in the South, and Zebulon B. Vance, War Governor, redeemer of the State from reconstruction and founder of the New North State. These men sought her advice, personally and by letter. Swain and Vance conferred with her through the period of war and the darker period of reconstruction. I might add other names: Paul C. Cameron, John M. Morehead, Robert R. Bridgers, Joseph J. Davis, Alfred M. Scales, Walter L. Steele, John A. Gilmer, and Thomas Ruffin, all were friends of hers. Indeed, in the long list of brilliant and strong men who

were graduated from the University of North Carolina in the generations immediately preceding, during and following the Civil War, there were few who were not influenced by her either in their college life or subsequent careers, and through them she contributed largely to shape the destinies of North Carolina.

But her services to the State were also direct and personal. As soon as the war was ended she took pen and wrote, denouncing the outrages of reconstruction, and calling aloud to the people to be steadfast, brave and unyielding. The doors of the University, which had remained open during all the horrors of the Civil War, were now closed. Dormitories, wherein had slept and studied in their youth, presidents and judges and bishops and senators, were now turned into stables for the horses of cut-throat soldiers, imported from Tennessee to over-awe the people of Orange, Caswell and Alamance counties in their resistance to carpet-bag government. Defying the threats of power and the temptations of profit a small band in the little village of Chapel Hill remained loyal to the ideals and traditions of the University, to the character and history of North Carolina. Leading this little band, Cornelia Phillips Spencer thundered through the press of the State defiance to oppressive authority, and to the sons of the University everywhere rallying cries that stirred their blood. To her, mainly, was due the revival of the University in 1875, and to her largely, was due the overthrowing of the carpet-bagger and his exodus from the State. I saw her at the opening of the University in 1875 with her own hands helping the boys and girls to weave garlands that decorated the chapel. It was her hymn that we sang. She stood in our midst a majestic woman; as strong and noble as a Hebrew Prophetess, singing the redemption and salvation of her people and her beloved University.

It is no exaggeration to say that the new University was fostered and guided by Mrs. Spencer, almost with the care

and affection of a mother. Her name deserves to be indissolubly linked with that of Kemp P. Battle as joint founders of the new University. I doubt not that the great "memorial hall" at Chapel Hill will some day contain a tablet of her, as one of the University's greatest benefactors.

The placing upon this building of the name Cornelia Phillips Spencer is a fit recognition of her great service in behalf of public education. But greater and nobler service than this she has rendered to the State in the example and the teaching of her private life. It is a most instructive fact, adding peculiar interest and fitness to this condition, that Cornelia Phillips Spencer, intellectual, talented, brilliant, highly educated, almost virile in her strength, foremost among the daughters of the State, derived her chief pleasure, expended her chief energies and had for her chief desire the making of a home. Public life afforded her no attractions. Her labors in this direction were performed under a strong sense of duty, with great personal modesty and with the least violation of her lofty ideals of womanliness. She never appeared in public, either to speak, or read, or even to occupy a seat on a public platform.

Her work was accomplished through others, or through the pen. The making of a home was her chief work. She had learned it from her mother. By the family fireside, as a girl, she had sat with her mother and brothers through the long winter evenings, all engaged in busy handiwork, save one who would read to the others. The children were frequently seated, tailor-fashion, on a long table, cutting scraps of cloth for bed quilts, or studying lessons, or receiving admonition. Her childhood and youth were spent in the strictest sense of domestic discipline. Her mother had bound the family together with hoops of steel, in affection, in habits, in training, by love of literature, in intellectual ambitions, and in real public spirit. By such domestic

