

# State Normal Magazine

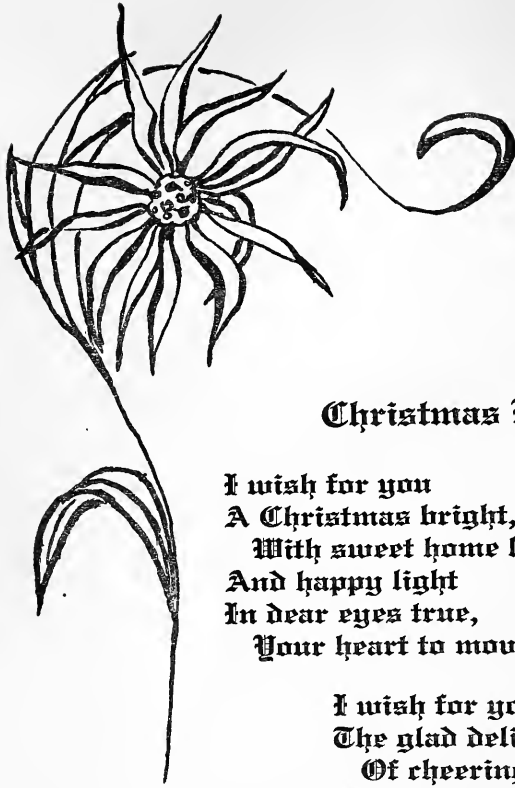
Vol. 15

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 3

## C O N T E N T S

	PAGE
Christmas Wishes— <i>Lena Greene, '11</i>	
The Unhappy Milkweed—A Nature Story— <i>E. Rose Batterham, '11 . . . . .</i>	137
Completed (Poem)— <i>Clara Byrd . . . . .</i>	140
The Violin— <i>Myrtle B. Johnston, '11 . . . . .</i>	141
The History of Cotton Manufacturing in North Carolina— <i>Clara Byrd . . . . .</i>	146
The Unattainable Ideal— <i>Mildred Moses, '12 . . . . .</i>	157
Mistletoe (Poem)— <i>E. Rose Batterham, '11 . . . . .</i>	159
A Short Sketch of the Life of John Charles McNeill— <i>Margaret E. Johnson, '12 . . . . .</i>	160
The Spirit of Christmas— <i>Adelaide Morrow, '11 . . . . .</i>	164
Contributors' Club—	
"Pete"— <i>Annie Jones, '14 . . . . .</i>	168
A Grate Fire— <i>Eleanor Morgan . . . . .</i>	169
A "Fidgety" Little Dog— <i>Maud Bunn, '14 . . . . .</i>	170
Book Reviews—	
"The Rosary"— <i>Lena Greene, '11 . . . . .</i>	171
Editorial—	
College Expressions . . . . .	174
A Word of Warning . . . . .	176
The Point of View—	
Visiting— <i>A. E. Bostian, '14 . . . . .</i>	178
Who Pays the Piper?— <i>M. G. Elliott, '14 . . . . .</i>	178
"No Ad."— <i>F. Strange . . . . .</i>	179
Another View— <i>Frances Hays, '14 . . . . .</i>	180
The Low Voice— <i>Eleanor Morgan, '14 . . . . .</i>	180
Breaking Study Hour— <i>M. S., '14 . . . . .</i>	181
Exchanges— <i>Margaret Cobb, '12 . . . . .</i>	182
Y. W. C. A.— <i>Gertrude Glenn . . . . .</i>	184
Among Ourselves— <i>Marea Jordan, '11 . . . . .</i>	185
The Inter-Society Debate— <i>Ada Viele, '11 . . . . .</i>	186
In Lighter Vein— <i>Clyde Fields, '12 . . . . .</i>	188
The Charge of the Normal Brigade (Poem) <i>Mabel Cooper, '14 . . . . .</i>	188
Inspiration (Poem)— <i>Martha Faison . . . . .</i>	191
Organizations . . . . .	192
Advertisements	



## Christmas Wishes

I wish for you  
A Christmas bright,  
With sweet home love,  
And happy light  
In dear eyes true,  
Your heart to move.

I wish for you  
The glad delight  
Of cheering the soul  
With gentle might  
Of good-will true,  
That routeth dole.

I wish for you  
Sweet thought of One  
That doth abide  
A gift—God's Son—  
For all, anew,  
At Christmas-tide.

*Lena Greene, '11, Cornelian.*



# State Normal Magazine

VOL. XV

GREENSBORO, N. C., DECEMBER, 1910

NO. 3

## The Unhappy Milkweed—A Nature Story

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelpian

Once upon a time, on a sunny hillside, there grew three plants—a milkweed plant, a daisy, and a buttercup. There the bright sunshine kissed them and the singing breezes made them dance all the day. The daisy and buttercup were very happy on their hillside home and they lifted up their eager little faces joyfully to take all the good things that kind Mother Nature sent to them. But the milkweed plant was most unhappy. She would not sway in the breeze or smile at the sunshine. She only grew stiff and tall and miserable, and the faces of her tiny flowers were pinched and pale. You may wonder how she could be so unhappy on the pleasant hillside. It was because the ground was hard and dry. The other plants did not mind, but the milkweed loved moist, soft soil, and a shady place where the sun did not smile so long and brightly.

Fair summer passed and took with her all the gaily-colored butterflies, the music-making insects and the busy bees. The flowers missed the warm sun, and so sleepily closed their little eyes and were soon turned into tiny cradles full of seeds. The daisy and buttercup were still happy, even though the summer had gone, for they knew that their cradles would open in the spring and other little plants would come from the baby seeds. In the new plants they could live again and enjoy the gifts that Mother Nature brought to her hillside children. The milkweed was more unhappy than she had been all summer. She knew that all her baby seeds she held so warmly in their pod-

cradle would all fall on the ground in the spring and live in the same hard, dry soil that their mother had grown in. They, too, would be miserable. The mother plant could not be happy, because the future was not bright for her children.

As the days grew shorter, kind fairies flew among the leaves of the trees and plants at night and painted them with all the glorious tints that autumn brings. They worked hard every night and soon the trees gleamed brightly in their beautiful new robes. One night a light-winged fairy hovered over the milkweed as she towered above the daisy and buttercup.

"Milkweed," she said, "you have been unhappy all summer. Don't you want me to bring you joy in the autumn by clothing you in a new dress?"

"No, no," moaned the milkweed. "I would rather that my leaves were left to turn brown and wither. If I had on a bright dress our plant world would think that I was happy. I would not have them think that, for I am very miserable. All my little baby seeds will have to live my life over again in this hard, dry soil."

"But, dear plant, I must do something for you. See how I have painted the leaves! Do let me color your old brown dress and make it beautiful for autumn's coming."

The milkweed smiled and said, "If you will,—if you can,—let it be that my baby seeds will not have to live and grow and die here as I have done."

The fairy looked puzzled and then exclaimed, "I will help you. Mother Nature will find a way."

It was two or three nights later before the fairy returned. The leaves on the trees were now all painted red and gold and orange, for the other fairies had worked hard. But, although the milkweed had waited patiently as she stood stiff and tall in her brown dress, she could hardly realize that something good had come to her when she saw the fairy's joyful smile.

"I know that I have been away a long time, but look what I have brought to you. I made them myself, and do you not think that they are pretty?" exclaimed the fairy, as she held up an armful of dainty, silky wings just like her own, only much smaller and more delicate.

“How beautiful! What are they for?” asked the wondering milkweed.

“Wait and see. The wind knows the secret and he is to finish the work that I begin.” And she tenderly opened the brown pod of the milkweed and took out the seeds one by one. To each she fastened a pair of the wings and then tucked them in the pod again, saying, “Now, when the wind comes he will carry them far away to where the ground is moist and soft. You need only think of them as being happy. Goodbye, dear milkweed; I hear the wind coming. Goodbye.”

The milkweed held her children closely before giving them to the wind, who made them fly far away from the hard, dry hillside.

The milkweed was happy, for she knew that her unhappy lot was not to pass on to her children.

Now, if you will seek the milkweed plants in the woods, you will find their seeds with dainty white wings, for the milkweed fairy still keeps up her good work, while the other fairies paint the leaves of the trees when autumn is near.

## Completed

Clara Byrd, Cornelian

What are we to each other, love?—  
Listen, while I enfold you—  
Thou art the melody divine,  
And I the chords that hold you.

Thou art the voice, and I the words—  
'Tis I, thy love, enfolds you—  
Thou art the fair and fragrant flower,  
And I the stem that holds you.

Thou art the pearl, and I the set—  
Listen, while I enfold you—  
Thou art all promise and reward,  
And I the hopes that hold you.

What are we to each other, then—  
'Tis I, thy love, enfolds you—  
Thou art the complement of me,  
And I of thee, who holds you.

## The Violin

Myrtle B. Johnston, '11, Cornelian

The old Lake Mansion stood massive, cold, and gloomy, even in the bright radiance of a late Southern September afternoon. Huge gnarled oak trees, many of them stricken by lightning, cast their grotesque shadows around it like mighty giants standing guard over an enchanted palace of loneliness and despair. With the exception of one small plot of ground, where a few modest violets timidly lifted their heads as if half afraid to face the wilderness around them, a tangled mass of weeds and briery stems of ancient rosebushes usurped the place of a flower garden of long ago. Stretching out from the front of the house ran a long avenue of sycamores, their green and silvery bark glistening like the half-concealed armor of imprisoned knights keeping watch lest a wretched spirit should rush out of the enchanted palace between their long rows of stateliness, thence over the acres of barren, uncultivated land beyond, to a region of brightness and gladness in the far-away distance. To the left, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, the treacherous waters of Lake Juniper glittered maliciously under the rays of the sinking sun.

