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State Normal Magazine

Vol. 19

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5

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My Valentines

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpian

There's the dearest, daintiest lady
With the sweetest, fairest face,
With a heart so gay and lightsome
And a swaying, supple grace.

There's the dearest, tend'rest lady
With the sweetest, saddest face,
With a heart so true and loyal
And a stately, queenly grace.

And I wonder if you'd blame me
If I asked both "to be mine"—
For my sweetheart and my mother,
They are each my valentine.



State Normal Magazine

VOL. XIX

GREENSBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5

“It’s a Long Way to Tipperary”

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpian

“It’s a long way to Tipperary,
But my heart’s right there,”

sang The Girl, and through the large bay-window floated her nephew’s small voice, as if in echo of her own, “It’s a long way to Tip-tip-erary”. Then came the sound of his small feet a-marching, “left-right, left-right” up and down the piazza.

“What are you doing, Bobbie?” called his young aunt.

“Gettin’ ready to whip the Germans,” was the confident answer.

“*Can* you do it, young man?” laughed The Girl, as she came to the door to watch him.

“Sure, I can. Me and Mr. Adams could lick a hundred of ’em with our hands tied behind our backs. Don’t you ’member Mr. Adams taught me to shoot. And say, auntie, isn’t Mr. Adams a-comin’ back soon. Seems like he’s been gone a powerful long time.

“Oh, it does; it does!” cried The Girl, and turned away, lest Bobbie see the sudden tears in her eyes.

But Bobbie would not have understood had he seen them, for Bobbie was of the tender age of six and knew nothing of the love of a man for a maid or of a maid for a man.

The Girl, winking away the tears that Bobbie’s words had brought to her eyes—tears of loneliness, tears of dread for what might have happened, what might yet happen to The Man—turned again to Bobbie and gave orders, “Shoulder arms! Forward march! That’s a true soldier.”

And Bobbie, small gun on shoulder, strode manfully up and down in front of his commandant.

“Attention!” But the gay commandant’s courage had vanished. Dropping on her knees, she put one arm around the small boy and drew him to her.

“Oh, promise me, Bobbie,” she half sobbed, “that you’ll never, never go to any horrid war when you get big. Please, Bobbie—”

“But”, faltered that young gentleman, wriggling out of her arms, “what’s the use of anybody’s havin’ a gun without they’re goin’ to use it?”

The Girl could not restrain a giggle at this. “That’s just what the horrid Germans thought, honey,” said she, rising from the floor. “Come on, Bobbie boy, and we’ll play anything you want. What shall it be?”

Bobbie hesitated; such a playfellow was not to be resisted. Then his face lighted with a sudden inspiration. “S’pose we make some valentines!”

“S’pose we do; the very thing!” cried The Girl. “I’ll be furnisher of paste and scissors, sonny, but you’ll have to furnish the sentiments. I can’t, you know, ’cause ‘my heart’s right there’ ” . . . and, again humming gaily, she ran into the house.

* * * * * * *

The Girl and Bobbie sat and viewed the results. They were fairly pleasing, though the indulgence of Bobbie’s taste had led to one or two queer combinations of colors.

“I think, Bobbie,” said his aunt, “that we are artists of the first water.”

“Uh-huh,” agreed Bobbie, enthusiastically.

“And,” continued the other, “I wouldn’t mind sending these ducky little hearts to anybody—I mean *somebody*, if”—she gasped at the absurdity of the thought which came to her.

“I’ll do it anyway; it doesn’t matter how far away he is,” she cried excitedly.

“Do what?” Bobby was an enthusiastic questioner.

“Send a valentine to your Mr. Adams,” laughed The Girl. “One of these red ones with ‘Sure as the vine grows ’round the stump’. I’m sure—”

“But,” queried Bobbie, dubiously, “*How* are you goin’ to send it?”

“Hadn’t you thought, Bobbie? Don’t you know that there’s always a way, sir? Well, for your edification and general enlightenment, I will say that I am going to send it tied under the wing of our carrier pigeon, ‘Mit’. Understand?”

Bobbie did understand—not all the words his pretty aunt used, but the fact that his Mr. Adams was to have a valentine if “Mit”, the white pigeon, could get it to him. He remembered hearing his father say that “Mit” could fly miles and miles, and so it didn’t seem such an impossible thing to be doing.

Together The Girl and the small boy drew “Mit” from her home and together they fastened the red heart, addressed to “Col. Rovy Adams, His Majesty’s Army, Division—, Regiment—,” under her light wing. Together they crept out silently to the gate of the old rose garden.

“‘Mit’,” said The Girl to the little white bird, “carry our valentine—my heart—to him if you can.” And, as if in answer to her plea, “Mit” rose and flew up and up and out and out into the far away. The Girl and Bobbie stood and gazed after her up among the clouds.

After some moments The Girl spoke. “It would be a miracle if he got it, Bobbie, but no matter—I’m glad we did it.”

And she turned to leave the dead rose garden.

* * * * * * *

A miracle may yet happen. Rovy Adams, of His Majesty’s Army, is authority for this statement. Late on the afternoon of the fourteenth, Colonel Adams was sitting in his tent thinking of—well, no matter of whom he was thinking.

Lieutenant Evans interrupted him. “Colonel Adams,” he said, “the men have just had a queer thing to happen. A snow-white pigeon dropped to the ground by a group of them and on picking her up”—

Colonel Adams lifted his startled eyes to his Lieutenant’s face. “Go on,” he managed to say.

“Well, they found a package for you, sir, under her left wing.”

Colonel Adams was on his feet in a flash. “Where is it, man?” he cried.

“Here, sir,” said the Lieutenant, saluting and leaving the tent.

Adams was a brave man under fire, but—

Finally, with trembling fingers, he managed to untie the knot of the silk and the red heart unfolded itself before him.

“It’s a miracle,” he murmured. “It’s a miracle.” And he gazed long and reverently at the small valentine. Then he sang softly:

“It’s a long way to Tipperary,
It’s a long way to go,
It’s a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know—”

And finally, as he buttoned the red heart into his soldier jacket:

“It’s a long way to Tipperary,
But—her heart’s right here.”