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training and discipline this quite unknown woman gave to North Carolina, in two sons and a daughter, three of the greatest forces that have aided in the uplifting of our State. Mrs. Spencer had experienced the power of home training, and she cherished above all things home life and home pleasures. Her education was obtained at home, her teacher being her mother and her two brothers, who taught her the studies pursued by them at the University. The girls of that day enjoyed no such educational advantages as are offered now, but they were all taught in all the learning of the home. To quote from Mrs. Spencer, "They had no luxuries and amusements beyond what the woods and forest afforded them, but they were a strong and healthy generation, contented to live at home, to read the same books over and over, to sew for the fathers and mothers and servants and use their simple store of accomplishments for the amusement and pleasure of the home folks. Mrs. Spencer has always led such a life, limited, you may say, but keenly alive to the prospect of wider horizons afforded by the chances and changes of the rolling years. To quote her again: "The girls of that day were a vigorous, healthy, conscientious race. They did not become ailing women." Such a life and such training in girlhood fitted Mrs. Spencer for her career as a woman; to be married; to be a mother; to make a home for the husband and child; to rear her children and grandchildren in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Early left a widow, with one child, although living in the same village with her father and mother and two married brothers, she still maintained a separate home for herself and child. How carefully she educated her daughter! how she taught her daily every domestic virtue! how she repeated with her all the lessons she had learned in her own childhood from her mother! lessons, in cooking, in needle work, in house keeping, in decoration as well as French, Latin, and English

literature! What delightful and instructive readings, by the family fireside, through long winter evenings, mother and daughter alternating, as they read from Scott, Shakespeare, or other great treasures of instruction and inspiration!

Mrs. Spencer's public work was a mere incident in her life, occasioned by temporary necessity. The tragic death of a great University and the downfall of a commonwealth were required to bring her forward as a public actor. Her real life work, to which she daily gave heart, soul, mind and body, was the work of a wife and mother, a housekeeper, a friend and neighbor, a helper of the poor, a nurse of the sick, a comforter and adviser of the distressed and unfortunate. I have seen her frequently making with her own hands dresses and underclothes for motherless negro children, little wretched waifs on the sea of life; I have seen her frequently cooking for sick or infirm negroes, and carrying it herself to their cabins; I have known her to visit the depraved and vicious of her sex and seek to mend their lives by sympathy, admonition, and prayer. Nobody was a stranger in her charity; nobody was too humble or too depraved for her sympathy and help.

Although herself of very limited means, she was a constant giver of charity to the poor, of original poems or dainty needle work or pretty painted souvenirs to friends and neighbors; of good works and good cheer to everybody; of hospitality to all who entered her doors. She is the woman whose name this building bears. In answer to the question, "What shall I tell the young ladies of the Normal and Industrial College as a message from you?" she replied, "Tell your young women to open their Bibles, when they get to their rooms and read, mark, and learn by heart the 14th verse of the 5th chapter of the Apostle's first letter to Tim-

othy." And then she added, "Don't give it to them, make 'em look for it."

So when you return to your rooms, read it; and you will see in what you read the keynote to her life and character, you will see how and why she is a typical North Carolina woman. Her life nobly illustrates the virtues of the past generations of North Carolina women. May her name upon this building help to perpetuate those virtues; may it add strength and endurance, power and usefulness, to a college dedicated to the education of women.

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### CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER.

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A CHARACTER SKETCH BY MRS. GEORGE T. WINSTON.

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If I were asked to name the person of my acquaintance in North Carolina who has lived the longest life of mental, physical and moral activity, with the exercise of all faculties on a very high plane, excelling in many lines of work and failing in none, exerting a strong and wholesome influence upon family, community and state, upon religion, morality, education and literature, the person best illustrating the power and the blessing of *mens sana in corpore sano*, I would name MRS. CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Spencer began in August, 1876, when I moved to Chapel Hill, a young bride.

Mrs. Spencer was my nearest neighbor, and my own house had been her father's residence for over a third of a century. She had spent most of her life up to that time in the house where I began my married life; and she was greatly attached to the house, the yard, the noble oak trees and the old garden, with its quaint fig-trees and old-fashioned flowers and shrubs. So chance threw me near Mrs. Spencer; and it was



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my greatest pleasure to be with her, to hear her delightful conversation, her brilliant wit, her quick humor, her rare and varied reminiscences of people and events, her wise views of life, her pointed and sane criticisms of everybody and everything worth criticising, and her minute knowledge even of the humblest people and things in our little community. Mrs. Spencer's life was an open book. She always said what she thought, and she had some thoughts about everything within her horizon. I was not long in concluding, and I have not since changed the conclusion, that Mrs. Spencer was one of the most remarkable persons I have ever met.

