



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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No. 4

Our country is at war. What that means we are beginning to realize. It is being brought home to us daily by the khaki clad boys upon the streets. Our brothers and friends have been called to the colors, and many are even now fighting at the front to preserve the very life of the nation and to save from destruction the things for which we stand as a nation. This year, at the Normal, we have heard and responded to many of the appeals for special war needs. We have given generously, even with sacrifice, in response, but we must do more than give. Our country asks for our money, but wars are not won with dollars. Money merely buys things and makes it possible for *people* to do what is needful to win the victory.

The business of the nation must be carried on with an efficiency never before attained, Not only that, but the tremendous additional demands of war must be met, and this must be done with the best of the young men

taken out of the ranks of the workers. To these young men has come the great call; but to every citizen has come the call to national service, each in the work, new or old, which is his to do. To women especially comes this call to efficiency in our special work without which success is impossible. But beyond this, we are the reserve force to be sent into the vacant places of the soldiers. How heavy that demand may be we do not yet know. We do know that the women of our allies are, by thousands, in all branches of manufacture,—even making cannons and war aeroplanes,—in commerce and transportation, as wage earning workers replacing men. American women are already being used by great employers of labor to replace American men.

To respond, to serve, to win we must be fit and ready. Fitness means health, physical and mental; it means energy, alertness; strong bodies, clean brains, steady hands. We are not in America as fit as we thought ourselves. The draft examinations have

given amazing and even horrifying facts. The young women of America must see to it that the next generation of America's sons are strong men, fit for the service of peace and of war; and a strong race is not mothered by weaklings.

To make ourselves fit means physical training as well as mental. It means discipline and right living. The students of the Normal College, as a whole, are not fit, if the physical examinations of the freshmen are a good index. How to remedy this is a matter for anxious thought. We have not the facilities of a proper gymnasium and apparatus, but we have out-of-doors. The trained men of our new National army are being developed there. We can follow their example.

One step has already been taken, and from the enthusiasm of the walking squads has come the idea of a Normal Regiment to make use of the walking period for drills and marches. There is nothing better than military discipline and training to coordinate mind and body. Only with training comes the ability to translate a thought or an order received, into instant and accurate action. Efficiency demands this ability, not only as individuals but as members of the individuals trained to act together. Nowhere can this training be had better than in military drills. We know the thrill of watching trained soldiers march and maneuver. Even as spectators, we can feel some of the rhythm and swing and smartness of it. In the Normal Regiment we can be a part of it ourselves; we can get the training and feel the inspiration of harmony of action with others. We can thru this, also, arrive at some understanding

and sympathy with soldier brothers and friends, which the entirely untrained cannot know.

The Regiment will be organized and disciplined on a strictly military basis. The officers and divisions will be those of the U. S. Army; the oaths of officers and enlisted men will be those of the regular army, with only necessary modifications. The Infantry Drill Regulations of the U. S. A. will be our manual. Until the commissioned officers are trained to drill their men, the companies will practice marches under their non-commissioned officers. Drilling by squads will be started as soon as possible.

Enlist in the Normal Regiment and catch step with the nations.

We hear much of the "Melting Pot" and always we think of the great Melting Pot, America. There are others however in which strange and ill assorted elements are stirred about together. Whether or not they fuse remains to be seen. Such a melting pot is the college community, and here we find a widely varied assortment of compounds

There are steady girls and fickle girls; there are clever girls and dull girls; there are well developed girls and girls with potentialities undeveloped. There are positive girls and negative girls; there are deep-thinking girls and there are girls who have never learned to think; there are radicals who are dissatisfied with everything and conformists who are satisfied with anything; there are girls who think socially and there are thoughtless girls; there are girls with high standards and there are girls who think that ideals are babyish.

Each of these girls, as she moves about in the Melting Pot, is giving some of her self in the mass, and each unit in the mass is modified by the character of the whole. Some things are lighter than others in this strange and potent mixture. Some contributions have too little mass to weigh much in the affairs of our college or in the world at large. These will rise in froth to the top. Shall we skim the melting pot this year?

At the beginning of this momentous year, one in which the citizens of the world crowd ever closer and closer together, there are some that come to slay their fellowmen and some to heal the scars of war; some that they may oppress the defenseless for the sake of gain, and some that they may spread the gospel of unselfishness and brotherhood. America at this hour stands head and shoulders above her neighbors, giving her best for the triumph of democracy, and preparing her people for the serious task of readjustment and reconstruction which must necessarily follow present conditions.

And preparation for this work must be more than a superficial opinion shaded with prejudice. It must be a knowledge of world conditions and the factors which went into the making of those conditions. It must spring from a sympathetic understanding of a people's struggle against the bondage of custom and prejudice, against selfishness and ignorance. It must be a preparation which will make each individual American stand for what his or

her country stands for in the family of nations.

By these world conditions, however, is meant not only the state of affairs in those countries towards which all eyes are now turned—but also those sleeping, ignorant, and apparently unambitious and lifeless peoples in whom is hidden a spark of greatness. It includes the Indian in his rapidly disappearing tribe as well as the individual in the seething masses of Asia. It is concerned with those unfamiliar island peoples as well as the immigrants who throng through America's big cities; with Mexico as well as Russia; and indeed, with all lands and people who stand in need of America's Christian fellowship.

But who, one may ask, is to have the opportunity for this preparation? With the men at the front and the women filling their places at home there is little time for study. But there is yet another group, one which has always played an important part in world movements. It is the students, and at this time, especially the women students. To the educated women is committed the task of keeping standards high and unsullied; to them is given the privilege of quiet study, and upon them primarily is placed the high requirements of future service and enlightenment.

At the end of this year, we as a student body, thru the help of the study courses in *World Citizenship* which begin after Midterm, may stand as a group of women adequately prepared for intelligent service for our country and the Eternal God of nations.

Some Day In Spring

ANNIE LEE STAFFORD, '19, CORNELIAN

Some day in Spring, when the south winds blow,
They shall blow the battle smoke up in the sky;
And the smoke, grimy gray, shall be washed clear and
blue,
And the air shall be wondrously fresh and new,
When the warm fresh rain comes sweeping by
Some day in Spring!

Some day in Spring, when the grass grows green,
It shall hide the dark stains left on the sod,
And the flowers that grow shall be fair and sweet;
For the "Flower of the Nations" has been planted deep,
Down in the Acre of God.

Some day in Spring when the winter is past,
The wild wasting winter of war and strife,
A new world shall rise which the Christ shall call good—
A love world of service and true brotherhood
In the Spring that is bringing new life.



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The Fortunes of Posey Brim

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

Posey Brim sat on the back porch giving the dasher of the old fashioned churn half-hearted and spasmodic thrusts and jerks into the detested milk. She smoothed out the torn premium list upon her right knee and again and again her eyes traveled from the lower right hand corner to the upper left. She had two hundred Arbuckle signatures, just enough to get that wonderful diamond ring. But there was the watch, guaranteed to last a lifetime said the advertisement. Which would she rather have, the diamond ring or the ladies' gold watch? Which would it be? She had to think hard so propping her elbow on her knees she bent over the worn sheet in a vain attempt to decide.

"Posey, has the butter come?"

The well-known voice from the kitchen brought her back to earth, and in Posey's estimation the most undesirable occupation on this earth.

"No'm, not quite. I think it needs a little hot water."

"A little churning you mean. Stop reading and churn like you meant it."

Again the thumping began, emphatic and vicious. She always could get the most done when she was mad.

"I hate buttermilk. Why can't folks just use sweet milk. I wish we'd sell Daisy. I hate cows named

Daisy. Ours always are named Daisy. I believe I'll start calling her Rose.

"Oh I wish I was a boy. Boys don't ever have to churn. If I wasn't afraid Ma'd lock me up in the closet I'd tip it over and run. I'd give anything——"

"Yee-ho-ee-ho-ee-ho," came the familiar call from down towards Macon's barn. Posey was careful not to disturb anybody as she slipped around the corner of the house and sped down to the garden fence. Billy Whitson astride the honeysuckle-burdened fence and Pike Martin with red head poked through a life-sized hole in the wire were signaling madly to her to hurry.

"Come on, slow poke, we're going to have some fun. Pike's caught the Martin's black cat and we're going to find out if it's sure enough got nine lives. It just now scratched the Martin baby and Mrs. Martin told us to take it off and drown it."

"Oh don't drown it. I'll bet that Martin kid squeezed it and made it scratch."

"Well that's not all it's done. You know good and well that black cats are hanted. Aunt Mandy Lee said the other night when she was comin' home from preachin' an old witch riding that very same cat chased her as far as from here down to that old persimmon tree and clawed her

so bad she couldn't wash the dishes next morning. And you know good and well that Mr. Martin shot it one time and the next morning when I woke up it was sitting in the window sill. It aint used up all its lives yet so let's have some fun."

"Oh Billy, I'll tell you what let's do," Posey broke in, "Lets have a circus and make the cat act. We can swipe some cotton seed sacks down at the Macon's barn and make a swell tent, and Pike can go home and get some of Susie's doll clothes, and tell all the kids on our street to come and bring as many Arbuckle signatures as they are years old."

"Well, I'd like to know who'd have old nocount Arbuckles signatures. I'm going to charge 'em pea marbles or tobacco tags or base ball pictures." "Pike Martin you don't know what you are talking about! You can get a brand new gentleman's pocket knife for just twenty-five signatures, and a solid gold signet ring for fifteen and just listen to what it says about this handsome necktie," reproved the enthusiastic Posey, smoothing out the worn premium list.

At length convinced of the wisdom of Posey's plan, Pike set out on the job of unearthing some suitable apparatus and drumming up a crowd. As he trudged unconcernedly thru the back yard a bright thought struck him. Why not have a real animal show. He could borrow little Ann Wilken's crazy hen without anybody's knowing it and maybe Jim Neal would bring his white rats. No, he wouldn't ask Jim cause Jim would want all the signatures.

There was a crack in the kitchen door so he slipped quietly in. In the nursery he found an assorted supply

of doll clothes. Stuffing them into his pockets he was slipping out when the door had to go and creak and then Mrs. Martin called out,

"Pike is that you?"

"Yas'm," he admitted.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, come here."

He obeyed rather unwillingly.

"Pike, there isn't a bit of kindling split. I wish you would cut up a lot while you are doing it. I want you to fill the wood box full."

"Aw, Ma," he whined twisting his face into an agonized frown, "Make Bobby do it. It was his time to do it today. Yesterday I split a whole box for him. Ma, ple—ease. Oh, and and I forgot. I'm just starting to mail that letter you gave me this morning. I'll call Bobby and tell him you said to split the kindling," he announced as he shot off.

In his retreat thru the kitchen he grabbed a tin pan and the stove key and was making way with his booty with a light heart when around the corner of the house he espied unsuspecting Bobby. Assuming an air of repressed excitement he called out, "I know somethin' I ain't gonna tell."

