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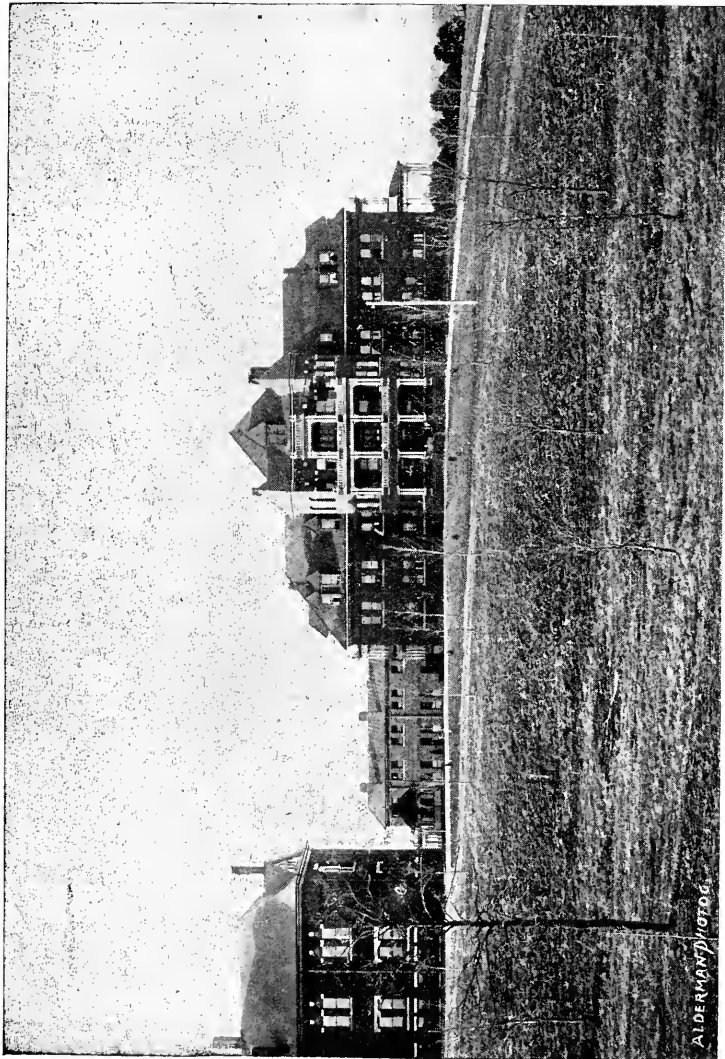
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THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE, 1899.

NO. 4

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UNCONSCIOUS TUITION.

—
PENELOPE J. DAVIS. '99.
—

When Henry Clay spoke in Raleigh in 1844, a well known Judge in this State standing near a deaf and dumb man, and seeing tears in his eyes inquired of him by signs why he was so moved since he could not hear what Clay said. The man replied that to see him was enough. There was something in Henry Clay's expression finer than anything he said, a latent power, a silent force which penetrated where his words could not. Just so there is emanating from and flowing through all life, all natures, an indefinable influence far mightier than anything that can ever be expressed by word or deed.

We are all conscious of the changes wrought in us by words or deeds, but this mysterious force unobserved, quietly and gradually unfolds our inner being, and

moulds our character. As the piano responds to the touch of a master as if it were but the extension of his own organs of expression, so man responds to this silent voice of whatever is about him, not by any conscious effort, but by spontaneous and even unconscious fealty. The piano gives out any kind of music, harmonious and sweet, or discordant; sad, bright or majestic according to the skill and taste of the master, so the music in the man's soul depends upon the character of the forces acting upon him. The Greek is but a photograph of his country—his spirit of freedom and independence, the voice of the mountains—his art and literature, a reflection of his own bright skies and beautiful scenery.

Everywhere the sensitive spirit of man is affected by whatever passes before it. In the home the life of the child is continually being influenced by its surroundings. Place him in a home with happy, industrious parents surrounded with birds, flowers, and music, and he will be happy—will look on the beautiful side of life. Place him in a home with idle, discontented parents surrounded with only the material things of life, and ten to one he will be lazy, discontented, and blind to the beauties of nature. So lasting will these impressions be that they will color the whole disposition. Later in life place these same two people in the same house, looking out of the same window, upon the same things, and they will see things very differently—one will be made unhappy and wretched, while the other is made to sing and rejoice; one will see only tall chimneys, dingy roofs, black unsightly buildings, while the other will see in these, life and industry, and looking beyond to the glorious sun slowly sinking behind magnificent trees will be reminded that "The heavens declare the glory of God."

How many great men of history had great, though perhaps unknown mothers! How many speak with the tenderest love and reverence not only of the mother, but of the home, however humble it might have been! Were they not there unconsciously forming the ideals, the ruling principles of their lives? Our own Judge Gaston, who lost his father when three years old, declared that whatever success and distinction he had attained in life was due to his mother's counsels and admirable management, and that but for her he might have been a vagabond.

This unconscious tuition goes on not only in home, but in school-room, in social life—everywhere. As steadily and as unconsciously as he exhibits it his pupils are affected by every phase of the teacher's character. Many great teachers have been an inspiration to their pupils through life. The pleasantest part of the

existence of many poor children is the school-room. On the other hand, many look back upon the school hours as the most unhappy of their youth, because the teacher or the discomforts of the school-room, from the beginning gave them a distaste for study.

“As in water face answereth face, so the heart of man to man.” Consciously or unconsciously, others are continually leaving touches on our souls—touches of beauty or of marring. We all know some people, the influence of whose strong, beautiful characters we feel whether we meet them in the home, in the school-room, or in the social life. Their presence is a power. And do they excite envy by the excellence we see in them, the fine things in their life and character, the noble things they do? They show us what is possible for man—for us—awaken in us the loftiest feelings and incite us to the noblest efforts. Such a character has been beautifully compared to the dew that falls silently and invisibly over the face of the earth, perpetually blessing and refreshing all forms of life.

Not only are we influenced by the people that come into our every day life, but we owe a great debt to literature and art. In literature we come in contact not only with the writers, but with their acquaintances; and unconsciously the vocabulary, the thought, the spirit of both enter into our life to purify and ennoble or to feed our human passions. The standard formed in early life by reading good or poor literature, a person will more or less spontaneously and unconsciously apply as a measure to literature through life.

What is the charm of art? Is it the material used, or the spirit of the artist seen behind—his conceptions of the beauty, or power, or terror of life? I once heard a good woman say that she had a temptation, and, looking up, caught sight of a picture of a girl in the attitude of prayer—the temptation was turned aside. In Hawthorne's story of the Great Stone Face, the strength and beauty of that face sank so deep into the heart of the boy Ernest, and, as year after year he watched it and dwelt upon the beauty of character which the man who should resemble it must possess, it so unconsciously influenced his whole life that one evening, as the last rays of the setting sun fell first on the Great Stone Face then on the face of Ernest, now an old man, a famous poet standing near exclaimed: “Why Ernest himself is like the Great Stone Face.” Mr. Mabie speaking of Greek Art says, “All these great artists and all these great arts lead us back to the vital force whose exponents and achievements they were. For in the world of men as in that of nature it is that

force which creates, fertilizes and sustains; and we are able to make the most of ourselves only as we keep in its current."

As the sweetness of a master's music depends largely upon the fineness and tone of the instrument, so the development of this unconscious power which is our true being depends upon our ability to respond to the silent voice of nature, literature, art and man. The greater a man's character the better he sees and appreciates the character of others, and the great truths of law and order revealed by the silent but sure return of day and night, seed time and harvest.

The master in order to produce sad or lively music, brings into prominence certain notes, but they all blend into one grand harmony. In this unconscious tuition either art, nature, literature, or human intercourse may be the chief influence and determine the personality, but, by the natural, simple, deep relations and fellowship with the whole order of things of which he is a part, man unfolds from within into some new power. He has culture, obtained not by diligence of acquisition or by studied pursuit of the graces and accomplishments of the intellectual life, but by gradual absorption and assimilation of the world about him. These silent forces in life affect our character strongly because they are not resisted by an internal force. They influence us unconsciously when a word or action would repel.

There is an opinion among some people that the only measure of true education is clear, definite, intellectual conceptions; but a man may be learned, may have fine command of language, be well informed on every topic of the day, and yet not inspire interest and enthusiasm. He has the thought but not the spirit. There is no latent power behind the words.

I would not underrate intellectual development, it is beneficial, it is necessary; but in the cultivation of the intellect let us not forget that the education of the spiritual man and not of the intellectual man, is the basis of individual character, and to individual character, and not to the regulations of state, church or society, humanity owes its sustainment and growth. In this our eager, restless, electric time, with its wide sympathies and its tireless anxiety, its tolerant tempers, and its measureless thirst for knowledge, let us not forget that, "man cannot live by bread alone." The silent influences are as necessary in the development of character as the unconscious physical functions in health.

"By trifles in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled,
We lose not all our yesterdays;
The man has something of the child.
Part of the past to all the present cleaves
As the rose odors linger in the fading leaves."

CONSECRATION.

Baccalaureate Sermon by REV. DR. J. O. RUST, of Nashville, Tennessee.

“And he slew it; and Moses took of the blood of it, and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot.”—Lev. 8:23.

Aaron was inducted into the Priesthood with elaborate ceremonies lasting seven days. One item of this solemn service was: Moses took the blood of the ram of sacrifice and “put it on the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot.” Anointing the extremities of the body signifies the consecration of the whole man to God. This ceremony is the forstatement of the broad New Testament doctrine that all believers are “priests unto God” (Rev. 1:6); and each, in performing his sacred office, should “present his body a living sacrifice, &c.” I would apply this great truth to the present occasion by stating my theme as “Consecrated Womanhood.”

This plea for complete consecration should be immensely attractive to young women. Surely it is not hard for chaste woman's heart to hear a call from the Throne. You have an impressionable innocency, a purity congenial to holiness, a native aptitude for spiritual truth that makes easier for you the realization of the highest ideals of piety. Some years since we heard a good deal about “the girl of the period,” and now the phrase was changed, but not the fact, and we call her “the twentieth century maid;” but I would not have you to be “girls of a period.” Period means stop. The world would punctuate your career with a period before you get into “the Kingdom” and would write “finis” to your life work before you become a daughter of the King. Our text calls for a life without a period, a career of uninterrupted growth; for one long, continued, rhythmic sentence of grace moving on into the measure of a song of glory. Notice the impressive suggestiveness of this ceremony.

I. A Consecrated Ear.

Moses put the blood of consecration on the tip of Aaron's right ear. Jesus utters the same plea when he says: “Take heed what ye hear.”

Most of what we know comes to us through the ear. It is a direct avenue of approach to head and heart. All the appeals of sound and song address the ear.

Language and music are the priestesses of the ear, and every sentiment of love and hope must be offered at that altar.

It is hard to decide which would afflict us most, the loss of sight, or the loss of hearing. It would be sad to have your eyes sealed in perpetual darkness, not to be able to see the wide-open sky and curling clouds, fair fields and forests and silver brooks, the printed thoughts of men, and above all the glad faces of your friends. But, if I could not see, I could hear the coy winds playing soft accompaniment to the carol of the birds on the velvet key-board of the leaves; I could hear the love of my friends audible in speech; I could listen to the prattle of my little ones, the sweetest music of earth. A choice between hearing and seeing is a choice between silence and darkness, between music and painting, between eloquence and architecture, between conversation and reading, between friends and books. You can settle this nice question for yourself; all I am saying is that, in our test, the ear is the symbol of intelligence, and all our powers of knowing should be given to God. This means the consecration of the cunning mechanism of touch, the subtle chemistry of taste and smell, the tender emotionalism of the ear, and the exquisite intellectualism of the eye, as well as the profound apprehensions and comprehensions of the rational and intuitional mind.

There are some things that it is harmful to hear; there are sounds that are sinful, and there are songs full of infernal passion. "Take heed what ye hear." I repeat this caution with considerable hesitancy, for it has been said that some ladies have uncommon hearing facilities. Women are not greater gossips than men naturally, only they have more time to do it, that is all. I can conceive of nothing more wretched than to have your heart burdened with petty slander. Jesus says: "Take heed what ye hear; with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Hear ill of others, others will hear ill of you. Hear ill of others and you will say ill of them, for the ear controls the tongue. James says: "Let every man (and he means woman too) be swift to hear, also to speak," but James is talking of hearing good things and saying wise things. In this connection I remember an old saying: "The smaller the calibre of mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth." But you may depend upon it that it is a holy and a heavenly talent to be able not to hear a good many things.

