

State Normal Magazine

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PRESIDENT JULIUS I. FOUST



State Normal Magazine

VOL. XIV

GREENSBORO, N. C., MARCH, 1910

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Our President

Julius Isaac Foust, son of Thomas C. and Mary Robbins Foust, was born in Graham, North Carolina, in 1865. He attended the State University at Chapel Hill, from which he graduated with the degree of Ph. B. Since that time he has served as Principal of the Goldsboro High School, as Superintendent of the Wilson Public Schools, and as Superintendent of the Goldsboro Schools. In 1902 he was called to fill the chair of Pedagogy at this college. Upon the death of Dr. McIver in 1906 he was made the second President of the institution.

President Foust's contribution to the educational work of the country has been a large one. He is not so much an educational agitator as an educational statesman. His work is constructive. He is a builder; and he brings things to pass. He has organized the arm of this college with a thoroughness and efficiency that makes it take rank with the first women's colleges of the South. All his work is characterized by a commanding dignity, strength and courage. He is an unquestioned leader—skillful, wise, aggressive, safe.

Every student who has entered the college during his presidency has felt, and felt keenly, the influence of the man whom our entire student body, numbering nearly six hundred, love and admire for his breadth, his consistency, his kindness, and his justice.

Our College

Julius I. Foust

We have pressed upon our attention so often and so continually the many needs of the College that we at times forget what it has accomplished in the past. The demand of students for admission, the necessity for the enlargement of the plant, the adjustment of the curriculum to meet the needs of modern life, are questions that abide with us every day of

the year. These things assume such proportions that all other considerations are well-nigh overshadowed. And yet the institution has a past that is replete with interest and instruction.

The State Normal and Industrial College began its work seventeen years ago last October. Seventeen years in the life of an institution is a mere span as we reckon time. The faculty and officers numbered twelve the first year and there were enrolled about two hundred students. The College has experienced its dark days and has met its reverses, and yet in spite of these its growth has been consistent and steady. The faculty now numbers nearly sixty and there will be gathered here this year more than six hundred young women from every section of the State for the purpose of strengthening themselves to meet intelligently and bravely the duties and responsibilities of life. With the enlargement along every line the question naturally arises, what has our College done to justify its existence? Has it made a worthy contribution to the life of North Carolina? Is our State a better place in which to live because of its work and its influence? Is our citizenship more patriotic, more intelligent and more seriously interested in the better things of life because the State Normal and Industrial College has striven and labored during the past seventeen years?

While we all would desire a larger service, it is, we think, no exaggeration to say that our College has at all times been true to North Carolina and has contributed its part to the up-building of the State. It is impossible to estimate the influence of the earnest, faithful young women who have gone from the State Normal and Industrial College to teach in all parts of our commonwealth. The students of this College have taught during the past seventeen years between 300,000 and 400,000 of the State's children and we are persuaded it has been done intelligently and well.

It is not our intention, however, to write of the direct service that has been rendered by this institution, but rather of the influence that has been exerted upon the life of our people. It is the high duty and privilege of a college not only to teach the five hundred or six hundred students who

assemble within its walls from year to year, but also to stand for the development of certain ideas and ideals among the people whom it seeks to serve.

It is almost impossible for the students here now to understand how unsatisfactory the North Carolina public school system was seventeen years ago. There were only five or six towns in which any attempt was made to provide adequate school facilities for the education of all the children. It was found impossible to raise sufficient revenue to maintain proper schools from the state tax levy, and hence it was necessary to supplement this amount by a community levy. Many of our citizens doubted the wisdom of levying this special tax. They claimed that it was the duty of the parent to educate his children—that the question of educating the child was not a matter for community co-operation but one of individual choice. While the discussion waged the children of the State were growing up in ignorance. The whole conception of public education has undergone a change within the last fifteen years. Our people are beginning to recognize the fundamental truth that it pays the State and the community to co-operate in the education of all the children. It is cheaper. It is patriotic. The proper training of the child, whether of the rich man or the poor man, adds to his efficiency as a citizen and in the end the State receives a large dividend for the money invested.

It is not our purpose to unduly exaggerate the part our College has taken in developing this change of sentiment. It has, however, done its work nobly along this line. President McIver possibly saw more clearly than any other citizen of the State the pivotal importance of strong public schools and every student who attended the College became his ally in the movement. Without a single exception, so far as our knowledge goes, the students who have gone out from this institution have had this idea as one of their principles and have fostered it even under the most unfavorable conditions. These quiet but persistent efforts have borne abundant fruit. If the State Normal and Industrial College had performed no other service than contributing to the growth of this idea, it could well justify its existence.

A second contribution made by our College is that it has settled for all time the relation of the trained teacher to the work of the school room. Some years ago this question was at least debated. Many contended that a thorough knowledge of the subjects taught with earnestness of purpose on the part of the teacher was a sufficient guarantee that the work would be well done. When, however, the results accomplished by the teacher with technical skill were compared with those attained by the teacher without this training, it was found that the former so far surpassed the latter that the question could not admit of debate. The demand now comes from every section of North Carolina for teachers who have received instruction in pedagogy in addition to that received in the branches to be taught in the schools.

When this College was established it was considered by many as a mere experiment. Some, at least, doubted the wisdom of expending the money of the State for the education of young women. For one hundred years the University had been in operation and every citizen applauded the wisdom of the fathers in its establishment. Many, however, contended that the narrow life of woman made it impossible for her to render the State that service which would justify appropriations from the State treasury to maintain this institution. However, the wisdom of the founders has been abundantly vindicated and we believe this fact is admitted by all of our citizens.

We have attempted in this short article to enumerate simply three ways in which the State Normal and Industrial College has affected the ideas of the people of North Carolina along lines vital to their best welfare. To sum the whole matter up it seems to us that this College has aided in the growth of three important ideas in the people of the State: first, that the best investment made by a state is the money spent in the proper training of all the children; second, that it is impossible to administer schools wisely and economically without a teacher who has received definite technical training for the work; and third, that it is just as important from the standpoint of advancing its civilization for a great State to educate its women as its men.

Evensong

Minnie Littmann, '11

Slowly gathers twilight:
Over wood and field
Comes peaceful, silent night;
Sleep all eyes has sealed.

The brook alone pours forth
At the foot of yonder hill,
And he roars and eddies—
Never, never still.

And no evening brings him
Calm and quiet sleep,
And no bells can ring him
A night-song sweet and deep.

Like him in thy unrest
Art thou, heart of mine:
By the gift of God alone
Can true peace be thine.

—*From the German of Von Fallersleben.*

The Characteristics of Current Magazine Poetry

Jessie Earnhardt, '11

In this age there is so much poetry written by so many different poets that it is almost impossible to judge it as a whole. Examples must be taken and then a general opinion is formed after considering these. Some of the poetry is indifferently good, but, strictly speaking, there is none of what we would call the best in comparison with the masters. There is so much rhymed verse, but so little poetry that voices the real things of life. Here and there we find keen glimpses into the heart of man and sometimes a deep sympathy with the world of nature. Because of the great number of mediocre rhymsters with which he has to contend, the real poet is either overlooked or does not wish the fruit of his thought to risk a classification with such self-styled poetry. The title of poet is applied so indiscriminately that the true "critic of life" seems to shun the very word.

But in spite of these petty pretenders, there is much that is really worth while. The good must be found and separated from the cheap. The gold and the dross can not be distinguished from each other if we take only the outward form into consideration, but when we look into the poem, search its heart, and find the true meaning, it is then that we are conscious of a vital difference.

