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State Normal Magazine.

A RECIPE FOR SANITY.

BY HENRY RUTHERFORD ELIOT.

Are you worsted in a fight?

Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles,

Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after,

There's no recipe like laughter—

Laugh it off.

—*Century.*

THE VALUE OF FORESTS.

ELIZABETH WITHERINGTON HICKS.

(This Essay won for its writer the Whitsett Prize at the Commencement of 1906.)

It is time that the Appalachian Reserve Bill, which provides for the protection of the forest of the Appalachian Mountains, should be passed by Congress. While the bill is pending the peaks of this range are being stripped of their forests. In New Hampshire, so ruthlessly have the trees been cut from the White Mountains, that now, but little, here and there, of the primeval forest remains. In our own State a similar condition must soon exist, since much of the growth of the Blue Ridge Mountains has already been cut. Last year Mount Pisgah was sold and as a result of the sale this peak will soon be cleared of its great trees that have been standing for a thousand years or more.

This removal of the forests from the mountains of a country means far more than the mere loss of standing timber. It means that the prosperity of that country is endangered; for the forests hold the soil of the mountain or hill-side in place, influence the climate, and effect the streams.

Beneath all forests is found much vegetable matter composed of leaves, twigs, old moss, and decaying plants, all of which form a sponge-like substance, and serve to keep porous the soil beneath. As the rain falls it is battered into spray by the limbs and leaves of the trees; this spray is absorbed by the spongy substance, from which much of it passes into the soil. Now if the trees are cut, the rain, unbroken by limb or leaf, falls with full force to the ground, and in a few years bears from the slope the spongy substance, and at the same time packs the once porous soil. After this has been accomplished every rain tends to wear away the soil, and although this process is slow it is nevertheless sure. Near Atlanta, Georgia, there was at one time a well forested mountain. Sometime ago the trees of this forest were cut. The result of this

removal is that almost all the soil has been washed into the valley surrounding the mountain, and the mountain itself is now little more than a rocky knob. Mount Lebanon, in Syria, presents another example of how soil is worn, by rains, from mountains, after the forest has been destroyed. Long ago, the mountain supplied the surrounding country with timber; at some time this timber was cut away and now the mountain is little else than bare rock and dreary wastes.

Not only does a forest hold the mountain and hill-side soil in place, it also influences the climate of a country. This it may do by regulating the rain-fall. Science teaches that trees draw moisture from the earth, and send this moisture into their leaves. These give out the moisture to the air, whence it descends in showers or in snow. Since this is true, it is evident that a well-forested country receives much rain, while one deprived of its forests receives but a scant supply. In 1859, on the Isthmus of Suez, where rain had rarely, if ever been known, there were fourteen rainy days. This fact is attributed to the planting, at an earlier date, of large plantations of trees. As a result of the planting of orchards in the Salt Lake Valley, the rain-fall has greatly increased, and the water of the Great Salt Lake has again risen, and is each year increasing. In 1845 the forests in Algiers, Africa, were cut down. As a result of this, Colonel Playfair, British consul to that country, in a report to the home government says: "During the first twelve years since 1838, from which time meteorological observations have been carried on in Algiers, the rain-fall averaged 32 inches annually. During the second twelve years it had decreased to 30.8 inches, and during the last fourteen years it has been but 25.5 inches."

Forests further effect the climate of a country, by protecting it, to a certain degree, from winds. Before the winter of 1892, when the forest in Northern Florida was sold and cut away, it was unnecessary to protect the orange trees. During the spring of 1893, a cold wind from the Great Lakes, unimpeded, penetrated into the very heart of Florida, and destroyed almost the entire orange crop. It is said that on the morning

after the storm, oranges that had been blown from the trees might be seen for miles lying along certain railroad tracks. Now planters find it necessary to protect the orange trees until the fruit is gathered. In addition to the wind-storm, there is the sand-storm that results from the destruction of forests. In the sandy regions of Arkansas, where great tracts of timber have been destroyed, these storms are both frequent and destructive. Buildings are destroyed by the force of the wind. Persons who are caught in such storms are often killed unless they stretch themselves upon the ground, in order to avoid the sting of the sand.

Moreover, the forests of a country effect its streams. How the spongy substance found beneath trees absorbs the rainfall has already been explained. This sponge serves as a reservoir to hold the water falling in rain or in snow. From this natural reservoir the water "gradually and regularly flows into springs, streams, and rivers, and maintains them at their natural levels." When the forest is removed, most of the water rushes off to the sea, bearing with it both the sponge and much of the soil. Very little water is absorbed by the soil to feed the rivers. Much of this soil is deposited in the riverbeds and thus makes the rivers more shallow. About three generations ago, before the forests were cut from the Blue Ridge, the Cape Fear River was navigable to Fayetteville "for light-draft ocean vessels drawing five and one-half feet." Its average depth at Fayetteville then was six or seven feet; now it is twenty-one inches for eight months in the year. For the same reason the Connecticut River is scarcely navigable; the Kennebec, Merrimac, and Potomac rivers have lost one-fourth of their volume, and the Hudson River has lost one-sixth of its volume.

The absorption of rain-water by the forest growth not only signifies that the rivers will continually be fed, but that floods will be prevented. In preventing floods the forests render their grandest service to a country, for the prevention of floods in many instances means the preservation of life; in almost all instances it means the protection of property. The destruc-

tive force of rains, when unchecked by forests, is well illustrated by the floods that occurred among the Blue Ridge Mountains in the spring and fall of 1901. In May, 1901, the farms lying along the uplands of the Catawba River for two hundred miles were laid waste. This loss to the farmers of that region was one million dollars. In August of the same year the floods of the Catawba lowlands added a loss of five hundred thousand dollars. The May flood swept the valleys of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. These States together lost seven million dollars worth of property as a result of the floods. If to this amount are added the losses caused by other storms that occurred during the spring and summer, it will be seen that the damage amounts to about ten million dollars.

Finally forests clothe the country in beauty, covering the earth with trees of various leafage and of many colors. Then how necessary it is that we should preserve our forests *now*. "Now," a certain writer has said, "is the time to work if we are to be blessed and not cursed by the people of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. The nation that neglects its forests is surely destined to ruin."

SOME COLLEGE PRANKS.

BY MYRA HUNTER.

"When I was a young man at ——— Institute," said Uncle Will, who had been requested by his two nephews to tell them a story of his college days, "my chum, Harry Sherwood, and I were rather addicted to playing pranks upon the faculty. Owing either to good luck, which seems to follow some people, or else on account of Harry's adroit management, we usually came off without detection. But I remember two instances where we were not so fortunate.

"One afternoon, as Harry and I were returning from a walk, we passed the carriage house of Professor Montgomery, who lived near the campus. 'Let's carry off old Monty's chariot,' said Harry, turning suddenly to me. 'Agreed,' said I, always ready for anything which Harry proposed. Just then we heard the tread of a horse behind us in the soft sand of the road, and the professor himself passed on horseback. He was apparently absorbed in thought and paid no attention to us. Feeling assured, therefore, that he had not overheard us, we proceeded with our plans for removing the carriage. We decided to get two other boys to join us—for the vehicle was a heavy one—and at about midnight to roll the carriage out and take it to the bottom of a long hill a quarter of a mile distant and leave it there beside the road.

"At ten minutes past twelve o'clock that night, four laughing boys dropped the tongue of the professor's carriage and turned to retrace their steps homeward. But just then the curtains parted, and a head was thrust out of the carriage. 'Young gentlemen,' said the professor in a bland voice, 'I have enjoyed my ride very much. If you will now take me back, I shall be obliged to you.' If a thunderbolt had fallen among us, we could not have been more surprised. We looked at one another in consternation, but there was clearly nothing to do but to return with the carriage. After half an hour's hard work, with many backward slips, we arrived at the place from

which we had set out. Needless to say, our frame of mind had undergone quite a change, and the situation was not made more pleasant by our hearing the professor softly chuckling to himself as we turned to leave, after rolling the heavy vehicle back into the house.

"We lived in fear and trembling for the next week, but the professor appeared to have forgotten all about us, and beyond indulging in a broad smile whenever he saw one of us, he never, in any way, referred to the episode.

"As might be supposed, the memory of this escapade kept us out of mischief for some time, but about a month later Harry came to my room one night and proposed another frolic. This time it was chicken stealing. The professor with whom we boarded had a good many chickens, and they were accustomed to roost in a large low cedar tree at the back of the house.

"After waiting until we thought all the family were asleep, we cautiously let ourselves out of the house by way of my window, which was near the ground. I got up into the tree while Harry stood beneath to take the chickens as I passed them down. Establishing myself in a secure position, I slipped one hand slowly along the limb and grasped the nearest chicken by the legs, seizing its neck with my other hand to prevent any squawking. I then passed the fowl down to my companion, remarking as I did so, 'Here is old Mose.' This was the name by which the professor was commonly known among us. In like manner I captured a second chicken and passed it down. Noticing that my companion was very silent, I softly called to him, but, without responding, he stole from beneath the tree and disappeared around the corner of the house. I slipped to the ground and stood still for a few moments, thinking that Harry must have heard some noise and sought to hide himself.

"I was amazed then to see him emerge from behind the smoke-house, which stood not far away. He told me that he had seen the professor come out of the house before I had caught my first chicken, and that to avoid being caught, he

had slipped away. He thought that I also had seen the newcomer and would keep quiet, and thus escape being discovered in the thick boughs of the tree. But the professor had evidently taken in the situation at a glance, and had stepped into Harry's place beneath the tree and received the chickens as I passed them down. Harry had seen it all from his hiding-place.

"Chagrined and mortified we returned to our rooms, but there was not much sleep for either of us that night.

"The next day we had the chickens for dinner, and the professor asked with perfect gravity and politeness if we would have some of 'old Mose.' That we ate with little relish it is hardly necessary to say, and our feelings may be better imagined than described.

"The story soon became known among the boys, and the twittings we received at their hands we did not forget for many a long day."

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY RENA LASSITER.

Instead of becoming too much absorbed in our daily newspaper or the latest magazine, let us glance for a moment at some old files of papers, and see what kind of periodical our grandfathers knew. We pull out an old sheet yellowed with age and find that it bears the name "The Carolina Intelligence," and was printed at Shelby, N. C., on November 15, 1855. It claims to be "A Family Journal; Devoted to Religion, Education, Temperance, and General Intelligence." The publisher's name we find to be J. G. Scharb, but unfortunately the editor's name has been obliterated.

Glancing over the first page we see that half of it is filled with an article which bears the long title "Minutes of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Broad River Association, convened with the Shelby church, Cleveland county, N. C., October 19, 1855, and two days following." The rest of the first page is occupied by a circular letter, dealing with the "characteristics" of a minister of Christ's church, and the "duties of the churches in regard to them." Another long article is entitled "Two Pictures." This consists of a somewhat wordy and indefinite description of two scenes: the first, a hospitable home where peace and plenty dwell; the second, a cheerless home, where no stranger finds a welcome or even admission. A title which seems unusual is "Five Arguments against Card-playing." The article is written with all the strength of a man speaking his deep convictions.

Ah! here is a little paragraph which our modern knowledge of the steam-engine makes interesting. It reads thus: "A distinguished writer on the steam-engine thus speaks of its power. It is stupendous alike for its force and flexibility, for the prodigious power which it can exercise, and the ease, precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal or

crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out without breaking a thread as fine as a gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider, forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the waters." And here let us pause to recollect that a writer of perhaps a little earlier time objected to the locomotive because "fast travel is injurious to the human heart." He claimed that a rate of twelve miles an hour could not be maintained without injuring the heart.

