

The State Normal Magazine.

Published every two months, from September to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpkian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of a Managing Editor, chosen from the Faculty.

TERMS: Fifty cents a year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

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Adelpkian Society:

JOSIE DAMERON, '05, Chief.
LELIA A. STYRON, '05, Bus. Mg'r.
HELEN HICKS, '06.

Cornelian Society:

SADIE DAVIS, '05, Chief.
KATE FINLEY, '05.
ELIZABETH HICKS, '06.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1905.

No. 3

THE LIFE OF MRS. SPENCER.

No young woman who picks up this magazine can afford to lay it aside without carefully reading the address of Dr. Winston and the remarkably able article of Mrs. Winston. It is not often that we have had the privilege of publishing two such excellent contributions as those printed in this issue on the life and work of Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer. This strong and lovable woman has exerted a most profound influence in North Carolina, particularly in relation to its educational interests. But aside from this her ideals of life and her glowing strength of character are such as to be an inspiration to every right-minded girl in the land.

THE C. A. SMITH PRIZE.

Now that the days are growing longer and better opportunities for library and research work are possible, we would again call attention to the prize offered the students of this College by Dr. C. A. Smith, Professor of the English Language in the University of North Carolina. This prize of twenty-five dollars is open to all students of the College. The purpose of the offer Dr. Smith explains to be, "to stimulate interest in North Carolina literature." Papers are to be written with a view to publication and should be carefully

supplied with dates, and bibliographical notes giving due credit for all matter not strictly original.

The subject for this year is: "The Life and Work of John Henry Boner." Mr. Boner was a native of our State and lived and worked here until recent years. There is doubtless much valuable material concerning his life and labors to be obtained from persons yet living. Here then we have an opportunity to do a piece of original work, which, well done, will be a reward in itself and a distinct contribution to knowledge. We trust that several of our students will enter the contest this year.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Did you ever stop to think how much money it takes to publish the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE? Well, let us call this fact to your attention: If every subscriber who has this year paid the regular subscription price of fifty cents had not in reality paid this amount, but had instead paid the actual cost of publishing their copies the price they would have had to pay would have amounted to about \$5.00. In other words it costs ten times as much to publish this periodical as its subscribers are asked to pay for it. As a matter of fact, this is true in a large measure with practically every magazine in the country, literary and otherwise which you are accustomed to read. How can we carry on such a losing business do you ask? It can be done only because of the goodness of our friends who are willing to pay for advertising space. Look in the front and the back of this issue and see the names of some of our friends.

There is a strong feeling on the part of many people in the college which is shared most heartily by the editors that when we go down town to make purchases it is nothing but fair to remember that we are under obligations to certain of the business houses who make it possible for us to publish

the college magazine. Without their help we would have no student's publication. When passing through the hall in the main building please stop and look over the cards on the MAGAZINE'S bulletin board. We do not print here the name of any business concern whom we do not believe to be reliable, and those which we place there we recommend most heartily to the students and faculty. They are our friends. Examine the list and patronize those who advertise with us.

PRESS SERVICE AND THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

Speaking of the heavy cost involved in the publication of a periodical it may be interesting to some to learn of the unique plan now in operation by which it is possible to print those country newspapers having a small circle of readers and a smaller number of subscribers. The "ready print" is what makes the small local newspaper a possibility. A "ready print" is this. An enterprising company prepares a large number of copies of the standard form of newspaper each week, which are complete with the exception of the name, place of publication, and one or two blank columns.

These are shipped all over the country. A country editor has a standing order for say 500 copies each week. With his small press and few fonts of type he completes the paper by inserting the name at the top, putting in the post office address and filling up the few blank columns with local happenings. In this way is made up the "Hickory Ridge Whistler," the "Randolph Astonisher" and other papers of a like nature which do such a startling business in a small way.

Another method employed by larger papers to more or less extent is to buy columns or parts of columns of type already set up and cast into plates. In this way an editor can purchase at small cost columns ready to print which contain matter of such character as he may desire. After being printed once these plates may be returned to the manufac-

turer who melts and re-casts them into forms which again carry the world's news to the reading thousands. The following information was furnished us by a house which does a business in supplying the public in this manner.

"From our office we ship every morning on early trains the latest news in boxes of six columns, adapted to the use of both dailies and weeklies in all states adjoining Virginia. To Virginia and North Carolina customers State news can be furnished. The news service is up-to-date strictly. And there are other considerations also; the price is one of them. For the general illustrated miscellany, the up-to-date feature page, the story and correspondent page and the humorous and religious features, we charge 65 cents each.

"For the finest news service ever attempted in plates shipped for dailies and weeklies immediately when the telegraph reports close each day we get \$1.00 per page. Cash with the order is required in all instances with an additional deposit of 50 cents, to be refunded immediately the metal is returned. This is required of all customers, large and small."

THE WORK OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

[From The Raleigh News and Observer.]

The Legislature which adjourned on March 6th appropriated eighty thousand dollars for the repairing, enlarging and improving of the property of the State in the several institutions. In addition to this it made the following appropriations for new buildings:

Forty thousand dollars for additional buildings for the Insane at Raleigh.

Five thousand dollars for new buildings at the Soldiers' Home.

Fifty thousand dollars for building and equipping a Chemical Laboratory at the University of North Carolina.

Eighty-two thousand dollars to pay for the new building erected at the State Normal and Industrial College to take the place of the inferior building burned during the year.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars for a new dormitory for the A. and M. College (colored) at Greensboro.

Four thousand dollars for the Appalachian Training School for Teachers to be available when private parties donate a similar sum.

Five thousand dollars for the purpose of building an amusement hall at the State hospital at Morganton—a total for new buildings of \$193,500.

Altogether this Legislature has appropriated \$273,500 for permanent improvements. This will put the property of the State in excellent condition, provide accommodation for all the indigent insane (and there is no warrant in the Constitution for caring for any other insane) and provide equipment at all the other institutions that will enable the State to do its duty in educating its children and in caring for its dependent classes.

DR. McIVER ELECTED PRESIDENT.

It is with much pleasure we learned that the Southern Educational Association which met at Jacksonville, Florida, during the Christmas holidays did itself the honor to elect Dr. Charles D. McIver President of this the largest and most dignified educational organization in our Southern country today. He has had wide and varied experience as an executive and the Association will most surely prosper under the leadership of our president, who is now so well known throughout the Union that there is seldom an educational council of great importance where his voice is not heard.

At this meeting Christmas our beloved friend and ex-Governor, Charles B. Aycock, made the principal address of the occasion. His speech was unanimously voted one of the greatest addresses ever heard in Florida.

AMONG OURSELVES.

HELEN C. HICKS, '06.

With a few exceptions all of us returned to College on January 2nd, 1905, after spending a "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year at home. Some to be sure, felt that "The Melancholy days had come, the saddest of the Year," but this feeling quickly wore away as soon as the duties of college life were seriously taken up once more, and all are now hard at work, which is a sure cure for unhappiness.

On December 15, 1904, the Spencer Building, the new dormitory of the State Normal College, was formally opened. The exercises, held by the Board of Directors and other friends of the College were conducted in the assembly hall of the Main Building and consisted of addresses and music. The life of Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, for whom the building is named was delineated in a most interesting and instructive manner. After the exercises the Board of Directors, and the friends and visitors present were invited to go through the Spencer Building and meet the students in their homes. Here they were welcomed by members of the faculty and shown over the building.

Some weeks ago a committee from the General Assembly of North Carolina spent a day with us. After viewing the grounds and buildings, the Legislators went to the chapel of the Main Building where faculty and students were assembled to welcome them. After a few words of introduction, by President McIver, the representatives from each of the congressional districts spoke a few words of encouragement and cheer to us. Later an entertainment was given in their honor by the students. This entertainment represented the different districts of North Carolina, and each district represented one of the industries of the "Old North State." The program was as follows:

First District.....	Fisheries—With Song
Second District.....	Cotton—Old Times in Dixie
Third District.....	Trucking—Song
Fourth District.....	Government
	1st—Judicial; 2nd. Legislative; 3rd. Executive.
Fifth District.....	Educational
	University, Trinity, Whitsett, Bingham, Salem, Elon, Greensboro
	Female College, Normal College.
	(Normal Song by College Glee Club.)
Sixth District.....	The Scotch, Shipping—Song
Seventh District.....	Grains, Vines, Fruits
Eighth District.....	The Spirits of the Time
Ninth District.....	Historical Institutions
	For Insane, Deaf and Dumb. Good Roads.
Tenth District.....	Switzerland of America
	Tourist, Sporting, Health Seekers, etc.
Final.....	Tableaux—Old North State
	Music by College Orchestra.

On Saturday afternoon, February 11th, 1905, the Junior Class was entertained in a charming manner, in the parlor of the Midway Dormitory, by Miss Josie Doub, president of the class. The parlor was lighted with candles, while white roses, the class flower, were seen on table and piano. The afternoon was spent in social chocolate drinking, while Nabisco wafers and bonbons were passed. Each guest was provided with a little white book, tied with green ribbon. On the back of this book was written "Autographs" and the words, "The fewer we become, the more let us love one another." In these books each girl wrote her name and address. At six o'clock, after giving the Class Yell, the girls departed, voting the afternoon a very pleasant one.

Mr. Gray recently came to see his daughter Marjory.

Mr. Petty visited his daughters Martha and Racheal at the College not long ago.

Mr. Holmes came to see his nieces, Mary Sharp, Katie Battle, and Helen Hicks not long ago.

Miss Mamie Sechrest spent a few days at home during February.

The North Carolina Teachers Assembly will be held in Greensboro this year during the month of June. For many years past this annual gathering of the Teachers of North Carolina has occurred at the sea shore, either Wrightsville or Morehead City. The experiment of holding it inland will be tried this summer. Prof. J. I. Foust is the President of the Teacher's Assembly. With his characteristic energy he is pushing matters connected with the June Meeting, and we shall expect a large and representative gathering.