Really it is almost beyond the bounds of propriety to be talking about such commonplace things on a dignified commencement occasion; and, if you will permit

me to step aside just a moment to mention another small matter, I promise then to proceed soberly with my theme. Is it out of place to say a word about flattery? It is hard to draw the line between flattery and praise, and an excess of compliment is to be pardoned when there is so much that is admirable. The pretty little mademoiselle who accepts as solemn fact the asseverations of enthusiastic admirers that she is a pink of perfection in full bloom while she is only in the bud—why, she makes a very unbecoming mistake. I have noticed that white buds are commonly pinned onto a background of green leaf, and I often wonder if it is intended to suggest that there is something in common between the greenness of the leaf and the white innocency of the bud? Compliment should be set as rare gems in the solid gold of sincerity; flattery sown broadcast is pearl that even swine should not eat. Conversation, gem-set with true compliment, wins the head with the heart; and I can conceive of no worse fate than for flattery to win a good woman's heart while her head refuses to ratify the contract. It is a grand thing to be talked to sensibly; and that will come, if we are sensible ourselves. Conversation ought to be the greatest educational factor in our lives, and it will be, if it is sincere, truthful and elevated. I can wish you no greater honor, young ladies, than that you shall graduate with distinction in the great University of Talk.

1. But to return to my theme, a consecrated ear means a mind that is open to truth, free from prejudices, partialities. Every voice that speaks truth is God's voice, pagan, papal or protestant, scientific or religious, rational or devotional. We can no more make our religion than we can make our own science. We are dependent upon others. The good and great of all ages are speaking to you the rarest messages of their wisdom for fixities have not come to you yet. These are your courtiers now. They sit in the study hall beside you; they walk the campus with you; they escort you on the street; they use their chastened genius to woo and win you, and you should give your hearts to them. The time has passed and everybody knows it, not none better than you, when woman is credited with culture after being washed in a thin solution of accomplishments. No longer can she lay claim to education by jingling a little mechanical information to the tune that she

“ Knows the great uncle of Moses,
And the date of the war of roses,
And the reason for things—
Why the Indians wore rings
In their red aboriginal noses.”

The time has come for women to have real brain power, to be strong in intelligence and wisdom. She must commune with great facts and greater truths with an ear open to the best wisdom of earth. Institutions like this are prejudices of enthroned womanhood.

2. Not only should you hear the thoughts of men, but you should listen to the many voices of nature. Facts is truth visible. God speaks to us through nature. He shows us his hand in nature, his heart in law. The old Renaissance scholars found it hard to get out of their books and "to go into the open air," as old Comenius would say. It was the task of Ruskin and Holman Hunt and Millais and Dante Rossetti and others of the Pre-Raphaelite school to lead art away from the perfections of the medieval masters back to nature. As Browning says:

"This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good."

A certain holiness and ardent chaste devotion is needed to woo nature to speak out her secret meanings. There is a glory to the man who can stand amid the sweet airs of Spring's birthday with

"A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a Beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth would say,
Behold me! I am May."

What tender grace does nature administer to hearts that love her, and how sacred are the feelings which she awakens. She tells secrets of far-off skies and whispers half-truths of the spiritual eternities.

The shadow pictured in the lake
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls lightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But has an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies,
 Not merely for their shining,
 But, like the light of loving eyes,
 Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
 The winds that sigh in blowing,
 Are sent to teach a mystic lore,
 Which men are wise in knowing.

Whoever at the coarsest sound
 Still listens for the finest,
 Will hear the noisy world go round
 To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
 Because his heart is tender,
 Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light,
 In every earthly splendor.

3. Have a heart open to God—ultimate truth, and then God has a word direct to say to you, young ladies. “Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.” Learn to listen to God. The consecrated priest has a right to his immediate presence. He hears you when you pray, you hear him when he speaks. That is a singular petition of David’s in Psa. 51: 8. “Make me to hear joy and gladness.” One day when London was enveloped in a dense fog, a gentleman heard the glad song of birds about him. Up above that black bank of fog in the golden sunlight the sky-larks were singing down their matin songs of praise. David was in the deep darkness of penitence; all was silent save his own singing soul; and he prays to God, not to let the light in, but to let the sound in so he could hear the echoes of those distant joys resonant in the atmospheres of heaven. If sometime the shadows come upon you, and they will, pray God to leave the gates of glory ajar that you may hear joy and gladness as comforting songs in your night. Consecrate all the powers of your intelligence to Christ; when you’ve learned all you can, give it to God; take his yoke upon you and learn of him.

II. A Consecrated Hand.

Moses put the blood of consecration on the thumb of Aaron’s right hand. Of course Priests must have consecrated hands to serve at God’s altar; David says: “He

that hath clean hands;” and Paul echoes this appeal when he exhorts believers to lift up “holy hands” to Jehovah.

If a consecrated ear means sanctified knowledge and wisdom, a consecrated hand means sanctified energy and skill. If the ear symbolizes worship, the hand symbolizes work. It is not enough just to know, we must also do. Information must be practiced to become intelligence, and knowledge must be applied to become wisdom. We must be doers and not hearers only, for faith without works is dead.

The hand is a wonderful bit of machinery. It has been said that the lever made by the thumb and fingers has produced the civilization of the world. The hand is the executive of the mind. The brain conceives, but the hand constructs. Before a thought can become a fact the hand must take it, and make it, and shape it. Cut off the hands of the people and progress and prosperity would be at an end. I am not saying that manual labor is the only kind of labor, but I do say that it is an important sort of work. The hand has not received due honor from the world. Hand lifts brush, or strokes marble into life, or floats on ivory waves of bright melodic sea of key-board. The hand of art has been praised, but the strong hand of artisanship and the bronzed hand of toil has not received due reward outside of literature and that butters no parsnips. Time was, may be it is, when men thought it an honor to do brain-work, but a dishonor to do handiwork; when they esteemed it a credit to know, but a discredit to do. Education was proud of its ability to stuff men with knowledge for which they had no immediate use, and boasted that it taught them to think without giving them anything to think about. The height of its ambition was to qualify men with a classic inability to take care of themselves. I have a hope that we are swinging away from the curriculums, standards, and ideals of the renescent masters who have ruled us as absolute monarchs down to the middle century. What shame is it to have the skill to do do what you have the wisdom to think? Education must learn that it is not wrong to teach a man how to take care of himself from the very minute he gets out of school. The hand is going to get its honors from the world. Industrial, economic, and scientific education will take rank with classic culture. But all of this aside, in our text the hand is the symbol of all kinds of work. When God calls for consecrated hand, he asks that all energy and skill shall be sanctified. In school or factory, in shop or store, in field or forum, all the modes of energy and all the varieties of skill are to be given to God for his glory.

I am talking to young ladies, and I say have a purpose to use the knowledge you are acquiring. Many of our girls look upon education as a pious fraud; they never expect to use it, or to have any use for it. I have seen a young lady throw away an education; and when she had to make a living, she must go back to school late in life and do it all over again. Why not carry it along with you now so that you will have it with you when you need it. To walk off and leave your education is as foolish as to pack your trunk with finery and then not take it with you on your journey. Take, as an example, the one item of music. Thousands of girls spend thousands of hours and thousands of dollars studying music, and then walk off and leave it. They will not serve the needs of the church, nor will they make home joyous with this fine art, and the talent and culture God has given them perishes. Have a purpose to do something with what you know. God and the world have the right to demand this service of you.

A woman's hand is different from a man's. His is coarse and strong, hers is fine and graceful. I do not believe in palmistry, but the hieroglyph of lines in woman's hand teaches that it was made for a different work from man's. It is sad for any of us to miss his calling in life, saddest of all for woman; sad because she goes on with the unnatural work so courageously, cheerfully and successfully. All honor to our fair women who do well what they have to do in order to get along in a world that is perpetually making them do what they ought not to have to do. I do not blame the women, but the world. To-day many a dear girl is playing "Home, Sweet Home" on a typewriter, when she ought to be executing that divine music in some cozy cot all her own and his. Many women with no hope of this life are hearing with wistful ears dusty looms sing of "A Land That Is Fairer Than This"; and many more with bleeding fingers are rubbing all the music that they hear out of the hard surface of a wash-board; and some kneel perpetually at the menial altar of a scrubbing brush and gaze at the dim pictures of distant bliss reflected on the surface of hard floors polished with their tears. I am coming to believe that, for every woman who is forced to do what she ought not to do, there is some rascal of a man who persists in being what he ought not to be.

However sad it might be for woman to miss her mission, it is infinitely sadder for her not to have any mission at all. Many of our young ladies from middle life to upper crust are without a mission. They seem to think there is nothing for them to do save to stand for a few brief moments under a marriage bell and listen to its

ringing forever after. They do not bring to the high calling of wife and mother a ripe intelligence and the holy purpose to build a home according to the specifications of the divine architect and to lift life up to the divine ideals. Oh, woman, if you would find your mission and fulfill it learn your calling of God. He made you, and He alone knows what you were made for. Whether it be to sing to all the world as Miriam and Mary sang, or to sit in a home as the silent power behind the throned life of a kingly man, learn your calling of God. Your sphere is a wide circle; your mission reaches all the way from artisanship to art, from the nursery to the university, from the home to the hospital, from the church to charity. Your hand is fashioned fair for love and pity; it touches all life with tenderness and smooths the frown of care off of the face of the world; it signals the throne above and beckons angels into our Gethsemanes, and strokes the harp of joy with the melody of peace and hope. Sad indeed would it be for your charming vivacity, masterful magnetism, and irresistible influence to be withheld from the vocations of love, in a world that is sighing, and crying, and dying. Blest would be the earth if a generation of our women would lift their hands in oath of solemn consecration to Christ and the church.

III. A Consecrated Foot.

Moses also put the blood of consecration on the great toe of Aaron's right foot. The Priest must serve his God in "the beauty of holiness." Paul exhorts us "to see to it carefully how we walk," and he shouts out the praises of the gospel priest: "How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace." Feet that are consecrated to God are symbols of a holy life. Sanctified intelligence and skill must be stayed on godly character. If our text has asked us worship and work, it now calls on us for a pious walk.

The foot is an important member of the body. I don't know what we would do without them. They are the means of locomotion. We go about with them, and sometimes we gad about; for I remember that Paul very solemnly advises young women to be "Keepers at home." A friend of mine said it always alarmed him to hear of any one having trouble with his feet, for it shows that the nerve centers in the brain are not in healthy condition. This reminds me that Mr. Spurgeon said that the dancing members of his church always gave him a queer sensation about the throat, when he remembered that a certain young lady who danced before a petty King at a famous dinner afterwards served the head of John the Baptist for dessert. Theologically and ethically disease of the feet are pretty hard to deal with.

A consecrated foot is the symbol of a holy life. There is nothing for a woman to be but to be pious, that is, if she intends to remain a woman. I tremble when I meet a young lady with a penchant for pronunciation and a contempt for the gospel. It is cause for alarm to find a woman who thinks that piety is stupidity, worship superstition, and faith ignorance. These women of the world who consider the church an obsolete institution, Sunday the dullest day in the week, and who think religion is the calling of the simple, and who give themselves to the frivolous pleasures of life, as a rule are a shallow-brained and cold-hearted lot. They do not feel love and are unmoved by pity. The woman life apart from God moves with fearful velocity into selfishness, and coldness, and hardness of heart. As she passes down the years with a passion for vanities and flatteries more and more denied her, she grows cynical, sceptical, bitter, and cruel, and a cheerless, starless night comes on. But the woman that walks with God, her heart is always sweet with sympathy and her life is radiant with love. Not to be pious almost means for a woman to live without a heart.

Sneering critics laugh because our churches are full of women and only half full of men. I say, God be praised for that. Satan cannot capture the earth as long as women stand in our churches and keep the faith. The men cannot carry the world to perdition as long as our women ring the alarm bells of heaven with the ropes of prayer. The church itself cannot become degenerate as long as our mothers, wives, daughters and sisters kneel at a throne of grace and pray their sons, and husbands, and fathers, and brothers into their duty and their glorious destiny. But once let woman desert her office at this altar, as often man has done, and then all is lost and the black night of eternal death has come.

This then is the call of our text, head, hand, and heart given to God, the consecration of your complete womanhood. Do you hear him calling? Answer with the gift of yourself to your Lord. Recently I addressed a club of young women. They were excellently informed. They knew Browning and all the poets. They were well up in history, and art, and all the literatures, but they were woefully ignorant of God's work. I said to two of them: Young ladies, there is a field of work where first place is easily attained, and a little culture and skill will bring the world to your feet. I meant a teachable knowledge of God's word and practical service in the church. I know not what they may do, but I pray God that each of you may hear the message of this hour. Religion is love; love is the vocation of wo-

man. It ought not to be hard for you to serve God, if you are now conscious of a feeling to give yourself to him,

“That is the first sound in the song of love,
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of your fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.”

WOMAN AS A CITIZEN.

An Address delivered to the Graduating Class at the Annual Commencement May 24, 1899,
by HON. WALTER CLARK.

Young Ladies of the Graduating Class ;

I must express my indebtedness to your distinguished President for the very handsome terms in which he has introduced me—terms, however, which are far, very far above my merits. He has alluded to the time when I wore the gray. It is true that I was present on some occasions which were calculated to try the nerve of men, but I never had to face an ordeal like this. If I were younger I might face it better.