Returning to the perusal of our old paper we find that several columns are filled with "communications, usually of a religious nature." There is a story of a missionary and a dying man. One very interesting announcement states that H. W. Guion, Esq., President of the Wilmington and Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad Company, has several appointments on the line between Wilmington and Charlotte, to address the people in order to raise sufficient stock to build the road.

Among the articles advertised we find patent medicines, book agents, land and land sales, fruit trees, white lead, Webster's Dictionary, and several periodicals and schools. There is a notice of a paper called "The Western Democrat and Yorkville Citizen." This is said to have a news department and a literary and miscellaneous department, edited by W. B. McCreight, who is characterized as a bold and fearless writer, an advocate of *Southern Rights* and *Southern Independence*. In defence of the "fun department," the couplet "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," is used. Another interesting publication which is noticed in "The Carolina Intelligence" is "Godey's Lady Book" for 1855, the twenty-fifth year of its publication by the same publisher. It is said to contain one hundred pages of reading matter, besides steel fashion plates (colored), designs for knitting, netting and embroidery, easy lessons in drawing and music, Godey's invaluable receipts, diagrams and plans for houses, patterns for childrens' dresses, embroidery and Broiderie Anglaise patterns. The price is \$3 for a single copy.

We find notices of several boarding schools. One is the

Odd Fellow's Female Institute at Shelby. Rates of tuition are said to be moderate, and punctual attendance is urged by Mr. J. M. Newsom, "disciplinarian, and teacher of the English branches, Mathematics, etc., and Mrs. W. B. Smith, teacher of Music, French, and the ornamental branches." Another educational institution is a private boarding school for girls, under the charge of Mrs. W. J. Alexander, of Lincolnton. The rates are as follows:

Board per month.....	\$ 9.00
Tuition, Senior Department.....	15.00
Tuition, Junior Department.....	12.00
Music, (Piano).....	20.00
Music, (Guitar).....	10.00
French ..	12.00
Drawing ..	5.00
Needle Work.....	5.00

This gives us some idea of the instruction given our grandmothers and the price they paid.

We fold our sheet of yellowed paper and place it back carefully with other mementoes of old Southern days.

REPORTING A CONVENTION.

BY CLARA BYRD.

The convention that I have in mind was of a religious character. Then, for the first time, I was brought face to face with the real, uncompromising work of reporting. At the end of four days when I emerged with several well-filled note books, I knew something of what it means to contest and to win.

The first meeting was held in the evening. After the opening hymn and prayer, which were recorded, several impromptu speeches were made before the regular program was taken up. Two gentlemen made each a five minutes' talk, speaking in a very deliberate manner. They were followed by a lady who was breathless with haste to "say what she had to say and stop." It is needless to add that the reporter was hasty also. Next came the addresses which had been previously prepared. These were delightful to take. Every word used seemed to express the exact shade of meaning desired, and every sentence was complete; consequently the task of reporting was made easier. I recall that evening's work very vividly because I was then getting acquainted with the task before me.

The day sessions of the Convention were devoted almost exclusively to the meeting of various Committees and the reading of reports, which required little note-taking. Occasionally, however, the delegates engaged in a rapid discussion over some point at issue. Speakers rose in quick succession in different parts of the house to "express their especial views." Sometimes two or three were clamoring for the floor at once. At such a time, the reporter must be a "minute-woman"—even more than that. She must be able to adjust herself instantly to different degrees of rapidity in speech; to drop one speaker, skip a line or two of her note book, write the name of the new speaker and what he has to say. Care should be taken to get each name correct.

The following evening the main feature was an address by a woman. She adopted a quick, animated, narrative style of speaking which made the reporting something more than fun,

Though women do not usually employ so extensive a vocabulary as men, yet, as a rule, they are more difficult to report.

The next evening the principal address of the Convention was also made by a woman. She began to speak in a conversational manner, but like a wheel that gathers momentum with each revolution, she was soon speeding away at a rate that was almost paralyzing. The words seemed fairly to trip and tumble over one another as they fell from her lips. And the reporter—where was she? Faces had faded from sight. The noises on the street had passed into silence. The reporter was in a world of oblivion, conscious only of the note book before her and the merciless voice above her. Once I thought, "My speaker is getting away from me." Happily, she was using a series of expressions to reach a climax, changing only the final word of each clause. I quickly made ditto marks under the repeated parts, inserted the final words in shorthand, then gathered a group of words together into a phrase, and I was close upon my speaker. Another phrase or two, she paused for breath and I had overtaken her. During this time the pressure upon me was so great that my notes actually narrowed down to two or three forms on a line.

One of the most finished and scholarly speakers that I have ever heard addressed the Convention at its last two sessions on Sunday morning and evening. His speech was continuous—not a break, not a repetition, hardly a pause. Under such smooth, even delivery as his, the hand is trained to glide swiftly from line to line, which enables one to make with more facility the rather large and sweeping outlines that are so much easier read than small, cramped notes.

While reporting these two addresses I was more forcibly impressed than ever before with the fact that to be a successful reporter one must be well-read. Almost every speaker makes frequent references, especially in illustrations, to persons eminent in the world of art, literature and science, many of them having the long, unintelligible foreign names. If the reporter is not familiar with these names, it is impossible for her to understand well enough to give them the shorthand forms;

consequently the force of the illustration is lost. I remember that this last speaker referred to Stradivarius, the celebrated maker of violins; to Bassili Verestchagin, the famous Russian painter of battle scenes; to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the renowned musician, and to many others that I do not recall. When I heard these names, my familiarity with them enabled me to write them instantly and pass on. Often, too, ludicrous errors in transcribing, caused by similarity in outline, may be avoided by a little general knowledge. Sometimes it is even well to know the name of a national flag. Recently a friend of mine who had attempted something in the reporting line for her own pleasure came to me somewhat puzzled over the meaning of a sentence which she had transcribed thus: "We gazed with admiration upon the union, dog, and the Stars and Stripes." The speaker had really said: "We gazed with admiration upon the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes." One familiar with shorthand immediately sees how the error occurred. For a truth, a reporter should "know something about everything, and everything about something." By the last I mean shorthand, if that be possible.

I confess that reporting this Convention was strenuous work. I confess also that I liked it. I liked to feel the "fever of the chase"—the chase after words, and I liked to feel the strength that came when my power had had a good test. Afterwards my daily work seemed greatly lightened.

And now let me add that to those of us who pay allegiance to shorthand as stenographers, the ability to write shorthand at a reporting rate is of incalculable benefit; for the consciousness that we have at our command a great reserve force that can be brought into instant action creates confidence, and confidence is the very pulse of success in the shorthand world. Indeed, if I should be asked *how* to report a Convention, the basis of my reply would be: "Believe you can do it."

WOMAN AT WORK.

At the beginning of 1906 women physicians were practicing successfully in 123 cities and towns in England and Wales, 46 in Scotland and 20 in Ireland. In 63 cities and towns in India, 14 in China, and 10 in South Africa, there were women practitioners. Seventeen women have been Gold Medallists at London University since 1881. The Englishwoman's Year-Book for 1906 shows a long list of hospitals in the United Kingdom which have women on their staffs.

In Australia and New Zealand women hold many important medical positions. In Victoria alone, thirteen women hold medical appointments in hospitals. Canada has the fewest women doctors of any of the larger British colonies, but the professorship of physiology at Bishop's College, Montreal, and the directorship of the clinical laboratory in the Royal Victoria Hospital of the same city, are held by Dr. Maria Bruere, an M. D. of the Universities of Paris and Edinburgh.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell is adding to her work and reputation as one of the greatest living historians. She is contributing to the American Magazine a history of "The Tariff in Our Times."

Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, grand-daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has been appointed a member of the New York City staff of civil engineers in charge of the \$161,000,000 Catskill water supply system.

Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, a South Carolina woman, is winning fame as a dramatist.

Mrs. R. H. Knight, of Centerville, Tenn., lately took the place of her husband, a traveling salesman, during his illness. She made a success of the experiment.

Miss Fannie Wilson, daughter of Hon. W. B. Wilson, of Rock Hill, S. C., has opened a law office in Washington, D. C. She is a graduate of the law department of the Pennsylvania University.

Mme. Curie, associated with her husband, the late Professor Pierre Curie, in the discovery of radium, has been appointed to succeed him as professor at the College of the Sorbonne of the University of Paris, and has entered upon her duties. Her lectures will be on radio-activity.

Mrs. H. M. King is known as "The Cattle Queen of the South." Her ranch contains 1,280,000 acres, or territory nearly twice the area of Rhode Island. She supervises her ranch and knows what is going on at any time in any part of it.

The Countess de Rougemont, an American woman, conducts a successful laundry business at Memilion, France.

Dr. Irene Bullard, of the State Hospital, Williamsburg, Va., is the only woman doctor in Virginia holding a State position.

Secretary Charles J. Bonaparte at the convention of the National Civil Service Reform League in New Haven made a strong plea for putting women on an equal footing with men in filling civil service positions. He said: "According to my observations, wherever women can be chosen by favoritism, the place will swarm with them, but where the choice must be made from merit, they will not get "a square deal." Mr. Bonaparte must know that the one condition which would insure to women "a square deal" is the granting to them the ballot. This he opposes with the inconsistency of many other Southern gentlemen who reverence women and who in their hearts would rejoice to know that every woman lives a protected and a happy life.

Wellesley College has had student government now for four years. It is said to be a full success.

Women teachers at Holyoke, Mass., are protesting because they get but \$600 a year, while janitors in the same schools get \$1,000. The teachers have no votes.—Washington Post.

Miss Harriet Johnston, a teacher in the public schools of Toronto, has been elected a member of the Advisory Council to the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario. She

received 800 votes more than any other candidate for the position.

Twenty counties of Iowa, or one-fifth of all the counties in the State, now have women as County Superintendents of Schools.

Mlle Victorie de Maligny, who has arrived in New York, will lecture before our universities on French literature. She will be the first woman lecturer to appear at Yale.

Idaho elected five women as County Treasurers and seventeen women as County Superintendents of Schools at the recent fall elections.

Boston pays her school teachers \$11.54 per week. El Paso, Texas, pays hers from \$16 to \$40 per week. Very few of El Paso's teachers receive less than \$85 per month. Boston teachers have so much company that they must be overflowing with love for mankind. Certainly our North Carolina pedagogues are of that altruistic sort.

The clever daughter of Gen. and Mrs. John A. Logan and wife of Lieut. Col. William Tucker, U. S. A., Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker, is known throughout the country. She is prominent in Washington society. Owing to the delicate health of her younger son Mrs. Tucker has established herself on a beautiful farm in Maryland a few miles from the national capital. There her house parties are famous and her crops are entirely creditable to her as a farmer of ability. Mrs. Tucker says:

"So rapid has been the advance of women into all branches of trade and every opening for a livelihood that women today compelled to seek an avenue of self-support find great difficulty in gaining an opportunity. In these occupations so long considered advantageous competition has reduced the salaries until now they are below a 'living' footing. This is a day of specialists. In every branch taken up by women only experts command salaries commensurate with the education and ability of the college graduate, or even the high school graduate. The monotony of office work, the drudgery of the school room,

the tax on health and the desire for outdoor life or a life having more independence of thought and action, have led many women to take up occupations heretofore considered the province of men.