MRS. HAMMEL'S RECEPTION.

The Davis cottage girls were so fortunate as to be invited to an informal reception at the home of Prof. Hammel, Saturday afternoon, January 21st. They were met at the door by Mrs. Hammel and Miss Raines. After a few minutes of pleasant conversation with their hostess, each girl was handed a card which bore the magic words "State Normal College, 1905." They were then given the task of forming words from the letters, and immediately set to work, although much disappointed upon being told that the "0" in the date could not be used as an "o." Soon lists of words began to appear which would have furnished the Practice School children with many a spelling lesson. Miss Sue Wilson made 130 words (though not in a minute) and received a beautiful copy of Longfellow's "Voices of the Night." Miss Leona Weaver had 93 words and received the portrait of an Indian chief. After these mental gymnastic exercises, Mrs. Hammel served the guests with delicious ice cream and cake. Time passed very quickly and it was soon time to go home, much to the regret of the guests.

But they have all agreed, long ago, that there is no hostess more charming than Mrs. Hammel, and no assistant hostess more delightful than their own Miss Raines.

ROSA W. BAILEY, 1905.

THE SOPHOMORE RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, February 15th, each Freshman was delighted to receive a dainty invitation in the form of a cherry from the Sophomore class. These invitations bade each one be present on the evening of February 18th at a Martha Washington tea, in the rooms of the Main Building. It can be imagined with what expectancy the Freshmen awaited the appointed hour, and when the time finally arrived made their way to the Main Building.

At the front door they were met and taken into the cloak room by two old-fashion Southern darkies, with black shining faces and white kerchiefs and turbans. Then they were ushered into the brightly lighted reception room, which was decorated in the colors of the Freshman class. Here it seemed as though the time of our great-grandmothers had returned. Martha Washington, assisted by her cabinet, received with true courtesy, while many other stately dames, with high powered hair and quaint stiff old dresses, conversed sedately with each other, behind their fans.

After chattering for a while in the reception room, the guests wandered out into the hall, which was draped in college colors, and where the orchestra furnished delightful music. Here they were given dainty tally cards and taken into an adjoining room, where they were told that "an examination" of United States History would be held. This room was draped in the colors of the Sophomore class.

Shaded candles cast a soft light over the cozy seats heaped high with sofa cushions. Here "Men and Events in American History" were presented by puzzles and tableaux, and after each one had guessed the answers to the best of her ability, the tallies were collected.

The company now went into the banquet hall where everything was draped in red, white and blue. The walls were covered with red hatchets, American flags, and red and blue draperies. Above the center of the table was hung a great bell, with a clapper of red carnations, from which white ribbons stretched to each place. When these were pulled gently, a little silver pin was found at the other end. Just before leaving the banquet hall, Miss Emily Walker was awarded for her knowledge of United States History, by a copy of "Colonial Romances." Miss Belle Corpeing received the booby, which was a copy of "Mother Goose Melodies."

After supper, retiring to the Sophomore room, the guests were delighted with an old-fashioned Virginia Reel. Then the Freshmen departed, each one declaring that although the trials of Freshman life are many, for one night at least, she was "glad to be a Freshman." F. T., '07.

ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

ELIZABETH W. HICKS, '06.

Marian Stokes is at her home near Statesville.

Hattie Sechrest has the position of stenographer for a firm in High Point.

Helen Sallenger is teaching at Macky's Ferry.

Blanche Lowry is a teacher in the Thompson Orphanage at Charlotte.

Josephine Scott is teaching at Mount Herman.

Margaret Castex is teaching at Mt. Airy.

Ellie Copeland is teaching in the Barium Springs Orphanage.

Lois Kerley has a position as stenographer for the Radical Remedy Company of Hickory.

Annie Beaman, '01, is teaching in the Goldsboro Graded School.

Bessie Alston is clerking for a firm in Hendersonville.

Wilmet Hardison is at her home in Cressville.

Pearl Baughm is teaching at Rich Square.

Bessie Terry is at her home in Reidsville.

Florida Morris, '03, is teaching at Monroe.

Bertha Waldrop is teaching at Grifton.

Lucile Williams is at her home in Kenansville.

Minnie Beurbahm is at her home in Salisbury.

MARRIAGES.

On the 27th of October 1904, Lucy Brown of Salisbury was married to Mr. Walter Goodman.

On the 28th of December 1904, Pearl Tarkenton was married to Mr. W. A. Tadlock.

CURRENT EVENTS.

L. JOSIE DAMERON, '05.

On December 9, 1904, there died in St. Petersburg one of Russia's foremost scholars and writers, A. N. Pypin, whose name is known far beyond the limits of his fatherland.

The United States has received assurances from the powers, that they will not attempt to extend their territorial possessions in China, at the close of the Russo-Japanese war.

On December 22d Japan decided to negotiate an arbitration treaty with the United States.

An arbitration treaty between the United States and Sweden and Norway, was signed at Washington on January 20th.

On January 6th Lick Observatory announced the discovery of a sixth satellite of Jupiter, and a number of double stars.

Ambassador Choate spoke at the unveiling of the statue of Lord Russell of Killowen, at London, on January 11th.

On January 10th the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association was formally opened in Havana.

Theodore Thomas, the noted orchestra leader, died January 4th, at the age of sixty-nine.

William H. Baldwin, Jr., president of the Long Island Railroad Company, and chairman of the General Educational Board, died January 3rd, at the age of forty-two.

The Japanese took formal possession of Port Arthur January 3rd. Only eighty of the Russian officers at Port Arthur accepted the Japanese offer of parole.

On January 15th Robert Swain Gifford, an eminent landscape painter and etcher, died at the age of sixty-four.

President Roosevelt has consented to become the honorary president of the American Committee on Excavation, at Herculaneum.

January 9th Secretary Morton and Admiral Dewey reviewed, at Hampton Roads, the greatest assemblage of warships ever known in the history of the United States.

On January 18th the resignation of the Combes ministry was accepted by President Loubet, of France.

In the great battle of Mukden, which lasted for over two weeks, and ended only the middle of this month, about one million men were engaged. The Russian army was badly defeated by the Japanese, in this, probably the greatest battle ever fought on earth.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SADIE L. DAVIS, '05.

Teacher (in English)—Give the past of “The sun is setting behind the hills.”

Freshman—“The sun sat behind the hills.”

Weary Senior—“Which was the greater general, Napoleon or Bonaparte?”

There have been many great expositions recently, namely: the Charleston Exposition, the St. Louis Exposition and the Exposition of the Senior Class.

SCENES FROM THE BULLETIN BOARD.

Wanted—A pass on English, good until the fifteenth of June. “’05”.

Notice—The Senior Class will pay handsomely for *Essay Subjects*. The class desires outlines with the subjects.

Seniors—Beware of the Ides of March!

A WRITTEN LESSON.

I was happy that day,
 For I knew what to say,
 And I knew how to tell it;
 But I found with dismay,
 As is always the way,
 When I know what to say,
 And know how to tell it,
 That I know what to say
 But never can spell it.

SPEED.

They tell how fast the arrow sped,
 When William shot the apple,
 But who can calculate the speed
 Of her who's late for chapel?

Trinity Tablit.

“Here's to the fellow who smiles,
 While life rolls on like a song,
 And here's to the chap who can smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.”

Woman—She is the only endurable aristocrat—elects without voting, governs without law, and decides without appeal.

A DISCOVERY IN BIOLOGY.

“I think I know what Cupid is:
Bacteria Amoris;
 And when he's fairly at his work,
 He causes *dolor cordis*.
 So, if you'd like, for this disease,
 A remedy specific,

Prepare an antitoxine, please,
 By methods scientific—
 Inoculate another heart
 With germs of this affection,
 Apply this culture to your own,
 'Twill heal you to perfection."

Vassar Miscellany.

A SENIOR'S PLEA.

"Dear Father: Once you said, 'My son,
 To manhood you have grown;
 Make others trust you, trust yourself,
 And learn to stand alone!"

"Now, father, soon I graduate,
 And those who long have shown
 How well they trust me, want their pay,
 And I can stand a lone."

Exchange.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Her little hand in his he took,
 All hot and quivering it was;
 And noted how her eyes did look
 Bright as a lucent sapphire does.

Within her dainty little wrist
 Her pulse throbbed quick, as if her heart
 Beat love's glad summons to be kissed,
 Heart's first reveille since life's start.

Her oval cheeks were flushed with rose;
 Her red lips parted for such breath
 As hot from tropic spice land blows;
 Enough 'twas to have warmed old Death!

He gazed at her; he spoke—and she
 Stuck out at him a small tongue's tip:
 The family doctor old was he,
 And she—he said she had LaGrippe.

Red and Blue.

JUST ONE YEAR AGO.

Do you lie in darkness and dream of the days,
 Of the dear old days gone by,
 When we strolled in the moonlight together,
 And shared with each other a sigh?
 Do you think of the things we used to do?
 Say do you? I do.

Do you wish as you think of the times that are gone,
 That we could go back as of yore,
 With our letters, our friendship, our sayings, our pranks,
 Our hates and our loves by the score?
 Let's go back for a day or two
 Say would you? I would.

Do you long for the nights when the lights were gone,
 As we sat on the bed for a seat,
 In our kimonas, and chatted awhile
 In loving tones so sweet?
 Will you go back for just one year
 Say will you? I will.

E. S. M., '07.

OUR SENIORS—K. F., '05.

Frances Nicholson—She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself.

Annie Rabe—

I must then be up and writing,
 For my heart is strictly in it,
 For my highest aim in life is,
 Just eighty words a minute.

Ruth Fitzgerald—"I never knew so young a body with so wise a head."

Emma Duffy—

"She is pretty to walk with
 And witty to talk with
 And pleasant, too, to think on."

Carrie Glenn—"Nothin' to say, nothin' at all to say."

Mattie Yokeley—"Small to greater matters must give way."

May Hendrix—"I see the right and approve it too."