These same rays, penetrating through the sombre foliage of the giant oak trees, flecked the rotten, worm-eaten porch of the hoary building with a few half-hearted spots of brightness, and then almost disappeared through the half-open window, swallowed up in the gloom and dullness of the room within. The few straggling sunbeams that managed to survive fell full on the figure of a young girl, perhaps eighteen years of age. There was little in the features of her face to attract attention, but her whole expression was one of unutterable sadness, desolation and loneliness. Her slight, fragile figure seemed strangely out of keeping with the heavy, battered mahogany furnishings of the room, which looked much more as if they were intended for the stout old dames whose portraits hung on the wall than for her. She sat motionless, half bent over the keyboard of an old piano; one hand supported her drooping head,

in the other she held a small yellow violin. The last string was broken, the top was crushed as by a heavy blow, and the bridge lay on the floor at her feet.

Elizabeth Dunbar had lived at the old Lake Mansion for ten years in almost utter solitude. The place in its early glory had belonged to a wealthy family who had lived there in regal splendor many years before the Civil War. The last son of the family, having proved a profligate, sold the estate intact to pay gaming debts, and he himself died in the streets. From one person's hands to another the estate had passed, each one leaving it a little more dilapidated and uncared for than before; for few people had the courage to remain long on a place so lonely and so far from human habitation. Now the only living being who knew the history of the place through all its ups and downs was a wizened, mummified old negro, who lived in a tumbledown hut on the shore of the treacherous lake.

Finally, Mr. Dunbar heard of the place, and, full of wild schemes of cultivating rice by irrigation, moved there, bringing with him his wife and an only daughter, a sensitive, fair-haired child of eight years. But he, like all his predecessors, had had to stare blank failure in the face and had managed to eke out but a miserable existence. The loneliness of the situation proved too great a strain on the rather feeble health of his wife and she soon succumbed, leaving him bound to the spot that contained her grave. Naturally a stern man, after the death of his wife he lived more and more to himself, and took little heed of his child, save only to provide for her the actual necessities of life.

As a child, Elizabeth half feared the gloomy, silent rooms, that gave forth strange, hollow echoes to the sound of her footsteps, and caused her to start with dismay at the sound of her own voice. At such times she took refuge out of doors and forgot herself in the care of the few little violets which, with the help of Uncle Jake, she had managed to protect from the dense, invading army of weeds and briars. But while she feared them, at the same time she had grown to love the old rooms from long association with them.

The pictures became her friends and she talked to them as



to human beings. One especially attracted her; it was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl of about her own age. The one peculiarity of the face lay in the eyes. They were brown eyes, very like Elizabeth's own, but with the saddest, weariest expression in the world in their mysterious depths. "My Lady of the Mournful Eyes," Elizabeth called her. She knew the story of those eyes, for Uncle Jake at times grew talkative and told her stories of the "great folks" who used to live in the mansion when he was young. This young girl's history had been one of the saddest that he had related. And as she sat there, again there passed through her mind the story of the Lady.

Her name was Virginia Coleridge, and she had a lover who lived on an adjoining plantation. The two families were on terms of the closest intimacy and nothing was more desirable than the approaching marriage of the two young people. But one night the lover had fallen into a dispute with her brother over some trivial matter and, hot-blooded Southerner that he was, he shot before he knew. Crazed by the realization of his deed, he rushed from the house and plunged headlong into the hungry waters of the lake. She, poor child, broken in spirit by her double loss, lived but a few short months. Her only consolation had been a beautiful violin on which she played almost incessantly, pouring forth all the grief and heartache within her in plaintive melodies.

Elizabeth had often wondered what had become of the beautiful violin. Frequently in her solitary rambles over the old house she had looked long and earnestly for it; and once in a long forgotten chest, in an obscure corner of the attic, she had found a rich brocaded dress with a love letter addressed to "Miss Virginia Coleridge" in a bold, manly hand, pinned within the front of the waist, but never a trace of the violin could she find. And Uncle Jake always stopped when he reached that part of his story and persistently refused to say another word.

Now, as she mused over the sad fate of the mysterious Lady and her violin, she thought also of her own past life—of the ten long years of loneliness and solitude, in which her greatest

comfort and companion had been the little yellow violin. To-day she was utterly alone. Upstairs in the cold and darkness of his chamber lay the body of the father who had forgotten how to be a father; and the little yellow violin was in ruins in her hands. She, too, had suffered; she, too, was alone. What was there to comfort her and break the spell of grief and despair?

As she sat thus, heedless of all around her, the door opened slightly and the gray woolly head of the ancient negro appeared in the opening.

"I knowed hit," he muttered, "de time am sholy come at las'." "Missy," he called softly from the doorway. The girl made no response.

The old negro closed the door quietly behind him and tiptoed softly over to the window, where the last pale rays of the sun were still feebly battling with the gloom within. He knelt down quickly and skillfully ran his trembling fingers over the surface of a carved panel beneath. It yielded to his touch and revealed an old black leather violin case, worn and mouldy with age. He picked it up reverently and laid it at the feet of the half-conscious girl at the piano.

"Missy," he again repeated softly, "Missy, look here."

She raised her head wearily and fixed her large, despairing eyes on his face.

"She done tol' me," he said, pointing to the "Lady of the Mournful Eyes," who looked sadly, yet sympathetically down at them, "she done tol' me when she died nebber to tell nobody 'bout dis here, 'less I see somebody what needed it jes' as bad as she did, somebody jes' as sad an' lonesome as she wuz. I done fotch hit to you, Missy."

The girl bent eagerly over the old violin case, while the negro stole silently out of the room. The fastenings, rusty with age, at last yielded to her eager fingers and she drew from its long hiding place an old violin, softened and mellowed by age to a rich golden-brown tint. Not a string was broken, and as she deftly tuned them, she turned to the pictured face of loneliness on the wall and asked wonderingly, "Did you mean it for me when you put it there? Ah! dear Lady of the Mourn-

ful eyes, will it comfort me as it comforted you in the days when you were tired and lonely?"

Then she drew the bow caressingly, lovingly across the strings, aimlessly at first and then gradually drifting into the melody of an old, old song such as the "Lady of the Mournful Eyes" perhaps played in the days of sadness long ago. All the girl's soul went into her music. Now moaning, wailing, through the listening air, now soft and sweet as the crooning of a mother to her dying child, the melody floated on. All the pent-up loneliness and desolation of her whole life flowed from her gliding bow. On and on she played, unconscious of the flight of time. And as the slim, gray shadows settled closer and closer around her, in forgetfulness she found peace.

## The History of Cotton Manufacturing in North Carolina

Clara Byrd, Cornelian

Many things have contributed to the development of the State of North Carolina. Many and various influences have been at work to make of it what it is today. But perhaps there has been no greater developing influence than that of cotton manufacturing. Though the rise of the textile industry has not been rapid, owing to certain unfavorable conditions, yet with the exception of one decade there has been no retrogression, and during the last twenty years the advance has been remarkable. It is the purpose of this paper to sketch in rather broad lines the history of the cotton plant, the history of the manufacture of cotton in North Carolina, and to touch upon the influence of the industry of the State.

To find out the first use of cotton by our race, we shall have to go back to the dim past—five centuries before the birth of Christ—in the land of Buddha and Brahma. Here we find the old Hindoo law declaring that “the sacrificial thread of the Brahman must be made of cotton.”

Across the Himalayas from the Hindoos in China, and not long after India began to use cotton, we read that the Chinese planted it in their gardens and sang of it in their poems. They must have treated it as a rare and beautiful plant, however, for in the sixth century after Christ the scribes of that day recorded with much wonder that the Emperor Outi had a rare robe made of cotton.

As to the use of cotton among the ancient Egyptians, there has been much divergence of opinion, but it is now generally believed that the plant was cultivated to a limited extent.

Cloth made of cotton was introduced into Greece and Rome sometime before the Christian era, and was used by Verres in Sicily as a covering for his tents. Later, in the fourteenth century, its culture spread from Italy into France and Greece.

Among European countries, Spain was the first to undertake the culture of cotton, the Moors having introduced it there about a thousand years ago.

In the New World, the manufacture of cotton seems to have been engaged in by the natives of Mexico and Peru before the discovery of these countries by Spain. Mummies who had been dead for centuries were found by explorers clothed in cotton cloth; and among the treasures which Cortez wrested from Montezuma and sent to Charles V. were beautiful cotton fabrics dyed in various colors.

In the year 1621 we have the first authentic record of cotton planting in the United States. This was done in Virginia. Coming down to our own State, we find that the first permanent settlers who emigrated to North Carolina from Virginia in 1659 grew cotton as one of their crops; and forty years later cotton cloth furnished one-fifth of the clothing used by the people of the State. Toward the close of the seventeenth century barrels of cotton and bags of cotton began to be mentioned as articles of export to England; but it was not until after the Revolutionary War that the plant became widely known and cultivated here. With the invention of the cotton gin in 1793 a greater impetus was given to the raising of cotton, and its cultivation has grown until today it is perhaps our chief agricultural crop.

Having traced the history of the cotton plant, let us stop at this point and review the conditions in the State which led to, or which surrounded, the rise of cotton manufacturing.

In 1659 the Virginia settlers on the Nansmond overflowed into what is now North Carolina. In a few years the control of these pioneers and the territory which they occupied was placed in the hands of the eight lords proprietors. Their failure need not be told in detail, but in 1729 the colonies were transferred from these first governors to the ownership of the crown. In the meantime settlements had spread along the coast, and other emigrants had joined those who were first to come. Besides the English, settlers from the Barbados, Germans, French Huguenots, and Swiss had emigrated to Carolina, all together making up a population of about thirty thousand whites and six thousand negroes. Some large tracts of land had been granted,—seldom, however, exceeding six hundred and sixty acres,—and this marked the beginning of the great plantation system which afterwards grew so important.

While these people were filling up the east, pioneers of a different character were settling the western and middle sections. Soon after 1730 bands of Scotch-Irish and Germans made their way to Carolina from Pennsylvania. A settlement of Moravians was also made. In the middle section Scotch Highlanders and Lowlanders were rapidly establishing themselves. Since the customs and habits of these people were so different, there was little communication between the neighborhoods, and still less between the sections of the State—the east and the west. In the east there were large plantations, advantageously situated on rivers and sounds; but in the west the land was hilly, and this condition was unfavorable to the great plantation system.

