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## WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE BETTERMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSES.

The Women's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina, held a three days session in Greensboro, May 5, 6, and 7.

From the mountains to the sea, from New Hanover to our sister state on the north, came women with the wisdom of experience, women with that widened view that comes from travel and a knowledge of the outside world, women whose youth, while lacking the caution of experience, furnished the enthusiasm and courage which is the life blood of our new enterprise. Here met the young mother with the consecrated old maid, the wife of the politician with the busy help meet of the farmer, the woman of society with the country teacher, whose busy life and small salary permit few diversions during the long winter evenings other than the

solution of partial payments, to prove her fitness in the eyes of her critical patrons.

This meeting, while representing women of many ideas and many missions, had a common purpose; namely, the improvement of the country public school houses and surroundings of North Carolina. And when the courageous women of this State of ours unite in a single purpose, there are sure to be results.

The conference held its first meeting in the hall of the Benbow hotel. At this meeting, there were present not only representatives from the women's clubs of the city, but members of the faculty of the Greensboro Female College, the Graded School, and the State Normal and Industrial College, as well as distinguished women from all parts of North Carolina, several county superintendents and a number of interested friends from a distance. Among the latter were Dr. Miriam Bitting-Kennedy, of New York, and Mr. D. E. Cloyd, school visitor of the General Education Board.

The president, Miss Laura Kirby, of Goldsboro, called the meeting to order. Dr. McIver, at the request of Miss Kirby, in a few appropriate words, welcomed the conference and stated its purpose. Miss Leah D. Jones, of the Practice and Observation School of the State Normal and Industrial College, gave a most interesting account of her campaign work for the improvement of public school houses in Craven, Jones, Onslow and Dare counties last summer. Mrs. Hollowell, of Goldsboro, in a charming and impressive manner, told of the work which had been done in her county and expressed her delight to see the women of the State engage in a work so noble and so necessary.

The next session of the conference met in the lecture room of the State Normal and Industrial College at 10 o'clock the following morning. At this session the president called for reports from the several organizations, by counties. The following counties were reported: Cleveland, Mrs. Anthony; Craven, Miss Etta Nunn; Wayne, Mrs. Hollowell; Guilford, Mrs. C. D. McIver; Forsyth, Mrs. Lindsay Patterson and Miss Clayton Chandler; Henderson,

Mrs. Butler; Nash, Miss Tempie Lou King and Miss Viola Boddie; Onslow, Miss Jones; Randolph, Miss Mary Petty and Miss Pearl Marsh; Rockingham, Miss Lillie Terry; Rowan, Mrs. Charlotte Price; Wake, Mrs. E. E. Moffit, Miss Edith Royster, and Mrs. F. L. Stevens; Surry, Miss Rebekah Freeman; Yadkin, Miss Laura Huff; Wilson, Mrs. S. C. Wells; Stanley, Miss Johnsie Coit; Sampson, Mrs. Barbary; Vance, Mrs. J. T. Alderman; Johnson, Supt. Harper, proxy for Miss Harper; Henderson, Miss Janette Miller; Madison, Mrs. M. G. Hudgins. Written reports were received from Columbus and other counties from Mrs. J. A. Brown and others.

Many of these reports were full of helpful suggestions, and told of wonderful improvements made in different parts of the State. Such thrilling stories of heroic efforts and matchless success as were told by the representatives from Wake, Wayne and Sampson counties can but serve to stimulate and arouse to action every interested listener.

The county superintendents present were asked for statements of conditions in their respective counties, and for suggestions as to how the work of the Association could best be done. The following gentlemen spoke at length in regard to work needed and what had been done by way of improvement; some asking for suggestions from the Association, and giving very valuable suggestions in regard to matters of special interest to workers in this field: Supt. Curtis, of Burlington; Supt. Boger, of Cabarrus; Supt. Massey, of Durham; Supt. Ragsdale, of Pitt; Supt. Harper, of Johnson; Supt. Ellington, of Rockingham; Dr. W. S. Long, of Alamance; Supt. Cockrane, of Mecklenburg; Supt. Atkinson, of Wayne.

At the close of the morning session, the Association and visiting gentlemen were invited to luncheon in the College dining room.

At 2:30 o'clock a mass meeting of the Association was held in the College chapel, to which the students of the College were invited. Reports from the county organizations were continued, followed by spirited and helpful discussions. Mrs. Price, of Salisbury, was present and read a very bright, inspiring paper on the "Ideal Log School House for North Carolina."

During the evening the visiting members of the Association, as guests of Dr. McIver, attended the lecture of Dr. Hillis, in the Grand Opera House.

The last session of the conference met in the hall of the Benbow hotel, on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. The reading of reports was finished and officers elected as follows:

President—Mrs. W. R. Hollowell.

Vice-President—Miss Laura Kirby.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary T. Moore.

Recording Secretary—Miss Marie C. Buys.

Treasurer—Mrs. J. A. Anthony.

The following executive committee was announced: Mrs. J. T. Alderman, Mrs. Charles Price, Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, Mrs. C. D. McIver, Mrs. J. A. Butler, Miss Laura Kirby, Miss Mary Taylor Moore, Mrs. J. A. Anthony, Miss Marie Buys, Mrs. W. R. Hollowell.

Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston, in the name of the Federation of Women's clubs of North Carolina, assured the Association of the hearty co-operation and full sympathy of the Federation for the work undertaken by the Women's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina; she also thanked Dr. McIver and The State Normal and Industrial College for entertaining them so royally during their stay.

Mrs. J. F. Alderman announced that she had five Traveling Libraries which had not yet been placed and which she would place in the hands of the Association for disposal. She also promised that more would be given as soon as they were needed.

Mrs. Randall, as managing editor of the State Normal Magazine, offered its pages to the Association as a means of communication for all times.

Mr. Cloyd, Mr. Butler and others, who had attended nearly all the educational meetings in this State and many other states in the past few years said, they never attended so valuable and helpful a meeting as the one just closed. All the visitors, in fact, expressed themselves as being greatly helped and inspired.

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REPORT OF WAKE COUNTY ASSOCIATION FOR THE  
BETTERMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSES.

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MISS EDITH ROYSTER.

The Association for Wake County was organized by Mrs. Moffitt at the close of the Teachers' Institute last August. Officers were elected and about thirty names enrolled; but there was so much confusion that no plans for work were formed. In fact, not even the officers knew their duties, and the past eight months have just taught us how to go ahead. We have learned more than we have done.

With no great effort, we soon had twenty-six associate members, several asking to be allowed to join. The county gave us some stationery, and we have spent only four dollars, chiefly for postage. The county superintendent, Mr. W. G. Clements, was our first associate member.

Immediately after organization we sent out letters to eighty-eight influential people in the different school districts. For several districts, we could learn of no one likely to be interested. These letters explained the work of the association and offered help in local organization if needed. There were only a few answers to these letters.

In February the president wrote a personal letter to the teacher of every one of our ninety-four white schools, offering to send literature and give any kind of assistance toward interesting the people in improving their school house. Very few answered this letter. In all, we have had correspondence with only thirteen school districts.

At six of these places, the women have organized,—at Wake Forest, Flint, Eagle Rock, Mount Moriah, Garner, and the Reddish School House. The county superintendent attributes the marked improvement throughout the county in clearing off grounds,

and removing unsightly piles of wood, chips and ashes, to the fact that there is an organization interested in such work.

The schools of Wake Forest and Eagle Rock float the flags given by the *Youths' Companion*, and others are working for them.

The Mount Moriah people had an Arbor Day and set out fifty trees. They are now improving the interior of the school-house.

Reddish School House is working for a flag. Mrs. Moffitt interested this school in a library, giving the first dollar herself. The remainder of the necessary ten dollars was raised in small sums, thirty-nine contributing in various amounts, ranging from three cents to a dollar.

Wake Forest is fortunate, both in its teachers and in its school-committeemen; but nothing can be said in praise of the school-house the county built there last fall. Thirty-five ladies determined to help the committeemen who were already hard at work trying to make the best of a bad building. Through the personal work of Mr. Sledd and Mr. Peed with the assistance of the ladies, the townspeople have spent \$215 on this house and are now spending \$64 more—six for three gable ventilators and forty for painting the outside.

These are some of the things that Wake Forest men and women have done towards improving their school-house and grounds:—Put blinds to fourteen blinds; built a fence separating boys' and girls' yards; built a wood-room; rocked and curbed the well for \$25; double-floored all three rooms with paper between; enclosed the hall for cloak-room and put transoms over the doors; cut front-door (double doors with ventilating transom); replaced two doors made of ceiling strips with regular panel doors; and plowed, harrowed and raked the yard. School boys did the raking. About forty trees have been set out,—one a memorial to little Miriam Sledd. The interior of the school-house has been painted through-out; there are many pictures on the walls; three cases of bookshelves have been given the school, and also a map of the United States; 205 useable books have been donated, and a closet for supplies has been built.



So much for the earnest efforts of Wake Forest men and women. The following letter from Miss Abernethy, principal of Eagle Rock Academy, shows what a woman can do:

EAGLE ROCK, N. C., April 27, 1903.

MY DEAR MISS ROYSTER:

I am in receipt of your letter asking an account of the work which has been done toward improving my school-house and grounds. Of course I am glad to send it.

When I took charge of the Eagle Rock school in September last, I found a house in the midst of a large yard grown up in briars, weeds and broom-sedge. Just in front of the door was a road made by drivers taking a short cut from one public road to another.

The interior of the house was no whit more inviting, containing only desks and two small blackboards, and having floors and walls much discolored.

I had to begin with small things. I procured two nice large calendars, and hung one in each room. I also told the trustees that three more blackboards were needed, and these they willingly gave.

Then I learned that one of the trustees had a large map of the United States. I went after this map and got it. Indeed, he lent it with pleasure when told how much it was needed. Shortly after this the county superintendent visited the school, and I asked for a globe to be paid for by the county. He replied that it would be a pleasure to present the school with one. It has been of great service.

But the yard gave me the horrors. I laid the case before the children and called upon them for help toward a new order of things. Then I appointed December 13th for work to be done on the yard, and sent requests to several patrons to be there on that day, and in the notes specified the tools each should bring.

When I drove up with my wagon-load of tools and workmen on the 13th, there were waiting for me a strong force of hands and eight horses and mules. They plowed, and chopped, and dug,

and harrowed, and laid off walks, and when we left, things were marvelously changed.

The following Friday was appointed Arbor Day, and all the people of the community, whether patrons or not, were invited to bring trees. Nature recognized her friends, and gave a lovely day, and the people came.

The children rendered some appropriate selections, Miss Royster followed with an address, and then we went out and planted the trees. Forty-seven trees, mostly elms and maples, were planted on this our arbor day.

One gentleman sent word that it was impossible for him to be there then, but to have three places marked, and when I began the new year, his trees would be there. They were. He named one for me, one for my assistant, and one for the preacher. The preacher-tree—ungrateful one—has died, but the teachers, as was to be expected, are holding their own.

Out of the fifty trees forty-six lived. The map trustee had some rye, and he volunteered to sow it on the ground and so prepared the soil for grass next fall.

A letter to our congressman telling about the work and asking for trees brought seven choice varieties from Washington, which have been tended with great care.

I sent a little sketch of our arbor day to the *Youths' Companion*, and by way of encouragement, this paper sent the school a set of historical pictures and a handsome United States flag. What a happy time that was!

Through the efforts of five little girls the pictures were neatly framed and glazed, and now add much to the attractiveness of the walls. Each little tot was allowed to choose the picture she wanted to frame, and her name and the date were written across the back. This gladdened their little hearts and was, at the same time, an object lesson showing that efforts bring results.

About this time I interested the large girls in buying a carpet to cover an unsightly rostrum. They were instructed not to take

more than five cents from any one, but that that one might be visited by each of them in turn. The money came right in, and the carpet was soon down.

A crying need here was a well. Water for the school (88 children) had to be brought a long distance. So I borrowed a buggy and mule and drove round the country soliciting subscriptions to dig a well. Some promised cash and others agreed to haul rock for the wall, and one man said he would make up any deficit there might be when the work was done. The well has not been dug, however, because a digger could not be found, but one has now been secured and the work will commence.

The Woman's Association organized by Miss Royster has planted fourteen flowering shrubs, violets, lilies, chrysanthemums, honeysuckle, clematis, Virginia creeper, and thirty-four rose bushes; and the congressman has remembered us again with packages of seeds.

When the rye was planted, I had left a large square made in part by the angle of two rooms. Most of the flowers are set here. My friendly trustee gave cedar posts for the two open sides, and this square is wired in. I sent to a livery stable and asked for wire that comes round bales of hay. Though not very strong, this answers as a protection now, and next year perhaps a better may be forth-coming.

Plans for a library are on foot, and eleven volumes have been donated. This work is engaging my attention now, and by the close of another year, my school hopes to make a good library report. The hope is also indulged that the ceilings may be painted white and the walls tinted a soft color.

Our grounds are looking very pretty now. The rye is green, the violets have bloomed, and the roses are budding. The trees too are beginning to make a brave show. Friday I tried them to see how many made shade enough to cover me.

It does me good to stand in the academy door and contrast the present appearance with the showing we made in December; and with the exception of the well, it has cost almost nothing, for the

carpet and frames came by getting a nickle here and there, and no one is the poorer.

Very truly yours,

ANNIE ABERNETHY.

The Wake County Association wishes to get a picture of every school-house—to make a sort of rogue's gallery of our school-houses; but it is to be hoped that in ten years these pictures will fail to identify the houses then standing. With these pictures, is to be collected much information relating to the schools.

In July there is to be a meeting of this association to discuss future work. We are confident that through the organized efforts of the association much good can be done in this county.

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#### ADDRESS.

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DAVID E. CLOYD, Inspector of Schools for General Education Board.

[Stenographic Report.]

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*Mr. President, Members of the Faculty, Young Ladies:*

My talk to you will possibly be different from what you would expect from the form of introduction which I have received this morning.

Instead of presenting to you my own thoughts, I choose to let one who lived a century and a half ago speak to you through me, and I shall possibly interpret some of his teachings in modern terms. I choose to do this for the purpose of impressing upon your minds two important lessons; first, that there are educational principles which are universal and lasting, applicable at all times and in all times and in all systems of education to all individuals; second, that there are constant changes being made in ideals, constant shifting

of emphasis from one point of view to another; changes that are due to the continuous development of the human race and of peoples, as well as to places themselves, to the temper of times, and to the atmosphere which surrounds us.