Rosa Bailey—"All may do what has by man been done."

Jennie Hacker—"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

Mary Coffey—"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

Mary Kennedy—"A very determined Senior, and of a good conscience."

Mamie Jarman—"Don't give up the ship."

Annie McIver—"Her charms strike the sight, her merit wins the soul."

Mary McCulloch—"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Lizzie Stokes—

"Those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Edna Reinhardt—"She hath choice word and measured phrase above the rest of ordinary Seniors."

Nettie Beverly—"As a senior she seems cheerful of yesterdays and confident of tomorrows."

Berta Cooper—"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Josephine Morton—"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

Elizabeth Powell—Determined in her argument and firm in her own opinion.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ROMAN REPUBLICAN.

Our townspeople were much alarmed and shocked this morning to find that Emperor Caligula had removed the heads from the statutes of Jupiter and put his own in their place.

Mark Cato was so incensed at the outrage that he forgot and swore in his usual way "Delenda est Carthago" and was thereupon fined one dollar by the chief-of-police for using profane language on the street. We can only hope that our next emperor will be more safe and sane, or at least have sense enough not to insult our Southern aristocracy by making his favorite black horse consul and inviting him to eat gilded grain at the imperial table.

Mr. Mark Antony, who a short time ago married the famous court beauty, Miss Cleopatra, is said to be suing for a divorce again. The *Republican* does not wish to be quoted as an authority on the subject, especially since Mark is a subscriber, but *ye editor* heard last night that the trouble grew out of the fact that at a recent banquet his wife dissolved a pearl of great value and drank it at a single draught. We sympathize with Mark, knowing that he can not afford such extravagance. He has not paid his subscription for three years.

Messrs. Cicero and Atticus have been appointed to write letters to T. Rooseveltibus inviting him to visit Rome while on his Southern tour. If he accepts he will be met at the station by a committee composed of our most prominent citizens, among whom will be Messrs. Viri Romae, Nasica and Ennius (if he is at home), M. T. Cicero, J. Ceasar and others, including Mark Manlius who will have charge of two hundred geese trained to cackle at the proper time.

We regret to chronicle the death of an old distinguished citizen of the Republic, Mr. D. Mocracy. He has been on the decline for some time and his death was not unexpected. In a recent operation his tariffus appendix was removed and it was known that he had steadily grown weaker from that time, but his death was hastened by an overdose of *Philippinarum Independentia* which contains a deadly poison.

His funeral oration was delivered at the Forum by T. Watsonibus. While recounting his many virtues the orator

mentioned with regret that in his old age the deceased had departed from his former well-known Jeffersonian principles. Altogether it was a beautiful tribute to the memory of a worthy citizen.

The active pall-bearers were T. Taggartus, Patricius McCarren, J. K. Jonibus, Jno. Sharp Williams, and Henri Wattersonus. The honorary pall-bearers were A. B. Parkero, Grover Cleveland, William Bryan, Dave Hill, G. Fostero Peeboddi, and Augustus Belmontus.

C. L. S-C., 1902.

EXAMINATIONS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing Fresh. and ailing Soph. and Juniors pale with fear.
 Heaped in funereal archives, the Senior themes lie dead,
 Or rustle, 'neath the ruthless rasp of pens bedyed with red.
 The things we knew are from us flown, no fact, no rule remains,
 A ghastly "five," a ghostly "six,"—thus count we up our gains.

Hark to the maids of Midway, repeating o'er and o'er,
 The language used by Cicero when he too paced the floor;—
 "*O utinam conata efficere possim*"—
 (My accents are imperfect—my Latin *lux* grow dim)—
 But grant our struggles strenuous the guerdon of a four
 We'll greet a *body* gratefully and love the Latin *more*.

Now mark the Spencer spinsters, so learned in the Math,
 Whose walk and conversation is a geometric path:
 The shortest line between two points they daily seek to tread,
 Oblivious of the growing grass and of the flower bed.
 All Math to them is *hackneyed* its points they will not fix,
 Thus walk they the hypotenuse—the short road to a six.

The Davis damozels come forth and those of tearful Teague—
 Some murmuring of Egypt and some of Delian League:
 But all will meet at Marathon, and some will there remain,
 While some revive and with a "Five" the battle try again.

Ten days of hopeless struggle against most fearful odds,—
The faculty, biology, physics, frogs and gods.
Each morn the battle wagheth, gainst German, Chem or Ped,
Each night a spectre cometh, a grisly phantom dread,
A fiend who telleth taunting tales of what we left unsaid.
We greet the *morrow* mournfully—when French our misery fills,
And physics has no healing balm for all our *petty* ills
Our couch we seek in misery: it is haunted by the dreams
Of a periodic looseness in our sentences and themes.
Oh the weary days of grinding! Oh the nights of clammy chills!
Oh the smallness of our hoppers, and the hugeness of our mills!

EXCHANGES.

KATE FINLEY, '05.

The new year has brought to us a number of good magazines. Their attractive covers and the interesting material found within indicate that the editors have made some good resolutions.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is the best that comes to the exchange department. The December number contains an abundance of good reading matter. The best selection is "The New South?" This is one of the strongest articles that has appeared in any college magazine this year.

A poem called "Our State" appears in the *Red and White*. It is probably the best production in the magazine. "The Picture of the Girl" is the best story in this issue. Another story entitled "His Last Game," is too sentimental to interest the average reader.

The December number of *The Chisel* contains some interesting reading matter. The poem "mother," presents a picture dear to the heart of every college student. "The

Soliloquy of an Old Desk" is well written and is better than the sentimental stories so often seen in College Magazines. "The American Teacher and the Filipinos," is an interesting and instructive article.

The *College Message* has a pretty cover in green and white. It contains several good short poems. The two best stories are "Marie's Christmas Present" and "Frances Alexander."

The Lenorian is lacking in strong literary work. We would suggest that more effort be put on this. The best production in the January number is the "Dying Race."

The Collegian, published by the Literary Society of Louisburg Female College, is among the exchanges for this number. "A Game of Chance," and a Sketch of Evangeline are the best articles found in this magazine.

The January number of the *Western Maryland College Monthly* is an improvement on the December copy. "Why Educate Women" is an editorial that has some good points. However, there is one field that the educated woman may enter that this article does not include among reasons for educating woman. One of the noblest opportunities that is given the educated woman is that of teaching a little child and enabling him to make the most of the talents God has given him.

The Exchange department wish to acknowledge the following magazines: *The Furman Echo*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Erskinion*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *Converse Concept*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Guilford Collegian*, *The Catawha College Educator* and *The Oracle*.

ORGANIZATIONS.

MARSHALS :

Chief—CLARA SPICER, Wayne County.

Assistants :

ADELPHIANS.

ANNIE MARTIN McIVER,	-	-	-	-	-	Guilford County
LELIA A. STYRON,	-	-	-	-	-	Craven County
ANNIE L. SHUFORD,	-	-	-	-	-	Catawba County
ELIZABETH CROWELL,	-	-	-	-	-	Mecklenburg County
MARY WELDON HUSKE,	-	-	-	-	-	Cumberland County

CORNELIANS.

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EMMA C. SHARPE,	-	-	-	-	-	Guilford County
SADIE S. DAVIS,	-	-	-	-	-	Rowan County
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Entered at the Postoffice at Greensboro, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

State Normal Magazine.

SPRING.

HELEN C. HICKS.

O spring, thou art so lovely,
So sunny, bright and fair,
The flowers are smiling sweetly
And their fragrance fills the air.

The birds are singing gaily
On every bush and tree,
The brooklet, laughing on its way,
Goes dancing to the sea.

We love thee, happy springtime,
New hope and joy you bring,
You tell of a Creator's love,
Thou joyful season spring.

*A PLEA FOR THE KINDERGARTEN.**

It is often said that Americans lack romance. This judgment is as superficial as it is false. The truth is rather that Americans are the most romantic people in the world, and that nothing in all history nor in all literature equals the daring and beauty of our American ideal of self-government. Undismayed by the evil within and about us; fixing our spiritual eye upon the divine image in the soul of each human being we have boldly claimed that man shall not only be well governed, but shall be himself a participant in the governing power. This is a spiritual adventure of the highest quality, but it means that having claimed for all men certain inalienable rights, we lay upon ourselves the obligation of capacitating all men for performance of the duties those rights imply.

*Address delivered at the State Normal and Industrial College, March 28, 1903, by Miss Susan E. Blow.

The American people have never been blind to the fact that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, implies education of the people, by the people, for the people." They have fully recognized that the children of the Republic are its most priceless possessions, and that in the sisterhood of States that State is greatest which does most for its children. In times past, however, they have not always realized the importance of beginning education as early as possible. We often hear it said that children should be allowed to run until they are six years old. The trouble about this theory is that if children are allowed to run until they are six years old, it is almost impossible ever to catch them afterwards. The years between four and six are among the most important with which education has to deal, because during this period impulses are stirred, habits formed and ideas awakened which largely determine the whole course of later life. It is true that by much effort evil impulses may be corrected, bad habits overcome and false ideas uprooted, but it will be granted that the time spent in undoing evil tendencies might be more profitably spent in developing good ones. Is it not, therefore, foolish to let children go wrong and give ourselves much trouble in setting them right, when in the majority of cases we might with a minimum of effort at the opportune moment, have insured their going right from the start? Is it not bad statesmanship to unfit them for self-government by allowing them to become the slaves of passions which in early childhood they might be so easily helped to master? Is it not an economic crime to waste the human power we might save and to keep our prisons and work houses full by failing to open our school houses to children of that plastic age which yields itself most readily to the shaping power of affections and ideals?