As a North Carolinian, I am proud of this Institution. I was last evening an attentive, and deeply interested listener at your exercises. The essays read gave that evidence not only of education and native ability which we naturally expect from our fair young country women on such an occasion, but I perceived in them a breadth of thought, an originality, a progressiveness and independence which betoken that from the establishment of this Institution we may date a better and brighter era for North Carolina.

The first essay was upon the “Silent Forces,” and the young lady did justice to the subject. It is the silent forces which made and are making the world. It is the dew which comes unseen and the rain which falls noiselessly upon the earth that make the acorn into the mighty oak from which navies and cities are builded. It is the frost which comes unseen to mortal eyes which rives, and rends and tears down the granite sides of mountain ranges and, grinding them into powder, makes

the fertile soil of valleys in which is grown the food upon which nations live, and yon silent luminary draws up daily millions of tons of water into the sky which unseen breezes bring as clouds to descend in showers to save and preserve a thirsty land that the race of man may be able to still abide on the face of the earth.

And this Institution and others like it are silent forces from which shall go out the influences which shall make of the acorn of our system of public education a mighty tree which shall overshadow and refresh the whole State, and from these institutions shall go forth the subtle power which shall rive and rend and destroy the massive mountain ranges of ignorance and prejudice and inertia which bar our progress and, grinding them to powder, shall make them the fertile seed bed of the future.

I heard also, I may say I saw, the skilful word-painting with which another young lady pictured her discovery that our walk and conversation in life may be known from the way in which we wear our shoes—that is that our understandings may be better understood from an examination of our *under*-standings. It was a most interesting discovery and beautifully told, but it is not without its causes for alarm. When so interesting a paper is published, as it must be, the young men all over the State will hasten to have steel rims put under the heels and toes of their shoes. They will not permit themselves to be thus given away to their young lady friends by their shoemakers. And I am not sure, I am not entirely certain but that some married men may profit by the hint. I thought I saw some shuffling their feet uneasily last night as an idea of the possibilities involved in such a discovery struck them. If any of the wives of any of those gentlemen are in this audience, I hasten to assure them that their husbands are all right—it is those other men I am talking about.

I was deeply moved by the thoughtful essay of another young lady, entitled the "Cry of the Children."

We are building up a great manufacturing interest in North Carolina. We welcome the new era. We are glad to hear the busy hum of the factories upon a hundred hill-sides. They are giving employment to thousands of our people, who would otherwise be out of employment, and are furnishing markets for the produce of our farmers. But, like my young lady friend, I have been pained in walking amid the long lines of whirling machinery to see the pale faces of children, 12, 10, 8 years of age (and even less), chained to their toil for 12 hours a day, with their

wistful eyes looking out through the narrow casements towards the sunlight which shines not for them, and stamped upon their poor, pitiful countenances I have seen the yearning, which God has placed there, for the fresh air, the green grass and the running brooks; and I have wondered if the mothers and sisters of this land possessed the right of suffrage, whether they also would cast their ballots without pity, or would they not say to those who sought their support for seats in the Legislature: "Sirs, ye shall see to it that they let these little prisoners go free. Ye shall see to it that some brief breathing space shall be set between the cradle and their assumption of the weary work of life; that there may abide with them for a few fleeting years the rosy radiance of that lost Eden which lingers only in the hearts of little children."

At this hour there is many a child crying for bread in North Carolina because its father has spent his scanty earnings in the gilded bar-rooms which fringe the principal streets of our cities and towns, and I have wondered if the mothers and daughters of this State possessed the ballot whether considerations of personal advancement or party advantage would induce them to bargain for the continuance of this evil, or would they say to their public servant, "This is an evil thing under the sun and it must and shall be purged out of the land."

This College stands as the exponent of the tardy effort the State of North Carolina has made to fulfil the pledge given in her Constitution for the higher education of your sex. It is a happy coincidence that this Commencement, which means so much for the welfare and advancement of the women of North Carolina, falls on this day when nearly a third of the population of the globe are uniting to do the highest honor to one of your sex.

About 7,000 miles to the west of us and therefore about 16,000 miles to the east is the parallel of longitude, where, by common consent of mankind, each day begins. When this day began there, now nearly eighteen hours ago, as the sun arose above the waste of waters on every island and in every harbor to the west of that line, drums rolled and cannon saluted as the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George gaily fluttered to mast-head on ships of war and ships of peace, in glorious remembrance that 80 years ago this day a little girl had been born in a far distant island; and, as with the rolling hours, the sun lighted up the peak of Fusi-yama and the mouth of the Peiho and the other great rivers of Eastern Asia from the shipping in a thousand harbors in Japan, in China, in our Philippine Islands, at the Straits

of Malacca, and far to the south in the great island continent, from port to port, and from military post to military post, there arose the sound of that martial music which during the day "has kept pace with the flying hours," and encircled the globe with their unbroken strains. And then India took up the wondrous story and from Burmah's mountains to the Indus, and from Mt. Everest in the Himalayas to Ceylon's coral strand 300,000,000 of a dusky race, children of the burnished sun, gave themselves to gladness; and then at Aden the great African continent took up the refrain; the storied Nile and the Pyramids caught at the dawn the shadow of the historic flag, while far, far down beneath the bending of the Southern Cross where the waves were dashing up their silver spray at the Cape of Good Hope, the red lines formed and the cannon boomed, while to the north at Cyprus, Malta and Gibraltar's floating batteries replied to shore which echoed back again, and then still further north, mid London's central roar there was this day blare of bugle, and roll of drum, processions with floating flags and cheering crowds, while Edinburgh and Dublin repeated the loud acclaim; and then as the world still rolled eastward, the West Indies and Canada joined in the clamor, and, even while we speak, the rising sun is waking the echoes of the cannon as they roll down the silver valleys of Columbia. Soon all this will end, but only when the risen sun shall light up for a second time on this selfsame day the glad waters of the Pacific.

Truly this is woman's day when so great an empire, whose "far flung battle line" belts the world around with steel, rouses itself to do this high honor to a woman—that woman, one of the best and purest sovereigns this world has known—Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. Not in all her royal line, tracing back as it does to Charlemagne and Alfred and William the Norman, has there been one among her predecessors who has equaled her virtues or attained her place in the hearts of their people.

Compared with the extent of her dominion, the great Roman Empire at the height of its power with its 80 millions of people and its legions that boasted that they had "marched from Pontus into Gaul" was but a province; and in comparison to the wealth over which she bears rule, the riches of Darius and Xerxes were but as the small dust in the balance. Their entire revenues for a year would not defray the expenses of her government for a fortnight.

After this bright example of the fitness of woman for the place of the world's highest command, can I or any man waste time in pleading the capacity of woman or her equality with man? Women bear their full share of the trials and sorrows

of life, why have they not an equal right to its honors and its enjoyments? If they must labor, they are entitled to equal pay for equal service. If they must take up the burden, they have a right to equal preparation and equal education with man. That they are physically inferior was reason for inferiority of station and of rights in the days when brute force governed and savagery was the condition of man. But such doctrines are out of place when brain not brawn rules the world, and when the sovereign of nearly one-third its population is physically the inferior of the smallest drummer boy that beats the long roll in her armies.

As I have said, on a day so memorable for the honor that has been rendered to one of your sex, and especially in this presence I shall not discuss the just and inherent right of women to an equality with man. The ambassadors of the humbled Austrian government at Campo Formio offered to the victorious French general a treaty of peace in which they recognized the independence of the new French Republic. "Strike that out" proudly said the conqueror "The republic is like the sun, none but the blind can fail to see it."

I shall therefore turn to the Constitution to see how far your rights have been recognized in that instrument.

And first as to your political rights: In five great states of this Union, women have as full rights of suffrage and of holding office as men, and in all but twelve states they exercise the rights of suffrage and office-holding to some extent, usually as to matters affecting public schools. In Great Britain and most of her colonies, women exercise the right of suffrage to a greater or less extent. I believe the understanding is that when women have been entrusted with the ballot they have exercised it wisely. But your right of suffrage and office-holding under the North Carolina Constitution can be expressed with the same brevity that a historian of Ireland used in a chapter which he entitled "Snakes in Ireland". Beneath he simply wrote, "There are no snakes in Ireland", and that ended the chapter. This is as it should be. No class in any community should be given the right of suffrage till their need of it and their oppression for the lack of it has caused them to demand it, and demand it vigorously. Experience has shown that where the right of suffrage has been conferred unsought, it has not been prized, and has either been neglected or abused. But, though under our Constitution, women do not vote, the influence of bright, educated, intelligent women upon the result at the ballot box is great and will grow greater. Public opinion is like the atmosphere. It is invisible, intangible, but, nevertheless, it weighs fifteen pounds to the square inch. Our entire system of

government is based upon collecting and making tangible this public opinion, but as long as any portion of the community remains illiterate and uninformed as to the questions arising for popular decision, that portion can be deceived and misled by an interested few.

Herein is the real strength of the demand for state education. By no other system than a general and free system can the masses be instructed and every instinct of self-preservation requires that the state shall see that its sovereigns are well informed and that every hand casts an intelligent ballot. If this is not the case, it is not the majority which rules but the minority which can manipulate the majority to their own hurt and for the advancement of the fortunes, and of the influence and control of the interested minority. A government by the people to its full and true extent is only possible when the people are generally educated and each voter is able to understand and decide for himself what measures will best secure the common welfare. A general system of public education is like deep plowing which extends the area from which the state draws nourishment and support.

The plea for education, sometimes set up, that it decreases crime cannot be sustained. Moral evils must be reached in other ways. Education changes the nature of prevailing crimes but does not of itself perceptibly decrease the number of criminals. Larcenies and doers of violence decrease, but forgeries and embezzlements become more frequent. Some friends of public education have become discouraged by this fact, not realizing that education, unless supplemented by religious and moral training in other forms, has no bearing upon morals.

But though our Constitution does not give you political rights, it guarantees to each and every child, to every youth, which includes young women as well as young men, an education. The pledge has been badly kept but the people have placed it in that Constitution of the state which every member of the Legislature is sworn to observe and obey, and public opinion should be aroused to compel them to carry out this pledge. I have heard men say "the world owes them a living," but I have never seen the certificate of indebtedness and know no ground for the assertion. Men will generally get only what they earn and in these days of trusts and great moneyed combinations they will be fortunate if they get a chance to earn. But the state of North Carolina does owe every child and every youth of either sex an education at the public expense and the obligation is broadly written, in unmistakable language in the face of the Constitution.

When our ancestors met at Halifax in 1776 to form a government for the free

and sovereign state of North Carolina, to be based upon the will of the people, they knew that it was of the highest importance that the new sovereign, the people, should be educated that it might govern wisely. They provided in the Constitution for higher education by pledging the state to sustain "one or more universities". That expression of the public will has been repeated and ratified no less than seven times since by the people represented in Conventions assembled in 1835, 1861, 1865, 1868, at the ballot box of the Constitutional amendment of 1873, in the Convention of 1875 and by the popular vote ratifying its work in 1876.

As soon as the turbulent waves of war had died away, the General Assembly of 1789 complied with the constitutional requirement by establishing our State University which has ever since been inseparably connected with the history and the glories of the state. The present Constitution provides not only for "a general and uniform system of public schools wherein tuition shall be free of charge to all children", which includes both sexes, but it has the further provision which has been there ever since 1868. (Cons. Art. 9, Sec. 7.) "The General Assembly shall provide that the benefits of the University, as far as practicable, be extended to the youth of the state free of expense for tuition." The "youth of the state," includes the girls as well as boys, and free higher education is imperatively commanded for both sexes as a free public school is guaranteed for the children of both sexes. This is so clear that it reminds me of a distinguished lawyer of this town, whom I heard tell the court down at Raleigh, that a certain proposition of law was so plain "that a wayfaring man though a fool could read it a-running". The Constitution makes no discrimination or limitation in this respect to the male sex as it does in regard to the right of suffrage. Though this has been the organic law and each Legislature has for thirty-one years been under solemn obligation to provide for the free higher education of the youth of the state, without distinction of sex, it was not till the Teachers' Assembly in 1886 that any attempt was made to enforce this Constitutional obligation imposed by the people of the state in behalf of the higher education of young women. Even that movement slept till three years later, when being pressed by the Legislature of 1889, it failed in one House after passing the other. But the Legislature of 1891, probably the most public spirited and progressive General Assembly which has ever sat in this state, recognized its Constitutional obligation in this regard and established this institution. But how slowly we do move in North Carolina! From the pledge given in the Constitution in 1868 till the first act to perform it in 1891 was twenty-three years—nearly a quarter of a century.