The Exposition

Sadie McBrayer, '16, Adelpian

The exposition which celebrates the world's greatest achievement—the building of the Panama Canal—will open February 20 and close December 4. In no sense is this exposition a local affair, for every state in the union as well as many of the leading foreign powers will be represented.

The cost of the canal, in terms of money, is \$400,000,000.00. Fifty million dollars are being expended on this Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Four facts enter into making this exposition the greatest in the world's history. Never before has an universal exposition been held at a seaport; never before has an exposition been held on the shores of the Pacific; never has an exposition been held in a climate of almost perennial summer; and never before has an exposition been held in celebration of an event that commanded not only the admiration, but the self-interested attention of the entire civilized world.

The exposition grounds lie between Fort Mason and the Presidio and extend from the Golden Gate, a distance of half a mile. The site comprises 635 acres. Karl Bitter, Jules Guerin, A. Sterling Calder, and other exposition experts, have united to rear on this appropriate site the third international exposition ever held—a fair which for beauty, scope, and originality, shall entirely eclipse any that has ever been held.

Of the 635 acres, about one-third will be occupied by the national and state exhibit buildings and pavilions, one-third by the exposition palaces, courts, and gardens, and the other third divided between the building for the livestock exhibits and the amusements.

Maps of the grounds show us that the northern end of Scott Street is the main entrance and this entrance leads into a vast garden. From this garden the main group of exhibit palaces—eight in number—present a unified appearance. Above them, standing at the entrance to the Main

Court which leads to this group of buildings, rises the "Tower of Jewels", which lacks only an hundred feet of being as high as the Washington Monument. This is the geographical center of the grounds. The "Court of the Sun and Stars" is, it is said, the climax of architectural and decorative skill and is everywhere on the grounds an informing and powerful factor.

Someone has said, "Nothing in architecture has ever been seen such as this group of eight palaces in a single scheme of cohesive but varied grandeur, and the advantage of the plan is not all esthetic, for it affords the solution of the distance problem that every exposition faces, and visitors will be saved the fatigue to body and nerves that usually attends a visit to all the main exhibit centers of an exposition."

Four of these exhibit palaces are east of the "Court of the Sun and Stars" and surround the "Court of Abundance". The other four are west of the "Court of the Sun and Stars" and surround the "Court of the Four Seasons".

Looking north from the "Court of the Sun and Stars" one can see the great esplanade, the marina, and still further on, San Francisco Bay and the hills of Marin County. West of this group of eight is the "Palace of Fine Arts" and its wonderful lagoon. The architecture of this palace is early Roman with Greek influence. South of the central group is the Saracenic "Palace of Horticulture", which covers over six acres of ground. The architecture of this building reflects that of the eighteenth century. The trellis work is derived from the garden plans of the time of Louis XIV of France. To the east of this main group the "Festival Hall" is to be found. The architecture in this instance is modeled after that of the Theatre des Beaux Arts in Paris. To the west of these main exhibit palaces, gardens, and courts, one may find the foreign and state buildings, the livestock exhibits, drill grounds, and aviation field. To the east one will find "The Zone", the name for the sixty-three acres of amusement concessions. "The Zone" corresponds to "The Midway" of Chicago and "The Pike" of St. Louis. Out of 6,000 applicants, 100 high-grade entertainers, whose average investment is \$90,000.00, have been chosen for "The Zone".

The Union Pacific Railway system is having made a life-like reproduction, as it were, of Yellowstone National Park, covering over four acres. Here may be seen rugged mountains, Hot Spring terraces and Eagle Nest Rock, one of the popular landmarks of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

At the foot of one of these huge mountains is the "Spectatorium" with a seating capacity of 1,000. Here may be seen many of the wonders of this national park, notable among which is "Old Faithful" geyser. By a special display of flashlights on the geyser, which at regular intervals throws up its boiling water and steam, this part of the reproduction is certain to prove memorable. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing Old Faithful Inn will be glad to know that it, too, is to be reproduced on the exposition grounds. It is to have a restaurant with a seating capacity of 2,000. Several private dining rooms are also under construction.

Lovers of music will be pleased to learn that concerts are to be given at various times by the leading bands of Europe and America. The Official Exposition Orchestra of eighty pieces will give concerts every afternoon and evening at Old Faithful Inn. In "Festival Hall" may be heard organ recitals and miscellaneous concerts by some of the world's greatest artists.

Indeed this exposition will be a great school at which many of the achievements—economic and artistic—of the past ages will be on display. Would that many of us could go!

WHY TWO EXPOSITIONS IN CALIFORNIA IN THE SAME YEAR?

This question has probably come to many. Someone has said, "California never does anything by halves." Since the field of activity and the physical characteristics are entirely different, these two expositions are in no sense rivals. Both are international, but the San Diego Exposition draws chiefly from the western states, Mexico and the republics of Central and South America, while the San Francisco Exposition draws from the greater part of the civilized world.

While San Francisco celebrates the opening of the Panama Canal with an eye to the importance of the event to the United

States and the world, San Diego celebrates not only the opening of the great waterway, but also the meaning of the opening of the canal as regards the development of San Diego and the western coasts of the Americas.

The site of the San Diego Exposition is 615 acres, in the center of Balboa Park. This park is a summer city of flowers, vines, palms, and luscious fruits. One unusual exhibit will be a five-acre orange grove so cultivated that one portion will be in bud, another in bloom, and others in every stage of fruiting and "hibernation", all at the same time.

It is one of the rules of this exposition that every exhibit shall be different from anything that has ever been shown. Everything and everybody are to be in motion. Following this set rule, there will be, for example, not one single shelf of canned goods anywhere. The exposition city as a whole, built all in white, in the purest Spanish, colonial, or mission style, makes a splendid historical exhibit of Spanish and Southern California architecture.