But among the Scotch-Irish, the French, the Swiss, and the Germans, were skilled workmen of every kind, and after the first hardships of pioneer days had been overcome, a great variety of small industries sprang up in every neighborhood. Spinning wheels, made by local workmen, spun wool, cotton, and flax. Hides were tanned, boots, shoes, and harness were made by the farmer himself. Farming implements, including gins and gin presses, were made, and by 1800 it seemed that the logical development would be into a frugal manufacturing community rather than into an agricultural State.

But as has been mentioned before, the invention of the cotton gin in 1793 gave a great impetus to the cultivation of cotton. In the east, where the large plantations were situated, the industry, with the attendant growth of slavery, was becoming more and more important; and the desire to embark in the business diverted the attention of the people from manufacturing.

At length the western counties became greatly affected by the increasing importance of cotton, and the number of slaves in that section grew rapidly. One consequence of the extension of slavery was the emigration of thousands of small farmers. Tennessee was settled from North Carolina; Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, likewise gained many settlers; and as the State grew more agricultural its workers in the "arts and crafts," its manufacturing element, left also.

The emigration was at its height between 1830 and 1840. There was no counter-current of immigration to replace the loss, and the rank of the State in population declined from third in 1790 to twelfth in 1860.

This emigration to other States left large tracts of vacant land. Now everybody could farm, and the State became more distinctly agricultural, with cotton as its chief crop. Thus we see that the State, although in the beginning it made good progress in general manufacturing, was by the rise of agriculture and the institution of slavery, diverted for many years from any aggressive pursuit of manufacturing. We see also why cotton manufacturing advanced so slowly during the years, let us say, from 1800 to 1860.

The first cotton manufacturing, of course, took place in the home. It is said that almost every family had its own loom, wheel, and cards, and that negro women spent all their time, when not employed in making or gathering the crops, in spinning and weaving cloth to make their clothes or bedding, or clothes for members of the white family. Not only the slaves, however, but the white women spun cotton into thread and wove it into cloth. In the east, where there was more wealth, and communication with the outside world was easier, reliance upon foreign goods became more pronounced. But until 1850 it is safe to say that a majority of the people in the middle and western counties dressed chiefly in clothes of domestic manufacture.

In the meantime, however, a few cotton mills had been established; and it will perhaps be interesting to give a detailed account of a few of these pioneer mills, and consider them as representatives of all the mills built previous to 1860.

The first cotton mill in North Carolina, and one of the first in the south, was built on Mill Branch, about one and a half miles from the present town of Lincolnton, in Lincoln County. This county had been settled by German, Scotch-Irish, and Swiss, many of whom had mechanical ability. Among these was Michael Schenck and Absalom Warlick, the promoters of the mill. Some of the machinery was purchased in Providence, Rhode Island, and was hauled by wagon from

Philadelphia; part was built by a brother-in-law of Schenck. The first dam did not hold, and it became necessary to build lower down the creek. For this purpose additional machinery was needed, and Michael Bean, a local workman, for the sum of thirteen hundred dollars, built and installed two spinning frames, with seventy fliers each, and two cards and one picker. The original contract for the machinery is still in the possession of a descendant of the Schenck family. The mill prospered, and in 1819 John Hoke and James Bivings bought a share. To meet its growing patronage, the firm later erected a larger mill of 3,000 spindles, known as the Lincoln Cotton Factory, on the south fork of the Catawba, near Lincolnton. Wagons came from a distance of a hundred miles to secure yarn, and the mill continued in successful operation until burned by an incendiary in 1863. On this site the Confederate Government erected a laboratory for the manufacture of medicines. Twenty years after the war a cotton mill began operations.

In the year 1818 the second mill in North Carolina was built at the Falls of the Tar, on Pamlico River, in Edgecombe County. Little has been learned about this mill, except that it began operating with 288 spindles, employed about twenty hands, and consumed 18,000 pounds of cotton, or according to the weights of those days, about sixty-four bales.

In 1820 the Rocky Mount Cotton Mills of Edgecombe County was built at Rocky Mount by a firm known as Battle, Evans & Donaldson, the Battle being Joel Battle, grandfather of Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of the University. Battle soon bought the interest of the others, however. The mill building was of rock. Operations were commenced with 2,000 spindles, and coarse yarns were spun. The mill was operated by slave labor until 1852. A grist mill was also run here at the same time, and people from all over the east came to buy yarn and get their corn ground. This attracted the attention of the United States authorities at New Bern, and they sent up a regiment of seven hundred cavalry, under Lieutenant Bird, and this detachment burned down both mills. The cotton mill was rebuilt of brick in 1866, burned down again in 1870,



rebuilt in 1872, enlarged in 1888 and 1892. It now has thirty thousand spindles. Different members of the Battle family have been in charge from the first up to the present time.

These mills had been run by water power. But in 1830 Henry Humphreys built the Mount Hecla Mill in Greensboro, and this was run by steam. The machinery was shipped from Philadelphia to Wilmington, thence up the river to Fayetteville, and then carried across the country in wagons to Greensboro. The building was four-story, and was equipped with twenty-five hundred spindles and seventy-five looms. Humphreys issued private paper money in 1832, with which he paid his operatives and paid for cotton. The mill continued in active operation until the early fifties; but on account of the scarcity of fuel the mill was removed by Thomas R. Tate, Humphrey's son-in-law and former clerk, but at that time owner, to Mountain Island, where it was operated by water power.

About the year 1837, the first of what subsequently came to be a group of manufactories owned by the Holt family was built in Alamance County by E. M. Holt. William A. Carrigan, his brother-in-law, was associated with him, and they continued to do business under the name of Carrigan & Holt until 1851, when Carrigan sold out his interest, and Holt took his son, Ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt, into business with him. The machinery for this mill was bought in Paterson, New Jersey. Operations were commenced with five hundred and twenty-eight spindles, and the mill ran twelve hours a day. Cotton yarn was manufactured. In the year 1853 a Frenchman, who was out of money and without friends, came to Alamance, and proposed to teach young Holt how to color cotton yarn. He agreed to do this for the sum of one hundred dollars and his board. With an eighty-gallon copper boiler (used for the purpose of boiling potatoes and turnips for hogs) and a large cast-iron washpot as implements, the work began. A dye house, however, was soon afterwards built. The goods thus manufactured were then and are still known as "Alamance Plaids"; and a former governor of our State is entitled to the honor of having dyed with his own hands, and of having

woven under his supervision, the first yard of colored cotton goods manufactured in the south. Other mills have since been built by the Holts, and the family is prominent in manufacturing at the present time, having in the aggregate over 100,000 spindles and over 3,000 looms, most of which are making colored goods.

Another pioneer in cotton manufacturing was Francis Fries, a descendant of a Moravian minister. He had had some experience in cotton manufacturing as agent of the Salem Manufacturing Company; but without any mechanical training, he threw himself into his new task, visiting Paterson, New Jersey, and other northern points to study manufacturing. In the year 1836 he secured the plans, and personally superintended the erection of the plant. In the summer of 1840 he commenced business on his own account, with the financial assistance of his father-in-law, John Vogler, Sr. This first venture was a small one, consisting of a set of cards for making rolls from the wool raised by the neighboring farmers. This mill also contained a small dyeing and fulling plant for finishing and coloring the cloth woven by the farmers' wives and daughters. In 1842 he added spinning machinery and later a few looms.

In the meantime, other mills had been built, but the progress had been slow, that in 1840 only twenty-five establishments were reported to be in operation, with a total of 47,900 spindles, 700 looms, 12,000 operatives, consuming 7,000 bales. The capital invested was \$995,300. In 1860, 39 mills, with 41,900 spindles and 800 looms, were reported, consuming between 1,100 and 1,300 bales of cotton, against a reproduction of 145,514 bales. There were 1,755 operatives, and a capital of \$1,272,750. It is significant to note that only nine of these establishments were in eastern counties.

Many of these early mills ran only a part of the year because the water power could not always be depended upon. Often the mill stopped when the neighborhood demand was satisfied; in fact, little attempt to secure more than a local market seems to have been made. Coarse yarns, shirtings and homespuns were manufactured. There was no distinct class

of cotton mill operatives—most of them were so incidentally. In Randolph County, for instance, where the mills were built by stock companies composed of the best citizens of the neighborhood, the farmers' daughters gladly came to work in the mills. Many worked to buy trousseaux; others, to help their families. Twenty years ago throughout that section one might find the wives of substantial farmers or business men who had worked in the mills before the war.

In many localities, however, there was difficulty in securing the necessary labor, not so much because of loss of caste as because of the confinement and subordination. Besides this, the large emigration that had taken place left many vacant farms, and the great ambition of the day was to become a planter.

With the beginning of the Civil War, less than \$1,800,000 was invested in manufacturing, but within twelve months after the beginning of the war the State became to a great extent self-sufficient. Spinning wheels and looms which had been relegated to the attic were brought again into service. The cotton manufacturers, however, did not take advantage of the increased demand to pile up fortunes for themselves. The course of Gen. W. H. McNeal, of Mecklenburg County, is perhaps typical. When the demand for yarn exceeded the supply, he always supplied the needs of those who were most in want, the widows of the soldiers coming first.

When the State was overrun by Federal troops many of the mills were destroyed, and those which did escape destruction, when peace was declared were generally in poor condition. Add to all this the chaotic condition of the State, and it is clear why the industry could not grow. In 1870 we find only 33 mills named, with 39,900 spindles, a capital of \$1,301,900, and a consuming power of 8,500 bales against 144,000 produced.

During the next decade, however, conditions improved and the number of mills increased. Forty-nine establishments, with 92,400 spindles and 1,800 looms, were reported in 1880. The capital reported was \$2,855,800, and the consumption 23,700 bales.