Our first error in the past, therefore, has been that we have not sufficiently recognized the very early age at which education should begin, or have tacitly assumed that all the education necessary could be given in the home. This is not true. At the age of three years the child begins to desire something beside and beyond the life of the family. He craves companions

of his own age. He is curious to know about the life around him. These desires for companionship and a wider life increase every year. They are gratified when in his sixth or seventh year the child is received into the school. But as our National Commissioner of Education pointed out many years ago, the fourth, fifth and sixth years of life are years of transition not well provided for either by family life or by social life in the United States. In families of great poverty the children take to the street where they are initiated into vice and crime. In families of wealth they spend much time with nurses inferior to themselves in native intellect and will. Over these nurses they tyrannize and by these nurses they are petted, cajoled and flattered. The result is that at seven years of age they are already petty despots.

Second only to the error which has postponed the beginning of school education until seven years, is the error which has assumed that the sole business of the common school is to teach reading, writing and arithmetic. I yield to none in respect for the three R's. They are the indispensable tools of intellect, and without them we should never be able to make our own that great human experience which frees us from the confining cell of our own petty individuality. But it is not enough to teach boys and girls to read if after they have learned they read only what harms instead of helping them; it is not enough to teach them to write if after they have learned they have nothing in their minds worth writing about. It is not enough to teach them to cipher without helping them also to form such habits as shall enable them to use arithmetic for the mastery of that world of nature which lies all about them to be weighed, measured and mastered. In a single word, the formation of character is the chief end of education, and recognizing this truth, we are logically forced to admit the necessity of utilizing the period of early childhood for the purpose of stirring healthy affections and shaping the will into healthful forms of activity.

The moment we admit that education should begin at the age of three or four, we are confronted with a new and serious difficulty. Modern psychologists are proving conclusively that

the mind of the child under seven years of age is not sufficiently developed for the kind of work required in school, and that to force it upon a child before he is ready for it injures his intellect and warps his moral nature. If, therefore, we are to begin education at four years of age and yet must not teach any of the things we have so long taught in our primary rooms, what shall we do?

The answer to this question may be approached by reminding ourselves of the now familiar plea that not only should the school put into the hands of its pupils the tools of intellect and thus capacitate them to avail themselves of the rich treasures of human experience, but that it should also arm them with manual skill and thus prepare them for victory in the economic battle of life. The advocates of manual training have sometimes gone to extremes in pleading their cause, for after all, the object of education is to develop men and not to create craftsmen; still, there is pertinence in the demand that youth must be capacitated for independent livelihood. But what if there be a period of life when the child is not ready for even the most elementary school studies? What if this be the one period when he most delights in learning to make things, and when every form of constructive activity appeals to him? And, finally, what if this be precisely the period when his muscles are most plastic and therefore most readily trained? Does it not almost seem as if nature herself was telling us what to do? Here is the little child, not fit for school work and clamoring for work with his hands. If we can use this period when he is fit for nothing else to train his hands and fingers, and if in so doing we respond to his own greatest desire, may we not fairly claim that we have satisfactorily solved the problem of earliest education?

That the productive activity of the kindergarten arms the child with skill would of itself justify the emphasis upon it. That a muscle once inured to use tends to go on exercising itself strengthens the argument in favor of an early training of hands and fingers. That constructive activity is the chief demand of nature herself in this period of development, is a psychological

argument which no educator will ignore. But none of these reasons give the deepest ground for the stress of the kindergarten upon creative as opposed to assimilative activity. This deepest ground is that man, made in the image of his Creator, is himself essentially a creative being. If we should attempt to define the two distinctive deeds of man, should we not have to say that they are making over the world and making over himself? The savage begins making over the world when he digs his first cave for shelter, fashions from birch bark his first canoe, and invents arrows or slings as implements of offence and defence. Today civilized man lives in a world which he has subdued and largely re-created. He has leveled the mountain and fertilized the arid plain. He has transformed mere edible grasses into nourishing grains. He has exterminated some species of animals and created others. He has made wind and water turn his mills and taught electricity to carry his messages, and he is finding out more and more surely that all nature is plastic and fluid in his hands. And as he is subduing and making over external nature, so he is subduing and making over nature within himself. Through the incitement of ideals embodied in the four great institutions of humanity, the family, civil society, the State and the Church, he is emancipating himself from his four base and brutal passions of lust, greed, revenge and fear. Between man and the object of his selfish passion the ideal of the family intervenes with the amenities of courtship and betrothal, the solemnity of marriage vows and the cumulative sense of freely assumed moral responsibility. Between man and the savage impulse to grab his food, our economic system intervenes with its discovery of special vocations through which each man serves all and in turn is served by all. Between man and the murderous impulse to revenge himself on those who have done him real or fancied injury, the State intervenes with the majesty of law and the panoply of justice. Between man and the coward fear bred of pitiful struggle with wild beasts and wilder elements, the Church intervenes with its authoritative declaration that since

God is on the side of his creatures the least and lowest has no cause to tremble.

These four great institutions are the weapons through which man is conquering and the tools through which he is making over nature within himself precisely as arrows, guns, ploughs, engines, steamships, railroads and telegraph wires are the weapons and tools through which he is conquering and making over nature without and around him. The whole history of man is therefore a history of self-emancipation and the distinctive quality of man is that he can make over the world and make over himself.

Strange as it seems to all who have learned to understand these two typical deeds of man, most of us confound our selfhood with the nature which we bring with us into the world. Really this so-called nature is nothing but the matter which is given to the individual to transform precisely as the whole world is given to man collectively. The mere deposit of ancestral deeds in nerve cells and brain fibres is not you. You are the energizing spirit who is to seize upon this given material and build therewith. Even the character you build is not you, for incited by false ideals you may build a character which later you, the wise judge, shall condemn to be torn down. Your nature is what your ancestors made by deeds. Your present character is what you have made by deeds. Your true self, the self which in each one of us is immortal and divine, is the self-making, self-unmaking energy which teaches some nerve cells new reactions, which atrophies others by disuse; which refuses to be bound by past failures; which scorns to be the slave of past successes; but which ever young, fresh, radiant with divine activity, achieves the peace of eternal self-creating!

What do we mean when in that great instrument from which we date our national life we affirm that all men are born free and equal? Surely through the coercion of heredity and environment all men are born unfree. Surely, through differences of natural endowment all men are born unequal. Shall we, therefore, confess with Rufus Choate that our National Declaration of Independence consists after all of mere glitter-

ing generalities, or have we eyes to discern with the seer of Concord its "Blazing ubiquities?"

Let us assure ourselves, once and forever, that the true freedom of man consists in the fact that he is a self-making energy. He is bound by no past, however extended. He is a slave to no environment, no matter how potent. If he does not like the way he is made, he can make himself over. If he does not like the way the world is made, he can, in large measure, make it over. He has been making over himself and the world since the dawn of history. He will go on making over himself and the world until both correspond to the ideal ever stirring within him. The least and lowest man can do these two great deeds. Hence, in the deepest sense, all men are born free and equal and the author of our great declaration was right, though he may have written somewhat better than he knew. By nature, man is a slave; nevertheless he is born free in virtue of his power of making and unmaking himself. From the point of view of endowment and opportunity, inequality is the law of our life. Nevertheless, since each man is a self-shaping energy, all men are equal and before this supreme and final equality the greatest inequalities vanish. Enlightened by this truth we know that the immaculate conception is no isolated miracle of history, but the perpetual miracle of human experience and that every man claims with right "heredity from God." Therefore, to free the meanest slave the hero may gladly shed his blood; therefore, to redeem the cannibal the missionary may wisely accept the possibility of martyrdom; therefore in consciously nurturing the divine self in the little child, the mother and kindergartener may enter into a joy unspeakable and past finding out.

Summarizing what I have been trying to say, we may now affirm that the first value of the kindergarten to the country is that it enables us to begin the work of education at four years of age instead of six, because it offers children things they can do and that they like to do; second, that it utilizes a period when the child is not fit for school work by giving him technical training at the very moment when his hands and fingers

are most easily trained; third, that by thus early exercising the muscles used in technical processes, it creates a tendency in them to go on exercising themselves; fourth, that it meets the demand of psychology by responding to the nascent impulse of productive activity; fifth and finally, that it satisfies the two deepest cravings of the human soul at all periods of development—the craving to make over the world and make over itself. Its response to the former craving is made through the gifts and occupations which teach the child to build, weave, sew, model, fold, cut, draw and paint. Its response to the latter craving is made in the games through playing which the child begins to define to himself the ideals of life and thus becomes morally self-directing. This second response is even more important than the first, because it is more important that we should make over ourselves which we alone can do, than that we should conspire with others in making over the world.

The songs and games of the kindergarten help the child to begin making over himself, because through them all the ideals of human life are stirred as feelings in his heart. These songs and games are Froebel's greatest achievement. Seeing clearly that we must picture to ourselves what we ought to be, before we can possibly try to become what we ought to be, he has evolved a series of plays which are the highest triumphs of his genius and through which the playing child holds up to his own imagination all the ideals which should direct his life. It is impossible for those who have never seen these games to form any idea of them. A single hour spent in a well-conducted kindergarten will give the competent observer more appreciation of their beauty and of their educational significance than all that can be said or written about them. Such an observer will soon be aware that he has entered a miniature world and that all the typical activities of the larger world are reproduced in this liliputian realm. Here is the tender mother caring for her little ones; here, the busy father working hard for mother and children; here, the good child who obeys father and mother and is kind to sisters, brothers and playmates.

Here, too, is the industrial world; the baker, the miller, the farmer, who works for our food; the carpenter, who provides our shelter; the blacksmith, who shoes our horses; the wheelwright, who makes wheels for our carriages, our engines and our mills, and here, too, are soldiers marching forth in defence of the country and flinging to the breeze our National flag. The aim of all these games is to define the ideals of life and to quicken a predictive sense of the tie which binds the individual to the social whole. He was a wise man who said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who may make its laws." His ideal so far as early childhood is concerned, has been realized in the kindergarten, and in the kindergarten alone. The supreme merit of Froebel's plays is that they insinuate the ideal into the mind without arousing any antagonism to it. Its beauty is felt before its constraint. It allures before it commands or threatens, and through its genial revelation the child begins to feel the thing he ought to be beating beneath the thing he is.