"There are today women coopers, women ranch owners and managers, women mine operators, women mail carriers, women 'motormen,' a woman blacksmith, and so on. But no other field offers woman the return, financially and physically, on the capital invested, nor gives her the added time for pleasurable occupations and mental improvement that farming does. Women by nature are endowed with patience with small details, a desire to experiment and a readiness to adopt new ideas, which specially fit her for a successful farmer.

* * * * *

"If truck farming or any branch of it is undertaken, a woman, to be successful, should be willing to begin in a small way--too large ideas and sudden enthusiasm are too often the secret of the failure and disgust of women with farming as a profitable venture.

"Cultivate only so much land as you can direct personally, requiring but one or two men for the rough work of plowing and tilling the soil. Much of the lighter work can even be undertaken by a woman herself, where necessity demands. This need not be done in a way to destroy any good looks or personal attractions she may possess. With proper attention she may still preserve her smooth skin and hands which mark the woman of refinement. In exchange for the pale, lifeless complexion, the narrow chest, she may acquire the glow of health, the expanded chest of good lung development, and the brightness of eye indicative of happiness and mental activity.

"To truck farming the larger crops can be added in order to provide for the stock and animals necessary to carry on the work or add to one's comfort in living. Corn and grass crops are profitable as well.

"On entering upon farming one must examine the land or select it with reference to the crop one wishes to cultivate or which is most profitable for the market one is to supply. The

question of soil enters most prominently into all one's plans and profits, as the feeling and working of the soil quickly increase or diminish the profits in expenses and labor. Fertilizing materials or food for the soil beyond what may accumulate on a farm where animals are owned and fed are now prepared and sold by companies at a less cost than one can prepare them by the old methods. This greatly simplifies the work and reduces the time necessary to the proper preparation of the soil. Then, too, they can be accurately depended upon as containing only such ingredients as are absolutely essential to the growth and character of your produce. While one must be guided by one's market there are a few things which apply to all markets.

"Specialties are better than too many things which cheapen as the season advances. A farm growing all kinds of vegetables requires so much labor, owing to so many things maturing at one time, that the profits are rapidly consumed.

"If a woman will select one or a few specialties, such as asparagus, strawberries, melons, the cantaloupe, celery, artichokes, all kinds of lettuce and salad luxuries, fine varieties of which are found only on the tables of the rich, and will carefully improve in quality and delicacy to their greater perfection, the labor required is less and the profits are greater. Should she be able to add a small greenhouse, lettuce, onions, radishes and mushrooms, and even cucumbers will furnish a good revenue in the winter months, with an opportunity to add to these violet culture or some variety of floriculture in which women have ever been most successful.

"I know an enterprising woman who connected by hot-water pipes a small greenhouse to her kitchen stove or range, and made quite a little sum of money. I know another who has made a good living raising only young onions and mint for the clubs and restaurants of one of our large cities. I know of one who when left a widow with five children and a small peach farm covered well with a good, healthy mortgage, put her strength and good sense to this cheerless outlook, and today her sons are well to do or in good positions, her daughters are

in their own homes, and she still is adding to her sum for the 'rainy day' of old age, while the farm is relieved of its mortgage and produces finer peaches since the mortgage was lifted.

"Quality rather than quantity today plays an important part in the success and profit of market gardening, as one can command a better price for a perfect product attractively presented than a great quantity which does not leave one time carefully to prepare for market and so must be sold at the lowest price.

"This, too, is another point in which women are more apt to succeed than men as market gardeners—the appreciation of the necessity of attractiveness of one's produce. First, cleanliness is very important: then if the vegetables are of uniform size and bunched or tied in bundles of careful exactness and put into baskets or boxes in regular arrangements, they will attract the eye of the buyer and often, if not always, command higher prices. These are the smaller details a woman quickly grasps and which, if closely adhered to, will promote her success.

"While these small points will further her success, a woman must have practical business ideas or must post herself fully on the actual value of labor, machinery and materials and necessary expenses of carrying on the work of a farm; for I regret to say that men are apt to presume upon her ignorance in such matters and her purse pays the penalty.

"Then, too, no woman will succeed in farming who undertakes the work solely from a sense of duty or as a last resort. She must have a certain love or taste for the life or its burdens will prove most irksome and the result be very unsatisfactory. With a love of nature, of animals and freedom of outdoor life, with determination and perseverance and a willingness to study agriculture with the same thoroughness one would any other study, there is every chance for women to achieve a pronounced and enviable success as farmers and have opened to them the greatest blessings and pleasure God has put into life."—The News and Observer.

CONCERNING EDUCATION.

The per capita apportionment of the public schools of Wake county was fixed recently by that Board of Education. For Raleigh city schools the per capita is \$3.00 and for the rural districts it is \$2.80. The twenty cents difference goes into the general building fund. Raleigh is erecting a \$16,000 High School building.

Durham county's per capita has been raised from \$3.25 to \$3.50. This is the largest per capita apportionment ever made in this county.

Asheville has voted for compulsory education. Washington was the first town in North Carolina to take this step. This law is in force also in two counties, Macon and Mitchell. In Macon, the attendance has been increased over thirty per cent. In Mitchell the people have not been in earnest about enforcing the law but its mere existence has increased the attendance.

Some papers are advocating this for a State law but it is well to remember that compulsory education without the necessary funds with which to pay fit teachers or even to provide adequate "standing room" to say nothing of a seating capacity in our school houses will be a tyranny.

During November there was held at Charlottesville, Virginia, a Conference on Secondary Education. Two subjects discussed were science in the high schools and methods of training teachers for the high schools.

President Venable, of the University of North Carolina, was of the opinion that pure science should not be taught in the high school. President Brown Ayres, of the University of Tennessee, accepted in the main the point of view of Dr. Venable, but thought the teaching of science in the schools feasible if the teacher can discover methods of utilizing natural material and does not attempt an exhaustive treatment of scientific theories. Both agreed that no science should be taught without the aid of laboratory methods.

Papers were submitted on the agencies and methods of training high school teachers, by Professors P. P. Claxton, of the

University of Tennessee, and William H. Heck, of the University of Virginia. Mr. Claxton stated that the high school is really the heart and center of the whole school system; that it is not simply a coaching place for the colleges, but a school for preparation for life. The ideal preparation of its teachers is to be found in the colleges and universities. It should be considered one of the highest duties of State universities, he said, to prepare teachers for the public high schools.

Believing that we should know something of educational conditions wherever our flag floats over the school house, the Magazine management, through a mutual friend, wrote to the Hon. Rufus A. Lane, Chief of Bureau of Municipalities of the Canal Zone, for information. The following most courteous response came with out delay for which the Magazine returns very warm thanks:

Hon. Rufus A. Lane, Chief, Bureau of Municipalities, Ancon.

Sir—In compliance with your request, I give you below the following memorandum relative to the schools of the Canal Zone:

In 1904 the Isthmian Canal Commission authorized the establishment of a system of schools in the Zone, but with the exception of taking a census of the children of school age in June, 1905, nothing definite was accomplished until Nov., 1905.

The establishment of the system of schools was attached to the Revenue Department, but independently of the work of this department in November, 1905, several schools were opened by the Municipalities of the Zone. In December of the same year a School Superintendent was appointed to take direction of the schools in the Canal Zone. Such preliminaries as were thought advisable were at once made, with a view of opening schools at as early a date as possible.

On January 2nd, 1906, was opened the first public school, under the jurisdiction of the United States Government, at Corozal. Several other schools were opened soon afterwards at Culebra, Gorgona, Matachin, and other villages along the Canal Zone. For a time, therefore, there were two systems of

public schools in process of development on the Zone. The Municipal schools, operated by the Municipal Councils, under the direction of the Chief of the Bureau of Municipalities, and the Zone system, attached to the Revenue Department. These were acting independently of each other.

On the first of February, 1906, the Municipal schools were turned over to the Department of Revenues. Many disappointments and delays were met with on every hand, chief of which was the difficulty of securing suitable school buildings, equipment and supplies. On this account the Department was almost deprived of the power of extending the system, so that by the first of May, 1906, a point of almost absolute retardation was reached. On the first of May, 1906, these difficulties were in a great measure overcome by the complete transfer of the whole system of schools from the Department of Revenues to the Bureau of Municipalities. At the time of the transfer there were in operation 18 schools, employing 21 teachers, and having an enrollment of 850 pupils. The two systems at this time then became thoroughly consolidated, and found their proper place, namely, the Bureau of Municipalities. The wisdom of this became very apparent, because at the close of the school year, June 30th, 1906, there were employed 29 teachers in 27 schools, and there was an enrollment of 1,513, with an average daily attendance of 1,107, and a maximum of 1,286. New buildings have been secured, additional equipment provided, and the system almost as thoroughly established as any to be found in the States.

By October 1st next, if the new school houses planned are ready, there should be 34 schools open on the Zone, and an enrollment of quite 2,000 pupils. Of the 29 teachers on June 30th last, 9 were American, 6 Panamaian, and 14 Jamaican (colored). Of the 27 schools, 4 were for white children only, and the others mixed, with a large majority of the children negroes. Out of the 1,500 children enrolled about ten per cent. were American and white.

I enclose a copy of Governor Magoon's circular of July 13th, 1906, respecting the present organization of the Canal Zone

school system, giving salaries, classification of teachers, and school terms.

It might be added here that the system does not differ very materially from that as it is found in the States of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. Many of the teachers employed come from the United States. All of the books are such as are published by the well known book publishers of the United States. Even the school furniture is in a large measure manufactured in the United States. One advantage which the school system here possesses over the systems in the United States lies in the fact that all of the Municipalities have enacted compulsory school attendance laws, which are proving quite effective in bringing the children into the schools. These laws contemplate that all children between the ages of 6 and 14 must be in school, and by the co-operation of the Canal Zone police, who act as truant officers, the task of bringing the children into the schools is obviously not very difficult.

The opening of the schools as a whole has been greatly welcomed by the people of the Isthmus, regardless of nationality or class.

Prior to the establishment of this system, there had been in the past two or three hundred years spasmodic efforts made on the part of private individuals to establish schools on the Isthmus. These efforts in the main have resulted in failure. It can readily be seen then that the public school system established upon the Canal Zone is in all essentials American. It is conducted under American supervision; supplied with American text books, and in a large measure with American teachers, using American methods; with American songs and literature, which in a short time will affect the pupils under its management with American ideas and American patriotism. Even now the "Star Spangled Banner" may be seen floating from every school house in the Canal Zone. The children are taught

flag salutes such as are sent out by the Women's Relief Corps of the United States, and such programs are provided as will instil patriotic ideas into the minds of the children.

Respectfully yours,

DAVID C. O'CONNOR,
Supt. of Schools.

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

On the recommendation of the Chief of the Bureau of Municipalities, it is ordered that the school year in the public schools of the Canal Zone shall consist of four terms, as follows:

First term, July 16 to September 28.

Second term, October 18 to December 21.

Third term, January 2 to March 22.

Fourth term, April 8 to June 30.

The school week shall consist of five days of six hours each, and teachers shall be employed for the calendar year, at stated monthly salaries, payable without deductions for the four vacation periods which are provided for.

The teaching force shall be divided into the following three classes:

Class "A": Consisting of teachers engaged to act as assistants in schools having an enrollment of more than fifty pupils, who will be paid at the rate of \$45.00, gold, a month;

Class "B": Consisting of teachers bearing the responsibility of management, discipline and instruction, and of approved qualifications, but who have had no training or experience in teaching in the United States. Teachers of this class are to be paid at the rate of \$65.00, gold, a month;

Class "C": Consisting of teachers in charge of schools, who have been trained in the United States, or whose experience is considered equivalent to such training. Teachers of this class are to be paid at the rate of \$80.00, gold, a month.