From 1880 to 1890 the progress in the cotton mill industry was remarkable. The best farmers who had made money growing cotton now began to invest some of their surplus in manufacturing. The people at large were also awakening to the adaptability of their State to cotton manufacturing, and, best of all, they were beginning to have confidence in their own ability. By the close of the decade, 91 establishments were in operation, and the number of spindles, 337,800, was more than three and one-half times the total of ten years before. The number of looms was 7,300, the capital reported was \$10,775,100, and the consumption of cotton, 107,100 bales, was nearly a third of the State's production.

During the next ten years mill construction in North Carolina amounted to almost a craze. Dividends in most places were large, and as a result nearly every little town in the central or west-central portion of the State built factories. Two hundred and eighteen mills, with 1,428,066 spindles and 408,338 bales consumed, against a production of 554,032, were reported in 1900.

After 1890, owing to the panic of 1893 and other causes, the price of cotton decreased, and farmers found it difficult to make a living on their farms. The cotton mills, however, seemed unaffected by the prevailing depression, and continued to run at their full capacity night and day. The result of this was a general movement from the farm to the mills. New mills were also in process of construction, but the movement reached its climax in 1903, when twenty-nine mills were in course of erection. With the return of prices for agricultural products, the exodus from the country was checked, so that in 1904 many mills found it hard to obtain a sufficient number of operatives.

The following paragraphs, quoted from the 1909 report of the Department of Labor and Printing, will give a general view of the status of cotton manufacturing in the State at the close of this decade, or at the beginning of 1910:

“The 312 cotton, woolen and silk mills reporting show an authorized capital of \$51,083,550, and the employment of 3,143,511 spindles, 55,692 looms and 130,355 horse power. The total number of employees reported is 55,129. Thirty-

one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one are males; 23,358 are females. The estimated number of persons dependent on these mills and on the 55,129 employees for a livelihood is 154,352.

“The high wages for males, \$2.54; low average, 69 cents. The high average for females is \$1.29; low average, 58 cents.

“One hundred and sixty-seven mills pay wages weekly; 108 pay twice a month; twelve pay monthly; one pays tri-monthly; four mills do not give this information.”

The early mills were usually built with a view to utilizing the water power, but the majority of the later-day factories are operated by steam. A few, however, are run by electricity, and still a few others by water power. Moreover, the modern mills are usually built upon the outskirts of a town or a village; but in some cases the towns have grown around them. Practically all of the buildings are constructed of brick or stone, and the equipment is the best. The time has passed when southern cotton manufacturers can be deluded into purchasing obsolete patterns in machinery—cast off by mills of other sections.

Among the kinds of goods made by North Carolina mills are plaids, ginghams, denims, toweling, canton flannel, and hosiery. The White Oak Mill, of Greensboro, is said to be the largest denim mill in the world.

It is a matter of pride that North Carolina has more separate mills than any other State in the Union, and that the capital invested represents a very small per cent.,—estimated at from ten to fifteen per cent.—of foreign investment. The development of the cotton industry in North Carolina is a striking illustration of how a people in poor or moderate circumstances can establish manufactories and operate them successfully.

This brings us to a consideration of the influence of the textile industry, and also some of the problems in connection with it; but I shall do no more than merely call attention to a few of them. The question of child labor, with its many complications, has for many years been agitated; but in 1903 an act was passed making a maximum week of sixty-six hours. and the minimum age twelve. There seems to be no doubt that

this question has been at times misrepresented, and it is the opinion of some who have studied conditions very thoroughly that it is better for a child to be put to work in the mills than for it to live upon the streets.

The segregation of so many people is also creating social problems. This problem, however, is partly met by the institution of what is known as "welfare work," many mill owners maintaining schools and other educational enterprises at their own expense. The Proximity Mill is said to be the first to institute this kind of work, and the movement is spreading rapidly.

As town builders, the cotton mills have made their influence felt. Compare, for instance, the public buildings of Charlotte before the establishment of the cotton mills with those of today. A market is also created for the farmers, and the surrounding country is thereby benefited.

It is impossible that the dark side of cotton mill life has been exaggerated; but however that may be, the mills have proved a blessing to many a family in unfortunate circumstances, and not infrequently a stepping-stone to a large life.

When one retrospects on the cotton mill industry, he can but feel a just pride in its growth and in the proportion it has assumed in the State. There have been vicissitudes and unfavorable conditions. But the industry has come to stay; and I believe it is safe to predict that within a few decades the manufacture of cotton will be removed entirely from the north to the south,—which is its logical situation,—and that North Carolina will continue to be a leader in the progress of the textile industry.

## The Unattainable Ideal

Mildred Moses, '12, Adelphian

Many millions of years ago, when the world was very young and the baby oceans rolled tirelessly about their earth cradles, the garden of the sky was not so thickly strewn with star-flowers as it is today—or rather tonight, for stars only bloom for the eyes of mortals when the bright world draws on its sombre livery of night. At sometime near the beginning there was a wee star, very solitary and unhappy because of its isolation from its fellows. Perhaps some mischievous wind, trying the strength of its wings for the first time, snatched it from its mother's arms before it awoke to life and bore it far, far away from the rest of the family. At all events, the little star awoke one night to find itself in the very center of the great blue dome which arched the earth, and illimitable space between him and those whom he called The Family. Such a jolly, happy group they were, those stars which clustered about the horizon infinitely far away. They talked in such a sprightly manner among themselves. There were two who were of especial interest to the lonely little star. One was very fair and pale, and close beside her there was a big, blushing fellow. How her calm unwinking brilliance intensified the confusion of her lover! Always he plead, but her pale, still heart remained unresponsive. The little star longed for her to vouchsafe one glance, one smile; but never a sign did she make; never was there such a diffident lady; never such a tempestuous wooer.

But there was something of far more importance to the lone little star than the Happy Family clinging close to the horizon, and that was—his soul star. One night he left off gazing at his far-away companions to investigate the wonders of the earth beneath. His glance fell straight below him, and from that moment his soul was not his own. It fluttered through immeasurable space down to the beaming star which danced so lightly on the waves of a mighty ocean. And the little star knew in its heart that this was his mate, and he loved the

vascillating, fascinating shape with all the depth of first love. So every night he twinkled his brightest and the gayly scintillating image below filled him with boundless joy.

And now the fierce desire to reach his love seized him and he struggled to escape from the sky garden; but for a long time he was unsuccessful, for drifting clouds continually hemmed him in. But one night the mighty north wind swooped across the heavens, driving the fleecy clouds before him like a flock of vagrant sheep, and that night the little lone star left its garden home. With a sudden swift movement he wrenched himself free and started headlong toward the frantically beckoning shape in the waters below. How he had grown! His long body shot through the air swifter than thought, and as swiftly the form of his love seemed to rise up to meet him. Ah, she was there waiting for him,—resting lightly on the surface of the wave. And the glad soul of the little star—no longer lone—fled as it plunged into the cold waters which extinguished its rays, and dropped a lifeless meteor down, down through the depths of the sea.



### **Mistletoe**

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

O, little plant, with dark green leaves  
And berries of translucent hue,  
O, plant so full of Christmas joy,  
A tribute I would bring to you.

Your foster-mother, some great tree,  
All summer hides you from our eyes;  
We see you grow among her boughs,  
When cloudy winter rules the skies.

And many secrets you could tell  
Of laughing eyes and all the rest,  
When to our homes you lend your grace,  
O, mistletoe, our Christmas guest!

## **A Short Sketch of the Life of John Charles McNeill**

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

In the heart of the original Scotch settlement in Scotland County, N. C., there is a small community known as Spring Hill. About it the land lies low, stretching as far as the eye can see, until lost over the horizon. Wide-sweeping and well-kept farms, presided over by substantial farmhouses, surround it. These are noted for their fine hospitality and the sturdy strength and character of their inmates. Here, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, two immigrants, John McNeill and Charles Livingston, of Argyleshire, Scotland, came. They settled in the little village and married. Their children grew up and Duncan, the son of John McNeill, married Euphemia, Charles Livingston's daughter. The young couple made their home in the old McNeill farmhouse, on Lumbee River, and here on July 26th, 1874, a son was born to them, whom they named John Charles, in honor of his two grandfathers.

Such is the story of the birth of North Carolina's widest known and best beloved poet, John Charles McNeill. His childhood and boyhood was passed at his birthplace. As a child he seems to have been bright and very lovable. His father writes of him as a baby: "He was a beautiful child—many said the prettiest they ever saw. He scarcely ever cried in the cradle, but his bright eyes sparkled with joy and his sweet, expressive face with dimples and smiles at any show of love to him." As he grew older his intense love for all things beautiful could be easily seen. Birds, animals, running waters, the starry heavens—all had an exquisite, compelling charm for his bright, childish mind.

The poet's boyhood was spent much like that of any other boy on a farm. His chief task was to mind the cows, but he also knew how to plow and to hoe. His plowing, however, was not quite successful, as he would read and plow at the same time. During the winter he attended school in Spring

Hill, but out of school hours and in the summer vacations all of his spare time was spent in fishing, hunting, swimming in the river, and exploring the nearby swamps and woodlands. He became familiar with the haunts and habits of the wild birds and beasts of the woods, with the homely features of farm life, and with the negro songs and dialects.

When he had finished school at Spring Hill he went to the Whiteville Academy. At both places he showed himself to be a good student. Major J. R. McLane, for a long time his teacher at Spring Hill, at one time said to his father: "Your son, John Charles, is the brightest and best scholar I ever had, and I have taught for twenty years." All of his teachers praised him and his companions loved him. Whenever prizes were offered, he took them with the good will of his competitors, for there was a quality in his character that dispelled petty jealousies and made all admire him.

