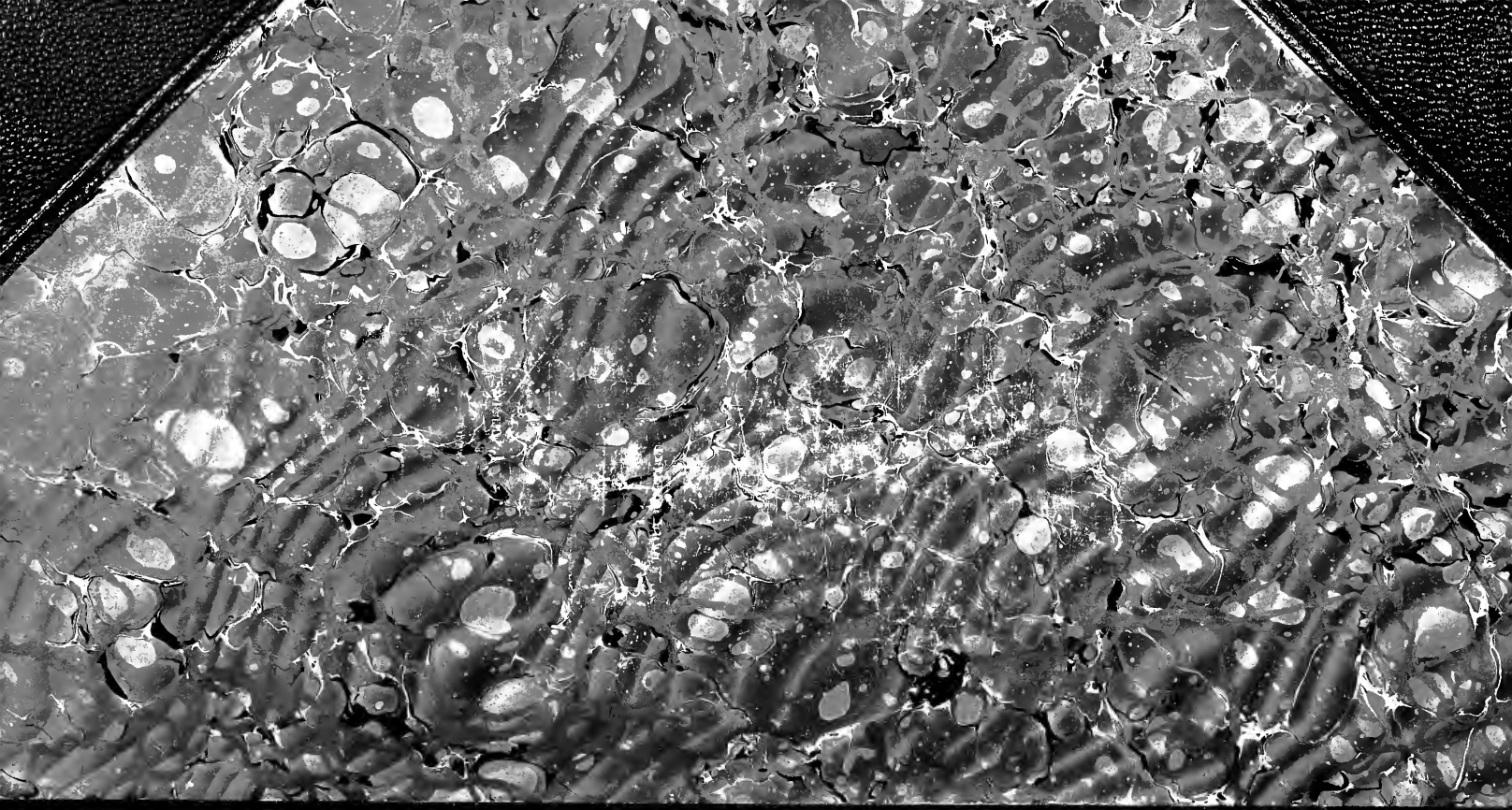

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Gertrude Griffin	Wayne County	Margaret Mann	Hyde County
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February

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

'Tis winter, cold and barren, dull and drear,
The gloomy month, which comes with chilling rain
That beats with ceaseless moanings 'gainst the pane.
Tall pines alone are clothed, the others bare
Bespeak the naked season of the year.
The hungry sparrow to her mate complains,
For streams are ice, no food on earth remains,
And skies once brightest blue, dark gray appear.
The mind of man cannot long hopeless be,
The breezes whisper Earth is but asleep,
The snow will soon retreat, bright flowers spring
To life; while mounting branch by branch the tree,
The mocking bird, returned to woodland deep,
A song of freshest springtime hope will sing.

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The Call of the Violin

Carey Wilson, '15, Cornelian

At Techlar College, the big musical recital was in full swing. An event that each year was preceded for weeks by growing anticipation among the audience-to-be, an audience made up of music lovers throughout the state, not to be mentioned proud mothers of the fair participants, it was now really taking place. These fair participants had themselves during these preceding weeks been hovering between practice rooms and dainty, fluffy "recital dresses", these being carefully removed from their white tissue wrappings a dozen times a day, "just for a peep". The grace notes in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" were not half so troublesome as the deep blue ribbon that vied with the soft yellow for a place about Mildred's waist.

The blue had finally triumphed and its broad ends were now fluttering gay adieus to the applause that followed Mildred as she ran off the stage, her arms full of flowers and her heart full of happiness over her success.

"Good luck to you!" she called to her successor as she passed, and was glad she did it, for he was only a slip of a boy, and had been studying at Techlar but a short time.

"Funny that Dr. Brimaench insisted upon the boy's appearance tonight. He might be all right in a concert or something, but this evening—"

"I've heard him play, and I believe he is a safe investment, even for this occasion," whispered back one of the group about Mildred. "Listen!"

From the boy's violin came strains of such sweetness that

a great stillness was upon every hearer, and even the breath of the audience seemed suspended. The notes mounted higher and yet higher, wailing in sweet melancholy, pleading, commanding, entreating, ending in a final burst of joy that thrilled the heart.

For a second, the hearers forgot to applaud, then a storm of praise broke out, and began to demand, "Encore! Encore!"

"What do you like best?" inquired the professor.

"Berceuse from Jocelyn."

"Come then, it shall be the encore."

So again there stood before the welcoming house, the slender, attractive lad, with the eager eyes and tremulous mouth, his cheeks flushing like a girl's at the praise, and his shapely fingers caressing his beloved instrument.

Before the "Berceuse" was finished, half the women in the house were crying softly, shedding tears of something more akin to contentment than sorrow.

The lad did not wait to hear what thunder followed the last echo of the music. He was closeted in a telephone booth.

"Mother, I've succeeded! I was encored! I played better than ever before.—Thank you, that makes me happiest of all. If you had only been here, I'd be completely happy now. Yes, mother, I'll be home tomorrow on the first train, to tell you all about it!"

Back in the great auditorium, the people were saying: "That boy is a wonder. Only seventeen! Why, it's positively marvelous!"

But in the lad's ears were sounding his mother's words of praise.

That night was the beginning of a whole wonderful year of development for the little musician. Studying, practicing, coming into contact with delightful people from everywhere through his music, the boy grew from youth toward manhood by leaps and bounds. At eighteen, he was in demand for recitals and concerts in all the nearby towns and colleges, and wherever he went, was the center of attraction.

In one of his trips to "help out" in a sunny, sleepy little village between his home and the town in which Techlar was situated, Allan Barnard, for that was the name of the young

violinist, Allan met a girl. She was a particularly fascinating sort of girl, and Allan was heartily glad that a whole glorious spring and summer stretched before him; for during this time he had nothing important to do except to go down to Techlar for his weekly lesson. It was the most convenient thing in the world to stop over for a night or day, at the pleasant little village on the way, and Allan seldom failed to avail himself of the opportunity.

Anne had a snub nose, eyes of baby innocence, and still wore her curly hair tied back with a stiff, red bow. In some respects, however, Anne's character belied her appearance, for she always asked, "Will it wash?" before buying a gingham dress, even after her very decided preference had chosen that particular piece of goods and refused all others. Anne was the member of the household who sewed on stray buttons for her brothers, and buttoned all the stubborn ones, as well, both of which tedious tasks she could do as well as she could play accompaniments, which is saying a great deal.

This last accomplishment of hers, was the first that Allan discovered, and after that for an hour or two each week, the old house rang with such attractive melody from piano and violin combined, that the neighbors came over to sit on the wide piazza with Anne's parents and listen.

"Isn't it nice to rest yourself with music after you've been working hard?" asked Anne, and Allan puzzled long over that question, for it was upon his music that his hardest labor was always put.

That was the beginning of Allan's realization. Dimly and by slow degrees, he began to perceive Anne's attitude toward the thing he loved best in the world, music. He shut his eyes and refused to look his growing trepidation in the face until Anne inquired naively, one evening, "What are you going to be, Allan—I mean, what profession are you going to take up? I think," judiciously, "I think you would make a fine doctor."

That question forced upon the young man the bitter knowledge that Anne regarded his beloved music as a mere pastime to be indulged in after the completion of more serious business. It was so impossible to argue with Anne.

"Yes, I love music; it is poetry, I agree with you. It is everything beautiful that you want to call it, but it *isn't* a business."

This was the way every argument ended.

"Music as a profession," the oracular young lady was wont to declare, "is for geniuses only, and you are not a genius. Yes, I know how enthusiastic everybody is over you, but it's just talent and not genius, that you have."

Such a candid expression of opinion usually piqued Allan at the time, but he always recovered from his ill humor and admired Anne more than ever because she was the only girl who did not think him faultlessly handsome, irresistibly attractive, and "perfectly wonderful with the violin".

When he mentioned love, and it must be confessed that the times were frequent, the practical young lady to whom his romantic sentiments were addressed, answered lightly: "Even if I did love you, I wouldn't tell you so, now. Wait until you are a great and famous man, president, maybe, or a wonderful specialist, and by that time I will be old enough to consider the question!"

Nevertheless, before the summer was over, Anne had made a sufficient number of confessions to set Allan to pondering deeply. For the first time in all his care free life, he was confronted with a vital question, and "he knew not and knew that he knew not" how to answer it.

It was either the violin or the girl. Anne would never marry "a fiddler", as she laughingly put it, never realizing how her jesting word had cut him to the quick. If he gave up his intended vocation, that would necessarily imply the relinquishment of his most beloved companion. He loved his violin so well that there was no halfway ground.

With the impetuosity of youth, he did not wait even to try to reason the matter out, but rushed at the conclusion that seemed simplest. Although a part of his life seemed to tear out raggedly and go in with it, Allan locked his beautiful instrument in its velvet-lined case, covered the case, and carried it up to the attic. Laying it down carefully, he went back and brought the stack of music; then placed them together in the drawer of a massive black walnut chest which had long held

majestic dominion over the younger ancient furniture grouped uncertainly about it.

Anne was not so glad as he expected her to be, over his great renunciation. "You are right to give up music as a profession," she said, "but you are awfully foolish to put away that perfectly good violin in sackcloth and ashes. The whole performance reminds me of a funeral!" It *was* a burial, but Allan did not tell her so.

He left home a month later, to begin preparation for the study of medicine. The old German professor at Techlar had given up his promising pupil with tears in his eyes; but the pride that the young man felt in his own will-power, and the novelty of his changed surroundings, drove away all remembrance of the tears, and even supplanted his violin for a time.

However, as the months wore on, Allan became unaccountably restless, and was obliged to force interest in his work. Yet each vacation sent him back refreshed and buoyant from his companionship with Anne, and in this way he was enabled to endure the long plodding years preceding his coveted degree.

At last the M. D. was his, and young Barnard set forth eagerly upon his first year of practice, for Anne was his reward at the end of it.

So exciting and alluring was the prospect, and so busy and happy the realization, that for several years Allan forgot the music of the violin in listening to the sweeter music of soft footfalls, little tunes hummed now and then, and cheery, crackling fires.

The first time that the call of the violin came to him again after this period of its oblivion, was the day on which the baby head of his firstborn son turned to listen to a bit of passing music in the street.

Anne saw the slight movement too, and though she made no comment, she began to suspect that her baby was a little dream boy, destined to sit in wonder before a little buttercup that other children trampled over in their play, or to watch for pictures in the winter fire while his brothers and sisters rode horseback on the tongs and shovel.

As the correctness of the mother's visions of her son's char-

acter began to manifest itself, it was her turn to gain a dim realization—a realization of the great mistake she had made in influencing her husband to give up his music.

The little child was passionately fond of any harmony of sound, sitting sometimes for hours together, engrossed in playing with a little bit of singing rubber.