At once Bobby was all concern. "What is it Pike? What you got there? Where're you going?"

"I know something I ain't gonna tell," was the only reply.

"Tell me Pike. Please do. I won't tell anybody."

"Honest injun? Cross your heart?"

"Honest injun. Cross my heart and body."

"Well, if you will put this letter in the mail box on the corner before I count one thousand, I'll tell you. Now, see how quick you can do it."

"Oh tell me now," he begged.

"If you don't hurry up I won't tell you at all," threatened Pike, so off Bobby went with the letter.

Pike proceeded to make a thorough search of the surroundings. Among his find's were the remains of two brooms, a wire basket from a battered bicycle, an old pair of bellows, and a trunk rope. As the panting Bobby reappeared Pike began, "Nine hundred ninety-six, nine hundred ninety-seven, nine hundred ninety-eight, nine hundred ninety—."

"I'm back, now you got to tell me what it is," announced Bobby.

"Well, here's what it is. We are going to a show down by Macon's barn and everybody comes to it has got to bring as many Arbuckles signatures as he is years old. We are going to have some wild animals and a clown and some wild Indians and freaks and lots of other things and Billy's going to do some stunts on the acting pole. And he'll let you come to every bit of it for nothing at all if you'll go out and tell everybody about it. Here take this tin pan and stove key, and tell folks to come right on. And don't forget the signatures," called Pike as Bobby obediently trotted off.

Then back to the barn went Pike with his load. Posey and Billy had finished the tent after much wrangling and a fine one it was. They, too, had made a varied collection of articles for the show, so they fell to work with a vim. Into the bicycle basket the long suffering cat was transferred, in order that it might impersonate a caged tiger. The crazy hen that poked out her head and stretched her neck was tied to a pole and labelled "giraffe." After painting his face

with mulberries, Billy needed no label to tag him as an Indian. Finally everything was ready for the opening number, and Posey was stationed at the entrance to receive signatures.

Bobby's crowd, interested and curious on account of his marvelous tales, surrendered their long hoarded signatures without a single regret. Once inside, disillusionment began. They kept clamoring for some wild animals. In order to divert their minds Billy did his star stunts while Posey and Pike dressed the cat. It was a very humiliated cat robed in a very becoming pink gingham doll dress which next appeared before the delighted crowd. Frightened at the puffing of the old hand bellows the frantic animal plunged its claws into the hand of its principal tormentor. Pike already disgusted with the show, wrathfully announced that he wasn't going to have anything else. "I'm tired of fooling with old hanty cats, and nine lives or a million lives, I don't care which it has, I'm going to drown it or bust. Don't you say so, Billy?"

Straightway there rose a wail from the audience. "If you're not going to have any more show than that I want my signatures back," wailed little Peter Dodds. But assured by Bobby that he might help drown the cat he gradually subsided.

Now the well on the Macon lot held a peculiar charm for all the children of the neighborhood. All their mothers had expressly forbidden them to go near it, not only because of the danger of falling thru the rotten boards which covered it, but also because there had gathered in it as a result of its long disuse those poisonous gases which do gather in old wells.

Here it was they decided the wicked cat should meet its end.

Rescuing the doll rags, Posey held the writhing culprit while Billy gingerly lifted a loose plank which lay over the well. The crowd stood off at a distance.

"Billy, Ma said if you breathed that gas—," began Posey.

"Well dunce, I'm not going to stick my nose in it. It's the cat." With that he gave the cat a fling. Right against the rock wall of the well it went and the long-suffering cat, back bristled with fright, began its downward journey.

In the darkness Billy saw the streak of electric sparks which flew from the cat's back as it bumped down the wall. He listened for a splash. There was a sudden swish and boom and as he jumped backward, knocking the waiting onlookers in all directions a blinding streak of light shot up, and the old boards, rent to splinters were hurled upward. The whole column of fire, earth, rock, and boards were crowned by a tense sprawling black feline.

"Gee whiz! That ole cat's set the Bad Man loose. I saw the fire shootin' off his back," Billy managed to get out between gasps, now that he had retreated to a safe perch on the pasture bars.

"Ma told us not to mess around that well," moaned Posey, the whites of her eyes shining.

"It's more'n gas in that well, it's hants!"

"Hants nothin'!" declared Pike with an air of finality which was particularly impressive when delivered with white face from which the freckles stood out as if on stems, that Martin cat ain't no hant. It's the Old Devil hisself, and he set that gas on fire, and he meant to blow us up."

The children sat silent. They knew that Pike had spoken the truth, and they knew too that the cat was alive and upon the earth.

"Whooh," shuddered Posey as she poked her toes further down between two rickety rails and clutched at a mulberry branch which hung over the fence. Her eyes wandering fearfully over the old field. No sign of the cat. The bedraggled creature had long since taken its weary way back to the Martins, there to begin upon its ninth or millionth life.

"Come on let's go home," said Billy with an air of infinite disgust; and off sauntered the two boys kicking the dust before them.

Two dirty little fists sought two sagging gingham pockets. Then a slow grin spread over Posey's face. The signatures! And she hadn't even counted them. With a squeal she gave herself an ecstatic hug and slid to the ground. There were more than enough of them. Now she could have the diamond ring and, besides, the ladies' gold watch guaranteed to last a life-time.

As I Was Thinking

ARNETTE HATHAWAY, '19, ADELPHIAN

Language, these tools by which I make known to you what I am about to say—is as incomprehensible to me in its distribution as the first two chapters of Psychology. Great minds may go as deep as they like in the process of investigation, and produce all the pooh-pooh and ding-dong and bow-wow theories their fancies may create, but it will not serve to explain to one of the semi-intellectual species that I represent—which type indeed makes up half of the inmates of this whirling orb,—how some of our guttural and nasal utterances ever got appended to the object, or rather the variety of objects, they now signify.

Take that work trunk—just to prove to you that I have a specific instance in mind. Say it extemporaneously and see how many people out of a crowd will coincide in visualizing what you call up before their minds. As a result of this test, I think you will agree that we must be patient and await further development of theorists and theories, before we can say, to the best of our knowledge and belief, what man was aiming at when he originally emitted the sounds corresponding to those first characters of the alphabet; whether a piece of luggage, or a part of his own frame, or the proboscis of an elephant, or all of them. Mr. Webster, tho wary and wise, had no other choice than to define it as a light-framed box or case for packing and transporting one's personal wares; again, with the same pronunciation, the foundation to which a sculptor

adds such appendages as limbs, neck and head, in carving an image of the genus Homo, or to which an artist grafts foliage in effecting the necessary decorations for a landscape; a third meaning, still uttered with like phonetics, the most convenient means by which the largest animal at the circus can devour peanuts or sprinkle the annoying crowds.

And if you have the brotherly patience to further befuddle your cerebrum in this labyrinth of gibberish, review with me Mr. Webster and secure his idea of what, after sufficient modelling and remodelling that instrument of the vernacular—pump—should bring into consciousness. First, a mechanical device for raising, circulating, exhausting or compressing a fluid by drawing or pressing it thru apertures and pipes. That explanation by our honored etymologist is intelligible to a few, and the masses do not suffer from their ignorance. They recognize a pump as a pitcher hooked on to a pipe and a valve, by which Adam's ale is secured, in a jerky or regular stream, according to the quality of the appliance, and the length of the pipe and the humidity of the source. But that is not all. Mr. Webster—powerless to do differently I grant—says that an equally common interpretation of that articulate utterance is a light, slipper-like shoe with a low heel. At the present season, a pump is any species of slipper that is not an Oxford or English-cut, and of course Mr. Webster's definition is no longer

adequate. The titles of shoes however change with Time, and it does not redound to the discredit of the author of the dictionary that he could not foresee particulars concerning footwear. In the capacity of the third meaning, to pump our neighbor, not his pump, is possible. This use is expounded as the artful pick-pocketing of miscellaneous information, for one purpose or another, either the forwarding of some definite work on foot or the satiety of our ever-famishing curiosity; same being exercised mainly on children and unbranded half-wits, who usually give out as freely as they

absorb, if the pumping process be employed.

Such a medley of meanings our heiroglyphics have come to mean, small wonder it is that our neighbors from across the sea get tangled when they land in New York. Reason for three days and three nights, as I have done, and regardless of the most earthquake-like tearing down and equally forceful building up of our forefather's first means of expression, you cannot comprehend how individual articulations have become the nomenclature of such a variety of objects.

Reverie

VERLA WILLIAMS, ADELPHIAN

From serene and holy heaven
 Looked the moon upon the sea,
 And the strange, eternal waters
 Lay enwrapped in reverie.
 But the pale moon saw the image
 Of the heavens in the flood,
 And her soul was made to tremble
 While before it firm had stood.
 And the moonbeams ever quiver
 On the bosom of the river.

As the moon looked from the heavens
 To the gray and lovely sea,
 I have looked from earth's illusions
 In the deep, gray eyes of thee;
 Saw the image of the Heavens;
 Saw the image of all good.
 And my soul was made to tremble
 While before it firm had stood.
 And my dreams forever quiver
 As the moonbeams on the river.

New Year's Eve

INABELLE COLEMAN, '18, CORNELIAN

Softly, caressingly fell the snow mantling the weary earth in a garment of radiant purity; over the world hung a brooding silence, a silence broken only by the faint echo of a distant church bell as it tolled out the last hours of the old year. All space seemed at peace.

By an open fire sat a little mother knitting the final stiches in a sweater for some other mother's son. A deep longing filled her soul and she prayed again the same prayer that she had counted off on her beads every night since New Year's eve twenty years ago. A blazing splinter curled out, broke off, and dropped into the glowing coals and the little mother's face grew brighter as her thoughts ran backward.

She is again beside a cosy fire, its glow lighting up her then young face as she looked down into the laughing eyes of her little son and daughter, telling them that they might stay awake till their doctor Daddy came home from his call since it was New Years. And how they had frolicked and laughed,—her little four year old son and her baby girl. Then had come the step on the porch and big handsome Daddy had swept them all three up into his arms at once. Then he had settled down before the fire and tumbling the curly head of his sturdy straight-standing little son, enquired if he had yet made out his platform on which to run for president and make his pretty mother proud of him,

"Louise," he had said in his deep caressing voice, "the boy is the image

of you; eyes, hair, mouth—everything; I hope he'll be like you in his disposition." And then the little mother had flushed with pride in the fire light, as little Joseph and big Joseph looked at her with adoring eyes, and little Joseph, flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone repeated in a voice, like her own, "'ike her in 'isposition."

Soon had come another call to the busy Doctor Daddy and he had gone out into the cold again to answer the needs of suffering ones.