When this institution was first founded, notwithstanding it was by virtue of a public necessity and required by the state Constitution, it met with some opposition from the female colleges already in existence, whose managers feared it would interfere with their patronage and profits. But, I think, they have all now recognized that, with the thousands upon thousands of bright young women throughout the state who are entitled to and merit a collegiate education, there is ample material to fill all their colleges as well as this without exhausting the supply—and that the greater interest in higher education for young women which has been created by this institution has been beneficial rather than hurtful to the private colleges. There are enough young women in the state, of the proper age, who, if offered the benefits of a college or university education, would fill twenty times over this institution and all the other female colleges in the state. The difficulty is not as to the supply of scholars, which is inexhaustible, but as to the means to give them an education.

It is gratifying to see that this state is waking up, even though slowly, to the necessity of public education. Many towns have recently been added to the number who have voted bonds or taxation, to establish or increase their public school system and the last General Assembly voted \$100,000 to public schools out of the general treasury in addition to the regular tax levied for that purpose. But still we are very laggard. In a recent publication by Prof. Raper I see that he states that there are more illiterate whites in North Carolina, than in the rest of the original thirteen states combined. I have not verified his figures but I presume he is correct. At any rate it is very certain that in the most essential particular of public education, North Carolina, to our shame be it said, is at about the tail end of the procession. How can the state progress and develop till this is changed, for the strength and power of a free state rest securely only upon the intelligence and patriotism of its masses.

If North Carolina has been short in the statesmanship and patriotism which should give her people a good and effective system of public schools, she has no less played the part of a step-mother in complying with her constitutional obligations to provide for higher education. Her entire annual appropriation for higher education as represented by this institution, the A. & M. College and the University combined is a little above \$50,000, less than 3 cents per capita upon our population, and is just about the same sum we are taxed by one great corporation doing business in this state to pay the salary of its President—while our little sister state of South Carolina gives \$120,000, Virginia \$140,000 and some of our sister states give half a million

annually for higher education. No wonder that the latter have Universities with 3,000 students each and that these states are increasing rapidly in population and in wealth.

We constantly hear that we have not the means and especially as to higher education it is pointed out that it is only commanded "as far as practicable." But we know that half a million of dollars or more can be added to our school fund annually from sources hitherto untapped, sources which can best afford to furnish this contribution, and without levying a dollar more upon those subjects that are already taxed. This half a million addition to the present appropriations would give us eight months of public schools and would also swell the appropriations to higher education to an effective point, so that it would be felt in new life and impulse given to the whole state.

Among these untapped sources of revenue may be mentioned an income and inheritance tax, graduated according to amount, and exempting all small estates and incomes, while falling more heavily upon the larger ones. This source furnishes a very large part of the revenues of the British Government, and I believe of all, or nearly all the nations upon the Continent. No tax would be more just or would be less felt for it would be levied only upon the surplus wealth, and only in proportion as is surplus. It would be a light tax of this kind that would not produce more than \$100,000 annually in North Carolina. Upon the same scale on which it is levied in England it would yield considerably more.

Then your able and accomplished Superintendent of Public Instruction in his last Annual Report pointed out to the Legislature where a further sum of \$400,000 could be raised, equitably, from a hitherto untaxed subject by levying a tax of 3 per cent. upon the gross earnings of railroads, express, telegraph, and telephone companies. He showed by an itemized statement that fourteen of our sister states raised revenue by levying a tax upon the gross earnings of these corporations, that Minnesota raised an annual sum of \$1,000,000 by a tax of 3 per cent. upon such earnings and that Illinois laid a tax of 7 per cent. upon the gross earnings of the Illinois Central. Since he made that recommendation, the state of New York has been added to the list by laying a tax of 3 per cent. upon the gross earnings of its railroads and street car lines.

In North Carolina last year the gross earnings of the railroads were over \$12,000,000 and a tax of 3 per cent. thereon would yield \$360,000 and Mr. Mebane calculated that the same tax upon the gross earnings of the other corporations he

named would swell the total aid to public education to \$400,000, which added to the \$100,000, I have just mentioned, would make a total addition of half a million annually to our schools and colleges.

Out of the \$12,000,000 gross earnings levied by the railroads last year upon the people of North Carolina, \$5,000,000 was net revenue. As the railroads are owned almost altogether outside of North Carolina, largely in London and New York this \$5,000,000, is annually carried away from North Carolina to its permanent impoverishment, scarcely ever a dollar coming back. The annual levy of the \$360,000 suggested by Mr. Mebane would be a small tax to deduct out of the large sums they profit under the protection of our laws. We cannot execute our constitutional duty as regards the education of the people without more money—that is plain—and upon no subject can it be laid so justly and equitably as upon those which have heretofore escaped all taxation, and which yet can most easily pay it.

It is said, that the physical, tangible property of railroads is only assessed half as high for taxation as the property of farmers, merchants and all others, that is, judging the value of property by its net income, farmers and others have their property assessed for tax at from two-thirds to full value while the leading railroads have their property assessed at one-third their value upon the same basis. I believe this to be true. But, if their tangible physical property were assessed at full value, it would not affect this tax which so many states lay upon their gross earnings, as the latter tax is really a tax upon their franchises which the state granted them for nothing, and for which they can well afford to pay an annual return of 3 per cent. upon the gross earnings. Of course these corporations will object to any taxation upon them. They are not interested in the education of our people, their owners live far away from us and have no other interests here than in the net revenues they can extract from us. But the question is squarely presented: shall the people of North Carolina leave their children uneducated or shall they lay a reasonable and just and equitable tax upon the wealth which is so freely made out of us and which has hitherto escaped all taxation, yet which is able to bear it, for the purpose of supporting a modern system of education for the lasting benefit and welfare of the state.

Mr. Mebane broke the ice in making this recommendation to the Legislature. It considered the matter, but the voice of the people had not been heard and the voice of the corporations to be affected was of course ready to respond in opposition. When the next Legislature meets the people may have discussed the matter and made their decision. The fate of our public school system and of higher education

is for the people to decide. Shall we have an effective system or shall it linger in a comatose condition?

There is another right than that of education guaranteed woman by the Constitution, which does not now concern you, young ladies, but may do so later on, and which at any rate affects your sex—the property rights of married women.

The Constitution of 1868 rose to the enlightened demands of the age by abolishing the penalties which at common law were visited upon a woman upon her marriage. It provided that, when a woman married she should, as respects her property, retain all the rights, and remain in all respects the same as if she were unmarried (save in the slight particular that she must obtain the written assent of her husband to a conveyance of her property). But it was the case of putting new wine in old bottles. The Legislators, the lawyers, the judges who were to execute these constitutional provisions had been educated under the old barbarous common law conceptions by which a married woman was regarded as an infant, without any discretion or capacity to act for herself—upon the presumption, I suppose, that sensible women did not marry. Under the common law originally not only a man could whip his wife,—if able,—but he was at liberty to put a rope around her neck and sell her in the market-place.

These ultra doctrines of the common law have been toned down, but the influence of the basic principles of that system—the inferiority and subjection of married women—has been such that the complete emancipation of married woman though guaranteed by the Constitution has never taken effect in this state. It is yet to be achieved. It is still held that her earnings from her own labor is the property of her husband and all attempts by her to deal with her own property, or to contract in regard to it, as “if she remain single”, are repressed by the same medieval inventions and complications which the Constitution abolished.

Indeed, incredible as it may seem, two provisions of the Code continued to classify married women with “idiots, infants, lunatics and convicts” till the present year of grace, when the Legislature struck them out at the instance of Mr. W. B. Council, of Watauga. The late Governor Fowle recommended to the Legislature of 1889 that this should be done, but his recommendation bore no fruit till this year.

Truly we move slowly in North Carolina.

May I give my young lady friends just here a little caution. If any of you ever marry a young lawyer who is destined to be a great man, and I am sure you will



Walter Clark

think he is, treat him very nicely. I will tell you why. Nearly three hundred years ago one Sir Edward Coke married a very handsome and a very wealthy lady, a great belle, but she had that very rare thing among her sex, a temper. and also a tongue. I do not think she gave Sir Edward a dressing down that he did not deserve,—I presume not,—but unable to get even with her in debate he wrote his commentaries at night, in which he assigned to married women a very low plane. He proved to be a very great lawyer and the influence of his writings still lingers and bears its weight against just conceptions of the capacity and rights of married women though constitutions and statutes have been enacted in their favor.

So, if you are ever inclined to lecture your husband, no matter how much he may deserve it, don't you do it, if he is a lawyer.

To sum up my law lecture :

First, You will find in this Constitution that you have no political rights, but in practice you will find that education and intelligence will give your views more expression in the ballot box than is really possessed by the uneducated of the other sex who are entitled to vote.

Second; You will find this Constitution guarantees to children of both sexes a public school education, and to the youth of the state, without distinction of sex, a university education free of charge for tuition, as far as practicable, and it is entirely practicable, as well as a better public school system, whenever an enlightened and instructed public opinion shall find expression in legislative action which shall secure the necessary funds by resorting to sources of revenue which can best afford the burden, but which have hitherto escaped all taxation.

Third and lastly, You will find that the Constitution gives to both single and married women as free and full control to their property as it does to men, but that married women have not yet enjoyed their rights in that regard, and are not likely to do so till your sex shall take sufficient interest in the matter to make itself felt by appropriate legislation.

There are other matters in the Constitution of interest to you, but I have not time to discuss them.

It is as necessary for women as for men, first to "know their rights" and then, "knowing, dare maintain them".

It is with temporal as with spiritual matters—unless you knock it shall not be opened unto you, and unless you ask it will not be given.

The spirit of the age and of progress is opening a wider field to women. A

juster view is being taken of their capacity and their rights. The establishment of this College in 1891 was a tardy recognition of the constitutional pledge of higher education which was not restricted to the other sex. Already your numbers here have increased to near five hundred. There are many, very many times that number of the youth of your sex in North Carolina who are entitled to, and should have, the benefits of such an education as this furnished them by the state. You and those who have gone, and shall go, out from this institution can so impress yourselves upon public opinion and upon the legislation of your state, that each year a largely increased number shall be admitted here and to similar institutions to be hereafter established until at last the full measure of education guaranteed by the Constitution is furnished to all the youth of the state.

When North Carolina wakes to the full proportions of her duty in the education of her children and her youth, and performs it, then, and not till then, will she take that stand which her natural resources and the native capacity of her people entitle her to take among her sister states, close up to the head of the procession.

I have faith that your class will come up to the full measure of the expectations of yourselves and your friends, and that your future course will be a benediction to the Commonwealth. I notice that you are 39 in number, and I may be pardoned for saying that even a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or an old-fashioned Methodist like myself can always subscribe to "the 39 articles of faith" when they are such as I now see before me.

JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

Judge Walter Clark was born in Halifax county, N. C., August 19, 1846. His father was Gen. David Clark, a wealthy Roanoke planter, and his mother had been Miss Anna M. Thorne.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he was at Tew's Military Academy at Hillsboro. In the spring of 1861 he entered the army in Pettigrew's regiment at the age of 14 years. Before he was sixteen he was First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the regiment commanded by Col. Matt W. Ransom. At seventeen he was Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventh North Carolina regiment, the youngest officer of his rank in either army. He was in many battles and surrendered with Johnson's Army of the West at High Point.

During one year of the war, his regiment being ordered to North Carolina to recruit, he resigned, entered the University at Chapel Hill August, 1863, (having kept up his studies in camp), joining the Senior Class, and graduated at the head of his class June 2, 1864. Judge Augustus Van Wyck, late candidate for Governor of New York, and W. A. Guthrie were among his class-mates.

The day after his graduation, he was elected Major of the Junior Reserves and a few days later was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel.

At the close of the war he studied law with Judge William Horne Battle, also at Columbia College, Washington, D. C., and in a law office in Wall Street, New York.

He was admitted to the bar in June, 1868. In 1873 he moved to Raleigh and in January, 1874, he married Susan, the only daughter of Hon. William A. Graham.

In 1881 he was the lay delegate from the Methodist Church in this state to the Methodist World's Conference in London. He used that opportunity to travel extensively in Europe. Ten years before he had crossed his own continent, having gone from the East to the Pacific coast. Twice since 1881 he has been a delegate to the General Conference of his Church.

In 1885 he was appointed by Gov. Scales Judge of the Superior Court and was elected by the people the next year. In 1889 he was appointed by Gov. Fowle to the Supreme Court and elected by the people the next year, on both occasions leading the ticket. In 1894 the Democratic party nominated him for the full term of

eight years. He was endorsed by both the Populist and the Republican parties and was unanimously elected, receiving 275,000 votes. His present term will expire January 1, 1903.

The above is a brief outline of Judge Clark's military and political career. A mere list of offices held by a man is an index to the esteem in which he is held by the public and the people's esteem does not flow far in one direction unless there is a magnet to draw it. The most powerful magnet is a regard for the people's welfare and the courage to speak in their behalf, regardless of criticism, fearless of results. This Judge Clark has done and is doing.