Winter

Annie Humbert, '15, Adelpian

A little strip of dusty road,
 On either side the barren fields;
 Beyond, a line of far-off woods,
 A mystery of dreams it yields
 To you and me.

Upon the hill-tops far and clear
 There stands a row of stately trees
 Which moan and sigh in saddening mood
 As if the piercing wind doth freeze
 The heart in me.

Robert Ingersoll

Carey Wilson, '15, Cornelian

Robert Ingersoll is unknown to the average reader—the average student reader in particular—partly because he is reported to be a “deep” writer, unfortunately (for the student) the type shunned by the delvers for knowledge unless under compulsion. Moreover, in some way the lay mind has conceived or contracted the idea that Robert Ingersoll, being a lawyer of such power, excluded other interests to speak and write only for his successors in the profession. But most of all Robert Ingersoll has suffered oblivion from the attention of young readers—or perhaps the suffering has been on the part of the readers, because of his avowed agnosticism. Parents, teachers and preachers have conscientiously withheld his works from those in their care for fear of injuring tender faith. In this, as far as it goes, they are justifiable and right, but the question is—should all the beautiful and true be suppressed for the sake of the mistaken?

Avoid everything in his works that savors of the ungodly, pass over the matters of law that you fear will prove monotonous, and you will view with amazement the library that remains. From the brain of a clear and mighty thinker come words of wisdom, power and cleverness that we would all do well to heed.

Two characteristics there are which appeal to every man from any man—love and daring. The former, when it is so universal and at the same time so sensitive as was the great love in the heart of Ingersoll, rouses some answering spark of brotherhood in every one of us. His reverence for women is well known. No more beautiful tribute has ever been paid the sex than his, “Women are better than men. The one thing constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman’s love.” Read “What I Want for Christmas,” published in “The Arena”, Decem-

ber, 1897, for an example of truly universal goodwill, or "Right Hours Must Come", and his plea for the admission of the Chinese, for the spirit of brotherhood, racial and social. He has endeavored to justify Thomas Paine in the eyes of the American nation. His censure of cruel laws and of our whole penal system, all the more striking because he is a lawyer, is the masterpiece of like articles. Moreover, he not only condemns but offers suggestions for both prevention and cure of criminality—education for prevention, prison wages for cure. The article, or speech, as it originally was, closes effectively with the prayer of the Buddhist: "I pray thee to have pity on the vicious—thou has already had pity on the virtuous by making them so." And of all pleas, the most striking is Ingersoll's championship of the dumb in his short invective against vivisection, closing, "when the Angel of pity is driven from the heart the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert." Further instances are abundant of his pity, generosity and reverence—his worship of the beautiful in nature, his companionship with animals, his fellowship with all, from the least to the greatest.

Great feats of skill, tremendous nerve strain and heroic rescues, in short, daring, always thrills the admiring multitude, and why should not daring speech arouse equal admiration? It is said that a poet utters the thought that other men lacked words for. Ingersoll expresses in chosen words the thoughts that others had but feared to frame, or the feelings that the every-day man dares not even call thoughts against his superiors. He does not go out of his course to seek the unpleasant, but when it is thrust upon him, or can be used to right wrong, sarcasm becomes his probe, and bitterness his two-edged sword. Justly, mercilessly, he goes to the core of the wound. Study the biting truths in "Fool Friends"—you will find you have fallen in the category sometime. Read his scathing criticism of Tolstoi for the latter's ignoble view of love, and of Horace Greeley for his materialism. Few indeed are they who would dare attack these popular idols, but Ingersoll's points are fortified and justify themselves.

Being at heart a poet himself, and realizing thus the inspiration necessary to make true poetry, the writer censures bitterly what he calls "moral poets and medicinal poetry", saying aptly that "moral poetry is like a respectable canal that never overflows its banks". But when other poets treat of the beauties of nature, and I would not seem to minimize the beauty of either subject or treatment, Ingersoll dares to launch a new and striking idea: "Compared with what is in the mind of man, the outward world almost ceases to excite our wonder. The impression produced by mountains, seas and stars, is not so great, so thrilling as the music of Wagner. What are seas and stars compared with human hearts?"

Ingersoll, the orator, proclaims the dignity of labor, crying impatiently, "Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed imposter's hand?", always denouncing what the rabble has accepted from its masters, and in turn rescuing great ideas from the ashes of distrust which covered their humble promulgators. He says, "Let us have more science and more sentiment—more knowledge and more conscience—more liberty and more love!"

Ingersoll's freedom of utterance is possibly his oratorical power carried over to his pen, but whatever the source, therein lies charm for the reader. His clear and simple style, impassioned without soaring, combined with his originality and choice of words, recommends him to the hearts of American readers. If originality means the way of saying a thing instead of the content, or if it means both, this author is a master in the art. Who else could have said, "What a curious opinion dried apples must have of the fruit upon the tree!" or thought, "Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were mottoes to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy?" Who else had the same appreciation of "the love that kindled the creative flame and wrought the miracles of art, that gave us all there is of music, from the cradle-song that gives to infancy its smiling sleep to the great symphony that bears the soul away with wings of fire?"

Ingersoll has attained his own ideal of art: "To express desires, longings, ecstasies, prophecies and passions in form and color; to put love, hope, heroism, and triumph in marble; to paint dreams and memories with words; to portray the purity of dawn, the intensity and glory of noon, the tenderness of twilight, the splendor and mystery of night, with sounds; to give the invisible to sight and touch, and to enrich the common things of earth with gems and jewels of the mind—this is Art."



“Who?”

Margaret Blythe, '17, Adelpian

One September day the afternoon sun was flooding a little schoolroom with its warm light. Mr. Ware, trying to keep reasonable order among the restless school children until the clock's hands should creep around to three, found a very difficult task on his hands.

“No, George, you cannot get another drink of water before school closes. You have already—”

“Oh!—o-o. E-e-e-e!” What a dropping of books, snatching of skirts, and scrambling for tops of desks.