Then,—O how the little mother shivered, as she remembered it,—then first as the bells were ringing in the New Year, she had been startled from sleep by the cry "Fire!" "Fire!" and had stood still in the dark clinging to her baby girl and her little son. Then as she tried to find her way out, she had been blocked at very turn by curtains of leaping flame and strangling smoke and then,—then she had fainted.

She woke in a white bed, in a white room with a lady in white, repeating: "Your baby isn't hurt. Your baby isn't hurt."

But where was her little son? All these years she had been searching and hoping against hope and now after twenty years as the fire flickered up again and again so her dead hopes seemed to flare. Surely she would find her son, the flesh of her flesh, the bone of her bone, the very image of her, Joseph had always said. She was so alone since Joseph had died ten years ago and Louise whose edu-

cation had been such a financial struggle had answered her country's call and gone to France.

A log broke and rolled down into the glowing coals and burst into a last wild flare just as the quiet of the room was shattered by the quick clang of a bell. Claspings the unfinished sweater to her breast, the little Mother's lips framed the word, "Fire," but as her tense body relaxed she realized that it was only the door bell calling at this late hour.

With trembling hands she opened the door to a messenger boy with a special delivery.

"It's kinder unusual to deliver late," he ventured "but it's from France and the boss knew you'd like to hear from Miss Louise."

She signed mechanically. What had happened? She felt weak and sick but she clasped the letter to her breast and managed to whisper, "Thank you," as the youngster went whistling away along the snowy street all glittering in the moonlight. The clouds had rolled away and each star danced and twinkled heralding the coming of the New Year. She stood dimly conscious of the moonlight, of the dazzling snow, of the letter in her hand. She could not open it! Since her only little girl, her only living child had sailed "over there" her life had been one everlasting dread and fear of what might happen,—and now was this—? One short yet long year had passed since her daughter had gained the highest honors of all the twenty mid-term graduates of her state college. On that wonderful night she had pictured her daughter's coming home to spend a few happy years with her mother and then, at her country's call for nurses she had felt

that she must answer. Her country was waging a just and righteous war, a war in which she would not only avenge the wrongs of the Belgians, not only repay France for her aid, not only avenge the wrongs of humanity in the present, but make it impossible that such wrongs should ever occur again. The call was coming to the young and strong and those who did not answer the call could have no fellowship with those who met their responsibility and gave of themselves. She was a graduate from her state college, she owed more to her country and had more to give than had the untrained, and she must answer the call to service.

She was not going to be a slacker. She was going "over there" to wear the red cross on her sleeve and alleviate the suffering of the boys "some where in France."

The little Mother had plead that her service might be accomplished at home, that she might organize the home forces and lead others to service, that she might make and gather much needed supplies, that she might help to train the young people for physical and mental efficiency and moral fitness.

But Louise had not seemed to hear her; her ears had been filled with the roar of battle and the crash of guns and beneath all the moaning of the suffering men who had risked all for their country.

At first her mother had thot that it was the glamour of war, the romance of adventure, the dramatic appeal of the situation which was drawing her, but at last she began to see that it was a deeper call. Louise's life had not been unshadowed by her mother's lifelong sorrowing search for her brother and the girl had come to feel

deeply the pride and grief of the Mothers and sisters who were now giving sons and brothers to the defense of the rights of humanity. She was sorry and glad that she could not give her brother, who would now be a fine broadshouldered man with her mother's deep gray eyes and gold brown hair.

She did not have her brother to give and she must give herself,—not just her service—but her very self.

At last her mother had yielded and she had gone into training. Then with a smiling face the little Mother had looked into those eyes as blue as the June sky and bade her a tearless goodby when she sailed for France. Oh, the agony, the horror, the dread of what might be happening at any moment. Each letter was so full of the joy of service and the deepening sympathy and understanding of womanhood that she could not grudge her the experience but each letter was just as full of the increasing danger of her service. She had made good in rapid skillful work under strain and excitement and she was now in one of the base hospitals just behind the lines where the shells screamed and the ground shook with the discharge of mighty guns.

What did this letter, addressed in a strange and irregular scrawl contain? She sat staring into the greying ashes, listening to the tap, tap of the bare tree branches against the window pane. The room was chilling and the dead silence broken only by the regular tap on the pane was unbearable.

"Ah, God," she murmured "help me to bear it and give me strength to be glad that I had her to give to Thy cause in bringing about justice and right on earth."

She lifted her head and with firm fingers, tore open the envelope and took out several closely written sheets. They were in her daughter's hand writing. The logs blazed up once more and she read:

Dearest Little Mother—

I wanted so much to be with you at this time but I am sending you more joy than I could ever have brought had I come to you sooner. O Little Mother how I wish I might tell you this, not write it; for I feel I must see your face when you hear that your dearest hope is fulfilled. Little Mother, I am sitting in the hospital beside the cot of a man who looks at me with your deep grey eyes, whose dark brown hair waves back from his temples with little golden glints as does yours and, Oh, Little Mother even his voice tho deep and manly is sweet with its likeness to yours, and he is my brother and your son.

And I have more good news, Little Mother, but let me begin at the beginning. Yesterday there was the stiffest fight we have yet had. We are starting a strong offensive here for the first time; for as you know it has been all we could do to hold our own here before. Any way, all day yesterday, the ambulance cars were hurrying back and forth and we were working like mad. Oh Mother, its wonderful to be able to really help some of them and more wonderful to see them grit their teeth or even smile under the most terrible pain. Toward night the number grew smaller and while some of the girls were resting, I was staying in the ward helping about a few things when several wounded men were brought in. I was called to help examine a wounded

shoulder and was working as rapidly as possible when the Doctor came up and glancing at the wounded man, exclaimed:

“Why that’s Captain Joseph Gorden one of your countrymen, a mighty fine fellow. Hope he isn’t badly hurt. Let’s see.”

We went on, dressing and bandaging, the name Joseph ringing in my head and just as I finished, and stood up the light fell upon his face and hair and he opened his eyes—and he was you—Mother, you over again. I almost fainted but I knew I must go on to the next, and the next so I gritted my teeth and went ahead.

For days I have watched him mend, and for days I held myself from writing until I was sure and today he was well enough to talk for a long time and I am sure he is really our Joseph

and Mother—best news of all—a transport of wounded men invalided home, is to sail this week and several of the nurses, I among them, are coming too—now at last I’ve told you—. We are both coming home to you Little Mother and New Year shall not be a sad day anymore. We have not had a minute to talk over the past, but that will come when we join you, Little Mother. Your son, tho weak and shaky will address this, his first letter to you—

Love from your son and daughter—
Louise and Joseph.

Again the Little Mother clasped the letter and *his* sweater to her breast and prayed, but the little beads counted off a new prayer as the last bell chimed in the New Year and the glowing coals threw their caressing glow about her.



The Formation of the Red Cross

IDA GORDNER, '19, CORNELIAN

The Editors are very glad to introduce this as the first of a series of essays dealing with the Red Cross organization and its work

That oft quoted remark of General Sherman's that "war is hell" is not too strongly put when one thinks of it; for its full meaning cannot be comprehended except by those who know the stench of foul trenches; the horrible agony occasioned by the great engines of warfare; the suffering of the wounded and dying on the battle fields under all kinds of climatic conditions; and moreover the misery and desolation that lies in the wake of the armies. Yet what history, be it traditional or authentic, antedates war? The Old Testament teems with war stories; the God of the Israelites is a God of war and Lord of Hosts. But, strange to say, the wounded held no place in those ancient Hebrew laws. They ordained that on the fall of a city, though the women and children became the spoils of the captors, "thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword;" and in some cases, even more drastic measures: "in the cities of these people which the Lord, thy God, doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth." These stories are so old—the dead were dead so long ago—that we do not stop to question of the wounded. If we compare the humanity of the battlefield of three thousand years ago with that of this mighty conflict of the twentieth century, we may be appalled at first by man's seeming retrogression; yet his backward steps have nevertheless

moved onward in one path in the march of "moral evolution."

In Egypt, where the civilization was in some respects more advanced than that of the Hebrews, and where medicine was no mean science, physicians were employed by the state and soldiers received their care free of charge for they were held in high esteem.

The interest in the wounded man in the days of the Roman Empire depended upon his worth either as a slave, a gladiator, or a soldier. The life of the soldier was considered an asset to the state; and women of noble rank often nursed those seriously wounded in combat. The military hospital, sixty feet square with room for two hundred men, crude as it must have been, was an early Roman institution; and army physicians were men of no mean military rank.

The consideration for the soldier was not confined to the Romans, however; for Tacitus gives us accounts of the wives of Germans possessed of the spirit of humanity, who dressed the wounds of fallen warriors. Hal-dora of Iceland, too, revealed a touch of the Red Cross Spirit, when, after a battle a thousand years ago, she called the women of her household: "Come; let us go and dress the wounds of the warriors, be they friends or foes."

Those interested in tracing the development of the Red Cross and its animating spirit — Humanity — turn

back the pages of history with especial interest to the famous military nursing orders to which the Crusades gave birth. Among these orders was the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem of which a woman's branch was also founded in Jerusalem. We are proud to claim these devoted men and women as ancestors of our own Red Cross nurse. They were pioneers in the nursing order; save for their volunteer aid during the Crusades, there is no record of any other attempt to provide nursing care in time of war until, during the Thirty Years' War, when the Sisters of Charity, founded by St. Vincent de Paul, nursed the sufferers and also the victims of famine and pestilence, "those two grim hand maidens of the God of War."

However, if, as the records show, organized military nursing orders were few in number and widely scattered, there are rare and meagre stories found here and there in the annals of history telling of the work of patriotic and compassionate women which show that the spirit which prompted these orders was not latent. In the fifteenth century during the siege of Granada, Queen Isabella of Spain caused six great tents with beds to be set up and called upon surgeons and physicians to attend the wounded. Arras, in France around which great conflict, was the scene of another brave woman's labors in the seige of 1654. This woman was Jeanne Biscot—her labors shine forth as a beacon light to all the ages. In such women the Red Cross spirit of the 19th and 20th centuries did not lie dormant.

During the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, we find progress slowly made toward more humanitarian arrangements for both the military camps and

hospitals. Our own Revolutionary War convinced us, in America that we were no more advanced along these lines than the countries of Europe. The fearful deprivations and sufferings of our Revolutionary forces are familiar stories to us; it is also well known that there was no organized aid to relieve conditions. It was years later that America realized the great need of organization for relief purposes. In Europe the women came to this realization much earlier. The Napoleonic Wars first aroused the women of Germany to active relief work. Napoleon himself, man of war though he was, recognized the value of their services. The women of England, too, were destined to awake when one day in the *London Times* W. H. Russell, that famous war correspondent in the Crimea made this appeal: "Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England ready at this extreme hour of need for such work of mercy?" Even before this call for help was received in an official form Florence Nightingale had responded. Of her and her work in the Crimean War I hope to tell you in a later article.