Among so many and so varied forms there is necessarily no uniformity in meter. They are never very long, probably due to the fact that small space is reserved for them in the magazines. A great majority rhyme in couplets or alternately and the stanzas of the separate poems have a definite scheme.

Besides these features of form there are one or two characteristics of diction that are worthy of mention. For instance, this poetry is often marked by musical expressions. Notice a few lines from Robert W. Gilder's "An Autumn Meditation":

"Yea, when I die
Let me not miss from Nature the cool rush
Of northern winds; let Autumn sunset skies

Be golden; let the cold, clear blue of night
 Whiten with stars as now! then shall I fade
 From life to life—pass on the year's full tide
 Into the swell and vast of the outer sea
 Beyond this narrow world."

The sweet ending melody rings through the mind long after the words of the poem are no longer heard. The little poem, "To Cleis"—the daughter of Sappho—by Sara Teasdale, is music itself. The first and last stanzas give a small hint of the beauty and music embodied in it:

"Where the dusk was wet with dew,
 Cleis, did the muses nine
 Listen in a silent line
 While your mother sang to you?
 * * * * *
 Cleis speaks no word to me,
 For the land where she has gone
 Lieth mute at dusk and dawn
 Like a windless, tideless sea."

The lesser poems often have this same agreeable melody.

As it is with music, so these poems are not lacking in descriptive power. Here are two extracts from a little poem of Robert J. Shores, "At Molokai", which voices the despair of those who are banished to this island of the lepers where the smiling scenery is in striking contrast with the foul loathsomeness of the plague and the wild agony of the exiles:

"God's sun was yellow in the sky,
 God's grass was green as yesterday,
 A writhing lizard lazied by,
 And brushed against my feet at play."
 * * * * *
 "How blue the surf that broke upon
 Oabee's shining coral strand,
 How gently in the rosy dawn
 The palm-trees by the sea-breeze fanned,
 In nodding friendliness was drawn
 To greet the softly smiling land."

There is a powerful description and portrayal of the horror and fascination of war in a little poem entitled, "War", and written by Richard Le Gallienne. Listen to what it says:

“O it is wickedness to clothe
 Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
 Hidden in music, like a queen
 That in a garden of glory walks,
 Till good men love the thing they loathe.”

There are numbers of short poems whose only aim is to set forth some aspect of nature. The diction in these is usually smooth, melodious and fitting.

The ways and means of bringing about these musical and descriptive powers are known to every poet who is at all familiar with his art. They are the tools with which he works, and like every artizan he must be thoroughly familiar with their use.

However, these traits are only the exterior decorations. They may be simply dignified, or ornate, but the thought of the poem is the most important thing. Upon the quality, the depth, or the beauty of this thought depends the standing of the poem. When true, noble thoughts are given us in appropriate and beautiful musical expressions—then we have poetry. More often this poetry deals with the workings of man’s heart. One poem, “The Mother,” by Hester Radford, is the thankful prayer of some doubter for the blessing of a mother. Let the poet tell it herself, for a reproduction of the thought could never do it justice:

“You struggled blindly for my soul
 And wept for me such bitter tears,
 That through your faith my faith grew
 And fearless of the coming years.

“For in the path of doubt and dread
 You would not let me walk alone,
 But prayed the prayers I left unsaid
 And sought the God I did disown.

“You gave to me no word of blame,
 But wrapped me in your love’s belief,
 Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,
 And left me worthy of your grief.”

Then we have the cry of the “Little Book Worm”, who asks appealingly:

“When shall I be the really boy,
 My inside self? I seem to feel
 Just like Prince Hal, and Ivanhoe,
 Paul Jones, and Bolingbroke,
 But they have fearless bearing.”

But alas, are his dreams and desires to be like his heroes, fade away, and he says:

“But outside
 I’m only nine, and kind of shy,
 Both my front teeth are getting loose,
 and I still look just—me.”

Here is another little poem that gives us a glimpse into the heart of a child:

“Tonight when stars are shut away
 And winds blow high,
 When nothing shows but gray
 Across the sky,
 I want to say a prayer
 For those who have no folks around
 To tuck them in or care
 When they are bad.”

We can picture the little child kneeling at his mother’s knee, warm and cosy, while outside the winds whistle and howl.

The cry of the woman of the stage, after she is worn and spent by her long life of imitation, comes to us in “The Mimic Life”. She has been the ideal of the stage, has won applause as the queen of the drama, but now, old and withered, she implores—

“But now, O Lord, for whose life must I pray,
 Who like a moth have fluttered, helpless, weak?
 What woman’s virtues or misdeeds shall speak
 In favor or against me Judgment Day?
 Shall I be judged for Zaza’s shameless sins
 Or for Ophelia’s love, that pity wins?”

At times the poet goes beyond giving expression to the desires and emotions of life and criticizes certain phases. There is one poem, “The Modern Pagan”, which preaches against those who consecrate

“Life to this one creed,
 ‘Get riches, tho’ man’s very blood be sold!’ ”

and in their base indifference do not hear the cry of struggling humanity and are not influenced by the beautiful in life, but

“He harkens only to the voice of Gain
And grips in clammy hand his yellow god.”

Another poem tells the story of a youth who, in his overwhelming sorrow for the loss of his beloved, plunged into every vice in excess. Then, after he too died, he joyfully sought her through the “field of Paradise” and is greeted by her words:

“ ‘Who art thou that so foul with sin
Darest to walk in Paradise?’

Amazed, he answered: ‘If I sinned,
My sin was sorrow for thy sake;
The pain, O Heliodore, the pain;
I sinned—O lest my heart should break.’

‘I know thee not,’ the saint replied,
‘Thy sorrow is all changed to sin!’
And moving toward a golden door
She turned away and entered in.”

So far, the cry of the lover’s heart for his love, either in admiration or in despair from thwarted hopes, has been neglected. However, the sentimental element is not lacking, although it is not always of the highest order. One very graceful and pretty little poem is:

“Song is so old,
Love is so new—
Let me be still
And kneel to you.

Let me be still
And breathe no word,
Save what my warm blood
Sings unheard.

Let my warm blood
Sing, love, of you—
Song is so fair,
Love is so new!”

It is only a dream, a wish, an unspoken prayer, delicate and elusive in its sentiment.

There are other poems that belong to this class, but they are not so good. They can be read and enjoyed for the moment because of some term of speech or happy expression, but there is nothing in them worthy of remembrance. In the trashy magazines the poetry is in harmony with its surroundings. It is usually very florid and exaggerating, attempting to soar when it has not the ability.

All in all, the poetry which is read in the modern magazines has much of good in it. There are some poems that are excellent, some bad, and some indifferent, but the general average is high.



The Characteristics of Current Magazine Poetry

Margaret C. Cobb, '12

When we pick up a magazine now and then we perhaps think that there is only a little poetry in it. But poetry takes up little space in comparison with prose articles and may be tucked away almost anywhere, so if we were to count the number of poems in the current magazines we would find it a great deal larger than we expected, and while by no means as large as that of the prose, it stands no poor showing. Since we find so much of this poetry, the questions immediately strike us: what kind of poetry is it? of what does it treat? how is it written? is it really worth while?

The scope of magazine poetry is very broad, dealing with topics as varied as we can find. As a general rule, however, we may class them as follows: philosophy, love, nature, and minor.