Physically Mrs. Spencer is large, strong and handsome, much above the usual size, with an imposing figure and presence. Her features, too, like her body, are strong and striking; large lustrous eyes, full broad massive brow, firm, well-cut chin and a nose to Napoleon's taste. Her head and features are masculine, but they do not appear so, for a woman's feeling gives a warm glow and a sunny sweetness to her face.

Mentally Mrs. Spencer combines the intellect of a man with the intuition of a woman. She can reason out the most intricate and difficult problems, and she can also jump, and jump correctly, at conclusions.

When Governor Vance was asked if Mrs. Spencer was not the smartest woman in North Carolina, "Yes," said he, "and the smartest man, too." Mrs. Spencer's great intellectual power is a case of inheritance. She and her two brothers, Charles Phillips and Samuel F. Phillips, possessed unusually strong, active and fertile brains, very similar in character and inherited from parents, vigorous, sane, active and intellectual. Their father was an Englishman who might have represented the English race, and who for this reason was called "John Bull" by the students of the University. Their mother was an American, of Dutch descent, very strong in

character, industrious, domestic, well educated and literary. The three children were reared in the strictest school of domestic discipline, religious discipline and educational discipline. Each grew up in Chapel Hill, a little country village, and each became here a great force of manhood or womanhood, capable of doing good service to humanity anywhere on the globe. Charles Phillips was for forty years professor in the University, probably the most intellectual professor ever there; Samuel Phillips was the leading legal adviser, as Solicitor-General of the United States, of the National Government for twelve years, under three different administrations. Cornelia Phillips has surpassed both her brothers in length of years, length of service, and variety and versatility and brilliancy of service.

Lack of space forbids my dwelling fully upon Mrs. Spencer's service to North Carolina. These have been political, educational, religious and literary. In politics she was a Democrat, believing very thoroughly in the people of North Carolina and in their right and their capacity to govern themselves. She despised the carpet-bagger. Her "Last Ninety Days of the War" is a vivid and strong picture of those awful times.

Educationally Mrs. Spencer perhaps contributed more than any other person to the revival of the University in 1875, after its overthrow by the carpet-baggers. She wrote and spoke and prayed unceasingly for the overthrow of the foul gang that was polluting the University halls and for the restoration of the University to its own. Her labors, her prayers were answered. She lived to see the day of triumph, to decorate the college chapel with glad garlands and to write the hymn of rejoicing that was sung at the re-opening exercises. Mrs. Spencer was always an ardent and active friend and supporter of education, in public schools, in academies,

in Sunday Schools, in colleges, and especially in the University.

In religion Mrs. Spencer is a true blue, staunch Presbyterian, but she is not hide-bound nor fanatical. She has been a frequent attendant at churches of other denominations. For years, almost by her individual exertions, she kept burning the fires of religion on the altar of the little Presbyterian church in Chapel Hill; but she found time always to bring a shining torch of faith and enthusiasm to her brethren elsewhere in the State by letters, by messages, by trumpet calls through the columns of the *North Carolina Presbyterian*.

Mrs. Spencer's literary work has been varied and perhaps lacking in permanence, but it accomplished its purpose. She wrote when and where and what was needed in North Carolina; now religious letters to newspapers; now hymns and songs for University festivals; now clarion calls to the people to throw off the political yoke; now songs of triumph at the departure of human vultures from sacred seats of learning; now appeals to the young; now reminiscences of the past with golden lessons of future warning; now spicy sketches of men, women and events, shot with arrows of wit, humor and pleasantry; now volleys of hard horse-sense, overthrowing whole battallions of nonsense and folly in fashion, education, politics and religion. But lack of space forbids me to dwell on her work in these lines. Nor do I remember her most vividly and most affectionately as a public or a semi-public character.