The one whom I have chosen to be your teacher this morning is Lord Chesterfield, whose words were written in 1739 to 1752. I select letters that were written to his son during his school days, and which contain many ideas then prevalent in education. I have chosen Lord Chesterfield to be your teacher this morning for two reasons; first, he was a typical gentlemen of his time, and his ideas were those for the most part that were prevalent in his day; second, he was a good man and a wise father, whose deepest interests were in the welfare of his child, and he, therefore, desired the best things for him. As evidence of this deep interest in his child, we have more than a thousand letters which he wrote to his boy during his school days. As a matter of interest to you, I might tell you that after his son's death, his widow sold these letters for 1,500 pounds, an amount which would not be less than \$10,000 in these days. And it is from these valuable documents that we draw our morning's lesson.

I want you to think for a moment of the aim of education as stated by Lord Chesterfield in one of his letters to his son. He said: "The end which I would reach by your education is to unite in you the knowledge of a scholar, the manners of a courtier, and to join what is seldom joined in any of my countrymen,—books and the world. Now the emphasis which Lord Chesterfield places upon knowledge is no greater than we ourselves, to-day, place upon knowledge. But he places a greater stress on the manners of a courtier than we ourselves place upon manners, and I would emphasize this fact, that manners as he conceived them were more formal and more for the purpose of polish, than are the manners which we attempt to teach our boys and girls to-day. I would also make this further distinction, that the purpose for which boys and girls were taught manners in those days was that they

might receive personal attention, that they might please others for the purpose of getting others to serve them; but the shifting of the emphasis to-day is in this regard; we wish our boys and girls to be taught manners, courtesy, and all that we mean by the term manners, that we may secure the sympathy of others, that we may secure their interest in what we are trying to do for them and what we are trying to do for the world, more for the purpose of serving others than for the purpose of securing their service to us.

Lord Chesterfield differed from others of his day regarding the importance of joining books and the world. Education given to the boys and girls of his day isolated them from the world. He stated in this connection that boys and girls, twenty years of age, went into the world, knowing nothing of the world; they were sent abroad, and yet in the strictest sense they remained at home; that is, they were ignorant of the world and were lost in it. So he would have his boy know not only of books, but of the world of things and of people. We are to-day placing greater stress upon this one thing, that we must know something more than we can learn in the school-room or out of books.

But let me show you wherein there has been a change from the days of Lord Chesterfield to the present day. He wanted his boy to have knowledge of the world, to know men and women, that he might use them for his own personal aggrandisement, for his own glory. They had not the idea of service that we have to-day. We say, "let us know the world in order that we may know how to serve the world." That is the great change that has come in these 150 years. Lord Chesterfield wanted his boy to become some one of consequence, and so he emphasized ever the importance of gaining knowledge. He stated to him that he must labor hard while a boy, in order that he might acquire that fund of knowledge without which his native talent could not accomplish much. He urged the importance of spending every moment profitably. He said "Give your mornings to solid study; the middle of the day to seeing things in the world; the evenings to the pleasures of good com-

pany, and the nights to rest—never to dissipation.” He taught him that if he would care for the minutes, the hours would take care of themselves.

But it is not for the purpose of considering these more serious things regarding the attainment of knowledge that I wish to talk to you this morning. It is to indicate to you how you may adjust yourself to the world after you have acquired this knowledge, and how you may utilize this knowledge in service. Lord Chesterfield was an adroit, cunning courtier; a man of the world, who had learned in the most practical way that in order to succeed you must please. He wrote to his son to neglect nothing that would please. “A thousand numerous things,” he said, “which you cannot describe, but which every one keenly feels conspire to form the whole of pleasing, just as the several pieces of Mosaic work, which separately are of little beauty or value, when joined together form the beautiful figures which please everybody. Please the eye and the ear, for they open the way to the heart. Nine times out of ten the heart controls the head, therefore smooth the way to the head through the heart. This bit of advice is of great importance to us who would be teachers. We are the leaders of men and women, but we must remember that people are not inclined to accept our teaching and to follow our guidance unless they like us. We must ever keep this in mind in dealing with our children, and with all with whom we are related. But now let me point out the difference between the point of view of Lord Chesterfield and our modern point of view. He wanted his boy to please others in order that he might influence others to serve him, to help him to carry out his selfish ends. We want to please others in order that we may get their assistance in rendering service to humanity,—not that they may do us good but that we may do them good. When we catch their heart, then we may draw out their sympathy in such a way that we may be of service to them and get them to assist us in service to the world.

This wise man taught his boy that he should not only be prudent

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and careful in manner but also in the time of his approach to the people whom he wished to influence. He said every man has an "easy moment," and that is not all day long by any means. It is a serious mistake to go to a man whose mind is burdened with one business to talk to him about another,—whose mind is filled with grief or burdened with sorrow. Perhaps as many failures in life are made because of the fact that we ask at the wrong time as are made by any other mistaken policy. There is nothing more important for a teacher to know than that he cannot ask just at any time and receive the aid he wants, or receive recognition of the things he recommends. The teacher must ever be careful when he goes to the superintendent, to the members of the Board, to the parents, and to the pupils. Seek an opportune moment to present your views and to ask assistance. The ability to do this is one guarantee of success.

Now, Lord Chesterfield did not deny to his boy the pleasures of this life, but on the other hand taught him that the proper pleasures of a rational being were his right, but that he must earn these pleasures by previous service. He said that the world is ever full of people that are seeking unearned pleasures; seeking happiness with guilty conscience; seeking wealth and the pleasures it brings through dishonest means; seeking health through medicine, while violating every hygienic law. These kind of pleasures are unearned and do not bring life's richest blessings. Now we have a right to pleasures, but we must earn them through a life of service.

When we have rendered service worth while, then we are entitled to the consequent pleasures. If we would have the pleasures that come from a healthy body, a sound mind, and a pure heart, we must regard hygienic laws, laws of mental development, and the teachings of religion. May I in this connection speak of a book on "Unearned Pleasures," written by President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University? I wish that you might all read "Unearned Pleasures."

One of the most practical pieces of advice that Lord Chesterfield



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gave to his boy was regarding letters. He said to him, "Make your letters just as accurate as you are able, I mean regarding the language, the grammar, and punctuation, as well as thought. Now, for us teachers who relate ourselves to the world through means of letters to such a great degree, nothing is more important. Yet it seems a little thing. Your correspondents have only your letters to tell them what you are, what your ideals are, what your methods of work are, and thus your letters to them become an index to your character, to your ideals and to your methods of work. If written to strangers you see how to them your letters tell the whole story. Many a person has failed to secure a position which she sought, many a person has failed to hold the position which she had, because of carelessly written letters. And let me emphasize one other thing in connection with letters; the quality of paper which you use tells its tale too. Suppose a young minister, who is seeking a pastorate of a church in some cultured community, writes to the deacons or committee, regarding the position, and writes on cheap, unsized paper. Nothing more is known of him and that cheap paper tells that he is a cheap man, he is an uncultured man, his ideals are low, and he is not wanted. No further explanation is needed. You can be extravagant, and use paper that is too fine, and do just as much harm as by using cheap paper. You can not force your schools always to supply your children with the best quality of paper. It may not do for us always to force upon the world the higher elements of our ideals, but we must have them to indicate that we are aspiring to something higher and nobler than what we are realizing in our daily lives. But please remember that it is of the very greatest importance, when you send the letters which tell your correspondent all that he knows about you, that the letter should be carefully written, carefully thought out, and perfect in every respect.

Lord Chesterfield realized that one important way in which we relate ourselves to the world, and one important way in which we determine our success in dealing with that world, is through

the matter of dress. He wrote to his boy, "Take care always that you are dressed like sensible people of your own age, in the place where you are; a dress that is never spoken of either as too negligent or too studied." Aside from virtue itself, I believe that there is nothing more important than the matter of dress in determining our success in life. I take the point of view that Professor James, the great Psychologist, takes in his discussion of "self." In substance he tells us that our dress, our real estate, our bank account, everything that we possess, in some way or other becomes a part of our "self," either for good or bad. Certainly this is true regarding the dress. Let us give you an illustration from an experience that I had several years ago. A young lady came to me to teach in my school. She was a brilliant young woman, but she came from a circle that had never given much attention to dress, and had never thought of the importance of it. She came poorly dressed. She was doing excellent work in the class room, and she was teaching there young women from the best homes of the city, young women who were taught the importance of dress, and who, though they did not dress finely, yet dressed properly; and soon the mothers of these girls came to me to complain, and said, "While the book-learning of this young lady teacher is all right, yet we do not like for our girls to see any one who is poorly dressed, and so out of harmony with what we teach our girls." Complaint was made to the Board, and I had to deal with it. I had a talk with this young lady and explained the situation. She said, "You are the first man who ever told me that it was important to dress as the people dress among whom I live." She made a change.

May I tell you this also? A few months ago I visited a very prominent educational institution of the South, (and I say it with perfect propriety because I am southern in every respect, I love the South in the sense that I cannot love any other part of the world) I went unannounced to this institution, and went at chapel hour in the morning, sat down there and began to listen to the morning

services. I had not been there five minutes till I took from my pocket a note book and wrote these words, "There is a gap one and one-half inches wide between the shirtwaist and the band of the dress of the lady who is president of this institution." Though that woman has many excellent qualities, yet this was so serious, and there were so many other things like this, that I could not recommend her as one who was fit to train young women who were in training for life service. I noticed the same carelessness of dress among the girls, and the president of that institution was to blame for it. So you see what I mean by saying that in some way or other our dress relates us to the world, and determines our success. My recommendation, or what I said of her in my report of that school was such that it was sure to cost her—her position, because the State officials interested in the school, see things just as I did.

One other piece of advice I want to give as a quotation from Lord Chesterfield, and it shows how close a student he was of the ways and means by which we may get hold of the world, and whereby we may know the world. But we want that same information that we may serve the world. He said: "Wherever you are, keep your eyes and ears about you, keep every sense organ continuously active. See everything that is done, hear everything that is said, observe closely the looks and the countenance of those who speak to you, for in this way, the truth can be more frequently determined than by what they say. Nothing wiser and nothing more important has ever been said for the guidance of one who would know the people that he is to deal with. In order that you may catch the spirit of what one is saying and get its deeper meaning, it is important to do just as Lord Chesterfield said: "Observe the looks and countenance of those who talk to you." I sat in a pew in a church trying to catch the words of an animated preacher, but I couldn't do so. Others in the house seemed to understand what he was saying, and were loudly applauding. Something very pleasing evidently had been said, and I leaned forward to an old lady who sat just in front of me and said, "Madame, will you please excuse

me, but tell me what he said." "I don't know," she said, "but just look at that holy wag of his head." This simple woman had caught the spirit even without the words.

Now this in closing : Lord Chesterfield said to his son, "Every person in this world is of some consequence, and they are of so great consequence that you cannot afford to ignore them. You must never treat any individual with contempt, for the time may come when that individual whom you have so treated could serve you, but will not." Now we, of course, accept at once the belief that every one is of some consequence and merits from us some recognition, but we part company with Lord Chesterfield just here. He said, "That individual, however insignificant, could sometimes *serve* you." We want to say that some time we can serve that individual, and for that reason we must keep ourselves properly sympathetically related to him. Now above all things, let me leave this thought with you that we are going into the world not for the purpose of attracting attention to ourselves, not for the purpose of winning honor, but we are going into the world to serve every individual. We want to understand the world in order that we may render it a service. Our homes are to be made better; our schools are to be improved; society is to be built up; and every individual is to be touched and quickened and ennobled in his life, and that, young ladies, is the service for which you are in training.

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#### ADDRESS.

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HON. W. W. STETSON, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Maine. (Stenographic Report.)

We stand in the rotunda of a golden age of great achievements. As we stand here beneath this beautiful dome, it comes over us with a peculiar sense that this is one of the moments when we may stop and stand still for a little while. It is one of those moments

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when we take a look backward along the pathway we have traveled, when we take a forward gaze over the years that are to come. It is one of those moments when it is proper even for a Maine man to say that it is well for us to stop and stand still and sober off, and discover if we may, the point from which we started, the highways in which we have traveled, those things which we have past and left behind, the direction in which we are facing, and the goal that beckons us on down through the waiting years. This backward look takes us into those old groves, and seats us in those old temples, and permits us for a moment to drink in the beauty which the old Greek made possible for us and all ages to come. We may sit in that seat that was built upon seven hills, and stand by the side of the men who ruled the world and who have given to all ages their civil power. We may go into that far country where dwelt those brothers of ours, those old East Indians, those men of that fine fiber and beautiful quality that made it possible for them to formulate a philosophy, and write a literature, the wisdom and beauty of which has not yet fully found its way into the hearts of the sons of men. Or we may go into Persia, and there we may sit by those who dream of thought in its purest form and noblest expression. It is worth our while to stop for just a moment and to remember that it is to the old Egyptian we owe our ideas of magnitude and size and vastness and greatness. It was by her slow flowing river that those pyramids were built, and that great plain stretched its length and those embodiments were given to the world which no one ever looked at without standing stronger than he ever stood before. It is worth while to turn these pages, glance at this record, learn its wisdom, drink its lessons, gather of its beauty, take home its teachings; but, my friends, we cannot live in days that are gone. We must live in the day which is with us. While it is true that we like to walk over the hills and through the orchards of Judea, with that people who gave us the moral home, still it is beneath western skies and this side of the great stretch of waters that the destiny of the world is to be

settled. It is here upon these hills, it is down through these valleys, it is in these great empires that we call this nation of ours, that the problems which are facing the race today must be solved and settled, and the future must be made safe and righteous too. None can stand in this presence, face this audience, take note of this occasion without realizing that there are harbingers for the future that give us courage and comfort too. It comes home to us with peculiar force that each nation in the olden time had some specific, definite task to perform, and its work done, ceased to be a power in the world. The old Hebrew wrote for us the moral code. The Greek gave us an ideal of beauty which is not fully known to us even yet. The Roman furnished for us a civil code. The Persian taught us how to think. The Egyptian gave us largeness of view. The East Indian gave us subtlety and philosophy. I like to think that we belong to that section of the race that has certain enduring qualities not given to any of these peoples. We are a people who are lovers of home and kindred and tie, each man walking under his own hat, doing his own thinking, and counting one when he stood alone. They loved home and kindred. They loved liberty, and they loved that peculiar kind of independence which only rural conditions and rural life and rural hardships and rural responsibilities make possible. I have long had the feeling that three great blessings may come into one's life without any effort on his own part. One is to be born in the country, and one is to be born poor, and the best of the three is to be born young. O, I like warmth and life and vigor and zest and capacity to stand up straight and hold your shoulders square and face the world, with the windows of your soul all wide open, ready to take in light and life and beauty and righteousness too. I do not like to see youth narrow and pinched and haggard and wrinkled and all worn out with life's dissipation before life is fairly begun. I like to stand here and be able to congratulate you, as one who knows whereof he speaks, that you represent an agricultural state, rural communities. Why, my friends, if you will just

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take the lawyers, wicked as they are, and the clergymen (I had a brother who went astray and went into the ministry), and the leading business men, and our statesmen; take the educators and founders of educational institutions, and they were born in farm houses, trained in country schools, had to start down close to the ground, and grow through hardships to an altitude that makes us proud of the fact that they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and that from the hills they drew their strength.