The philosophical seems to be the largest element. It may be divided into two classes, the natural philosophy and the theological philosophy. The natural philosophy treats of man and the world in their various work, the theological of religious subjects.

It is hardly possible to tell all the phases of natural philosophy, for there would be almost as many phases as there are poems. There are poems of the heedless world as, "The Two Deaths" and "Passa Thalasso Thalasso", in the last numbers of Harper's and Scribner's, and "Leaders of Men", in the Century for October, 1909. In the first poem the world mourns over one death while another is entirely neglected; the second shows the world forgetful in after years of one whom it chose to honor while living, and the third upbraids the world for neglecting her great sons while living and lavishing honors on them when death makes them indifferent to praise or blame.

Next to these censures of the world we may take the broad philosophy of life, as "The Use of Life", which shows

that life may be well spent without the aid of culture and education, and "The Little Schoolma'am of the Hills", which tells of the honor due the little "backwoods" school teacher.

Then the third great division of natural philosophy is the instincts, passions and reflections of man, which is well illustrated by "The Homing Instinct", "Sailing Back to Boyland", "A Prayer for Motherhood", and "The Crisis". The last of these poems tells that there is one great moment in the life of man which God gives him to prove his worth.

The poems classed under theological philosophy are, in the main, discussions of religious belief—particularly concerning the hereafter—and prayers. Though this class is in the minority of the first class of philosophical poems, the examples that we find generally rank among the best, as "If God be God" and "Though Life Were All" (Centurys for June and October, 1909), the first teaching absolute faith in God and eternity despite the hardships of this world, the second teaching that, though there were no hereafter, life is pleasant enough to be worth while.

The second great head is love poetry. Some of these sing of the indomitable power of love, as "Love in the City", in the last Century, others of the concealed passion of a woman or of a man's conception of his beloved, as "Come Not Tonight" and "Nocturne", while still others give the flippant love of "The Shepherd of Watteau".

After poems of love we take up poems of nature. There are poems of nights peaceful and stormy, as "Nocturne" and "A Stormy Night". Then there are poems of the seasons, "A Song of Winter," "An Autumn Meditation" and "Last Spring". Besides these there are poems that can only be classed as general nature poems, "The Wisdom of Nature" being a good example.

Besides the three great heads mentioned, there are several minor classes. The juvenile is well exemplified by "The Little Bookworm" in the February, 1910, Scribner's. The commemorative poems are those written in commemoration of some great man brought before the public eye by death or the celebration of some anniversary. Last year there were many poems on Milton, and in the February, 1910, number of the Century we have two poems on Richard Watson Gilder.

The historical poems are poems related to some event (or events) in history, often connected with the war between the States and the healing of the wounds thus made, as "An Ode of Battles", in the Century for last June. The festive poems appear in almost every Christmas, Easter and like numbers of the magazines—from poems with gifts to loved ones to religious poems, from "The Christmas Rose" to "At Bethlehem" in the December, 1908, Century. The next class of poetry is probably that of humorous poems. This includes every kind of frivolous poetry—parodies on great poems, "take-offs" on sciences and professions, and overdrawn characters. We find in the comic section of almost every magazine poems like "A Nautical Hamlet", "By Aeroplane", "The Graduates", and the club woman's "Lullaby Up-to-Date". The best of our minor classes will practically be complete when we add the purely descriptive poems like "A Gleam of Crimson", in the last number of Harper's.

Magazine poems are, on the whole, very short. They seldom exceed one page and generally occupy the half page left at the end of a story. A great number of these poems are dialectic, negro dialect being a great favorite. Some, however, imitate the classics or Psalms, "Dance and Her Babe Adrift" showing the classical subject and treatment, and "A Woman's Beloved—a Psalm", distinctly shows a relation to the Psalms in expression and movement. In all this poetry the lyrical note predominates—there is a distinct melody and rhythm and almost always rhyme in every selection.

Most of the current poetry has a distinct note of depression. Death and the ruthless world are favorite topics. The nights are generally stormy and dark and the sunrises dreary. The love poems seldom picture happiness, not an extreme illustration of this is the wistful little expression in "Oriflamme" (Harper's for February, 1910):

"So I keep silence, sitting very still—
 For you are busy with so many things;
 You have no time to break it, * *
 * * * *
 And yet I wonder, watching, at my work,
 * * * *
 Whether you ever guess my need of you,
 Strenuous and vivid as an oriflamme?"

Even nature is pictured as a preying enemy in poems like "The Gulf Stream" or "The Vampire Moon".

There are some more cheerful poems, however. Some are merely restful or resigned, but in some, like "The Urn of the Year", a happy spring is heralded, and the juvenile poetry is nearly always bright.

Many poems express religious unrest—is there a God or not? is there a hereafter or not?

We could enjoy the sad and restless poetry so much more if only our so-called humorous poetry was truly humorous. There is very little humorous poetry. Often the attempts border on vulgarity, sometimes they are satirical or cynical.

Whether dry, or pathetic, or happy, on the whole, you will find our magazine poetry good. I have found only one really unenjoyable poem—"Song", in the last Harper's, whose meaning I could not follow at all. It is not all classic, but I am sure you will not feel that you have wasted—certainly not from the standpoint of pleasure—any time spent in reading the poetry which our present-day magazines offer.

Gossip

E. Rose Batterham, '11

This story is written to show what a successful war gossip waged in a little mountain settlement. In the village of Bee Tree there lived a hale and hearty old man by the name of Jack Hanks, commonly known as Uncle Jack. He was a widower whose wife had died many years ago, so many, in fact, that his neighbors thought of him only as an old bachelor. He seemed to lead a very happy life, dependent on others only for a word of greeting and an occasional visit.

The same settlement was the home of Sarah Wooded, a comely middle-aged spinster, who made it her life work to be a kind of fairy godmother to everyone. Aunt Sarah's cabin was near the postoffice and store combined, so she was conveniently situated to be called upon in times of sickness or when someone needed comforting.

Uncle Jack often saw Sarah as did all the other villagers. He always spoke to her in a friendly, frank manner, but their conversations seldom became more serious than weather discussions. For twenty years, "Good mornin', Aunt Sarah, putty fine day, aint it?" "Why, howdy, Uncle Jack; yes, 'tis good weather fer corn"—or wheat or hauling, whatever the season of the year happened to be, was the sum total of their relation to each other. And for twenty years such conversations had seemed perfectly natural to everyone; they were taken as a matter of course, as they really were.

In the twenty-first year the trouble came. There was a large crowd of men and women waiting for the mail, as was usual on Saturdays. Uncle Jack rode up on his "kitten" mule. He stopped in front of Sarah's home, and seeing her at work in the garden, exchanged the usual greetings.

All the people watched them, as they had done many times before. But just as Uncle Jack said, "Good bye—git-ap," a little wizened old woman in the crowd queried in her shrill voice, "I wonder why Sarah and Uncle Jack haint never marrit, they're a likely enough couple though they aint as peart and young as they onet wus?"

Just then the mail carrier drove up with his bag; so no one made any remark bearing upon the old woman's question, but there was not a person in the crowd who had not heard the shrill voice.

The next day as people met each other on their way to work or at their garden fences they remarked casually, "Would be funny if Aunt Sarah and Uncle Jack should git hitched", or "Kind of old to marry, but I hev hearn o' sech."

In a week the pitiably few words that the two exchanged daily had been expanded into a courtship that had been carried on "fer nigh on to twenty year".