Anne's resolution was taken when the doctor father issued his decree: "My son shall not take music; and Anne, in order to spare him some of the suffering which I have undergone since you helped me to realize that music was not the greatest thing in life, I should prefer that he hear very little of it in the house."

Anne's eyes did not waver, but she smothered her reply in the baby's dress and barely waited for her husband to get out of the house before she played the prettiest lullaby she knew for the especial benefit of this small individual in dresses. Then she plumped him down on the rug, in order to emphasize with a punch at the glowing coal fire, each point in the plan of campaign that she was mentally reviewing.

The doctor grew busier and busier, and while he was happy in his home life, he was not content. Always there was a sense of lack, of something missing, a haunting remembrance of pleasant, airy tunes, whenever he looked at the rich piano, open but never touched while he was at home. It never occurred to him that it was riotously indulged in while he was out of earshot.

Swiftly the years sped by until the little lad was nearly fifteen. At first his question, "Father, why don't you like to hear music?" had been oft repeated, but of late years it had ceased and the father was glad enough to think that it had dropped from the young mind.

However, as Allan's fifteenth birthday approached, the elder Allan was impressed by a peculiar uneasiness about the boy, a sort of restlessness very much resembling the agitation that he himself felt sometimes even yet when the craving for his violin again came to him. Anne, too, seemed unlike her placid self, her anxious eyes alternating between her husband and son curiously, sometimes, but to all the questionings of the former, she only laughed gaily or answered with some

nonsense that convinced him that he had been mistaken. The next day, however, his convictions would be shaken, and so it continued, until at last the doctor resolved to interrogate Allan.

He had spent half the night in threshing out this decision and supposed the unusually strained tension of the breakfast table to be due to his own over-wrought nerves. That night he would speak to his son, and have this irritating little mystery cleared up, once for all.

The doctor went through his work impatiently that day, and on his way home in the early winter twilight, he was preoccupied with thoughts of Allan's future, loving, planning for it, when abruptly he was arrested by the sound of a scraping fiddle in the street. The blind and ragged performer was crouched in front of a brilliantly lighted window, in which were displayed various magazines and books, and among them a small calendar announcing the date, February 2nd. As his eye rested on it a moment, the listener started with the realization that twenty-four years ago tonight, he had stepped out for the first time on the stage at Techlar. Hastily giving the ragged fiddler a piece of money, he hurried on, his mind a kaleidoscope of memory pictures.

As he slid in his latchkey and swung open his own front door, Dr. Barnard stood transfixed upon the threshold. From across the hall came violin music, "Berceuse" from "Jocelyn" —and it was his own violin from which the strains were pouring—he knew the old familiar tone, so sweet that it was like wine to his long starved heart.

For a few moments he stood dazed, seeing himself upon the stage at Techlar, listening hungrily to the composition that he loved best, for was it not himself he saw there playing? No, now that things began to right themselves a little, he saw that it was Allan swaying there in the firelight which brought out the lustre on the old wood of the instrument— It was Allan, and Allan was playing with the touch of genius. Dimly the hearer was aware of a blue sash and a perfect accompanist somewhere in the background, but his eyes were oblivious to details.

The music came to a close, and Allan held out the violin,

his young soul in his eyes. Almost fiercely the older man seized his companion, and began to play, haltingly at first, then more and more surely, going over all the old melodies, that he had loved in the past. His wife's touch followed securely through all, drifting as he drifted, recalling him when he hesitated, piloting him to the end.

After a long time the rejuvenated musician laid the violin on the piano, and the bow beside it, carefully. Placing a chair for his wife, he went and laid his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"My son, how did you do this?"

"Mother did it. She's been having Professor Thomas give me lessons for four years now, and she plays all my accompaniments herself. She brought home this violin and pile of old music with your name on it, just the other day. She said you'd like the surprise more if I used it; so I did. I love to play, but it has taken me an awful long time to get ready to s'prise you. Do you like it?"

Eagerly the explanation had tumbled out, and eagerly Allan waited his father's reply, but a sort of awe restrained his impatience as he saw the man's gaze resting upon his mother's face, and still greater would have been his awe, had he been tall enough to see the expression in his father's eyes.

Presently the reply came slowly, absently: "Yes, my son, I like it, and henceforth we shall have all the music we want—together."

The Violin

Hazel Black, '13, Cornelian

My violin, God-giv'n, full of living fire,
Thou wast divinely born, of heavenly lands,
Wast shaped and kindled by Almighty's hands.
And even the very angels did aspire
To waken from thy heart celestial fire
While bowing in praise of Him in holy bands.
But since no voice had answered man's demands,
In love wast thou entrusted him t' inspire.
Thou soul charmer and easer of mortal tears,
Into thy silver rain and tree-top wind
O'er full of sobbing doves and forest shade,
The spirit's coaxed to wander without fears
And sob, and sigh, and sing—until a kind
Voice whispers, "Go in peace; thy debt is paid."

Dorothy Dix and Her Work in North Carolina

Corinna L. Mial, '13, Cornelian

Dorothea Lynde Dix was one of the greatest philanthropists that ever lived. When all sides of her work, its influence, and the noble aim which she had in her work are considered, scarcely a person can be placed above her in philanthropic work. Her influence, both direct and indirect, has been felt all over the United States and even in England, on the continent of Europe, and on various islands. She was indeed an angel of mercy, "Living, she was loved by all;" in death she should be revered by all who know the story of her life. But comparatively speaking, there are very few who know the story of this noble life so willingly spent in devoted labor toward benefiting poor and suffering humanity.

Dorothy Lynde Dix was born April 4th, 1802, in the town of Hampden, in Maine. She had a sad, cheerless childhood. In fact she herself remarked sadly in later life: "I never knew childhood." Her father, Joseph Dix, led a rather wild and shiftless life, and when he was settled for any length of time he kept the child, Dorothy, so busy writing manuscripts that she ran away from home and went to live with her paternal grandmother. Here her material wants were amply cared for, but she lacked the tender love and sympathy which every child-heart craves. While her grandmother loved her and cared for her according to her New England ideas, yet she was often entirely too rigidly stern. But she did her best for the child, teaching her truth and justice and the sterner virtues, while she unconsciously neglected the more tender virtues, as love and sympathy. But this very fact seems to have been a great influence in the child's later life, for because her own life had been devoid of love and tenderness from others she seemed more than ever able to be loving and tender toward those who were suffering about her.

It was very early indeed in her life when Miss Dix began her philanthropic work. When just a mere girl she had to

assume the responsibility of the educating and rearing of her two younger brothers. To the disgust and disapproval of her proud old grandmother, Dorothy opened a charity school for girls in an old barn in Boston. She was then so young that she had to lengthen her dresses in order to make the children have the proper respect for her. But this is only an introduction to the real philanthropic work which Miss Dix did. Her greatest work lay in her efforts to have founded, asylums or hospitals for the insane, who were at the time being very cruelly treated. She went around all over the country administering to the poor wretches and begging and pleading with the general assemblies of the various states for appropriations to establish hospitals where the poor insane could be comfortably cared for. She was successful in many states, often successful where others less plucky and determined would have given up in despair. She herself visited the prisons or dungeons where the poor sufferers were thrown to die. Then she would prepare papers for the assembly in which she stated the condition of affairs. Not only did she plead for the insane but the work which she did personally for them was worthy of a noble heart. No prison was too filthy and no task too hateful for her to enter in and administer like an Angel of Mercy unto the poor and suffering. There were thousands from among the lowly all over the country who loved the mere sound of her soothing voice and the touch of her tender hands. Once, it is said, that when traveling by stage over a mountainous region, her stage was held up by a ruffian who asked for her money or her life. She took out her purse and asked the man how much he desired. "My God," he said, "nothing from you, madam, I have heard that voice before," and he shrunk away, much ashamed, into the darkness. The truth is, probably, that she had cared for him in some dungeon or hovel and nursed him back to health. This is only one incident which shows in what love and respect she was held.

While it is interesting to know of Miss Dix's work in the other states and in Europe and England, and while, in writing a paper even on one phase of her work, it is necessary to touch slightly upon the work of her whole life, yet this paper

is primarily concerned with her work in North Carolina; so it is to this part of her work that we will now turn our attention. It was in the fall of 1848 that she came to North Carolina. Here she found the conditions very bad, much as she had found them in other states that she had visited. At this time there were several methods of caring for the insane in North Carolina. The wealthy people sent their insane relatives to hospitals in the north. But the majority of the people were unable to do this; and the poor people were either cast into jails, where they were chained and often very cruelly treated, or they were kept at home where their loved ones tried to care for them. This latter plan, however, was unwise, for the patients were often very dangerous. One of the most horrible cases—one which brought sorrow to Miss Dix's tender heart, was of a woman who had for sometime been insane and whose husband had confined her in a hut on his premises. He tied her to a post in the hut, and there she lived like a beast. One night the man killed his poor wife and threatened his slaves with death should they tell the terrible deed. The murder was found out, however, and the man was hanged.

Miss Dix gathered information concerning the terrible condition of the insane in the state. She wrote a paper to the Legislature at Raleigh, in which she reported the terrible state of affairs, and in which she used all her powers of persuasion to induce the Legislature to appropriate the necessary amount for establishing the hospital. Her prospects of success were very dim because at this time, more than at any other period in the history of our state, the people seemed to be banded together by mutual consent to oppose any bill which called for large appropriations. There was a general hatred of taxes all over the state and the members of the Legislature seemed afraid to vote appropriations for fear of not being again elected to the General Assembly. Miss Dix, in the face of failure, made her plea, however, for an appropriation of $10,000. Very few said anything against the passage of the bill, but it was silently voted down. Miss Dix, however, did not despair and finally fortune favored her. Hon. James C. Dobbin, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, was there from Fayetteville with his wife. Mrs. Dobbin was taken with a severe illness and Miss Dix, always a ministering angel, nursed her

tenderly through her illness. The two good women grew very fond of each other and just before her death Mrs. Dobbin asked Miss Dix what she could do to repay her for her kindness. Miss Dix answered that she wanted no greater reward than that Mrs. Dobbin would persuade her husband to urge the passage of the bill that she so ardently desired passed. Mr. Dobbin promised his dying wife that he would do all in his power to bring success to the noble plans of Miss Dix.

Mr. Dobbin kept his promise. A few days after his wife had died, he returned to his place in the House. The bill to provide for the hospital fund for the insane had already been voted on, and it had been defeated by a large majority. It had been voted on during Mr. Dobbin's absence, and now he asked that the bill be reconsidered. Out of respect for him, the House gave its consent. Then, in behalf of the bill, Mr. Dobbin made an impressive speech which has scarcely been equalled in force and pathos. Mr. Dobbin's recent sorrow and his gratitude to Miss Dix seemed to lend power to the occasion. He put his whole soul into the speech, and made others feel what he himself felt. The bill passed both the House and the Senate, December 12th, 1848, and Miss Dix wrote enthusiastically to a friend: "Rejoice, rejoice with me! Through toil, anxiety, and tribulation, my bill has passed. One hundred and one ayes, ten nays—I am now well, and perfectly happy. I leave North Carolina compensated a thousandfold for all labors for this great success."

While the hospital was being erected Miss Dix came again to North Carolina, and quite often she repeated these visits until the Civil War broke out. Then she gave herself up as a nurse and spent the years during the war tending the sick and wounded. When the war was over, she came again to North Carolina while the Legislature was in session. She was shown the greatest honor, being given a seat at the right hand of the Speaker of the House; or when she chose to go into the Senate chamber, she was given a seat at the right hand of the President of the Senate. Through the action of the board of directors of the hospital, our state has had a painting of Miss Dix placed in the reception room of the institution. By her earnest devotion to the cause which she espoused, Miss Dix won the thanks and love of the people in North Carolina

as well as in other parts of the country. Many tributes have been paid to her memory and all of them she richly deserved. She lived to see nearly every state have a home for its insane and at the age of about eighty she died in one of the very hospitals she had founded.

The influence of Miss Dix's work in North Carolina has been great. One hospital has been directly, and two others have been indirectly the results of her work. The first, which bears her name, is at Raleigh. It was opened for patients in February, 1856, having been seven years in construction. The first patient, a school teacher, was admitted February 22nd, 1856. The dormitory capacity at first was for three hundred patients. In 1894 an infirmary building for women was opened and the dormitory capacity was increased to three hundred and eighty-two. Subsequent to this, several smaller buildings have been added and the hospital now ranks among the finest in the country. The hospital stands in a beautiful shady grove with pretty drives and well-kept lawns and many flowers. The hospital has a farm of its own and the men work on it very willingly but are never overworked. The institution has every convenience and nothing is neglected which may add to the comfort of the inmates.