The fundamental condition of all true education is to find a point of contact between the pupil and the thing we wish him to do or the truth we wish him to accept. Our too common defect is that we try to pour into the child knowledge he is not prepared to receive and in which he feels no interest. Hence our teaching floats in the air unattached by cords of experience to the life of the child. Now Froebel is the evolutionist among educators. He will plant no full grown oak of thought. He will not even plant a sapling. He insists upon the acorn and even this shall be planted only in a soil prepared for its reception by fertilizing experiences.

I go still further—for the truth is that Froebel will not plant at all. His aim is to nourish the seeds of truth indigenous to the soil of the mind. He believes not that "the world streams in upon the mind," but that "the mind streams out upon the world," and his aim is not to pour into the child, but to get the child to pour out himself. The child shall express himself and through self-expression gain self knowledge and self-mastery. Hence the starting point of education is not learning but doing,

and the privilege of the kindergarten is to abet the child's native impulse to express in some way what he feels stirring within him. Giving expression to what is in him he begins to discover what he is. Piqued by the contrast between the object in his mind and his crude product, he freely submits himself to the drudgery necessary to acquire skill. Stimulated by production to investigation he produces himself as student and seeks with reverence and docility to appropriate the rich treasures of human experience. The doer, therefore is not merely the predecessor of the learner. He is the learner's ancestor. Hence it is that play, or self-expression for the mere sake of self-expression marks the earliest period of development; constructive work or the production of consciously planned objects characterizes the second period; study, or the temporary ascendancy of the learner over the doer, distinguishes the third period, while the goal of the whole educational process is the man or woman capacitated by assimilation of the wisdom of the race for the highest practical efficiency and the most resolute and loving self-devotion.

Let us learn a new lesson from the lily of the field. Hidden in the earth is the bulb where life sleeps. Warmed by the sunshine, quickened by spring showers, this life stirs and swells, mounts, enfolds and blossoms into a beauty greater than of the king in his glory. Life was in the bulb. What it needed was heat and moisture and light. When the inner impulse to grow was awakened, it reached out largely for all the food material it could appropriate from earth and air to build into a body the ideal stirring within it. So is it with the soul. Latent in it are creative energies. It wants to build itself. It wants to rebuild the world. Stir these energies and the soul itself will reach out for knowledge as the material through which alone it can realize its own deepest impulse.

Thus far I have endeavored only to suggest the value of the kindergarten to children. In my own judgment, however, it has an equal or even greater value in the influence it brings to bear upon young women. Many years ago the present United States Commissioner of Education, who was then super-

intendent of schools in St. Louis, published a statement avowing his belief that what the kindergarten did for young women justified the entire expenditure for the public kindergartens of the city. Long experience has confirmed my own faith that it is the most regenerating education any young woman can receive. The education of young women was the last work to which Froebel himself devoted his energies, and the implicit logic of his life reached its explicit conclusion when in his reverent age he stood among the eager girl students to whom he declared his ideal and in whom he fanned to flame the native spark of self-consecration. At Liebenstein the great apostle of childhood became also the apostle of womanhood. Through the kindergarten he had transfigured the nursery and the elementary school. With the establishment of the first kindergarten normal school he began a movement whose final triumph shall be the conscious education of maidenhood for the supreme vocation of womanhood?

Are we not all beginning to feel that there is some crying defect in the education we give to young women. Do we not sometimes wonder why, knowing that the majority of women are to be wives, mothers and home-makers, we fail to prepare them for these vocations? Does it take long years of practice to master a musical instrument and yet may any woman, by mere natural instinct play upon that most delicate of all instruments the soul of a young child? Is good housekeeping a gift of nature, or may it be that the waste in some homes, the unpalatable and indigestible food in others, the want of artistic taste in others might be prevented by a better education? May it be because we do not teach young women the things they ought to know that the unrest of women waxes every day and that impulses and tendencies which are developing an increased momentum threaten to make the men of all civilized races nomads without families and without homes? And finally must there not be something radically wrong in an education which is obscuring in the minds of young women the ideal of "sweet reasonableness," which is quenching in their hearts the impulse of self-devotion and which is taking from

their manners that gracious courtesy and charm which are the outward and visible signs of modesty, gentleness and self-control?

Men of science have made us familiar with the fact that when for the first time a mother *forgot herself* in caring for her babe, nature emerged from darkness into the morning twilight of her last and greatest creative day. The light which in that silent and dateless moment dawned feebly in the heart and upon the world now blazed in the solar ideals of ethics and religion and kindles countless responsive flames of patriotic service, philanthropic devotion and pious self-surrender. Consciously repeating the unconscious process of social evolution, Froebel places the little child in front of the great army of advancing humanity and in his appeal to live with and for the children utters in articulate speech the ideal whose blind impulsion set in motion the drama of human history. The most significant question the kindergarten asks is this: Since blind nurture was the moving force in the original drama of social evolution, may not a conscious and compelling ideal of nurture qualify us to re-enact this drama in a higher form, and may not the prologue to this new drama be the dedication of woman through a sufficing education to her supreme vocation.

Those who are familiar with the work of the best kindergarten normal schools know that they give something which students never gain elsewhere, and there is developing so strong a sense of the value of this distinctive gift that I expect in the near future either to witness the invasion of the girl's college by the kindergarten or to behold a general evolution of kindergarten colleges which shall supplant all institutions where that impulse of nurture which originally created woman and which must give her forever her distinctive type is ignored in her education. For while the true woman craves higher education and rejoices in the expansion of her personality, she is unwilling "to deck herself with knowledge as with a garment, or to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that feed her action." The kindergarten normal school says to her, Learn all you can; be all you can, and then use all you are and all you

know to uplift, fortify and illuminate that nurturing activity to which nature has devoted you, for which history has prepared you and to which you are forever called by the appealing voices of the feeble infant, the helpless child, the erring youth, the despondent toiler, the sufferer racked by pain, the mourner sinking in a flood of sorrow and the sinner heartbroken by the vision of what he is in the light of what he ought to be. Thus lifting the aboriginal impulse of womanhood into a compulsory ideal, the kindergarten satisfies both the new and widely felt craving for self-culture and the radical feminine need for self-consecration.

Were one to try to sum up in the shortest phrase the ideal of the kindergarten he would find its best expression in the two words—conscious nurture. This ideal has many applications outside of the kindergarten itself. The savages in our midst must be nurtured into civilized men. The pagans in our midst must be nurtured into Christians. More than this, we stand at the dawn of a new day of history, the day wherein great Christian nations shall consciously exercise the high function of nurture to barbarous and arrested peoples. To exploit such peoples for our own advantage will mean to forego our greatest privilege. To respond to the call of the new historic era by a universal extension of the ideal of conscious nurture will mean the realization of man's long dream of a golden age.

Wherever the kindergarten is established, and especially wherever there are kindergarten normal schools a new feeling begins to stir in many hearts and new resolves spring up in many souls in response to ever-ascending revelations of the ideal of nurture. Nurture of the child, nurture of the feeble, nurture of the ignorant—nurture as the creator and preserver of womanhood, nurture as the privilege of generous manhood—nurture as the supreme duty of great nations. As blind nurture created the family, enlightened nurture shall uplift and transfigure the family. As from the original family were evolved the cruder forms of civil society, State and Church, so from a transfigured family life shall proceed healthier indus-

trial organization, nobler States and a purer and more divinely illuminated Church. To transform all human life through the ideal of nurture is the duty of Christian manhood and womanhood. Thus making the secular holy, we shall hasten the time for which in our childhood we learned to pray—the glad time, the brave time, the free time, when the will of God shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

SILENT FORCES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY A. B. H.

“Honor to whom honor is due,” is a maxim observed only in part by the people of North Carolina. The deeds of our men we are not permitted to forget. Of their pioneer attempts at colonization, of their heroic struggle for independence, of the courage with which they fought for the Lost Cause, of their work as statesmen, lawyers, politicians, and educators, we hear much. And this is just and right: but what of the women of North Carolina? No monuments of bronze or marble stand as their memorials, no orators laud their deeds, no poets sing their praises. Shall we then conclude that woman has contributed nothing to the State, that her work has been so unimportant that it deserves to remain unnoticed and forgotten?

Long ago, when the silence of the wilderness first echoed the sound of axe and rifle, when wild beasts prowled about their doors, when lurking red-men sought the long-haired scalps of the palefaces as their most highly-prized trophies, side by side with the men, sharing a common toil, daring a common danger, were the women. Theirs not the lot to be ministered unto, but to minister, and well and nobly did they do their work.

Later, when tyranny and oppression threatened to crush them, and they saw that war was the price of freedom, they,

too, cried, "Let it come!" and in the days that followed they were no less heroic than the men. Oh, for a glimpse into the homes of those women of the Revolution. Saddened by the absence of their protectors, they sat by their lonely firesides and watched over their helpless children. No martial music cheered their despondent hearts, no shout of victory inspired them with greater courage, no promotions were bestowed upon them as the reward of valor. In the silence of their homes they hopefully waited, and prayed for their loved ones on the battlefield. Fought they no battles? Truly the poet has said:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where or when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.
Deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part,
Lo, there is the battlefield."

Yea, verily; alone in the primeval forests they fought their battles; battles with grief, sorrow, suspense, anxiety, death.

At last the long and dreary struggle wore to its close, and North Carolina had won her independence. Then followed the period known as "slavery times," when in this State, as in other parts of the old South, was developed a civilization distinguished for its hospitality, its dignity, and refinement. But even then, surrounded by every luxury which wealth could afford, with servants always to do their bidding, our women did not spend their days in idleness. Theirs the task to direct the work of the slaves; to teach them to cook, to sew, to spin and weave. Would you know the work of those women for the negroes? Think of the fidelity and trustworthiness of the slaves throughout the long war which liberated them. compare the old-time, intelligent, affectionate "Mammy" with the present incapable cook who demands the title of Mrs. Johnson.