Still the subjects of general conversation were unaware of the excitement they had innocently caused. About the third week when the mountaineers were eagerly asking each other, "Has he popped the question yit?" or "He's asked her, hain't he?" Uncle Jack discovered what people were saying about him. That same day Aunt Sarah also accidentally found out what a disturbance certain things, supposed about her, were creating.

So it was that on their next meeting both were not a little embarrassed, though they tried hard to look unconcerned. They were being watched, as was always the case now; their embarrassment was noted and attributed to other causes. "He's asked her," was announced, and when this rumor reached the outskirts of the settlement that evening it said, "They're promised to each other and the weddin'll be soon."

Both heard this and both denied vigorously, but it was no use now; the wagging tongues had far outstripped them and their statements of truth. But during it all Uncle Jack would not, partly on account of stubbornness, partly of habit, refrain from greeting Sarah and talking with her, though both were extremely embarrassed.

It was the time of the year when Uncle Jack bought his new suit. He appeared in it and people openly congratulated him with, "So soon? Wall, we did think ye'd wait a spell, but hit's no use waitin' when both o' you aint overly young."

Uncle Jack was being tormented to death. It was exasperating for him thus to have the peace of his life disturbed, but try, as he did, the gossip could not be hushed. There

was only one solution to the problem in his mind. Either of the two ways in which it might end would surely put a stop to the whole matter.

It was an unusually large crowd at the postoffice when Jack drove up in a borrowed wagon this time, and wearing the new suit. He "whoaed" before Aunt Sarah's gate. There was a hush in the crowd. A great lump rose in Jack's throat. Would Aunt Sarah's compliance to this plan make him happy, besides hushing the gossip? He cleared his throat. "Wall, Sarah, air ye ready?" "Ready fer whut, Uncle Jack?" Realizing his beginning hadn't been very good, he stumbled onto the next question, "Hev ye forgot this is the day we air going to git marrit?" She looked startled, but only for a minute. "So 'tis," she answered blushing. "Then run and put on your bonnet, while I get the license." Then rising in the wagon and making a grand bow to the crowd, who had eagerly heard all, he said, "You air invited to attend the weddin' of me and Sarah, right now, by Jimeney!"

The Birth of Music

Lelia White, '11

When the world was in its childhood,
 In the dim grey dawn of time,
When divinities were human
 And all things were in their prime,
The young God Thot, as he walked one day
 By the sun-dried banks of the Nile,
Let his mind wander o'er the things of the world,
 While he sought the time to beguile.

It was in the driest season
 Of that weird and mystic land,
When the river tides were lowest
 And the heat had parched the sand,
The birds and flowers lay dying
 Upon the dry, hot ground,
And the reeds along the river banks
 Stirred the stillness with rustling sound.

While he strode by the silent river
 Which the sun-dried lotus leaves glassed,
Something was touched in the dry, hot sand,
 By his foot, as he onward passed.
A faint, sweet sound stirred the hush;
 And the God Thot paused on his way,
And asked of himself what had made the sound
 Which brought joy to his heart that day.

The gods had not yet thought to give
 The art of music to the earth;
And so, with that sound which moved the air,
 Sweet music had its birth.
The god looked down, but all he saw
 Was a dry tortoise shell on the ground,
With only the sinews bound across—
 “Could this have made the sound?”

He picked up the poor dead tortoise
And touched it again and again ;
And in his hands it became a lyre
Which brought joy to the hearts of men.
And all the gods said this new thing
Which was born unto the earth
Should first belong to Immortals,
Tho' they did not give it birth.

So in the temple a likeness was made
Of Pthah, the God of Fire ;
And Osiris the Great one was patron
Of music, the sound of the lyre.
And Isis, the mother of all, spake,
"From the temples this word shall be given,
'I am the lyre of the whole world,
Attuning the songs of heaven'."

Trudy

Ada Viele, '11

“Dad!” a child called in a shrill voice from the spring at the foot of the hill. There was no answer, but the call was not repeated. A little girl sat at the edge of the spring branch with her bare feet in the water. Her little calico-clad figure was bent over until her long dark braids made two big eddying circles in the water as she slightly moved her head. Her brow was wrinkled. Should she tell her beloved Dad everything? There flashed upon her mind the image of her father’s face as she had seen it some months before—dark, with evil lines about the mouth, and a glitter in the eyes. If she told him of treachery, before tomorrow’s sun he would have blood upon his hands. She straightened up. She could tell him there was danger and have him leave tomorrow before dawn. With an impatient slap at an impudent mosquito, she arose and went to the spring and surveyed her rather pretty face. She could not tell even in that water’s clear depths if anyone could detect the traces of tears; so she sat down again.

The first light breeze of the hot July afternoon cooled her damp face and brought her a peculiar and familiar odor. With an understanding look, she ran quickly into the deep wood at her left. Skilfully she made her way through a dense thicket to a clearing of a few feet where a typical mountaineer, in a gruff voice, was quarreling with a sullen-faced boy about “running the mash through”. With a sigh of relief she heard him tell the boy that this was the last lot. She was, in spite of her youth, ever fearful that this man would be caught in the act of illicit distilling.

The child seated herself on a log and idly watched an inquisitive cat bird on a limb opposite. Every now and then, as her father’s glance fell upon her, his harsh face softened and he turned to his work with a somewhat distasteful air. Strange to say, he, too, was glad that this was the last lot. “Trudy don’t like it,” he muttered to himself.

Suddenly the sharp blare of a horn was heard from the kitchen door, and Trudy started on her way to the house to help her mother. She stopped before the door to rescue a tiny pig from an infuriated mother-hen and lingered for another moment to enjoy the gentle wind. Dreamily her gaze wandered over the cornfields down by the road, along which two men were just then driving. She looked at the strange horse a little curiously. To her surprise, the men turned into the road to the spring. Then in a flash she remembered. They were the revenue officers that she had not expected until the morrow. Quick as lightning, she darted into the kitchen to give the danger signal to her father. With all her strength, she blew the horn twice. He would understand; but would he have time to cover the signs of his work? The men knew the way to the place. They were not coming to the house. Quickly she ran towards the spring to intercept them. She must stop them some way. Could she deceive them? She had often deceived her mother. The men were just about to leave the buggy to go the rest of the way on foot when Trudy reached the spring. Within a few feet of them the little girl fell as in a faint. Without hesitation they ran to her, and the middle-aged officer tenderly lifted the limp form and carried it into the shade. The other man looked on for a minute in helplessness and then ran for water. But Trudy could not stand that. At the first drop upon her face, she was up. The elder of the two men turned to his companion a face upon which an expression of admiration for the quick-witted child was struggling with one of baffled purpose. He knew, as well as the little girl, that by this delay the father had again slipped through their hands.



Sketches

A New Way of Economizing

Pearl S. Holloway, '11

On an extremely hot summer afternoon about fifty years ago, a fat old colored woman boarded the east-bound train at Burton's Crossing, in Virginia. As she moved on to the rear of the car, utterly unconscious that "White" was written in large letters at the entrance, her unusually slow gait was impeded by the violent kicking and struggling of what seemed to be a very unruly bit of humanity. It wore a long mother-hubbard dress of the coarsest homespun, and a small white cap enveloped its tiny queer-shaped head. As "Auntie" slowly wended her way to the last seat in the car, she held the little one close in her arms and her sleek, black hands kept its face pressed tightly against her shoulder.