It was as a neighbor and a friend, as a housekeeper, a giver of bread to the poor, a visitor of the sick and needy, a lover of the wild woods, a friend of everybody and everything in Chapel Hill and North Carolina that I knew Mrs. Spencer best and now remember her most vividly. Early each spring we would go out to seek the dog-tooth violets and late each fall to gather the last lingering autumn leaves. She knew

every tree, bush, flower, stream and rock within miles of Chapel Hill. She knew them; for she loved them and poured out her soul upon them in song and pictures. Her skill as an artist was very great. Some of her sketches in oil of the native wild flowers around Chapel Hill I now have before me, as fresh and beautiful and as true to nature almost as the original. Her own home was full of her beautiful handiwork, paintings on canvas, on paper, on china, on tiles and on plaques; nothing meretricious, no fad nor fashionable frivolity; but everywhere the genuineness, simplicity, sweetness and truthfulness of nature. Her love of home was her strongest trait. She loved the very floors and doors and walls of her habitation. It was the English and Dutch inheritance in her, the basis of the strength and greatness of these two wonderful races. Mrs. Spencer was the most omnivorous reader I ever knew. When Dr. Wood's library of several thousand volumes of scientific books was added to the University library, Mrs. Spencer literally "went through it," and got what was in it. She knew almost by heart the great masters in English literature, and read and re-read them again and again. She read plenty of trash, too, but like Macaulay, did it quickly, and seemed able to know intuitively the contents of a trashy book. Her mind is most virile and sane. She judges for herself, and she has a judgment that might represent the average judgment, the final judgment, of her generation.

North Carolina owes to herself the honoring of her most healthful, useful and noble type of woman. The State has not yet placed in Statuary Hall at Washington the statues of her two most distinguished children. Other States have placed there only men; typical men. Let North Carolina place there her most eminent typical man, Zebulon B. Vance, and her most eminent typical woman, Cornelia Phillips Spencer, life-long friends and patriots and co-laborers for the redemption of their State from its greatest thralldom and for its everlasting peace, happiness and prosperity.

## THE SPRING DAWN.

CORNELIAN, '05.

It is the early dawn:  
The long still night is done;  
And the dewy fields are cool and fresh,  
In the morn's clear sun.  
The drooped flowers lift their heads,  
A new day is begun.

The tired hands that strove and failed  
Again are strong to fight:  
The weary hearts that life has crushed  
Renew their youthful might.  
They, that faltered from their goal  
Now view with clearer sight.

It is the glad new dawn,  
The old sad days are past;  
And failing hopes renew their life  
While the morn and its vigor last.  
Glad strength and hope again are young  
In the might of a glory vast.

## SYMPOSIUM.

One Subject Which Has Impressed Me.

GRANDMOTHER'S HAND-SATCHEL.

The most vivid recollections of my childhood are those centered about my grandmother's hand-satchel. It seems to me that the satchel itself tells the story of the good woman's life in a way that is very real.

The satchel was an old-fashioned hand-bag, about ten inches long and six inches in diameter. It was made of an ordinary quality of black leatherette that had long ago lost

all likeness to leather, for it had become cracked and scarred during its many years of service. On one end there was a patch of black cloth. The original handle of black leather had been re-covered with a strip of black cloth. The catch that fastened the satchel was as good as new. The lining must have been black at one time, but during its long life it had faded to a dull brown.

This satchel was a source of much pleasure to all of our grand-children, for we had learned to regard it as a receptacle for all sorts of good things. When grandmother came on her frequent visits to our home, we had much fun guessing what she had brought us in her satchel. We would clamor for the privilege of bringing it into the house for her, and would watch it eagerly until she opened it. The apples, pieces of candy, or other sweet-meats that she was sure to have in it for us, were ten times better than if they had come from another source.

Besides these dainties, the things that could be found in this satchel which grandmother herself prized, were varied and interesting. First of all was her knitting—a first pair of red mittens, just begun for some little grand-daughter, or some gaily striped stockings just finished for some little man. Her sewing materials—thread, scissors, needle-book made of crazy patchwork, an open-end thimble, and a roll of bright-colored calico scraps for quilts—also a bunch of a dozen or more keys of various sizes, and a Barlow knife which she said she made answer the purpose of teeth, were the constant companions that she kept in this quaint old receptacle. There was also a string of blue beads that grandfather had given to her when they were first married.