Though just reaching the years of a man's mental prime, he is, perhaps, the most prolific writer in the state. His legal works are "Clark's Annotated Code," "Laws for Business Men," and "Overruled Cases." The opinions written by him during the ten years he has been on the Supreme bench would fill several volumes of themselves. In literature, he has translated "Constant's Memoirs of Napoleon" in three volumes, an interesting and valuable, but almost forgotten work, which he picked up in Paris.

He is, under the State's auspices, editing the *North Carolina State Records*, of which he has collected and issued six folio volumes and has three others in preparation. He has given several years to this work which is a labor of love for which he receives not a cent of compensation. He also has in preparation (on the same terms) the volumes of "Regimental Histories of North Carolina in the Civil War," published by state authority. He is also writing a School History of North Carolina. He has contributed probably a half hundred articles on divers subjects to the leading magazines, *Harpers*, the *Arena*, *North American Review* and others. These works show Judge Clark to be as a thinker, a scholar, a maker of literature, pre-eminent in North Carolina.

ANNIE G. RANDALL.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Our Young Women's Christian Association closed a year of work which presents many encouraging features.

Our Sabbath evening services have been especially helpful and attractive because of the presence with us of a number of our friends representing both the ministry and the laity.

Among the speakers have been the following:

Dr. J. H. Weaver, Salisbury.
Dr. E. W. Smith, Greensboro.
Dr. L. W. Crawford, Greensboro.
Dr. J. C. Rowe, Greensboro.
Dr. Charles W. Byrd, Asheville.
Rev. T. A. Smoot, Greensboro.
Rev. Howard Rondthaler, Salem.
Rev. A. D. Thaeler, Salem.
Rev. T. M. Johnson, Greensboro.
Rev. H. W. Jones, Greensboro.
Rev. A. D. Miller, Greensboro.
Rev. C. E. Hodgkin, Greensboro.
Judge T. J. Shaw, Greensboro.
Prof. J. Y. Joyner, Greensboro.
Prof. P. P. Claxton, Greensboro.
Pres. E. A. Alderman, Chapel Hill.
Mr. Jno. T. Pullen, Raleigh.
Miss Ruth Worth, Raleigh.
Mrs. Laura Winston, Morganton.
Miss Constance MacCorkle.

In December we welcomed to our midst Miss Cora N. Crosby, College Secretary of the Southern Association, and received from her many valuable suggestions as to our work.

In May Miss Constance MacCorkle, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, spent several days with us, during which time she completely won the hearts of our students.

The Association work has received such impetus from the Southern Summer Conference during the past four years that we determined to derive the benefit which a larger and more representative delegation might bring to us.

The following are our delegates to Asheville this summer :

Miss Eleanor Watson.
Miss Margaret Peirce.
Miss Edith Randolph.
Miss Isla Cutchin.
Miss Bessie Hankins.
Miss Nettie Allen.
Miss Bertha Lee.
Miss Laura Coit.

The officers of the Association for the ensuing year are as follows :

President, Miss Eleanor Watson.
Vice-President, Miss Miriam McFadyen.
Treasurer, Miss Isla Cutchin.
Recording Secretary, Miss Eunice Kirkpatrick.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith Randolph.
Chmn. of Devotional Committee, Miss Bessie Hankins.
Chmn. of Finance Committee, Miss Isla Cutchin.
Chmn. of Committee on Intercollegiate Relations, Miss Edith Randolph.
Chmn. of Music Committee, Miss Annie Beaman.
Chmn. of Missionary Committee, Miss Bertha Lee.
Chmn. of Membership Committee, Miss Laura Coit.
Chmn. of Rooms and Library Committee, Miss Bessie Howard.

We look forward hopefully to our next year's work, our new cabinet having already given evidence of faithful attention to duty.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

MARY JOHNSTON COIT.

Ministering spirits guide our way,
Ministering gladly day by day;
Whether we wake or whether we sleep,
Ministering spirits close watch keep.

The infant snug in his downy cot,
The school boy who fear knoweth not,
The youth, the mother's joy and pride,
The maiden, life's paths all untried,

The mother old, the tottering sire,
Whose eyes have lost their wonted fire,
For the steps of each, where'er they stray,
Ministering hands have smoothed the way.

God sends these spirits pure and bright,
From heaven to earth, to rayless night,
Safety and sweet relief to bear,
To each who is salvation's heir.

"Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone,"
Some evil hand in thy path hath thrown,
"They shall bear thee up in their hands of love,"
And bring thee safe to thy home above.

They turn aside the blighting blast,
They guide the snowflakes thick and fast,
They bear the dew to flower and leaf,
They tend with care the garnered sheaf.

The bird which dares the winter's cold,
The lamb which strays without the fold,
The one they guide to nest and brood,
The other they find warmth and food.

They guide the March wind's stormy track,
That hurls the fatal fevers back;
They send the searching sunbeams down,
To dry the marsh which plagues the town.

They seek the lost, they cheer the sad,
 They help the lame, they bless the glad,
 They clear away war's fearful trace,
 And make this earth a beauteous place.

Around the throne at last they'll stand,
 A faithful, watchful, praiseful band,
 And sing for aye their glad refrain,
 "Hail to the Lamb who once was slain."

ARBOR DAY.

One more year has passed by and the girls who, a year ago, were only aspiring Juniors, have at last celebrated their class day, in all the dignity of Seniorhood.

Bright and early on the morning of May the first, the Faculty, Students and Practice School children gathered in the chapel at the invitation of the Class of '99. Promptly at seven o'clock, the Seniors, led by Miss Rosalind Sheppard, their President, and Miss Emma Lewis Speight, Chief Marshal, marched slowly to the front of the rostrum and from there to the tree.

They were very becomingly attired in their Arbor Day costumes—simple white shirt waists with white pique skirts, a touch of the class color being given by red ties. Long satin ribbons of the same shade stretched down on either side of the line, and passing through the hands of each Senior, were delicately suggestive of the unity and close bond of sisterhood which has always been the chief characteristic of this class.

Following the Seniors, those in attendance passed out of the chapel and gathered around the class tree where the exercises were very solemn and impressive.

"Ho! for Carolina" having first been sung by the whole school, Miss Sheppard then charmingly delivered the address of welcome:

"Faculty and Students: The class of ninety-nine extends to you a most cordial welcome. To the members of the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes, and to all, we commend the interests we have hitherto cherished together, knowing that your loyalty is no less than ours. Whatever change there may be and whatever expansion in equipment, the parting hope of the graduating class is that the spirit of the dear Old Normal we have known, may be the same in years to come; an

enthusiasm that never can be silenced, a loyalty unchanged in victory or defeat, which leaves each to stand on her own merits and makes all, one; that is the making of women. We go forth, as members of a large family, to meet again when occasion offers, always ready to help one another and never forgetting to honor our Alma Mater.

“ Let to-day be the brightest and happiest of our college course and although ninety-nine has but a few more weeks to live, we will be of good cheer and enjoy these last few days while we still have them with us. During the exercises of to-day I bid you listen to our chosen representatives as they bring before you the various pictures of our college life, as they prophecy into the far distant future and as they tell of the past. And, as we gather into the chapel this evening, to be entertained with joke and satire and to chide one another, you must remember that good friendship and kindly feelings are the motives. To such scenes, the class of ninety-nine bids you welcome.”

Then followed the burial of the Constitution and Class Records, the most impressive part of the ceremony.

The President according to the time-honored custom let the first spade full of earth fall with a dull thud upon the Records of the class of ninety-nine. Then amid perfect silence, her classmates approached the tree in couples and each in turn let fall her spade full of earth, and passed on to the end of line. When the whole line had thus passed around the tree and the beloved records were buried forever, the Poet of the Class, Miss Flora Patterson, stepped forward from the midst of the Seniors and delivered the Ode to the Tree :

TO THE MAPLE.

Hail tree, as the day-god advances,
As a thousand throats say “ It is Spring !”
As the world into new life is waking,—
All hail to thee we sing—
Our sun of bright promise is rising,
For us a new life awakes;
Hope’s voices are calling us onward,
On our ear their music now breaks.

For a moment we list to their calling,
Then follow with quick, eager tread;—
With their strains in our ear still sounding,

Our farewell to thee must be said,
 We leave thee here our memorial,
 Stand true to thy noble trust ;
 A monument beautiful, lasting,
 To our records in ashes and dust.

Not in some spot sequestered
 Far from the world's trodden way,
 But here o'er the road-side leaning,
 We'd have our memorial stay;
 So would we our life work pursuing
 Not stay from our kind apart,
 But be by the road-side, gleaning,
 And serving with warm, loving heart.

Stand here by our dear Alma Mater,
 She'll nourish thee always with care ;
 And her seasons of joy and sorrow
 Watch over and lovingly share,
 As gaining in form and beauty,
 Yearly you grow more strong,
 Remember to Alma Mater
 Your first fruits should ever belong.

For herself she asks no tribute,
 In the cause that is near to her heart,
 In making our home-land brighter
 She fain would have all do their part.
 So may her daughters now leaving,
 This cause in their hearts enshrine,
 And see that the world is made better
 By the work of the class '99.

Then followed the presentation to the Junior Class of the spade, about whose handle, battered by the wear and tear incident upon having passed through the hands of so many classes, there was a halo of traditions and scarlet ribbons.

The spade was presented to Miss Eleanor Watson, President of the Junior Class, by Miss Sheppard, who expressed the sentiment of her class, in the following words :

“ In the dawning of this most memorable day in the history of our class, we meet to plant the tree, which shall keep alive our memory long after the class has

departed. This time-honored spade which has served alike so many classes, has now completed its work for the class of ninety-nine, and it is with a feeling of sorrow mingled with joy, that we relinquish it to the class that is to be; with sorrow because we leave this place which is so dear to us on account of its sweet associations, and with joy because we know that we entrust it to such worthy guardians. To you alone will we commit the great duties and privileges of the Senior Class, and the wish of our class is, not only that you may do all we have done and as well, but that you may do more and better. It has frequently been said that we have no traditions, hence no inspiration; but this is in fact a blessing in disguise. We are blessed with no traditions, hence encumbered by no limitations. Shall we not go on from strength to strength, ever onward and upward, and aspire to noble acts and heroic deeds !

“Classmates, as you go forth to your individual labors, I would have you ever mindful of the allegiance you owe to the common country. Yet as you trust your tree to the elements of a Southern clime, may you attach your hopes to the South and direct your efforts toward the development of the Old North State, and Juniors, after you have finished your work here, we would have you go forth into the State, adding blessings and happiness to all her people. I now intrust our spade, an emblem of hard work, to your keeping.”

Miss Watson, in the name of the Junior Class, very gracefully accepted the spade, saying,

“In behalf of the Junior Class it gives me pleasure to accept this spade from her, who so ably and so gracefully represents the Senior Class whose kindly words and example have been such an inspiration to us, who come after them. It is with sincere regret that we see the class of ninety-nine leave our college walls and yet it is pleasant to think of the influence they will wield in the world which they are about to enter, and of the successes and pleasures that these await them. In accepting this spade, which is an emblem of the work which will be ours, we trust that the mantle of dignity so becomingly worn by our friends, the Seniors, may fall upon us.”

Miss Sheppard announced that there would be no school that day,—the announcement received the merited applause.

While ordinary mortals went to their usual morning meal, the Seniors, and a few honored guests, passed into the dining hall where a sumptuous breakfast awaited them. Breakfast at last being over, they spent a short time in the parlors and, after

singing the Class Song and "Carolina" once more, they said farewell and returned to hum-drum existence, until evening brought another form of entertainment.

At 8:30 p. m. we once more assembled in the chapel and found on the pretty programs distributed to the guests, the following outline which gives some slight suggestion of the wit, originality and genius with which the class is so abundantly supplied:

OUTLINE FOR MAY 1, 1899.

SUBJECT :

"Way Down on the Stygian River."

PURPOSE :

To instruct, improve, enlighten,
To amuse, entertain, and brighten.

MATTER :

Extracts from the writings of the trio :
Susanette de Sauwndierz,
Phlora Jan Von Padirzonne,
Marie Collyns de Collyns.

PREPARATION :

In a characteristic original
manner the Prophecy precedes the History.

PRESENTATION :

Prophecy—Act I. The banks of the Styx.
History— Act II. Aboard the House-Boat.

GENERALIZATION :

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

APPLICATION :

In the Normal's life of trouble
As the load is on you cast
Be not sluggish, be not slothful
Be a Senior at the last.

The last leaf of the program contained the fortunes, good or bad, of the members of the class as foretold by that seer and prophet, Susanette de Sauwndierz (Susie Saunders.)