When at last, much fatigued, she gained a seat, her protégé gradually became more docile, and ceased to wiggle, but "Auntie" did not dare move her hand from its head. With a long sigh of relief, she removed the old brown slat-bonnet from her kinky head, closed her eyes, and leaning her head against the back of the seat began fanning vigorously. "Auntie" was very fat and short and her wrinkled old face looked worn and tired at this particular moment. Her red-streaked, calico dress and large-checked blue gingham apron had been starched "stiff as boards", and ironed until they were slick and shiny. Her red bandanna had become loosened and slipped to the back of her head.

She had just settled back for a long rest when the whistle blew, and with a tremendous jerk the train pulled out. This was unexpected to "Auntie", who had never ridden on a train before, and she was not a little terrified to find herself and her care thrown roughly into the middle of the aisle. But with nothing lost, except dignity, which she possessed only in a

very slight degree, she regained her seat with a great effort. Her little charge was still pressed tightly against her breast, but alas! was kicking and squirming more violently than ever. Poor thing! no doubt this was its first car ride, too, for as the train became faster and faster, it seemed to be at its wit's end. It struggled and quivered, it scratched and trembled, but strange to say, never uttered a sound. The old woman, completely oblivious of the inquiring, amazed stares of the passengers, strove in vain to compose her care. She rocked back and forth, jumped up and down, and swayed right and left, but always with the little one's face pressed close to her shoulder by her big fat hand. Both bonnet and bandanna had fallen unnoticed to the floor, and her apron and dress were wrinkled enough now. Great drops of perspiration stood on her brow, and her labored breathing could be heard in the front of the car.

At this most inopportune time, the conductor's "Tickets, please" was heard near the entrance. "Lawdy!" cried "Auntie" between gasps, and her labored efforts to quiet her care became even more constrained. But it was of no avail. Nothing she did had any effect on the unruly bundle. As the conductor approached, she redoubled her efforts, although perspiration was streaming from her face, and her breath was coming in quick, short gasps. "Dis shore am de troublesome chile I ever seed!" she cried, rocking back and forth, with an expression of direst agony on her weary, excited face. "Ticket, and into your car at once," said the conductor in an angry, commanding tone. "Yas sah—Massa—but won't you please gib de tired ole nigger a leetle time?" she replied, breathlessly, reaching into her pocket for her ticket. In her excitement, the old woman lifted her hand from the head of her protégé. Alas for her unguarded moment! A loud turkey-gobble rent the air, and the long bill of a turkey was thrust out from the baby cap. "Oh Lawdy, de heavens save me!" cried the poor old negro, as she fell back into her seat, completely exhausted. Then, while the car was convulsed with laughter, she cried in a pitiful wail, "Please, Massa, I didn't hab de money to pay de impress on 'em."

Dying Embers

Annie G. Brown, '11

The picture was called "Dying Embers". A simple name, that might suggest various firelight moods! Indeed, as I followed to the room where it was hung, my imagination already saw the picture in part. But I did not see it with the empty chair—that mood did not suggest itself.

It was a painting in oil. It showed a fireplace, with far back a mass of smouldering coals. They still shone redly, though as if in the last flickering brilliance before they should crumble into ashes, and the light from their deep, live hearts seemed to break in fitful gleams the half darkness of the room, so that part was lit by a soft glow, part lay in dim shadow. The fireplace was a poor one. The little andirons looked black against the ruddy coals behind, the hearth was sunken and uneven, and the clay washed bricks around the upper part of the opening showed a broken gap. The recess under the mantelpiece was in deep shadow, but the old clock, the little glass lamp and the small square mirror ranged along the mantle-shelf, stood out in dusky outline, while the strings of red pepper hung against the wall above shone almost as red as the coals themselves. A rough wood table stood on the right of the fireplace, and the light danced on the side of a tin water bucket set near the edge, and on a protruding dipper handle. Near the opposite corner of the hearth stood a low, straight-backed chair, its seat sunken, as if someone had often dropped wearily into it after the day's work. But the warped little chair was empty at this day's close, and the fire was dying. Would the someone come in soon and fan the coals to life again, and sit, as often before, to rest and dream in its warmth? Or would the waiting embers glimmer a little longer, then die, and the chair stand empty, in the darkness, through the long, approaching night, and through all the nights that would come after? The picture did not say.

A Persistent Thief

Natalie Nunn, '11

There had been a real burglar scare in the village for several weeks. Besides unusual noises at night, several kitchens had been visited and relieved of their bountiful store of good things by some unknown thief. It had required only a few such proceedings for darkness to find every door and window in the village securely fastened as a means of defense against the burglar. For a further precaution the women never failed to pull down the shades and fasten the window-blinds even before twilight changed into darkness.

The Taylor family was eating supper one evening, when suddenly Mrs. Taylor remembered that she had forgotten to close and lock the front door. She was a little afraid to go to the door alone, but after the many declarations she had made to her husband that she was brave, she could not endure the thought of being teased, on account of asking some one to go with her; so she bravely walked from the dining room, humming a little tune as she went, as children often do to scare away hobgoblins and terrible things that they imagine are behind them, when they are sent to bed in the dark.

Mrs. Taylor soon reached the partly closed door and gave it a quick push. But much to her surprise it did not close, as she had expected, but it sprang back against her. She pushed again, but with the same result. "Oh, how sneaking that thief is," thought Mrs. Taylor, "to push against the door so noiselessly and take advantage of me in such a way!" Again she pushed with all her strength, but the steady pushing on the other side was irresistible. She dared not turn to run, she was afraid to call for help; so she stood at her post. Her breath came quick and fast. She felt sure that the person pushing on the other side could hear her heart beat. She began to tremble and grow weak. She silently prayed that her life would be spared. She felt that her strength would soon fail her and that the robber would rush in and choke her to death. As she began to faint she became desperate, for the time had come when something must be done.

“Help! Help!” she screamed at the top of her voice and fell against the door. Mr. Taylor heard her cry and came quickly. When he saw his wife, pale and gasping, as she leaned against the door, he was terribly frightened. But he understood the situation perfectly, when his wife said in a weak voice, “Push”. He rushed against the door to force it together, but it resisted.

“Who are you and what are you trying to do?” yelled Mr. Taylor. “Speak, or I’ll shoot you down this instant!” There was no reply. He knew that he had no weapon, but he decided to assail his victim, even at the risk of his own life. He pushed the door open and rushed out in a rage, but strange to say, there were no blows or angry words, for he stumbled over a rubber ball that little Willie had left between the door and the sill and sprained his ankle.



Book Reviews

"The Calling of Dan Matthews"

By Harold Bell Wright

Jessie Earnhardt, '11

Those who read sometime ago the beautiful story of young Matt and Sammy Lane, in the "Shepherd of the Hills", will be especially interested in this story of their son. He was the first born of this true mating of wonderful people. Like his father he was tall and strong—a boy of great muscular power. This splendid body breathing the wild, free life of the woods and hills was dominated by the mind and spirit of his mother. His eyes, with their wide, questioning gaze, seemed to search every vital truth that came to his knowledge. "He had, too, his mother's quick way of grasping your thoughts almost before you yourself were fully conscious of them, with the same saving sense of humor that made Sammy Lane the life and sunshine of the countryside."

Such was the lad whom the old Doctor found on one of his fishing trips. Kindred spirits were for the time bound together by their common love of fisherman's luck, and other ties cemented this bond for life. The Doctor was a retired physician, who, from his experience with life and from his close observation, had become a philosopher, a man of sweet, loving, sympathetic disposition and who was especially fitted to become, as he phrased it, "one who would stand by" Dan in time of trouble.