One of the most interesting things to be found in its hidden depths, was a strip of dark green silk ribbon about sixteen inches long and three inches wide, on which were sewed buttons of every description. These were called

memory buttons. In grandmother's young days it was a fashion for friends to give each other fancy buttons as tokens of remembrance—a sort of substitute for writing their names in autograph albums. Each button had a story of its own. Some were given by grandmothers, aunts, and uncles long ago dead, and several were given by soldiers, Yankees as well as Southerners. I remember one that I thought was especially pretty, which was sent to grandmother from Mexico. It was about an inch in diameter and had a black back-ground. On it a design of a bird of paradise was traced in gold and was inlaid with tiny chips of vari-colored stones to represent the natural colors of the bird.

In spite of its dilapidated appearance, I can hardly think of anything that was at the same time so useful, so interesting, so much loved and cherished as grandmother's hand-satchel. She often refused to exchange it for a new one, for she preferred the old one with its many associations, just as we children did.

HAVENS CARROLL.

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#### SQUIRE RUFFIN.

It was once my pleasure to spend a winter in the extreme eastern part of North Carolina, down close to the Atlantic ocean, upon the banks of the Roanoke river. Life there was very different from what I had known in my home in western North Carolina. The rest of the world seemed to have swept on leaving the different phases of life in this particular little community like pages from a story of the olden times. During my stay I met many charming people, numbers of whom appealed to me as true types of the good, old-fashioned Southern people of Ante-bellum days. Among these characters was no one more interesting or amusing than Squire Ruffin, a planter of the community.

Just how Squire Ruffin had obtained his cognomen, "The Squire," I never learned, but it so suited his round, jolly,

affable personality, that to think of him apart from the title would have been almost impossible. The Squire, while far from being a model, had many good qualities that made him dear to all who knew him well. Strong among these good qualities were his generosity and hospitality. The humblest stranger and the Squire's friends, when they entered his gates, were alike treated with all the fine courtesy that would have been shown the greatest dignitary in the land. I know of no more striking illustration of the two traits of character just mentioned than a certain little story told of him. Once, an old classmate of the Squire's paid him a visit. When a week had passed the classmate mentioned his intention of leaving on the following day, whereupon the Squire pressed him to remain a week longer. At the expiration of the week the Squire again pressed him to stay longer and when I made the Squire's acquaintance his classmate was still visiting him, although five years had elapsed since his first arrival.

To his negro servants and tenants, of which there was an unlimited retinue the Squire was kind and indulgent, offering them as a "set of lazy devils," but at the same time never failing to turn a sympathetic ear to their numerous requests. He was especially kind to them when they were sick or suffering. I have known him to stand by the bedside of a feeble, decrepit old negro servant doing for him what a less noble character would have thought degrading services while tears would flow unchecked from his kind gray eyes. Once or twice each week the Squire drove to his plantations on the Roanoke River to give directions to his "Overseers," or the men who had charge of his farms. On these occasions he would be met outside his gate by a swarm of ragged little negroes, among whom he would scatter a handful of pennies and crack his long whip around their nimble bare legs, while they scrambled madly for the money and showed



their white teeth in appreciation of "Morse Dick's" little joke.

Intellectually, Squire Ruffin was quick and versatile. He was a good conversationalist so long as he was allowed to do the talking, but too hot-headed to be able to argue any point, however trivial. He took a great interest in all the leading questions of the day, but with the martyred air of a tolerant observer who had already decided every question for himself ages before, and whom nothing could change. As a business man the Squire was strictly honest, and believed in heaping his neighbor's measures. He was fairly successful with his own affairs, but he owed this success more to the fertility of his lands than to any systematic business management.

As I have said before, the Squire had his faults as well as good qualities, and one of these faults was the habit of getting tipsy at stated intervals, and sometimes between the intervals. At such times the Squire would retire from the world, and a day or two later emerge from his seclusion, a trifle pale, and very contrite. He would frankly admit that he had been drunk, and swear that would be his last digression from the straight and narrow path of two drinks a day, and sobriety. The Squire also had an extensive vocabulary of profanity, which he never failed to draw upon when he thought the occasion demanded it. A long reign of social preeminence, a touch of native vanity, and a comfortable bank account had all combined to make the Squire satisfied with himself, with his wife, his sons and daughters, his dogs and horses, and all the other things that went to make up the sum and substance of his earthly possessions. He never tired of boasting of the various good qualities of each of these, of his wife's beauty; his daughter's accomplishments and of his son's college escapades, which were numerous.