When the remnant of Lee's army turned their faces homeward from Appomattox, starving, broken in spirit and in for-

tune by the bitter conflict of brother against brother, friend against friend, it was the women who stood at the doorway to receive them with words of cheer and comfort. It was the women who encouraged those tired warriors to "beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." North Carolina had lost more of her men than any other State in the Union. The women could not fill their places in the Legislative halls, nor in the courts, but were they not doing as great a service while they were training their sons to become the State's future leaders?

The loss of property, incident upon the war, made it necessary for our women to earn their living by engaging in various forms of labor. They learned first that it was no dishonor to do the household work that had hitherto been done by their slaves. As new conditions and new needs pressed upon them, they bravely adapted themselves to new situations and employments; so that today, in our rural districts, as well as in the towns, they are doing whatever their hands find to do, and are doing it well.

Down on our eastern shores the wives and daughters of the fishermen are busy making and mending nets. Farther inland, on the banks of the sound, where the fishermen are at work, the women, with their swift knives, are preparing the fish to be packed upon boats to be sent away to the towns.

Still farther inland the women work on the great farms of the trucking region. Down the long green rows of cabbage and asparagus they go, cutting the tender plants and packing them in crates, ready to be sent to Northern markets.

In the strawberry fields, too, they work. Before sunrise they are astir. The pine straw put on the rows the night before to protect the berries from frost, is swiftly removed, and when the sun peeps over the pines, the women and girls are steadily picking.

In some of the eastern and middle sections of the State the women often work in the cotton and tobacco fields. With aching backs they stoop to pick the fleecy cotton from the

strong brown bolls, or stand all day beside a wooden rack swiftly stringing the golden-green tobacco upon sticks to be hung in the curing barn.

For several years almost the entire market in America and Europe has been supplied with tuberose bulbs from Eastern North Carolina. It is the work of the women to gather bulbs of the lily, tuberose, and hyacinth, pack them in boxes and send them speeding away to carry cheer and brightness into many a lonely spot with their fragrant bloom, and to bring a smile to the face of many a sufferer.

In the hill country and our glorious mountain region, from trees weighed down with their burden of red and golden apples, they gather the fruit to send to the distant markets, always having left enough and to spare. From the rugged mountain side they pluck the bright galax leaves, count them and tie them in bunches for the city Christmas shoppers, strip the brilliant sumac bushes of their berries for dyeing, or dig and gather medicinal roots and herbs to be sent away to carry strength and healing to the nations.

But what of the women of our towns and cities? They are no less busy than their sisters in the rural districts. More than twenty-two thousand women are employed in our factories. Others serve in stores and shops as saleswomen, while the click of the typewriter and the hum of the sewing machine bear witness to the industry of the stenographer and dress-maker.

“Say you that it is only the women of the lower classes who engage in such occupations? It is true that some of them belong in a double sense to the class of ‘forgotten women,’ some who look old when they are young, whose dull faces never glow with hopes of brighter things, but along with them doing the same kind of work are those who are living above the present, those who by their own lives are helping to raise these unfortunate ones out of their sordid existence. Who can estimate the uplift which comes to these lowly ones from their contact with our women of worth and purity!

Hundreds of our women have gone out as teachers, and

although their names are seldom seen, they exert a mighty silent influence, as with earnest devotion they seek to train the youth of our State into its ideals of manhood, its ideals of womanhood.

But after all, it is the influence of our women in the home that has been most potent. When Ulysses-like, they sat in rags at the gates of their former palaces, they did not forget that such was not their lot in life by inheritance; they did not lose the strength and purity of character which had brought them safely through former trials; but with a courage born of faith in God and in themselves, they pressed forward to gain for themselves and their children better things than they had known in their best days.

Recognizing the potency of combined effort, they have joined hands in many useful organizations, as societies for Christian work, the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Woman's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses.

Having learned the lesson that "refinement and labor are not incompatible," they have taught it to their sons. They have taught them also that he does not live most who has most but that

"He lives most, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

And now that their sons have come to manhood's estate, and have claimed their own, we see the result of such teachings in the fact that they are becoming leaders and that because of their leadership, North Carolina is pointed out as a leading spirit in the awakening of the new South.

Let us hope, then, as one of our own women has suggested, that when the future of this great section shall be painted by some master delineator, upon the canvas will be our statesmen, soldiers, and heroes; our men of gifts and attainments, our movers in industrial progress and material development; but that amid them all will be a beautiful woman, bearing upon her forehead the impress of a fine ancestry, and in her face and form portraying dignity, modesty, culture and inde-

pendence; the embodiment of the silent influence, the old traditions and the new development of the women of North Carolina.”

AT SUNSET.

K. F., '05.

Now the fierce winds are still,
And over the noisy, busy world,
The banner of love and peace
Is gently and quietly unfurled.
The wearing cares of the day
Fade with the soft clouds of the West
And the tired, weary soul
Has found the joy of peace and rest.

A VISIT TO AUNT PATTY.

SUSIE WHITAKER.

The winter fields lay bare and brown in the bright rays of the afternoon sun. My gaze swept involuntarily across them to the cabin on the low pine-skirted hill to which I had started as I struck the little foot-path that led through the barren cotton stalks. Then involuntarily as it seemed again, my gaze wandered across the little marshy vale, or “spring branch,” as we called it, to another hill, half surrounded by woods, upon the summit of which, and in the shadow of the trees, my grandfather’s negroes and many of their descendants had been buried. And it was, indeed, still the burying ground of the negroes.

I wondered, as I noted the nearness of the cabin to the graveyard, that Aunt Patty, with her aged sister and her sons, should have moved into the cabin, knowing as I did how very

superstitious Aunt Patty was, and how much she dreaded the visits of her dead associates. But she had been very anxious to come to us, for she had been living for some years on the plantations of people whom, as she said, were not "her kind," Therefore, she had thought only of getting back among "her folks," as she called any of her "Ole Marster's"—my grandfather's—children or grand-children, and not of the position of the cabin to which she was going.

After a brisk walk through the fields, I reached the cabin and knocked at the door. Aunt Patty opened it for me and when she saw me said, "How you come on, Missy; how is you?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you; how are you?" I answered.

"I'm only tolerable, thank de Lawd. How's all de folks up ter de house?" she asked.

"They're all well. How is Aunt Emily?" I asked in return. "I heard she was sick, and I've brought her this custard, which I hope you can get her to eat," I continued.

"Yeh'm, sister she's been mighty po'ly. I ain't able ter get hardly nothin' ter eat down er, but I knows she'll lak dis here custard."

She then asked me to go in a minute to see Aunt Emily "just ter tell er howdy." I entered first the room in which it seemed Aunt Patty had been sitting, for in it a fire blazed and sputtered, and sent shadows dancing up and down over the clean, newspaper-covered walls. I went through this room and into the only other room of the house, before I found Aunt Emily, who lay on a bed with her wrinkled face turned to the wall, breathing heavily, and groaning at intervals. As I approached her bed she turned toward me and I said, "How are you, Aunt Emily? I heard you were sick and I've come to see you and bring you a custard."

"Thanky, Missy; thanky," she answered. Then she told me that she "wuz mighty po'ly," that her "lungs wuz mightily 'fected" and that she "wuz feard she would soon have to be kivered over yander on de hill-side en res' tell jidgment day under one er dem little oak saplins." I assured her that I thought she was good for several more years yet, told her I

hoped she would enjoy the custard and would soon be well and hearty again.

It was a cold afternoon, and so Aunt Patty said to me, "Missy, you'd better come in here by de ole nigger's fah en warm up yosef er little fo' you goes out in de cole. Dis here weather is sup'n bad. 'Twuz mighty good en you ter come when it wuz so cole."

I accepted the offered chair and sat down with my feet to the cheerful fire. "How do you like your new home?" I asked Aunt Patty, as she sat down opposite me.

"All right, Missy; all right, 'cept sister she's been sick. She keep mighty po'ly sister do; en den dares de grave-yard out dare. Dat pesters me mightily. I dunno what in de worl' I'd do ef sister wuz ter die," she sighed. "I never could stay here no mo'atter dat. I keeps de do' shut now, en I keeps Luke's ole coat hung over dat crack dare, en yit, I keeps er tryin' ter peep out dare todes de grave-yard en I studies en I studies en I studies 'bout de folks over dare. I'd be shore sister would be comin' back en lookin' atter her things, en keepin' up wid what wuz gwine on here whilst she wuz livin'."

"Why! what in the world do you mean?" said I. "You know Aunt Emily couldn't come back if she was dead!"

"Yes, mam!" declared Aunt Patty, "dat she would! Dat she would! Don't tell me, Missy, don't tell *me!* I knows!"

"Didn't Ole Mistres' come yonder ter my house atter her cloze en things!" she maintained almost vehemently. "Dat she did! She went up ter de gret 'ous fust, where she had lef um—I know dat fum de way she come up fum when she come ter my house. You see, when Ole Misis died, I wuz waitin' roun de house dare, en dey gin me all er her cloze en things. Ole Mistis nuvver laked me, en so I 'spicioned she didn't want me ter have um. I wuz mighty keerful 'bout dem things, too, I tell you! Whilst I had um I shot up ev'ything tight at night; I stopped up de cat-hole, en I crammed paper in de key-hole, en mo' en dat, I put all de cloze en things out on de do'-step so's if Ole Mistis come atter um, she wouldn't hat ter bother 'bout comin' in de house ter git um. En hit's well I did! Lawdy, hit's

mighty well I did! Fer one night, 'long atter de fah done burn out en lef' nothin' but er coal er two in de fah-place, I heerd de dawg out dare ter de chimbly sorter bark en growl lak; dat's how come I know she come fum de gret 'ouse, en when I hear dat, I says ter myse'f, 'Dat's Ole Mistis come atter her things;' I knowed she didn't want me ter have um! 'Bout dat time supin' go rap, rap, rap, on de do' rat easy; hit seem lak Ole Mistis ain't yit seed er things settin' dare on de do'-step en I heerd her den scratchin' 'round tryin' de do'. Den I sey ter mysef, 'Patty 'aman, what in de name er gracious you gwine do, ef Ole Mistis do come in here axin' 'bout her things!' I wanted ter call Luke en sister, but I jis laid low under the kiver tremblin' en wonderin' what I's gwine do ef Old Mistis come in! I ain't dared tek my haid fum under de kiver. But 'bout dat time I hear supin' seh 'M'h lak de satisfied. New' mornin' sho 'nough hit seem lak Ole Mistis find what she lookin' fer en go off, fer I hear supin' seh 'M'h lak de satisfied. Nex mornin' sho 'nugh de cloze wuz gone!"