The time arrived for the lad to go to college and to come in touch with more people and an entirely different world. Because of the metal of which he was made and the careful handling it had always received, his nature came out untarnished. His high ideas and his close sympathies determined him to select as his life work one in which he could best serve his fellowmen.

And so young Dan is met at the station of Corinth as the new minister of Memorial Church. From the very first he feels that he is the new minister and not the man Dan Matthews. On the very day of his arrival, an act of generous and humane sympathy is misconstrued by the strict carping elders who are bound by the iron traditions of the church.

He soon finds out that in this town of past days and of a future that is yet to be, he must act as his predecessors have. He must preach the time-worn doctrines, he must uphold the dignity of the cloth at all hazards, and he must do as these hardened, dissembling elders desire him to do. His strong young soul, fired with its high ideals, is not ready to submit without a struggle to such a condition.

In the very first of his ministry he is turned from the theological preaching of the college graduate and is shown a wider conception of his true message. A young woman—a trained nurse—has seen life even as the physician and she tells the preacher where his ideas are wrong and where the spirit of the church is at fault. Her loyal spirit in its tender-hearted and loving support of a good girl who has a bad reputation because of her father, opens his eyes and causes great changes in his way of thinking. He sees how her life is given to the uplifting and cheering of this poor girl and how she suffers in consequence. A time comes even when he must choose between this woman, who has shown him the true way of life and whom he has learned to love with all the strength of his fine, pure soul, and the church. Her belief and trust in him helps him to choose the church. While his soul is racked and tortured by such trials, every effort of the elders and of the dreaded spirit of the town—the ally—seems to conspire against him. Every scheme he tries for the betterment and enlightenment of his people is frustrated by the cruel opposition of the elders in their unrelenting and arrogant dogmatism. By the silent, supercilious influence of Judge Strong, the worst and most hypocritical of the elders and who was in truth a thief under the cloak of a shrewd business man, his reputation as a minister was damaged at the convention. Soon afterwards, in a visit from the entire body of elders, he

is asked to resign his position as pastor of Memorial Church, and is not even to receive a recommendation to another charge. So he has lost his work, his reputation as a minister, and, furthermore, the woman whom he loved and had given up for this work.

And now the time has come when Dan needs the Doctor to stand by him and to give him all the sympathy and comfort of which the old man's great heart is capable. He comes out from under the cloud with a new idea of the purpose of the ministry—not to be a preacher of doctrine merely, but one who serves or ministers to mankind. In accordance with this idea he goes back to Mutton Hollow, back to young Matt and Sammy, back to his hills where he receives as a sacred trust the riches stored up in their fastnesses. He makes the development and the right use of these riches the ministry of his life, attempting through them to serve all men. And there, where she had brought a patient to be restored by the healing of the hills, he finds also the woman of his heart who will help him in his ministry.

The story is one of intense interest. The men and women depicted in it are as real to us as if we knew them. The characters are powerfully and graphically drawn. The entire book is really the story of the soul struggles of a man tried in the fire and who emerges victorious. We are insensibly drawn to the old Doctor and hear the silent preaching of the little lame Denny as he patiently toils in his little garden, while we are strongly repelled by the mean, cold, sanctimonious elder—Judge Strong. Through the story runs the idea of the ministry of one man to another and the fact that he need not necessarily be a preacher to fulfill this end in life.



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No. 3

Dr. Eugene W. Gudger, a prominent member of the faculty, has, on account of his scientific research work, been elected to membership in several scientific societies. He is now a member of the Biological Society of Washington, of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Besides this, he is serving his second term as the Secretary of the North Carolina Academy of Science.

The primary object of any college is to fit its students to meet life in all of its phases, fully equipped and thoroughly prepared. If, then, the intellectual side of college life were emphasized to the exclusion of all else, graduates would go out into the world with but a limited knowledge of its manifold requirements. The gymnasium and the basket-ball field; the class receptions and the society dramatics; the music depart-

ment and the cooking classes, are simply means toward the same end, namely, the breadth of education which will furnish the student with an apperceptive basis for every obligation which the world at large may impose upon her. It is true that the ideal college gives to the student, in a limited way perhaps, an insight into every condition of life, that she will be likely to meet after graduation. Thus we find included within the narrow limits of the college campus, a little world with its physical, intellectual, social, spiritual, and political aspects.

The physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual sides of the college world are, to a large extent, under the supervision of the faculty. The head of the physical training department directs games of basket-ball and hockey, and allows the students to do nothing which might prove injurious. The intellectual work of the college is entirely in the hands of the faculty, while the social side of the college life is so governed by them, that extremes of any kind are impossible. The Y. W. C. A., the spiritual agent in the community, has a board of advisers selected from the faculty, and here, too, the restraining influence of mature minds is exerted. There is one thing, however, which students will resent quickly, and that is any interference on the part of the faculty in college politics. That they feel, and rightly too, is wholly within the province of the students themselves. Here then is the one opportunity which the students have for proving their saneness, their good judgment, and their lack of prejudice. Have we, as a student body, displayed these characteristics? To make a girl an editor of the college magazine, simply because she is popular, is not an example of saneness; and yet this has been done. To elect a girl who is noted for her lack of system the treasurer of an organization, simply because she is attractive, is not an example of good judgment; and yet this has been done. To vote for a girl, simply because she happens to be a particular friend, is not an example of our lack of prejudice; and yet this has been done repeatedly.

Then too, have our elections always been absolutely square and above board? To nominate a girl for a certain office, without any idea of supporting the nomination, and in order

that the opposing side might lose one vote, is not the most honest thing to do. Girls in our own college have done it. To split the vote by nominating a girl, who has no chance of being elected, and who would not even have been nominated under other circumstances, is not the most honest thing to do. Girls in our own college have done this. To carry on a regular canvassing campaign is not the most honest thing to do, nor does it show the proper respect for the opinions of one's fellow students. Each girl naturally feels that her candidate is the only one, and if asked why, should be able to give "a reason for the faith that is within her". But we should have a larger amount of respect for the faith that is within our fellow student.

Occasionally we find a girl who wants a definite office, and is willing to do definite things to gain the office. In other words, she will not object to cultivating the acquaintance of students for whom she has never cared in order to win their votes. She will not object to using such means as flattery and gifts and many kinds of insincerity to win votes. She decides that the office is to be hers whether or no, and proceeds to take it by fair means or foul. Now, the best thing about this running for office is that it is always evident, even to the most casual observer; and she who is wise will not care to have the organization, whatever it may be, to stand for such things.

The spring is the time for various elections. Marshals are to be chosen, and Y. W. C. A. and athletic officers are to be elected. In these coming elections, we have the chance to show our good sense as a student body. Will we prove that we are impulsive, easily influenced, and lacking in judgment; or will we prove our lack of prejudice, our good judgment, and our sanity?

An editorial in the January number of this magazine suggested for discussion the question of open
OPEN SOCIETY or closed societies. While the two sides of the question were so stated that they seemed quite well balanced, reasoning shows that in comparison with those for open societies, the arguments in favor of closed

societies are weak. They are principally based on sentiment, which, while very well in its place, is more often a hindrance than a help where progressive development is concerned. Some say, that, before even arguing the question, we should remember that we are discussing the abolition of something near and dear to all Normal alumnae, and should refrain on that account. Certainly some alumnae are opposed to opening the societies, but it is equally certain that many desire this, and refrain from exercising their desire because they fear the disapproval of the present members.