We have a great many troublesome questions in this country to meet, not a few of which stand immediately in front of us. We say some strange and peculiar things about the foreign population that is coming to our shores in numbers so large each year. We speak of their ignorance, their vice, and we speak of a great many shortcomings that we do not quite like to put into words. Let me say to you here, my friends, this forenoon, that it is our duty, it is our privilege, it is our service to see to it that out here in these communities all over this great State there are centers of influence, centers of teaching, centers of righteousness that will take the virus out of this poison, leaving the generation coming to us a little better than when it touched our shores. Prepare the next generation for a higher plain, and make it possible for this country to give light wherever darkness is found, and plant virtue wherever vice is rampant.

I am not here this morning to talk about pedagogy nor psychology nor any of these strange and mysterious subjects that only young people know very much about; but I would like to say to you this morning just a few old-fashioned, homely things that you all know so much better than I do. And one of them is that I do not believe in doing too much for people. I believe in each working out his own intellectual as well as his moral salvation. I believe it takes an infinite deal of skill to give direction, suggestion, stimulus without those things being harmful to the person to whom they are given. I believe in the local community feeling its local responsibilities. I realize that it is hard. I know from sad

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experience it is difficult, but I have great faith in a building (pointing to the new students' building) which comes into existence, and plants itself upon the earth, and points its spires toward the skies because of those who love the institution for which they have wrought. It is all well to have the millionaire pour out his dollars, but so far as I am concerned, give me sympathy and interest and good-will and hard work and you may take your dollars and go your way, because with the one you can build an institution, establish that which will be of use in the world; with the other you may do harm. I wish it could come home to us with a force that it does not seem to at the present time that it is our business to be all over this country what so many of you in this State are,—individual missionaries in the communities to which you go. Do you know what I would like to carry home with me more than all your wealth, more than all your splendid history, more than all these beautiful buildings and grounds? I would like to carry one thing that I caught a glimpse of up at Richmond the other day, that the students in the secondary and higher institutions of learning in this State assume their responsibility, realize what rests upon their shoulders, and as they go back to their homes they go back there to carry an educational gospel, preach it, teach it, live it, and whenever they find a yard that is unsuitable, a building that is unfit, there they find their work and there is their task.

You know that down in New England we are not an especially modest people, not particularly so. We have not been noted for it except when we are away from home. Still we are not quite as slow as we might be, although we are much slower than we ought to be. I think this is not a typical case. A newspaper man is much in evidence in our section. He is an ambitious specimen too. He not always has wisdom, but he is always in evidence. In a little community we had a weekly newspaper. It was weekly in two ways. There lived in that town a man by the name of Deacon Jones. I have always wondered why we always most abuse the two best classes of men in the world, the two classes that we never



could live without—deacons and old maids. He fell sick one day, and the newspaper man to be up with the times, placed the bulletin board, just outside his office door, this announcement: "Deacon Jones is very sick." Time went on and at 10:00 a. m. the announcement came, "Deacon Jones is much worse," and at 11:00 a. m., "Deacon Jones is not expected to live," and then there came a last final announcement (almost all last announcements are final), 12 noon, "Deacon Jones has gone to heaven," and beneath it was a scroll as much as to indicate, that closes the record; there is nothing farther to be said. Being a newspaper man, he expects no further communications.

There came down that way shortly a man who had imbibed something which, of course, he could not have gotten in Maine, but which he might get elsewhere. He was somewhat exhilarated, and he thought the account was not complete. He secured a piece of chalk and he wrote this sentence: "1:00 p. m. Great excitement in heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."

My friends, I hope we are not quite that late, but as I travel my own State, come in contact with my own people, make observations of conditions, I find certain things which I wish did not exist. I find tumbled down school houses and blackened walls, and old rusty stoves, and broken back stove pipes, and yards—for that is what they are,—yards, and yards are places where you yard things, and you never should think of yarding children. And when these things are pressed home upon them and their attention is called to them, what do they say? I wonder if you ever heard the sentence, "Well that is the way it was when I was a boy, and what was good enough for me when I was a boy is good enough for the boys now." Is it? Isn't the world larger? Don't the skies stand higher? Doesn't the horizon stretch wider? Isn't this a bigger world than we ever saw before? When the sun goes down to-night it will go down upon the largest world it has ever blest, but when it comes up the eastern horizon to-morrow morning it will come up upon a world larger than the one it saluted this evening, and I want to say

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to you here this morning that we need larger grounds, better school houses, more ample furnishings, and more fit conditions. How are we to get them? Now we have a foolish sort of notion, being Americans, that we want to do everything right off this afternoon. We do not want anything left for to-morrow. May I say to you that I think one of the best things we need to learn is the fact that we cannot do things quickly. Somebody, you know, said, "The Almighty has time enough, and he can wait, but I cannot." We can. It is a big task, it is a large work, but it is one of these things if we set our hands to do we will get it done. A little to-day, a bit more to-morrow, and some a little later, and in the end what are we to have? We want to have school lots about three acres in area, and these lots are to have various trees, a few fruit trees, a vegetable garden, a flower garden, and lawn, with trees properly distributed about it.

I am under the impression that in spite of your prejudice, one of these days, out in the country you are going to paint your school houses white and let them have green blinds. But all of these things are the minor part of it, the outside finish, the setting so to speak of the picture. I want one of these days to see these rooms neat and clean, with properly tinted walls and ceilings; I hope we may see upon these walls a few reproductions of great masters; I hope we shall have in the corners of these rooms a few good books, not many, carefully selected, intelligently read. I hope the local communities will do all the things I have mentioned for themselves. I hope the municipalities will be willing to furnish the grounds, the walls, and the buildings. Then I want to see this whole thing put in shape by the parents and the teachers and the children, and I want to see it done a little now, and a little later, and in the end I want to see it all combined. I believe the good day is coming when we shall sit down to this task, put our shoulders to these wheels, and we will see this chariot going forward conquering and to conquer. I have no doubt about it for a single moment. I rejoice in the record we have made. I am proud of

the vantage ground we are occupying to-day, but I have infinite faith in the future on which we have a mortgage. I have no doubt about it whatever. Do you notice the signs of the times? The children of this world are wiser in this day and generation than the children of light. Do you take notice that the Governors, and United States Senators, and Members of the National House of Representatives, and Judges on our Supreme Bench, and prominent professional men, and leaders in all walks of life are beginning to talk about education and schools and the work the school should do? \* Well now, they strike a center shot about once in a thousand times. It amuses them, and it does not do us any harm. What do all these things mean? Ah, my friends, let me tell you something. When the heart of the people of this nation is stirred it would be well for those who are in the way to stand out of the track or they are liable to be run over. The common people of this country are thinking, and studying, and working on this subject of education as they never studied upon it before. It is close to their hearts. It is in their homes, and one of these days it is to be worked out into light and beauty and all of these things which give comeliness to living and rightness to life.

I suppose there is no one thing that a Yankee asks so often as the two questions that he so often repeats: "How is he getting on in the world?" And, "Does it pay?" Well, just go over across the Atlantic, drop down in London, walk the streets of Paris, travel along the highways of Berlin, and ask the Englishman or the Frenchman or the German, "How they are getting on," and the shiver of disgust that runs through his frame and mantels his face tells you that we are getting on altogether too fast. They realize our somewhat gigantic strides, doing the work we are doing, the places we are filling, and they read the handwriting on the wall too. That is a matter of no great concern. It may flatter our pride. It may stimulate us even to greater endeavor, but it is hardly worth a second thought.

But, "Does it pay?" Well, if it pays to have broader acres,

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and larger warehouses, and more beautiful homes, and finer roads, and better streets, and all of these things which go to make up this material world, no one is in doubt for a moment. But does that pay? I doubt it, and doubt it much. But does it pay to go on that long excursion with Wordsworth, go over the hills and through the valleys, stop by the river's brink and pick that yellow primrose and find that it something more than a yellow weed? Is it worth while to go into that little field with Robert Burns and stand on the spot where the plow tears the moist earth asunder, and deprives that daisy of its life. Is it worth while to learn from him and of him of life, death and the judgment to come? Is it worth while to go away up among those mountains in the North, find there a little spring of water, follow its long course towards the South, and as you walk by that blue ribbon, with the mountains upon your left and the hills upon your right, does it pay? Does it pay to know the artist, and the poet, and the scholar, and the student? Is it worth while to read the record of by-gone years with Hugh Miller as your teacher? Is it worth while to go out in that Scottish glen, sit down there among the stone school houses, and listen to the words of wisdom of old Dumpsey, who loved boys and girls and loved them because he knew them, who was ever looking for a boy, and when he found him, found a way for him to go up to the University, and Edinburgh was never without its representative from the glen. Does it pay? Do you ever stop and think for a moment of Washington, and Mozart, and Michael Angelo, those men who sweat great drops of blood that this world might be more fit to live in. Does it pay to do something for nothing, that something may be done? I think so. You remember that man who lived in Northern of France, lived there in a cottage home, and toiled upon the land and sea the livelong day. He was fortunate enough to have a grand-mother who saw visions for this youth, urged him to go up to Cherbourg, and made it possible later for him to go down to Paris. There he found a place to live but never found a home. He toiled there all his days that he might paint for us those marvel-

ous lessons of the influence of work upon the worker, and he has given us his masterpieces in the "Sower," "The Man with the Hoe," his "Angelus," "The First Step," and a score of others. Edward Markham has tried to tell us the story of the man with the hoe. He tells that labor brings us, the lack of lustre eye, the slanting forehead and the drooping shoulders—the brutal conditions—manifested in such power in this wonderful painting, but why didn't he turn to the Angelus with that wide stretch of plain, and the church in the distance, why didn't he show us the gloaming evening, why didn't he call our attention to those two humble laborers standing there surrounded by the evidence of their toil? Why didn't he point for us the attitude of reverence and devotion so manifest in those two figures? Why didn't he take us out on that high hill and show us a man, master of the situation in which he placed himself, more commander than ever a man who rode at the head of a troop of cavalry? O, my friends, toil, work, labor, industry, faithful service,—in these are life's supremest blessings, bring life's sweetest joys. Without them, this earth would be a chaos, with them heaven has come down upon the earth.

And may I say to you here this noon hour, as my last message to you, trying to summarize the little that I have brought you, study the past and learn its lessons; know the present and understand its teachings; get glimpses of the future and know the country into which you are walking. But above all and more than these combined, be ready to take the next thing in hand, serve those who stand nearby you, close to you, who are in humble station, who need to have their eyes lifted that the light may come in and that life may be theirs.

Ah, my friends, one of those grand, beautiful opportunities that time is given is sung by Channing, "To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than splendor, luxury rather than fashion; to be worthy not respectable; and wealthy not rich; to study hard; think quietly; talk gently; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open hearts, be cheerful, hurry never, in a

word to let the best unbidden and unconscious grow up from the common, that is to be your symphony. If you will ever be true to the teaching given in this school, true to the examples set before you in this institution, true to the best that is within you, and loyal to the work that is at your hands. What benediction could be better for us than those lines of Kipling, "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet lest we forget, lest we forget," forget that the fate of a nation rests in the home, is the burden of the church, and the responsibility of the school.

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#### WITH THE BRETHREN OF OLD SALEM.

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MARY CALLUM WILEY.

An old writer in speaking of the Moravians in North Carolina declared that they were a set of Rechabites among the people of Israel, living entirely to themselves and differing in all things from all people. It was because of this exclusiveness, however, this living up to ideas of their own, that the pioneer Brethren of North Carolina were able to accomplish their work. It is generally thought that the Moravian brethren, because they were a peace-loving, home-abiding people, and took no active part in war or in politics counted for little in the early days of our State. But never was there a greater mistake. In those troublesome days preceding and following the American War for Independence, the brethren stood for all that was best in our State; they stood for order, for progress, for business activity, for education and religion; and, through their little towns of Bethabara, Bethania, and Salem, they exerted an influence for good felt even to this day.

In the early days of the last century Salem, the capital-town of the Moravians, was the leading town of Piedmont Carolina. Hither from far and wide the people come to trade, to exchange their deer-

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skins and peltry for farming implements of all kinds, for earthen vessels, for cotton and woolen goods. To Salem, they brought their metals to be made into spoons and knives and watches, their hides to be tanned, their leather to be made into saddles and shoes, their old rags into fine linen paper. Indeed so various were the industries prevailing in old Salem that one might have had anything made there from an eight-day clock to a box of snuff.

But it was not for purposes of trade only that people came to Salem. They brought their sick that they might receive the best medical attention, they brought their daughters that they might be educated, and their sons that they might be instructed in some useful trade. But although these outsiders might bring their sons and daughters to Salem, although they themselves might visit in the village, and trade to their heart's content, they could not buy property there, or even so much as rent it. For it was one of the fundamental principles of the Moravian Church that its members live in communities of their own, entirely separate from the world, and that the Church itself own all property, manage all affairs, and carry on all business.