On leaving Whiteville Academy at nineteen years of age, McNeill entered Wake Forest College, where he graduated in 1898 at the head of his class. In honor of this, he was awarded the privilege of making the valedictory address. His poetic gifts early manifested themselves in his college career and his verse frequently appeared in the college magazine. Professor Sledd, his English teacher, recognized his ability and encouraged him in writing poetry. After his graduation, while working for his bachelor's degree, McNeill was chosen to assist Mr. Sledd in English, and taking advantage of this opportunity to remain in college, stayed and took the master's degree, in 1899, the highest degree awarded by the college.

In 1900, on leaving Wake Forest, he was elected assistant professor of English in Mercer University, Macon, Ga. Here he acquitted himself so well that the trustees regretted to give him up at the end of the year, when he decided to relinquish his position in order to practice law. While at Wake Forest he had studied law and had received his degree. He had also received license to practice from the Supreme Court in 1897. Soon after leaving Mercer he opened a law office in Laurinburg, a few miles from Spring Hill. Here his practice was

good, but the work was not suited to the poetic spirit of such a man as McNeill.

This was a fruitful period in his life, however, both as a poet and as a lawyer. The Century Magazine readily accepted his poems, printed them with illustrations, and encouraged him to send more. His practice largely increased, and he was elected to the General Assembly of North Carolina.

However, there was no suppressing the higher calling, so that when Editor J. P. Caldwell offered him a place on the staff of the Charlotte Observer he readily accepted. Here he was assigned to no special post nor required to do any special work, but was permitted to write whatever he wished. His part in the paper was a distinct success and many who now read the Charlotte Observer feel a sense of personal loss in the absence of his "Songs Merry and Sad" from the Sunday edition. At the end of his first year's work on the staff, McNeill was unanimously awarded the Patterson Cup in recognition of the fact that he had made the best contribution to North Carolina literature during the year.

About this time he published his first book of poems, "Songs Merry and Sad." The first edition of this was quickly exhausted and a second one printed which went with like rapidity. Some time after this a second, "Lyrics from Cottonland," was prepared, which found equal favor among the public.

While still at work on the Charlotte Observer, the poet was seized with a lingering illness and died on October 17, 1907. In a letter shortly after his death his father writes of him: "John Charles was beautiful in death—only thirty-three years old—only a very few gray hairs among the glossy black locks—a picture of sweet peace and rest."

John Charles McNeill's life was a singularly beautiful one. He had many friends and all who knew him "knew him but to love him." Of the predominating traits of his character, his father speaks most beautifully and touchingly: "All loved him, and he never spoke ill of people. His predominating traits were love and truth, gentleness, and intense love for God, all nature, and his home and country. He grew to be

tall, slender and beautiful in form and feature. From his boyhood he was delicate in his appetite. The table might be loaded with luxuries, but he would only choose milk and bread, with butter and dainty fruits, not taking meats. On returning home from long literary trips, his first care, after the home greetings, was the grave of his pet dog, the lovely lawn and park, and the beautiful Lumbee, or Lumber River, hard by. With his fishing tackle, he would row in his boat 'Neried' over its bright waters and come back with strings of fine fish.'

About the young poet there was a singular beauty and sweetness of character that irresistibly won the hearts of all. He was ever ready with a helping hand to any who needed it, and his large, kindly spirit judged all men gently. He was a poet of the people, and he loved to write of the homely, common things of life. By some, he has been called the Robert Burns of the south, and by others our Wordsworth, with his calm, brooding quiet. At the time of his death he was only thirty-three years old, just in the fullest flower of his manhood. Had he lived it is impossible to conjecture what he might have accomplished. Truly, in his death North Carolina and the whole South lost more than can be estimated.

## The Spirit of Christmas

Adelaide Morrow, '11, Cornelian

“Over the hills and through the woods,  
To grandmother’s house we go,”

Sang Lillian, in child-like tone and phrasing, settling herself more comfortably in the window-seat. “It doesn’t seem one bit like Thanksgiving not to be at grandma’s, but then, we are all going there for Christmas. Won’t it be fine to have all the family together again?”

“Perfectly lovely,” replied her roommate, continuing to write a letter. “Are all the aunts, uncles and cousins coming?”

“Yes, every single one of them, and *only* them. We’re not going to have any visitors this year. Oh, how happy I shall be, if the time ever will pass! Do look out of the window at that strange Connelly girl! She is so queer, always wandering around the campus alone. I don’t believe she ever had a friend or a good time in her life.”

“She certainly is the loneliest looking person I ever saw. If I were not going way up to auntie’s for Christmas, I think I should ask her to spend the holidays with me. You know she is a Senior, and has never spent a Christmas away from here in all the four years, and she works awfully hard, too.”

Lillian shot a questioning look at her roommate, but Margaret had turned the other way. Lillian’s face hardened as she said to herself, “Well, she needn’t think I’m going to spoil my holidays by asking such a dry-looking piece as she is home with me. She’s nothing to me if she is a Senior.”

Nothing more was said about Flora Connelly, the tall, lonely-looking Senior, whose soft brown eyes seemed always to ask for sympathy from some one. She was indeed a peculiar girl. No one knew her, therefore she was not especially liked, though she was not disliked. For four years she had been at this college, working her way forward quietly and silently. No one knew anything about her except that she seemed to

be a very agreeable girl and always got good marks, but she was always busy and didn't care to be disturbed.

It seemed to Lillian that she could not stir out of her own room without coming in contact with "Miss Connelly." The lonesome look of her great brown eyes haunted Lillian; she began to go around several halls to avoid passing Senior Hall. If she saw Flora coming she would turn and go another way, rather than meet her. She could not explain why it was she hated so to come face to face with this girl. She began to lose interest in her Christmas plans and became more and more irritable every day. Her roommate could not understand the change that had come over her lively roommate. One day she burst out with: "Lillian Graves, you are positively becoming so irritable that I'm afraid to speak around you, for fear you'll murder me or do something else terrible. Do tell me what is the matter?"

Lillian was a little ashamed, but she was angry also, so she replied shortly, "I wish people would tend to their own business and let other folks alone."

Margaret said no more, but abruptly left the room. Lillian threw herself face downward on the bed, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Some words of her mother's last letter kept ringing through her head. She had said, "Dear, if you have a friend who is not going home for the holidays, ask her to come with you. You know grandmother would love to have her, and I'm sure your Christmas would be made happier by trying to bring happiness to some lonely heart." Didn't she know that she wanted to spend this first Christmas with just the family? Besides, Flora Connelly was no friend of hers. In fact, she almost hated her at that minute. She jumped up, tossing her head scornfully, and brushed her hair quite vigorously, then started out for a walk. Just as she reached the bottom step and opened the wide hall door, who should come up but Flora Connelly?

"I see, you are going out to try this fine air. Let's go together," Flora said quite cordially.

"Well, I reckon we might as well," Lillian replied, ungraciously enough.

They walked rapidly toward the park in silence. Suddenly the older girl laid her hand on her companion's arm.

"Perhaps you think I have no right to ask," she said softly, "but I have been here longer than you and I can see plainly that you are in trouble. Won't you let me help you?"

For a minute Lillian hesitated. She could not help being touched by Flora's words and manner, but what right had this girl, of all people, to be prying in her private affairs—this girl who was really the cause of her irritableness?

"Oh, there's nothing the matter," she replied crossly. "I think I'll go in," and turning abruptly she left the wondering Flora, but not before she had seen the hurt look in the pleading brown eyes.

Lillian returned to her room more out of sorts and irritable than ever. Her life was really becoming unbearable just because one girl was going to spend Christmas at the college and she might ask her home with her, but she didn't want to, and what business was it of hers, anyway? Was it any of her business? That thought kept ringing through her brain, and as she tried to study, on every page she could see only her mother's words, "You will make your Christmas happier by trying to bring happiness to some lonely heart." She slammed her books down on her table, and began to pull down her hair, saying as she did so, "I'm going to bed." Margaret glanced up to ask if she was feeling well.

"Quite well," she replied, as she pulled the cover up closely and settled down to go to sleep. But sleep would not come; when she finally did doze off it was only to dream of large, trusting, pleading brown eyes, and her mother's voice asking, "Are you quite happy, daughter?" She was only too glad when the gong for rising sounded.

At chapel exercises that morning the president read the beautiful story of the birth of the Christ child, and made a few simple remarks on the meaning of the glad Christmas-tide. He wished for them all much happiness, but reminded them that the greatest joy came in service for others. As the president sat down a sudden realization of how hateful and selfish she had been the last few days swept over Lillian. "I



guess I ought to ask Flora home with me," conscience said, but the spiteful spirit of pride had not entirely vanished. However, Lillian saw many things in a different light that day as she saw the other students and faculty passing back and forth with the "Christmasy" look in their faces. That night she met Flora on the stair, and her heart grew much lighter, for she was just going to see her, and now she could say everything without telling anybody but Flora.

"Do come with me to the sitting room," she begged. When they had found a quiet corner Lillian told Flora all about her selfishness and unhappiness and begged her so hard that Flora finally decided to go home with her, saying as she did so:

"I'm sure this will be the happiest Christmas I have ever spent, for I've always wanted a good friend who would let me share her home and family at Christmas time. You are such a dear to do it."

A glad, happy light crept into Lillian's face as she replied softly:

"I think now I really understand what the true spirit of Christmas is, and I believe I have got it in my heart."



---

## Contributors' Club

---

### "Pete"

Annie Jones, '14, Adelpian

"What is it, Pete?"

"Uh! Miss Mary, m-m-mammie saide would you please send her some milk?"

Pete is a little negro boy about ten years old. He is very mischievous and sly, always doing something that he should not, and when he is caught, which he seldom is, he soon finds some way of getting out of it. He knows where everything is and what it is on the whole farm, and when anything is out of place or has been bothered you soon hear, "Who did this?" "Where is Pete?" but you never know where to find him nor what he is doing.

"I'm o thousand times much obleged to you, Miss Mary," he said very politely, as he took the milk and started off in a great hurry, but on his way home he passed one of the old colored men's watermelon patches. Looking over and seeing the melons, he forgot all about his hurried errand, and exclaimed longingly, "Lordie, look at dem big watermiluns! I didn' know dey wus dat big! I'm gwiner git over and see if dey ain't ripe."