But the point to be considered is this: the alumnae, while they were here, worked to the best of their ability for the future of the societies, which have developed steadily from the time of their foundation. Conditions are continually changing, and our needs are not those of seventeen years ago. We must work and live for the present and future—not cling to the past. So the discussion resolves itself to the question of what is best for the present and future. Our societies are literary societies, and the cultivation of literature for benefit and pleasure is their main aim, or should be. We say that they stand for the highest and best in our college life, therefore we should adopt whatever means in their management will best enable us to maintain their standards and ideals. Secrecy has hitherto been one of the means to this end, but it has grown until all sense of proportion has been lost, and the means confused with the end. Since the societies stand for the highest and best, secrecy cannot be used to cover defects. Every one admits that to be an officer of one of the societies is an honor. Then why should the knowledge of such an honor be limited to half the school, and the officers handicapped in their work? Why should certain other details of the machinery of the societies be secret, when they are perfectly proper and lawful? Why should the efforts which are put forth in getting up programs and public entertainments be kept secret, when they are a means by which we could show as much strength and steadfastness of purpose as by the final results, and which mean infinitely more for the development of the individual? Why should the two societies not share their good points with each other, and be able to have a

healthy, honest rivalry, furthered by open comparison? Openness would certainly tend to a higher literary standard, to broadness and generosity, to the destruction of self sufficiency, and kindred results of a lack of honest competition.

But no, you say, secrecy is a common aim which binds girls together, teaches self control, and above all, is the means of keeping up loyalty and interest in the societies! The first statement is true: working for any common aim means unity, and we have made secrecy our aim. But, when we have learned a secret and kept it for a month or two it becomes a matter of habit; things are at a standstill. We strive for progressiveness, yet secrecy is a stationary aim. Let us put up instead the aim of raising our literary standards above what they now are, of promoting a college spirit, and broadness, and generosity. As to the second statement, would we not gain a nobler self-control in open societies, where every act would be open to general criticism, and where we could show strength in discriminating between natural secrets, namely, our private business and initiation, and such artificial secrets as the names of our officers and the program that is being planned for next meeting? The third statement is positively painful; if interest and loyalty in our societies depend upon secrecy, what a feeble sort of societies we must have. If the literary, social and business elements in them are not sufficient to make them stand alone, it is certainly plain that secrecy has allowed their standards to fall so low that they are in immediate need of reform, and, that, this once effected, the full light of day should be turned on them to keep them worthy of the love and devotion of their members.

MINNIE LITTMAN, '11.



Society Notes

Cornelian Literary Society

Elizabeth Robinson, '10

At the first regular meeting of the Cornelian Society after the Christmas holidays the literary exercises were dispensed with, as the society was invited by our sister society, the Adelpian, to share its pleasure in hearing Mrs. Sharpe tell of her trip out West and through the Yellowstone Park during the past summer. The lecture, which was given in Mrs. Sharpe's usual gracious manner, was both entertaining and instructive. It was beautifully illustrated throughout by lantern slides, which were shown by Mr. Hammel. We left, realizing, as never before, the wonders and beauty of our "National Playground".

The literary exercises for the next regular meeting of the society consisted of a charming little monologue, "A Bachelor's Reverie". This was read by Miss Lelia White, and pantomimed by the following characters:

The Bachelor	Corinna Mial
The Country Girl	Sadie Spruill
Belle of the Ball	Ruby Deal
The Coquette	Elizabeth Pollard
The Tennis Girl	Lottie Dixon
Hunting Girl	Lizzie Roddick
College Girl	Anna Williams
The Nun	Jane Taylor
The Widow	Mary Waldon Williamson

The piece expressed the vain regrets of a mature man over the follies of his youth. When the curtain arose, a bachelor was disclosed, sitting in his quiet study, with his cigar and newspaper beside him, absorbed in meditations of the days gone by. As the visions of his former sweethearts flitted

through his mind, they appeared before the eyes of the audience, one by one. The bachelor had cared nothing for them when he knew them before, except to flirt with them, but this time, the tables were turned, and they passed him by in disdain.

A Topsy Turvy Concert was also rendered at this meeting by eight girls behind a screen, who lustily sang, "Hey Diddle Diddle", to an accompaniment of violin and piano. First eight heads appeared, and in a moment they were replaced in some miraculous manner by twice the number of feet. Our last view of the Topsy Turvy Company was of sixteen feet moving off the stage, and waving vigorously until the sounds of the merry chorus ceased.

The literary program at the next meeting was in charge of the girls from the eastern part of our State. Current events on items of general interest, such as a discussion of Halley's Comet, the awarding of the Patterson Memorial Cup, and the Passion Play, were given by five girls. This forms a very pleasant and instructive feature of all our meetings. The program for the evening consisted of a history of the colonial period of the eastern section of North Carolina. Some characters who did much to make the State renowned in those early days were brought in, the most prominent of whom were Virginia Dare, Flora McDonald, Mrs. Slocumb, and Blackbeard with his thirteen wives. A tableau of the celebrated Edenton Tea Party was then given, which represented a number of ladies, in colonial dress, grouped around a tea table, in the act of making their famous declaration for freedom. Two old negro mammies completed the picture.

After this, six stately ladies and gentlemen in colonial dress went through the graceful and beautiful figures of the minuet.

As a finale, all the characters marched in and sang with much spirit, "Ho! for Carolina", which was written by a man from the eastern part of Carolina, in praise of his native State.

On February 4th, the "Egyptian Princess", a romantic operetta, was presented by the Cornelian Society in the Auditorium of the Students' Building to a tremendous audience from the college and city. The whole cantata, which was in two acts, gave a vivid picture of eastern life. There were fifty in the cast, nine principal characters, a chorus of priestesses, slaves, and a number of Egyptian dancing girls. An orchestra composed of Greensboro's best musicians added much to the pleasure of the evening. The music was bright, attractive, and entertaining throughout. The costumes, which were designed by Miss Long, were novel and effective. Prof. Hammel had charge of the lighting and scenic effects.

The role of Queen of Egypt was most realistically portrayed by Miss Ethel Harris. Miss Sadie Rice played the part of Princess Aida in a most charming way, and her ease of manner and sweetness of tone delighted everyone. Mrs. B. C. Sharpe, who had charge of the stage, and also played the difficult part of Alva, a favorite slave, captivated the audience. Miss Gretchen Taylor, as Princess Tabubu, furnished much amusement, always flurrying around, but getting everywhere too late.

The dancing by Miss McAlister was graceful and beautiful, and she with the dancing girls executed most skilfully some characteristic dances.

The entire production was under the direction of and conducted by Mr. Hermann H. Hoexter, whose services deserve our hearty appreciation.

Adelphian Literary Society

Annette C. Munds, '10

The Adelphian Literary Society held its Christmas meeting on the evening of December seventeenth, nineteen hundred and nine. To the enjoyment of all, the play, "Is Santa Claus a Fraud?" was delightfully given for the literary exercises. Miss Annie Dodge Glenn as Santa Claus, regaled each and everyone with her humorous sayings and pack of toys. She was judged by Miss Sarah Richardson, who with her wig and gown, looked severe enough for the wisest person present.