In 1875 the Institution for the Insane at Morganton was authorized by the Legislature. It was completed in 1886. This institution owns six hundred acres of land and is well equipped with all the conveniences and modern improvements. In connection with the Institution there is a training school for nurses.

The Hospital for Colored Insane at Goldsboro was the first ever designed and built for colored insane in the world. It was opened August 1st, 1880.

It is true that possibly Miss Dix never even knew of the erection of the hospitals erected at Morganton and at Goldsboro, but it was through her influence in arousing an interest and sympathy for the insane that these hospitals later came to be founded. It is true that had Miss Dix never lived, hospitals for the insane would at some time have been erected. But we think of the great amount of suffering ameliorated by Miss Dix's influence, and we thank her with our whole hearts for her noble work.

Cupid in the Mail

Daisy Hendley, '15, Adelphian

Mrs. Benton settled back comfortably in her arm chair by the fireside and looked out at the cold February day with a pleasant smile on her face. Little Billy Singleton, in passing by, had just then obligingly offered to bring her mail as he brought the Singleton family's. It was the day for the arrival of Mrs. Benton's beloved fireside companion, "The Household Friend," so she was doubly glad that she would get her mail promptly.

Mrs. Benton, a widow of sixty, lived by herself in her little house; her mission in life was to neighbor all the families in her little town. She was such a neighborly little body that no wonder Billy should like to bring her mail.

"Mis' Benton, here's your mail. My feet's too muddy to come in," Billy called from the door a little later.

"Much obliged to you, Billy," and as she turned back into the house she added, "What in the world can it be?"

Instead of "The Household Friend" in its familiar covers, Billy had given her a package, a bulgy little package, too large for a letter. Mail was uncommon with Mrs. Benton and especially nice bulgy little packages like this one.

"Maybe it's an embroidery pattern from Eliza," she said to herself. She did not have on her glasses; so she could not read the address on the outside, but she could discern that the handwriting was large and scrawly. Oh, it was from a "man-person", and no "man-person" would be sending her an embroidery pattern; thus she thought. Well, she would see what it was. She opened it, and adjusting her spectacles, viewed the contents. An exclamation of surprise escaped her lips. A painted, embroidered, little affair lay in her lap. Lace was around the edge of it. On it was a great red heart pierced with an arrow obviously shot from the bow of the plump little angel in the upper corner.

"What in the name of common sense!" Mrs. Benton ejaculated. Then suddenly she discovered the thing opened like

a book. Upon opening it she found a page upon which were more red hearts shot by more plump angels, and in the very center were three words. She tried on, one by one, all her three pairs of spectacles, and peered at those words, but all she could make of them was, "I love you."

"Scandalous!" said Mrs. Benton, "and my husband dead only ten years."

Suddenly an idea seized her. Hastily consulting her almanac, she learned that her idea was correct. February 14th was Saint Valentine's Day. She now remembered that on this day young gallants sent hearts and messages they were too bashful to speak to their sweethearts. They did forty years ago, and of course, they did yet.

"But, oh, goodness! To me! Who?"

Then she made another discovery. Down in the lower corner of the page that bore "I love you", was the word "John". Mrs. Benton's heart beat so rapidly that she feared "a spell" was coming on her. Then all the "Johns" of her acquaintance ran through her mind. Of course it wasn't from any of "the younger fry", she knew. At last after "putting two and two together," as she said, or remembering the time somebody kindly offered to plant her potatoes and again the time that same person told her it was not safe for her to live all alone, she decided that grizzly old John Fraley, deacon of the church, a bachelor, and in most ways an admirable man, was the sender of the tender token in her lap.

"Ten years is a long time to mourn for one man," she mused; then "a delicate way he had of saying what he thought". Mrs. Benton sat tenderly holding the precious valentine in her lap looking into the fire with as dreamy eyes as a young girl with her first love letter. Suddenly her musings were broken in by a knock at the door. Betty Singleton, Billy's eighteen year old sister, stood in the doorway. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes were bright, her sweet eager youth shone all about her.

"Oh, Mrs. Benton, Billy said he left a package here for me. Here's your 'Household Friend'. He made a mistake and gave you my package and brought your paper home. I thought—oh you—"

"Why, Betty, child, " Mrs. Benton blushed, or at least her face grew very red, "I thought it was for—oh, no, of course I knew it wasn't for me after I opened it. I never looked at the address. Forgive me, Betty, child."

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Benton"—youth is so forgiving —"It doesn't matter. I should like for you to see it anyway. It's from John." Here Betty blushed.

When Betty had gone Mrs. Benton leaned heavily back in her chair. A tear trickled slowly down her cheek. To the big maltese cat turning his head toward her from the hearth, she said, "I had forgot I was sixty, but I won't forget it again, never."

My Valentine

Little girl across the way,
You are very sweet;
I wouldn't be a bit surprised
If you were good to eat.

Now, what I'd like—if you would too—
Would be to go and stay,
Well—all the time and all my life—
On your side of the way.

I don't know anybody yet
On your side of the street,
But often I look over there and watch you—
You're so sweet.

When I am big, I tell you what—
I don't care what they say—
I'll go across and stay there too
On your side of the way.

—*Selected.*

A Book of Poems

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

The door of Mr. Langdon's law office opened hastily and Phyllis, radiant and breathless from her walk in the sparkling winter air, entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Philip Langdon," she said in business-like tones. The work lines melted from her father's face.

"Good morning, Mrs. Archibald Brown," he answered. "What can I do for you today?" Since the time when Phyllis played with dolls, Mr. Langdon had always entered into her games with the greatest zest, and now that she was a responsible young matron, things had not changed. If she chose to interview him in the role of legal counselor, he was ready to play the part.

"I want some advice," said Phyllis.

"Well, I have half an hour to place at your disposal. If you will be brief—"

Phyllis interrupted him with a nod and a smile. Then she began her story:

"One day last summer, when Archie—I mean my husband—and I were automobiling, we ran into a horrid old post and smashed up our car dreadfully. A boy who was ploughing in a field just beside the road, came out to view the wreck.

" 'If yer'll come down to our house right over the hill there', jerking his thumb to indicate the direction, 'maw'll fix up that there hand of your'n, mister. She's powerful at docterin'. En, mebbe paw kin take yer back ter the city ef he ain't asleep. By jimminy, she wus a whopper.' The last remark referred to the car.

"So we followed our guide over the hill to a plain, square, old farmhouse. The lad's mother, the tallest, gauntest, strongest woman I ever saw, met us at the door and led us back to her kitchen. It was a pleasant kitchen, with the floor and tables rivaling each other in yellow-whiteness, and the sunlight streaming in through the open windows. The woman

set herself at once to binding up Archie's wrist, and she looked so cross and gruff that I didn't dare to interfere. So I turned my attention to the rest of the family.

"There were numberless little blue-aproned children whose round blue eyes were nearly popping out of their newly-scrubbed faces on account of the determined way in which their hair had been drawn back from their foreheads. And there was a dear, gentle grandmother-lady who sat in a stiff, straight old chair and smoothed the skirt of her lavender gingham dress while she talked to me in her sweet, broken voice. The first minute I saw her, I fell in love with the way her white hair rippled away from her rosy, wrinkled face.

"We grew to be quite close friends before I left and she told me so many things—beautiful, fanciful things. She showed me her flower garden where bachelor buttons and petunias and sweet alyssum grew in riot. She told me of her bluejays that always built in the big walnut tree by the back porch—how they were never, never still from their chattering except early in the morning when she went out there to say her prayers. She told me of the cricket that had come to her hearth one day long ago when her little son had died and how it always sang to her on winter nights. I really believe she thought that God had sent the kindly little creature straight from heaven to comfort her in her loneliness.

"When finally help arrived from home, for "paw", despite his sleepiness, had consented to carry a message for us, the dear old lady patted me on the cheek with her worn hand and told me that when she looked at me, she felt just as she did when she first peeped out at her garden in the morning when the dew was still on the flowers.

"Archie and I are going down to see the old dear next spring but in the meantime I want her to know that I haven't forgotten. Auntie has suggested that I send her a warm shawl or some easy slippers but I can't help feeling that she'd be disappointed in me if I sent either of those. Now don't laugh at me! I—I want to send her a book of poems. Archie says that very likely she can't even read. Oh, please do advise me, lawyer-man."

Phyllis came over to her father's chair, and placing a

little gloved hand on each of his broad shoulders, she looked down into his face. A most unusual proceeding for a client!

"Wise little woman," said the lawyer, "don't listen to Aunties or Archies. Send the poems if you want to."

Phyllis left a moment later, exulting in childish joy over the fact "that she had proved that she was right," and Mr. Langdon was left alone.

"Such a quaint, faithful little lady—My Phyllis is," he mused tenderly. "But I believe she is right. It would be rather—well, disappointing for someone who looked like a flower with dew on its petals and the morning sunlight above it to send one—a shawl."

There was great excitement in the big, square, old farmhouse. The gaunt lady of the house, a strong hand placed firmly on each hip, occupied the center of the kitchen. Around her crowded the numberless little flaxen-haired children with their blue eyes wide open and their stubby thumbs stuck into their mouths. The sleepy man of the house lounged on the wood box whittling and pretending great indifference toward the proceedings which engrossed the others. The plough boy stood with hands in pockets and lips pursed ready for a shrill whistle when the opportune moment should arrive. The grandmother sat in her straight, stiff old kitchen chair and held in her trembling hands an unopened package that the rural postman had left for her a moment before.

"Well," said the lady of the house, "yer might as well open it, granny. Paw, give her that knife er your'n. It aint no use to litter up the floor with all them chips, nohow."

Thus urged, the grandmother tenderly undid the cord and exposed to the view of the family an exquisite little book. The plough boy did not deem the moment worthy of a whistle. He merely hunched his shoulder contemptuously and lounged out of the room. The man of the house gave a disgusted little grunt, moved a piece of wood to afford him a more comfortable resting place and resumed his whittling. The gaunt lady hustled the children out of the room and strode over to the stove where a great sputtering was taking place and rising white froth was lifting the quivering lids of the kettles.

The grandmother sat quite still in her chair by the sunny window, her lips curved in a tremulous smile and her eyes wet with tears.

"I might a knowed it. She wasn't the kind ter fergit a body. And to think that she'd send this—send me a book with poetry in it. It's just like all the things I used to hope about when I was a little girl—going to college and travelin' about everywhere—had come true. I feel like a real educated lady."

Vergil as a Poet of Nature

Annie Scott, '14, Adelphian

There is no period of life so dear to man as his boyhood days. Even though in later years he may be far removed from these childhood scenes, nothing refreshes his mind more than to revisit or quietly meditate on these haunts of his early days. In all of Vergil's poetry we see this love for his early home and surroundings exemplified by his tender references to nature and deep appreciation of her.

Vergil spent his boyhood days in the country beneath the beautiful Italian skies where he received true impressions of nature. His father had earned a farm and by thrift and industry increased his living by keeping bees. Coming close to the heart of nature during these early days, it was only natural that when Vergil gave vent to his inborn soul it should find expression through these everyday scenes and happenings which were so deeply stamped on his mind. He understood the great, busy world only as he was able to interpret it through those "first affections".

Among the Roman poets, the revelation of the power and life of nature was first revealed to Lucretius, but it was able to charm the Romans only after it had passed into the mind of Vergil. This poet brought the revelation of nature near to the Roman and Italian heart by associating it with the industry most congenial to them. He was well able to do this for he said he descended from the class of yeomen who possessed the happiest estate allotted to man, the one most conducive to virtue and happiness.

This wonderful love which Vergil had for nature is beautifully illustrated in his Georgics and Eclogues. In these poems we see the poet's susceptibility to the beauty and power of nature. In the Eclogues we see his open receptive mind, through which all the softer and more delicate influences of nature enter into and become part of his being. In the Georgics, by showing the relation of nature to human energy he gives a greater nobleness to his conception. Nature appears

there, not only in her majesty and beauty, but with a soul and will. In all of these pictures of rustic life we see the scenes and human figures through an indistinct halo; but there is diffused through the whole a subtle influence from the outward world which brings man and nature into conformity. This sense of the poet gives his productions a pensive emotion which, however, never savors of melancholy. Vergil enables us to feel the charm of the sparkling stream of fresh water, of the refreshing cool of shades beneath spreading trees, and the grace and tender hues of wild flowers. One writer has fitly said, "The woods, and meadow-pastures, and rich orchards of his native district, have communicated the soul and secret of their being to the mellow tones of his language and the musical cadences of his verse."