Florence Nightingale's work accomplished much for humanity not only in its immediate relief but through the inspiration it gave to others. Henri Dunant, who gave the Treaty of Geneva its first conception by asking: "Would it not be possible to found and organize in all civilized countries permanent societies for volunteers which in time if war would render succor to the wounded *without distinc-*

tion of nationality?" received his inspiration from this noble woman who practically gave her life for the cause nearest her heart—the relief of sick, wounded and dying soldiers.

These beginnings began to take organized form when the deliberations of the Geneva conference, held in October 1863 at which fourteen nations were represented, were expressed in resolutions to the following effect:

That in each country adhering to the proposed agreement a committee should be formed to co-operate in time of war with the military medical service, each committee being organized as its members deemed expedient; in time of peace a trained personal should be organized and supplies collected; the aid of the societies of neutral nations might be invited; the volunteer societies irrespective of the country to which they belong should wear a distinctive badge—a red cross on a white ground.

The fact that a common and uniform badge and flag was decided upon was an important item in the resolutions; for until this time each country had its own military flag; Austria's was white, France's red, Spain's yellow, and other countries black or green; and each soldier knew only the flag of his own country. It is interesting to note that the badge chosen—a red cross on a white ground—a symbol of

Humanity and Neutrality—was the reverse of the Swiss flag. Since the Geneva conference gave birth to the Red Cross Movement such an honor to the flag of Switzerland was perhaps its just deserts.

Previous to our own Civil War, it will be noted, there had been no organized and systematic relief for the sick and wounded in America or the United States. This sort of relief work found its beginning in the Sanitary Commission appointed not altogether voluntarily by President Lincoln. A definite study of this commission, which was in fact the precursor of the American Red Cross, will be made in a later article but we might mention in few conclusions to which its remarkable work led: first, that volunteer aid to the sick and wounded in war is absolutely essential; second, that unless, as was done during the Civil War, the selfish desire to create independent relief organizations is suppressed for the sake of true efficiency, there will result hopeless confusion, fruitless efforts and untold sufferings for the victims of such a misguided and egoistic system of relief. As Mabel T. Broadman says, the work of the Sanitary Commission shines out amidst the darkness and misery of war, a warning against failure and a guide to success; for the American Red Cross Organization soon became a thing of reality.

“Them’s Pretty Words”

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

“They did not die in vain.”

“They did not die in vain.”

Them’s pretty words, Matilda,

Them’s pretty words.

I recollect how mother
 Used to say ’em to us boys,
 When we’d be playin’ ’round together,
 Settin’ near with all our toys.
 I seem to see her now, Matilda,
 An’ her soft face growin’ pale,
 While all us boys begin our beggin’
 Fer another story tale.
 I seem to see her eyes a-fillin’
 As she sets before the fire,
 Beginnin’ then her story tellin’
 Of that man who once was Squire;
 Of my old Dad who went to battle
 When we had that Yankee fight;
 Of how she watched him go, a-wavin’
 Back till he was out of sight.
 An’ how it happened late one evenin’
 ’Cause the soldiers knowed it best
 To tell my Mother of that bullet
 That had rammed my Daddie’s breast.
 I seem to see her now, Matilda,
 Sobbin’ as she stops a sigh
 An’ starts to tell us boys of Daddie;
 How they brung him home to die.

“They did not die in vain.” Matilda,

“They did not die in vain.”

Them’s pretty words.

Them’s pretty words.

They come an’ tuck him off, Matilda,
 Abe, my boy, my baby, Abe, my son.
 They tuck him off ercross the ocean
 An’ they fixed him ’hind a gun.
 They putt him in a uniform
 An’ learnt him how to fight;
 An’ his old Daddie stood a-watchin’

When he went away that night.
An' now it 'pears I am so lonely
Since he's gone so far away;
But when I saw him bravely marchin'
Seems I couldn't ask him stay.
I hates a man that's feard of fightin'
An' a cow'rd I can't abide;
Though when he told me he was goin'
My old heart jist broke inside.
He is the last of all the family
Four there was er-countin' all;
The girls is way off there an' married
An' his Mother died last fall.
So, somehow now I'm sad, Matilda,
An' my life's jist all undone.
I jist sets here at nights a-prayin'
God to keep him, Abe, my baby, Abe,
my son.

"They did not die in vain."
"They did not die in vain."
Them's pretty words, Matilda,
Them's pretty words.



The Witching Hour

BERTIE H. CRAIG '18, ADELPHIAN

Ellen Marshall stood in the little sitting room and laughed wildly, freely, unrestrainedly as she had never laughed before. Paroxysms of mirth rocked and swayed her slender frame and tears ran down her cheeks. She leaned limply against the wall and gasped for breath. Then she staggered to the nearest chair and sank into it.

"Oh, Aunt Susan!" she gasped, "It was so funny—so ridiculously funny. I—oh—I—" and another wave of laughter swept over the exhausted figure.

"Land sakes, Ellen!" came in scandalized tones from the tiny, withered woman in the big chair, "How you do scare a body! What on earth are you laughing at like one possessed?"

Ellen made a valiant attempt to control her recurrent waves of laughter. She felt for her hat pins, took off the shabby little hat, and laid it on the table. Then she ran her fingers methodically through her hair and tucked in a stray wisp. Finally when she had herself under control she turned to the impatient little figure and began an explanation.

"I'm not so crazy as I sound, Aunt Susan," she began, "If you were in my place, I'm sure you'd see the funny side too. I don't know when I've laughed so." As she seemed about to go off into renewed spasms of merriment Aunt Susan hurriedly interposed.

"I don't know either!" she snapped, "What d'you mean scaring a body to

death with your hysterics? I ain't able to see the fun yet."

"Yes! yes," soothed Ellen, "I'm going to tell you now."

"Who was that that came by with you?" inquired Aunt Susan, "I 'clare it sounded like Sim Lowe."

"It was Deacon Lowe" agreed Ellen, her mouth twitching dangerously.

"Well of all things! What does he mean by taking you around? Has he forgot Lucy a'ready?" tactlessly asked Aunt Susan. Ellen looked demure and said nothing. Another point occurred to Aunt Susan.

"Where was Neal Bentley?" she demanded breathlessly. "What'd he think of the deacon bringing you home?"

Ellen laughed joyously, "Aunt Susan" she said gaily, "Neal looked as surprised as—as I felt."

Just for a moment, a wicked, knowing little smile flashed out on Aunt Susan's face and then was hidden again though her black eyes still snapped with enjoyment. Her little brown face beamed.

"Well, it's time somebody give him a jolt. My stars! the very idea of him going with a girl reg'larly for twenty years and never sayin' a word. I'd a mentioned the matter to him long ago if you'd just've let me."

"No, no!" Aunt Susan, Ellen's tone was alarmed, "You mustn't do such a thing. It wouldn't be modest."

"Oh, I'm not in my dotage yet. Just you trust me to mind my own affairs, Ellen," reassured Aunt Susan.

When Ellen had gone out Aunt Susan's face took on a different expression.

"Still," she muttered, "she'd a'been a happy wife years ago if she hadn't let her pride hold her back. All it 'ud a'took would've been a word from her to start that bashful idiot goin'. My stars! How that kind of simpleton does tire me out!"

After dinner Ellen disappeared in her room for a while and when she returned, she was dressed in a becoming new frock and her hair was curled low on the neck in a girlish fashion which took years from her appearance. Aunt Susan gazed at her with open approval.

"Ellen, you ought've had sense enough to've done that long ago. You look a sight better'n common."

"Thank you, Aunt Susan," laughed Ellen in a rather excited way unusual to her. A delicate pink swept over her face. "Deacon Lowe has asked me to go to ride—and I have accepted," she stated shyly and a bit defiantly.

"Lands sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, "What'll happen to Neal?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ellen had a fine assumption of carelessness. "I guess he will 'get left', as Tommy Edmonds would say," she concluded airily.

Aunt Susan said nothing. Her eyes were discreetly lowered.

Sure enough the deacon came. Aunt Susan marvelled when she saw his sleek appearance. She watched from the window as Ellen tripped down the narrow walk. The deacon gallantly assisted Ellen into the buggy and, taking his place by her side, started the spirited young team. Aunt Susan noticed with satisfaction that a row of interested neighbors had observed the proceedings. Then she lay back in her chair and laughed almost as Ellen had done.

"Oh, my stars!" she gasped, "Aint' it funny? I sure will be glad to see Neal Bentley."

Soon Neal's buggy rolled up. He seemed rather surprised that Ellen did not immediately join him. He walked up the path and rang the door bell. Aunt Susan raised herself on her crutches and hobbled swiftly to the door.

"Why Neal, walk in!" she greeted him gaily, "I'm glad to see you. Take a seat!"

Neal sat down. The bewildered look on his face deepened. Aunt Susan's cheerful conversation rattled on with never a break. Finally she paused and Neal managed to inquire for Ellen.

"Oh, she's gone to ride," Aunt Susan said casually.

"To ride!" Neal gasped, "Who with?"

"With Sim Lowe," answered Aunt Susan innocently. "He seems to care so much for Ellen. I do hope the dear child returns his affection for it would be a fine match for her." Aunt Susan described at length Sim's merits and "dear Ellen's" qualifications for the wife of such a paragon. Apparently she did not notice the helpless misery on Neal Bentley's face. When she finally came to a period, Neal reached for his hat and fled precipitately, followed by Aunt Susan's plea to "do come again as she was always lonely when Ellen was gone."

The next Sunday there was enacted at the church a peculiar little comedy which would have rejoiced Aunt Susan's soul. At the end of the service, Ellen had closed the organ and was accosted by the deacon who asked the privilege of taking her home. She

had not time to reply when Neal accosted her from the other side with the same request.

"Thank you, Neal," she answered in an unusually sweet voice, "Mr. Lowe is going to drive me home."

Neal turned blindly away and hurried through the staring crowd of his and Ellen's friends.

That afternoon Aunt Susan and Ellen had hardly finished dinner when there came a strong, decided ring of the doorbell. Ellen ushered in Neal Bentley. His face was set in stern lines. The good humored twinkles in his eyes had changed to glints of determination.

"Come in, Neal," invited Aunt Susan, "and take a seat. Have you come to spend a nice sociable evening with me?"

Neal's jaw clicked. Aunt Susan wondered why she had never noticed what a firm chin he had.

"No," he returned grimly, "I've come to take Ellen to ride."

"Why, Neal, I'm sorry"—Ellen was beginning sweetly when Neal interrupted, "Go and get your hat and coat. We must get an early start."

Ellen hesitated, opened her mouth to speak, changed her mind, and turned to obey. Aunt Susan's eyes twinkled with hidden mirth.

"Don't keep her out late, Neal," she remarked gravely, "I get lonesome when she's gone."