Thus it happened that many quaint customs prevailed in old Salem. In order to live independent of the outside world, the brethren engaged in many industries. The Church had charge of these industries. Hence there was only one of each kind. There was, for instance, but one store in all the region around. This store, commonly called "the store at Salem and Bethabara," had an extensive trade. It was also known in Europe; for every year the brethren not only received goods from abroad, but exported quantities of dressed skins to England and to Germany. Once every year the brother in charge of the store would send his great four-horse wagons to Fayetteville, to Petersburg, to Philadelphia, after fresh supplies of goods. Then how the people would flock to the little store. From far over the mountains they would come in their clumsy ox-carts, or on horseback; from Virginia, in their coaches-and-four with their liveried slaves and crested arms; from

Guilford and the neighboring counties, in great covered wagons, in lofty two-wheeled gigs, or perchance on foot. On market days, the main street of the village would be blocked with the vehicles of those waiting their turn to trade, and the tavern overflowing with purchasers from afar.

This tavern was the "social centre" of old Salem. It was here the brethren would meet after their day's work was done, and over their pipes and foaming mug of beer discuss the affairs of the village, and the general news of the day. No rowdiness was allowed at the tavern, however, no dancing, gaming, card-playing, fighting, cursing or swearing. For the Church had charge of the tavern, and upon leasing it, made the keeper enter into a solemn "agreement" that he would allow none of these things. Moreover, the keeper had to promise that he would receive and treat all strangers, customers and travelers in a kind, cordial and obliging manner; that he and his wife would make their stay as agreeable as possible, by devoting themselves to their service, by giving them good entertainment for a reasonable sum, by keeping the house, rooms, and everything cleanly, and by taking particular care that clean beds and sheets be always provided. The keeper had to promise also that, should a boy under age be found about the tavern, he would instantly order him off, and if not obeyed, report the matter at once to the Church authorities.

For the right training of the young was one thing the brethren of old Salem were very careful about. It was their custom while their children were young to keep them at home, train them up in habits of industry and economy, give them a good education, and provide them with such instruction as would lay the foundations of a strong moral and religious character. When they became older, they had them learn some trade or industry, that they might earn their own living and take their place in the world as men and women.

That a boy might learn his trade, he was taken, at the age of twelve, to the home of the Single Brethren where he was appren-



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ticed to some master workman. While among the Single Brethren,—and he remained with them until the day of his marriage,—he was subject to the strictest rules. He could not run about the village at pleasure, or loiter on the streets, or go to see the girls. But after the day's work was over, he might read if he chose, or exchange visits with the boys in the House. At stated times every day, he took his walks with the Single Brethren, always under the strict eye of the Superintendent. If perchance, he met some pretty girl out walking also, he could not speak to her, or even so much as look at her. At a certain time every night he had to be indoors, for at that time the great front door of the Brethren's House was closed, nor was it opened again until morning. No loafing was allowed in the House of the Single Brethren, for each boy, as soon as he learned his trade, was employed in some regular work. He received the whole of his earnings, and paid only a nominal sum for his board and lodging.

The young girls in the village were safely housed in the Home of the Single Sisters. No girl was compelled to live in the Sisters' Home, but it was a pleasant Christian home for all who wished to live there, and the inmates were happy and contented as they engaged in their various tasks. For, as in the Brethren's House, no idlers were allowed. Each sister had her own special work to do. Some engaged in spinning and weaving and dyeing, others in plain sewing or in fancy needle work, others in teaching the young, or in looking after the old and infirm. Some did the cooking for the establishment, others the washing and ironing. All, however, attended to their own rooms, and took turns about in scouring the halls, and keeping the common-rooms in order. An older sister had charge of the others, and while there was nothing monastic about the life of the Sisters, all were pledged to a strict observance of the rules and regulations laid down by the chiefs of the congregation. These rules were even stricter than those laid down for the Single Brethren. For, not only were the sisters forbidden to look at the Single Brethren or speak to them,

or pass by their House. They could not even mention their names.

Thus the two sexes grew up in perfect ignorance of each other, and when the time came for them to marry, a contract was arranged by their elders, often without the parties themselves being personally acquainted. It may have been, however, that some single brother knew of some girl he would like to marry. He therefore went to the elders of the congregation, and made known his desire. If there was no objection, if the young man was able to take care of a wife, and was sober and industrious, the elders at once sent in his proposal to the lady in charge of the Single Sisters. She called in the girl mentioned, and told her of her offer. If the girl was unwilling to marry, or was opposed to her suitor, that settled the matter once for all. If, however, she declared her willingness to marry him, the pastor and elders of the church met, and in solemn prayer decided the matter, by the casting of the lot. Two hollow tubes exactly alike were prepared. In one was placed a slip of paper containing the word "no," in the other, "yes." One tube was drawn,—the word it contained decided the lover's fate.

That order which characterized the Homes of the Single Brethren and the Single Sisters, prevailed also in the private homes of old Salem. For the house-keepers of the village had a special day for doing everything. Monday was washday. Often they would rise before day, and wash by candle light that they might do their ironing the same afternoon. Friday was scouring day, and every house in the village from garret to cellar was then washed and scrubbed. Even the cobble-stone side-walks were scoured, and the blinds on the outside of the houses. Often the good sisters would take their wash-pans and brushes to the quiet God's Acre that they might wash the grave stones, and make the graves fresh for Sunday. For Sunday was the best day of all the week. Very quaint were the customs of those old Moravian Sabbaths. At the ringing of the church bell fifteen minutes before

service, the congregation would begin to assemble, the women coming in one door and seating themselves according to choirs in one part of the church, the men in another. Promptly at the appointed hour, the services would begin. They were simple and impressive. The singing, in which everybody joined, was inspiring; the behavior of the people solemn and reverential. No whispering was allowed, no turning around. Even the little children, who sat up in front of the church, were expected to sit still and listen to every word of the service. In fact, the minister kept a sharp lookout on the congregation and did not hesitate to publicly rebuke any misbehavior or inattention. On Sunday little work was done in the village. The good housewives prepared their Sunday's dinner the day before. For Saturday and Wednesday were baking days. Then the great ovens all over the village were filled with bread and pies and delicious "sugar-cake." For the Brethren of old Salem believed in eating. They had four meals a day. Breakfast was eaten so early that by nine o'clock everybody was ready for a light lunch. At a quarter of eleven, at the ringing of the church bell, all work in the village was instantly stopped, and everybody ate dinner. At two o'clock there was another meal, called Vespers. A sweet old custom these Brethren had of putting aside in the heat of the day all business cares and household worries, and partaking—each family to itself—of a simple repast of sugar-bread and coffee. The day ended with supper at five. By ten o'clock everybody in the village was asleep, save perchance the watchman, who, all night long, tramped up and down the deserted streets, calling the hours of the night with his conch shell, and with his long-drawn "a-l-l's w-e-l-l!"

Thus in the days of long ago lived the Brethren of old Salem. A simple, kindly people they were, content in themselves, not striving for worldly honors, not seeking personal wealth, but working ever for the welfare, for the prosperity of their beloved church. Many years have passed since the Brethren lived their quiet lives. But not in vain were they. For, nestling 'midst the blue hills of

Piedmont Carolina, in the midst of clear running brooks and fertile meadows, stands a little town, the mark of their industry, of their progress. With its quaint, moss-covered houses, with their steep tiled-roofs sloping far down and forming little porches over the narrow, cobble-stone sidewalks, with its venerable choir-houses clustering 'round the village square, its stately old church, its tavern, its ancient Academy for girls, its boys' school, its beautiful avenue of cedars and quiet God's Acre nearby, old Salem stands as a reminder of the days of long ago, of the good old days of the Moravian Brethren.

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### AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES.

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KATE BARDEN, '04.

The strawberries are in their prime! You have missed much in never seeing them grow. But come with me in your imagination—for fancy will brighten the picture—and spend an hour among them. You will not mind getting up at five o'clock, for we must be out in the field before the pickers come. It requires just a second for us to take our stand in the corner of the field next to the woods. How perfectly still everything is! The heavy fog prevents our seeing twenty yards ahead. The robin's whistle breaks the stillness. He is doubtless meditating a berry breakfast. The pickers are coming now. I hear them singing their new revival song. The big gate swings back, and in pours the dusky crowd, of many sizes and shades. There comes Uncle Tom with his whole family. He says that he will never grow too old "to fetch his fambly to de berry patch, to help 'arn their living." You would think that his long, crooked back would break before it would bend to the berries. Aunt Maria is a buxom old darkey who could not accommodate herself to the space between the rows, were not the

berry bushes low. And Bill and Jim with their shiny faces and bright eyes are never far from her. In fact Aunt Maria has to keep one before and one behind her in the row, in order to superintend their picking. For the "boss" does not like such "shavers" in the patch anyway; and one green berry in their baskets will afford him a plausible excuse for sending them unceremoniously from the field. The yellow girl coming in now is pronounced by all the colored folk, the "airishest nigger" in the field. See how she tosses her head! And she actually has on gloves with the fingers cut off. You are surprised to see a group of white children coming in. There is our little friend, our next door neighbor. Such a pretty child! She does indeed grace the field. But perhaps her grace is enhanced by contrast with the black girl standing near her.

While we are engaged in contemplating the individual pickers, most of them have provided themselves with quart-cups, and are beginning to pick the berries. That little girl on the second row seems to be unable to manage the long stack of cups which she has. There comes the dreaded boss. Listen to his orders. "Pick ripe berries. No white sides! Short stems! The straw belongs around the bushes, not in your cups!" See how wet and drabbled Aunt Maria's skirts are already. She sweeps the shining dew-drops as she goes. And in spite of her gloves, the "airish yellow girl" declares her hands are numb from the cold dew. But the big red berries are beautiful when silvered by these dew-drops. Did you hear that cry, "Here's a quart"? The crier is Liza, Uncle Tom's oldest daughter. Her quart is piled high with the dewy berries.

Now the checker is pressed into service. He takes Liza's quart of berries, and gives her in return a bright round piece of tin, with the manager's initials stamped on it. The sack in which you see Liza putting the check is one of Uncle Tom's tobacco sacks, fastened around her neck. He declares he will not have one left in which to put his "mush-million" seed next summer. Every check is worth a penny. That one seems a small beginning way down in the bottom of Liza's sack, but before two o'clock there will be

nearly a hundred more, for she is Uncle Tom's "brag picker." The checker is very careful not to pay for one quart twice, so he puts all for which he has given checks in a group at the end of the row. Then they can easily be seen by the carrier. These carriers have harder work than the checkers. They put eight quarts at a time on a flat board, with a bent stick for a handle. Uncle Tom feels proud that the "boss has given his middle boy, Sam," the position of carrier. I am afraid Sam feels his importance as he watches his friends bend low at their picking. He used to show his skill by balancing a "toter" nicely on his head and thus striding off with them to the packing-shed. But ever since an unfortunate movement tipped the precious load over the ground one day, sending the red berries rolling everywhere over the brown straw, he walks soberly-enough with a "toter" swinging from each hand.

Let's follow him with his berries to the packing-shed, and see what happens to them there. The bright sun has now risen, and the fog is all gone. Don't stumble over Jim, for there he lies full length, but kicking as fast as ever. He does this to rest his back, much to the disgust of Uncle Tom. Here we are at the packing-shed, which presents quite a different scene. No darkies are allowed here. You see six lively girls, nimbly transforming the irregularly topped quarts into models of proportion and beauty. They sit at a long shelf, using the crates for chairs. When they finish a quart, not a stem is seen sticking up at a hap hazard angle, and the green scalloped caps blend beautifully with the rich red of the berries. That quart of large deep-red berries sitting on one end of the shelf is reserved for the girls. They are too ripe to ship, but in a proper condition to melt in your mouth. Sometimes the girls imagine a possible romance for them in the North where the berries are being shipped, and write their name and address on a quart-cup of berries.

As soon as about fifteen crates have been packed the manager has them sent to the station. By this time some of the white chil-

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dren have picked five quarts and are quite too tired to stay longer. So the good-natured manager swings them up with his strong arms to a high seat on top of the crates; and off they go with a bright nickle, which the manager has given them for their checks.

This is as far as we shall follow the berries. After seeing all this energy and interest, it must have occurred to you before now that there is a purpose and result attending it all. What does it mean to the different classes? To a certain section of the colored people it means their present meat and bread; to another their summer clothes, which they must have to wear to their big church meeting in May. The white children have, as their ambition, a cool-drink or candy party in the afternoon. The packers see in the near future, a dainty organdy dress, or perhaps a trip to the beach, and occasionally the fulfilment of a more serious desire. Now, do you not think that the blushing berries have a more worthy mission than the one of being eaten?

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## THE NIBELUNGEN LIED.

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CHRISTINA M. SNYDER.

Every nation has its legends of prehistoric times, when the lives of men were greatly influenced by the gods. These gods of our forefathers were many and held frequent intercourse with men, assisting their favorites and granting their aid against the less favored ones. Often they lived among the people. In most of these ancient myths the gods and goddesses appear as grown up men and women with human passions but having the power to control the life of mankind. This one idea, that the life of man is controlled by some power against which it is useless to strive, is prevalent in all ancient stories.

Germany is rich in these myths, among the most important of

which are the story of the Volsungs and the story of the Nibelungs. First among the Nibelungen traditions is the Nibelungen Lied. Siegfried, the hero of this poem, is prominent in many other traditions, which are founded on the adventures of his early life.

In the lowlands of the Rhine lived a powerful king named Siegmund, a direct descendant of Wotan, the supreme divinity among all the Teuton races. Siegmund's wife Siegelinde was also of godly origin, and Siegfried, their only son, embodied the beauty and strength of his godly ancestors, having the sunny blue eyes of Balder, and the stalwart figure of Thor.

After years of bold adventure and through the aid of Wotan our hero has now all that he can reasonably desire. With a skin invulnerable save in one spot, a cloak of invisibility, a sword of irresistible force, a wonderful steed, and the measureless wealth of the mysterious Nibelungs whose king he is, we may consider him fairly well equipped to encounter the severe chances of an uncertain world.

The opening scene of the Nibelungen Lied is at Worms on the upper Rhine. Kriemhild, the beautiful sister of King Gunther, dreams that her pet falcon is killed by two eagles. Her mother, Ute, interprets the dream as signifying that a great misfortune will come to some one dear to her.

Siegfried hears of her wonderful beauty and comes to the Burgundian court to woo her. He is graciously received and royally entertained, but a year passes by before he sees Kriemhild. In the meantime he accompanies King Gunther on his expeditions of war and among all the heroes he is the noblest. A great tournament is held at the Burgundian court to which Princes and Kings from near and far come. Here Siegfried sees Kriemhild for the first time.