The curtain rose on a most gruesome scene, where Charon stands beside his house-boat and receives the shades, who by some strange coincidence are all Normal girls of the class of '99. Charon, being the only man in such a crowd of women, is

naturally seeing a rather hard time of it, especially with those whose æsthetic taste condemns the house-boat as an old edition of the ark and a few others who are very much disturbed by the absence of their respective husbands. However, he at last consents to take them on board his boat and we find them there in the second scene. In the first scene, the prophecy was brought out, as in the course of the talk during this reunion of old class-mates; the lot of each was discussed and revealed. With cruel truth, their conversation laid bare the foibles and failings of Faculty and Seniors, the characteristics of the latter being exceptionally well brought out.

When the curtain had once more hidden this shadow-land from us, a quartette composed of Misses Bettie Wright, Maude Miller, Flora Patterson and Eugenia Jamison, four shades who had preserved their voices unharmed through all their experience as shades, delighted us by singing "The Bees."

The next scene was the interior of the house boat, where several of the old friends were chatting together. Some one suggested that Mary Collins, who was historian of the class, should read her history to them and bring up more vividly the scenes of their delightful school days. The suggestion was joyfully received and the girls on deck were sent for so that they too might enjoy it. Soon all the class had crowded into the cabin and Miss Collins then gave the history of her class from its first state of greenness, to the dignity of Seniorhood.

The entertainment closed with the singing of the class song, which it would not do to omit. This song was composed by Miss Flora Patterson, '99.

CLASS SONG.

(Air—"Maryland, my Maryland.")

Come loyal hearts, so strong and true
Of '99, of '99;
The time has come to say adieu
To scenes we soon must leave behind,
Four years their course have nearly run,
With battles lost, and battles won,
Another life has now begun
For '99, for '99.

But ere upon this life we go,
Ere we cross the parting line,
A song to Alma Mater O,
From forty hearts of '99.
No solemn lay to thee we sing,
No parting dirge to thee we bring;
In martial strains let the farewell ring
From '99, from '99.

O Alma Mater, hear the song
Of '99, of '99;
When other daughters 'round you throng,
Remember those of '99.
With love for thee our heart's e'er swell;
In words alone we say farewell
Enthroned forever will you dwell
Within the hearts of '99.

To our sisters left within your walls,
May your lights e'er brightly shine;
Whatever fate to them befalls,
May they remember '99.
Our days with them, so near complete,
Will ever be a mem'ry sweet,
In coming years oft here they'll meet
Their old, old friends of '99.

Why do we linger with a sigh,
Why this sad regret we find?
For who would dare to say "good bye"
From '99 to '99?

"In union there's strength" has been our guide,
As we have labored side by side;
'Twill keep us one. Whate'er betide
We'll be the class of '99.

It is unnecessary for us to say that the entertainment was very delightful and we are all exceedingly glad that our beloved Seniors have left us such a pleasant remembrance in this, the last entertainment given by them as a class.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1899.

THE ALUMNÆ RECEPTION.

The seventh annual Commencement of the College began Saturday evening, May 20, with the Alumnæ Reception, given by the faculty assisted by the Junior class, complimentary to the Seniors, Alumnæ, and former students.

The reception was held in the main building, the hall of which was tastefully draped with the College colors and decorated with palms and ferns. The receiving party consisted of Dr. McIver, Miss Kirkland, Dr. Gove, Miss Bruere, Miss Coit, President of the Alumnæ Association, and Miss Sheppard, President of the Senior class.

There were present seventy-five graduates of the Institution and a large number of former students and relatives and friends of the graduating class.

The guests wandered through the handsomely decorated reception rooms, the predominating colors being red and white, Senior class colors, and in lively conversation with old friends, interspersed with music by the Greensboro orchestra, the time passed swiftly by.

At ten o'clock refreshments were served in Mr. Claxton's room, which was beautifully decorated in green and white, class colors of '98, and lighted by candles.

The evening closed with the singing of the class song of '98 by the members present, and the response by the class of '99 with their class song.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 21ST.

Sunday, May 21, the Commencement Exercises of the State Normal and Industrial College began most auspiciously with the Baccalaureate Sermon.

The Class of '99 was favored with perfect weather, neither too warm, nor too cool.

At eleven after the congregation was seated, the students filed in and took their

prearranged places, and finally the Seniors, gowned in white, marched in and occupied their reserved seats.

The exercises of the day began with the singing of the doxology. Sacred music by the students followed, after which Dr. J. O. Rust, of Nashville, Tenn., the preacher of the day, led in prayer. After another selection by the choir, Dr. Rust announced his text: "And Moses took the blood of it and put it on the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." This somewhat peculiar text at once arrested the attention, and the skilful treatment kept the interest unbroken to the end.

He is an eloquent and brilliant preacher and a profound and broad thinker. Many pronounced this the most appropriate sermon that they had ever heard on such an occasion and one of the ablest ever heard by them on any occasion. Socially Dr. Rust is a charming man—easy, gentle, and genial in manner and vivacious and delightfully entertaining in conversation. The entire sermon may be found in this number of *THE MAGAZINE*, so it need not be quoted here; but let us say that since hearing it, the young women of the Class of '99 take a clearer, more earnest view of life and its duties than ever before. The service closed with the Trinity hymn and the benediction.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Sunday evening the college auditorium was again filled with an attentive audience ready to hear an interesting lecture, "What I saw on my visit to the Holy Land," by Dr. Alderman, President of the State University. The description of the coast of Palestine was strikingly vivid, but the greater part of the lecture was devoted to Jerusalem. The speaker dwelt with tenderness and sadness upon the child-like faith and superstition of the peasantry who crowd to worship at the Holy Sepulchre, and on the misdirected zeal of the faithful who have divided the Garden of Gethsemane into conventional flower beds and have surrounded it with a wall of pink stucco.

The Young Women's Christian Association, at whose request Dr. Alderman consented to deliver this lecture, have our heartiest thanks for a pleasant evening.

The music was unusually good, the chief feature being a solo, "My Lord and My Redeemer," by Miss Antoinette Glenn, of Winston. Thus closed one of the pleasantest and most interesting Sundays this Institution has ever known.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 8:30 P. M.

Tuesday night of commencement week is always looked forward to with special interest, as it is then the first exercises of the Senior Class are held.

Never has our stage presented a more beautiful appearance than when filled on this occasion with the large graduating class dressed in filmy white organ-dies and carrying their class flowers—red and white carnations.

After a song, beautifully rendered by the College Glee Club, Dr. McIver introduced to the audience the president of the class of '99, Miss Rosalind Sheppard, of Winston, N. C. She then announced the six essayists of the evening, who represented the Senior Class. They were Miss Mary Collins, who spoke on "Silent Forces;" Miss Lewis Dull, "The Song of the Shoe;" Miss Susie Baker Saunders, "The Cry of the Children;" Miss Sudie Middleton, "The Coming Race;" Miss Josephine Laxton, "The Flesh Pots of Egypt;" Miss Bessie Moody, "Flood-Tides and Ebb-Tides." The exercises of the evening closed with the class song.

That the essays were thoughtful, interesting, carefully written and beautifully read was attested by the appreciation of the large audience.

Miss Lucy Glenn, in her usual charming and graceful manner, added to the pleasure of the evening by a recitation "The Message" by Adelaide Proctor.

The following subjects of the essays will suggest the trend of thought of the Class of 1899.

SUBJECTS OF GRADUATING ESSAYS.

Our New Industrial Era	Bulus Bagby, Union Co.
Pay for It and Take It	Margaret Elenora Bradley, Gaston Co.
Modern Stories of Heroism	Isabelle E. Browne, Davie Co.
The Evolution of a Race	Lucy C. Coffin, Guilford Co.
Silent Forces	Mary Collins, Halifax Co.
Friends in North Carolina	Cora E. Cox, Guilford Co.
Unconscious Tuition	Penelope J. Davis, Franklin Co.
Down in Carolina	Katharine Davis, Guilford Co.
The Song of the Shoe	Lewis Dull, Forsyth Co.
The Crime of Idleness	Jennie Eagle, Rowan Co.
Ideal Education	Lottie Eagle, Rowan Co.
Idolatry of the Past	Ethel Foust, Forsyth Co.
The Vantage Ground of Truth	Margaret Olive Gray, Iredell Co.
Southern Life	Eugenia Jamison, Rowan Co.

The Flesh Pots of Egypt	Josephine Laxton, Burke Co.
Territorial Expansion	M. Elizabeth Mallison, Beaufort Co.
Nathaniel Macon	Fannie McClees, Pamlico Co.
Our Reunited Country	Bertha S. Melvin, Bladen Co.
Flood-tides and Ebb-tides	Bessie Ethelwyn Moody, Buncombe Co.
The Value of Education	Mattie Hassell Moore, Nash Co.
The Crowning Race	Sudie L. Middleton, Duplin Co.
The Tragedy of Ignorance	Maude Miller, Forsyth Co.
Our Greatest Democrat	Alice Cary Ogburn, Guilford Co.
Woman's Duty to Society	Sarah Anna Parker, Johnston Co.
The Modern Fable of Midas	Emma Parker, Orange Co.
David's Armor	Flora Patterson, Moore Co.
A Triumph of Love	Margaret Peirce, Duplin Co.
The North Carolina Mountaineer	Sue Porter, Buncombe Co.
"The Old Order Changeth Yielding Place to New"	Oberia Rogers, Haywood Co.
The Cry of the Children	Susie Baker Saunders, Pitt Co.
The Splendid Rebel	Rosalind Rutherford Sheppard, Forsyth Co.
Importance of Teaching Cooking in Public Schools	Elizabeth M. Smithwick, Bertie Co.
A Lesson for North Carolina	Frances Suttle, Buncombe Co.
Silent Friends	Virginia Thorp, Nash Co.
Ole Black Mammy	Jessie Peirsan Whitaker, Halifax Co.
The Vaster Music	Nellie Gertrude Whitfield, Scotland Co.
The Forest Primeval	Marina R. Whitley, Martin Co.
Verse People of Tennyson	Myrther Tull Wilson, Wayne Co.
Intellectual Indebtedness	Bettie Wright, Sampson Co.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 24TH.

On Wednesday morning the annual literary address was delivered by Hon. Walter Clark, and the regular graduating exercises were held. The music furnished by the First Regiment Band of North Carolina was a special feature of the occasion and added much to the enjoyment of the morning.

The graduating class entered the chapel keeping step to the "Tar-Heel March" and amid the applause of the students took their places on the rostrum.

The Chapel presented a very pleasing appearance, all draped in white and gold and garlanded with daises. The handsome North Carolina flag, presented to the College by the Class of '99 during their sophomore year, was draped over the rostrum, and this, with the music of the band, added a certain martial air to the occasion as if the young women were receiving their last commands before going forth in the strength of their youth, to battle with ignorance.

After the singing of the doxology by the entire audience, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Clapp, President of Catawba College.

Dr. McIver then introduced the speaker of the day, Judge Walter Clarke, whose address, made upon delivering copies of the State and National Constitutions to the Graduating Class, was a straight forward statement of the truth as it appealed to him through certain portions of our State Constitution. He discussed problems of great moment to the state at the present stage of her development.

The Bibles were presented by Rev. Dr. J. C. Rowe, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Greensboro, in the following address:

DR. ROWE'S ADDRESS.

Young ladies of the graduating class: You have been presented with the Constitution of North Carolina and have heard much of your rights as citizens of the state.

You are not only citizens of North Carolina but you are also citizens of the kingdom of heaven, and I come to present to you in the name of this College and of North Carolina the Holy Bible which is the constitution of the kingdom of heaven.

Your Alma Mater, like a kind fostering mother, presents you with this Holy Book, with her prayers that you will ever follow its precepts and enjoy the fulfilment of all the gracious promises it contains. The Constitution of North Carolina is the accumulated wisdom of the statesmen of many centuries. The Bible is the revealed wisdom of God. This College has taught you to love, honor, accept and believe the teachings of this Book of our God. It reveals to us the fatherhood of God, for he is the father of the spirits of all flesh. It reveals to us the brotherhood of humanity, for the Son of God—our Savior—unites in himself the people of all languages and nations. It tells of the God from whom we came, in whom we live and move and have our being, with whom we have to do and to whom we shall all finally go.

You go out from this College as angels of light and mercy to those who need your services. Let your lives be an exemplification of the doctrines and hopes of this Book of blessing. When your heart is heavy open this Book and let those sacred bards sing their songs of immortality to you. Listen to the song of patience from the lips of Job and to the song of hope from the harp-strings of Israel's sweetest singer and most skilful musician.

Neither your Alma Mater nor the state interprets these scriptures for you. But of them ask you to read and study the book and let the Holy Spirit, by whose inspiration they were written unseal to you their truths.

It is said that Queen Victoria, queen of England and empress of India, was asked the question: "What has given such stability and prosperity and strength to the British government?" Her answer was: "The Bible, for this is the foundation upon which this government rests."

It is not only the foundation upon which all stable civil governments rest; but it is the foundation of all faith, morality, hope and love. Your Alma mater asks you to take this foundation and build your life upon it. Let its graces be your constant adornment. Build your work upon it. Take its precepts for material, build faithfully and some bright day the architect of the universe will place the crown of "Well done, good and faithful servant," upon your building.