But the Squire's very faults, in a measure partook of the nature of virtues and made him, if such a thing is possible,

even more lovable. In spite of the defects in his character, his position in the life of his community and in the hearts of his many friends was one of unchanging honor and trust.

VAUGHN WHITE, '07.

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#### A COUNTRY MOUNTAIN STORE.

In the sparsely settled mountain districts of North Carolina, the store forms the centre of the social as well as of the business life of the people, who are a simple, honest folk, and have few wants. The store carries a small stock of general merchandise well suited to satisfy their wants. A few bolts of Alamance jeans, and gaily colored calicoes comprise the stock of dress goods. Boots and tinware dangle from the ceiling, while barrels and boxes of roots, herbs, and dried fruits are aranged around the walls. This general mixture together with green coffee and brown sugar fill the small unpainted room with a pungent and permeating odor.

The people have little money and what they have is not easily accessible to the "store-keeper." The produce from the farm is the usual medium of exchange. The women bring sacks of dried rose leaves, red clover blossoms, and elder berry flowers to be exchanged for a new Sunday dress or a box of snuff. The farmers bring in their wagons butter, chickens, eggs and lard; and take away cloth, sugar, coffee, and tobacco. The people want as much as possible for their products and they will carry them several miles farther for the value of a few cents. The story is told of a stingy old farmer who carried a dozen eggs to the nearest store to be exchanged for knitting-needles. The merchant agreed to exchange at the rate of one needle for one egg. The old farmer said. "Well, I will go on to Watson's for I know I

can get two apiece there." Watson was the nearest store and was ten miles distant.

As these hard-working people have few opportunities for social intercourse, their visits to the store are of a social as well as of a business nature. The "store-keeper" is supposed to know all the news of the neighborhood and to hand it out to his customers along with the bundles he has tied up. The men, as they sit on upturned kegs and boxes, discuss politics and the fall crops, while rings of smoke curl lazily from many pipes. Each new comer is greeted heartily and is invited to join the circle of gossipers where he contributes his stock of information. The women in slat bonnets and checked aprons, usually accompany their husbands to the store. They listen solemnly to what is being said, and now and then hold a whispered conversation in one end of the room.

Every day is the same at the country store of the mountains. The people come in to barter and to buy, to talk and to smoke, and although other small stores may develop into large business houses, the country store of the mountain district remains the same.

JENNIE HACKETT.

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### SIDE LIGHTS ON THE PHYSICIAN'S LIFE.

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FLORENCE LEDBETTER, '04.

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Before invading the mystery and sanctity of the physician's private life, it may be well to realize that in the medical profession there are all sorts and conditions of practitioners, with incomes of widely varying amounts. It is the typical North Carolina physician with whom we here have to do—

the physician of the town and village—known to his prosperous brother physicians of our large and wealthy cities as the country doctor.

Why do people employ a physician? A simple question and easily answered. Most people send for a doctor because they are sick, or think they are sick. That seems reasonable enough. A curious phase of this question is presented, however, by the man who consults a physician, receives his advice, and then fails to follow it. At times, this may result from a want of understanding on the part of the patient or his family, but usually it is because they are unwilling to sacrifice their desires for what they know to be wise. A striking instance of this weakness in human nature appeared not long ago in a magazine. Senator Quay's physician had forbidden him the use of a cigar, but Quay argued and pleaded until he secured permission to smoke once a day. He then had cigars made especially for himself—unusually strong, and a foot or more in length.

Again, the neglect of the physician's orders is due to the interference of the neighbors and the old wives of the community. The latter, especially, have a contempt for doctors, and consider their own knowledge of pathology and the remedies for disease vastly superior to that of the medical practitioner, who has devoted years of hard study to the subject. The physician, while on his rounds, frequently encounters these learned savants, and often enters into lively discussions with them on methods of treatment. Such discussions, however, always end in his complete overthrow, for he finds himself no match for his opponent, with her infallible cures for measles, "biles," and all other ills to which flesh is heir. She closes her argument with this convincing proof of her superior skill: "I've seed docters before I ever seed you, but I never seed one that could beat me yit. I've buried three husbands an' six children, an' I doctered 'em all myself!"