After this tournament Gunther determines to marry Queen Brunhild, who rules on the other side of the sea, and asks Siegfried's aid. To win this royal maiden is no easy task; the suitor



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must take part in three games with her, hurling the javelin, throwing a stone and leaping after it. To the one victorious in these three games she will surrender, but whoever succumbs loses his head. Already many suitors have gone thither never to return. Siegfried consents to help Gunther on the condition that he may have Kreimhild for his wife.

After 12 day's journey they reach Isenstein where Brunhild reigns. The contest takes place, Gunther making only the motions while Siegfried, invisible because of his cloud-cloak does the fighting. Brunhild is conquered and returns with them to Worms where a great feast celebrates the two marriages.

Although Gunther has won his bride he has not subdued her and another contest takes place, when, deprived of Siegfried's aid he is hung to the ceiling by his wife's girdle. When released Gunther relates his woes to Siegfried who dons his cloud-cloak and again conquers the maiden. This time he takes her ring and girdle from her and gives them to Kriemhild.

Soon after this Siegfried and Kriemhild return to the lower Rhine where they live happily for ten years.

Then at the invitation of Brunhild they visit Worms again. While there the two women get into an argument concerning the bravery of their husbands. Finally Kriemhild produces Brunhild's ring and girdle and tells her that Siegfried not Gunther won her. At this Brunhild is very angry and vows she will take revenge on Siegfried. When Hagen, Gunther's uncle, sees Brunhild's great grief he resolves to help her and plots for Siegfried's death. A false report of war is started and preparations for battle made. Kriemhild innocently asks Hagen to protect Siegfried, in his one vulnerable spot, from the flight of arrows in battle; to mark the spot exactly she embroiders a sign on Siegfried's garment.

When the retinue has started on the way they are invited to a hunt instead of a battle. After the chase the heated soldiers run a race to a forest spring. When Siegfried bends over to drink Hagen treacherously slays him. By night the dead hero is car-

ried on his shield to Worms and laid before Kriemhild's door. Here she finds him when she goes to mass in the early morning. Great is the lamentation and sorrow at the court, over the fallen hero, and his faithful followers wish to avenge themselves immediately, but Kriemhild tells them this is not the time for revenge.

For three years after Siegfried's death, Kriemhild does not speak to Gunther and Hagen. With the hope of pacifying her they have the Nibelungen Hoard, which Siegfried gave her for a wedding present, brought to Worms. For a time this comforts her. But because of her generosity, they fear she may gain an influence dangerous to them, so Hagen and her three brothers, Gunther, Gernot and Giselher sink the treasure in the Rhine, taking a vow never to reveal where it is hidden so long as one of them lives. And there it lies today between Worms and Lorsch. After the Nibelungen Hoard came into the possession of the Burgundians they were called Nibelungs.

Thirteen years Kriemhild mourns for Siegfried then she marries Etzel, king of the Huns. Her new home is far away from Worms, but she never forgets her life there and still harbors the desire for revenge.

Twenty-six years after the death of Siegfried the Burgundian court is invited to the court of Etzel. After seven days deliberation the invitation is accepted. Although Hagen, having a presentiment of impending evil has earnestly opposed it, he marches at the head of the brave Nibelungs. When they reach the river no ferry is in sight, but mermaids appear in the water and tell them that none of the brave soldiers will return. According to the mermaids' direction they find the ferry but the boatman refuses to take them across. After a struggle Hagen kills him and rows the men across himself. After the last trip he dashes the boat in pieces. On the way across the country Dietrich of Bern meets and warns them. But all warnings are now of no avail.

Etzel, ignorant of Brunhild's purpose exerts himself to entertain his guests and gives them sumptuous quarters. Hagen and Vol-

ker, a nobleman and musician, keep watch that night, Volker playing sweet lullabys soothes the tired soldiers to their last earthly sleep. The next day, when assembled at the banquet in Etzel's hall, a fearful massacre occurs. Many Huns, all the Burgundians, Hagen, Gunther, Gernot, Giselher and Kriemhild herself, perish. This sorrowful ending is but the fulfillment of the dark foreboding which has been present from the very beginning.

The Nibelungen Lied like the Iliad is an epic poem in which love is the theme and the conquering force. Neither were made, both grew but when, where, and how they grew is unknown. Homer welded together the stories current in his time and gave a unity to the Iliad but nowhere in it does his personality appear. A still deeper obscurity surrounds the Nibelungen Lied for not even the name of the compiler is known. Woman the supreme motive in each poem and an active force in the German is accorded a much higher position by the Teuton races than by the Greeks. Through the beautiful piety of the Iliad the characters appear milder and more temperate; but those of the German song are more valorous and far more stable, truly foreshadowing the great nation that has so often swayed the destinies of mankind.

From these stories and other traditions relating to this myth Wagner composed his great musical drama, "The Ring of the Nibelung." Its greatest charm is the return to nature, to elementary forces both human and physical. Rivers, caverns, mountains and clouds form the backgrounds to all the scenes, which are generally as important as the music and action. In the beginning of the drama the mass of gold, which, if forged into a ring would give power over all the gold in the earth, lies on a rock at the bottom of the river, guarded by the Rhine-maidens. Alberich, the king of the dwarfs steals it and forges it into a ring. The course of the ring is followed as it passes from the hand of one to another, everywhere bringing a curse upon its possessor until the Rhine maidens take it from Siegfried's hand after his death and it returns again to the Rhine.

All through the song of the Nibelungen the mysterious, fateful guidance of unseen forces is felt. The final catastrophe is dimly prophesied from the beginning and at every step rises more clearly before the vision. The strife of two women is a little spark of evil passion which kindles a mighty flame that spreads and spreads until a whole land is desolated and a whole race swept away.

As a mixture of the fabulous and the historical it is a work of wonderful unity and beauty. It is valuable not only historically but as the first poem of modern Europe and as the finest monument of old German art. It is like the sweet wild note of some hidden sky lark. All that is mortal of the singer has long since passed away but his song of chivalry, love, and heroic valor yet lives and will live for ages.

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### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '03.

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LUCILLE FOUST.

Scientists tell us that the earth upon which we live was once a part of a great, glowing, highly heated ball of gas. This ball was composed of many millions of particles, drawn together by the mighty force of gravity, and revolved with great rapidity. As it cooled portions of its outer crust were thrown off, and these began revolving about the center of force, the Sun. Such is the theory of the formation of the earth.

We sometimes laugh at this theory, but if we observe closely, we shall see that a process not unlike that which it describes is going on about us, day by day, and year by year. Just as the mighty force of gravity draws all things towards its center, so does unity of purpose draw men and women together. If their center or goal be material gain, we speak of the Commercial World; if fellowship, of the Social World; if moral improvement, the Moral and Religious World; and if intellectual improvement, of the Intel-

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lectual World, to which last the College World contributes no small part. And it is of a tiny world within a College World, of which I shall tell you—"A Class World."

The purpose that drew more than four hundred and fifty of Carolina's daughters together on the 4th of October, 1899, at the State Normal and Industrial College was a deep and mighty longing, to reach out and grow unto that grandest and noblest work of God, "A Perfect Woman."

'Tho the purpose that drew us together was the same, we found that there were gradations in the College Universe, (for to us it was a Universe) as there are gradations in the Material World. There was a planet of vast importance, known as the Seniors; a quiet, busy one, the Juniors; a small, insignificant one, but very large in its own estimation, the Sophomores; and last and least, a tiny one, the Freshmen. To this planet after a fearful storm of entrance examinations, one hundred of us found that we had been assigned and we were henceforth known as the "Class of 1903."

With light and happy hearts did our little class world begin its career, taking for its motto "United by Love." For its colors Red and White, symbols of purity and strength were chosen; and the carnation was adopted as its flower.

The autumn days passed quickly until November 3rd, '99, when a most exciting event in our college life occurred, our admission into the Literary Societies. Scarce had the excitement created by this important event passed away when out of the clear, smiling Heaven the Sword of Death gleamed and flashed over our beloved College. Many members of our class were sorely wounded, none unto death, by that powerful Blade; and when the fearful sword was sheathed, sixty-three of the one hundred were back at College ready to take up their work.

The long Spring Term passed happily, and its happiness was enhanced, when one morning, we received an invitation to a reception given us by the Sophomores, at which a very pleasing farce "A Gentle Jury" was presented, and every Freshman when she

said "Good Night," declared that the Sophomores were a "Gentle Jury." What we did to incur the scorn of this "Gentle Jury," I shall not attempt to say, but this I know they tried and condemned us, our sentence being "Of all fresh Freshmen you ever did see, the freshest are those of 1903," and the punishment a handful of salt. We did not take the punishment seriously, for on the very night that it was meted out to us, we gave our first entertainment, a reception to the Seniors of 1900.

Commencement Day drew near and ere leaving us, the Seniors realizing that she who has reached the summit can climb no higher, and wishing to stimulate and encourage us, presented our class with a beautiful ladder, bidding us mount round by round to the last round, where we might

" See the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky."

So passed the first year of our College life.

Had you glanced into Mr. Claxton's room on an evening in October, 1900, you would have seen a number of very superior looking girls. For were we not Sophomores—we were no longer "new girls." A sort of golden sunshine of importance and dignity seemed to hover around that one word—"Sophomore," and in its radiance each of us basked.

Our superiority did not manifest itself in the usual manner. We had no desire to make the "new girls feel bad," so we refrained from salting, and tendered the Freshmen a reception, at which we tried our skill as actors in a farce "The Chinese Dummy." So successful were we in this play, that it was repeated later in the spring when the Grand Masonic Lodge met at Greensboro.

But not alone as actors did we excell. Our Basket Ball Team was considered the best in school. We played every class and were victorious until the Basket Ball Tournament, when we were defeated by the class of 1904.

Love to our College, indomitable class pride led us to plant our class tree. The first of May was the day chosen. Marching to the

rat-a-tat-tat-beaten on a tin pan, we came and amid shout and laughter, planted the tree around which we gather to-day. Then did the chorus of our song ring out merrily, then did we plan our Class Banquet—while the Alumnae Banquet was in progress in the College Dining Hall, we the Sophomores were banqueting in the Modern Language Room. Song and jest filled the air. Toasts were drunk, not to those who had been victorious, not to our fellow students, but “to our noble selves.”

Happy Jnnior days. Many a “one” and “two” on our College record bears proof of hours of weary study. No one would take quiet, studious Juniors for the “freshest of Freshmen,” and most hotheaded, conceited Sophs of ‘1903’” for with our third year we have grown more thoughtful of others and less conscious of self. No longer do we revel in plays and foolish pranks, and when we entertain the Seniors, it is as it was in the “good old days of Washington.” Still the athletic spirit is strong. We fight for the trophy cup and are defeated. Class love has drawn us closer and when we put our feet on the last round of the ladder, there is no stain upon that ladder, no stain upon our record.

For four years we have studied and worked and played together, and as the years increased our number decreased, and to-day of the one hundred who answered the first roll call on that October evening in '99, but six answer “present.” The remaining twenty-four have joined us since, and together we have come to the close of our College Life.

Our Senior year has been the “happiest of the happy years.” Of the good times what need I relate? Why should I tell you of the Junior reception, of the drive given by Dr. and Mrs. McIver, and the reception tendered us by our classmate, Miss Jennings. These are all of too recent occurrence to need description, and Basket-ball and defeat, why recall it?

The end has come, what we have done, we have done,—let our work speak for itself. As a class our scholarship has been good, To-day the Student’s Building attests our generosity, for more than

four hundred and fifty (\$450.) dollars was given by the Class of 1903. From our ranks came the girl who won the prize offered by the editors of *The Decennial* for the best poem; we gave the association for the Betterment of Public Schools its first President and its Corresponding Secretary.

Many, many changes have taken place since first we came to the Normal College. Then there were no street cars; then the Peabody Park was a wild forest where one gathered Botany specimens; there was no Curry Building; no May School; no Degree Class; no Student's Building; these were things of which we dreamed. To-day they are realities.

Oh! my class-mates the past lies behind us with its joy and gladness, its defeats and victories. To-day we must break the bonds that have held us together. But in the future, which lies smiling before us, we may be kept true to each other by the love that unites, and be forever as we are to-day, the "Class of 1903."



AMONG OURSELVES.

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The Freshman class of the State Normal College planted their class tree April 24, 1903, on the campus in front of the brick dormitory. The time appointed was about twilight, but long before this time a crowd had gathered to see the exercises. All of the class wore white dresses and ribbons, except the president who wore a white dress with green ribbons, white and green being the class colors. She carried the class flag of green silk, and a bouquet of white roses, the class flowers. The girls marched in double file, the president leading the way, with ropes of honey suckle on their outer shoulders. They marched from the main building, down the front walk, and then across the campus. As soon as the president reached the campus, the class began to sing a song in praise of their tree. The president stopped about three yards from the tree, and the column separated, forming a circle. The president introduced a gentleman from Greensboro, who made a short address. A member of the class then recited an ode to the tree, after which the president put the first spade of dirt around the roots of the tree. The class marched slowly past the tree so that each member could put a spade of dirt on it. They formed a column and again separated, forming, on one side of the tree, a naught, on the other a six, and in this position singing their class song. When they had finished, they dropped their ropes, crowded around their tree and gave their class yell. They, then, marched back to the main building, leaving their newly planted tree between the figures "'06."

To Dr. and Mrs. McIver, the Seniors, the Post-graduates, and Presidents of the classes—owe the pleasure of a drive to Guilford Battle Ground, May 23rd. Our party of forty-five in number left the college about three o'clock. After a pleasant drive of about

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an hour, we were beneath the great oaks of the Battle Ground. The museum was the place of first interest to us. There we saw many interesting relics of the Revolution. Our hearts swelled with pride as we walked over the grounds and looked at the monuments that mark the historic spot where Gen. Greene and his brave men fought with such courage the battle that freed our State and the South from the presence of the British invader and made the surrender at Yorktown possible. At six o'clock we all sat down upon the grass around a spring and enjoyed the lunch which Mrs. McIver had had prepared for us. A short time before sunset we were on our way back to the college. About nine o'clock our party occupied rustic seats on Dr. McIver's lawn where we enjoyed delicious ice-cream and cake. After singing our favorite song, "The Old North State," we went to our rooms declaring that the memory of this delightful afternoon and evening would long abide with us.