In the Eclogues and Georgics we hear Vergil affectionately recalling the scenes of his childhood. The green banks and the slow windings of the Mincio and the rich pasture in its neighborhood, spread out before our eyes in mystic charm and natural beauty. The representative character of the poems is made more charming by the fidelity and grace with which he has expressed the Italian peasant's love of his home and all things associated with it.

In writing the Georgics and Eclogues Vergil's aim was to describe in a faithfully realistic way the annual round of labor in which the Italian yeoman's life was passed and to surround the whole with an atmosphere of idealizing poetry. He longed to bring out the intimate relation of nature with a man who lives such a life, and to suggest the delight which man draws from this sweet association; to contrast the simplicity, security, and sanctity of such a life with the luxury and lawless passion of the busy world. How well the poet accomplished his aim we may judge from an extract from the Georgics:

"Oh, happy beyond all happiness—did they
Their weal but know—those husbandmen obscure,
Whose life, deep hidden from strife of arms away,
The all-righteous earth and kind doth well secure.
What though for them in towering mansion pours
At early morning, from its haughty doors

And halls, a surge of courtiers untold,
Gaping on the rich portals as they pass,
Fair with mosaic of tortoise shell, the gold
Of broidered vestments and the Corinthian brass?
But they are at peace in life, in guile untaught,
And dowered with manifold riches. Theirs the
ease of acres ample, and many a shady grot,
And slumber of sweetness under the sheltering trees
And living lakes, and the cool of Tempe's Valley,
and the lowing of herds is theirs continually;
Theirs are the haunts of game on the wooded hill;
And theirs a hardy youth, unto humble ways,
Attempered and patient in their toil; and still
The old have honor of them and the gods have
praise.
Justice, methink, when driven from earth away,
Left her last footprints among such as they."

Who can hear these lines without calling to mind the similar lines by our own Robert Burns where he describes the sweet home life of Scotland in the "Cotter's Saturday Night"?

If we get these glimpses of nature from Vergil's early poems what might we expect in his later works? However much we expect, it is fully realized in reading the Aeneid. Here nature is the sweet restorer that refreshes the reader's mind, the broad placid background across which are drawn the mighty deeds of the hero. The agency of nature's elements gives the poem a beautiful mystic charm; all the way our minds are refreshed and rested by the beautiful pictures drawn from nature.

After wandering over a tempestuous sea, the hero of the poem comes to a great city busily engaged in the activities of construction. Here Vergil refreshes the reader's mind by a beautiful simile drawn from nature. When describing these citizens in their activities he says they moved around "engaged in such toils as occupies the bees in the early summer through the flowery meadows in the sunshine, when they lead forth the full grown young of the swarm." Any one who

has ever seen the activities of a swarm of bees in the summer time can appreciate this beautiful comparison which Vergil has drawn between the activities of nature and man. Again we get a beautiful touch of nature where Dido, heartbroken and sleepless, is finding no rest because the one person for whom she is living, has deserted her. Our hearts are about to cry out that all the world is undone, when the poet turns us aside and gives us a beautiful picture of surrounding nature. It is night, and through the whole world tired people are breathing out placid sleep, the wild beasts and birds are quietly resting among the brambles beside the quiet lakes. By this picture our weary hearts are refreshed and our faith in God is revived. Thus we might continue taking up the beautiful pictures which Vergil has drawn from nature in this poem.

I hope we have seen from these extracts which I have given, enough of the real life and writings of Vergil to have it clearly established in our minds that he was a poet who loved nature, lived with nature and wrote about what he knew and loved.

Twilight

May McQueen, '14, Adelphian

Over the hillside the shadows fall;
Soft through the stillness the night birds call;
Low sinks the sun with its waning light;
One lonely star comes to greet the night.

And thro' the distance the cow bells' chime
Joins with their lowing in sleepy rime,
While the soft murmur of woodland streams
Wafts us away to the land of dreams.

Blood Will Tell

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelphian

"Move sharp! Ye're the triflingest lot in the alley, Tim Murphy. Yer father afore ye was no better, nor his father afore him. True it be that blood will tell. Ye'll never be any account."

The little red-headed, impish lad to whom this was addressed, nodded a cheerful agreement, and ambled slowly around the alley corner. Safely out of reach of the blue-coated officer of the law, he dexterously landed a cake of mud on the shining brass buttons as his thanks for the above mentioned lecture.

The officer of the law frowned sternly as the splash dimmed the lustre of his ornaments. "Drat the lad!" he muttered. "No tellin' where his blood will lead him yet."

Around the corner the lad struck out diagonally across the city. After several blocks of brisk walking, he entered the office of "The Daily". As Tim elegantly expressed it, "The cop had done given him a tip ter git a job."

The office boy sized Tim up with a glance. "Is yer a down and outer?" he asked with a disarming grin.

"Naw," answered Tim. "My paw is furst cousin ter Rockyfeller's aunt's son-in-law. Thought I'd take a job here wid yer. Gawlf is gettin' so tiresome."

"Whew! Yer is a big guy," answered the other with a gleam of admiration in his eye. "Wait in de antie-chamber, Mr. Cousin-in-law-ter-Rockyfeller, and I'll ask the manager to see yer."

A few moments later Tim was brought before the manager. In answer to the string of questions fired at him he grinned engagingly and managed to stammer rather incoherent replies.

The manager swung around in his chair. "You may have the job, Tim Murphy. You're to sell 'The Daily' around the Hotel Regis, and mind, Tim, get your customers—and keep them. That will do."

Tim, loaded with papers, stood on the corner near the

Hotel Regis and cried "The Daily" valiantly. Not far off, in his alley, his "gang" were waiting, but he heeded not the allurements of the "gang" He was a man of affairs and must ply his trade. Obedient to orders, he made customers—and kept them. Once a patron of Hotel Regis, forever a patron of Tim.

After a time reports of Tim's labor came to the ears of his stern judge in the blue coat.

"It'll not last; yez mark my words. Blood will tell," said he, and "the gang", Tim being absent, maintained an awed silence in the presence of "the cop".

One sultry day there came a time when the very stones seemed to glow with heat. Tim, his ragged cap pulled low over his eyes, stuck to his post and his ever enlightening cry: "'The Daily!' Best paper in the world. Buy 'The Daily'. Learn all the news!"

Around the corner, Tim's friend, "the cop", had so far forsaken his duty as to wander from his beat in order to get a cooling drink. He reached the back of the Hotel Regis just in time to see a huge sheet of flame shoot from the top of the building. He rushed to give the alarm.

Tim also had seen that flame and, moreover, had seen the craven-hearted elevator lad slink quickly from the building at the first indication of danger. "It's up to yer, Tim," he muttered, and ducked quickly into the elevator.

Tim adjusted the machinery for the ascent. From above came down the cries of those in mortal terror of being caught by the leaping, blue-tongued darts of fire. Up, up, he ran the elevator. The top floor was all but empty and many of those on the next floor were able to find room for the descent. Several trips were made, each more perilous than the last, for the firemen were making little headway in keeping the fire in check. The flames were creeping nearer and nearer the shaft of the elevator.

At last, Tim had made his final trip. He breathed a sigh of relief as he neared the first floor. Outside the crowd cheered wildly, for those already rescued had spread the tale abroad of the little newsboy's bravery. But all were not rescued. On the floor far above, a little girl, forgotten by her

nurse, stood peering down through the shaft and crying bitterly.

"It's up to yez again, lad," muttered Tim, setting his teeth hard, and with his blistered hands he prepared to ascend once more.

Those near cried out warningly, "Come down, Tim". "Come down!" cried the star reporter, who was on the scene for the news. "You're risking your life!" The faint cry from above reached the reporter and his heart stood still. He realized that little Tim was of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Slowly Tim ran the elevator up the shaft which was now surrounded by dense smoke and near-leaping flames. Once Tim thought he really could not go any higher. His poor hands were blistered and his eyes half blinded by the smoke. At last he reached the floor where the half-unconscious child lay, the flames almost within reach of her clothing. Hastily snatching her inside, he started on his downward journey. Every drop of blood in Tim cried out against the cruel pain of the slow moments in the descent, but he bore it all without flinching.

The horrible journey over, he was snatched into the arms of the star reporter and carried into the open air. "Tim, Tim," called the reporter, but his burden had promptly fainted.

Tim slowly opened his eyes to the admiring crowd around him. He was still half unconscious, but as he lay on the ground, he called softly, "The Daily! Best paper in the world!"

"Tim," said the big newspaper man, "You'll want to see 'The Daily' today. Wake up, man! You can have my job when you grow up."

"No, no," spoke "the cop" of Tim's alley. "Blood will tell. Ye'll be President some day, Tim."

Sketches from King Lear

Lear

Carey Wilson, '15, Cornelian

When Lear is first presented to us, he is king in name, it is true, but hardly so in fact. Although he is sufficiently lovable to have gained for himself such loyal friends as Gloucester and Kent, although he possesses a natural stateliness of demeanor, yet, unfortunately these good traits are almost wholly eclipsed by the strikingly unpleasant characteristics very often exhibited by him. His willfulness surpasses that of a humored child. What poor judgment, what lack of common sense, he shows, in impulsively dividing his kingdom among his daughters! Eager for personal gratification, his first fanciful demand is unreasonable in character—that his daughters, to gain the favor he is about to bestow, shall frame in words their filial affection. When Cordelia is unable to comply with his demand and offended at the honeyed falsehoods of her sisters, replies with a curt refusal to express herself at all, Lear's headstrong and capricious nature, primed for the soothing adulation with which he is accustomed to be indulged, at this unexpected opposition bursts into a flood of choleric anger, and "in the twinkling of an eye" Cordelia is forever banished. His impetuosity is amazing. By simply brushing all opponents aside from his majestic pathway, he thinks to banish them with equal success from his lordly mind. Ostensibly, it is the end, when he says,

> "Thou hast her, France; let her be thine; for we
> Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
> That face of hers again."

Turning, after the harsh sentence, to his elder daughters, between whom his whole property has been rashly divided by his own hand, the would-be king finds to his annoyance that even he "is not entertained with that ceremonious affection" to which he is accustomed. His arbitrariness asserts itself

more strongly than ever, and cursing Goneril, his eldest daughter, he departs in abrupt rage for the home of Regan, her sister. But a sense of just retribution is already haunting the old father, and when met at the home of his second daughter with evasive answers and suggestive sneers, instead of flying into a passion on the instant, Lear pathetically tries to exhibit a trait of nobility foreign to his nature—self-control. Beginning dimly to realize the irony of his position, the king, probably for the first time in all his petted life, makes such an humble admission as:

"Maybe he is not well—I'll forbear."

Again, upon Regan's coldness, unbelievable patience and gentleness are shown in his answer to Goneril: "But I'll not chide thee—I can be patient; I can stay with Regan."—And in his pitiful cry:

"You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!"

Through sharp discipline has come to Lear the understanding of his folly, and the weakened, feeble, old man, too late, is helplessly groping for the means to mend his character.

But the ungoverned, chaotic nature has not been trained to adapt itself. The imperious will has never been questioned. The father has to a surprising degree been credulous of the daughters he has never bestirred himself to become acquainted with. The man is inherently selfish. Try as he may, he is superannuated, and cannot rebuild a character of years' standing.

Therefore, under the shock of totally new and unexpectedly bitter realizations, in the midst of misdirected, futile efforts to repair the irreparable, the reason of the old king is dethroned, and in the awe-inspiring majesty of madness, he turns away from the doors of his unnatural children into a conflict of the elements terrible enough to symbolize the turmoil in his own heart.

From this pitiable condition, it is the irony of fate that Lear's rescuer should be his disinherited, but faithful daughter, Cordelia. Through her gentle ministrations his reason is gradually restored. He has been purified by the fires of

grief, and out of deep suffering has come forth true nobility. On the borderland of life, Lear stands before us a living example of the inevitable triumph of Good over Evil. He has learned the hard lesson of self-mastery, and at his death, is, more truly than ever before, "every inch a king".

Cordelia

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

Cordelia appears so seldom in "King Lear", that we do not grow familiar with her as we do with Lear, Goneril, and other characters of the play, and so we must of necessity depend largely for our idea of her upon those who did know her well. These intimates, if they were worthy, without a single exception loved her.

Lear himself said:

"I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery."

Knowing that the lordly old man was not one to give his deepest affections lightly, we can imagine how infinitely many little acts of sweet unselfishness and thoughtful love on Cordelia's part won such love from him.