Teachers of Class "C" will be furnished quarters. Teachers

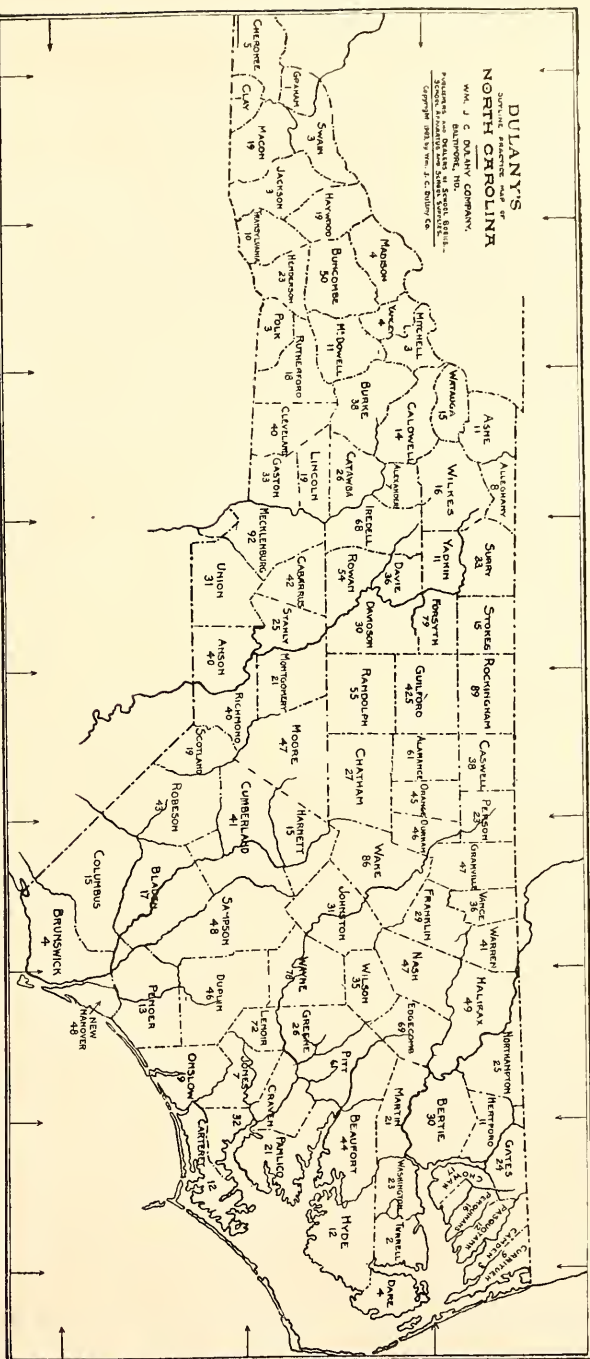
of Class "A" and Class "B" will be furnished quarters where available, when it may prove impossible for them to procure quarters themselves. (Signed)

CHARLES E. MAGOON,
Governor.

In a personal letter from Mr. Lane, dated July 28th, he says: "By November, I hope to have the organization in better shape with at least fifty per cent. of the teachers white and graduates from Normal Schools in the States. The Jamaicans are black but all college graduates from Jamaica and they do their work well in the elementary grades and with colored children for pupils. English is the language of all the schools on the Isthmus (Canal Zone) with Spanish used as a bridge where necessary to make the English understood. In the schools for white children from the States Spanish is taught as a branch study. The Superintendent, Mr. O'Connor, comes from Nebraska, where he was Superintendent of Schools for some years."

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This map shows the aggregate attendance upon the State Normal and Industrial College from each County of North Carolina to the year 1906-1907.

DR. McIVER IN HIS OFFICE.

When I was asked by the Editor of the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE to contribute a short article about Dr. McIver, I felt that I was not equal to the task, but, if there is a subject before all others upon which I prefer to express myself, it is my appreciation of the true friend he has been to me.

I wish to speak of Dr. McIver as he impressed me, especially regarding his attitude towards his stenographer, which position I held for four years. Dr. McIver loved honest labor, and I know of no one who had greater admiration and respect for young women, whether teachers or stenographers, who were trying to make themselves self-supporting and independent. He held that every woman who is preparing to go out and battle with this great world, should arm herself with fully developed intellectual powers, wherever her sphere might be; whether in the business office, in the school room or in the home. His idea which is, of course, the correct one, was that women who were entering the business world should develop their intellectual powers to enable themselves to become efficient business women. He often contended that it was the tendency of a woman going into the commercial world to neglect her general education and to be satisfied with simply learning Shorthand. The greatest ambition of his life was to send into the educational field well trained teachers, fully realizing the vast need for them, but when a young woman contemplated preparing herself for a stenographer's position and he could not persuade her otherwise, he always advised her to secure a good educational foundation and then prepare for the work of Stenography.

While Dr. McIver appeared to some persons to be inconsiderate of his stenographer, he was not unappreciative of her efforts. I remember my feeling on one occasion when he came into my office and to my surprise said: "Miss Austin, I know I have been working you very hard lately, but I don't

want you to think that I have been working you for nothing, so I am going to increase your salary and pay you extra for the past four months."

It could be said of him that he was almost merciless towards everybody around him, but most of all towards himself, when he had a good purpose to accomplish, though in the midst of his strenuous life he was ever ready to listen to a good joke, and at an appropriate season he would tell the same very effectively. I recall so many times when he stopped in the midst of the dictation of some important speech, or perhaps of his report to the Legislature, and say, "That reminds me of so and so," and we paused for a few moments to enjoy some funny incident in his busy life.

I count it a very great privilege to have been so closely associated with a man who was a true friend to all who would let him be a friend, and who was ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand to any one who needed help. Such was Dr. McIver. Among the cherished memories of my life is the friendly and fatherly advice which he gave me when I resigned my position with him, than whom I shall never have a better or truer friend.

EMILY SEMPLE AUSTIN.

My first work as a stenographer was done while I was a student at the College. Dr. McIver's regular stenographer was sick one day and I was sent for in a great hurry. Of course, I need not say I was nervous—that is understood. I do not remember now how many times each letter had to be rewritten, but I do remember how patient Dr. McIver was with all my mistakes.

When Miss Austin decided to leave the College, her position was offered to me, and I held it for the three years preceding Dr. McIver's death.

His manner of dictating a letter was very much the same as he used in a conversation, and it was easy to follow him. It was when he began to dictate a speech that I had to be most attentive. He would make changes in nearly every sentence and I would interline until the page of shorthand looked more

like a Chinese puzzle to me than anything else. He seemed to be able to think better when he was moving about and indulging in what he called a "dry smoke." He would walk the floor, back and forth, with a cigar in his mouth (which he never lighted in the office), sometimes looking out of the window with his back to me, sometimes stopping to relate an anecdote in the middle of a sentence, and then he would begin again, always asking, "What did I say last?"

All who knew Dr. McIver knew his great fondness for a good joke. The following was one which he always told to illustrate what a poor living the underpaid school teachers make: An old woman was asked how many children she had. Her reply was: "Five—two living, two dead, and one teaching school." Another of his favorites was about the small boy who came into the house one day crying, "Johnny Jones hit me!" "Why didn't you hit him back," inquired the practical mother. "I did," roared the boy, "I hit him back first!"

MAMIE GILMER BANNER.

The following little bit of sunshine was found in the vest pocket of our late, beloved President, Dr. McIver, when he had so suddenly fallen asleep. The italicizing is his own:

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do—

Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true.

Rid your mind of *selfish motives*,

Let your thoughts be clean and high,

You can make a little Eden

Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start,

By accumulating wisdom

In the scrapbook of your heart,

Do not use one page on folly;

Live to learn and learn to live;

If you want to give men knowledge,

You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day

Just to scatter deeds of kindness

As you pass along the way,

For the pleasure of the many

May be oftentimes changed to one,

As the hand that plants the acorn

Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. McIVER.

BY COL. PAUL B. MEANS.

I was travelling home, by necessity, on a very belated train last Sunday morning—day before yesterday, Nov. 18th. As I passed the State Normal, I thought of our dear, very dear friend, McIver, as a great man, and of his great work for our State. But we apply the term great alike to Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon and to St. Paul, Luther, John Knox and Wesley; the difference between the first three and the last four being as wide as wide can be. This is because there is no true standard among men for greatness. But with God there is a fixed and true standard. In the Bible, He continually gives

us examples of men great in His sight. And, therefore, when I want to know how great any man is I just try to see how far his life and character conform to those of some man whom God plainly sets before us, in His word, as great in His sight.

As I sat in that fast moving car, surrounded by many people, but alone with my thoughts, and looked out, "through the rain and mist" of the morning and of my tears, on that wondrous work of McIver's to which God called him, as surely as he called St. Paul as Apostle to the Gentiles, I mentally turned to the Bible for McIver's prototype. Immediately I thought of Stephen; and, having my Bible with me, I investigated the record on the train, after I had run out the similitude mentally.

Stephen was the first Deacon. The duties of his work were to minister unto "neglected" women and his work was especially the care of the poor and needy women. McIver's life work was the same. He preached and performed the gospel of education unto the poor and for the poor. And O how gloriously he did his work, from his first answer to God's call in the campaign that he and Alderman made in 1889 for the cause of education, and woman's education especially, until—as Stephen was the first Deacon—he was the first President of North Carolina's first great institution for the education of all women and particularly the poor girls of our State. And he never ceased his labors for this great cause, even after the enormous responsibility of the Presidency was cast upon him, up to the very hour of his death. Like Stephen he was advocating his cause till death came.

All the great factories, railroads and other institutions of commercialism of our State pale into utter insignificance when compared with the *actual utility and beneficence for humanity* of the State Normal and Industrial College for Women at Greensboro. These great institutions are for time and earthly progress and prosperity only; Dr. McIver's work was for all time and eternity and for heaven.

Stephen was "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

McIver's fullness of faith is certified beyond all cavil, by the

existence today of the State Normal. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It stands and will ever stand, as "the substance of things hoped for" and prayed for by Melver. It is and ever will be the "the evidence of things not seen" by any one in North Carolina until the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, guided him into "all truth" about it and revealed to his seer-eyes the "vision splendid" as it stands today, the *supreme glory of our State*, always to increase in splendor as the ages go on. In this work and others, like Stephen, with "power" from above he "did great wonders and miracles among the people," in getting them willingly and gladly to do what to others seemed impossible, because "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake."

"Full of the Holy Ghost." We often looked in wonder and amazement at the tremendous energy and power and rapid action and movement of the man mentally and physically. It was the Holy Ghost urging him on. And joyously and brilliantly he obeyed the impulse as does the morning star. He wrought his "mighty signs and wonders by the power of the Spirit of God."

At the trial of Stephen "all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

And so, also, many thousands of us, all over North Carolina, have seen the face of Melver shine "as it had been the face of an angel," when he talked in private and publicly of the great vision of his soul. The man or woman who hasn't seen his face shine, when they heard him talk, simply and sadly had "eyes that see not."

And we have no possible doubt that when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken so suddenly that day, on the great Bryan train, like Stephen, he "looked up steadfastly into heaven" and "saw the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God;" that the "Lord Jesus received his spirit," and made his face resplendent forever by the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

Stephen was the first martyr to the cause of Christianity. McIver was the first martyr to the cause of education for women in North Carolina. His strenuosity in the great cause, like Stephen's ardor, zeal, fearless and defiant courage in his last great speech prematurely caused his death as a sacrifice on the altar of *love for humanity*.