The cause? Did you see that long black tail disappear beneath the bookcase? That accounts for the pandemonium reigning among the girls, the snickers and smothered laughter among the boys.

Rap! Rap! Rap! on the wooden desk. In vain did the stern-faced teacher call for order and demand that the girls descend to their seats. Not a girl would trust her skirts near the floor till it was very clear that the rat was satisfied with its home beneath the bookcase. Finally the desk-climbers reluctantly crawled down from their perches and the laughter among the boys subsided.

But that was not the end by any means, as the strained silence showed, broken by the icy-toned question: “Who turned that rat loose in this room?”

Silence.

Louder and with rising anger in his voice, Mr. Ware repeated: “I asked *who* turned that rat loose in here?”

Again silence.

“George Winthrop, did you turn that rat loose?”

“No, sir.”

“Do you know who did?”

“No, sir.”

In turn each boy was questioned. No one seemed to have any idea who the owner of the rat had been till “Bill” Kinston, the next to the last of the boys, was reached.

“William Kinston, do you know who turned that rat loose?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Who?”

Silence.

“Who?” (With a stamp that shook the ink bottle dangerously.)

“Can’t tell, sir.”

“Move your seat to that chair by my desk at once!”

Thoroughly exasperated, Mr. Ware began on “Red” Cary, last in line.

“Jonathan, do you know who turned that rat loose in this school room?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Who?”

No one spoke.

In thundering tones, “Who?”

“Red” squirmed in his seat and fumbled with the ink well. At last he muttered, “I reckon I’d better go sit with ‘Bill’. I can’t tell you neither.”

“Yes, I think you had!”

* * * * * * *

In a few moments the bell for dismissal rang and the excited pupils filed out, with many a backward glance at the two culprits near the teacher’s desk.

With temper a little cooler, the teacher turned to the boys.

“William, you and Jonathan may just as well tell me who brought that rat to school. It came from your corner of the room. One of you is to blame, I know, and that one is in for a sound thrashing. *Which one of you did it?*”

No answer from the boys.

At length “Bill” muttered, “I’m not going to tell, sir.”

“Red”, with eyes on the floor, mumbled, “Same here.”

“Well,” and Mr. Ware spoke with the strongest determination in his voice, “both you boys may bring me a cane from beneath the table back there.”

For several moments not the tick of the clock, but the steady thud, thud of a stout rattan cane sounded through the room.

Then the remark, "There's no need for both of you boys to get a threshing which only one deserves; but such obstinacy as to who—"

Again the sound of the cane.

A few moments later two rather sullen boys slouched out of the room and on across the school grounds. Not until they had walked quite a way did "Bill" rather impatiently remark: " 'Red', of course he couldn't have ever made me tell, but I told you you'd better not bring that old rat to school."

"Bring that rat to school! Bring that—. I never," cried "Red". "Didn't you do it, 'Bill'?"

Both stopped short in their tracks.

"What? You didn't? 'I shore never.'"

"Well, who did?"

* * * * * *

As the janitor gave the schoolhouse floor a scrubbing that afternoon, the water, swishing past a hole in the wall in the corner near the boys' desks, sounded as if it were saying, "Who-o, who-o?"



Contributors' Club

The Old Oak

Annie Humbert, '15, Adelpian

Just in front of my home there stands a huge old oak about fourteen feet in circumference at shoulder height. How old this tree is no one knows, but its influence has spread like its branches, until, as a neighbor observed one day, it injures the crops in the fields half a mile away. Its branches, which resemble large trees, have a wide enough spread to shelter a dozen lumber wagons and quite frequently they are called upon to do it, for at one side about twenty feet away there is a well of cool, clear water which surpasses Saratoga, Hot Springs or Blowing Rock as a watering place. So potent is the magnetic influence of the place that no one is able to resist its attractions twice in succession.

The story is told in the neighborhood that thirty years ago the man who owned the place at that time spent so much of his leisure under the old oak that he finally built a bed on two of the lower branches, where he passed the balmy summer nights reflecting and listening to the songs of the whippoorwill and the frog. One Sunday morning a country minister on his way to a church several miles distant, espied this pretty nest. He ascended the ladder propped against the tree and, unable to resist the temptation, sat down to rest "just a minute". Soon deep sonorous breathing was the only sign of human presence. Later in the day a messenger from the sleeping minister's wondering flock found him peacefully reposing in his bower. Needless to say his slumbers were rudely disturbed.

But although the old tree may sometimes encourage the idle, it has proved a blessing to many a tired man and his

weary horse. And then the children love the old tree. Its long limbs are ideal for swings and its vast trunk furnishes a secure retreat from prying eyes in the unspeakable perils of hide-and-seek. On Sunday afternoons children of a larger growth are sometimes found with some amusing book in a nest of pillows on the chair-like roots of the monster tree. So the old tree has become a trysting-place for young and old and plays a large part in the pleasures and the labors of the neighborhood. Like the village commons of old England on week days, the people passing to and fro pause to exchange the greetings of the day and ask the price of cotton, while on Sundays it is the gathering place of all the neighbors' children and the resting place for their elders, where they come to discuss business or other less strenuous topics.

Diary of a Freshman

Sue Ramsey Johnston, '18, Cornelian

It was a rather excited, wondering, and naturally homesick Mary London who got off the train at Greensboro on September 16. She thought the car would never come and she decided that "Pomona" was the queerest name she had ever heard for a street car. On the way to the Normal, when she first saw the buildings of the college, someone said, "That is the State Prison for Young Females". She, however, understands that statement better now.

At last they reached the Normal. She thought the campus was undoubtedly the biggest place she had ever seen. Spencer was the longest, largest building in the world, it seemed. When she opened her room door she was the most disappointed, lonesome, and homesick person that ever was. She thought, "this room is so bare and so tiny. I do wonder how two people can ever live in it!"

When she went to her first regular meal in the dining-room, she decided that she never had seen so many girls. There were girls and nothing but girls—girls everywhere. She could hardly hear herself think for their chatter.