Less passionate than Lear's love, but certainly more unselfish, was Kent's devotion for Cordelia. For her sake he unhesitatingly forfeited his own favor with the king. When they both stood cursed and exiled before the throne, he turned to her with admiration and thoughtful solicitude.

"The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and has most justly said."

There was something infinitely pathetic and suggestive in the fool's affection for his master's youngest daughter. What an abundance of warmth and happiness her smiles must have brought to his poor, foolish, faithful heart for after her "going into France", he pined away sadly.

It was not alone those who had known Cordelia long that loved her. The strength and loveliness of her soul must have been mirrored in her face and expressed in the very tones of her low voice. The King of France was glad to receive her,

on slight acquaintance, as a dowerless bride. The messenger that Kent sent to her saw her for only a moment, but he returned with the wonder of her imprinted deep in his heart.

It is not altogether through the eyes of her friends that we can read the character of Cordelia. We catch only brief glimpses of her, to be sure, but these glimpses occur at crucial moments when her very soul is tried in the balance. In these brief glimpses we see Cordelia, wise and self-controlled and spirited, the ideal queen; sincere and tender, and self-forgetful, the perfect woman.

In the first act, she was placed in a delicate situation. She was no child, fooled by her sisters' violent protestations of love, blind to the wrath which her own course would arouse in her father. But, on the other hand, she was no weakling, swayed by the threats or commands of an angry king. She met the situation with perfect poise. In the face of the shocking publicity that wounded her maidenly modesty, the rank injustice that tried her sense of right, and the heartless cruelty that crushed her daughterly affection, she remained absolute mistress of herself.

Her dignity and self-control, however, were spiced with a fine seasoning of spirit. There was a wholesome bit of sarcasm in her reference to Goneril and Regan:

> "Why have they husbands if they say
> They love you all?"

and an admirable touch of pride in her dismissal of her mercenary suitor:

> "Peace be with Burgundy!
> Since that respects of fortune are his love
> I shall not be his wife."

The next glimpse we have of Cordelia is when she received the message from Kent concerning the wrongs which her father had suffered. The same calm reserve which was characteristic of her before, marked her actions in this trying moment.

"It seemed she was a queen over her passion who most rebel-
like
Sought to be king over her."

But her tears and sighs show us a new side of her character—the sympathetic, tender side. When finally the old king was brought to her, she seemed to forget the past and slipped back into her old place. Her love, trampled upon and despised, rose and encircled her father in the wonder of its strength, its tenderness, and its perfect understanding.

Kent

F. Hughes, '16, Adelphian

Kent appeals to me more than any other character in the tragedy of "King Lear". It seems to me that the noble characteristics which we ardently admire in Cordelia, Edgar, and Lear, are found welded together in the worthy character of Kent. He represents to us the highest type of true friendship. The noble and mighty earl unselfishly sacrifices his noble rank and comforts in order to serve his beloved friend, Lear. When the crisis comes, he endeavors to bring disordered affairs to a just balance. But because of the folly and obstinacy of others, he fails to accomplish this end. Kent entirely forgets himself and lives for others.

We love Kent for his own sake. We are grateful to him because he stands up for Cordelia and because when she is out of sight, he constantly keeps her in our minds. How well these two love each other we can see when they meet. Yet it is not Cordelia who is dearest to Kent. His love for Lear is the passion of his life. At the beginning he braves Lear's wrath even more for Lear's sake than for Cordelia's. At the end he seems to realize Cordelia's death only as it is reflected in Lear's agony. Kent's love for Lear is different from Cordelia's. Cordelia has passionate affection for an old father; Kent reverences and adores his master. Kent sees in the old king's face that which commands respect and love. Kent belongs to Lear, body and soul. The king is not to him old, wayward, unreasonable, piteous; he is still terrible, grand, the king of men. Through his eyes we see the Lear of Lear's prime, whom Cordelia never saw. Kent never forgets Lear the King. Even after Lear goes mad Kent, in addressing him, uses the

old terms of respect, "your grace", "my lord", "sir". In the scene of Lear's recovery, Kent speaks to him but once. The king asks, "Am I in France?" and Kent answers, "In your own kingdom, sir."

In acting the part of a blunt, eccentric serving man, Kent retains much of his natural character. It is his plainness which gets him set in the stocks. He is hot and rash; noble but far from skillful in his resistance to the king. He might well have chosen wiser words to gain his point. But, as he himself says, he has more man than wit about him. He shows this again when he rejoins Lear as a servant, for he at once brings the quarrel with Goneril to a head; and later, by falling upon Oswald, whom he so detests that he cannot keep his hands off him, he provides Regan and Cornwall with a pretext for their inhospitality. We are glad to see the human side of Kent, but he illustrates the truth, that "to run one's head unselfishly against a wall is not the best way to help one's friends".

We must also remember that Kent is an old man. He tells Lear that he is forty-eight, but it is clear that he is much older. We get this impression from the first scene, and in the scene with Oswald it is repeatedly confirmed. In it some of the following expressions are applied to him: "Ancient ruffian", "old fellow", "you stubborn ancient knave", and "you reverent braggart". "Sir", he says to Cornwall, "I am too old to learn." If his age is not remembered, we fail to realize the full beauty of his thoughtlessness of himself during his constant care of the king. We also lose some of the pathos and naturalness of his feeling that his task is nearly done. Even at the end of the fourth act we find him saying:

"My point and period will be thoroughly wrought
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought."

Then a little after, when he enters, we hear the sound of death in his voice:

"I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night."

This desire possesses him wholly. When the bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in, he asks merely, "Alack, why thus?"

How can he care? He is waiting for one thing alone. He cannot but yearn for recognition, and plead, though with mute appeal, when Lear is bending over the body of Cordelia; and in this scene of unmatched pathos, we feel a sharp pang at his failure to receive it. Kent's last words to the agonized Lear, "Break, heart, I prithee, break," might have fitly been addressed to himself. For

"He hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

And when the poor, tired heart of the old king has ceased to beat, and Lear has passed into freedom, Kent refuses Albany's proffer of a share in the government of the realm, with the habitual dog-like fidelity:

"I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no."

Coleridge has said that Kent is perhaps the nearest to perfect goodness of all Shakespeare's characters. We are glad that the poet brings out the fiery and impetuous side of Kent's character, otherwise we would be prone to forget that he was a man among men.

An Interpretative Sketch of the Fool in King Lear

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

For many years after Shakespeare's King Lear appeared, the Fool was a prophet without honor. Critics strangely and grossly failed to appreciate this wonderful character. When the drama was staged, men went even so far as boldly to substitute silly love scenes for his words of truth. But, from the time of Macready, the Fool began to come into his own again. The fact that even now he is interpreted in such vastly different ways is, however, perhaps an evidence that he is not yet truly understood. Some would have the Fool an elderly or middle-aged man and perfectly sane. Others, notably Mr. Bradley, interpret his character as that of a boy, a sweet and lovable youth but with a mental weakness.

Personally, this latter interpretation pleases me more.

Perhaps the manner in which King Lear addresses him, "How, now, my pretty knave," and throughout the drama, "my boy", and "lad"—cannot be accepted as evidence for this theory, but it seems to me that Edgar's epithet for him, "innocent," goes far to establish this idea of the Fool.

Besides concrete proof, it seems to me that the laws of artistic truth call for this interpretation. In the first place, would not such devotion as he displayed for Cordelia be more natural in a child-like boy than in a healthy-minded man? And in the second place, if he be a man, to possess the kind of affection that he displayed for Cordelia, he must needs be a very old man, a sort of family-dependent, protector, so old that he could not give the needed contrast to Lear's age. In other words, such love as the Fool's for Cordelia is to be found only in the very young or the very old, and for the sake of artistic contrast with Lear, the idea of youth is to be preferred. I like to think of the Fool as a frail boy, a little weak in the head, and devoted as a faithful dog to his master, caring for him when none other would, relinquishing the care of him to stronger hands when better heads appeared. Another instance when this idea of his frailty is needed to complete the proof is in the storm scene. Mad Lear enters, guided by the Fool, the blind leading the blind. A picture infinitely sad and beautiful. And then Edgar appears. Here is triune insanity, if we accept the picture as Mr. Bradley reads it, real madness, pretended craziness, and mental weakness. This idea seems well suited to the artist's purpose. Kent fills the protector's place; if the Fool were a wise, strong man, Kent would be a mere repetition. And then see how the poor Fool instantly surrenders his charge to Kent, his recognized superior, and see his shivering, helpless, childlike terror of "poor Tom". These two circumstances prove to me that the fool would be a character artistically consistent and necessary only as a frail, simple boy. But be he young, and be he weak, none the less is he great and his work greater than he. The Fool is to be loved as no other of Shakespeare's people. At first he is present to display the truth to Lear; with harsh jibes and cruel thrusts to rouse him to a consciousness of his position. With such words as:

"He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want none,"

the boy strives to awaken his master to reality. Yet these scattered words of wisdom seem to me not too deep for such a character as the boy Fool.

And then the time comes when the dear Fool alone is left to lead the king. Out in the storm and the night they wander together. Afraid of the storm, afraid of the blackness, afraid of the lightning and the rain, in all this whirl of fear and bewilderment, the delicate boy fixes on one true light before him, sees one vision, clings heroically to his duty and, terror in his heart, forces the laugh, and "labors to outjest the heart-struck injuries" of his king. And then how gladly does he greet aid and with what silent relief does he yield his lord to the brave, strong Kent, to sink himself into the timid child again. His fear of the feigned madman—"a spirit, a spirit" —is pitiful; he holds to Kent's hand for comfort. How great then must have been his heroism when he stood protector instead of protected! He follows Lear to a place of shelter. When it is necessary for him to speak, he says the needed word, rises to every occasion. When another is present who is better able to do his work, he falls into the background. Indeed, from the appearance of Kent on the heath, he speaks less and less often. And, when at last his master is beyond his help, the broken-hearted Fool "goes to bed at noon".

This is the Fool; all unselfishness. Unseen when there is no work for him, when he is needed he is ready instinctively with the right word; when another and a stronger appears, he silently yields and as silently slips out of notice; when he can no longer be of service, he disappears. Soul and body he was his master's. Such devotion, such consecration, is the rarest virtue of mankind. All honor, all praise, all love, to the dear Fool!

The Fool

M. Green, '14, Adelphian

Unlike other fools in Shakespeare's works, the Fool in Lear constitutes a vital part of the play. This character, generally introduced merely for the purpose of relieving the tension of the audience, becomes here a faithful companion to the king to furnish him solace in good and evil days. In spite of the fact that many critics in the period just following Shakespeare's time, thought the Fool a grotesque blemish on the tragedy, he is necessarily present in it. Without the Fool, who could keep the idea of Lear's folly before the mind of the reader, or who could furnish understanding sympathy to the old king when his daughters had cast him off?

I think the Fool was a man well past his youth, who had had a great deal of experience in the ways of human nature. Some critics claim that this Fool was a handsome young man of more than ordinary intuition. They base their opinion as to his youth and appearance on the fact that Lear calls him "a pretty knave", "lad", and "boy". To me, these are merely affectionate terms used by Lear to this most intimate companion whom he looked upon in a rather superior fashion. They carry no idea of age whatever. It does not seem possible that a young inexperienced man could have shown the clear insight and sympathetic change of mood which this Fool showed. Nor is it true that he is merely an ordinary man playing his role with this fantastic garb. He is essentially different from other men. He could never have been a Kent or an Edgar even though he is like them in that he is faithful to those to whom he owes faith. A comparison between the Fool and Edgar as Tom o' Bedlam, shows this difference. Edgar's imitations of the ways of a madman were manifestly imitations. The fact that his father did not recognize him was due to the fact that his father was filled with the troubles of his king and his kingdom rather than to any perfection of playing the part on Edgar's side.

The Fool is first introduced to us in a remark made by one of Lear's attendants:

"Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away." Thus it is evident that the Fool knew how to appreciate Cordelia's gentleness and be mindful of the treatment which Goneril and Regan doubtless had in store for him.

Another quality of the Fool was his childlike fear of the unknown. He braved the elements with his master without being greatly troubled by them, but when he came upon Tom o' Bedlam unexpectedly, he started back frightened. Spirits were very real to him and were only to be feared.