There was a hearty round of applause in class-meeting when one of our number, Genevieve Jennings, announced her intention of accepting as a graduating present from her parents, a reception to the class of 1903. The hours were from 8:30 till 11, Thursday evening, May 21st. When we alighted from the car, the beautiful lawn, with its numerous rustic seats and Japanese lanterns, made one realize more fully the enjoyment before us. Inside the elegant home was a profusion of daisies, red and white carnations; everywhere was to be seen the Normal and Senior Class colors, and in a conspicuous place hung our own "dear class banner." All these were familiar sights at our previous receptions, but less familiar was to see as many young men present as young ladies. Perhaps this seemed just a bit strange at first, but were we not Seniors with more privileges than the other girls? Each guest was given the half of a card tied with a tiny bow of red or white ribbon. On this card was written part of a nursery rhyme, as :

"Jack and Jill went up the hill."

The part of Jack was to see his Jill with the rest of the rhyme and

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accompany her to the dining-room where delicious refreshments were served. Here again the red and white held sway, being carried out even in the cream and cake. Cards and pencils were being distributed that each might have an opportunity to display their wit and knowledge, when the announcement was made that our car was waiting. With a sigh that happy moments fly all too swiftly, and with sincerest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings for their kind hospitality, we departed, feeling that with a still stronger tie we were bound to our very generous class-mate who chose to share her gift with each member of her class. She who long ago seems to have found the secret of true happiness—the giving of happiness to others.

One of the most enjoyable events ever held at the State Normal and Industrial College was the graduating recital of Misses Sudie Harding and Jeannette Trotter, who finish the course in music at the Normal this year. The recital took place in the college chapel Thursday afternoon, April 23d, at 4:30 o'clock, and was attended by a number of invited friends from the city in addition to the students and faculty of the college, all of whom were charmed with the splendid rendition of the excellent program. Misses Harding and Trotter have the distinction of being the first graduates in music from the State Normal College. Every number of the program was heartily applauded and the young ladies have been showered with congratulations upon the superiority of their work.

## EXCHANGES.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '04.

It has been a great pleasure to review the many magazines which we have received this year. They have all had a hearty welcome, and while some of them have not had special mention in our columns, it has been due to lack of time and space rather than lack of appreciation. We hope they will all come again next year, bringing the best things possible, and forming a connecting link between our college and all the others of our State and country.

We are glad to have had the *Spectrum* from far-a-way Dakota come to our table this year. The first contribution for April is a well-written exposition of George Eliot's character. "A Freshman's First Love Letter" is amusing. We think that the literary work in this magazine shows that the students of the North Dakota Agricultural College take an interest in the world of letters as well as in Agricultural pursuits.

*The College Message* contains a generous amount of fiction and two good literary essays. The exchange department is well-edited, although the editor's name is not given.

The *Pine and Thistle* has made a good record this year. We have noticed many favorable comments upon it in the various exchanges. The April number contains a highly entertaining essay, "What Literature Owes to Mythology." Another essay, "Night Brings Out the Stars," is rather disappointing because of too much repetition of the figure suggested by the title. The Storm King is a very good poem. The brightest thing in the magazine is "The Story the Fan Told," the last of an interesting series of short sketches.

*The Davidson College Magazine* is made up almost entirely of

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essays and fiction. "The Man Behind the Plow" is a plea for the educated farmer. "The Spirit of Chivalry" and "Popular Education and Religious Liberty" are essays dealing with interesting subjects. The latter is an earnest defense of the attitude of the United States toward religious creeds. The poems in this number are short, but are better than the average. "An incident in the life of Otto III" is the most interesting story in the magazine.

*The Chisel* is one of our best exchanges. The story, "Love Versus Ambition—Which?" is of more than ordinary interest. The characters are admirably worked out for a short story. The dramatic background is exceedingly artistic and the whole story is uplifting—something unusual in a magazine love-story. The department of Current Events contains a series of short articles on subjects of universal interest. A number of book reviews may also be mentioned as another attraction. In fact, the April number is interesting throughout, and this is due, we think, to the earnest interest of the students, shown by the large number of contributors to the several departments.

It is always a pleasure to review the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. The May number opens with a sketch of the first issue of the *Magazine*, published in 1844. The department of Science contains an article on the "Electro-Chemical Industry," which makes the reader want to know more of the subject. The fiction is creditable and this department has the virtue of not being too limited. Even some of the Freshman have evidently been given a place, and justly so, for encouragement of that kind is a great incentive to larger effort.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

BERT ALBRIGHT.

If I wus you  
An' you wus me,  
We'd be each other,  
Wouldn't we ?

A Freshman (of course) wanted to buy some "courtin' plaster" at the stationery window. She might apply at the University. We don't keep such.

Another Freshman says she "never heard of Mr. Nordica. Who is he?"

Mr. F. says you can't turn boys into cents (sense).

Mrs. H. said, in speaking of certain papers, that they contained "all kinds of *impossible* stories about girls falling in love," etc. Yes, we think so, too. Don't you?

And now we say goodby. The comic editor has striven to live up to her name.

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PROGRAM  
OF  
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.  
1903.

SUNDAY, MAY 24TH.

- 11 A. M. Sermon,  
Rev. Samuel M. Smith, D. D.,  
Columbia, S. C.

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MONDAY, MAY 25TH.

- 4 P. M. Meeting of Adelpian and Cornelian Lit-  
erary Societies.  
8 P. M. Alumnae Meeting.

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TUESDAY, MAY 26TH.

- 11 A. M. Annual Address,  
W. W. Stetson, L. L. D.,  
State Superintendent of Public  
Instruction of Maine.  
5 P. M. Class Day Exercises.  
8:30 P. M. Representative Essays of Graduating  
Class.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 27TH.

- 10:30 A. M. Essays by Candidates for Degrees.  
Conferring Diplomas and Degrees.  
8:30 P. M. Annual Reunion of Faculty, Alumnae  
Former Students and Guests.

SUBJECTS OF ESSAYS  
BY  
CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES.

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BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Glimpses of Dreamland,  
Lewis Dull, 1899, Forsyth County.

The Press and Its Power,  
Margaret Perry, 1895, Wilkes County.

With the Brethren of Old Salem,  
Mary Callum Wiley, 1894, Forsyth County.

The Village Schoolmaster,  
Francis Winston, 1901, Franklin County.

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BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Interdependence in Wood Life,  
Virginia Brown, 1902, Guilford County.

Conceptions of a Future State,  
Lyda Humber, 1897, Moore County.

Science and Life,  
Emma Lewis Speight, 1900, Edgecombe County.



## CLASS OF 1903.

## SUBJECTS OF GRADUATING ESSAYS.

- The College Graduate in Her Home . . . . Berta Albright, Alamance Co.  
 Sowers . . . . . Olive Allen, Vance Co.  
 The Appalachian Forest Reserve . . . Mary Horne Bridgers, Edgecombe Co.  
 Practical Chemistry in the Modern World. . . . Gertrude Bryan, Pender Co.  
 The World's Great Religious Hymns . . . . . Flossie Byrd, Harnett Co.  
 The Uses of Adversity . . . . . Ida Edwards, Greene Co.  
 Personal Duties of Woman . . . . . Lyda Faison, Sampson Co.  
 Our First Superintendent of Public Instruction. . Lucille Foust, Forsyth Co.  
 Art in the Household . . . . . Ellen Lynch Garrett, Guilford Co.  
 The Rural Renaissance . . . . . Eula Glenn, Gaston Co.  
 The School of the Twentieth Century . . . . . Lelia Hampton, Guilford Co.  
 Reminiscences of Old Aunt Jinny . . . . . Ida Hankins, New Hanover Co.  
 A Colonial Autocrat . . . . . Sudie Harding, Pitt Co.  
 The Birth of the Republic . . . . . Bessie Harris, Guilford Co.  
 The Duty North Carolina Owes Her Daughters . F. E. Hodges, Lenoir Co.  
 The Southern Woman of Yesterday and Today,  
     Genevieve Jennings, Guilford Co.  
 Birds in Literature . . . . . Florrie King, New Hanover Co.  
 Little Breadwinners . . . . . Annie M. Kizer, Rowan Co.  
 The Struggle for Existence . . . . . Bettie Aiken Land, Guilford Co.  
 The Progress of Education for Children . . . . . Sallie Lewis, Guilford Co.  
 Benefits of Public Libraries . . . . . Lillian Massey, Durham Co.  
 Some Striking Conceptions of the Devil. . . Mary Taylor Moore, Surry Co.  
 The North Carolina Mountaineer . . Florida Bowden Morris, Henderson Co.  
 Work—A Blessing . . . . . Nettie Leete Parker, Buncombe Co.  
 Historic Spots of Our Eastern Coast . . . . . Ida Satterthwaite, Beaufort Co.  
 The Passing of the Old Log School House,  
     Ida Richardson Smith, Lincoln Co.  
 The Nibelungen Lied . . . . . Christina M. Snyder, Ontario, N. Y.  
 The Confederate and His Southland . . Wil Warde Steele, Buncombe Co.  
 Three Ideals in Education . . . . . Mary Isabelle Ward, Buncombe Co.  
 A Vital Question . . . . . Pearl Eugenia Wyche, Vance Co.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

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## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Eleventh Annual Commencement of the State Normal and Industrial College began Sunday morning, May 24th, with the baccalaureate sermon at 11 o'clock by Rev. Samuel M. Smith, D. D., of Columbia, S. C. The spacious assembly hall of the college was filled to the limit of its seating capacity and numbers of people were turned away for want of room. A fine array of cut flowers and potted plants constituted the rostrum decorations.

As a prelude to the sermon the congregation sang the Doxology; the opening invocation was made by Rev. E. W. Smith, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city; Miss Mary Snuggs gave a beautiful vocal selection, "The Peace of God," from Gounod, and Rev. L. W. Crawford led in prayer, after which there was a splendid solo and chorus, "O Thou That Tellest," from Handel's Messiah, with Miss Minnie Jamison as soloist.

Dr. Smith took for his text, Exodus 33: 15, "And he said unto him, if thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence," and Luke 24: 15, "And it came to pass that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near and went with them." The theme of the sermon was "Fellowship With God," and in developing this theme the eloquent divine preached a beautiful and scholarly discourse. Dr. Smith is a magnetic speaker and it is not exaggerating to say that he made a very fine impression upon the audience, representing the very best element of the State's citizenship. The sermon was eloquent and forceful throughout and easily one of the best commencement sermons ever delivered at the State Normal College. The lessons taught were such as to reach the heart and their fruition must be for a better life. No one heard it without a realization of the great truths that it contained. He began by saying that of all the wonderful things in this wonder-

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ful world perhaps the most wonderful is this fact of the fellowship with God. As Moses walked with God so it is that communion with God may make life lustrous and the beauty and conduct of life shine. Continuing he said it is only the favored few that rise to the height of any opportunity and high privilege at any time, and it is not the heart that is filled with ambitions and desires that feels God's presence. In illustrating this fellowship the speaker cited four striking instances and dwelt upon these at some length. The first was the story of the disciples fishing all night without any success and of the appearance of the Savior and his instructions to them as to how to cast their net; the second was the trip of the disciples across the sea during a fierce storm and the Savior's coming to the rescue at a time when he was most needed; the third told of the journey of the disciples during the crucifixion week and of their being joined by Jesus, and the fourth of the morning of the resurrection when Mary visited the tomb. Dr. Smith spoke with earnestness and power and he told in an entertaining and impressive way of the importance of having communion with God in any of life's duties. The exercises were concluded with "Invocation" sung by the audience.

#### CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that no part of the Normal College commencement is more interesting than the class day exercises. They were especially enjoyable Tuesday afternoon. The air had been cooled by a change in the temperature that was most grateful. There had been enough rain to keep down the dust. The clouds kept off the sun's rays and though they threatened rain did not make good the threat.

The exercises were witnessed by a great crowd of people who surrounded the enclosure where the exercises took place and thronged the windows and piazzas of the buildings.

The undergraduate and postgraduate classes marched from the

main building and took a position in the walk leading from the main building to the brick dormitory.

To a slow march played by Williams' Orchestra seated in the first piazza of the brick dormitory, the senior class moved from the dormitory to the space set apart for their use. At the foot of the steps they divided into two parties, one going to the right and the other to the left in single file. One of the parties carried red carnations and a continuous white ribbon. The other party in uplifted hand carried white carnations and a continuous red ribbon. At the further side of the enclosure and directly in front of the entrance to the dormitory the two parties met and after marching and counter marching assembled around the class tree planted in the sophomore year of the class.

An address was then made by the president of the class, Miss Mary Taylor Moore, of Mt. Airy. It was brief and pointed. She spoke of the end of the college days, of the record made by the class, and the individual records at that moment commenced. She referred to the intention of many of the class to go out as teachers and said that no one who had come under President McIver's influence could go out into the state without a desire to make the state better. She carried a large bouquet of red and white carnations, red and white being the colors of the class and carnations being the class flower.

The class in sweet clear voices then sang "Today our college life must end" arranged to the tune of "Some day We'll Understand."

The class history was then read by Miss Lucille Foust, of Winston. She went back to the year the members of the class entered college and related many interesting and amusing events which occurred during the years of college life.

Miss Annie Kizer, of Salisbury, read the class prophecy. She is a very effective reader and her prophecy was very happily phrased, her humorous references to the future of each member of the class calling for laughter and applause.

A novel and interesting feature of the class exercises was the awarding of gifts by the graduating class to the undergraduate classes. To the juniors, a spade, the implement of toil, was given; to the sophomores, an owl, the bird of wisdom; to the freshmen, rose colored glasses through which to look on the world.

The class poem, a very tender prayer for God's blessing on the class, was read by Miss Bert Albright, of Graham, as follows:

An arrow was shot forth into the air;  
It fell to earth we knew not where.  
So our dear class into life must go,  
And none can tell what seeds we may sow,  
And none can tell what fruits may spring  
Forth from our work. But each shall bring  
To the feet of our Master her finished task,  
And each for His blessing shall humbly ask.  
Oh, Father, guide our steps aright;  
Make each one's pathway glad and bright;  
Keep darkness from our paths we pray,  
And guard and guide us lest we stray.  
Help us to work, to be faithful and true,  
Some loving work in the world may we do,—  
And when Thou callest us home to Thee,  
May there be none "wanting" from Nineteen-three!