Neal made no promise.

In silence Neal and Ellen drove along the pleasant country road. Ellen was wondering why she had so meekly obeyed Neal's brusque command. Meanwhile Neal seemed to be revolving some matter of importance in his mind. Finally he spoke,

"Ellen, you certainly gave me a turn. Why did you take up with that miserable widower?"

Ellen was surprised. Their desultory conversations had never taken such an intimate tone on previous drives.

"What do you mean, Neal?" she asked in a voice which she tried to make cold and rebuking.

"I mean that I won't allow you to make a laughing stock of me by letting that old widower, Deacon Lowe, haul you around."

Ellen's features froze into a mask of icy indignation.

"Really, Neal," she remarked frigidly, "I must say I don't think it's your affair."

"My affair!" sputtered Neal, "Haven't we gone together for twenty years?"

Neal was hot with righteous indignation. Something inside Ellen's mind seemed to give way. Gone was the curb which had restrained her feelings for years. Her maidenly reserve melted in the fierce rays of her wrath.

"Right!" she stormed, "Right! Yes, Neal Bentley, I guess you think you've a perfect right to dictate what I shall do because you've made me a laughing stock in Kaneville for twenty years! Twenty years! Why I'm a landmark in the town. Don't you know that people point me out as the woman Neal Bentley's gone with twenty years. Twenty years! and I've grown into an old maid. For twenty years I've worn my nerves threadbare giving music lessons to all the stupid children in Kaneville while you've taken your ease. You've not grown old! And now—now, you step up and say I haven't any right—Oh, Neal Bentley, I hate you!"

Ellen's voice had grown more and more unsteady until, at the close of her tirade, she was sobbing unrestrainedly. When she had regained control of her voice she demanded that he should turn around and take her home. Neal apparently did not hear.

"I'm tired of driving. I want to go home."

No answer.

"Neal, where are you going?" in indignant tones.

Neal turned and looked squarely into Ellen's stormy eyes.

"Ellen," he stated calmly, "We are going to Stockton."

"Stockton," shrieked Ellen.

"Yes! We are going to be married there."

Ellen was stupefied by Neal's unusual display of character. Neal had always seemed so placid and yielding. But she was thoroughly angry.

"We are not going to do any such thing!" she burst out, "Turn around and take me home!"

No answer.

"Neal, stop! Let me out! Stop, I say!"

Neal touched up the horses with the whip. For a moment Ellen looked as if she contemplated jumping from the buggy. Then she realized the uselessness of such an act and sank back into her corner. Neal seemed to have no intention of breaking the silence. Five minutes passed—fifteen. Neal drove steadily without a glance in Ellen's direction. Finally Ellen stole a look at him. How determined he was! He really looked handsome. She ventured a timid sound.

"Neal," she remarked tentatively. It seemed that Neal's face relaxed a little. "Neal, hadn't we better wait and have a quiet home wedding?"

Neal's face hardened. He did not reply. Another fifteen minutes passed. Then, "Neal, don't you suppose Auntie will be uneasy about me?"

After another long silence, Ellen again ventured:

"Neal, do you—do you care so much for me?"

The last words were half whispered but Neal heard.

As they drove into Stockton, Ellen's practical objections recurred to her.

"Neal, we won't have any ring."

Neal reached into his vest pocket and produced a thin band of gold.

"It was mother's," he explained. Ellen was touched.

"Oh, Neal, how lovely!" she whispered. They drove up to the little hotel and descended.

"Mr. Daniel boards here," explained Neal. Mr. Daniel was the minister and a bachelor. He was at home and would be glad to perform the ceremony.

"Let's see," he remarked genially. "Where's the license?"

Neal looked dumfounded.

"I forgot," he confessed. Then an idea occurred to him. "We'll go roust out the Register of Deeds and get it now," he decided. Ellen made no objection.

Mr. Sands was not to be found. He had gone riding and was expected back at anytime. They waited. Mr. Sands did not appear. The hours dragged by. Neal would not hear to Ellen's lowvoiced plea to wait until a later date.

"No," he decided, "We've waited long enough. If we put it off something might happen."

Long after nightfall, Mr. Sands put in a belated appearance.

"Had a puncture," he explained. When he heard their request his smile

faded. "Sorry, Mr. Bentley, can't possibly issue it on Sunday. Wouldn't be valid."

Neal was crestfallen but only for a minute.

"Well," he remarked triumphantly. "At midnight it will be Monday. We'll wait until then and have the ceremony."

As the hour of midnight approached the little party met in the courthouse—the bride and the bridegroom, the minister, Mr. Sands and his wife, who had come as a second witness. There was little conversation. As the last stroke of twelve died away the register of deeds filled in the license. Then the bridal pair stood up and were united in marriage. Mr. and Mrs.

Sands signed as witnesses and the courtship was a matter of history.

The next day Neal met the deacon.

"Congratulations, old man!" exclaimed the deacon pounding Neal's back. Neal tried to look stern.

"Look here, Sim Lowe, if I wasn't so happy I'm blamed if I wouldn't choke you for trying to cut me out with my girl."

The deacon chuckled. "Bless you man! Ellen's a mighty fine girl but I don't need a wife." He laughed again. "If I did, I think I'd apply to Aunt Susan. She sure is a wonder."

Neal looked mystified. The deacon was retreating rapidly. As he strode away, he flung his last bomb at Neal:

"You may ask Aunt Susan why I set up to Ellen!"

The Cry of Humanity

IDA GORDNER, '19, CORNELIAN

Hark! the cries of Humanity
 Groans of the broken hearted,
 Wails of the discontented
 The cry of loneliness and shattered
 dreams,
 Black despair of those maimed in
 body and mind,
 Futile striving of the feebler souls.
 Give ye of the balm of a healing
 touch,
 Of the soothing balm of human sym-
 pathy,
 Of love and hope and trust and faith
 In the great God of Eternity.

Polka-Dots

KATHERINE WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

"Look-ee, look-ee boys, her shoes are on the wrong feet. She's nothing but an old baby anyway, can't tell left from right. Look-ee, look-ee, she's goin' to cry. Don't poke your feet up under your dress, you can't hide 'em. Look how her toes stick out, ain't they cute boys? Walk some for us! Show the gentlemen how you can walk both ways at the same time."

This came from Johnny, who stood with one finger pointed teasingly at his sister, Mabel. Two of the little boys of the neighborhood sat laughing at his taunts and watched the little girl cry.

This was too much, she could not bear for all of them to look at her at once. She suddenly sat up straight, tears still running from her eyes and making white streaks on her dirty face. Her eyes flashed, she kicked a tin can spinning towards Jimmy's feet.

"Come on boys, we got her sure nuff mad now, don't she look purty," her brother continued.

"I don't care what you say about my old shoes, you have to wear a red dotted shirt and boys look so funny in dots. Don't he look just like a girl?"

This time it was Mabel's finger pointing, and Mabel doing the teasing.

She watched his face flush crimson, she knew that this shirt was the torment of his life—but he had five more just like it. Their father was a minister and Miss Guby, a well-meaning person with a glass eye, was a devout listener

to all of his sermons. So when Isaac, the little Jew on the corner, had his Annual Bankruptcy Sale, she found a bolt of bright red dotted galatea, which was reduced a cent and a half on the yard. This was such an extraordinary bargain, that Miss Guby purchased the entire bolt and presented it to the Rev. Luther Bee as a token of her esteem.

She knew that ministers always had a hard time, and a bolt of strong cloth came in "handy" where there were growing children. Red was such a pretty color too. When she was a few years younger, everyone said, "red was just her color." And then she could picture in her mind, the astonishment on the faces of the ladies of the Aid Society when she would read the following report.

Given: To the needy by Miss Guby, one bolt of serviceable cloth.

But even though she was fond of red dots, the preacher's children were not. Mrs. Bee had made dresses for Mabel and blouses for Jimmy, and Miss Guby was happy. Both children hated the dots, although Mabel had become somewhat reconciled to them, since several of her acquaintances wore them, but Jimmy hated them with all his soul, since none of the gang *ever* wore dots. The boys teased him until it was almost unbearable. He had tried every way to wear them out, he slid down the cellar door, flat on his back and rolled down hills, but any threadbare places that came in the shirts were immediately patched

by his mother with bright new pieces from the remaining half-bolt.

So every time Jimmy teased his little sister about wearing her shoes on the wrong feet she would always return to the question of shirts.

On this occasion when he had worried her for a long time, she said,

"Oh,—ho, Nellie Smith said she didn't like little boys that wore red dots. She said you weren't her sweetheart any longer."

Jimmy hated Nellie Smith as much as he did the shirts, so he only bit his lip and doubled up his fist threatening ingly. The other boys yelled.

Mabel saw she was gaining ground and this time she added,

"And she wrote to Billy."—

"I don't care what she wrote Billy," Jimmy blurted in, she is nothing but an old fool. You're all old fools, and Mabel is the blackest fool I ever saw."

"What's the meaning of all this," a gruff voice thundered. All looked up quickly and trembled to see the Rev. Luther Bee standing in front of them. "Come in the house at once, James and Mabel, I was sitting on the porch behind the vines and heard the words you used."

He picked Jimmy up by the collar and Mabel stalked on in front of them, up the back porch steps and into the kitchen, while the little boy sneaked home. After entering the room, closing all the doors, the preacher walked to the sink and took down a bar of soap, went to the stove and took out a handful of free ashes. The children watched every move, wondering all the time how he was going to punish them.

At last he broke the stillness,

"Come here and wash out your mouths. You children must never

use such language again. Your mouth as well as your soul will become smutty."

"But papa, I never said a single bad word, my mouth ain't dirty," Mabel wailed.

"Do as I tell you, I heard some of your conversation, your mouth must be washed out too, because you were partly to blame for James using such language," was the stern command. "I am ashamed of both of you, you are fine children for a preacher to have, aren't you? A nice example for your father's flock, and little good my sermons will do if you curse. The Scripture says,—but come you must scrub your mouths out and to-night you must pray that the Lord will keep you from ever saying such words again."

Jimmy began rubbing soap in his mouth, little Mabel pretended to follow her brother's example, while Mr. Bee sat watching them. In a few minutes he suggested using a few ashes to help in the cleansing process. Jimmy crammed a spoonful into his mouth, stirred them around a few seconds and then lifting a face smeared with ashes and suds, he stuck out his tongue and bawled,

"Is it clean, is it clean?"

His father replied that he thought that this was sufficient and that he could rinse his mouth now. Jimmy started for the sink passing his sister on the way.

"You started it all," she whispered as he went by.

"You're a lie," he hissed back.

"Come here my young man. Didn't I hear you call your sister a lie? Slip over there and wash your mouth again" was the next order of the Rev. Luther Bee. Jimmy started his task

anew just as his sister finished hers. She left the room with a parting smile, but he only returned the condescension with a look which seemed to hold daggers.