It is not until the scene of the storm that the full greatness of the Fool is displayed. Heretofore he has served to remind Lear of the fact that ingratitude is the inevitable reward of a father who gives everything to his children. Now when Lear feels his hold upon himself weakening as he is more and more overcome by the unforeseen cruelty of his daughters, the Fool grasps the situation and throws all his powers to turning the attention of Lear away from his troubles. He tries to outjest the bitterness of the storm in the mind of his master—a storm more bitter than the fierce elements. He sees his efforts end in failure in the wholly demented Lear. Then his function in the play is ended. He has exerted his strongest efforts and has failed. Shakespeare lets him disappear entirely after the scene in the farmhouse on the night of the storm. We are left to suppose that his body, pampered in the days of the prosperity of his master, was too frail to endure the exposure of Lear's wanderings, and that he fell ill and died on his way to Dover.

The Fool had a pitiful part to play. He held a single-hearted devotion to his master almost like that of a faithful dog, and was beloved in return with the love of an imperious old king deprived of all other objects on which he had formerly bestowed his affection. Before the blow fell, the Fool had the part of reminding the king of his wrongs; after it fell he had to attempt to soothe and comfort his master then past all help. To one so keenly sensitive to every little hurt, the tragedy of his master's fate was too much to bear. Our sympathy goes out almost as much to the Fool as to Lear himself.

Sketches

An Old Shoe Shop

Mary Wilson, '15, Cornelian

Every person, who travels the road leading southeast from the village of A. notices, with some feeling of interest, the old melancholy-looking wooden building that stands by the roadside. To the stranger, it is nothing more than a desolate, forsaken house, but to one who has lived in the village, the old shoe shop is a place around which clusters many happy memories.

This place was once a house of business. Here it was that a large number of people sought their living. In the shop there was in earlier days, the center of a large and thriving business. During the war, it furnished a large per cent. of the shoes worn by the soldiers in this section of the country. It also furnished the stylish boots worn by many of the aristocratic men and ladies of that time.

As I remember the shop in operation, it was a very well kept wooden structure surrounded on one side by great piles of tanbark, on the other by the tanning vats. It was a center of great activity. There was always the buzzing of wheels, pounding of hammers and the inharmonious singing of the men at work. I especially remember that in one of the small rooms my grandfather stood at a high table and cut shoes by great metal patterns. Another person, I remember with interest, was an old negro man who sang from morning until night as he scraped the hair from the hides. Then it was that even the building seemed to be happy.

Now the old shop stands deserted; all the machinery has been moved away, and the building is left to decay. Around it are high weeds and young trees. It is of no use now and only affords a home for snakes. Although it is fast decaying, it is still loved by the people of the village because of its happy associations.

Woman as Voter

Daisy Hendley, '15, Adelphian

It was while visiting the town of W. in Colorado that I witnessed an interesting spectacle.

As Colorado has woman suffrage, the ladies of this particular town of W., being well informed and quite modern ladies were all very much interested, quite properly, in the welfare of their nation and exerted every power to promote its interests. During the past presidential election, which took place at the time I speak of, many feminine voices were heard in public places expressing decided views on politics, and informing the uninformed how to vote. The enthusiasm over this campaign was so great that such unimportant matters as the preparing of meals and caring for infants were neglected.

Election day found the town of W. in great commotion. When the inhabitants came out to vote, the ladies, as usual, took an important part in the matter, in fact their part was so important that the men were almost completely left out of the proceedings. In crowds the women came, and what the men failed to give to them through courtesy they took by force. About the polls they clustered talking, ever talking. One divine female in black expounded from a dry goods box in energetic, if shrill tones, the evils of low tariff. The men stood back and watched their accomplished wives, sisters and daughters do their part in the electing of the President of the United States, powerless themselves to lend a hand. They were in despair. At last one bright man came to the rescue and saved the day.

While the excitement was at its height, down the street into the throng of highly nervous women came a small boy with a sign hoisted high above his head. The ladies paused in their voting and speech-making to read:

"Sale! Today! Now!! Bargain sale at Brooke's millinery store. The most wonderful bargains in fall hats ever seen. The beautiful Paris hat so much admired by all, formerly priced at forty dollars, goes now at fifteen. Come early and avoid the rush."

Silence reigned over the assembly for one minute and then the divine female in black hopped down from her box and—left; the whole crowd of lady voters, "a thousand souls with but a single thought," moved quickly away. What were the affairs of a nation when a forty-dollar Paris model was going at fifteen?

Ten minutes later order prevailed around the polls. Men with clear, cool heads were voting while from afar came the chatter of the retreating brigade.

My Pet Cat

Julia Bryan, '15, Cornelian

It has always been a mystery to me why so many people are disdainful of cats. Some people would not think of taking a cat in their lap; for they think cats are not worthy to be considered as pets. Does the word cat mean the ugly, roguish animal, sneaking around the back door? This is the meaning generally applied. But this stray animal is not to be taken as the type of cats any more than the base, wicked outcasts of society are to be taken as the type of us as a people.

Cats are lovable creatures and from the earliest times have been considered pets. Their nature and characteristics are such that they should be respected and not looked down upon. Cats have a reserved nature and they are the ones to decide whether or not they are to work—to catch mice and make their own living. Ever since I was four years old, my constant companion has been Tom, my pet cat. He is a grave, dignified gentleman of ease now, but some of my happiest moments have been spent playing with him. When my older brothers refused to play with me, Tom always, though sometimes reluctantly, yielded to my entreaties. In turn, when Tom wanted me to play with him, there was no way for me to get out of it. If I was busily sewing for my large family of dolls, it was his delight to get my spool of thread and roll it into the farthest corner under the bed. Then, if I did not leave to stop at once to go to get the spool,

he threatened ruin to the dainty little frock, which was occupying my attention. If I was writing, he would do his best to get the pencil out of my hand with his mouth. So, I found it the best way after all to stop and play with him until he was tired or went to sleep. I was never happier than when he was purring softly or sleeping peacefully and contentedly in my lap. Above all, at night, when I had to go all alone to my room so big and dark and cold, to have Tom purring in my arms was a comfort that only those who have felt the desolate misery of being alone in a big dark room, can appreciate. With the assurance that Tom was nearby, I closed my eyes to see if I could not go to sleep before he did.

The favorite sport that Tom and I enjoyed was rat hunting with my older brothers in the barn. In search of rats, everything in the loft was turned topsy-turvy, every plank possible in the ground floor was torn up, and every nook was searched. Tom was the hero. He would catch the rats, sometimes kill them and sometimes leave them for us to kill. We often killed as many as thirty rats in the hunt. After the chase was over Tom was given his choice of any he wished to eat, but he generally sniffed at them and appeared to say, "Let's give them to the pigs."

For the last few years Tom has felt his importance in always having things his way. He does not care to lower his dignity by playing with me any more. If he feels inclined, he will take a nap in my lap, but he generally prefers a warmer place near the grate in the sitting room or behind the stove in the kitchen, where he will not be disturbed. Though our companionship seems no longer possible on account of our separation, I consider Tom an old friend, whom I shall always cherish with fondest memories.

On Breakfast Strip

Edith C. Haight, '15, Cornelian

Breakfast strip is a connotative term—an exceedingly connotative term because it calls up not one but many pictures. The most natural perhaps, is that of a small, plain,

white platter filled with brown curly strips. Further it calls up a picture of its twin sister Grits. There is an illusive vision of a steak jumping off a platter that was just about to be carried into the dining-room. Moreover an atmosphere of *persistence* and *continuity* seems to emanate from the term. The very first part of the term itself suggests regularity. Breakfast!—there are three hundred and sixty-five a year at regular intervals. The strip, by claiming breakfast for its first name seems to show its intention always to be present at the appointed time. Now that fact might lead to the question, "Should the breakfast strip be allowed to be so frequent a visitor?" It seems to me that such frequency would endanger the cordiality of its welcome.

However, if served three hundred and sixty-five times a year, its consumers have an excellent opportunity to become experts in the art of eating breakfast strip. Yes, there really is an art in eating breakfast strip. Some eat it without thought or interest merely because it is on the table. There is no art in that—a little nourishment perhaps, but no art. Some eat it with a sigh, saying quite audibly, "I wish to goodness I had something instead of old breakfast strip." There is no art in that method, for discontent and art are not bosom friends. Breakfast strip should be chewed by the imagination quite as vigorously as by the teeth. Suppose the eater is unfortunate enough to dislike breakfast strip, or perhaps wants a change; then let him think of what he would like to be eating instead. Having determined upon this, let him begin chewing his preference in imagination while his teeth crunch the breakfast strip. "Mirabile dictu!" The breakfast strip has a new taste. It is a simple matter and yet quite difficult of mastery to one unfamiliar with the art.

One might be tempted to believe that practice in this art of imaginary taste could be secured at any time with any food; but, gentle reader, I assure you this is not the case. Breakfast strip, and breakfast strip alone can be the agent to the mastery of this art. Once acquired it may be used in connection with various foods. Reasons for the precedence of

breakfast strip are simple. No other food is the usurper of the place of so large a variety of dishes; hence the variety of imaginary tastes which may be tried. No other food appears so frequently on the table; hence the ample opportunity for practice. So breakfast strip is valuable not only as a food but also as a moral training. There is one more characteristic about the breakfast strip which it would be injustice to overlook—simplicity. It is never guilty of wearing any frills, or ruffles or adornments of any sort. It always appears in its own simple frock of brown crépe. There are other qualities of this food quite worthy of mention, but the above-named will suffice to show that breakfast strip gives food for thought. And the moral of all this dissertation is—scorn not your breakfast strip.

The Mystery of an Old House

Pauline Shaver, '15, Cornelian

Naturally an old deserted house breeds ghost stories. We feel uneasy when near one. Everything about it suggests past ages. We think of its former occupants—how within these old walls before us, two score of people have lived their lives through and passed away. What joys they had that old house knows of; what sorrows they had that old house remembers; what secrets they had that old house, alone, possesses. How many mysteries we might unravel if we could persuade the old structure to speak, and reveal to us its secrets. But there it stands—a perfect symbol of fidelity—true to its past owners, true to its present owners, and true to many more who may live there in the future.

Such a house stands in the town of S., a typical example of the mysterious in old houses. It is a beautiful old homestead, set far back in a once beautiful yard. The sole occupant is one old man, who, if one judges by appearances, is a fit inhabitant of this neglected home. Once this old man corresponded to the former glory of the house. In his boyhood he was the gayest of all the seven little fellows who called this house "home." He was the handsomest of them

all, the gentlest. When he grew up he was a typical Southern gentleman. Some sorrow came and everything was changed. The old house alone knows the sorrow; the world at large sees the change. The beautiful old homestead began to deteriorate, and along with it the man. Day by day new evidences of the change appeared. The old-fashioned garden at the side was no longer cultivated; tall weeds grew up to the very door of the house. Strange tales were rumored. Strange lights were seen. And once, once only, in the "wee small hours" of the night, a figure, clad wholly in white, with outstretched hands and with moving lips, was seen in the doorway. These stories were treasured up and told in the pale moonlight. Then came a night when strange sounds indeed were heard. The next day—and this was witnessed by all the passers-by—an old suite of furniture was seen on the front porch. There it remained for three whole years, and when that length of time had passed, it was mysteriously taken away again. What this meant nobody knows, nobody ever will know unless the old house, in a moment of irresistible impulse, will unburden itself and relieve our nerves—will speak out the mystery and make everything clear. How much longer that old house will stand, time alone can tell; how many more secrets that old house will hoard, it alone knows.

Thus it is with all old houses. They cannot but be aware of mysterious things, connected as they are with the lives of various owners; for all people are at times mysterious. Yet faithful and true they stand, listening to everything but revealing nothing.

Negro 'Possum Hunting

Mary Worth, '15, Cornelian

In the fall of the year, after the first frost has come to ripen the persimmons and give a little chill to the days and nights, when chinquapins, chestnuts, and hickory nuts are ripe, and when the fields of grain have all been harvested, it is then that the negro hunter is in his glory, and many are the tramps he takes through the alluring woods,—hunting 'possums, squirrels, rabbits, and all kinds of birds.

But of all kinds of hunting that a country negro enjoys, 'possum hunting is in most cases his favorite. If you have noticed, you have found it true that nearly every family among them has its "'possum dawg", which holds a high position in the family circle.

There is nothing more primitive and simple than the way in which a 'possum hunt is conducted and this fact is the secret of the appeal to the negro. On dark nights, with no guns, but only dogs, lightwood chips for the torch, and a bag for the 'possum, it is his perfect delight to "take out to de woods." All bundled up, the crowd starts for "de underbrush", the dogs in front nosing around in the bushes. Soon the baying of the dogs is heard at some distance through the clear, frosty night, and there is a rustling of dead leaves and a crackling of sticks under the feet of the hunters as they make short cuts through the woods in the direction of the dog that is baying.