By Stephen's death all the disciples were "scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria"—all Palestine. And they "went everywhere preaching the word." Stephen's death caused a widespread and effective "preaching of the word" that would not then, at a critical moment, have occurred without it. McIver's death has stirred all the true hearts of North Carolina—the Palestine of America—for our State Normal and Industrial College as nothing else could have done. It has caused all our people to turn their attention and fix their eyes and their hearts upon this institution with an affection and tenderness that McIver, with all his "power," never could have done, alive, and it has caused them to "purpose in their hearts," as nothing else could have done, that this State Normal shall forever be loyally supported and sustained, as unique in itself for our commonwealth, and as *God's own work* through His great child—Charles Duncan McIver.

And, finally, his death has carried the fame and the glory of this institution "abroad throughout all the regions" of our Republic in the sweet, soft tones of sorrow and mourning, eternal as the song of the morning stars. And these results of his death, which seemed an immeasurable catastrophe at the time, are *God's benedictions* on Dr. McIver as a veritable son of His, just as we know that Stephen was. And the fact of the conformity of his life and character and death to the life and character and death of one whom God selected and set before us as a *great man in His sight*, is God Almighty's certificate to us of Dr. McIver's greatness as a man and also of the greatness of his work for North Carolina.

STILL WITH US.

*"Not lost, not dead, not gone, not even sleeping, but with us
still."*

Not lost, not dead, not gone, not even sleeping,
Though we have lain thee in the grave with weeping,
No sharp despair our chastened hearts can fill,
For thou art with us still.

Still with us, in a thousand tender fancies
In memories dear of old-time words and glances;
These have the power yet our hearts to thrill,
For thou art with us still.

Still with us, but unvexed by any pain;
No crushing care to weary thee again,
But, by thy presence sweet, unseen yet near,
Our lonely hours to cheer.

Still with us at the wakening of the day,
Still with us in the twilight shadows gray;
And since our tears thou would'st not wish to see,
We give but smiles to thee.

Still with us, in the sunshine of God's face;
With us the loving sharer of His grace
Upholding thee, the same almighty arm
Is shielding us from harm.

Still with us—though the evening shadows fall
Around us like the blackness of a pall;
After the shadows comes the sunny dawn
When all earth's night is gone.

Still with us in the land where we shall rest
When we a little further on have pressed—
There, just as tender and as true as ever,
Thou shalt be with us still, forever!

CARRIE A. WALKER.

GENERAL DAILY LIFE IN BRAZIL.

BY ANGELITA DA SILVA.

The life in Brazil is much like that of the United States. The people get up in the morning about six o'clock and have a cup of "café" (coffee) with light bread or some kind of cake. The men have to go to their business, which is farming, merchandise and the professions, as teachers, doctors and lawyers; and the women have to stay at home to do their household duties: cleaning up and also getting the breakfast ready, which ought to be at about ten or eleven o'clock for society people and for the common people, at eight or nine. Our dinner is at five or six o'clock in the evening, and between breakfast and dinner there is a very light luncheon. We have several dishes that are prepared differently from those here. For instance: we wash the rice well and then put two or three spoonfuls of lard in a pan, add the salt and the other seasoning that we Brazilians believe in. When that is very hot, put the rice in it and let it fry thoroughly, then add water to it.

The children usually go to school very young. Girls and boys of eight or ten years of age, especially the children of rich people, leave their homes to go to a school away from home. The common child goes to a public school in the nearest place. The Roman Catholic public school, which is under the government, teaches Reading, Arithmetic, Grammar, one language—usually French—Geography, and also sewing, embroidery, drawn work and crochet. The American school carries out the same system as that of the United States. In one of them I was five years before I came here. The native language is "Portuguez," and our ancestors came directly from Portugal.

Our government is a "republica" and the chief executive officer is called the President, who at the present is "Dr. Affonso Moreira Penna." The country Brazil is divided into twenty "estados," and not into counties. Each State has a separate government, with a President, but all under the general gov-

ernment. The government is divided into Executive, Legislative and Judicial departments, just as that of the United States.

I suppose every one is interested in the religion of Brazil. The prevailing religion is Roman Catholic. Most of the Catholic priests are Frenchmen, or Sapiards, and they are supported by the people. The Roman Catholic of Brazil is very different from that of America. They are very superstitious. They believe that if a person has died and they are not sure that he went to Heaven, that with a certain number of services he will be saved; and they also have what you call feasts or processions. They take the figure of the saint that they are feasting from one church to another church, going through the principal streets first, then to the church. We have also the Protestants, represented by the Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Baptist churches, and these carry on the work as regularly as in the United States. The Protestants do not have so much liberty as in America. They are badly persecuted sometimes. The churches are few, as are the workers in them.

The little town that I live in, S. Sebastiao da Estrella, has about 1,000 inhabitants, most of them Brazilian. The houses are built somewhat different from the style in America. The houses have roofs of "telhas" (tiles) and never of shingles. There is not weather cold enough to require fireplaces except for cooking.

Our climate is very different from that of this country. During the winter here we have there the summer or rainy season, and the hottest months here are the coldest at home. The climate effects very much the vegetation. We have most of the fruits that are grown here and many others besides. We have no apples, as it is too hot for that fruit. We have also a great number of trees that I never have seen here as "jequitiba," "brauna," "pan d'alho" and "castanheiro." We can keep our flowers out of doors all the year. Usually the houses have a beautiful garden in front, which adds greatly to the beauty of the place. The grass is always green and the trees keep their leaves all the year round. We never have

any frost, neither snow, and that explains the fact that the vegetation is always green.

The people dress like the people here, except we do not need thick clothes in the winter, and we wear light dresses all the year. The women do not wear hats on the streets, and are not obliged to wear them at church, but do wear a little shawl over the head at night. The women wear a certain kind of slipper in the house, that is not made of leather, neither cloth, but of a certain kind of material that we make there, of different colors mixed.

(Dona Angelita da Silva has for two years been one of our students and kindly furnishes the above at the request of the Editors.)

JEREMIAH'S TROUBLES.

BY MARY REID.

A long time ago, Cupid took a hand in the affairs of Jeremiah and Clorindy, who lived on an old Southern plantation. Clorindy was only "a house gal" and Jeremiah's station in life was that of a "feel han," but Cupid didn't mind.

The two had been sweethearts since the time when their "mammies" had left them together in the shade at the end of the cotton row. But a short while before, Clorindy had been promoted from the field to "de big house" and had seemed less fond of Jerry, especially since the new butler, William Henry, who had come from the city, had begun to "keep comp'ny wid 'er." Clorindy had never in her life attended any of the plantation frolics with any one but Jerry and so he stood at the

head of the lane as usual after supper, expecting to walk with her to Aunt Cindy's cabin, where there was to be a dance that night. But she passed by without seeming to see the patient figure in the gateway, and went on down the lane listening attentively to what William Henry was saying, and laughing to show Jerry that she was enjoying the conversation. Jerry followed them at some distance and went on to the dance. He was very angry with Clorindy and almost ready to murder William Henry.

When he entered the cabin, "Bob," "Marse Jack's" servant, was singing, "Marse Peter at the Gate." The third stanza had been reached and these were the words Jerry heard:

"Whut erbout dat wattermilion, a'smilin' on de vine?
 Ise gwiner put it ter yer dat-er way.
 Whut erbout dat pair er pants yer tuk
 Dat made yer look so fine?
 Yer better wear some udder pair dat day;
 Whut erbout dat little game er craps
 Yer played wid Parson Brown?
 Whut erbout dat time yer got drunk
 An' yer kicked an' cussed eroun'?
 Whut erbout dat chicken scrape, nigger?
 Dat sho will make yer blate.
 Whut yer gwiner tell Marse Peter
 When he meets yer at de gate?"

William Henry was asked to sing, and won great applause for his "Goodbye Miss Cindy Melindy," in which he often exchanged "Melindy" for "Clorindy." By this time the cabin was nearly filled with dancers, anxious for the sport to begin. All joined in the chorus of William Henry's song, and patted their feet to "keep time."

Clorindy had seen Jerry when he came in and had smiled as if nothing were wrong; so he thought that perhaps she had not seen him at the gate after all. At any rate, he would ask her for the first dance, which she had always danced with him.

But when he asked her, she told him that she had "engagements fer de whole ebernin," an expression she had learned from William Henry, who came up just then and took her away, leaving poor Jerry despairing and jealous. Several of the negroes had witnessed this scene, and every one saw that Clorindy had not given Jerry the first dance as she had always done before. They took occasion to ask Jerry why he was not with Clorindy, and to make fun of him for letting "dat city dude git erhead er him lak dat." Aunt Cindy saw him standing by the door and tried to find why he did not join in the fun. On hearing the reason, she went to him and said:

"Jerry, yer ain' got no sense. Whut fur yer wan' er stan' hyar whar she kin see how miserbul yer look? Don't yer know she's des a-enjoyin de sight ob yer not erdancin' and lookin' like yer coffin was done er-bein' made? Git yer a gal an' go ter dancing', an' den she'll wush she haden er ackted so stuck up when she sees yer don' care."

"She's ergwine ter wish it anyhow ef she don' min' out," was his answer. "But I don' wan' ter dance and I spect I better go home."

The next day he went to his young master and told him his troubles.

"Marse Jack," he said, "I'se lubbed dat gal sence I uz er baby I reckon. De boys all tells me ter get me umuder gal an mek Clorindy jealous, but hones truff, Marse Jack, I don wan er go nowhar ef she ain dar, and I don wan er see no udder gal much less talk to 'er. Marse Jack, youse boun' ter know how hit is, eaze youse des de same way 'bout Miss Ruth, now ain't yer?" "Marse Jack" smiled as he looked out of the window for a moment, and then he answered:

"Yes, Jerry, I believe I am. Now, Jerry, let's see if I can help you out any. Do you think Clorindy would like you any better if you were dressed better than William Henry and had a little money of your own to spend?"

"Why yessir, Marse Jack, in cose she would," Jerry answered.

"Well, then, suppose you go on and work in the field today

and then come up to the house in the morning and drive me over the plantation. Come by the back door tonight and you will find an old suit of mine for you to wear tomorrow. We'll see if we can't soon bring Clorindy 'round."

"Thank yer, Marse Jack, thank yer. I reckon I'll outshine William Henry 'fore long." Jerry had to bear a great deal of teasing from the other negroes in the field that day. They told him he "orter be ashame a' hisself not to hab no mo' spunk dan ter let dat udder nigger git er head er him and tek his gal erway from 'im."

"Lawd, nigger," said one of them, "deys udder gals. Don't ack lak she uz de onliest colered lady in de worl; ur she sho' will leab you fer some coon dat knows ernuff not ter let her walk ober 'im."