So setting down his bucket of milk, he climbs over the fence and proceeds to test the melons. Thump, thump. "Um! dat un sounds like it's nearly ripe." Thump, thump, on another one. "I sho' do like watermiluns. I wonder if Uncle Jake would miss diss'un?"

"What you niggah doing in my field?" storms Uncle Jake, as he comes up and takes Pete unawares. At the first sound of Uncle Jake's voice, he raises his head way up, looking in all directions for a second, and then starts running as if his life was at stake, forgetting all about his bucket of milk.

“Pete, what you bin doing all dis time, and whar’s dat milk I sent you ater?” asks his mother, as he comes walking leisurely up an hour or two later.

“I ain’t bin doing nutten. Mammie, Miss Mary saide she ain’t got no milk.”

### **A Grate Fire**

Eleanor Morgan, Cornelian

One cold, dismal evening in November, as I sat in the fire-light, on a low stool before the open grate, watching the red coals die away, I marveled and wondered at the beauty of the fire. The burning coals seemed to have a queer fascination over me, causing a strange dreaminess. I saw, piled in front of and underneath the grate itself, hard clinkers and gray, powdery ashes, reflecting the ruddy light from the fire above. The bricks at the back of the grate were covered with soft, downy, pitch-black soot, which, indeed, fringed the grate all around. Towards the back and on top, the coals showed black and jagged, like miniature crags and peaks over which the blue flame, with ever now and then a glint of green, played back and forth. Around the edges tiny purple flashes crept fitfully in and out. In the center, the very heart of the fire, the red burning coals glowed intensely and sent out a slow, lasting heat. Against the gleaming red, delicate gray and black lines, where the coals were beginning to cool, showed in pleasing and odd contrast. There was a slight, crackling noise of the coals settling slowly down as they wasted gradually away, and, listening hard, I heard a sound beneath this, a faint whirring, like that of a simmering teakettle, but less pronounced, probably made by the draft in the chimney. But now the fire was so near dead that it had to be replenished, and with the pouring on of fresh coal the feeling of dreaminess was dispelled and the fire no longer charmed me.

**A "Fidgety" Little Dog**

Maud Bunn, '14, Cornelian

He was a little fox terrier, and never, except when asleep, was he still. I have often heard people say, and truthfully too, that he was certainly a good example of perpetual motion in animal flesh. When he would run, his whole little being seemed to take part and help him to go faster. His ears, one of which would invariably turn wrong side out, would flop up and down, and the stump that was left of his bobbed-off tail would wag from side to side. Even when he was not walking or running he was not still. Usually he would be chewing or gnawing something which he should not have been. At other times he would sit up and wink his bright, almost human eyes, turn up his sharp little nose and reach out his paw to shake hands with anyone who happened to be near. He had to be doing something; he could not keep still.



---

## Book Reviews

---

### “The Rosary”

Lena Greene, '11, Cornelian

Florence Barclay's second novel has gained sudden and widespread popularity. It is a story in which the heroine, though of a plain exterior, is portrayed as having a most beautiful, womanly soul. She is rather massive in size, lacks beauty of feature, and has a brusqueness of manner which does not strike one as being essentially womanly. And so, since they are not allowed to look below the surface and see her true femininity, the men of her acquaintance look upon her simply as a comrade, a “good fellow,” to stand by them, enter into their sports, and receive their confidences about other women. By them she is affectionately called “good old Jane.”

Among these men of her acquaintance is one Garth Dalmain, an artist, and also something of a musician,—a handsome, slender, bright-eyed young man, with a great love of the beautiful. He is seized with an intense desire to paint every beautiful woman who crosses his path; but his regard for them stops with admiration or friendship. He has his ideal of the woman he will take for a wife, and it is a very high one; so he refuses to fulfill his friends' expectations by marrying any of these lovely women whose portraits he paints.

But one evening at a concert of her aunt's Jane Champion sings before an audience for the first time. She sings “The Rosary,” and it reveals her soul in such a way as to arouse Garth Dalmain's love. He realizes that he has found his ideal at last, and where he least expected to find her. Jane has a new experience—that of being first with someone. For a time she does not believe that this new feeling which Dalmain has for her is love; she thinks that it is only a strangely sweet friend-

ship. And when he asks her to be his wife she refuses him, after a great struggle in her own heart, because she believes that her plainness will soon become unpleasant to him. Though taken by surprise, and bitterly disappointed, Garth accepts her decision as the cross of his rosary, and leaves her. She regrets her action at first, but later again believes herself to be right in it.

She goes abroad to try to fill the void which their separation has made. While in Egypt, she sees things in a different light, and determines to go back and ask her lover's forgiveness. That same evening she learns that he has irrevocably lost his sight as the result of a shooting accident. She at once returns to England, and, with the aid of her best friend, Dr. Deryck Brand, she goes and tends her blind lover under the assumed name of Nurse Rosemary Gray. The situation is now very unusual. While there, two wonderful pictures which Garth painted of her from memory before his accident cause her to feel that she was entirely wrong in not trusting his love. All comes right in the end, and the two are happily married.

So far, we have discussed only the two main characters; but the author portrays some of her minor characters, perhaps, with greater skill than she portrays the hero and heroine. Jane's eccentric old aunt, the Duchess of Meldrum, with her brusque, whimsical ways, her love for the very uncomplimentary red macaw, and her unfailing hospitality, is very interesting and original. Margery, the old nurse and housekeeper of Dalmain, with her tenderness and her amusing ways, is also a good character. But the queer old Scotch physician, Dr. Robbie MacKenzie, with his Napoleonic attitude, comical face, and absent-minded fidgetiness, combined with shrewdness, sympathy, tact, and thorough knowledge of his work, is almost inimitable. The other character deserving special mention is that strong, skillful, tactful, polished, exact Sir Deryck Brand.

Now, let us look briefly at the book as a whole. It is a story full of symbols. The chief of these, of course, is the rosary, with its pearls and cross. Then there is that hymn that Garth sang in the village church, "Enable Thou our Blinded Sight;"

the rambler rose, symbolical of the red blossoming of endless life; Jane's assumed name, "Rosemary for remembrance;" and the scene from the top of the pyramid,—of the desert, which signifies empty liberty, and the fertile river valley, which stands for the garden that love makes in one's life.

The book has its faults, and some of these are very evident. Occasionally, the reader comes across a sentence that seems flat or even gushy; and the heroine is at times inconsistent,—for instance, while in Egypt, she resolves to return to her lover and ask his forgiveness; yet later, she declares that she still believes she was right in refusing him. Nevertheless, both she and her lover possess elements of strength; and, although the story becomes over-sentimental at times, yet it presents a good main thought, namely, that beauty of soul will transfigure a plain woman in the eyes of those who really know her.



---

---

# State Normal Magazine

---

---

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of an Advisory Committee chosen from the Faculty.

Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.

---

---

## Advisory Committee

MR. W. C. JACKSON      MISS JULIA DAMERON      MISS EMMA KING  
MISS EDNA CLARE BRYNER

## Board of Editors

### Adelpian

MAREA JORDAN, '11, *Chief*  
E. ROSE BATTERHAM, '11  
MARGARET COBB, '12

### Cornelian

MYRTLE B. JOHNSTON, '11, *Chief*  
LELIA WHITE, '11  
CLYDE FIELDS, '12

MAREA JORDAN, *Business Manager*

---

---

**VOL. XV**

**DECEMBER, 1910**

**No. 3**

---

---

A recent article in the Atlantic Monthly on "An Overworked Particle" has suggested the advisability of calling attention to a few of the abused and misused expressions characterizing the speech of the average college girl. Perhaps you have never realized it, but there are quite a number of loose inapplicable expressions floating around the atmosphere of the campus, like so many deadly contagious germs. Nor are they one whit less swift and sure in their action.

You walk along behind a couple of enthusiastic freshmen at walking period some fine afternoon and such a sentence as this will fall upon your startled ears, "She's just the *cutest* thing I ever saw in my life! I'm perfectly *crazy about* her." All of which very probably refers to a favorite teacher, who would feel far from complimented, to say the least, in having



such an adjective applied to her. Again, you may suddenly conceive a very warm friendship for a certain classmate and immediately it is noised abroad that you are *crazy about* her, and such unlovely expressions as "case" and "smit" are applied to you, the former if the affair is mutual, the latter if it happens to be a case of love unrequited. Now this volcanic form of affection is bad enough, but the names used to designate it are worse.

Less glaring, perhaps, but none the less ridiculous, is the way in which two other words, very good in themselves, are misused. These words are "nice" and "attractive". It would seem that our vocabulary is so limited that these two words are about the only ones we can find to apply to persons or things that are agreeable to us. About the first person we hear of when we get to college is the "nice" girl. Pretty soon that *nice* girl in a *nice* looking dress gets up in a *nice* society meeting and advances a *nice* idea. We attend an enjoyable entertainment and come away after having a *nice* time. Also, during the *nice* weather we take *nice* long walks in the park. When things aren't "nice" they are sure to be "attractive." How often do we hear, not only of attractive people and attractive manners, but of *attractive* rooms, *attractive* books, the *attractive* new infirmary, etc.! One might really think that everything about the college possessed the qualities of a steel magnet from the attractive force exerted.

Even our themes are not free from hackneyed expressions. We are all acquainted with the "dear sweet girl whose every movement is one of grace;" and we all know that "no sweeter girls can be found than" those we "come in contact with" at the Normal College. How many of us "hear the trees whisper softly" when we get "close to nature," as the "sun shoots a last ray of light down on a grateful earth."

Truly we are in danger of becoming so stereotyped and fixed in our expressions that we will be quite unintelligible to other people. Please, somebody start a revolution and avert the impending catastrophe.