It is the physician's duty, if possible, to answer all calls promptly. Experience teaches him, however, that in some cases punctuality is not necessary. Frequently, messages will be sent him to come at once, when, in fact, no immediate attention is needed or expected by the patient. Often the "sick" one will be in the kitchen, or sitting up chatting with friends, or possibly, out for a little stroll. The ways of such people are like the ways of Providence—past finding out. Moreover, after they cry "wolf" once or twice, the doctor learns them and acts accordingly. Here he but shows his common sense and his appreciation for the rights of others. Why should he defer a promised visit to some sufferer, whom his presence will cheer and relieve, merely to hasten for the fiftieth time to see a person who calls him in as a sort of pleasant pastime? But with some people a hurry call means to hurry. This the doctor realizes, and in such cases, none are more quickly responsive than he.

The doctor's home and family life is, in many respects quite unique. Not the least among the many peculiarities which render it so are the disturbances to which he and his household are subjected at night. At this season, other people can retire and sleep in undisturbed repose, if their conscience is clear, but the doctor's family never knows what an hour may bring forth. About eleven o'clock, when all have retired and are sleeping soundly, there comes a fierce knocking at the door, which brings his wife at one bound to the middle of the room. The doctor is awake also, and, upon opening the door finds that he is wanted by a patient, who, the messenger says, is "havin' a fit;" whereupon he immediately goes to his relief. The wife drops into a short sleep, from which she is awakened half an hour later by her husband's return. Scarcely is the light extinguished and all asleep again, when they are aroused by a second knock. The doctor, with a sigh, goes to the door. The man standing without says: "Doc. I wish you would come and see my old

woman as quick as you can.” “What’s the matter with her now?” asks the doctor. “She was tuck with a misery in the spine of her back about sundown, and its bin gittin’ worse ever sence, an’ now she’s in a ravin’ rack.” The doctor dresses hastily, seizes his medicine case, and hurries out. If he be fortunate enough to return that night, it is only to be aroused three times more—once to give out medicine, once to see a child who is “strangling to death,” and finally, in the gray of morning, to make a visit to the country. Possibly on the next night the family enjoys unbroken sleep. And so the nights come and go—some of them spent in undisturbed repose, others cut into fragments. But the doctor and his family learn to accept them all gracefully and philosophically.

Another distinguishing feature of the doctor’s home life is the irregularity of meals, a source of unceasing annoyance to at least one member of his household, viz.: his wife. She, of all women, understands most fully what it means to watch and wait. No one outside the profession can ever know how many breakfasts and dinners and suppers have been spoiled in the waiting, how many dishes with their contents have been put into the oven to keep warm for the absent one who did not come. And so it is year in and year out. The doctor gets accustomed to it, and so does his wife, to a certain extent—and life goes on.

But while the doctor’s family are greatly annoyed by the broken nights and by the irregularity of meals, perhaps the most trying ordeal in their home life is that experienced during the illness of the doctor himself. Some people express great surprise that a doctor should ever be sick. Of course he has no business to ever become ill, but, unfortunately, he is constructed about like other people, with the same liability to sickness, disease, or accident; moreover, with the liability increased, in his case, by the exposures to which he is sub-

jected. It was Charles Dickens who originated the saying that doctors never take their own medicine. Be this as it may, when the doctor gets sick, angels and ministers of grace defend his good wife! A physician is so accustomed to being director in a sick room that he wants to be director at the same time that he is the patient, when he is not at himself and is incapable of managing things.

An account of the doctor's home life would be incomplete without the mention of his bills, a theme of vital and absorbing interest to his family. The old saw is a familiar one about the three degrees in a doctor's comparison: Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill. A recent writer, however, has added a fourth degree, so that the comparison now stands: Diminutive, ill; positive, pill; comparative, kill; superlative, bill, still keeping the bill in the superlative. "For," she says, "the public will always consider the bill in the superlative, and will also do their part toward keeping it in the subjunctive mood and the future tense."