Jerry did not tell any one what "Marse Jack" had told him; so the negroes were astonished, next morning, to see Jerry, "all rigged out in fine duds," putting his young master's thoroughbred, Commodore, to the trap and driving away with "Marse Jack" beside him. Clorindy had seen him come by the kitchen in his new array, which included a bright red necktie of his own, and she looked at him in admiring surprise. She saw him drive away with "Marse Jack" and the sight had a peculiar effect on her. Not a word did she speak to William Henry all day, in the intervals between tasks, except to tell him that "ef he didn't quit er pesterin' her she wuz gwiner git ole Sam to bite him." "Ole Sam" was a "blue-gum nigger," of whom the other negroes stood in great fear. They would do anything rather than incur the displeasure of "Ole Sam." William Henry did not understand the reason for this sudden change in Clorindy's manner toward him, but he "did know he wuzn't goner let no gal treat him jes eny way she please;" so he turned his attentions, for the day, to Sallie, the second cook. That night Jerry danced with Lou, one of the housemaids, and did no more than speak to Clorindy, who, neglected by both William Henry and Jerry, was forced to dance with whom she might. Jerry was the "lion" of the evening, for was he not the best dressed man present, and had he not driven

"Marse Jack" to the city that afternoon, and was he not to be "Marse Jack's right han' man" hereafter? But, despite his great popularity and his sudden promotion, Jerry was not happy. He had promised to keep away from Clorindy that night, and it was hard to do. This was Saturday night.

The next night Jerry went to Aunt Cindy's cabin, where there was always a "singin'" on Sunday night. It was a beautiful night. The moon was shining with the clear, crystalline light it sheds when the air is cold and crisp. The "big-house," with its old colonial pillars, looked imposing in the moonlight. The shutters of the sitting room had not been closed, and the family could be seen sitting around the open fire—all except "Marse Jack." He was not there. Before going to Aunt Cindy's, Jerry had gone to Clorindy's home, but was told that she had gone out only a few minutes before; so he went on to the "singin'," hoping to find her there. But she was not there. He could not think of any other place to which she could have gone. Without thinking where his steps were leading him, he walked up the lane. When he came almost to the gate he thought he heard a sound. He looked around and there, almost hidden by an evergreen, with her head bowed on the gate-post, stood Clorindy. She was crying. Jerry put his arm gently around her. She drew away quickly and, without turning her head, said:

"Yer gwan erway frum hyar, yer triflin' no-count city dude, tryin' to put on ober dem whuts ten times better'n you is. I don nebber wan'er see yer no mo."

"Clorindy, honey," said Jerry, "I ain' no 'city dude.' I'se des yore Jerry, an' I lubs yer des de same as I uster, only mo', an' I wants yer to less git married. Won't yer, honey? Clorindy, don't yer lub me none atall?"

"Jerry! I done tho't yer hated me fer sho'. Yes I lubs yer an' I'll marry yer eny time yer say."

"Now, Clorindy, here's a s'prise Marse Jack made me git ye yistiddy. It's de fust un eny gal on dis place is had. Marse Jack got Miss Ruth one an' wese gwiner git married same time

dey does. But come on, honey, an' less go ter de far somewhar, caze I knows youse cole."

He slipped a ring on her finger, and "Marse Jack," coming home from "Miss Ruth's," saw them going slowly down the lane, Jerry's arm around Clorindy's waist.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RENA G. LASSITER.

Owing to the fact that our last issue was a memorial to our late President we were unable to review many good magazines which came to our table. Before the year is over, however, we hope to be able to express our appreciation of all our exchanges, and perhaps to offer some suggestions.

Trinity College sends us a very creditable magazine. *The Trinity Archive* is well managed, and most of the articles show literary merit. Although the editor laments the fact that Christmas is losing its novelty and therefore its interest, the December number shows much true Christmas spirit. "A Christmas in Germany" is unusually interesting, perhaps because it is the writer's own observation, perhaps because it is decidedly well written. "Christmas with Irving and Dickens" is also well worth reading. There are several pieces of fiction which are superior to the average story in college magazines. The poems are creditable and the Editorial Department is well gotten up. We are pleased with the general tone and literary value of this magazine.

We confess that we are disappointed in the *Davidson College Magazine*. "Railway Rate Regulation" and "Plutarch's Lives" are the only articles of a serious nature. The former is a student's oration, and is, of course, too short to contain an adequate discussion of the topic. The latter is the best written article in the magazine. The writer of "A Winning One, Won" has a rather pleasing style, but his story is improbable. When a man is on trial for murder and the evidence against him is purely circumstantial, the lawyers on his side would naturally use every means to prove him innocent. Although a woman may notice details more closely than a man it seems improbable that even a sweetheart should have found out so many things utterly unsuspected by any one else. The play upon words in the sentence, "The one who once won was now won by

one who had also won," is, to say the least, childish. The rest of the fiction has no special merit. The editorials are fairly good.

We thoroughly enjoyed the December number of *St. Mary's Muse*. Most of the contributions are written by those who attended the school long ago. There is a grace and charm about them that seem almost to take us back to the days of the "old South." We would also mention the little poem, "The Gift of Love," in the Christmas number. The writer should cultivate her talent. The magazine as a whole might be stronger, however, if it contained more essays or studies of a more serious nature.

The Ivy comes to us from one of our oldest and best known institutions for women. While the name may be beautiful in its symbolism, it does not suggest the noble work that has been done by Salem College. It seems that the college might find a more characteristic name for its periodical. The December number contains several creditable articles, but they are all very short. "The Only One" is a pretty little bit of fiction. It partakes somewhat of the nature of a character sketch and a portrayal of man's constancy. We are reminded of this little stanza of Mrs. Brownings:

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half a year—
As a man is able."

"The Borrowed Turkey" is interesting because it is unusual. The writer deals with negro dialect well.

The *Wake Forest Student* is one of the best of our exchanges. But we venture to express a hope that the managers will not return to the glaring yellow covers which they used at the beginning of the year. The policy of the Editors in regard to preserving historical material is worthy of commendation. The number containing the "Baptist Historical Papers" is interesting largely to Baptists and alumni of the institution, but still

the material is well worth collecting. The Lee Centennial Memorial Number is especially interesting from a historical standpoint, and forms a fitting tribute to our Southland's "grand old man." The alumni notes, which contain a roster of the Wake Forest Alumni who served in the army of the Confederate States, are particularly appropriate.

We are glad to notice the first issue of *The Pennant*, from the Virginia Institute, Bristol. It contains one very good piece of fiction, and several well written articles on different departments of the school. We wish *The Pennant* much success.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Converse Concept*, *Guilford Collegian*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Park School Gazette*, *The Limestone Star*, *Western Maryland College Monthly*, *Greensboro High School Magazine*, *The Erskinian*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *Isaquena*, *Red and White*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Normal Record*, *The Spectrum*, and *The Pine and Thistle*.

AMONG OURSELVES.

LILLIAN GRAY.

Because we had held memorial exercises in November, the regular college work was not suspended on North Carolina Day, when the public school children paid honor to the memory of our late President, Dr. Charles Duncan McIver. Representatives from the faculty and from each class, however, went in a body to the cemetery and placed floral offerings upon his grave on that day.

Owing to the circumstances under which the college opened in the fall, the initiations of the Cornelian and Adelpgian Literary Societies were marked by no unusual celebration. The Cornelian Society rejoices over the gift from its honorary members of a frieze for the hall, and the Adelpgian Society, likewise, over the piano left it by one of its most enthusiastic members, the late Clarence Richard Brown.

A musical recital was given in December by the Glee Club, assisted by several soloists of Greensboro, in the chapel of the Main Building. Although the weather man was in a bad humor, there was a good audience, fully appreciative of the excellent rendition. Mr. Hoexter's training merits praise and our gratitude.

Miss Lee entertained the Glee Club in the evening after the recital, in the parlors of the Spencer Building. Examination papers, containing questions relative to a Musical Romance, were passed to the guests and they all declared that the examination was immeasurably pleasanter than any ever stood by them before.

The Baptist State Convention, which convened in Greensboro in December, was the guest of the College one afternoon. An informal reception was held in the parlors and dining room of the Spencer Building. The president of the convention, Dr. Poteat, president of Wake Forest College; Mr. W. D. Upshaw, editor of the *Golden Age*, and others made short talks.

The Seniors have begun to feel that they *are* Seniors. The Juniors have entertained them; and be it said to their credit,

they entertained in the fall. Nor did they take the Seniors to the Main Building to frolic like Freshmen. The reception was held in the main parlors of the Spencer Building. A most delightful six course dinner was served in the dining room, which never before appeared to such advantage. The toasts were witty and appropriate. Herr Roy's quintette delighted the guests with their music.

The Freshmen class begins well with the possession of one art, the art of holding their tongues. On the night of the fifth of December, unseen by any, they planted their class tree, which they christened "The McIver Oak."

The students were permitted to attend "Every Man" and "The Merchant of Venice" played in Greensboro in November by the Ben Greet Company.

The Senior class has issued a College calendar. This is the first North Carolina Normal College calendar ever issued. On the front page of the calendar is a picture of Dr. McIver, which alone were worth the price of the calendar. All the designs show considerable taste.

The Students' Building Association was incorporated in December, in order to transact outside financial affairs for the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies.

The editor feels competent to give a full account of the happenings at the College during the holidays, since she had the good (?) fortune to be here. A few of the students only remained, but several things happened. Miss Coit, Miss Mendenhall and Miss Fort entertained one night at the Green Cottage. The Misses Jameson gave all the girls a good time on New Year's night, at a Tacky Party. Miss Kirkland gave also one night a delightful old-fashioned candy pulling.

Since the Christmas holidays we have had with us Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston-Salem, who came to speak concerning our College exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition. She has done much to arouse an interest among our students in the collecting of articles of historic interest.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

"Athletics and active College work go hand in hand."

In our College we have three organizations: the Young Woman's Christian Association, which represents the spiritual life; the Literary Societies, the intellectual life, and the Athletic Association, the physical life of the College. All of these are essential to the rounding of character.

It is a source of regret that the last named organization has not played so important a part as it should. Athletics ought to be an interesting feature of our College experience and we are trusting that there will be a genuine enthusiasm aroused during the present year.

Our object is not only to inculcate a love for athletics, but that we may induce every member to engage actively in outdoor sports.

Our games are croquet, basket-ball, tennis and base-ball. Certainly there are many girls who play some one or two of these games and it is incumbent upon them to encourage others to enjoy the pleasure and health derived from an active membership.

It is generally agreed here that tennis is the best game for our students, the reason given is that it can scarcely be overdone. Moreover it brings into play all the muscles. It trains the eye as well as the body. It promotes grace of movement and graciousness of manner. Those who care for these things are urged to aid us this year.

Our teams are now practicing for the tournament which will take place shortly after mid-term. We have nearly 250 members but we should have 350.

In conclusion, we, the present members, say to those students who have not joined: Stop! Consider this matter. If you care nothing for the games, your influence, your voice in the meetings and your dimes in the treasury will mean much to those who are striving to build up this College organization.

SELMA C. WEBB, President.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

ELIZABETH LE GWIN.

The third annual convention of the Young Woman's Christian Associations of North and South Carolina met in Greensboro, 22—25 November, 1906. During the convention the Y. W. C. A. of this College entertained ten delegates from the Winthrop Normal College, Rock Hill, S. C.

On Saturday afternoon of the convention the Student Conference was held at the Normal College. This was followed by an informal reception to the student delegates in attendance.

The regular prayer service of the Association is held on Monday and Thursday evenings after dinner, and on Wednesday evenings the prayer meetings of the different classes are conducted. Although the attendance at these meetings has been fairly good, we would urge that more of the students join with us.

The Association has been very fortunate this year in having such able leaders for the Sunday evening services. On Sunday evening, December 8th, Rev. Dr. T. B. Ray, of Richmond, Va., the Educational Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, gave us a most helpful and inspiring address. Another very beneficial service was led by Dr. Crawford, of the First Methodist Church, of Reidsville. Dr. Crawford, who is a staunch friend of the College, is always heartily welcomed by its students.