In the next room Mrs. Bee heard the whole performance. She could not help sympathizing with the children as she sewed. Somehow after she thought about it for a while, she could not blame them for using bad words. She was sick of the red dots herself. She had made red dotted dresses and red dotted shirts until she hated them as much as the children did. There was no hurting Miss Guby's feelings, and every time she started talking about it to her husband, she would find him busy preparing a sermon and not wanting to be disturbed.

"Oh, well we just must show some sign of appreciation. It is strong cloth and good enough for children. When I was a boy I was glad enough to get homespun," he would say.

Mrs. Bee sewed on and on thinking that her present work must be finished before dinner, so that she could make her husband a shirt. This was Saturday and to-morrow the Presiding Elder was to preach his quarterly sermon. Mr. Bee did not have another clean shirt and she must make him one that afternoon.

All during dinner she thought of the children and the red dots. Would the stuff never, never wear out? There was a whole half bolt of it left and she knew Mr. Bee would insist that the children wear dots until it was all gone.

Suddenly, a mischievous twinkle came into her eyes. After dinner she walked to the ward-robe, pulled down a pattern-bag and the pattern

she began cutting. In a few minutes she started sewing, every now and then she would laugh out loud. Late in the afternoon she stopped work, and instead of a pious look on the parson's wife's face, there was a mischievous one. She laid her finished handiwork on the bed and surveyed it closely.

A nicely made red dotted shirt lay before her, every detail as her husband liked it to be. The bosom was nicely tucked; so nicely that the dots lay in rows side by side. Each tuck covered a quarter of an inch, and each dot extended the width of a tuck. She gazed at it a long while, then started cooking supper, wondering what her husband would say in the morning when he started to dress for church. She told herself that he had not told her how to make it and he liked the red dots anyway.

The next morning as they were leaving she heard Mr. Bee call,

"Say Rachel have you made me that new shirt, I haven't a single clean one."

"Yes dear," she answered, just "look in the back room on the bed."

A few minutes later Mr. Bee came into the room with a bewildered look on his face and a red dotted wad in one hand,

"Say Rachel, where's my new shirt, I haven't but a few more minutes before church."

"Why, Luther, your new shirt is in your hand, I made it for you yesterday," she replied, an innocent look on her face.

"But Rachel," then with a sudden change in his face he turned on his heel and left the room, the sentence unfinished.

She waited patiently expecting him to return. But no, in a short while, listening ears heard the click of the gate in the backyard. Her curiosity was intense, what had he worn?

She walked briskly to the little church, and took a front seat by Jimmy and Mabel. The church was filled; an unusual thing for Brown Valley Church. Everyone wanted to hear the "Elder" preach. He was in the pulpit announcing his text; Mr. Bee sat just behind him. Mrs. Bee gazed curiously at her husband and she noted that his coat was buttoned a button higher than usual and that he had on his broadest black tie. Between his tie and coat collar however a row of red dots the size of a dime could be plainly seen. Tho his face looked as if he were drinking in all the "Elder" said, there was a strange tightness about the lines of his mouth and an unusual light in his eyes. Finally she dragged her eyes away from the fascinating splotches of red and dutifully fastened them on the speaker.

Mabel's head lay in her mother's lap. For a while she wiggled and squirmed; then finally fell asleep. Jimmy looked at everything in detail. A hearty "Amen" from his father would cause him to sit up and pay attention for a little while. But there was always something else to detract him. This time it was counting the boards in the ceiling. Unconsciously he counted them out loud. A thump on the head from the direction of his mother brought him back to reality. What was the

old sermon about anyway? Would they have chicken for dinner?

Suddenly he began to listen. What was the Elder saying? He was telling everyone not to use bad words, not even slang. Such words as "gracious" were as bad as swearing for it was taking the Father's name in vain. Jimmy jumped; a voice on the platform thundered, "Amen, Amen."

He looked at his father sitting up there listening to the preacher. Bitterly he recalled the soap and ashes. He wondered if he would go to the bad place and what it would be like if he did. He was sorry that Mabel was asleep because he would like for her to hear what the preacher was saying; it might do her good and stop her from making him use bad words.

The spiritual look on the face of the Rev. Luther Bee began to wane. He wished Miss Guby would take her glass-eye off of him. Every dot seemed to burn a hole underneath upon his flesh. Mechanically he shouted "Amen, Amen" and gave his chair a hitch. This was too much, Already one leg of his chair had slipped off the platform; the other three went up in the air and the two hundred pounds of Rev. Luther Bee was suspended in mid air for a few seconds, and then deposited in a heap in front of preacher, below the platform.

He forgot the church, the congregation, his religion, he only knew that this was more than mortal man could bear. He picked himself up

and muttered between his teeth, but not too low for his wife on the front seat to hear.

After dinner, four people stood around the stove in the kitchen of the little parsonage. The top was off the stove. Jimmy and Mabel held

a stack of red dotted shirts and dresses. Mr. Bee was watching a tucked bosom red dotted shirt burn. Mrs. Bee was holding a half-bolt of red-dotted cloth feeding it to flames, slowly, yard by yard.

I'll Gae Me Back

MARGARET GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

Oh I've come mony a weary mile
 To see the sights o' Lon'on toon
 And now I'm gae foot-sair and weak,
 And nought but smoke and soot to see,
 And niver a bit o' sky or lea
 To put the heart back into me.

Oh I'd go mony a weary mile
 To see the sights o' Glen Kaleen
 And Mither and Tom and the byes
 again.

The world is gray in Lon'on toon and
 the men are hard with greed,
 And I'll gae me back to my hame again,
 To my cow in the wide green mead.

Contributor's Club

The Parasite

MARGARET LAWRENCE, '20, CORNELIAN

Monday

"Come!"

"Oh, Mary, please lend me your apron to wear to cooking. We were told that we *must* wear aprons this time."

"Yes, I will be glad to, but be sure to bring it back in time for me to use it tomorrow afternoon!"

"I certainly will. You are the sweetest person in the world to lend it to me."

Tuesday

"Come!"

"Jane, have you any gym. shoes?"

"Yes."

"Do let me have them for the next period. I can't find mine anywhere. You have saved my life and I never will forget your kindness."

Wednesday

At 9:20 a. m. "It is absolutely necessary, Sarah, that I have an English prose book to take to class. I borrowed a book last night and read it, but we might have to read it on class. Do you know where I can get one, or have you one?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Would you mind if I take it to class and bring it back afterwards?"

"Not at all (if you *would* bring it back)."

After dinner: "There is the bell for first class and I have chemistry. I never can go to my room, get my desk key and then get to class on time. What shall I do? Selma, do you have chemistry?"

"Yes."

"What number is your desk?"

"262."

"Wonderful! Mine, too. Can you let me have your key this time?"

Thursday

"There! Just my luck. No ink in my pen. Has anyone an extra pencil?"

From next chair: "Yes, I have one."

Friday

Amid the confusion of postoffice between second and third periods:

"Horrors! Mail in box—no key—class next period. Has anyone a key to box 607?"

"I have."

Saturday

"Thrills! the unusual has happened. I am to have company tonight. Louise, you remember how wonderful your little crepe de chine dress looked on me the other day, don't you? Well, don't you want me to look pretty tonight?"

"If you want to wear the dress you certainly may."

Sunday

"Come."

"Bett, are you going to church to-day?"

"Yes; aren't you?"

"No. I am going out to spend the day. Listen, Bett, your hat is very becoming to me and goes fine with

this coat. Haven't you another hat you can wear and let me wear yours?"

"Yes. I'll tell you what I'll do. Mary has a little black hat that goes fine with my suit and I will get it."

After supper: "Susan, that dress is beautiful. Please let me wear it sometimes."

The Revelation

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

That pore ole yaller houn' was the cause of it all. He had been blissfully dozing on the door mat for at least three hours. Neither the shifting of the window sashes nor the concluding medley of electric bells and gongs had succeeded in arousing him from pleasing dreams of bones and things. That called for something more potent, more spectacular.

And that something evidently happened, for the night had not dwindled far into the wee sma' hours when an alarmed, prolonged, howl cracked the cold silence, and doubtless resulted in a lost chord in the music of the spheres. The simple creature, paws planted firmly apart, faced the darkness which now loomed up so large. And as if the sound of his own voice cheered him he nobly sustained his alarmed howl. Long and valiantly did he withstand the onset of the mysterious enemy which faced him, and the much more real attack from the rear. He began to gain confidence in himself. The hair-raising, wrath-stirring howl

was gaining impetus. And so was another's wrath. He of the balcony unable to wield the arm of the law, clutched that implement so often employed upon refractory husbands and lambasted the unsuspecting creature right on his spinal ridge.

Hushed, dumb with astonishment, stunned by this meteor of straw and wood descending, as it were, out of a clear sky, he goes forth into a weary waste of solitude and wonders why the world is so unkind. He of the balcony and other inmates of the institution snore once more in unison. Dead to the world, deaf to the spontaneous outbursts of nature, ignorant forever of the secret of the message which the simple canine would have spread o'er all the world, they snore and snore again.

Snore on thou ignorant and indifferent spieces homo. Yet shall thy posterity rue the day when thou repelled the revelation of the depths of profound nature.

A Sketch

MARGARET HAYES, '19, CORNELIAN

For fear the gentle reader will make a mistake, I want to state in the outset that this is a sketch and not a biography.

Once there were two girls who decided to become famous along literary lines. It really wasn't very hard. Anyone can make a big decision like that if she really tries. The novel offered great possibilities but they decided that it would take 'most too much time to be heard from that way.

Happy thought,—they would try the short story. You make loads of money that way.

They collected a small library of literature on the subject and then began. Somehow it didn't work, though. You have to think of so many things that really don't amount to anything after all,—and rules do make stories sound so flat and uninteresting.

Suddenly one of them had an in-

spiration. "I know what it is," she cried, "there's something we don't know about writing the short story. We must ask someone who knows,—an authority on the subject."

So they did. Mr. Ball was very polite, very much interested. He questioned them long and painstakingly.

"As I see it," he remarked at length, "you young ladies should at present write something with not much depth. You know one should always try to express one's own personality. Now I suggest a sketch."

"A sketch?" they exclaimed in awe. "Pray what is a sketch?"

"A sketch," said the professor, "is merely the record of an impression. It is very easy to write."

"Then we will write a sketch!" they exclaimed together.

This is it.



The Exchange Department

The representatives of other colleges have been somewhat late in finding their way back to us this year but now that they have begun coming—others are fast following their lead. We are very glad to welcome them, not only for their entertainment, and for the good will their coming shows, but for the glimpse of other student communities and for the actual help they give us, both in our work as Editors and in our lives as students.