I have been told that each one of these thirty-nine young ladies who now go forth as graduates from this college, has declared her purpose to be a teacher. I am glad to hear this. It means incalculably much to the State and to society. While I regard the ministry of the gospel as a high calling of God I think the ministry of teaching is equal in importance and efficiency and deserves equal honors.

Take the Bible with you into your school work. Read and expound it to your students. You can do this and enrich and enlarge the spirit life of your students without being sectarian. It is not necessary that you should make it a text book of study for classes in your school. But make it the text book for the department and life of the school. And now may the blessing of God attend you and this college and may a large class of ennobled womanhood go out from the State Normal College annually to bless and beautify the world.

The diplomas were, as usual, awarded by President McIver.

There was music between each number on the program, furnished sometimes by the band, sometimes by the students. The last number played by the band was a medley of many of our National and patriotic airs. The audience, of course, was especially delighted with "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

In concluding this, the seventh annual commencement, the doxology was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Thomas J. Ogburn, of Summerfield, N. C., whose daughter was a member of the graduating class.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

On Wednesday evening of commencement week, an enjoyable entertainment was given by the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies, for the benefit of the "Student's Building."

The evening's program began with a short concert by the First North Carolina Regiment Band whose music and presence added much to the pleasure of the evening.

Then followed a play entitled "The Best Laid Plans," by several young ladies of the Societies who, it is needless to say, acquitted themselves admirably in every role.

CASTE.

Mrs. Wycherly	Laura Sanford
Miss Helen Wycherly	Eleanor Watson
Miss Rose Newcome	Oberia Rogers
Miss Amy Sherman	Ethel Foust
Lord Ferrol	N. Whitfield
George Harold	S. Saunders
Steven Harold	L. Kirby
Dennis Grant	R. Leach

Between acts, the audience was delightfully entertained by the singing of Miss Minnie Jamison, who gave a beautiful rendition of "I dream of Thee," and, as an encore, the ever loved "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

This was followed by a chorus "Go Pretty Rose," and then the evenings entertainment closed with a drill, "Spring Revels," in which the figures and tableaux were strikingly beautiful.

The Societies realized nearly \$250.00 for the Students' Building Fund, and feel amply repaid for their effort. In addition to this amount \$250.00 was secured in good pledges from friends of the movement during commencement.

The following statement was printed on the inside of the programs, and, as it is a concise summary of the plans and hopes for the Students' Building we reproduce it here in full.

THE STUDENTS' BUILDING AT THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

This entertainment is given by the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies to aid in raising funds for the erection of "The Students' Building."

Feeling the great need for society halls and rooms for the Young Women's Christian Association, and realizing the present inability of the Board of Directors to provide the same, the student body of The State Normal and Industrial College has determined, with the aid of their friends, to erect a building for the purposes.

The necessity for such a building is evident to all. The intention is to erect a building costing not less than \$10,000 that shall contain two halls of sufficient capacity for both literary societies, a hall and reading room for the Young Women's Christian Association, and an office for *The State Normal Magazine*. The third story of this Students' Building will be furnished with cots and used as a temporary dormitory for the convenience of former students on Commencement occasions.

The building is to be peculiarly the students' building. It will be erected by their contributions and through their efforts, and is intended to be a beautiful and useful monument of their love for their Alma Mater.

Notwithstanding no organized effort to raise the funds for this building was commenced until about the middle of December, 1898, about \$3,500 has already been secured in money and in good pledges.

It is estimated that among the sixteen hundred former students of the College can be found:

100 subscribers at \$20 each	\$2,000
150 " " 10 "	1,500
200 " " 5 "	1,000
250 " " 3 "	750
500 " " 2 "	1,000
	<hr/>
Making a total of	\$6,250

In addition to the receipts from the Faculty, students, Alumnae and other former students, we shall endeavor to secure from other people in and out of the state:

5 subscribers at \$500	\$2,500
50 subscribers at \$100	5,000
100 subscribers at \$ 50	5,000
100 subscribers at \$ 25	2,500
100 subscribers at \$ 10	1,000
	<hr/>
Making a total of	\$16,000

All subscriptions may be made payable in two years, one-half on or before November 1st, 1899; one-half on or before November 1st, 1900, and no subscription is payable until \$5,000 shall have been subscribed.

The individual subscriptions so far have ranged from fifty cents to one hundred dollars. It is hoped to have a contribution for this building from every woman who has at any time been a student here and from all other women and all men in North Carolina who feel an interest in

the work that The State Normal and Industrial College is earnestly striving to do for the education of the women of the state.

Subscription blanks may be obtained at any time by addressing any member of the undersigned committee at Greensboro :

LEWIS DULL, Chairman,
FRANCES SUTTLE,
NELLIE WHITFIELD,
Adelphian Committee.

FLORA PATTERSON, Chairman,
WILHELMINA CONRAD,
BESSIE MOODY,
Cornetian Committee.

SOME OF OUR VISITORS.

It always affords us much pleasure to welcome among us the friends of the institution and of the students during the Commencement festivities. Among the many present we note the following:

Rev. Dr. J. O. Rust, Nashville, Tenn.
Judge Walter Clark, Raleigh, N. C.
Miss Susan Clark, Raleigh, N. C.
Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President University of North Carolina.
Capt. J. B. Lloyd, Washington, D. C.
Supt. Public Instruction Charles H. Mebane, Raleigh, N. C.
Mr. W. P. Shaw, Winton, N. C.
Mr. R. D. Gilmer, Waynesville, N. C.
Hon. J. E. Fowler, Clinton, N. C.
Dr. J. M. Spainhour, Lenoir, N. C.
Mr. J. A. Blair, Asheboro, N. C.
Mr. W. D. Turner, Statesville, N. C.
Prof. D. Matt Thompson, Statesville, N. C.
Hon. R. T. Gray, Raleigh, N. C.
Mrs. S. M. Finger, Newton, N. C.
Mr. A. J. Connor, Editor of the Patron and Gleaner, Rich Square, N. C.
Mr. Archibald Johnson, Editor of Charity and Children, Thomasville, N. C.
Mr. Charles Raper, Columbia College.
Dr. W. T. Whitsett, Whitsett's, N. C.
Rev. T. J. Ogburn, Summerfield, N. C.

- Dr. Clapp, Pres. Catawba College, Newton, N. C.
Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Parker, Hillsboro, N. C.
Dr. Caroline Hetrick Angeny, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Tom Davis, Louisburg, N. C.
Mrs. Wright, Coharie, N. C.
Mrs. Brown, Mocksville, N. C.
Mr. Frank Brown, Salisbury, N. C.
Miss Lizzie Jones, Wake County.
Misses Johnson, Mooresville, N. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Eagle, Salisbury, N. C.
Miss Dora Speight, Tarboro, N. C.
Mrs. J. A. Collins, Enfield, N. C.
Mrs. W. C. Whitaker, Enfield, N. C.
Miss Jennie Moody, Asheville, N. C.
Miss Lizzie Porter, Asheville, N. C.
Miss Ella Suttle, Asheville, N. C.
Miss Mamie Wright, Asheville, N. C.
Miss Lucile Foust, Winston, N. C.
Miss Hattie Dull, Winston, N. C.
Miss Jessie Rogers, Waynesville, N. C.
Miss Mamie Morrow, Asheville, N. C.
Miss Julia Withers, Reidsville, N. C.
Miss Willie Hunter, Oxford, N. C.
Miss Mamie Transou, Transou, N. C.
Miss Mary Matthews, Reidsville, N. C.
Miss Lizzie Crow, Raleigh, N. C.
Miss Addie Davis, New York, N. Y.
Miss Antoinette Glenn, Winston, N. C.
Miss Emma Page, Aberdeen, N. C.
Mrs. B. B. Adams, Four Oaks, N. C.
Miss Winnie Massey, Raleigh, N. C.
Miss Mamie Boddie, Nashville, N. C.

AMONG OURSELVES.

Miss Beulah Fields, of Sparta, is visiting Miss Lucy Coffin, '99, at her home in Greensboro.

The Young Women's Christian Association, during the first days of May, had the rare pleasure of a visit from Miss McCorkle, Secretary of the Student Volunteers of the South.

The Council of The Royal Arcanum was the guest of the college on the evening of April 19th. "The Scheme That Failed," a very enjoyable farce, was given in their honor by the students.

On the evening of April thirtieth, Rev. Dr. Byrd, of Asheville, preached at the college. All of us, who had the privilege of hearing him, remember with profit his cheery words of good council.

The Young Women's Christian Association held a special service in honor of those of its members who belong to the Senior Class, May 14th. Miss McCorkle and Mr. C. E. Hodgkin addressed the meeting on that occasion.

Misses Phoebe Pegram and Susie Dalton were delegates to the Epworth League and Sunday School Convention, which met in Greensboro, April 28-30. They were guests at the college during their stay, much to the delight of their friends.

The evening of April 4th was made memorable by the presence of Mme. Scalchi and her company of accomplished musicians. This concert furnished a rare treat for the music lovers among us, and we wish to add our note to the chorus of praise which the world presents to Mme. Scalchi.

Those of us who enjoyed Prof. J. Livingstone Barbour's interpretation of David Copperfield last year, anticipated with great pleasure his second visit on April 10th, nor were we disappointed. Prof. Barbour's impersonation of Nicholas Nickleby was indeed masterly. The varied characters of that immortal story lived again before us, animated by his mystic influence.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the spring was the reception given in honor of the Juniors by the Sophomores.

The guests were first entertained in the chapel by a bright little play, in two acts, entitled, "The Scheme that Failed."

Between the acts Miss Eula Rouse sang a very pleasing solo. The caste was as follows :

Paul Jennings, a young New Yorker	B. Stafford
Victor Craven, a young M. D.	R. Leach
Edith Jennings, Paul's wife	Mattie Dunn
Mrs. Craven, Victor's mother	Laura Sanford
Bridget, a servant of the Jennings	Annie Beaman

After the play, Miss Katherine Rollins, President of the class of 1901, invited the guests to the beautifully decorated reception room on the first floor, where the remainder of the evening was very pleasantly spent in conversation, interspersed with recitations, and vocal and instrumental solos. Refreshments consisting of cream from Dughi's, cakes, and olives were daintily served. The Sophomores showed themselves to be accomplished hostesses, and the managers deserve great credit. The play was so well rendered that they were requested to repeat it a few weeks later for the entertainment of the Royal Arcanum.

The music furnished by the First Regiment Band of North Carolina has already been mentioned as a special feature of Commencement. The hearty appreciation of the audience was shown by their applause. Especially were the national and patriotic airs enjoyed as they were played with much spirit and expression, which could well be given them by the boys, who had played them in Cuba under "the red, white and blue." As they played "Dixie," even the Seniors forgot their stately dignity and clapped vigorously. Let North Carolina keep her band. We are proud of it, and we hope it may be made a permanent organization.

One of the important events of the year at Greensboro Female College is the recital given by the graduates in music. This year the Faculty and Senior class received an invitation to this recital. Those who attended were entertained by a program, high-toned in every respect and skilfully carried out, and came away thanking their sister college for a most delightful evening.

There are always many Seniors who praise the wisdom of the Faculty, shown by their giving an option between Spherical Trigonometry and History. This year.

as usual the Trigonometry class became very small when we came to the first "fire escape." But Miss Mendenhall had great appreciation for her few faithful followers, and not long since the "Trig. girls" were invited to her room, where they spent "a merry e'en," and were regaled by candies;—while the "deserters" revelled in the *dry-dates of Colonial Records*.

"Corner groceries," whither school girls can go without permission are always welcome and patronized. But this year the Normal girls actually had an ice-cream parlor just across the street. Happy the girl who had some small change, happier still was she, who had a Freshman or Sophomore "admirer" who delighted to carry her to Mrs. Dick's for cream—and happiest of all the Freshman or Sophomore who ordered the "ten cent saucer."

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

"The Twentieth Century Class invites you to spend an evening with the Colonial Dames, Friday, April fourteenth, eighteen hundred ninety-nine; in the parlors of the Brick Dormitory from half past eight until eleven o'clock.

"In honor of the Class of '99."

Such was the invitation received by the Faculty and Senior Class on the morning of April 7th.

At the time appointed we gathered in the parlors which had been beautifully decorated. Mrs. Washington, surrounded by other high ladies of the land received with a grace and dignity truly worthy of a dame of "Ye Olden Time." The costumes were pretty and becoming and lent a charming picturesqueness to the scene.

The hours flew by, lightened by various amusements. Miss Julia Settle and Miss Jamison sang, and Miss Lucy Glenn recited. All the selections were especially appropriate to the occasion. Misses Speight and Howell danced the minuet.

We were given a peep into the dark secrets of the future by applying to the wheel of fortune where our destinies were spun.