Since the first of December, the plan of having Morning Watch, a short prayer service held each morning during the fifteen minutes before the breakfast hour, has been adopted. So far it has proved successful and has been an inspiration to those who have attended.

The Association, during the Christmas holidays, assisted Santa Claus in filling the stockings of all those who spent their holidays at the College.

The books belonging to the Y. W. C. A. Library have been moved from the Spencer Building to the College Library, where

they may be obtained by the students on Sunday mornings from nine to ten o'clock.

ADDITIONS TO THE FACULTY.

Miss Mattie Winfield, who graduated with the Class of '05, and who previously had had several years' experience as a teacher, is an assistant in the Department of English, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Julia Dameron.

Miss Rebecca Schenck, of Greensboro, daughter of the late David Schenck, is assisting in the Department of History.

Prof. R. A. Merritt, an alumnus of our State University and recently Superintendent of the Smithfield Public Schools, is Principal of our Training School. Since Dean Foust has been acting temporarily as our College President, Mr. Merritt is assisting in the Department of Pedagogy.

Mr. Hermann Hirsch Hoexter, B. S., is filling the position of Director of Vocal Music made vacant by the death of our beloved Prof. Clarence Richard Brown. Mr. Hoexter was born at Horinghausen, in South Germany. This village was so noted for its beauty and health-giving air that the little Wilhelmena, Queen of Holland, was taken there where she passed her childhood. She and the young Herman Hoexter were fast friends and playmates.

Mr. Hoexter's early education was gotten in a private school conducted by the pastor of the village. From there he went to the *Real-Schule*, which ranks as our public Grammar School. From this, with his parents, he came to New York, where he at once entered the High School. Here the Yankee spirit entered him and he had business aspirations. Though studying hard in the High School he did clerking in the afternoons and on Saturdays during a year. He found himself when he heard Paderewski play. The real love within him inherited from a musical mother awoke. This mother was urged on one occasion by Teschetzky—the teacher of Paderewski and of Rosenthal—when she played in his presence, to

study with him, saying that she had both the musical talent and temperament to make the work worth while. The mother naturally encouraged her son and he went to study under a pupil of the great Rubenstein. Though still in the High School, he gave to his music four hours' practice each school day and six hours on holidays. During summer vacation he practiced eight hours daily. This may well be noted by our girls who hope to "learn to play" by practicing a period or two each day for three or four years.

Mr. Hoexter attended for two years the Training School for Teachers. There his hours were from 8:30 a. m. till 3 p. m., while his home study exacted long hours into the night. Sometimes, he did not go to bed at all as was, and is, true of many another student, women as well as men.

From the Training School he went to teach in the Grammar School, but he again heard Paderewski play and became acquainted with the singers of the Metropolitan Opera House. These were private gatherings and through a friend's influence, he played accompaniments and so came in contact with these musicians. Among them was Anton Seidel. These artists were thoroughly relaxed on such occasions and often acted like a lot of children, dancing and singing, making impromptu songs, theatricals, comic speeches, anecdotes and the like.

Inspired by these friends, he renewed his devotion to music and organized an orchestra of eighteen instruments, played for all sorts of occasions and read everything relating to music. Hearing of Ed. MacDowell, he determined to study with him at Columbia University. Finding that a degree could only be secured by taking a regular four years' course, he took the entrance examinations and entered Columbia in September, 1902. He did the first two years work in one year and then specialized at the Teachers' College in Music and in Education, continuing his study of German, Italian and English Literature, Philosophy and History. MacDowell lectured only on the History of Music. Mr. Hoexter studied Harmony and Counterpoint with Prof. L. B. MacWhood, and Theory

and Composition with Prof. Cornelius Rubner, of the Ducal Conservatory of Carlsruhe. He graduated with the regular B. S. degree and with the secondary diploma for the teaching of music in the public schools, being the first student of the University to complete this course. He afterward lectured on music in the New York Settlement Schools, the Speyer School and others. He was advised by Frank Damrosch to leave New York in order to give full scope to his ambition and ability. Having been recommended to Dr. McIver by Prof. C. H. Farnsworth, of Columbia University, our late President went to New York for a personal interview, which resulted in Mr. Hoexter's coming to his work among us.

Attention is called to the great amount of work which Mr. Hoexter has done already though still quite a young man. The MAGAZINE, in the name of our College community, welcomes this young enthusiast and hopes that his stay among us will be a happy one to him, the stranger, and profitable to the College which stands for work and progress.

DR. EDITH BROWN BLACKWELL.

Many in our College who knew and loved Dr. Edith Brown Blackwell, formerly our resident physician, were grieved and shocked to hear of her death. She passed away at the summer home of her mother, the Rev. Antoinette L. B. Blackwell, at Chilmark, Mass., of typhoid fever, October 3, 1906.

Dr. Blackwell was born at Milburn, now called Short Hills, New Jersey. Here she passed her infancy amid great natural beauty and here most probably she learned to love the fields, hills, birds, insects and all the children of wild nature who spoke to her as they do to few of us in this striving, hurrying world. She was educated principally at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, where she graduated. Later, she was a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. She was for some years demonstrator and instructor in the latter. She then took a year's study at the New England Hospital of Roxbury, Mass., and a year or two of post-graduate

work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston. Returning to New York, she worked in clinics at the Infirmary of the Hospital founded by her two aunts, Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell. At this time, she opened her private office at 18 East 12th Street. There, for several years, she practiced among the poor and in charitable institutions where she carried healing to the hearts as well as to the bodies of those who can best be touched and soothed by the ministering of a quiet, sympathetic woman, and such was Dr. Blackwell. From that work she came to our College to take the position of resident physician during the years from 1901 to 1903, leaving here to pursue her medical studies abroad.

Timid and shrinking, she could not unfold her tender nature to the stranger but those who were so fortunate as to know her well are filled with sweet memories of their intercourse with her. She lived the life of a student, of a searcher after truth and beauty and few realized her fine mental culture, her great store of scholarship.

The following tender little sonnet is a more truthful and pleasing picture of her white soul than any tribute which another can pay:

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY EDITH B. BLACKWELL, M. D.

Down the long green slope of the hillside,
Where the cloud shadows love to play,
They saw the snow of the daisies
That was drifted away and away.
And the soft blue light that was sifted
From the sky to the distant hills;
They heard a thrush that was singing
His tender, melodious thrills.

'Twas a glimpse of the great wide summer
That was blooming for thousands of miles
Into beauty and bountiful blessing—
One of nature's infinite smiles.

Then they thought of the crowded city
That had walled out the summer's grace—
Of the ceaseless noise of traffic
And hurry from place to place;
And they went where a child was pallid
In a tenement's stifling heat,
Her playground the sordid gutter,
The dusty sweltering street;
And she came to the flower-clad meadows
She never before had seen,—

Mysterious tents of the woodland
With curtains of rustling green—
To the mosses and red-cap lichens,
The lullaby croon of the brook,
To the largess of treasures unnumbered,
Discovered in every nook.

The pink of the wild rose petals
Had come to abide in her face,
And the gracious glint of the sunshine
Relighted a childish grace,
When she came with a brown gold daisy
Dug up from the meadow loam,
Saying: "Oh, you beautiful country,
I must carry a piece of you home."

It may be on window ledge lowly
The flower stars again may shine bright;
I know that the thought of the summer
Helps make childish burdens more light,
And surely its echoing visions
Bring sweeter dreams to the night.

So when book or word that's inspiring
Brings us glimpses of grander fields,
That blossom with deeds more heroic
Than our every day toiling yields,
That blossom with thoughts that are higher,
Akin to the thoughts we would pray,
We may gather some flowers of beauty
In our souls to carry away,
And its grace will ennoble and lighten
The burden and heat of the day.

Peterson's Magazine.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

In the very recent death of Dr. Edith Brown Blackwell, the Cornelian Society has lost a member whose quiet example of devotion to duty leaves a lasting impress upon all who knew her.

A woman of strong character and scholarly attainments, broad-minded and sweet-spirited, she was a most helpful and devoted friend.

Of her we may say, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Our sorrow at her loss is great and we would express to her family our heartfelt sympathy and love.

SELMA C. WEBB, Chairman.

EDNA DUKE,

SUE WILLIAMS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

MARIAM BOYD, '07.

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of New York City, was elected Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution to succeed the late Professor Samuel P. Langley. Professor Osborn is the first vice-president of the American Museum of Natural History of New York and is regarded as one of the foremost scientists of America. He is also known as an eminent palaeontologist and educator throughout the world. However, Professor Osborn has informed the regents that he will be unable to accept the office.

The first crop of American tea grown on a commercial scale was marketed December 11th, 1906. Twelve thousand pounds have been raised on a plantation in Colleton county, a few miles from Charleston, S. C. For several years tea has been marketed from Pinelhurst, the government experimental garden at Summerville, but the product marketed December 11th is the first of a purely commercial venture.

There are only nine States in our Union which have no Reform School. They are as follows: North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada.

Major John W. Moore, of Hertford County, who was the author of the largest and most ambitious history of North Carolina, died at the age of 72, December 11th, 1906. Moore's history is published in two volumes and is used in most of our public schools. This history is a valuable contribution and shows long and faithful service and knowledge of the history of the State.

Shah Uluzaffer-Eḡ-Din Meiza, "King of Kings," who has been ill for a long time, died the evening of the 8th of January, 1907. Mohammed Ali Meiza, the heir to the throne, will be enthroned February 2d.

It has been announced that the Chair of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, now filled by Dr. Edgar F. Smith, has been endowed with \$100,000. The University authorities decline to make public the name of the donor.

Secretary Shaw issues a statement showing that the Government closes the year with a cash balance of \$356,000,000.

The Cambridge Historical Society will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wordsworth Longfellow on February 27th, 1907. A special bronze medal is to be issued in honor of the event.

Another break occurred in the Colorado River dike and Government officials think \$2,000,000 will be needed for permanent repair.

The retirement of Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, from his Washington post awakens keen regret. He will be missed in both the official and social life at Washington. The selection of Mr. James Bryce as Sir Mortimer Durand's successor will command the hearty approval of Americans. He will be welcomed as an Ambassador, and still more cordially as a friend of the country.

A positive determination on the part of those in authority to establish at Washington a National Gallery of Art was made apparent on November the 23d, 1906, when, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, the lecture room of the National Museum, which has been made into an exhibition hall and now contains the nation's small art collection, was informally opened to the public. Now thoroughly awake, the Smithsonian authorities are ready to carry the matter further and are giving it careful consideration.

It has been suggested by some of the friends and admirers of Dr. Charles D. McIver, that the name of the proposed Lee county, which will in all probability be established by the Legislature with Sanford-Jonesboro as the county seat, be changed to McIver county. Such a change would meet with approval all over the State. It is fitting that this county be named in honor of Dr. McIver, for in the proposed territory he spent his boyhood and early manhood and there, among the sturdy Scotch of that section, he imbibed the qualities of courage and manliness, and devotion to duty that so characterized his whole life. And when the county shall have been established as McIver county, this monument, so worthy of the great leader, will be a constant reminder to the people of that section that it is their duty to live up to the high educational ideals set by Dr. McIver for the people of North Carolina.

An Italian banker is planning to open in northern Italy practical schools of domestic service, equipped with American laundries, kitchens, and dining rooms, where the Italian girls may learn free of charge the work that will be required of them when they immigrate to America. Thus when they come to this country they can easily secure places.