The rather neglected appearance of the doctor's premises is, as a rule, due to this same bill, or, more exactly, to the nonpayment of it. He has quite a number of men already paid, in medical services, to keep the necessary out-door work about his home done; and accordingly, doesn't wish to spend any more money for this purpose. He therefore waits patiently the arrival of these landscape gardeners. Meanwhile the weeds in the yard grow up and flourish like green bay trees; the jimson and cockle burs take possession of the garden, and the mud hole in the horse lot becomes a veritable Slough of Despond. Besides this class, who discharge their indebtedness to the doctor by promises of manual labor on his place, there is the larger body who frequently pay him in commodities, some of which are worthy of mention. There are the bean poles, the green back logs, the straw brooms, the pop-corn, the soft soap, and occasionally: a load of sand. At long intervals there may be a mess

of beans or beets or turnip salad, a bucket of sorghum, or a little jar of pickles in the brine. Then there is the stock—the scrawny cows, and the pigs, so lean that no fence on the place, however impenetrable it is supposed to be, can prevent their depredations.

Such contributions, though humorous to those outside the profession, have little mirth provoking power for the doctor. Seen in the light of his knowledge, they often appear deeply pathetic. One illustration will suffice to explain this: The physician is in attendance upon a very poor family, who live in a cottage consisting of a single room. On a cot in the corner lies a little child whose life is trembling in the balance, and its poor mother is frantic with grief. Without, the premises show a similar degree of poverty. Near the roadside, in front of the hut, grazes a forlorn-looking cow, which is the family's most valuable worldly possession, and which, the doctor understands is to be the price of his services. He knows, however, that if she is given to him, the three little children peeping at him from behind the house will be brought very near starvation. Therefore, unwilling to occasion such a sacrifice on the part of his humble clients, he declines this offering, and accepts instead the gratitude expressed in the warm handshake and the hearty "God bless you" of the thankful mother.

Thus, much of the physician's work, time, and strength is given where it brings little or no financial return, his only reward being the consciousness of duty well performed, suffering relieved, death averted. He lives in closest sympathy with humanity. Rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak, learned and illiterate, saint and sinner alike receive his attention, none so low the doctor will not in humble imitation of the Great Physician, stoop to succor, none so high his service can dispense with.

In the gray of the morning, in the heat of the noon-day



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sun, through the long, weary watches of the night, in all seasons of the year, anywhere, everywhere, he pursues the Rider of the Pale Horse.

Throughout all ages and countries he has waged his ceaseless conflict with man's most fearful foe with little hope or expectation of the plaudits of an admiring world—

“Knowing if he won the battle they would praise his Maker's name, Knowing if he lost the battle then the doctor was to blame.”

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### DR. VENABLE'S ADDRESS.

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On the occasion of the dedication of the Spencer Building Dr. F. P. Venable, President of the University of North Carolina, was present and spoke as follows:

“I am proud to bring to you the congratulations of the University upon the completion of your new home. The State Normal College is in some sort a daughter of that glorious old mother and she notes with loving interest the growing strength and usefulness of this, her fair daughter. Every forward step is a source of pride and pleasure to her.

You have heard Governor Aycock say that each home in the land represented a man's love for some woman and this splendid home of yours represents the love and pride and hope of North Carolina's men for North Carolina's daughters. They have builded here that you might come and learn life's lessons; that trained in head and heart and hand you might take up life's ministry of love and help to make this beloved South of ours a goodly place to live in and a worthy land to live and die for.

“I am glad that you have called your home the Spencer Building. You will thus have ever before you the example of one who has loved her State well and labored with unfaill-

ing loyalty and devotion for its upbuilding. Honest, brave, and strong she has stood for the right, as far as God gave her power to see it, and spent herself in the service of her people. It must be a sweet and gracious thought to her that her name should become a household word to the daughters of the State and stand forever above the portals of their home. May you have the noble purpose and the strength to serve your people as she has done before you.”

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TO MOTHER NATURE.

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HELEN C. HICKS, '06.

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O Mother Nature, take me in thy tender, loving arms!  
O let me slumber on thy bosom forgetting ills and wrongs!  
Rock me gently Mother Nature, let me forget again,  
That earth hath any sorrow, that man hath any pain.  
I am tired, I am weary of this toil on life's rough sea,  
As a worn-out child to its mother turns, I stretch my arms to thee.  
Rock me gently, Mother Nature, as the wee bird in its nest  
Is rocked by the gentle breezes; let me sleep and be at rest.