What could be more picturesque than a group of darkies standing in the deep woods at the foot of the tree, all attention to what is going on in the branches, with the flickering torchlight playing upon their shining, black faces, and casting weird shadows and shapes all around them? The most nimble in the crowd is always sent up the tree for the prize, and his progress in the direction of a shining pair of eyes in the top of the tree, is watched with the greatest interest. The dogs are all excitement and they frisk about the tree sniffing and barking jerkily. When the 'possum is securely tied in the bag and the procession starts homeward, the anticipation of "barbecue 'possums and sweet 'taters", is written on every face.

Love's Offering

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

My love, I wandered far and near
To find a fitting gift for thee—
A sweet remembrance of this day—
But nothing worthy seemed to me.

At last in deep despair I found
The wood beyond the old gray hill,
There treasures hidden near the ground
With fragrance did my being thrill.

Arbutus, Nature's sweetest flower,
I plucked, the first few blooms of spring,
To give with love and ask its power
To make our hearts with gladness sing.

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In that number of the Spectator in which he is advocating moderation in the matter of ladies' headdresses, Addison says, "It is usually observed that a good reign is the only proper time for making laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head dress may be attacked the most effectively when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention." Following the example of Addison, I do now recommend this article to my readers by way of exhortation.

The question of noise in the study hall has long been a sore subject in our College. There have been editorials, mass meetings, monitors and all kinds of things to try to keep us quiet. At last it seems as if we have begun to get some con-

ception of the meaning of the word. The teachers whose offices and class rooms are near the hall have of late remarked upon the decided improvement that has been made. Frequently now during the day, when the noise in the study-hall would make us believe that "all Bedlam is let out", there is heard an admonishing "sh——", "and silence like a poultice comes." Since we actually have started on "the upward path," let us see if we cannot make this place set apart for study, quieter and then quietest.

We really and truly ought to be serious about this matter. If it so happens that we do not care for good conditions in the study hall for our own benefit, we ought to be mindful of those around us who do need them. Let us see if we cannot make the improvement which has begun grow until there can be no cause for any complaint.

L. C., '13, Adelphian.

OUR COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

We are going to have a College Dramatic Club! The first question that arises in our minds when we hear this statement is, what is the reason for the need of such an organization? The fundamental reason is this: the State Normal College sees the real development and education to be gotten from properly conducted dramatics and, therefore, it should have a college organization which will, as a concentrated force from the entire student body, be more capable of giving to the public, performances which will reflect credit upon the College.

There is also a more particular, and immediate need for this organization. One of our College regulations says that there shall be only one public performance given by the two literary societies each year, and that this privilege shall alternate between the two. Now the Cornelian and Adelphian literary societies stand for economy of time and material, and also for co-operation in their work; whenever it seems advisable for them to unite for the good of the College, as a whole, they do it. Therefore, taking this into consideration, they think it very wise to unite on this point, and to give to the public their one allotted performance a year in which the students taking part can be selected from both of the socie-

ties. They will be able in this way to be a sort of threshing out ground for the students in order to find the ones that are really capable of acting well. The two societies will give the necessary training for a proper selection of the members of the club. They will take every single member, give her training along this line, and if any member shows any talent, or especial interest for this sort of thing they will elect her to be a member of the dramatic club. This club will be very likely to raise the standard of our society programs, for it will create a wholesome spirit of rivalry between the society members to be eligibles for membership in this club. It will also be very effective in promoting college spirit. We have plenty of society and class spirit now, and what we want are organizations that represent the entire student body and in that way promote the college spirit. The dramatic club will do this by giving to the college an organized representative body, that can be called upon to take the initiative in dramatics. In other words it will centralize a very effective force in our college.

M. E. G., '13, Adelphian.

A WORD IN SEASON

The main opposition to woman suffrage is that a woman will not reason clearly, but vote according to her personal likes and dislikes. We find this trouble here in our College in voting for the various officers who are to represent us. In our voting, it is usually a case of following another's lead, or voting because we like the person. Why, when a student is nominated, should we all follow the leader and vote for some one unfitted for the position? Simply because we have not the hardihood to be the one to say no. Possibly if one had enough courage to stand for her convictions, others might follow. Worse than this is the habit of voting for a student because you like her, or not voting for her because you don't like her. Why not impartially consider whether she is fitted for the post? Don't say, "I don't like her. She'll never get my vote," but think clearly and honestly, is she a student who will worthily represent the College—one of whom you may be proud, even

though for some personal reason you may not like her; does she command respect and attention; is she capable of carrying off a situation gracefully? Why place a student thoroughly unsuited, into a position another can fill with the requisite dignity, presence, and grace simply because you like her? Surely the personal element should have no place in such considerations. *A. A., Cornelian.*

MAKING THE DEMOCRATIC DINING-ROOM MORE DEMOCRATIC

Much has been said by the girls of our College concerning the democratic dining-room. While a few are still opposed to it, by far the majority of the girls, after thoughtfully considering it, are in favor of this method of seating the girls.

The democratic plan prevents girls from forming the "cliques" that are so harmful in college life. The girls from one town cannot monopolize a table and prevent any others from intruding. Small coteries of friends are thus prohibited from cultivating only the members of their group. The Seniors are separated, thus giving the lower classmen an opportunity for becoming acquainted with them that they would not otherwise have, if the Seniors were grouped together, as they formerly were. The democratic method is without doubt the ideal one. It is the only way in which we can cultivate the democratic spirit in our college.

Girls from all sections of the State are gathered together, in groups of ten. This naturally tends to broaden all the girls, whereas girls from the same place, who have known each other for years, or groups of girls who have become intimate friends while at college, could not have this effect. Their congenial companionship would only add a little pleasure, while doing nothing toward forming their character. With this other method the types of girls are so varied, their personalities so different, that if we only look at it in the right attitude, we cannot fail to see how this would make us broader, and more liberal-minded.

In so far as they have gone, the democratic tables have proved very successful. But why could they not be still more democratic? If a general "mix-up" once a year is beneficial,

why would not a change of tables again during the year also be a benefit? Why could not tables, chosen as they are, become so congenial that they would tend toward the "clique" idea, and thus kill the very principle for which they are standing? At some colleges this change is made every month. While I do not advocate this plan in so large a college as ours, I do most heartily advocate changing at least once during the year. Since we are to have the democratic tables, why can we not be still more democratic by making another change after mid-term? *E. G. T., '15, Cornelian.*

NEWSPAPER READING AMONG OUR STUDENTS

One of the most deplorable things in our college today, is the lack of newspaper reading among the students. In order to keep up with the times, and to be properly informed about the topics of the day, it is essential to read a newspaper, at least occasionally. In our well-equipped library are several daily newspapers, and many weeklies. When we have access to such excellent material with which we might keep ourselves well informed, still we idle our spare time away in gossiping or chattering nonsense. There is no student who does not waste some time every day. Yet how many are there who indulge in newspaper reading? In our large student body the number who do this is indeed small. At one table in the dining-room—and I believe this to be a representative table—there are only two girls out of the ten who do this regularly. Two or three of the others read the papers occasionally. One girl there said she had not read a newspaper since the holidays.

What is the matter with our girls? Do they not realize the supreme importance of newspaper reading? Or do they think, that shut off here, in this little world of our own, that our affairs are the only thing that matters, the only thing of interest? When they go away from here, how sensible a conversation can they carry on with educated, well-read people? The one topic to which they revert is their college affairs. But when other persons want to talk of things in the outside world, they are pronounced "bores"! How interesting do you suppose they, in turn, take us to be?

The Miscellany is striving, to some degree, to remedy this evil. But this affects only the two upper classes. What about the five hundred students below them? If the habit of reading a daily paper is once formed, it is never regretted, and will always be kept up. How many are willing to form the habit? *E. G. T., '15, Cornelian.*

IN THE POSTOFFICE

Were a stranger to step into our postoffice between the end of the third period and the beginning of the fourth, it is very likely he might think that a circus, or some other very exciting amusement was going on. At one door girls are crowding to get out of the postoffice, at another they are crowding to get in, while those within doors are crowding to get mail from their boxes. Of course, we are each one very anxious to have our mail, and must not delay for fear we may be tardy at our next recitation, but should we not remember that others may be in a hurry also?

Certainly a room the size of our postoffice must necessarily be crowded when two or three hundred girls are trying to make their way through it at the same time, but it does seem that we might be more orderly.

How many remember that our attention has been called to the fact that if we would remember to bring our keys when we wish to get our mail, we could save the postoffice girl several minutes spent in extra work? And yet many of us continue to forget. We forget our key, but want our mail; so reach through another box to get it, and in doing so, often push down names from two or three boxes. The next time the mail is cased, the office girl will have to stop her work, look in the book for the missing names, and label the boxes again before she can continue her work.

Suppose we were this girl, would we not be rather irritated to be thus needlessly interrupted? If we forget our key would it not be better to wait for our mail until we can get it, than to cause another trouble because of our thoughtlessness?

Politeness and thoughtfulness cost very little, but they are

worth their weight in gold. So let us all try to remember and profit by their value hereafter. *L. A., '14, Adelphian.*

RUMOR

Rumor is a current story that is circulated by report from one person to another. It is wonderful how information travels, especially at college. Often a bit of news is very insignificant at first, but before it has gone far it has become greatly exaggerated. As Vergil says, rumor starts out very timid, but soon grows bolder and finally ends by walking on the ground with its head among the clouds. He also describes it as a huge monster with as many eyes, ears, and tongues as birds have feathers. It is a dreadful object that goes about at night terrifying the people and singing equally of truths and untruths.

A little incident happened the other day that is a good example of how things travel. I was in a room with several girls when one said that a certain girl did not look very well. A few minutes later I went into another room and was told that the same girl was going to the infirmary, and before the day was over the girl was reported to be there seriously ill. Now this conclusion, quite untrue, came from the simple statement that the girl was not looking well.

I noticed another striking example recently. I was told that two men had tried to break in Spencer Building the night before. A few minutes later I went up to a group of excited girls who said that the men had torches and were trying to set the house on fire. During the day I heard many other opinions as to what the men were attempting to do, but the last one was that they were putting dynamite under the steps in order to blow up the building. Now this whole story started from the fact that two little newsboys were out early one morning delivering newspapers. It was dark, so they had lights on their bicycles.

We do not mean to exaggerate things, but often we do. Sometimes it causes a great deal of harm, so in order to avoid all harm and misunderstanding, we ought to tell things exactly as we have heard them. *M. W., 15, Cornelian.*

Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Gertrude Griffin, '13, Adelphian

The first vesper service of the new year was led by Mr. Jackson, who gave an address on "What 1912 Has Accomplished: What May be Expected of 1913." Miss Jamison sang "In the Secret of His Presence".

The vesper service for Sunday, January 12th, was led by Miss Spurgeon. Rev. Mr. Turner, of the First Baptist Church of Greensboro, talked on "God's Way and Our Will". The choir rendered special music.

On January 19th, Mr. Harold, pastor of the Friends' Church of this city, and secretary of the Inter-Church Association, led the vesper service.

The Wednesday evening service for January 8th was conducted by Miss Coit, who gave a very interesting talk on "News from the Foreign Field". She read a letter from one of our former students who is now in Africa.

On Wednesday, January 15th, Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Baptist Church at Morganton, led the evening service.

Miss Winfield, at the evening service on January 22nd, read an interpretation of the twenty-third Psalm.

It has been decided to have the Wednesday evening services, beginning February 12th, in charge of the four classes. The meetings are as follows: Senior meeting, February 12th; Junior meeting, February 19th; Sophomore meeting, February 26th; Freshman meeting, March 5th.

The morning watch services have been as follows:

December 6th-January 5th—Meetings in charge of Pauline White and Coline Austin.

January 6th-12th—Subject, "Christ's Methods of Winning Souls."

January 13th-19th—Subject, "God's Gifts to Men."

January 20th-27th—The cabinet will lead all meetings.

All Bible and mission study classes were closed during examinations.

The membership committee of our Association has done especially good work this year. Through their effort, the Association has received many members which it would not have received otherwise. Their good work has not yet ceased, however, and they are hoping that all who have not hitherto joined the Y. W. C. A. will do so.

Miss Miller entertained her Bible and mission study classes January 10th, in the committee rooms of the societies. The Social Committee gave a pantomime, "The Popular Girl", and several musical numbers on the calliope. Refreshments were served during the afternoon.

Miss Pattie Spurgeon entertained her mission study class Saturday afternoon, December 14th.

At the first of the new year we wish to express our thanks to the faculty for their leadership in reading circles, Bible and mission study classes, for their addresses, for their financial aid, for their advice, for their constant sympathy, that have made it possible to carry on the work of the Association.