Mr. James Ford Rhodes has finished his History of the United States from the slavery compromise of 1850 to the end of reconstruction in the South. These seven volumes are a monument of industry and of fair judgment. Along with Mr. Fiske's volumes about earlier periods, Mr. Rhodes' is the most noteworthy American historical narrative of our time.

The career of William Armstrong Edward MacDowell, America's great musician and composer, has come to a close and he is not yet forty-four years old. This distinctly creative mind is now helpless. Edward MacDowell at the prime of life is left with his delicate, highly organized brain a poor, broken instrument. We Americans cannot escape our share of responsibility for that tragic fact for we have been content to see the composer of the "Indian Suite," the "Sonata Tragica."

"Hamlet and Ophelia," supplement his exacting but unprofitable labor of composition with the very moderately remunerative routine of the class-room for the sake of a living. Even this compensation he was not permitted to receive to the end. Now that his fertile brain, his one resource, has failed him, he must be dependent upon others for his comfort to the end. It is but poor reparation that we can make; we can offer it, however, by responding to the appeal for contributions to the Edward MacDowell Fund of the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

GRACE E. GILL, '07.

Lettie Spainhour is teaching in Statesville.

May Williams is teaching in Oxford.

Ione Scott is attending school at Peace Institute, Raleigh.

Willie Brown is teaching at the Presbyterian Orphanage, Barium Springs.

Louise Huske has a position as stenographer in a bank at Fayetteville.

Emma McKinney is teaching in the Sanford graded school.

Emily Smith is at school at St. Mary's.

Annie Lee Shuford is assistant teacher in our Training School.

Ella Jacobs has a position as stenographer with the Southern Electric Company, Wilmington.

Mary Davis is teaching in Monroe.

Nora Blow is being trained for a nurse at St. Leo's Hospital.

Florence Terrell is teaching at Louisburg.

Winnie Warlick is at school at Salem.

Annie Klein is teaching at Dudley.

Helen Banner has a position as stenographer in Cheraw, S. C.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

PATTIE VAUGHN WHITE, 07.

See the collectors with their bills! New Year bills!
 What a qualm of misery their visiting instils.
 How they make a fellow swear,
 Jump around and tear his hair,
 While the creditors, the brutes,
 Threaten action, threaten suits;
 Raining down, down, down,
 While you glare at them, and frown,
 At the interest calculation that so horribly fills
 All the bills, bills, bills,
 All the staggering total figures of the bills.

—*Baltimore Sun...*

It doesn't pay to hurry. Take your time—but don't take
 other people's.

Sister has an auto,
 Bubble wagon green,
 Careful folks skedaddle
 When she strikes the scene.

Brother for his outing
 Has a motor boat
 Chugging through the waters,
 Beating all afloat.

Mother has a carriage
 And a pair of bays,
 When she takes her airing
 Lordly dust they raise.

Just how father travels
 None have heard him state,
 Save we heard him mutter
 That he pays the freight.

Washington Post.

A woman's love for dress and dressing is apt to keep her husband guessing.

A hen on the Cornell University grounds has laid two hundred and twenty-five eggs in ten months. Yet there are farmers who question the value of a liberal education.—*New York Commercial*.

Nero played the fiddle while
Rome burned, the story goes!
Funny the fiddle he should play—
He should have played the hose.

Boston Transcript.

Two pairs of gloves beat three of a kind.

Oh, once an Eskimo girl there was,
On a candle long and thick she fed.
Her brother asked her for the wick,
"There ain't goin' to be no wick," she said.

Woman's Home Companion.

HEARD AT THE BOOK ROOM.

"Please give me Kipling's Essay on Burns—and have you any copies of Kelley and Sheets' poems left?"

Freshman—"Faust, one of Shakespeare's plays is to be in town next week, I hear, and I am certainly going."

Miss H—"Yes, Signior Patricolo is to give a recital here and"—

Attentive Freshman—"What are the Seniors up to now?"

APROPPOS THE JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

Junior to Aunt Mandie invading secret conference with broom and buckets—"Mandie, you can't come in this room unless you are a Junior, no Seniors allowed."

Aunt Mandie—"Oh, you young ladies go long; you june over there an' I'll seen over here, an' I won't bother yo' business an' yo won't bother mine."

A COLLEGE IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
School girls' heads are hollow,
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there is more to follow.
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, Histology,
Latin, Etymology,
Botany, Geometry,
French and Trigonometry.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Slap it in, clap it in,
What are school girls made for?
Ancient Archaeology,
Aryan Philology,
Prosody, Zoology,
Physics, Climatology,
Calculus and Mathematics,
Rhetoric and Hydrostatics,
Hoax it in, coax it in,
School girls' heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can follow,
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there is more to swallow.
Faces pinched and pale
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted; studies deep.
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you,
How the teachers crammed it in,

Slammed it in, jammed it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

Selected.

"I guess that I am thru,"

Roosevelt said.

"My spelling will not do,"

Roosevelt said.

"Tho why my skeme to spel

Shud have raised such merry—hulabaloo

Is more than I can tell,"

Roosevelt said.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

The State Normal Magazine.

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EDITORIAL.

It is not always that men and women are appreciated in life. Too often flowers are heaped upon the grave of one who possibly had longed for freshness and sweetness in life and columns of loving tribute are dedicated to one who would more gladly and thankfully have labored if the "appreciation" had been spoken to the living ear. It is a pleasure therefore to find the following tribute from one unselfish worker to another who gives himself to the service of the needy. Both are North Carolinians.

JOHN T. PULLEN.

We need not fare across the world to find
One to evoke our most exalted praise,
Not yet back to the irrevocable days
Mid peoples and on shores long out of mind.
But they are with us now; they delve, and bind
The sheaf; they go down ocean's pathless ways;
They drive the loom; they build ethereal lays—
But to their princely presence we are blind.
And thou art such an one; along the street,
As in thy life of service thou dost go,
Thy right hand's deeds thy left hand doth not know.
They see thy soul—they whom thou hast made glad—
Not the chance stranger prone on hurrying feet—
A soul as pure as that of Galahad.

—H. J. Stockard in the *News and Observer*.

Our legislators are busy. Laws concerning the liquor traffic, child labor, youthful criminals, railway obligations, government by lobby, the regulation of salaries—even woman's rights are being talked about, written about, and handed about from one house to another, referred to committees and voted upon till the lay reader is in a crystal maze of wonder, and longs for a politician to lead her out to the straight and narrow road of "one thing or another." When all is said and done, will the Legislature of 1907 have made it plain to the people that our children are to be taught by competent teachers? Will they appropriate sufficient money to pay these teachers living sal-

aries? Will they make it possible for School Boards to say: "We shall employ only trained teachers, and we intend to make it worth while for these teachers to live and to work among us"? Will they make it unpopular and impossible for a community to place over little children a young person who has no training, no ambition, no wish except to be "hired" and to receive the "wages" offered? Will the legislators make it a misdemeanor for a man who cannot read and write to serve on a school board? Will they forbid third grade, yes even second grade certificates? Will they order that teachers must go to Raleigh as the lawyers do to be examined by a State Board once and for all, licensed for life, then to be allowed to practice their profession in any county in North Carolina? Are the teachers of as much worth to the State as the lawyers or doctors? If so, why subject them to the necessity of biennial examinations, or annual examinations if they go from one county to another?

We had examinations offered once by the State to teachers for life certificates. Why they were discontinued I do not know, but I think it was because so few took advantage or could pass. If not two lawyers applied each year to the Supreme Court for an examination I suppose the law requiring them to do so before being licensed would not be abolished. No man in the State would be allowed to take an examination before the county clerk because he does not know enough to pass the examination formulated by Judge Clark and his associates. Better the schools were closed and the money given to the training of teachers than that the mighty army of second and third grade teachers be allowed to continue in the field, trying to teach what they know not and know not that they know not.

When a man or woman has spent years and hundreds of dollars—the latter often borrowed—to prepare for work, \$35 per month for four or five, even for nine months in a year, will not meet the requirements which that preparation has created. Though she work eight or nine months, she must live twelve. Multiply \$35 by 9 and divide the result by 12. It gives \$26.25

per month for board, \$20 in towns, \$15 in the country, laundry \$2 anywhere. If a woman can dress on from \$4 to \$8 per month, she is a domestic success who should publish her methods. Then whence come the funds for travelling expenses, books, Institute attendance, doctors' and dentists' bills?

The above calculation is made upon the basis of support for one person. Do any of us know a dozen women teachers—or breadwinners along any line,—who are not responsible for the support of others than themselves?

There is much being said about a compulsory education law. When the State furnishes sufficient school room capacity and equipment and trained teachers, compulsion will not be needed. I do not claim that all parents will send their children to school, but so many will that illiteracy will become unpopular and our citizenship will be so improved that ignorance will not be the dangerous factor in the making and non-observance of laws which we know it now to be.

The long hours are a hindrance to good attendance. Little children in the country schools are required to be present six hours, that time stretching from 8:45 a. m. till 4:15 p. m. Those who live from one to two miles from school need to leave home at 8 o'clock, and cannot reach home in the afternoon before 5 o'clock. In winter, this consumes practically all of the daylight. Then most parents—and teachers too—expect some lessons to be learned at home, because the teacher has no time to teach—only to "hear" lessons. A day so arranged that little time is left for anything outside of school life unless sleep and play are curtailed is not in accordance with the laws of health, now so much and rightly discussed. The majority of parents need their children's help at home and it is right—apart from the need—that every boy and girl over six years of age should have suitable and regular home work. When the tired mother hears "school," "lessons," "books," offered as excuses when she needs wood and chips brought in; the baby cared for; the beds made; the sweeping done; it is natural—if she has not known these blessings—that she hate the words. But if she crave for her children the advantages of school life,

she must still keep one or more at home, whereas she might send them were less time consumed. Though the public school teacher knows the sacrifice which some mothers must make in order that their children may attend school, yet she has no authority to shorten the hours, nor can she arrange the daily schedule so that certain children may be dismissed before the closing hour.

Four hours of school work are sufficient for one day to any boy or girl in the Grammar grades and two hours are enough for those in the Primary grades. I do not mean four or two hours of dawdling, of holding books while paper wads are being reduced to pulp in busy little jaws to be "chuncked" across the room as soon as the over-worked teacher quits looking that way. I mean four or two hours of teaching, of helping, which only the teacher who is called of God and trained by man can do.

I call to mind one district having ninety-eight children of school age. The school house seats eighty children. The three committeemen are almost illiterate. They can sign their names though not one can write three lines of correct English. They employ a young lady, who through the mistaken kindness of her county superintendent has a so-called first grade certificate. She knows nothing of Normal methods. She has had no intercourse with trained teachers, nor has she ever come in contact with cultured men and women. What can she do with even the average attendance of twenty-five or thirty? Horace Mann, himself, could not control, to say nothing of training, the ninety-eight turbulent spirits due there. That district needs a school committee capable of recognizing preparedness—or the absence of it—in applicants for the place of teacher; a house of three class rooms and an assembly hall for occasions and for morning exercises; three teachers who can make the school a place of interest and of profit for twenty hours rather than a prison-house for thirty hours every week.

Emerson says: "The true test of civilization is not the census; nor the size of cities; nor the crops; no, but the kind of men the country turns out." We do not need so much to make

money as to make men and women. North Carolina is rich enough to invest in educational futures. She is poor enough to arouse herself to the necessity of putting more of her riches into the schools. A dead law is an offence to good citizenship. A compulsory law with our present school fund and equipment would be a dead law.

ANNIE GOODLOE RANDALL.

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