The college publication is as unique in its privileges and opportunities as in its difficulties. The latter it must be acknowledged, are multitudinous but so also are the former; for in the pages of the college magazine appears the expression of the trained youth of the nation and this is of necessity characterized by a virility and energy and an idealism and freshness, difficult to find elsewhere.

The *Wellesley College Magazine* of which, two issues have come to hand is especially illustrative of the fanciful. We have thoroughly enjoyed the poems: *The Rain Fairy and Life*, while the sonnet *To Dorothy Wordsworth* gives us that peculiar pleasure and satisfaction which results from the delicate expression of a cherished yet illusive thought. *The Quaker* is a charmingly written sketch; we would like to see some essays by the students within these well edited pages.

The Acorn from *Meredith* has given us a delightful essay on Mary Stewart and a dialect story which is as good in conception and execution as any-

thing we have read this year. We hope to hear more from the Author of *Uncle Henry's Restoration*. The *Acorn* we think would be improved by the addition of more poetry to its pages.

The November *Wake Forest Student* is a thick number containing two excellent essays;—*Walt Whitman, Man and Poet*, a well rounded sympathetic appreciation, and *Our Duty to France*, an inspiring call to patriotism in no narrow or uncertain terms. Considering the quality of the essays we are a little disappointed in the type story which we find in this Magazine.

The December *Trinity Archive* opens with a very good poem, *Miserere Domine* which sets a higher standard than is followed thru the rest of the publication. The essay on the Modern Work in Heredity is exhaustive in its treatment for so short an article but we question its place in a literary publication so limited in its scope. *Some Aspects of the Work at Camp Greene* is a well written account of a matter of interest.

Tho we have not received the magazine from the *University of North Carolina*, among our exchanges, the December issue has fallen into our hands and we have thoroughly enjoyed it. The number is very well balanced tho the usual note of criticism of college magazine stories must be sounded. The essays however are unusually good. *The University Purpose in War Education* is a virile, and interesting discussion, written in a clearcut style, betraying the leaning of the author toward declamation.

The Poems, *Christmas in London* and *Goethe* have power and suggestiveness, shown to their best advantage by perfect technique and excellent word selection. *Your University and her Future* is an able discussion of a question much before the present day public and we find the tone of the whole magazine refreshingly up-to-date. *A Peep at Greenwich Village* gives a good touch of color to the issue, not only in its matter but in the really very charming style of the author.

The November issue of the *Converse Concept* contains a short poem, "Leaves," which somehow grasps the reader by its concentration and suggestion. The stories as a whole are

good, "*The Ring*" being the most unusual. A few essays would make a better balanced magazine.

Among others received are *The College Message* from Greensboro College for Women, *The Erothesian* from Landon College, *The Focus* from Farmville, *The Collegian* from the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, *The Radiant* from Atlantic Christian College, *The Emory Phoenix* from Emory University and *The Wesleyan* from Wesleyan Female College.

We have not received the Magazines from North Carolina University, Davidson or North Carolina Agricultural and Engineering College.



Locals

MISS LULSDORFF'S RECITAL

On Friday, November 16th, 1917, Miss Lora Lulsdorff of the Voice Department gave her annual recital in the College auditorium. She was assisted by Miss Clair Henley pianist. The program included "The Morning Wind" by Branscomb, "Cradle Song" by Kreisler, Rummil's "Ecstasy," "Veilchen" by Cornelius and other numbers, all of which she rendered with the greatest skill and beauty.

In the "Cradle Song" especially was the soft and mellow quality of Miss Lulsdorff's voice revealed. We felt unusually fortunate in having such an accomplished soloist in our faculty. Miss Henley also displayed her unusual talent as pianist. The rare talent of Mr. G. Scott Hunter, and of Miss Sara All as accompanists added much to the beauty of the numbers—The Shadow March by Del Riego was the favorite number of the program.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

On Wednesday November 21st, the Russian Symphony Orchestra gave two concerts at the Municipal Theater. These concerts formed part of the Normal Course of Entertainments and we feel that our debt to our college increased in no small measure with the coming of this rare and wonderful organization of artists. The programs this year while containing much of the old music, had a decided trend toward the new which,

tho disappointed to some, could not fail of interest and appreciation when rendered by an orchestra of such perfect instruments, such exquisite artists and such complete organization that the music has the temperamental appeal of an individual performance.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE TO THE RED CROSS

The Normal College gave this year in a peculiarly practical and inspiring way. At eight thirty on Thanksgiving morning about five hundred girls wearing the picturesque red cross head dresses met at the appointed places on the campus and made compresses for the soldiers, sewed, or knitted socks and sweaters. In a short service which followed twenty-five thousand compresses, many knitted garments, and a number of trench candles were presented by the president of our Auxiliary and accepted by the president of the down down Chapter.

The knitting however did not stop with the Thanksgiving work. The classes working under the direction of different members of the faculty have completed several pairs of socks and sweaters. The note of appreciation which Miss Boddie received from one of the soldiers to whom her sweater was sent, though free from the bondage of grammar, carried in its natural and spontaneous spirit of gratitude a genuine appeal.

THE ANNUAL DEBATE

The annual intersociety debate took place on the evening of Thanksgiving, the question being:

"Resolved that the United States should abandon the Monroe Doctrine." The Adelprians, represented by Misses Willard Goforth and Eliza Collins, upheld the negative of this question and the Cornelians, represented by Misses Frances Walker and Bess Parham, debated the affirmative. This was decidedly the most interesting debate held at the College in many years, not only on account of present day interest in this question but also of the able presentation of the arguments of both sides. Both societies are to be congratulated on their representatives, both in their manner of dealing with the question in hand and their splendid deliveries. The decision was delivered in favor of the negative. The president of the debate was Miss Ruby Sisk a representative of the Cornelians and the Secretary Miss McBride Alexander a representative of the Adelprians.

REUNION OF 1917

During Thanksgiving week-end the College welcomed several of the members of 1917. Especially to their Red and White sisters, the Juniors, this reunion was a red-letter day. On Thanksgiving afternoon they gathered in Mr. Brown's studio for an informal good time. Seated on sofa pillows they formed a circle in the center of which was 1917's mascot—Sophy More. A little red girl, Mc Bride Alexander, and a little blue girl, Camille Campbell passed around the chewing gum and all-day suckers, as emblems of the "lastingness" of the 1919's friendship. Then in a cozy

unconventional way they told each other the news. First some of the Juniors told some choice bits of gossip which had come to them at the College about the 1917 folks. Then those present either defended themselves or added more to the tales, and so on all around the circle. Little Miss Francis Campbell, as a link between the two classes, having a sister in each, added to the general enjoyment by playing several selections on the piano. In response to the songs of the Juniors the members of 1917 formed their friendship circle and sang many of the songs they had sung when they were here, and last of all as a parting word all joined in their Class song.

On the evening of the same day the members of the Class gathered at an informal banquet in the dining room.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

For those who are prophetically inclined in the sphere of poetry, this little book of College Poetry will serve as an excellent and, we believe a somewhat reliable tip. *The Poets of the Future* for 1916-17 contains some three hundred pages of the best poetry written by students during last term. About one hundred and ten American colleges are represented and among the poems appearing is *Myrack* by Miss Caroline L. Goforth, Editor in Chief of the *State Normal Magazine* during 1916-17. We are not only very proud that one of our students should be represented in a collection of the best poetry from the student writers of America but considering the quality of Miss Goforth's work, we may say that we are not surprised.

The freshness and beauty of the collection is without rival, and the youth, idealism and virility of the poems taken as a whole make the collection decidedly worth while.

There are several copies in College; it will pay you to read it. Let us have more than one poem in next year.

OUR PLEDGE PAID

On December the fifteenth the Normal College turned over to the Students War Friendship Fund their pledge of \$5,000. Much of this money represents very real sacrifices to the girls who gave it and we are proud that we have paid what we pledged, glad that that pledge is as big as we could make it, and prayerful that it may do its "bit" in the struggle for Democracy and humanity.

CHRISTMAS TABLEAU

The celebration in the dining room took a different and much lovelier form this year than ever before. Heretofore each table has had a Christmas tree of its own on which were placed characteristic presents. This year the students voted to give the money which would have been spent for these to the Red Cross Organization and this money was collected by an almost microscopic little Santa Claus, Little Robert Dick Douglas, who finally emptied out of his sack a pile of nickels and dimes amounting to thirty-seven dollars and a half.

The College social committee gave us a very lovely feature for the Christmas celebration by three tableaux each representing one of the old Christmas paintings. The colors and light effects were so well worked out that it seemed that we saw the real paintings.

THE CHRISTMAS VESPER SERVICE

To celebrate the birthday of the King the students came Sunday night bringing their white gifts. The most beautiful part of the service was the Christmas spirit which pervaded the gathering. All through the day the girls had been coming in by ones and twos to slip their gifts into the little white envelopes tied to the two Christmas trees. They were for the most part offerings of self and service, unsigned, unknown except to the giver and the One who received the gift.

The service itself was very impressive. The stage, dimly lighted, was covered with white. On each side stood a Christmas tree covered with gifts and in the background was a cross over which shone the Christmas star. One after one the class presidents went and laid their class gift at the foot of the cross.

Mary Gordon told the beautiful Legend of Cathay and Eoline Everett made the audience feel again the loveliness of that first white Christmas of long ago.

The familiar Christmas hymns were sung and a hidden choir sang the benediction.

THE ADELPHIAN SOCIETY THE PRIMROSE PATH

On the evening of November 24th, the Adelpian society was carried back to the days when gay minstrels sang beneath castle walls to the fair ladies in their embattled turrets. A very gay minstrel did Miss Mary Alice Spear prove to be as she sang to the fair lady, Miss Daphne Waters and a bold knight was Miss Roberta Strudwick, suing for the hand of

Miss Edith Farmer. Miss Lula Martin McIver and Miss Isabelle Ardrey furnished the principal comedy element of the play. Miss Waters and Miss Strudwick showed very real dramatic ability as did many of the minor characters with less opportunity of doing so. The name of the play was *The Primrose Path* and, presented by the new members of the society, there was a harmony in the quick moving, charmingly, romantic text of the play and the vivid and enthusiastic presentation. The cast were as follows:

Lady Joyce.....Daphne Walters
 Lady Olivia.....Edith Farmer
 Ursula.....Katherine Richardson
 Ladies in waiting { Pauline Green
 { Carrie Cooper
 Lord Nicholas Oliphant

.....Josephine McCorkle
 Sir Kenneth.....Mary Alice Spear
 Sir Welloughby ..Roberta Strudwick
 Lord Hunsden.....Louise Henley
 Jackstraw.....Isabelle Ardrey
 Robin.....Lula Martin McIver
 Peter.....Rose Caraway

LADY OF LYONS

Bulmer Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons" was presented by the Senior Adelphians on the evening of December 3rd. It was an interesting play, and portrayed with some fine bits of acting. Miss Wiley as Madam Dechappelle, Miss Rountree as the villian, and Miss Galloway as the hero deserve especial mention, but it was Miss Robertson as Monsieur Dumas in whom the audience was most interested and for whom it gave the heartiest applause.