Mary could not become accustomed to being unknown and she was almost overcome by the strangeness of the place. Oh, if only someone would come up to her and greet her! It made her almost cry whenever she saw old girls greet each other. When she went to church at first she thought she would have to cry right there in church. The worst time of all, though, was when she got letters from home. She would have to cry a little over every letter, but if she didn't get any mail, it was even worse.

When Mary registered she did so with timidity and wonder, but when at the end of several weeks she got an invitation to what the "old girls" called "Miss Moore's reception", she went to Miss Moore scared almost to death. She, however, came out alive and she has been to other "receptions" since then.

One day Mary became very much excited when she received an invitation to the "Funny Paper Fair", which the Y. W. C. A. was to give to the new girls. She went and she laughed and laughed and laughed because it was so funny.

Not long after this Mary saw a card in her postoffice box which she thought was a package card, but when she opened her box she found that it was "a call at the laundry."

October 5 was Founder's Day and Mary listened to speeches all day. "Clean-up Day", November 4, Mary and all the other girls cleaned up their rooms. Mary was very much disappointed when she didn't win a prize.

The last afternoon of the Hygiene Lectures the new girls received their invitations to join the societies. The air was filled with excitement. Mary was very much delighted when she was a Cornelian. Then for a few days everybody thought initiation. There was talk of goats, greased poles, and laundry lists. The banquet was just grand.

Mary will never forget October 29, for it was on this date that she first went to the infirmary to stay. She spent three long, lonesome days and nights with Dr. Gove.

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen on November 24. Mary, of course, had one of the times of her life.

Thanksgiving Day, one of the few holidays, was very much enjoyed. They had such a good dinner, too.

From Thanksgiving till time to go home was so long Mary could hardly wait for the day to come when she would start for home. She hated to admit it even to herself, but she did, in a way, dislike to leave, especially when she realized how she would miss some of the girls whom she had learned to love. She, however, was almost wild with joy when the day came for her to actually go. I think she was perfectly contented when, on December 22, she met some Carolina boys and boarded the homeward bound train.

A Scene From a Mountain Top

Elizabeth Rountree, '18, Adelpian

After a long, hard tramp we found ourselves on the top of the highest peak of the Brushy Mountains in Western North Carolina. We stood on a huge rock that seemed to be cut straight down for about two hundred feet. From our position looking straight ahead, the uneven blue line of the distant Blue Ridge Mountains could be distinctly seen with old "Grandfather" Mountain and "Table Rock" standing out from the rest with their crests nestled in soft, fluffy clouds. Nearer, the mountains seemed to get smaller until they graded down into the beautiful valley of the Yadkin River. This stream could be traced for miles, sometimes losing itself behind high bluffs and then coming into view again in a village, looking like a silver thread through a cluster of tiny white dots, with here and there a line of smoke ascending into the blue sky. Then we could see a long crawling black object, a train, which followed closely the bank of the river. Just on this side of the river the land began to slope upward again and the hills grew larger until they became the densely wooded "Brushy" range. In between the mountains and oftentimes clinging to the steep sides were tiny one-room cabins which had small cleared spaces around them, and somewhere near were the inevitable orchards, which from our height resembled square, evenly set vegetable patches. Just at our feet we could see a tiny, gleaming thread, a mountain brook, and fol-

lowing this a little way we watched it boil through a rapid, pour white crested and foaming over a steep fall, and flow, quietly now, down by an old deserted grist mill and on into the deep, still hills.

Examination Time

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

What is the matter on the Normal campus this beautiful day? The skies are clear, white clouds float gently across the heavens, the sun shines with unwonted brightness, dainty little sparrows trip gaily about here and there. 'Tis a rare day for January.

But where are the troops of bright-faced, merry-eyed girls who but yesterday thronged the walks, laughing and chatting so merrily? Whence come in their stead these sombre groups of solemn-faced, weary-eyed young ladies, with thoughtful brows and dignified mien? Where is the stylishly arranged hair that adorned the heads but a few days ago? Why in its stead these simple, careless knots and braids, permitting the stray curls (?) to escape unhampered? Why no idlers strolling around, taking advantage of the beautiful day to steal a short pleasure walk? Why are all so engrossed as if in the contemplation of some weighty question. What can the matter be? What has wrought this sudden change? Ah, I see! 'Tis examination time.

Sunday Morning on the Farm

Juanita McDougald, '17, Cornelian

Contrary to the usual notion, the farm on Sunday morning is one of the happiest, jolliest places I know. If anyone of you could have accompanied me on a trip I recently made to the country, you would readily agree to this statement. Late one Saturday night I went off into dreamland with pleasant antici-

pation of a refreshing rest in quiet over Sunday. Just as I had closed my eyes, it seemed, but really about five o'clock, I became conscious of a sound very much like the chattering of sparrows, and on opening my eyes distinguished several white-robed children in the semi-darkness hanging over me in various precarious positions, discussing the new visitor. "S-s-sh," came in a stage whisper from one youngster perched on the head of the bed waving his arms wildly, "she's wriglin'-", and promptly tumbled headlong into me for his pains. Suddenly from somewhere in the distance—perhaps I thought from the sky—a stentorian voice summoned them to bed. After a reluctant promise—in reality a bribe—that I would go with them to church in the morning, they slipped softly away, one tiny tot lingering long enough to whisper that if I should wake "ve'y soon I could he'r de shickens havin' preachin', too".

A deep silence fell.

Just as day began to break I awoke, when all the world seemed waking to welcome a new life. All the roosters were heralding the dawn with their "cock-a-doo-dle-doo". Outside my window a mocking-bird, acting as choirmaster, sang with his heart on fire; and the bluebirds and sparrows twittered back with a joy that could be born only of a coming perfect day. Far away I could hear the low, mellow "moo-oo" of the mother cow, the answering "mear-rub" of the baby calf, and the deep, roaring "A-a-o-m," softened by the distance of the big father cow, as he announced the rising sun. From the yard came happy laughter of children, enjoying a morning romp, mingled with the joyous bark of a dog and the quick, intermittent "mews" of a cat as he was swung into the air by his tail. Just then over the trees the sun, like a great golden disc, rose to verify the impression the whole world was giving out.