The South Atlantic Field Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association announces the Week-End Council for Central and Western Carolina at Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C., February 7th-10th. The leaders of the convention are Miss Anna D. Casler, Miss Mary D. Powell, and Miss Mary F. Porter, the National Field Secretaries for the South Atlantic Committee. Three students and our General Secretary will represent the State Normal College. Miss Miller will have charge of one Bible study hour each day.

The Fourth Biennial Convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States, will meet from April 9th to 15th, 1913, in Richmond, Va.

Society Notes

With the Adelphians

Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelphian

At the meeting of the Adelpian Society on the evening of January 10th, there were no literary exercises because of an entertainment given at the Greensboro College by Mr. W. S. Battis.

The literary program for the evening of January 24th, consisted of a very interesting debate on a question that is being widely discussed now, "Resolved, that North Carolina should have Compulsory Education." The affirmative was upheld by Ruby Melvin and Pearl Temple; the negative by Savannah Blevins and Margaret Sparger. Both sides of the debate were ably prepared. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Cornelian Literary Society

Verta Louise Idol, '13, Cornelian

The Cornelian Society held its regular meeting January 24th, after which Miss Abbott and Mrs. Sharpe entertained the Society with a delightful program. Mrs. Sharpe gave several readings, which were thoroughly enjoyed by the girls, as her readings always are. Miss Abbott, who came to us this year, delighted the Society with her musical numbers from Beethoven and McDowell. Her interpretations are always charming, but in the McDowell numbers she especially pleased her audience.

Among Ourselves

Lillian G. Crisp, '13, Adelphian

On Saturday evening, January 4th, 1913, Miss Alice Churchill gave a piano recital, the fifth one in the Artist and Faculty Series. Mrs. Wade R. Brown, contralto, was to have assisted her, but owing to illness could not be present. Of course, it was a disappointment not to hear Mrs. Brown. But regrets were of very short duration, for Miss Churchill's playing was excellent and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

During the past month we have had a number of visitors to conduct our chapel exercises. On the 6th and the 9th of January Rev. Arthur Dan, of London, was with us. Mr. Dan is making a tour of the United States, stopping to visit many Friends' Meetings. His talks to our students were very much enjoyed. On Friday, the 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Elkenton, of Philadelphia, were here. Mr. Elkenton spoke on the subject, "The Effect of America Upon the World." On the 8th of January, Rev. R. Murphy Williams, of Greensboro, conducted the exercises.

One of the most entertaining of our chapel visitors was Mr. William Battis, of Chicago, who was here on the 8th. Mr. Battis, an impersonator of Dickens's characters, gave us a very interesting statement of Dickens's philosophy. His representations of some of the characters very well known, especially that of Mr. Micawber, were indeed excellent.

On Monday, January 27th, two members of the National Bureau of Education, were visitors at the Normal. These men were Mr. J. D. Eggleston and Mr. J. C. Muerman, whose work is in the department of rural education. Mr. Eggleston was formerly Superintendent of the Asheville Schools, and later State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia. Mr. Muerman was at one time Supervisor of Education in the Philippines. After the usual chapel exercises were over, Dr. Foust introduced Mr. Eggleston to the students. He told of some of his experiences with normal schools and of his acquaintance with men connected with our Normal. Then he presented Mr. Muerman, who gave a very interesting account of the work in the girls' schools of the Philippines.

On the afternoon of the 16th of January the second pupils' recital of the year was given. These recitals are open only to the students in the music department.

The Senior Latin Class presented, on the night of January 25th,

"The Mostellaria" of Plautus. This play, translated into English by the class, was given under the name of "The Haunted House". Two things impressed themselves very forcibly upon the minds of those who were present: The first was the fact that after all there is a great deal of pleasure to be found in the study of Latin; the second was the conviction that human nature changes very little. For this play, written in 200 B. C., had many of the earmarks of modern life. The cast of characters and their assignment was as follows:

Theopropides ..... *Katherine Robinson*
Philolaches, his son ..... *Gretchen Taylor*
Grumio, an old servant ..... *Ione Grogan*
Tranio, a young servant ..... *Hattie Motzno*
Philematium, sweetheart of Philolaches *Florence Hildebrand*
Scapha, her maid ..... *Lillian Crisp*
Callidamates, drinking companion of Philolaches *Marianna Justice*
Delphium, his sweetheart ..... *Annie Whitty*
Misargyrides, usurer } ..... *Ruth Groome*
Pinacium, servant of Callidamates }
Simo, neighbor of Theopropides ..... *Clara Byrd*
Phaniscus, servant of Callidamates ..... *Florence Mitchell*
Lorarii ..... *Christine Rutledge, Mary Porter*

At the regular meeting of The Miscellany, held on Saturday night, January 11th, Mr Jackson and Dr. Gove were the speakers. The purpose of the meeting was to give a summary of the happenings in the political and scientific worlds during the year 1912. Mr. Jackson told of the new developments in government; Dr. Gove of some new discoveries in the field of medicine.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Dr. Gudger in the recent death of his father, who died suddenly Wednesday morning, January 29th. Dr. Gudger left on the evening train for Waynesville. The following is taken from a Waynesville dispatch:

"Waynesville, Jan. 30.—Ex-Judge J. C. L. Gudger died of heart failure early yesterday morning after a few days' illness. He had been in feeble health for several weeks, but no one thought until yesterday that his case was at all alarming. His sons were wired for, but did not arrive until after death had occurred. Judge Gudger was one of the old time gentlemen of Waynesville. Born 78 years ago in Buncombe County, he enlisted in 1861 for the Civil War in the company that went out from the Hominy section. He was a gallant soldier throughout that struggle. Coming home after the war, he settled in Waynesville for the practice of law, a profession in which he soon became prominent. For sixteen years he was Superior Court Judge and held court in every county in the state. After his term expired he accepted a position in

the Department of the Interior at Washington, and continued in it until 1909, when he resigned on account of failing health. Judge Gudger leaves three children—Prof. E. W. Gudger, of the Normal College, Greensboro; David Gudger, of Asheville, and Mrs. C. E. Quinlan, of Waynesville.''

On the evening of January 31st the sixth recital of the Artist and Faculty Series was given by Mr. Edward Baxter Perry. The program was a very interesting one, and thoroughly enjoyed by the students. Two of the numbers were especially interesting. The first number on the program was ''Harmonies Poetique et Religieuse, No. 3,'' by Liszt. This work is different in character from those by which we best know Liszt. It represents not the brilliant, but the serious, emotional side of the man. It is very little known, also, for Mr. Perry is the only artist now playing it in this country. The fourth number on the program, ''The Melusine Suite'', by Mr. Perry himself, attracted especial attention because as yet it exists only in the mind of its composer. He has taken the old story of the fairy Melusine and woven it into melodies and harmonies very suggestive and beautiful.

Exchanges

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

The exchanges are very late coming this month. At the time of writing very few have reached us.

We wish especially to congratulate The Mercerian on its promptness. It came almost with the new year. It contains some good articles this month, too, the best among them being the essays, "A Prophet's Humor", and "The Evolution of Peace", and the poems, "A Lullaby", and "Joy". Since the latter gives us such an encouraging thought to take with us during the year, we take the liberty of copying it below:

"To catch the tone of heaven's lyre
And sound it in thy life;
To feel the glow of conscious worth
In well-directed strife;
To think the thought of him who lived
Life's greatest law of love;
And led men up from ways of sin
To paths that reach above;
To do the deed, despising still
All fears that might annoy;
To act aright with all your heart,
This is the perfect joy."

The Tattler, from Randolph-Macon Woman's College, comes to us for the first time this month. It is especially commendable for the number as well as for the excellence of its poems. Of the stories, by far the best are "The Voice of the Rainbow Falls", and "The Friendship of Laylin".

We earnestly wish that the size of Levana might be in proportion to the quality of its few articles. The essay, "The George Junior Republic", is timely. "Tim's New Year" is one of the best new year stories of the month. The two new year poems are excellent. But the rest of the magazine is composed of sketches. Can you not give us more lengthy articles?

The Western Maryland College Monthly is very thin. Its size more nearly resembles that of a high school than a college magazine. Then, too, its articles are merely sketches. It might be much improved by the addition of some essays and poems; this issue contains neither.

In Lighter Vein

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

F. J., returning to the college after the holidays, said to E. B. as the train pulled into Greensboro: "Let's get the porter to brush us off."

"No, thank you, I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

A certain Freshman fears that if examinations had lasted much longer, she would have been a raving "amoniac".

The following question was asked in Sophomore Math. while the class was studying the construction of graphs: "What took place in the United States in 1870 that caused the population to decrease?"

M. W.: "The Civil War."

J. G.: "The Revolutionary War."

M. K.: "The French and Indian War."

A second prep. recently defined a delta as a large body of water.

L. M., in Psychology: "The law of association depends upon how a wrinkle in your brain turns out."

The following sentence occurred in a Sophomore's elegant translation from Vergil: "Dido's horse stood richly 'comparisoned' in purple and gold, chewing its cud."

E. M.: "Do you know where I can find Lura?"

M. S.: "She stays in the 'phone this period."

After Mid Term

With Apologies to Wordsworth

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fear;
And felt not as my friends did feel
With mid term coming near.

No pleasure have I now, no hope;
I love not threes and fours!
But worse! Oh! six, that makes me mope,
I'm classed with Sophomores.

As Juniors Dream

Up! Up! Up!
Into the leafy realm above,
Into the cool, green bower o'erhead,
And rest. Afar a plaintive dove
Doth mourn. And oft her cry is made,
In low and sorrowful tone, "Alas!
Alas! what strangers have come here,
What droves of immigrants in the past
Have robbed my place of all that's dear!
'Tis N. C. History I mourn."
I sighed in saddened sympathy.
But on a breeze what noise is borne,
A gaily chattered French ditty!
O! English sparrows, e'en in you,
My trust proves false, my faith undue.

Down! Down! Down!
Where briny Neptune trident sways,
As shining fishes pass me by,
From glimmering fins a signal plays,
"Danger! Another foot you die,
For depth increases pressure, know."
But lo! a helmet on my head,
A rubber suit, and safe I go
Deep! Deep! Deep!
To explore the ocean's wondrous floor.
A beauteous shell I hold to my ear,
To the past I've found a secret door!
The roar of the ages, rushing here,
Sings echoes of Rome and marvelous deeds
Of Tarquins and Cæsars and every scribe,
The aptest Latin for my needs.
A history of history deep I imbibe.
Nearby a mermaid wipes a tear,
Observing in a deep-sea school
Recital of the sad, sad cheer
Of Iphigenia and Thoas' rule.
"Dost weep in tender pity, maid?"
"Nay, nay. *Five formal steps* I seek,"
Was all the answer that she made.

Far! Far! Far!
On swiftest dolphin, smooth and sleek,
I skim away to other seas.
At a castle gate I loudly call,
A rattling of chains, a fumbling of keys,
The door swings wide—a lordly hall,
A crystal throne, a scepter gold,
Purple and ermine and aqua-marine!
Encrowned in majesty, Lear's Fool!
He lifts his hand—a jewelled sheen—
And slowly, calmly speaks, "Hear—"
Buzz - zzz - zz - zzz - z - z!

With a mad grasp at the offending clock, I saw that it was exactly 2 a. m. Sadly I reflected on the subject of certain papers, themes, and so forth, for me to write, and examinations looming large ahead. Yet in spite of my better *judgment*, I turned with a sigh, and blissfully sought again the land of *imagination*.

M. E. M., '14, Cornelian.

A Simple Drama

A teacher on the East Side of New York has discovered a youthful genius among her pupils. She had carefully told the greatly interested children how plays are constructed, and had explained that a simple drama is divided into three acts, and that the story is told in dialogue between the principal characters. At the end she said:

"Now we will write a little play in three short acts. For your plot you may use the story told the class yesterday about the making of our American flag."

When the compositions were handed in, the gem of the collection was this terse and vivid expression of the East Side thought:

THE MAKING OF THE FLAG

Act I.

Characters: Soldiers of the Revolutionary army.
First Soldier—"Fellers, do you know we ain't got no flag?"
Other Soldiers—"We know it; ain't it fierce?"

Act II.

Characters: Soldiers and George Washington.
Soldiers—"George, do you know we ain't got no flag?"
George Washington—"I know it, fellers; ain't it fierce?"

Act III.

Characters: Betsy Ross and George Washington.
George Washington—"Betsy, do you know we ain't got no flag?"
Betsy Ross—"I know it, George; ain't it fierce? You just mind the baby a minute, and I'll make the flag."—*Selected.*