The burial of the records then occurred. The class roll and records of meetings, a red carnation, a white carnation, and the staff of the flag broken in pieces, each member of the class casting in a piece, were buried and as the president placed her foot on the grave she raised her hand thus giving the signal to a member of the band to sound "taps"—the whole forming a decidedly impressive ceremony.

The class song was sung as follows to the tune, "My Rosary:"

Our hours with thee, Alma Mater,  
Are drawing to the end so near,  
But tho' we leave thee, we shall love the still  
Oh, College, dear! Oh, College, dear!  
Our hearts are sad that we must go  
Into the world apart from thee,  
But now we may not linger here,  
For there our work we see.  
Oh, memories that bless and burn,

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Oh, by-gone days we've spent with thee !  
We gather here at last to say Farewell  
For Nineteen-three, classmates, for Nineteen-three !

As the band played a funeral dirge, the class slowly retired into the brick dormitory and passed into the growing list of Normal graduates who, leaving college scenes behind, have entered upon the practical side of life.

#### REPRESENTATIVE ESSAYS.

Tuesday night the largest audience, with possibly one exception, that ever gathered in the college assembly hall was present to hear representative essays by the graduating class. The members of the class, Dr. McIver, Governor Aycock, President Venable, of the State University, Dr. Stetson, and Dr. Crawford occupied seats on the rostrum.

All of the essays read showed careful preparation; they were of a very high order and reflected great credit on the young ladies. There was a total absence of stage fright on the part of either of the readers, each of whom read with ease and in a clear and distinct voice. They were given a respectful and attentive hearing and the immense audience showed its appreciation of the merits of the various essays by frequent outbursts of sincere and enthusiastic applause.

The exercises opened with a selection by the college orchestra and President McIver announced that the essay reading would be competitive, matter and delivery to be considered, the winner to receive the Whitsett prize, a set of Ruskin's works offered by Dr. W. T. Whitsett, of Whitsett Institute, the judges—President Venable, of the State University, Rev. L. W. Crawford and Miss Mary Applewhite, of this city—to announce their decision at the graduating exercises Wednesday morning.

Dr. McIver introduced Miss Mary Taylor Moore, of Surry county, president of the senior class, who presided with grace and dignity, making a happy welcoming speech, at the conclusion of

which she presented the first essay reader, Miss Pearl Eugenia Wyche, of Vance county, whose subject was, "A Vital Question," dealing with domestic science, showing the importance of training in the cooking school.

The second essay was read by Miss Mary Horne Bridgers, of Edgecombe county, her subject being "The Appalachian Forest Reserve," pointing out the necessity of preserving our forests.

The college glee club, assisted by a male chorus, then sang "By Babylon's Wave," and Miss Mary Isabelle Ward, of Buncombe county, read her essay, "Three Ideals in Education."

The subject of the next essay, read by Miss Annie M. Kizer, of Rowan county, was "Little Breadwinners," a strong plea for children who are forced to toil in factories.

A brief synopsis of Miss Kizer's essay follows:

The future glory of our State depends upon the present generation. According to the laws of nature the life of the child should be free, out of doors, without any mental or physical strain. Yet how different from the ideal childhood is the picture presented to us of the child labor in mill, factory, retail store, telegraph and messenger offices. It is the privilege of the State to decide whether this child imprisonment shall continue, for in a high sense the State is guardian for the child. Dependent upon these children for its future citizenship, it is the right, the duty of the State, to see that no sophistry, no talk of necessity, no clamoring in behalf of personal liberty deter it from guaranteeing the child its birthright. Sallow, pale faces, stunted minds, shrivelled bodies, are too great a price to pay for anything on earth.

Following this essay there was a selection, "Inflamatus Est," by the glee club, with Miss Olive Harris as soloist, and Miss Florida Bowden Morris, Henderson county, read her essay, "The North Carolina Mountaineer."

The last essay was "The Confederate Soldier and His Southland," by Miss Wil Warder Steele, of Buncombe county, after which the college orchestra gave a well rendered selection.

Dr. McIver called on Governor Charles B. Aycock for a brief speech and he responded with a few happy remarks, which elicited much applause.

Following the Governor's speech the senior class sang its class song written by the class poet, Miss Berta Albright and sung to the tune of "My Rosary."

The audience was just about twice too large for the auditorium, but it was perfectly orderly. This was noted by Dr. McIver who commented on it in terms of unmeasured praise.

#### GRADUATING EXERCISES.

The graduating exercises attracted a good crowd Wednesday morning and again the assembly hall was filled to its limit.

For the first time in the history of the college degrees were conferred on a class of seven young ladies, their names and the subjects of their essays being:

Glimpses of Dreamland, Lewis Dull, 1899, Forsyth; The Press and Its Power, Margaret Perry, 1895, Wilkes; With the Brethren of Old Salem, Mary Callum Wiley, 1894, Forsyth; The Village Schoolmaster, Francis Winston, 1901, Franklin; Interdependence in Wood Life, Virginia Brown, 1902, Guilford; Conceptions of a Future State, Lyda Humber, 1897, Moore; Science and Life, Emma Lewis Speight, 1900, Edgecombe.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the first four and Bachelor of Science degree on the other three of these young ladies who occupied seats upon the rostrum.

Representative essays were read by three of the degree students, Misses Mary Callum Wiley, Virginia Brown and Margaret Perry. The essays read were unusually meritorious and intensely interesting and their readers held the closest attention of the audience, which was liberal in giving applause.

Following the reading of the third essay the college glee club sang the "Bridal Chorus."

Dr. McIver made a report of the progress of the year.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The President announced that during the commencement occasion \$5,000 of the \$15,000 loan fund had been pledged by the Alumnae Association and other friends. Of this amount the Alumnae Association promised \$1,000 and Mr. Ceasar Cone \$100.

Miss Susie Baker Saunders, of Washington, N. C., was announced as the winner of the \$25 cash prize offered by the Alumnae Association to the writer of the best essay on North Carolina History. Miss Saunders' subject was "Legends of North Carolina." She won the same prize last commencement and is justly entitled to congratulation.

Dr. McIver stated that Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the State University, had offered \$25 each year to be applied on the expenses the following year of the student of any class who writes the best essay on "North Carolina in Fiction." The essay will discuss what material North Carolina offers to the North Carolina novelists and to what extent this material has been utilized.

Dr. McIver announced that the judges had decided that Miss Annie Kizer's graduating essay was the best and she received the Whitsett prize.

After these announcements the conferring of degrees and the awarding of diplomas took place, with a brief, practical statement by President McIver, who asked Hon. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction and ex-officio president of the board of directors, to address those upon whom the degrees had been conferred. Superintendent Joyner's address was brief but full of feeling and affection for the college which he served so faithfully before he was called to his present position. He congratulated the class upon being the first to receive degrees from this college. It was a bright speech and very appropriate to the occasion and was well received.

The following who compose the graduating class received their diplomas:

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Berta Albright, Alamance county; Olive Allen, Vance; Mary Horne Bridgers, Edgecombe; Gertrude Bryan, Pender; Flossie Byrd, Harnett; Ida Edwards, Greene; Lyda Faison, Sampson; Lucille Foust, Forsyth; Ellen Lynch Garrett, Guilford; Eula Glenn, Gaston; Lelia Hampton, Guilford; Ida Hankins, New Hanover; Sudie Harding, Pitt; Bessie Harris, Guilford; Frances E. Hodges, Lenoir; Genevieve Jennings, Guilford; Florrie King, New Hanover; Annie M. Kizer, Rowan; Bettie Aiken Land, Guilford; Sallie Lewis, Guilford; Lillian Massey, Durham; Mary Taylor Moore, Surry; Florida Bowden Morris, Henderson; Nettie Leete Parker, Buncombe; Ida Satterthwaite, Beaufort; Ida Richardson Smith, Lincoln; Christina M. Snyder, Ontario; Wil Warder Steele, Buncombe, Mary Isabelle Ward, Buncombe; Pearl Eugenia Wyche, Vance.

The marshals are : Catherine Staton Nash, chief, Edgecombe; Millie Archer, Orange; Maggie Burkett, Watauga; Lettie Glass, Guilford; Eugenia Harris, Orange; Anna Killian, Catawba; Marie Louise Jones, Craven; Nathalie Smith, Halifax; May Stewart, Guilford; Rosa Wells, Wilson; Susie Williams, Rockingham.

The following young ladies received certificates for proficiency in shorthand in the commercial department, of which Prof. E. J. Forney is the head:

Eighty words per minute, Millie Archer, Beulah Burns, Helen Hoyle, Lillian Massey, Ida Smith; 100 words, Mary Boddie, Lucile Foust, Alice Farish, France Hodge, Annie Kizer, Mary Lacy, Mary T. Moore, Cora Pannill, Lela Reade, Julia Allen Ramsay, Jeannette Trotter; 110 words, Bessie Harris; 120 words, Emily W. Fagan, Frances L. Hill, Alice Laws, Celeste Marbut, Elizabeth Perkins; verbatim work (over 120 words) Agnes Pittard and Mary E. Cox.

ANNUAL REUNION OF FACULTY, ALUMNAE, FORMER STUDENTS  
AND GUESTS.

Wednesday evening between the hours of 8:30 and 11 o'clock a delightful reception was given at the State Normal and Industrial

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College in honor of the faculty, alumnae, former students, graduating class, and guests of the institution. On entering the dining hall in which place the reunion was held, the reception committee was seen greeting the comers. This committee consisted of Misses Minnie Jamison and Mary Petty, Hon. and Mrs. J. Y. Joyner, Mrs. B. C. Sharpe and Mrs. J. I. Foust.

The hall was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants. The crowd was entertained with great interest by songs from the graduating classes of the last eleven years, every class that has graduated from the college being represented. Now and then could be heard thrilling voices singing parts of the song, "The Old North State." Among the enjoyable features were the recitations rendered by Mrs. Sharpe. The charming manner of her delivery drew great applause. Refreshments were served.

This coming together of alumnae, faculty, seniors, post-graduates, and friends of the Normal College made the evening an unusually pleasant one. It could easily be said that its informality added a greater degree of pleasure and enjoyment.

EDITORIALS.

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The past scholastic year has been one of marked **Progress of the Year.** progress in the history of this College. Its enrollment has reached four hundred and ninety-four, exclusive of the Practice and Observation School, which numbered three hundred and sixty-six.

The health of the students has been decidedly above the average and the general deportment and spirit of the college unusually good.

During the past year seven of the former graduates have availed themselves of the opportunity for advanced scholarship, which has been made possible by the addition of a fifth year to our course of study. The venture has met fully the hopes of the Faculty and we think it may be truthfully said that no students in North Carolina this year will receive more worthily the Bachelor's degree.

The May School, composed this year of the Senior and Graduate classes of the College and thirty-five teachers from various sections of the State, has been so satisfactory as to clearly demonstrate the wisdom of establishing this special school in connection with the College. Doubtless its usefulness will be largely increased as its work becomes better systematized and better known.

The erection of the Students' Building, which will be ready for occupancy next fall, is not only conspicuous evidence of the institution's progress but a permanent reminder of the loyal affection of its students and friends who have made the building possible.

Since our last Commencement this college has received by the bequest of Judge John Gray Bynum \$1,000 to establish "The Hennie Bynum Scholarship."

Mr. E. M. Armfield, of High Point, has established a scholarship of \$60 a year.

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Last August, the General Education Board offered to give Seven thousand five hundred dollars (\$7,500) to aid the College in maintaining a Manual Training department. This department will be open to students next fall. For this work the Board of Directors has been very fortunate in securing the services of one of the foremost Manual Training teachers in the country, Wm. C. A. Hammel of Baltimore.

The General Education Board, has, in addition, offered to establish a loan and scholarship fund of \$7,500 at this college on condition that an equal amount be secured from other sources for that purpose within three years from last August. In case the entire sum of \$7,500 should not be raised, the General Education Board will duplicate the amount raised. Therefore, every dollar that may be given to the college during the next two years to establish loan funds or scholarship funds will be equal to two dollars, and we trust that our friends will keep this in mind. The Alumnae have undertaken to raise at least a part of this fund. If every Alumna could raise \$10 a year for three years, the \$15,000 would be secured without appealing to the general public. But as the Alumnae and former students have just raised, largely among themselves, more than \$10,000 for the Students' Building and as those who have given most of the time and money to this enterprise have been students of small means, some of them in debt for their own education and earning their money by teaching at small salaries, it would be unjust to ask them to give this money especially since there are a number of men and women in every leading community of North Carolina who could contribute to this fund without embarrassment, and who, will gladly do so when the matter is brought to their attention.

Fortunately for this institution, no Legislature has assembled since its charter was granted in 1891 that has not increased its annual appropriation or its equipment, generally both, and while the last Legislature was no exception to the rule, there are several immediate needs of the college the supplying of which would greatly

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increase its efficiency. While provision will be made the coming year for fifty or more additional boarders in the dormitories, room is needed for at least two hundred. While the removal of the Domestic Science Department to the first floor of the Students' Building next year will somewhat relieve the crowded condition of our recitation rooms, additional recitation rooms and equipment are essential for the best work of the college.

We consider the college in desperate need of two essentials to any high class educational institution. The college has no gymnasium but is forced to use the Chapel of the Curry Building for such work in physical culture as can be given under our present conditions.

Although we are far short of the number of volumes necessary for a good college library, the room in which we are forced to keep these books at present is over-crowded and far too small to accommodate the students who wish to use the library.

A gift of \$5,000 or \$10,000 for each of these purposes would enable the college to make an arrangement within the next twelve months by which our immediate needs in these directions could be supplied.

If, within the next two years, the college could secure \$250,000 to add to its present plant and equipment, it would then be able, with a small addition to its annual appropriation, to take rank with the world's foremost colleges for women. The women of North Carolina have sufficient ambition and native ability to render such a college a good investment under any conditions. Moreover, such an institution can be established and maintained with less financial outlay in this locality than in any other with which we are acquainted.

Such a college would be of immediate advantage to our public school system, as probably three-fourths of the children in North Carolina are taught by women. It would also give North Carolina the prestige of pre-eminence in the most important and far-reaching field of human training.