There is a tendency among some of the students of this college to try to get through each day's work with just as little effort on their part as possible. **A WORD OF WARNING** Too often you will hear a girl say, "Wonder if I'll be called today?" Sometimes she will even go so far as to try to calculate which question she will be apt to get and study that one only; sometimes she will get help from her schoolmates on some written work; sometimes she will merely glance over her lesson, getting a slight, imperfect idea of the whole, and sometimes she will not study at all, trusting, as she says, to "luck." Take each of these instances separately or collectively and the great truth about the result remains the same. Though she may not be called on to recite, does that help her any? She may sing and say luck was with her, but let me tell you this, that "luck" is going to fail her when the real test comes. She has got to have more background than that. A sound and thorough knowledge is the only thing that can stand the real test.

One day not long ago I heard a girl reply to the question as to whether she knew her history lesson or not, as follows: "No, I haven't looked at it; I will not be called on today, for I recited yesterday." I wondered what the result would be if she kept up at that rate. However, I had not long to wait to find out one result, for she failed on the quarterly examination.

But is that failure, or failures similar to it, the real thing that will weaken her? No, not in my estimation. After a few years her marks may be forgotten, but if she has such a standard for her college life, why will she not have just as low a standard for the big outside life? I will venture to say that it will even be lower, for her character has been weakened. Take the great mass of college girls. Occasionally, but rarely, one who has not done well at school will become a strong and useful woman, but the majority will be those who have applied themselves, heart and soul, to their work. A girl need not necessarily get high marks to do well. If she does conscientiously each task as it arises, that is all she need do. That is what each of us as students of this institution should strive for. All of us are supposed to be old enough to realize how essential

is education. Instead of trying to keep from reciting, we should consider it a privilege to recite. We are here for our own improvement and it will do no one any actual harm except ourselves if we do not make an effort to improve. As Patty said, "We are growing older each day." The opportunity to learn yesterday's lesson is past and gone, never to return; we can never have that same chance again.

M. B.





---

## The Point of View

---

### Visiting

A. E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian

Most girls in college do not consider some things that they do, such as visiting in the afternoon after their day's work is finished, a very serious thing, but in most cases the fault has a very serious result. If the students visit, they waste their own time and take the time of someone else. All the lessons for the following day cannot be well prepared in the study hour at night. Wednesday is one of my busiest days and I have to study every vacant moment on Tuesday. Several times girls have come to my room to visit, or to visit my room-mates, the period before walking period and just after. In either case I am detained from my work, and when I do get to studying I have to rush so in order to prepare my lessons that I do not prepare them as well as I should. This does not occur very often, but if it happens to a great many of the girls at different times I think it is a very serious fault. The correction of this fault lies with us. Every girl should be considerate of every other girl, and if each one would use the time during vacant periods the fault would be corrected and a great deal more work would be accomplished.

### Who Pays the Piper?

M. G. Elliott, '14, Adelphian

I started into the study hall one day with the intention of studying my Latin. When I opened the door the scene which greeted my eyes was more like a vaudeville or moving picture show than a place where girls had come to study. Seated on top of one of the front desks was a girl dangling her feet and

singing a very comical song, to the amusement of several others who were gathered around her. A little back of these girls were four others, all in one seat, and it appeared that they were discussing geometry together; for now and then I could hear them say something about a transversal or a vertical angle. From the back of the room a girl called to one on the front seat to come back there and she would let her read a letter which she had just received. In all there were about forty girls in the room, and out of that number there were but six who looked as if they were inclined to study, and they could not do so for laughing at the funny remarks of the others. After taking in the whole scene I concluded that this was no place for me to prepare my Latin, so I went down stairs and over to the Library, wishing that those students would see at whose expense they were having their fun.

**"No Ad."**

F. Strange, Cornelian

One morning as a new girl was passing down the hall of Spencer Building she noticed on one of the doors the sign, "No Ad.," on another, "Positively No Ad.," and going on a little farther she saw on a third door a red cardboard with the word "Busy" written in large white letters. Her curiosity was thoroughly aroused by this time, and meeting one of the girls she very innocently asked what those signs meant. The answer was to this effect, "O, Mary is just busy and doesn't want to be bothered."

Jane thanked her informer and went to her room. In a few minutes there was a sign, "No Ad.," written in large black letters, on her door. She was deeply absorbed in the midst of a theorem in geometry when someone on the outside called "Jane." Instead of the visitor coming in, Jane had to go to the door and stand there possibly ten minutes discussing yesterday's hockey game. She had just settled herself for work when a slight tap was heard on the door and another visitor poked in her head and asked to borrow a knife. After the knife was lent and the visitor gone, Jane again took up her

geometry, wondering at the time if something was wrong with the sign on the door, when in rushed two or three girls relating some frivolous affair about which she cared absolutely nothing.

Left alone, Jane opened the door and looked at the sign. This is what she said to herself: "I have geometry next period and I put up this sign so that I might study without being disturbed. What good did it do?"

### **Another View**

Frances Hays, '14, Adelphian

One Saturday a college girl was going to clean up her room and because a neighbor always insists on walking right on in and taking her seat in the middle of the room, never stopping to think that maybe she will be in the way, the girl puts up a "No Ad." In a little while some girls went to this room to return some dishes. On calling from the hall, the door was opened and they were asked to come in. One of them said, "I never enter on a 'No Ad.'" "But this is my own and if I ask you to come in it's all right." The other girl said, "That doesn't make any difference, it's my regard for the 'No Ad.'"—and both the visitors departed.

Moral: "No Ad." does not mean "Come in;" it means "Stay out."

### **The Low Voice**

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

One serious fault girls fall into at college is that of talking and laughing too loudly. The voices of almost all the girls are too high and too shrill. One has only to walk down College Avenue, or through the halls of Spencer Building, to notice this defect. One hears girls calling to each other in loud tones from one side of the avenue to the other, from one room to another, or across the halls in Spencer. Especially in the diningroom is the loud noise noticeable. The girls could have just as much fun, be just as lively, and enjoy themselves just as well, and yet have their voices at an ordinary pitch. As

the condition is now, it is next to impossible to hear at one end of the table what is being said at the other end. I think we might be even more congenial and have a much better time if the noise were lessened to a reasonable degree. Then the conversation would be more general and everyone would have a part. The noise, as it is, grates on the nerves and does no one any good.

### **Breaking Study Hour**

M. S., '14, Adelpian

One of the regulations of this college, which has the worst result when disregarded, is the breaking of study hour. For instance, the other night I had an important theme to write, one that required a good deal of hard work. I had just started it, when a girl came in to get my roommate to explain some geometry to her. Of course this took my mind off my composition, but I began all over again. Soon there was a knock at the door, and this time dues for the Athletic Association were wanted. When the girl had gone, everything was quiet for awhile, but it was not long before a girl slipped in without knocking, for fear she would be caught, to bring us some pepper sandwiches. She talked to us a long time, and then slipped out. The result of all these interruptions was: that a theme was poorly written, my roommate was disturbed, some girls with permissions had bothered their own work as well as ours, while those who came without permission had injured themselves by not keeping the rules.

All of us should stop to consider how much disturbance even one interruption may cause during the study hour.



## Exchanges

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelpkian

---

We have, indeed, a goodly amount of excellent material in this month's quota of magazines. Each of our fellow colleges has put forth articles to be proud of. The poets seem to have waked up and contributed their full share towards the making of their magazines. There are some splendid essays that are well worth reading, and which would give a deal of information to almost anyone. Also there are stories, a few of which are really worth while. Editorials are giving strong bits of advice to those who need it,—and, all in all, this month has a splendid set of magazines.

We would place in the first rank such poems as these: "Life's Victor," in the U. N. C. Magazine, "Hope: A Definition," and "At a Way Station," in the Trinity Archive—the first two serious, the last a bit of pretty revelry. As particularly appropriate to this time of year, there are many bright jingles and really good bits of verse. We would especially mention "After the Fair," in the St. Mary's Muse, and "The Masquerade," in the Palmetto.

All the essays are indeed good. There is hardly one that could be classed above another, for all deal with live subjects and deal with them well. But right here we would say that the Red and White is almost too serious—only one story and no poetry! The subjects treated speak well for the knowledge and interest that A. and M. students show in their work, but we know what comes with "all work and no play." What the Red and White has is good, but all this would be much more enjoyable if there was a more healthy mixture of stories and poems with the other things. The one story that the Red and White did have was the best this month, and we are hoping for many more such well written ones. "The White Arrow



Point," in the U. N. C. Magazine, deserves much praise, too. The last named magazine also publishes a very attractive little conceit in "Dog or Deer." "The Man of Destiny," in the Lenoirian, is a curious, vaguely-outlined story that leaves one as if awakening from a dream. As to the stories in general—there seems to be a sort of unfinished air about them, or a lack of plot; for instance, "The Temptation," in the Acorn, leaves you in an unpleasantly hazy state of mind as to the outcome of the story, and "The Story of My Little Lady," in the Pine and Thistle, is much too quickly told. "A Peculiar Experience," in the Guilford Collegian, seems not to have point enough to be worth while.

So much improvement has been shown in the second numbers of the magazines that we look forward with much pleasure to what the "good start" promises. There are very few poor articles and many, many good ones that we have read, and we wish to heartily thank every college that has sent us its magazine to enjoy.



---

## Y. W. C. A.

Gertrude Glenn, Cornelian

---

The regular work of the Young Women's Christian Association has now begun in earnest. The mission and Bible study classes have been organized and a large number of students enrolled in them. Many of the teachers of these classes are members of the faculty, who will be strong and efficient leaders. Other classes will be organized later for those who have not already joined a mission or a Bible class.