After breakfast "church-time" came. Old Dobbin was driven to the front gate with the surrey. Here he stood patiently for an hour, at the end of which a group of white-dressed, be-starched children tumbling wildly over each other in a mad race to be the first one there, squeezed themselves into two-inch spaces only to find that three-year-old Glenn was

missing. A search party immediately set out for the orchard, the pasture, and the "what not" of the country home. She was found asleep in the swing under the tree where Dobbin stood. In the confusion, Lois, the next baby, had been lost. Scarcely had we set out wearily but enthusiastically—you have to be enthusiastic in a crowd of children—than she appeared, a veritable sponge, dripping pools of water as she came. She had been "es' lookin' in de tross for G'enn" at the barnyard and "sell" in, she explained. A quick change of clothing and we were off at last. And I had gotten my rest, too.

Midnight Revelry

Annie Beam, '16, Adelpkian

Poets may sing of the tender stillness of the night, of its rest and peace, of great nature's soothing her tired children, but what genius has ever been able fitly to describe the effect of a fire alarm in the dead of night? Echo answers, "Who"?

However, several people in the north wing of Spencer might give you a very graphic description of a fire (?) that occurred not long ago. It was during examination week, and this fact only "lent enchantment".

We Normalites had for several hours been playing with the dreamland fairies, listening to their marvelous tales and following them in their careless sport. Listen! A nervous tap on our door is answered by a sleepy, "Come."

"Girls, they smell smoke upstairs, and two men have gone up there, and a whole lot of girls are out there." Needless to say we lost no time in leaving our downy couches and adding ourselves to the general confusion. Half-way up the steps a very weird scene met our eyes. There were the legs of a man dangling down from the trap-door overhead, and making such picturesque movements that if our minds had been calm we might have thought he was practicing some new dance. Reaching the landing we met a rather variegated assembly, all of whom were vigorously exercising their olfac-

tory senses in a vain effort to locate the elusive source of that smoke smell. Two study tables, surmounted by a six-foot ladder, spanned the perpendicular distance from the floor to the trap-door. The fractional part of a man that we had seen was nothing more nor less than the last point at which the night watchman was visible to the naked eye as he passed up into the attic to continue the search for the fire.

How anxiously the little crowd listened to his fumbling steps as he walked around over the heads of sleeping maidens, hunting for the fire with a flashlight.

At length he reappeared from among the cobwebs and "local color" of the attic and gave a very detailed account of his investigations, reporting that he could find no sparks, no crossed wires, no smouldering flame—nothing that could cause spontaneous combustion.

Again we sniffed in every crack and cranny, sniffed until we felt like bloodhounds, but not a sign of smoke did we discover, though still there was that inexplicable smell of something burning. At length, assured by the watchman that he would keep a careful vigilance on that part of the building for the remainder of the night, we finally adjourned, but did not soon sleep.

Early next morning the report began to spread until it resembled an ascending geometric progression, getting supplemented by vivid imaginations on all sides. Finally the whole affair was explained. A certain fair damsel had spent the latter part of study hour burning love letters in a bowl in her room. She had closed transom, door and window to keep in the smoke—but the smell came out!



State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies.

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VOL. XIX

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5

The attitude on the part of the students toward student government really began to develop last spring when this subject was being discussed. The girls then thought seriously about what it would mean if they did govern themselves. They realized then that if they made their own rules they would have to abide by them. If they felt inclined to visit during study hour it would no longer be a question of the teacher's not seeing, but it would be one of honor.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The next thing that changed their attitude was the fact that the Seniors were going to give up Senior Hall, the height of their ambition for two years, and go to all of the dormitories. Through the Seniors' influence almost all of the old girls left Spencer, that place most to be desired in the past. This year the lamentations were not heard that had gone up in other years when the new girls were told that their rooms were not in Spencer. One girl, when asked where she roomed, actually said: "Oh, I room in that horrid old Spencer!" Imagine anything like that if you can.

The new girls have not become fully acquainted with the mysteries of self-government, but they are trying right loyally. And we hope that next year we may have as hearty co-operation from the new girls as they have given us this year. We had splendid proof of this co-operation from new and old girls alike at initiation when the girls stayed in their rooms and kept study hour instead of having a big time. We feel that that was a great test of self-control and in that way of self-government, because one of the aims of self-government is to develop self-control.

A. S.

“Silent companions of the lonely hour.
 Friends, who can never alter nor forsake,
 Let me return to you.”

BOOKS

A part of every girl's education is learning the real value of books, not the publisher's price, but their real worth, help, comfort and friendship. It is not until we have this added appreciation that we learn to love them and turn to them for solace and find in them not so much printed matter, but the real thought of the world, the very heart throbs of the great human family. “It is an eternal court ever open for you with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its day—the chosen and the mighty of every place and time.” Can we afford to be deprived of our friends in print, to miss this rare heritage of the ages? We cannot always be near our human friends; we need never be far from our books.

Then let us assume a more sympathetic attitude toward all our books, and by closer study, enriched by this deeper sympathy, let us find in them ever-present, never-failing friends.

“If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,
 Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.”

A. B.

To be extensive or intensive—that is the Senior's problem.

From her own standpoint there is much to be said on both sides. Is it better to make many friendly acquaintances, or a few good friends?

The preference depends on temperament in the end, but considering still from a selfish or at least a nar-

**IN BEHALF OF
 THE SENIOR**

row viewpoint, the Senior wants both. She wants friends among lower classmen for a more personal link with her Alma Mater in the following years; she wants them because she likes them very much indeed for their own particular sakes, because they have opinions worth remembering, and because they are more enthusiastic than the ever-approaching ordeal of facing the world will let her be; she even wants them because she hopes to be able in some small way to help them over the pitfalls she stumbled into; most of all she wants them because it is good to know that somebody really cares something about you because you are you, and not for association's sake.