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The following editorial is taken from *The News and Observer* of May 29, 1903:

In his annual report to the trustees, President **New Gifts to the Normal.** McIver, who has made a phenomenal success of the State Normal and Industrial College, made two announcements that will be read with pleasure by all who believe in the education of women. The first was that the General Education Board has given \$7,500 to aid the college in maintaining a Manual Training Department. It had already been announced that Prof. Wm. C. Hammel, of Baltimore, had been chosen as the head of that department. He is easily the first man in his department in the South. Besides being an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher, he is the author of a series of cheap text books for agricultural education, adapted to the public schools, that have the warmest commendation of the men best qualified to judge of their merits. The need of the improving public schools in the rural districts is practical instruction in agriculture. Mr. Hammel understands that need and his system is peculiarly adapted to teach teachers how to teach elementary agriculture so as to make it attractive as well as instructive to the children. The coming to North Carolina of Mr. Hammel is a matter of the highest importance at this time and Dr. McIver has not done the State a better service than to secure so valuable an acquisition to his already strong faculty.

The other gift from the General Education Board is a conditional one of \$7,500 to establish a loan and scholarship fund, available when an additional \$7,500 has been raised by other friends of the institution. The income from a fund of \$15,000 would assist many young women who are seeking to obtain an education by their own efforts. We have no doubt that Dr. McIver will secure from friends of the institution enough to guarantee the gift from the General Education Board.

The wonderful success of the Normal and Industrial College shows that the distinguishing characteristic of the present educa-

tional revival is devotion to the education of woman. The work done by this college has stimulated interest in woman's education and has been felt by every woman's school and college in North Carolina.

The following appeared as an editorial in *Webster's Weekly*, of Reidsville:

The Students' Building of the North Carolina State **A Fitting Memorial.** Normal and Industrial College, now in course of construction, will fill a long felt want of that noble institution. It is to cost more than \$20,000 and will be a free will offering of the students to their alma mater. When completed the building will contain the two literary society halls, Young Women's Christian Association room and library, State Normal Magazine office, reception room, manual training department, an auditorium larger than the present chapel, and a room on the third floor where the many former students who attend commencement can lodge, taking their meals in the college dining room at a nominal cost. In the basement, which is equivalent to a full story, will be a cooking school, where the art of arts, the foundation principle of domestic happiness and sound politics, will be taught.

Dr. McIver, the able president of this great institution, is anxious that every student of the college, past and present, shall be represented in this building by some financial gift, however small. About 600 students and their friends have contributed \$15,000. Of this amount Mr. George Foster Peabody, of New York, gave \$5,000. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bailey, of Mocksville, N. C., contributed \$1,500. There are about 1,500 students who have not contributed anything. All should give something, if only a dime, to show that they have not forgotten the college. Thirty-nine of the class of 1899 gave \$400. It is the spirit of the offering, not the amount, that will be prized. The names of all the donors will be preserved.



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**Our New Professor.** Prof. William C. A. Hammel, professor of physics and director of the manual training department of the Maryland State Normal School in Baltimore, has accepted a similar position in the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College. He will move to Greensboro in June so that he may direct the preparations already begun for equipping the manual training department, which is to be as good as any in the country, and to be ready for use in September.

Professor Hammel is well known to the teachers of the South, especially in North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, having worked with brilliant success in the summer schools at Chapel Hill, Rock Hill and Knoxville.

Mr. Hammel is thirty-four years old. He is a native of Baltimore and was educated in the public schools and in the city colleges of Baltimore. He is also a graduate of the Maryland State Normal School, in which he has been a professor for nearly fifteen years. He was a special student in physics in Johns-Hopkins University and studied manual training under Everett Schwartz, of Naas, Sweden.

Besides Mr. Hammel's work as professor in the State Normal School he is director of manual training in the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore. He has been instrumental in securing the adoption of manual training in many of the public schools of Maryland, having outlined the course adopted by the State Board of Education and having been appointed by the board in 1898 inspector of manual training schools for the State.

He is a successful institute worker, having conducted institutes in Maryland and Pennsylvania, though most of his summer work has been in the South.

Professor Hammel has lectured on scientific subjects before such bodies as the University Club and the Johns-Hopkins Club, and he has received recognition in the scientific world, at home and abroad, for work in wireless telegraphy. He conducted the first research work in wireless telegraphy in Baltimore and operated the

first wireless telegraph station in that city. He has also done expert X-ray work for the Baltimore hospitals.

Mr. Hammel is the author of *Observation Blanks in Physics*, and of a series of manual training books. He is president of the Manual Training Teachers' Association of Maryland, president of the Maryland Audubon Society, vice-president of the Maryland Academy of Science, and is a member of the Maryland Historical Society, and of the American Forestry Association.

It goes without saying that a man thirty-four years old who has done such work and holds these positions is a hard worker and is highly esteemed at his home and wherever he is known.

He leaves the home where he and his wife were born because he believes that the educational activity in North Carolina is only the beginning of great achievements and that he will be in a more favorable position here to influence the educational life of the South. He could easily work in the North if he so desired but he is a thorough Southerner and wishes to work for the training of Southern teachers.

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* speaking editorially of his change and his manual training work, says: "Professor Hammel is one of the best and most distinguished teachers of his branch in the United States and North Carolina is fortunate to secure his services."

Prof. Hammel and his family will occupy the residence of State Supt. J. Y. Joyner, on Spring Garden street, opposite the Normal College.

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 ORGANIZATIONS.

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 MARSHALS :

*Chief*—NETTIE LEETE PARKER, Buncombe County.

*Assistants :*

## ADELPHIANS.

MARY I. WARD,	-	-	-	-	-	Buncombe County.
GENEVIEVE JENNINGS,	-	-	-	-	-	Guilford County.
BERTA ALBRIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	Alamance County.
SUDIE HARDING,	-	-	-	-	-	Pitt County.
WIL WARDER STEELE,	-	-	-	-	-	Buncombe County.

## CORNELIANS.

CHRISTINA SNYDER,	-	-	-	-	-	Oneida County, N. Y.
MARY HORNE BRIDGERS,	-	-	-	-	-	Edgecombe County.
LUCILLE FOUST,	-	-	-	-	-	Forsythe County.
IDA SATTERHTWAITE,	-	-	-	-	-	Beaufort County.
MARY TAYLOR MOORE,	-	-	-	-	-	Surry County.

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 YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, President.

EVELYN ROYALL,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
KATE BARDEN	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary.
MARY WELDON HUSKE,	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary.
INEZ FLOW,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

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Since our last issue the Classes have elected their officers for the Spring Term :

## DEGREE CLASS.

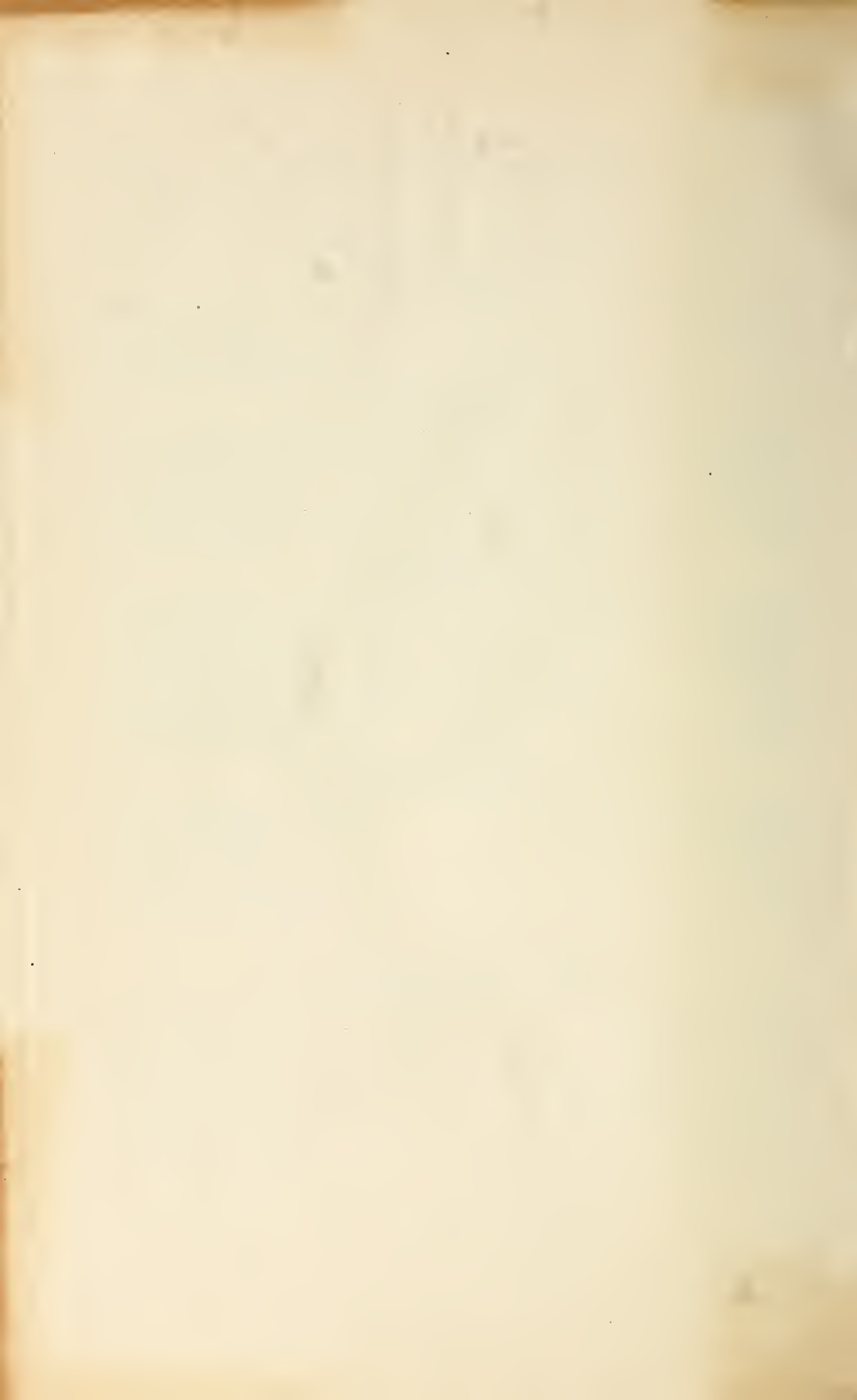
MARGARET PERRY,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
MARY WILEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
EMMA LEWIS SPEIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer.

## SENOIR CLASS.

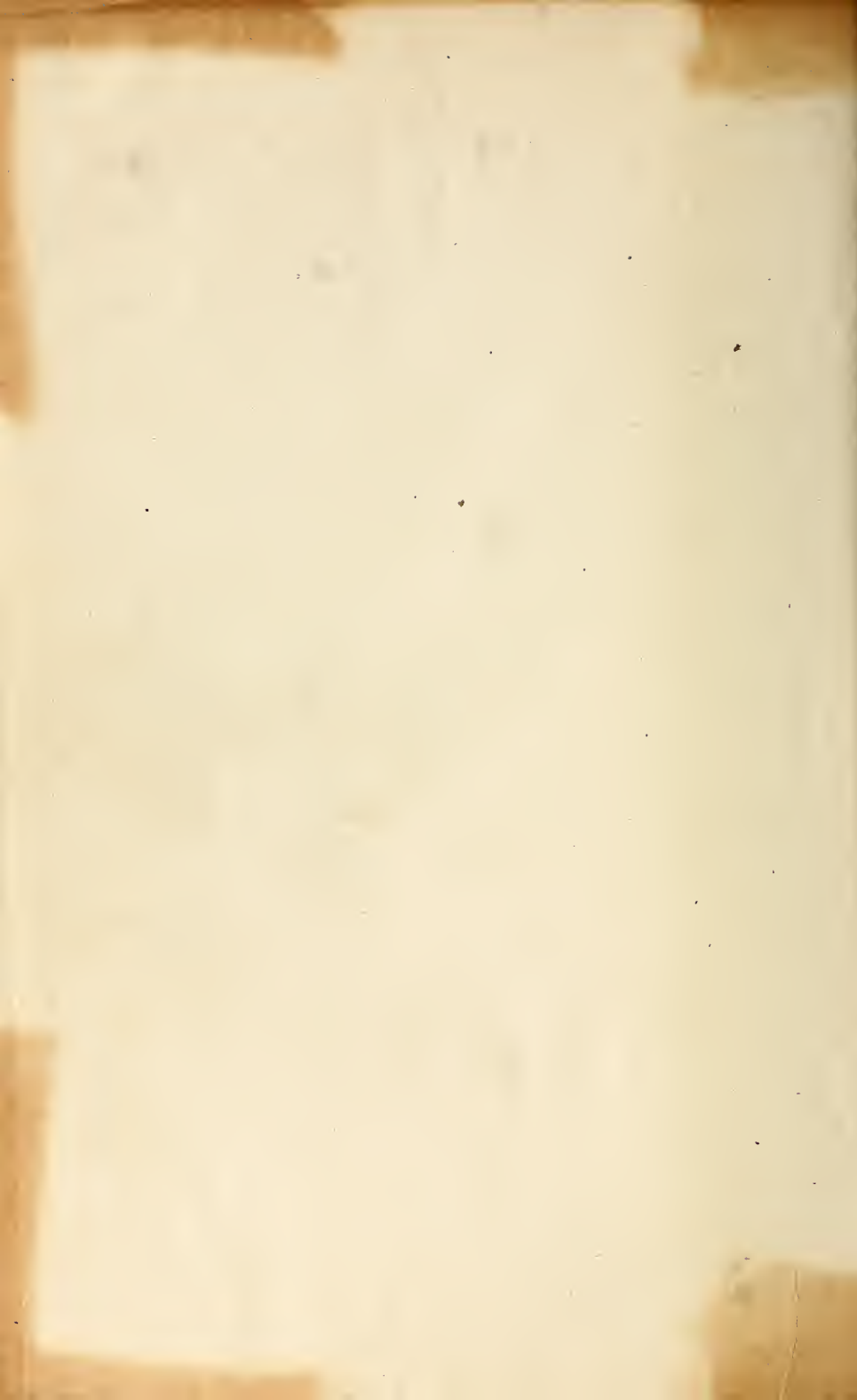
MARY TAYLOR MOORE,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
ELLA GLENN,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
OLIVE ALLEN,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
NETTIE LEETE PARKER,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.













Monday 29 May 1941