The Association is greatly indebted to the secretary and to the Bible teacher who have visited it since the opening of school. Miss Helen Crane was here for several days, giving practical help and advice to the Cabinet, the committees, the Volunteer Band, and to the leaders of the mission study classes. Miss Ethel Cutler, from the training school for secretaries, in New York, has been with us about ten days. She conducted a Bible class for the members of the faculty, and gave to the entire Association a series of thirty-minute lectures on "The Life of Christ." These lectures have been given in such a simple, attractive manner and with such force and earnestness that they have appealed to every one who heard them. We rarely come in contact with a woman whose personality is so strong in goodness and whose message carries with it so much of the beauty and the joy of faithful service to God's children. We trust that her services to our Association may deepen the spiritual life of each member and may lead each one to continue the study of the life of Him who lived that He might minister to others. We feel that our Association has been richly blessed in Miss Cutler's visit. And we would ask of the Father that such a blessing might be sent to all other Christian organizations, and that His servant in giving might receive a blessing from the Lord. And now, we would give to all the parting message that Miss Cutler gave to us, "Let us grow bigger, deeper and broader, and find our interests that we may be able to interest others; and let us be unselfish."



## Among Ourselves

Marea Jordan, '11, Adelphian

This year the college is to have a series of four musical entertainments. On Thanksgiving evening the first of the series, the Bostonia Sextette Club, gave an enjoyable program. The audience was especially delighted with the violinist and soprano soloist, who received the most applause after the encores, "The Rosary" and "Sweetest Little Fellow."

On Thanksgiving morning at 9:00 o'clock, Mr. W. C. Smith, head of the English department, held service in the auditorium. His theme was, "Whose daughter art thou?" from the story of Rebekah. He discussed it in reference to the students as daughters of earthly parents, who wish every good for us, and make sacrifices in order that our lives may be happy, and as daughters of the Heavenly King, whom we must spend our lives in serving.

To hear a truly sympathetic interpretation of a story is indeed a rare pleasure. Such a treat was given the Normal girls on December 2nd, when Henry Lawrence Southwick, president of the Emerson School of Oratory, read the "Boat Race," by Murray.

Miss Georgia Kober, vice-president of the Sherwood School of Music, in Chicago, gave a recital at our college on December 3rd. Miss Kober is a pupil of Kappes, who has studied music as a science and an art. Kappes was a friend and pupil of Mendelssohn. On account of this her interpretation of music was especially valuable to music lovers. She showed remarkable skill, also depth of feeling and a great understanding of content. Among the best interpretations in feeling was Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique."

**The Inter-Society Debate**

Ada Viele, '11, Cornelian

On the evening of November 25th there was given a public demonstration of the progress which is being made in the literary work of our societies. For the first time in the history of the college the Adelpian and Cornelian Societies met in debate before the public.

At 8:30 o'clock Rose Batterham, chairman; Myrtle Johnston, secretary; Minnie Littmann and Lucy Landon, debaters from the Adelpian Society, and Nora Carpenter and Lelia White, debaters from the Cornelian Society, took their places on the stage. The chairman, after a few remarks, introduced the secretary, who read the rules of debate and the query: "Resolved, That our immigration laws should be further restricted by an educational test." She then announced the first speaker for the affirmative, Lucy Landon.

Miss Landon's argument was as follows: that the enforcement of a law that no foreigner over sixteen years of age, who can neither read nor write, should be allowed to enter this country, would raise the standard of American citizenship. She proved by statistics that the character of immigration had materially changed in the last twenty-five years and showed the effects of excessive immigration upon American politics and the existence of Protestant institutions.

Miss White, first speaker for the negative, discussed the immigrant as a human being; said that there was no need of a further restrictive measure, since the strengthening of our present laws would effectually debar all undesirable immigrants, and asserted that the honest, well-meaning immigrant, who had not had the opportunity to learn to read and write, would, by an educational test, be discouraged from entering our country, where he is greatly needed.

Miss Minnie Littmann took up the benefits of the educational test in relation, first, to the American standard of living; second, to the labor problem; and third, in relation to general social and economic conditions. She made a strong

point by giving statistics showing the relation between criminality and illiteracy.

Miss Nora Carpenter, second speaker for the negative, argued that an educational test would keep out that class of aliens whom we need as laborers in the further development of the great resources of our country; and that such a test would not keep out the most undesirable class, who could pass an educational examination.

All the speakers were a credit to the college and to their respective societies, both in their speeches and rebuttals.

The judges were Rev. Melton Clark, Mr. J. L. Mann, and Mr. G. A. Grimsley. Their decision was in favor of the negative side, that side being upheld by the debaters from the Cornelian Society.



## In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

---

### The Charge of the Normal Brigade

Mabel Cooper, '14, Adelphian

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the vale of knowledge  
Strive the six hundred.

Forward the Normal brigade!  
Is there a girl dismayed?  
Be not afraid!  
It can only be done by grinding,—  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to grind and work,  
To work, and never shirk.

Contracts to right of them,  
Lessons to left of them,  
Teachers in front of them,  
Volley'd and thundered;  
Stormed six's and failures,  
But bravely they ground and well,  
Ground the six hundred!

When can their glory fade?  
O, the wild race they made!  
All the faculty wonder'd,  
Honor the record they made!  
Noble six hundred.

Miss B. (in planning an experiment in physics) said: "You know if we can only devise some plan to get the stream of water back into this bottle we will have solved the plan of *perpetual motion*."

A little girl in the training school, on being asked to tell about the terrible condition of the Jamestown colony during the starving time, wrote: "The air was damp and it was *maliarial* and there was mosketoes and they were shot for food."

Miss S. (at Thanksgiving dinner): "I wonder what will become of the turkey that is left?"

Student: "Why, I imagine they will make chicken hash out of it."

B. and J., while studying Senior pedagogy, were enumerating the conditions of study. Among them B. gave: "Abundance of free air at a Normal temperature."

On English M. B. said: "This famous orator lifted his voice to the highest speech."

A girl who wished to obtain a text-book to study for an examination on hygiene went to the bookroom and said: "I want a *sanitary* book if there are any left."

If you would find the Sophomores in a bunch,  
Look in the Gym. just after lunch.

A girl, writing a theme to arouse pity, said: "Upon the arrival of the old soldiers in Richmond they received a *heartly welcome*, for cars were ready to carry them to the *cemetery*. And one old veteran, receiving a fatal injury from a passing car, breathed his last for the *blue* and the *grey*, the *Confederate colors*."

A little girl in the training school, on being asked to write a sentence with *Oh* in it, wrote: "*Oh, you kid.*"

In chapel Dr. Gudger always declares,  
 "I'll meet the biology students at the foot of the stairs."

A girl who had been playing hockey and had sprained her ankle, said: "I surely do dread to go over to that *infirmary*."

A Freshman (who has special elocution) said: "Nan, who teaches elocution?"

Nan: "Why, Mrs. Sharpe."

Freshman: "I knew she taught expression, but I didn't think she taught elocution."

A second preparatory, who missed her interview on English, was very much disturbed because she forgot to *review* her *English* teacher.

H. (going into a cool room where all the windows were open): "There certainly is too much *room* in this *air*."

Physics teacher: "What is a vacuum?"

Junior: "I know, but I just can't express it, but (rubbing her head) I have it right here."

Antoinette B.: "Bonnie, I wonder why Mr. Matheson objects to the use of *illustrated* pictures?"

If down town you chance to meet  
 A crowd of Juniors on the street,  
 Staring round, and up and down,  
 Trying to see the sights of the town,  
 Take them not for lunatics,—  
 They're at work on theme number six,  
 And at their teacher's command  
 Are getting local color first hand.



EDITOR'S PLEA

I want a story or an essay short,  
In fact, material of any sort,—  
A joke, a poem on any theme,  
That will do for the College Magazine.

**Inspiration**

Little bird, come a little nearer!  
Do not be a fearer;  
I have naught but love for thee,  
And it will flow to thee from me  
But the stronger,  
If you linger, now, no longer  
On that bush so far away.  
Come a little closer!  
What! your head shakes out a "no, sir?"  
Here I sit with vocal music pad!  
*You* never knew that Hoexter lad,  
And yet you sing, sing, sing,  
And joy you bring, bring, bring.  
If without a sharp or flat,  
You can charm and sing like that,  
There will be music of a new creation  
If I but pass that examination.

*Martha Faison, Cornelian.*

## ORGANIZATIONS

### Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

#### Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, Washington County  
 Antoinette Black, New Hanover County  
 Bessie Bennett...Rockingham County  
 May Green.....Davie County  
 Louise Gill.....Scotland County

#### Adelphian

Huldah Slaughter.....Wayne County  
 Minnie Littman ..... Rowan County  
 Catharine Jones ..... Durham County  
 Ethel Skinner ..... Pitt County  
 Leah Boddie ..... Durham County

### Societies

Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

#### Students' Council

Frances Broadfoot ..... President     May Green ..... Vice-President  
 Mary Tennent ..... Secretary

#### Senior Class

Lelia White ..... President	Natalie Nunn ..... Critic
Margaret Pickett .... Vice-President	Katherine Norfleet ..... Secretary
Ada Viele ..... Historian	Antoinette Black ..... Treasurer
Lelia White ..... Poetess	Zannie Koonce ..... Statistician
Frances Broadfoot..Last Will and Testament	

#### Junior Class

Rebecca Herring ..... President	Claudia Cashwell ..... Secretary
Amy Joseph ..... Vice-President	Mary Van Pool ..... Treasurer

#### Sophomore Class

Florence Hildebrand ..... President	Carrie Toomer ..... Secretary
Gertrude Griffin ..... Vice-President	Pattie Spurgeon ..... Treasurer

#### Freshman

Annie Sugg ..... President	Sallie Boddie ..... Secretary
Maud Bunn ..... Vice-President	Fannie Starr Mitchell ..... Treasurer

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

Natalie Nunn ..... President	Pauline Whitley ..... Secretary
Myrtle Johnston ..... Vice-President	Mary K. Brown ..... Treasurer

#### Athletic Association

Catherine Jones ..... President	Irene McConnell... V.-Pres., Freshman
Annie Louise Wills .. V.-Pres., Senior	Ivor Aycock ..... Secretary
May Green ..... V.-Pres., Junior	Mattie Morgan ..... Treasurer
Christian Rutledge. V.-P., Sophomore	Margaret Wilson ..... Critic