By no means the least attractive feature of the evening was the supper served by demure Puritan maidens in black dresses and white caps and kerchiefs.

The ringing of the dormitory bell brought us, all too soon, from the delights of the time of our grand-mothers to the stern realities of the present.

THE SENIOR RIDE.

Friday afternoon, May 19, 1899, marked an epoch in the history of the Class of '99. It was an unusual sight that greeted the eyes of the wondering girls as one after another they looked from their windows upon the exhilarating scene below. The occasion was this :

During the morning, Mrs. McIver had announced her purpose of giving the Seniors a drive; hence it was that, at 3 p. m., a goodly number of hacks and carriages all decorated in white and yellow halted before the Normal College.

Mrs. McIver being unable to lend her own presence, persuaded our President to take the responsibility of the "Thirty Nine Articles of Faith."

To this he assented with his usual good humor, but unwilling to undertake so much alone, he readily obtained the assistance of Mr. J. O. Carr, of Duplin county, who, having manifested a sufficiently brave spirit in his efforts in behalf of the Normal College during the last Legislature, had proven himself worthy to become a member of the happy party.

Among the interesting features of the afternoon was a visit to the Iron Foundry where we arrived just in time for the "blast," which was described by one of our class as a "warning to sinners."

Having looked through the Finishing Mills, we reluctantly turned our journey homeward, driving by several scenes of interest and beauty.

About dusk we alighted before the College doors. But the end was not yet !

Straightway, we were directed to the dining hall where an inviting repast awaited our sharpened appetites, and thus furnished a happy conclusion to an afternoon whose pleasure was acknowledged by all as quite complete.

Long live the friend whose kindness cannot be effaced from the memories of the class of '99 !

A STRAWBERRY FEAST.

What delights can stir a Normal girl so much as the probability of a spread ?

Fancy what must have been the scene in the cooking-room shortly after Miss Bryant had announced to her Geology Class that, instead of the usual recitation, they would withdraw to that department to engage in some new work.

The hour was growing late and the girls already weary, lengthened their faces as the idea of "new work" dawned upon their troubled brains.

But nevertheless, mustering the necessary energy, each sallied forth with a reluctant yet resolute mind, to the supposed task. Arriving upon the threshold, the aspect of things suddenly changed.

Lo, before their vision arose a daintily spread table substantially ornamented with strawberries and cake ! The rest is easily guessed.

It is sufficient to say that within a short time the entire building was pervaded with a feeling of enthusiastic pleasure, yet there were some few who silently regretted that they had not seen the *good* in geology a year before.

Certainly the class of '99 is much indebted to the members of the Faculty, who have in many ways, the above being one, helped us to preserve the "unity" which has been not only the motto but the spirit of the departing class.

With one accord the Geology students exclaim: " All gratitude and good wishes to Miss Bryant !"

ALUMNAE AND OTHERS.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held in Miss Mendenhall's recitation room at 4:30 p. m., on Saturday, May 20th. The beauty of the decorations and the luxury of rockers and couches added greatly to the pleasure of those who assembled for the meeting.

Those present were:

Miss Bertha Lee, '93.
Miss Mary Applewhite, '94.
Miss Nettie M. Allen, '95.
Miss Annie May Pittman, '96.
Miss Cornelia Deaton, '96.
Miss Hattie Garvin, '96.
Miss Mary Milam, '96.
Miss Elsie Weatherly, '96.
Miss Laura Hill Coit, '96.
Mrs. Annie Hankins Saunders, '97.
Miss Sabrella James, '97.

Miss Lida Humber, '97.
Miss Lottie Arey, '98.
Miss Anna Folsoms, '98.
Miss Sadie Hanes, '98.
Miss Bessie Harding, '98.
Miss Minnie Huffman, '98.
Miss Sara Kelly, '98.
Miss Ella Mosely, '98.
Miss Hattie Mosely, '98.
Miss Winnie Redfern, '98.
Miss Bessie Sims, '98.
Miss Lydia Yates, '98.

After a few words of welcome from the president, the roll call, minutes, and the treasurer's report were heard.

The class of '99 was then summoned and entered as a body, presenting a most gratifying spectacle to those whose privilege it was to welcome them.

The welcome address of the president of the association to the class of '99, and the reading of our constitution to them by the secretary were followed by the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

President—Miss Mary Applewhite.
Vice President—Miss Sara Kelly.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Sadie Hanes.
Member of Executive Committee—Miss Nellie Bond.

Miss Elsie Weatherly, accompanied by Miss Lillian Weatherly, then favored us with a violin solo, rendered in her usual artistic style.

Miss Jamison sang in a most pleasing manner, "Auld Lang Syne," which was heartily enjoyed.

Dr. McIver, who had been invited to be present with us, was then called upon for a talk and we felt quite at home attending to his earnest, helpful words of encouragement and suggestion.

All of us took special pride in the fact that every graduating class was represented by at least one member and we hope to keep up this record as long as we possibly can.

Miss Rachael Brown, '94, of Washington, D. C., had expected to be with us but was unable to come and great was our disappointment.

Misses Willie Watson and Nellie Bond, '97, who were with us a day or two before commencement, claimed the advantage of having the best superintendent in the state at the Statesville graded school.

Misses Applewhite, '94, Hampton, '93, Weatherly, '96, Pittman, '96, Tinnin and Gregory, '98, Greensboro graded school also claimed the palm in this respect.

Miss Hattie Garvin, '96, was obliged to leave us on Monday and return to her school duties in Newton, though we would fain have kept her longer.

We were especially glad to have Mrs. Annie Hankins Saunders, '97, as a guest, but regretted that she could not bring the bridegroom with her and introduce us to our institution's new son-in-law.

Miss Sabrella James, '97, of the Tarboro schools, has been with us for three weeks, spending most of her time in the Praetice School.

Miss Stella Middleton, '96, arrived from Yanceyville in time for the reception on Saturday night.

Mrs. Margaret McIver Bowen, '93, though unable to be present at the reception, was with us on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Misses Jennie Ellington, '96, and Florence Pannill, of the Reidsville graded schools, and Miss Lydia Yates, '98, of the Wilmington schools, were with us all too short a time. Miss Yates expects to attend the meetings of the National Education Association in Los Angles, Cal., this summer.

We had looked forward to having Misses Mary DeVane, and Iola Exum, '97, and Lillie Boney, '98, as guests, but circumstances were against us.

Miss Page and Mrs. Hunter were missed from the Alumnæ meeting, but were heartily welcomed to the reception.

Miss Jessie Page, '95, has a position in the Louisburg Female College.

Miss Redfern, '98, has been teaching in Carolina College, Ansonville, N. C.

Miss Maria Loftin, '95, has taught in the James Sprunt Institute, Kenansville, N. C., ever since her graduation.

Miss Sadie Hanes, '98, has been elected teacher of the 4th grade in the Winston Graded Schools.

Miss Eva L. Pearce is station agent and telegraph operator at Scott's Hill, N. C.

Miss Loula Tucker is teaching in Plymouth, N. C. Her school closes the last of June:

Miss Cammie Curtis has a stenographer's position in an office in Greensboro.

Miss Kittie Cromartie taught a public school at Magnolia and also a private one at Garland during the past year.

Miss Dora Frazier has been teaching in Guilford county.

Miss Maude Murrill is teaching a public school near her home at Gum Branch, N. C.

Miss Effie White, after spending some time in Raleigh, stopped on her way home to attend commencement.

Miss Ruby Whitaker has been teaching at Enfield, N. C.

During the past year, Miss Rosa Rowe has been assistant in the Lexington Seminary.

Miss Annie Wiley has recently closed a seven month school near Jamestown.

Miss Gertrude Willis is at home in New Berne, N. C., after spending some time in New York on an extended pleasure trip.

Miss Effie Cain is now acting as supply teacher at the Thomasville Orphanage, having been obliged to resign her position at the Oxford Orphanage last fall on account of a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Misses Lillian DeVane and Jessie Smith have been teaching together in the school at Linden, N. C.

Miss Lucy House is clerking in a store at Scotland Neck, N. C.

Miss Virginia Newby has been conducting a private school in Hertford, N. C.

Miss Nellie Bowers has been teaching near Jackson, N. C.

Miss Fodie M. Buie gave her friends a delightful surprise by unexpectedly appearing upon the scene of action during commencement week. Miss Buie, at the expiration of her six months probation, was promoted to the Department of Justice, with a comfortable increase of salary.

Miss Georgie Ball has been teaching in Clinton, N. C.

Miss Evelyn Pruden has been teaching at Bosby, N. C., during the winter, but is now at her home in Gatesville, N. C.

Misses Maud Miller and Ethel Foust, '99, have been elected teachers in the Winston Graded Schools.

We were glad to welcome among us at commencement the following former students :

Miss Lois Boyd, Barium Springs, N. C.
Miss Hattie Bunn, Rocky Mount, N. C.
Miss Lola Arey, Elwood, N. C.
Miss Mamie Dixon, Hickory, N. C.
Miss Eula Todd, Jefferson, N. C.
Miss Faith Covington, Rockingham, N. C.
Miss Effie White, Trinity, N. C.
Miss Emily Whitley Williamston, N. C.
Miss Janie Flournoy, Reidsville, N. C.
Miss Willie Dunn, Henderson, N. C.
Miss Lillie Franklin, Winston, N. C.
Miss Tempie Parker, Reidsville, N. C.
Miss Johnsie Coit, Salisbury, N. C.
Mrs. Georgia McLeod Stover, Wilmington, N. C.
Miss Lizzie McIver, Greensboro, N. C.
Miss Alice Erwin, New York.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS.

(Tune—Yankee Doodle.)

We are a band of Jasons bold,
 Bound for the "Golden Fleece," O,
 We've left our mothers and our homes
 And all our joys and peace, O;
 We've traveled o'er a thorny path,
 O'er many slippery places;—
 That *Diploma* is the "Golden Fleece,"
 That's brought us to the races.

CHO.—Courage, comrades, don't give up,
 We'll get it by and by, O,
 That Golden Fleece will be our own
 Though the mountain is so high, O.

Stern Alma Mater hid this Fleece
 Far up a mountain height, O;
 And placed around it sent'nels bold,
 To guard it day and night, O.
 These sent'nels bold we oft have met,
 Their awful frown we've braved
 But we pressed right on for our sheep skin fair,
 That's greatly to be craved.—CHO.

Ye seekers for this "Golden Fleece,"
 List to our parting cry, O;—
 This road is steep and slippery, too,
 The mountain top is high, O;
 The sent'nels loath to let you pass,
 There are many trials around you;—
 But press on till you reach the goal,
 With the victor's wreath they'll crown you.

TO THE AMPHEOXUS.

(By a Student of Zoology, on examination.)

Write them down gently,
 Spell them with care,
 Our departed Ancestors,
 Old and so fair,
 They fought for us bravely,
 A right valiant crew,
 When birds all went swimming
 And crocodiles flew.

Examinations have come and gone and have left devastation in their wake. Apparently, however, some heads were not very clear on certain points as the following will testify :

Geology Examination—What were the chief characteristics of the Carboniferous Age?

Answer—Agnogen plants and Amphibian animals.

English Examination—Define "Beatitude."

Answer—Verses from the Bible.

The MAGAZINE would not be complete without a Practice School joke, even though we have to rack our brains and invent one. The following, however, are bona fide:

Teacher.—What is a pedagogue?

Aspiring pupil.—It's a place where folks go to pray, 'cause the Bible says "They went up to the pedagogue to pray."

Teacher in First Grade.—What does "Saucy" mean?

Bright little girl.—It means sassy.

Teacher.—John, in writing the story of George Washington and the cherry tree you spelled George with a little letter; why?

Pupil.—Well, George was a little boy, teacher!

THE NORMAL OF LONG AGO.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the olden days at the Normal here
When the buildings were few and poorly made,
When the trees on the campus gave little shade.
Now buildings rise on every side,
Lofty and fair in conscious pride.
There, where you see the Student's Hall,
Built by many and loved by all,
Once were a barn and unsightly shed
Where the horses and sheep and the lambs were fed.

Across the road, on this side the grove,
Where happy students love to rove,
Where now the Practice School you view,
Pretty and spacious and good and new,
Once was a hill, now bare, now green,
Whether in autumn or spring 'twas seen.

There, to the left, across the walk
That leads to the park where the students talk,
Where the Gym. now stands with its walls of red,
There once long ago was a strawberry bed.

The Infirmary was, as you see it now,
'No need to increase its size, I trow,
For the park, with its shade and waving trees,
With the winding paths and the soft warm breeze,
Invites you all to wander there
Beneath the sky in the open.

I love to come to it once a year,
Young lives to feel, young voices to hear.
But I miss the faces I used to see.
I miss the girls that used to be
My friends in a far-off happy day.
Some other time, if you care to stay,
I will tell you of them, if you wish to know
Of my class-mates and room-mates of long ago.