The play is an example of the middle period of French drama, and as such showed a strong tendency toward the melodramatic. This demanded

a type of acting, different from that usually seen on our campus and the young ladies in the cast are to be congratulated on their presentation of their very difficult roles.

The cast were as follows:—

Monsieur Dechappelle..Elsie Anderson
 Madame Dechappelle
 Laura Lynn Wiley
 Pauline Dechappelle..Mary Gordon
 Monsieur Beauseant
 Elizabeth Roundtree
 Monsieur Glavis.....Susie Brady
 Monsieur Dumas....Nell Robertson
 Claude Melnotte
 Marguerite Galloway
 Jasper.....Blanche Howie
 Madame Melnotte...Lizzie Dalton
 Marian.....Mabel Smith

CORNELIAN SOCIETY

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

On November 24th, the New Cornelianians presented to the society the fascinating little play, "Through the Looking Glass" with the following cast

Prologue.....Willie Costner
 Alice.....Elizabeth Jones
 White Queen.....Minnie Rodwell
 White King.....Frances Mitchell
 Red Queen.....Henrietta Kornegay
 Red King.....Beulah Linker
 Tweedledee Dee.....Lena Kernodle
 Tweedledee Dum..Dorothy Tennent
 Tiger Lily.....Mary Wooten
 Rose.....Mary Louise Donnell
 Violet.....Dorothy Mills

Dasies---- { Mary Nixon,
 { Lillian Wooten,
 { Lura Caldwell,
 { Sarah Poole

Promising ability was shown by all of the characters. Alice was a very realistic little heroine as she moved through her enchanting and bewildering dream, among the lovely but spite-

ful flowers and the ludicrous and unmajestic royalty. Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, however, were the most popular of all the people of Looking Glass Land. These affectionate and valorous brothers kept the spectators convulsed with mirth from the moment of their appearance.

THE BELLS OF FOL-DE-ROL

The Cornelians were delightfully entertained on the evening of December 1 by some of her musical members. The operetta "Fol-de Rol" was presented and to say that it was a success puts it mildly. Miss Marguerite Jenkins, as the King, took the leading role and she was ably supported by Miss Margaret Ramsey as the queen. The chorus was made up of the six lovely belles and half-dozen gallant courtiers. The costumes of the belles were especially attractive.

The cast was as follows:

The King	-----Marguerite Jenkins
The Queen	-----Margaret Ramsey
Belles:	Norma Holden
	Belle Kornegay
	Carson Yates
	Harriet Choate
	Lula Roe
	Julia Cherry
Courtiers:	Anne Mae Pharr
	Belle Bullock
	Hortense Mosely
	Laurinda Hooks
	Hilda Fagge
	Minerva Jenkins
Doctor	-----Pauline Bogan

The operetta is a departure from the usual type of program of the society and if we may judge by the charming music, remarkably good singing and sprightly presentation of this one we would like to see more of its kind in our college programs.

BYRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

On the evening of December 15 the Societies broke all precedent by holding a joint program after their respective business meetings. At this time a dramatization of Kate Douglas Wiggin's beautiful and heart stirring little story *Byrds' Christmas Carol* was presented. The dramatization had been done by the students and nothing of the charm of the story was lost in the process. The cast, chosen from both societies, could scarcely have been bettered. Miss Arnette Hathaway as Mrs. Ruggles exhibited a rare bit of art in her character portrayal. Miss Hathaway not only got a "laugh" with every speech or move, but she has made Mrs. Ruggles a very real person in the minds of her audience.

The lovely and difficult part of Carol Byrd, the little Christmas child who tho an invalid for her ten short years brightened the lives of all she touched, was taken by Miss Pauline Green. Miss Green so thoroughly lived her part that, as her audience loved her and laughed with her at the antics of the little Ruggles, so they loved her the more and watched with tear wet eyes while with white face, lit only by the moonlight, she listened to the carols for the last time.

The little Ruggles were unrivaled in their boisterousness and efforts toward etiquette and the audience will long remember Miss Camille Campbell as Peter, Miss Meade Seawell as Clem and Miss Ione Mebane as Larry.

The cast were as follows—

Carol Byrd	-----Pauline Green
Mrs. Byrd	-----Eoline Everett
Mr. Byrd	-----Evangeline Brown
Uncle Jack	-----Mary Wooten

Paul.....	Roberta Strudwick
Donald.....	Sybil Barrington
Mrs. Ruggles.....	Arnette Hathaway
Sara Maude.....	Gordon Thompson
Peter.....	Camille Campbell
Cornelius.....	Lucile LeRoy
Clement.....	Meade Seawell
Susan.....	Bride Alexander
Peoria.....	Annie Laurie Bonney
Kitty.....	Marjorie Craig
Millie.....	Leta Tripp
Larry.....	Ione Mebane

CHORUS CONCERT

The Christmas concert of the Normal Chorus this year was composed of two parts, first Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and the second made up of secular works, for the most part by the solists.

Both the Students and the residents of Greensboro feel themselves very fortunate in the opportunity of hearing artists of such high quality, and such splendidly trained choral work. They were:—

Miss Kathryn M. Severson, soprano, of the music faculty of the College, Miss Lora Lulsdorf, mezzo-soprano, also of the music faculty, Judson House, tenor of New York City, and Edmund A. Jahn, basso, also of New York City. Mr. House is with the medical corps of the New York State troops, stationed at Spartanburg, S. C. Mr. G. Scott Hunter played the organ accompaniments with a marvelous skill in shading and expression and Miss Nell Bishop ably accompanied at the piano.

Mr. Wade R. Brown directed the production and it may be said that Rossini's beautiful composition, sung in Latin by a chorus of almost two hundred women and almost fifty men, the solo work rendered by artists of no mean quality, lost nothing of its delicacy and pathos, or grandeur and brilliancy. The duet by Miss Lulsdorf and Miss Severson was one of the most exquisite recitations ever heard in Greensboro.

The second part of the concert began with the well loved *Quartet from Rigoletto* beautifully sung, followed by Kreisler's *Cradle Song* by Miss Lulsdorf sung by request.

Mr. House then sang *The Trumpeter* and *When the Boys Come Home* which, besides their natural stirring appeal and the beauty of their rendition by Mr. House, gained added color by the fact that Mr. House sang in Service uniform.

Miss Severson then sang *The Little Fish Song* accompanied by Miss All.

Mr. Jahn sang an Old Scotch song of rare beauty, *Turn Ye to Me* and followed this by stirring *Gypsy John* and lovely *I am thy Harp*. His last number was *The Paupers Drive* by Sidney Homer, a composition well suited to show the wide range of tone and expression of Mr. Jahn's splendid voice.

The last number was a choral rendition of *Hail Bright Abode* from *Tannhauser*. The concert was closed by the National anthem.



Normal Specials

Freshman— Miss B. will you tell me how many *shanks* of wool it takes to knit a sweater for my soldier man?³

Announcement at mass meeting— Anyone entering the Dining Room after meals have begun or after meals are finished, without permission from Miss King or Miss Brooks will be dealt with accordingly with the Board.

Sentence from letter received at the College—“All of my family are well except my grandmother who has passed away since I returned.”

C. (reading problem in Physics)— and the whole makes so many revolutions per second per second.”

M. (astonished) “Well C. I did not know that you stuttered before.”

Dr. G. “This is dog wood tree.”

Freshman “How can you tell that in winter?”

Dr. G. “By its bark.”

“Yes they call me a “slacker”
A “quitter” and all
But listen, let me ask you—

Do you think I wanna be fat?³
So if I am needed to do my bit
For you, Uncle Sam,
Please don't wait 'til I get thin
Take me, just as I am.”

Ruby Sisk '19.

Examination Question:“ Give General Pershing's work at the border.

Answer: “At the border the sun shines so hot that water dries up and crops die and there is a general perishing everywhere. It is pitiful to notice how the little children suffer.”

American—“You have noticed, I suppose, that the balance of trade, so far as your country and ours are concerned, is still in our favor.”

Englishman—“You are mistaken for we exchanged a worn-out title for a beautiful American heiress almost every day this year.”

“Tomorrow never comes, they say,
But all such talk is idle gush,
For when we're home on Christmas
Day
The Normal College comes with a
rush.”

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

ORGANIZATIONS

THE STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Lucile Reams.....	President	Lucy Crisp.....	Secretary
Victoria Mial.....	Vice-President	Rouss Hayes.....	Treasurer

MARSHALS

Chief—Dorothy Phelps, Sumter, S. C.

Cornelian

Margaret H. George.....	Alleghany County
Sue Ramsey Johnston.....	Gaston County
Margaret McIver.....	Moore County
Katherine Phillips.....	Edgecombe County
Edith Russell.....	Wake County

Adelphian

Eleanor Robertson.....	Robeson County
Susie Brady.....	Mecklenburg County
Laura Linn Wiley.....	Rowan County
Mary Wooten.....	Edgecombe County
Arnette Hathaway.....	Perquimans County

LITERARY SOCIETIES

ADELPHIAN AND CORNELIAN SOCIETIES— Secret Organizations

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Mildred Ellis.....	President	Mary E. Walker.....	Treasurer
Winnie Leach.....	Vice-President	Frances Walker.....	Critic
Annie Bell Harrington.....	Secretary	Laura Linn Wiley.....	Cheer Leader

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Jennie Kirkpatrick.....	Vice-President	Ruby Sisk.....	Critic
Margaret Harris.....	Secretary	Bessie Stacy.....	Cheer Leader

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Nelle Bardin.....	President	Ethel Boyte.....	Treasurer
LaRue McGlohon.....	Vice-President	Natalie Coffey.....	Critic
Sybil Barrington.....	Secretary	Henrietta Alston.....	Cheer Leader

Freshman Class

Frances Mitchell.....	President	Mary Blair.....	Critic
Grace Rice.....	Vice-President	Mildred Barrington.....	Monitor
Helen Eskridge.....	Secretary	Josephine McCorkle.....	Cheer Leader
Kathleen Mosley.....	Treasurer		

Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Reade.....	President	Mary Johnson.....	Secretary
Mary Gordon.....	Vice-President	Veritas Sanders.....	Treasurer

Athletic Association

Vivian Draper.....	President	Ethel Lovett.....	Special Vice-President
Mabel Smith.....	Senior Vice-President	Mary Nell Hartman.....	Secretary
Martha Speas.....	Junior Vice-President	Bessie Hoskins.....	Treasurer
Lela Wade.....	Sophomore Vice-President	Ruby Sisk.....	Critic
Elizabeth Jones.....	Freshman Vice-President		