On the other hand, what of her classmates, the true and the tried, whom she loves for what they have meant in the past, and even already begins to regard from the viewpoint that the halo of memory will soon give? Is she to neglect them? It is manifestly impossible to keep both sorts of friends, for a Senior's life is busier than anybody can imagine who does not know. She meets the old friends in a hundred different activities every day, therefore you say the new should be sought at all other opportunities, but it is far easier to cling to the old than to try the new; besides, your *best* friend is pretty liable to be a classmate and you nearly always have something to tell her at every spare minute; above all, there is such a little time longer in which to keep these same close bonds of friendship just as they are, or make them a little stronger. Therefore, the average Senior is unconsciously, or sometimes consciously, intensive, an attitude which is regarded by other classmen sometimes with regret, sometimes with tolerance and sometimes with criticism. It is seldom that a Senior strikes the happy medium—indeed the happy medium is distressingly elusive when one is striking at it, so be lenient and remember that when you reach Seniorhood, it will still be a problem to be solved by each and every individual.

C. W.

The title of this little editorial is cribbed, it must be confessed, from an old novel; there is nothing original in **PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE** it. But let us consider again how we may apply it to ourselves. When we are angry with someone that we feel has treated us badly, just let us stop

for a moment and put ourselves in that someone's place. Nine times out of ten the conduct which before angered us will appear reasonable in this new light. We will understand then, and once we have understood we are on a fair way to forgiveness.

Not only will putting yourself in the other fellow's place help you to get along better with your friends, but it will also develop in you greater breadth of mind and soundness of judgment. You will learn to look on all questions from both sides, you will grow to distrust snap judgments, and will form your opinions, not on the first hasty view, but only after cool deliberation. The habit of "putting yourself in his place" will make you a better poised woman. A. J. S.





Young Women's Christian Association

Mazie Kirkpatrick, Vice-President

During the month of January the Sunday evening vesper services have been as follows: January 10, Mr. J. Norman Wills, of Greensboro, talked on "The Sacrifice of Christ Practically Manifested". January 17, Miss Coit talked on "John as a Teacher". January 24, Miss Lelia Tuttle, of McTyre Mission, Shanghai, China, told of her work in the field. January 31, Mr. Robinson, father of our English faculty member, Miss Dora May Robinson, spoke on "The Highest Aim in Life".

The Wednesday evening prayer services for January have been: January 6, Mrs. Lacy Little spoke on "China". January 13, Miss Amy Smith, Executive Secretary of the South Atlantic Field, and Miss Ada Starkweather, City and Industrial Secretary for the same field, had charge of the meeting. Miss Smith spoke very interestingly on "A Perfect Structure for Christ". On January 20, our own Miss Miller led the meeting and told of the life of Miss Dodge, the late President of the National Young Women's Christian Association. On January 27, Dr. Peritz, Professor of Semitics and Biblical Literature, Syracuse University, lectured, giving lantern slides on "How We Got Our Bible."

The college was very fortunate in having Dr. Peritz, one of the most versed and most widely-known lecturers of his kind, deliver a lecture at the college January 27. With the use of lantern slides, Dr. Peritz most eloquently gave the history of the present Bible. Miss Lelia Tuttle, a former graduate of the college, who has been in China for some years, visited the college January 20-24, inclusive. Everyone was very much interested to hear Miss Tuttle tell of her work in the mission field.

On the evening of February 5, Miss Miller, our General Secretary, will address the Woman's Club of Salisbury. Miss Miller will leave for Salisbury Friday noon, returning Saturday.

Miss Louise Maddrey has been elected by the student body to attend a series of meetings at Chapel Hill conducted by John R. Mott, February 12-14.

We are hoping to have as many as twelve or fifteen girls attend the Student Volunteer Conference which is to be held in Charlotte, Feb. 18-20.



Among Ourselves

Carey Wilson

The following resolutions were adopted at the last meeting of the Board of Directors:

Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the State Normal and Industrial College:

First, That in the death of Miss Sue May Kirkland, Lady Principal of the College for twenty-two years, the Institution has lost one of its most faithful and efficient officers; the young women of the State, a sympathetic friend, and the State of North Carolina, a most valuable citizen.

Second, That we recall with pride, pleasure and gratitude, the loyalty of Miss Kirkland to the Institution; her sweet and uniform courtesy to all the officers and faculty of the Institution; her gentle and friendly sympathy and helpfulness to the young women, and her cheerful optimism under all conditions and circumstances.

Third, That we cordially endorse the tribute paid Miss Kirkland by President Foust in his report.

Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Board of Directors, published in the Normal College Magazine, and sent to the family of the deceased.

The first of the historical publications of the Normal College has just come from press. It is "Ante-Bellum Builders of North Carolina," by R. D. W. Conner, Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, and is really the third of a series, being published in order to be used in the history work this spring, before its two logical predecessors, "Race Elements in the White Population of North Carolina," and "Revolutionary Leaders in North Carolina," both of which are now in press, pending early presentation. Each of these three publications consists of a set of lectures delivered here by Mr. Connor in recent years, and published by the college. They are edited by Professor W. C. Jackson, head of the History Department, under the auspices of which a number of further historical works will appear.

Dr. Hugh Black, of New Jersey, theologian, lecturer, minister, and teacher, gave an address, "America Through Scotch Spectacles," on the evening of January 22. Dr. Black spoke of the American language, American politics, and American temperament, pointing out the unusual features in each, the strong and the weak points. The lecture was as

delightful as it was interesting, and left in the mind of every listener an abundance of Scotch-American wisdom to be pondered over.

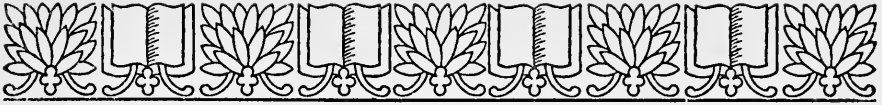
Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, head of the Mathematics Department, gave recently an entertaining and instructive lecture to her Junior and Senior classes, on Sir Isaac Newton. Other members of the faculty were present, and Miss Strong and Miss Potwine, of the same branch of instruction, each read a brief item about the scientist under discussion.