"Nor mam!" she said, looking at me almost pityingly, that I should doubt anything so manifest, "I knows dey comes back, too many's de times I've 'sperienced it!"

"Dare wuz ole Aunt Indy," she continued, as if she thought I was still doubtful and must be convinced, "what come back ter Marthy's house ter look atter 'tater plantins she lef in er hill back er de house. Marthy said she seed er when she grabbed in de hill en put de 'taters en er apun. En de wuz Aun' Calline, come back ter git er snuff-box full er money she had kep in er crack side er de chimbly. Den de wuz Aun' Anniky—hit seem lak hits dem where's ole what always comes back; seem lak de stay here so long, twell de gits in de habit er stayin' en lookin' atter de fects, en so de is boun' ter keep er comin' back atter de are daid."

"Well, Aunt Anniky, what did she do but tek de form uv er ole gray cat en go back ter Ida's house en come up dare in de middle er de night one night—I wuz stayin' dare wid Ida at de time—she wuz sick en I wuz settin' up wid er. I wuz settin' dare by de baid, sorter half noddin' en thinkin' 'bout sposen

Aun' Anniky wuz ter come; en Ida she wuz layin' on de baid sleep. All at onct, here come Aun' Anniky wailin' in er moanin', same ez if all er creation done gone ter wrack! I know'd her voice soon ez I heard er; she want no good 'oman, dat how come er ter mek so much fuss when she come. But come she did, up ter de do' dat night en hit seem lak she seyin', "I-da, I-da, I-wants-my-cloze, I-wants-my-cloze, I-wants-my-cloze."

I shivered all over as Aunt Patty delivered this gruesome statement in the wierd, sepulchral tones of a cat call!

"I says ter Ida, fer it waked her up, Aunt Patty went on, "Ida, dats yo' mammy! She's done come back, en she's out dare now sayin', 'Ida, I wants my cloze.' Wid dat, Ida sot up in baid en lissen. 'Bout dat time here it come ergin' en Aun' Anniky gun ter moan, 'I-Ida, I-Ida, I wants my cloze' I wants my cloze! I wants my cloze!" En I says ter Ida, 'In de name er gracious, Ida, whyn't you put Aun' Anniky's cloze out on de do-step where she could git em? Lawdy, I'd er done it myself ef I'd er knowed she wuz comin' atter um whilst I wuz here! En dare's de cat-hole wide open! En de key-hole not stopped up, en dares er big crack dare twixt dem lawgs! Lawdy, Ida, Lawdy! What *shall* we do, Ida?" En 'bout dat time Aunt' Anniky put er haid in at de cat-hole seyin' ez she come, 'I-Ida, I-Ida, I wants my cloze! I wants my cloze! I wants my cloze!"

"My good marster! But I wuz skeerd inter er fit!

"Says I, en my voice wuz tremblin, 'Aun' Anniky, I dunno where yo' cloze is, fo' my good Marster I don't! I'd git um fer yer, Aun' Anniky, ef I did!

"Fer de Lawd's sake, where is de Ida,' I sey turnin' ter Ida, 'tell me, en lemme git um quick! Ida's eyes wuz big ez my fis' en she says ter me in er whisper, 'Aun' Patty, I giv um ter Aun' Molly's Becky soon atter mammy 'ceasted! De ain't here!"

"'What?' says I, 'de ain't here! What we gwine do?"

"Den I picked up er ole bask wase I done brought dare ter slip on sometimes over de one I had on. It wuz layin' in er cheer side er de baid—en cyard it over ter Aun' Anniky. 'Here Aun' Anniky,' I say; 'here de best' I kin do fer you! Yo' cloze

ain't here. Ida giv um to Aun' Molly's Becky! Here de bes' I've got—dis here ole black wace; 'tant much, but hit's de bes' I kin do! I'd-er keep yo' cloze fer you, Aunt' Anniky' er it'd been me! I clare ter gracious I ain't had nothin' ter do wid it; don' blame me Aun' Anniky! 'Twant me.

“But Aun' Anniky didn't lak it er bit. She hump up er back in de middle, en sorter spit at me, same ez if ter sey she wan't gwine have none er my ole rags. En wid dat she turn roun' en walk todes de do' er gin jes ez proud-lak samern ef she'd er been quality folks. En so Aun' Anniky went out de do er gin en disappeared en I ain't seen er fum dat day ter dis, en I hope ter my good Marster I won't.”

“Naw, Missy, don't tell me, I knows dey comes back,” she resumed after a pause in which she seemed to have given me time to surrender all doubts I might have on the subject, “en evr'y time I looks acrost ter de grave-yard yonder on de hill, I thinks uv it, en I know ef sister do go dis place can't hold Patty.”

As Aunt Patty finished, I rose to go. I had sat listening in weird delight to Aunt Patty's narration. When I was outside the horizontal rays of the setting sun met me in the face. It was getting late, and I needed to hurry home before night, but I could not forbear to stop a moment and gaze in silent awe and mystification at the grave-yard over on the hill, and to wonder if the quiet sleepers over there did ever leave their narrow beds as Aunt Patty had said, and go again to their old haunts, where living, they had worked and striven and accumulated. I thought of the tales I had just heard in proof of this, and of Aunt Patty's vehement statement of its certainty. Then, gazing a moment longer at the hill, and the woods behind it, I shivered, turned about, and betook myself homeward through the winter fields.

“MISS JENNIE.”

VAUGHN WHITE.

About a mile from the edge of a little North Carolina town, on a somewhat exhausted farm, is an old square brick house covered with ivy and set back in a grove of oaks. This is the home of “Miss Jennie,” a live, energetic little woman, whose unselfish character and somewhat eccentric ways make hers a most attractive and interesting personality.

In appearance, Miss Jennie is strikingly individual. Her slight, wiry figure is generally clad in odd-looking garments. A waist of some dark material, redeemed from unattractiveness by a quaint little style in the making, or perhaps by a touch of dainty needle work at the throat, an exceedingly short skirt, a pair of stout, square-toed boy's boots on a pair of small feet, and a big straw hat on a well-shaped head, form her odd, everyday dress. On special occasions, notably on Sunday, Miss Jennie dons a costume a little more in accordance with prevailing fashions, but one that no one else would dare to adopt. In the summer when the days are warm, she invariably carries to church with her a big fan made of turkey feathers. Miss Jennie is not beautiful, but her face is redeemed from plainness by a pair of deep violet eyes that hold kind, shrewd, determined lights, and by a wonderful suit of rich brown hair that, when unbound, falls to her feet in a profusion of generous waves. Miss Jennie has a serene disregard for these attractive features, as well as for all criticism of her eccentricities. Once on being asked by four old bachelor cousins for enough of her hair to make each of them a watch chain, she did not hesitate to cut them a generous supply, saying she had to cut some of it occasionally any way, as there was too much of it for comfort.

Miss Jennie is her father's oldest daughter, the stay and strength of his rather undecided character, and the responsible member of her family. At the death of her mother several

years ago, Miss Jennie was left to care for her younger brothers and sisters, and bravely she met the requirements of her position. Under her energetic direction a variety of small industries sprung into existence around the old farm. The worn out fields, overgrown with a tangle of sassafras sprouts, and tall grass, were fenced in and made into a pasture for what is now a large flock of Southdowne sheep. The half dozen lean cows on the farm were sold to an accommodating butcher, and two sleek Jerseys were bought in their place. These now, with others that have been added to their number, bring to their owners a good yearly income. In the big yard, back of the old house, that at one time was given up to a pack of fox hounds, there are now flocks of White Plymouth Rock chickens. These are a source of pride and delight, as well as of pin money to Miss Jennie. A story is told of her that the only one of her suitors that was ever treated with any degree of tolerance was a young minister who taught Miss Jennie how to make a new kind of chicken coop.

But Miss Jennie's industry in the pursuit of these various enterprises is not for her own benefit, but because she wishes to increase her opportunities for service to others. A girl in far away India is kept in a mission school and provided with food and clothing by Miss Jennie's charity. The poor and the sick near her own home never lack aid and comfort when it is within Miss Jennie's power to provide such for them. She gives freely of herself and of her means for the support of the church and of various charitable societies and organizations. In her home Miss Jennie is equally unselfish, and it is to her management that her younger brothers and sisters owe their college courses.

To keep in touch with these members of her family, and for her own improvement, Miss Jennie reads and studies the best books, occasionally takes a trip to some place of interest, and keeps in touch with current events and prominent people, among whom she has many real friends.

ONE DAY WITH THE CENSUS ENUMERATOR.

MYRA HUNTER.

One who travels around through the country and comes in contact with all classes of people naturally meets with many interesting and amusing experiences. Of such travellers none, perhaps, could relate more amusing incidents than a census enumerator.

In 1900 my father was appointed enumerator in his district, and I accompanied him on one of his expeditions. About 10 o'clock in the morning, we drove up to a farm house near the road, where lived an old maid and her mother. My father went in to obtain from this spinster the required information concerning the plantation, the house, and its occupants. All went well until he came to the question, "Your age, please?" At this the good lady became offended and exclaimed, "Do you suppose, sir, that I am going to tell you my age? If you do, then you are mistaken!"