A delightful incident of the past month was the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Alderman to the college. Dr. Alderman, now President of the University of Virginia, has always been a very loyal and efficient North Carolinian, and was doubly welcomed at the college as the close personal friend of Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, and also as Dr. McIver's co-worker for the establishment of education for women in North Carolina.

We are very sorry to note the absence of Miss Lingg on account of the death of her sister in New York City. Another absence among the faculty is caused by the illness of Mr. Merritt, Professor of Psychology. Mr. Merritt has been obliged to give up his work for an indefinite period, which will, we hope, be terminated by a speedy restoration.

Poor health has also caused Merrill Shelton, of Canton, a member of the Senior class, to drop out of her place in school. She hopes to be able to return next year, to graduate then with the class of 1916.

The spring term began January 26, with renewed hope and courage on the part of all students. The Registrar reports good work in general during the past term, and the examination period passed with less excitement and disturbance than in many years, a good omen for the spring.



Exchange Department

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

The January number of the University Magazine contains some very good material, the story entitled "Cholly" being especially commendable. This story amusingly relates the complicated and humorous experiences of two boys whose mutual resemblance was so great that they were invariably mistaken for each other. In a clear and simple manner the author cleverly untangles each complex situation. He also possesses the skill of making the impossible seem a reality. The story is scarcely probable, since in actual life the pretended "Cholly" would necessarily have, in some manner, betrayed his identity to his daily associates. In this story we find a beautiful representation of the strong ties of friendship and loyalty possible between two boys. "The Noisome Pestilence", though not so good as the story just mentioned, possesses merit as a humorous story. It consists of amusing boyish pranks used by college students in subduing the unduly egotistic character of one of their fellow students. Some of the poetry, likewise, deserves creditable mention for its beauty of thought. The poem entitled "A Plain Tramp Glorified", reveals the all-sufficing power of love to make beautiful and glorify even the mission of a tramp. "Your Looking" is characterized by a distinct note of optimism. After reading it one cannot help but experience a certain sensation of buoyancy and a renewed purpose to look for the brightest and best things in life. We are pleased to note that the University Magazine has resumed its exchanges and that the criticisms contained therein show careful judgment and discrimination.

The December number of The Chimes comes to us as an especially welcome guest from Shorter College. No name could possibly be more suitable for this magazine than "The Chimes", for its contents, both poetry and prose, seem to be chiming out Christmas cheer and happiness. The attractive manner in which this magazine is arranged is no less commendable than its subject matter. The variety of material, too, as well as the well-proportioned departments, is noticeable. The departments of Science, History, French, Art, Music, Domestic Science, Athletics and Expression all are composed of interesting and helpful subject matter. The superiority of this magazine, which is published quarterly, makes us stop and consider whether it is not better to put all of our energy, ability, and finance into quarterly publications than to distribute them in inferior monthly publications, as do the majority of our colleges.



In Lighter Vein

Annie Beam

The Systematic Giving Plan is unquestionably the best and most logical. However, one new girl was heard to remark: "You know I feel dreadfully hurt; I didn't get one of those 'sympathetic' envelopes."

History teacher: "Will someone please tell me briefly the cause of the war of 1812?"

Pupil, with quick response: "It was simply this: The English were compressing American seamen."

It is remarkable how much pure originality and unadulterated ingenuity some people have for misinterpretation. During Community Service Week we observed one day known as Good Roads Day on which we honestly and dutifully intended to rake our campus and sweep our walks. The weather man was not then disturbed by the fact that he was not selling his cation and so he favored us with a nice, good old easy-going, lazy rain which, however, made the campus unrakable. There was one conscientious maiden who was quite disturbed and in the quiet of her own room confided to her roommate: "You know, I think it awfully strange up here; where I live we never work on the roads on *communion* days!"

Who said, "There is nothing new in the world?" Hear the Latest Discoveries in Science:

"We must use a toothbrush or meet a Dr. bill, and the instructor queried, 'Dr. Bill who'?"

"In thunderstorms the lactic acid in the atmosphere gets into the milk and makes it sour."

"Cold storage places must be kept at a certain temperature and not allowed to fall below it, for then they will multiply if hidden away in some part of it, and grow, becoming a great destroyer later."

* Little Miss Sophie
Sat on a sofie
Crammin' her mathemat'.
Then up she arose,
Wisdom to disclose,
But down again she sat!

* Had you rather be a
Soph. or Little Jack Horner?

A Sophomore Latin student, in comparing St. John's Vision of Heaven to Virgil's Vision of the Elysian Fields, carefully brought out the fact that Virgil saw no "cheraphim and serubim".

Land of Happy Hooligan's Nativity,
No Box Number, because key is lost.

Dear Mutter:

Examinations are over, those awful terrible, hair-raising times when you try your very dead level best to make the wise faculty think you know something that you know that they know that you don't know. And, by the way, I might add that I have drawn my first good breath since Christmas. Ever since I have been here I have been struck by the novelty of ways and means employed. For instance, a few days after the examinations a very common inquiry among the student body is, "Have you got any Moore cards?" which means, "Have you received an invitation to attend Miss Moore's 'At Home'?" The reception itself is the principal thing, however.

After being subjected to the receiving line, one passes into the inner chamber, which is impressively lighted with green electricity and hence very awe-inspiring. There the hostess, from among a mass of programs, reports, excuses, et cetera, finds a duplicate of my invitation and proceeds to inform that I am neither a modern Euclid or a protégé of Pliny and that for my enjoyment, I should have—some graham crackers and cocoa?—No! I guess I am hungry, but what she really said was, "a second course in the aforementioned."

But, mother, my report is not half so artistically adorned with beautiful curly figures (6, 5,) as most of them are. So be lenient to your

PRISCILLA.