"Very well," replied my father, who had learned a thing or two from former experience, "I will just put you down at forty-five years." "You know that I am not forty-five!" she burst out indignantly. "I am only forty!" "That is all I wanted to know," he replied politely, and came down the walk smiling triumphantly as the door was slammed behind him.

The next place at which we stopped was a negro cabin near by. While I sat in the buggy and held the horse, my father took a seat under a large oak, and jotted down the information given him by the old negro who owned the place. A young girl of about sixteen, the old man's daughter, asked permission to look over my father's shoulder as he wrote, hoping by this means to acquire sufficient knowledge of the business to "get de office herself nex' time."

The next incident of interest occurred in the afternoon on our homeward route, when we stopped at another negro house and an old man about sixty years old came out. This darkey,

like many others of his race, had no conception whatsoever of his age. Besides this, he had no idea of the relation of numbers. Yet we were hardly prepared for his astonishing statement that he was forty years old and his son fifty-one. A little further on we met with a very similar experience. My father's old nurse gave in her age as fifty years, while he was sixty, and she must have been at least ten years his senior.

The last place at which we stopped was the home of a very ignorant white woman. To my father's inquiry as to whether she was born in North Carolina, she replied, with an air of offended dignity, "Naw, sir; I was born in Warren county, sir!"

By this time, the twilight was gathering around us, and we drove slowly home, where we entertained the family at supper with an account of the day's happenings.

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

R. W. B., '05.

O, Mocking Bird, thou sweetest of all singers,
 Or far or near,
 Thy swelling notes ring out in morning sunshine,
 So sweet and clear!

Thou but repeatest all the woodland music
 Which thou hast heard,
 Thy song today the echo of the past days,
 O, Mocking Bird.

Yet in thy song's one measure hesitating,
 Half left unsung,
 Quavering and faltering and hasty hushed,
 Thy notes among.

So in my heart dear memory's music ringeth
 Full loud and clear.

No sweeter song was ever sung to me,
 Or far or near.

Yet in that song, whose notes so joyous swelling
 To Heaven rise,
 One strain is sung, but low and faintly,
 And faltering, dies.

FAIRBANKS PARTY SEEING THE SIGHTS.

THOMAS J. PENCE, IN RALEIGH POST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23.—(Special.)—Vice President Fairbanks is delighted with his visit to North Carolina, and to use his words as expressed to the correspondent of the *Morning Post* tonight, he “enjoyed every minute of his stay in Greensboro.” The hospitality of the people and their efforts to make him feel perfectly at home pleased him immensely, and during the return trip to Washington today he spoke on more than one occasion of the fine reception accorded him.

Today’s program at Greensboro, which included visits to the Guilford Battle Ground, the State Normal College and Guilford College, was not less interesting than that of yesterday. The vice president made speeches at both the educational institutions, and the one delivered to the 500 young girls at the State Normal College was declared on all sides to have been his best effort during the trip. The day was fine, and Mr. Fairbanks, who retired early the night before, arose at 7 o’clock very much refreshed. At 8:30 a. m. the local committee started with the guest of honor on the sight seeing trip. Both Commissioner Yerkes and Representative Dixon were members of the party. A special train over the Southern carried the sight-seers to Guilford Battle Ground, where a half hour was spent in inspection of the historic spot. Col. Joseph M. Morehead, president of the association, pointed out the interesting locations. Mr. Fairbanks was very much interested and especially inquired about the location of the monuments of Nash and Davidson, which were authorized by the last congress. North Carolina granite, to be used as the foundation for these monuments, was in evidence and his attention was called to it.

In the trip from the battle ground to the State Normal College the attention of the vice president was attracted to the nu-

merous cotton factories and other manufacturing plants. He expressed regret that he did not have time to go through some of the textile plants and the tile works, which he was informed was established by a native of Indiana, Mr. Van Lindley. These industrial plants, with their immense smokestacks puffing away, gave him a fine impression of Greensboro as a live and progressive business community.

VISIT TO TWO COLLEGES.

At the State Normal College the vice president was accorded a fine reception. He was surprised at the magnitude of the college and its accomplishments. He complimented Dr. McIver, the president of the institution, who, on the return trip to Washington, he said, reminded him in many ways of Dr. Harper of Chicago University. The 500 young girls arose when they greeted the vice president, singing "America." Afterwards they sang "Carolina," and the Tar Heel State song seemed to please the distinguished visitor. Representative Dixon introduced the vice president, who was followed in a very magnetic and attractive speech by Commissioner Yerkes, who made a hit everywhere he appeared.

The visit to the picturesque Quaker College was one of the very pleasant features of the trip to the visitors. A railway train carried the party to Guilford Station, and carriages were in waiting to take the crowd to the college itself, which was a mile distant. The students of the college, which is a co-educational institution, were lined in front of the institution and the vice president and the party passed between a double line formation. Mr. Fairbanks made an eighteen minute speech, in which he declared that he had only one serious objection to Quakers, and that is because there are not enough of them. The vice president complimented the Quakers and their institutions. Development of character was emphasized, and then the distinguished speaker referred to the importance of the smaller colleges, which he declared should maintain their individuality. The vice president's speech was finely received.

Commissioner Yerkes was called on to address the students, and then Representative Dixon, who graduated from Guilford, was given an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Dixon, who is an exceptionally fine talker, pleased the students of his alma mater immensely.

The party then returned to the hotel and took the 12:50 train for Washington, arriving here at 9:50 p. m. on time to the minute. The trip was greatly enjoyed by all of the guests, and especially by the visiting newspaper men. They have nothing but words of praise for Representative Blackburn and the other gentlemen of the Tar Heel Club who contributed so much to their entertainment. Several of the newspaper men were guests of Mr. Moses H. Cone during the morning, and instead of going with the vice president visited the new White Oak Mill, which the Messrs. Cone are just completing. This mill, which is considered a model one in every way, is one of the largest in this country. The magnitude of this great enterprise was a revelation to the visitors.

Mr. Fairbanks in his speech to the girls at the State Normal College said:

TALK TO COLLEGE GIRLS.

Mr. Fairbanks said:

"Mr. Dixon, Ladies and Gentlemen: As Mr. Dixon has said, I had the pleasure of visiting the statesmen of North Carolina last night, and I have also had the pleasure this morning of visiting Guilford Battle Ground, that heroic field where American patriotism and American valor were so splendidly vindicated.

"I like the good politician, and the more we know of each other, the more we like each other. I like the battle field with its historic marks, its monuments, which will stand through the coming ages, teaching to thousands love of country and loftiest patriotism.

"As much as I like all these things, I like this majestic scene more. The grandest and the most sublime object in this world is magnificent womanhood. What a holy influence it exercises upon our poor humanity, lifting it up, constantly up, to higher

duty and to higher ideals. That which is most merciful comes through the splendid, blessed influence of woman. I always recall with interest a beautiful speech made by a great statesman of Kentucky—the state that is so honored by Mr. Yerkes, who sits upon the platform—and one of the good things about him is the fact that he was once a school teacher.

“John J. Crittenden told the story of man’s creation. When God conceived the thought of man’s creation, said he, he called unto him the three angels who wait at the throne—truth, justice and mercy—and thus addressed them: ‘Shall we make man?’ And truth answered, ‘O God, make him not, for he will trample upon thy laws.’ Shall we make man?’ and justice answered, ‘O make him not, for he will polute thy sanctuaries?’ ‘Shall we make man?’ and mercy, falling upon her knees and crying through her tears, said, ‘O God, make man and I will follow him through the dark paths he shall have to lead?’ Then God made man, and thus addressed him: ‘Man, thou art the son of Mercy. Go thou and deal with thy fellowmen.’

“This institution is full of significance. It is an honor to any State. It is an honor to the State of North Carolina, with whose history we are so familiar. Not only is it an honor to this State, but it is an honor to Dr. McIver, your very able president, a credit to him and his faculty. There is one splendid thing about this institution—it is rich in its fruits and its accomplishments.

“Yonder is a magnificent temple of industry, beneficent, erected through the genius and effort of a man. It is a mighty blessing in the community. Those who desire may find in it work, and become useful members of society. Here we have the theoretical, while there we have the practical. Here splendid character is builded; here knowledge is expanded; here the noble young women of the entire State of North Carolina may find the opportunity for fitting themselves for the higher and better walk of life; here the only passport to recognition, the only passport to the honors which lie before you, is well developed and splendid character. Bank balances do not count,

acres do not count; but those splendid qualities which typify the noblest womanhood are those qualities alone which are reckoned.

“When we come to think of what one good woman may accomplish and how far reaching her influence may be, we begin to appreciate, Mr. President, the mighty; yes, the great opportunity that lies before you and your faculty. I never see a professor that I do not instinctively feel like taking off my hat and paying tribute to the profession. What an opportunity, what a vast field lies at your hand, greater than that which lies before any one else in all our country. When the hundreds of young women gathered here come to impress their characters upon the plastic minds of the youth of the land, who in their turn are to exert an influence upon others, and they upon others, no one, save omniscience, can set boundaries to the uttermost limits of their beneficent influence.

“Fellow citizens, the State which fosters an institution like this lays the foundation of present and future greatness. William Von Humboldt, a brother of the great naturalist, a great thinker and a great writer, once questioned whether or not it was within the appropriate functions of a State to support schools out of the public treasury. Here in the great republic of ours—ours, I say, for it belongs to us each and all, we have the same love for it, the same hope for its future—here our security depends upon educated citizenship, and money spent in educating the youth of our land is spent in strengthening and making secure the foundations of our institutions. You, my friends, will in due time leave these halls so dear to you. You come from all parts of this noble State, which has generously provided this opportunity for you. I have no doubt whatever that you will go out into your several communities, back to your homes, and yield to North Carolina in countless ways much more than she has contributed to your support. The State is to be honored which thus builds for the future—not in a material way, not in a commercial way—but the State is honoring itself and laying the foundation of permanent

future strength and power when educating the young women of the State.

“May happiness and joy go with you, in the years which stretch before you with such hopeful promises.

“I thank you all.”