The counsel for the prosecution was Miss Winona Joyner, while that for the defendant was Miss Patterson. Miss Sybel Gates as usher and Miss Carrie Exum as crier were very good. Witnesses, waifs, and children made up the remainder of the cast of forty persons. The play was not only amusing, but also increased our spirit of Christmas.

At our next regular meeting we entertained our sister society, the Cornelian. The form of the entertainment was a lecture with stereopticon views, by Mrs. B. C. Sharpe. It was due to the kindness of Captain Settle and Mr. Ellison, of the Great Northern, that we were able to obtain these slides. Mrs. Sharpe, fresh from her western trip, gave a delightful evening to all. The views of Yellowstone Park were wonderful in their coloring and picturesqueness, and especially was the lecture of Mrs. Sharpe enjoyed by those present. Mr. Hammel was kind enough to take charge of the stereopticon views.

On the evening of January 28th, 1910, the Adelphians held a regular meeting in their Society Hall. The literary programme was divided into two parts. The first of the evening was given up to songs, music and recitations, and the last half took the form of an impromptu debate. Several selections were sung by Miss Lyla Justice, Miss Jamie Bryan, and Miss Sarah Richardson. Miss Huldah Slaughter and Miss Frances Broadfoot rendered several musical numbers, while Miss Ione Grogan captivated all by her recitations. The mooted question, "Resolved, that a Scientific Education is of More Value than a Literary One," was debated. The affirmative side was victorious, although those on the opposite gave good arguments. Miss Avery took the society by storm, with the statement that "This was not the Adelphian Scientific, but the Adelphian Literary Society". Those in the debate were as follows: Winnie McWhorter, chairman; affirmative, Ethel Skinner, Anabel Gray, Florence Hunt; negative, Nell Witherington, Virginia Moir, Gladys Avery.

The next regular meeting was held on the evening of February 11th, 1910. The literary exercises were as enjoyable as any held this year. Everyone's interest was decidedly aroused by a splendid debate upon the question, "Resolved, That our Societies Would be More Beneficial, Opened than Closed". The arguments on both sides were thoroughly enjoyed. The judges were unanimous in their decision for the affirmative side. This debate enthused the society as a whole and individually. After the rebuttal, besides the arguments given by the girls, Miss Bryner and Dr. Gudger each spoke on the subject. The evening was indeed of great interest to all. Those participating in the debate were: Emilie Hyman, chairman; affirmative, Minnie Littman, Rose Batterham; negative, Ruby Gray, Frances Broadfoot.



Among Ourselves

Myrtle Johnston, '11

The Freshmen have been very busy of late. Saturday night, February 5th, they secretly assembled near the edge of Peabody Park and adopted a tall straight young tree. Our younger sisters are to be commended for their wisdom in adopting a tree rather than planting one, since nearly all the suitable places on the campus have been taken, and some trees will probably have to be moved when new buildings are erected.

Miss Burner, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary of Virginia and the Carolinas, was with us during the last week in January. This is the first time she has visited our college, and we were glad to welcome her. Miss Burner met all of the different committees of the Association and gave them many valuable suggestions for the better arrangement of their work. While she was here, a little reception was given in her honor by the Senior Class.

The little Y. W. C. A. store, the Retreat, has been doing a prosperous business, and it bids fair to become a big factor in the financial affairs of the Association.

Our college sent five delegates to the great Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, N. Y. These delegates were Misses Mary Petty and Mary Mitchell from the faculty, and Annie Moring, Annie Mand Pollard and Myrtle Johnston from the student body.

They met with a cold reception from the weather, but the Rochester people accorded them the heartiest of welcomes and the most unbounded hospitality. The convention opened the day of their arrival and the first meeting was held in Convention Hall. This immense building was decorated with

flags of every nation, and bore above the rostrum the great motto, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." Most of the people present were college students, healthy, happy young people who were ready to enter into the spirit of the occasion with all their heart, so Mr. Mott, the chairman, had little difficulty in controlling the large audience of 3,500 people. The afternoon meetings of the Convention were held in the different churches of the city, but every morning and evening Convention Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity to accommodate the people. It was an inspiration to listen to such men as Robert E. Speer, Sherwood Eddy and numbers of others, who delivered eloquent addresses, pleading with their very souls for the cause of missions in heathen lands. From beginning to end the spirit of prayer brooded over the vast assemblies. It was felt in the short moments of silent prayer, in the songs of the quartet and in the general music of the Convention. Altogether, it was a time never to be forgotten.

By no means the least enjoyable feature of the trip was the time spent at Niagara Falls, Philadelphia and Washington City. The delegates were fortunate indeed in visiting the northern cities under the care of a delightful chaperon who did everything in her power for their pleasure.

Shortly after their return, the Rochester delegates gave a little afternoon tea for the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. Three gentlemen whom our delegates knew in Rochester, happening to be in town at the time, were also invited to be present, and naturally the affair passed off very pleasantly.



Y. C. W. A. Notes

Edith Mason, '10

The services since Christmas have been the most interesting and profitable of any we remember. We hope they have appealed to many others the same way. Second to the leaders, the music has been the principal factor in these services. It has helped the leaders to deliver their messages, and also prepared us to hear them.

The services have been too numerous to give a detailed account of each one. A long article could be written about the Rochester meeting alone. Each of our five delegates, Miss Petty, Miss Mitchell, Annie Moring, Myrtle Johnston and Annie Maude Pollard, presented a different phase of the convention or the needs and conditions of some heathen land. The only objection to this meeting was that it was not long enough. We hope to have another Rochester meeting this spring. The other services have been led by Bishop Cheshire, Dr. White, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Ware, and Miss Lee. All delivered the message with power.

At the time of our Rochester delegation meeting, Miss Burner was with us for several days and her spirit is with us still. In her charming way she told us some of the things that our delegates left out in the Rochester meeting. She related several personal incidents about the leaders of the Convention that made them seem more human, "like as we are". Another night she made a very helpful talk at prayer meeting on "Unwholesome Friendships".

The Rochester Convention

Annie Maude Pollard, '12

One of the most interesting and appealing subjects discussed at the Rochester Convention was the country of China. "Awakening" will best characterize it. Twenty years ago the conditions of China might have been summed up in one word—Death. Today China is changing, and these changing conditions concern all nations and therefore affect us and our work there. The country is changing politically, commercially, intellectually and morally.

The political conditions are changing. The provincial governors are becoming more independent, the government more unstable and the great mass of people more restless. No one can tell what a day will bring forth in China.

Commercially and economically, conditions are changing. The products of the West are pouring into the East. Foreign clocks keep the time for the people of the Far East today. German lamps light the residences of every Chinese mandarin, while the Standard Oil Company illuminates the humblest homes. Dr. Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, said that when he was in China a Chinese tailor made him an overcoat of English cloth on an American sewing machine; that when he went to Korea he traveled in a car made in Wilmington, Delaware, drawn by a locomotive from Philadelphia over rails made in Pittsburg, fastened by New York spikes to Oregon ties; and that many of his meals included Chicago beef, Pittsburg pickles, and Minnesota flour.

The intellectual conditions are changing. All the ideas of Western life are going into the East. The literature, the science, and the philosophy of America and Europe are familiar in Asia today. Every ambitious Chinese person is determined to get an education, and he can get it from one of three sources—from the Roman Catholic priest, from the non-Christian, or from the Protestant missionary. From whom he gets this education rests with us.

Morally, conditions are changing. All the vices of Western civilization are pouring into the East. The worst men in

China today are not the Chinese, the Japanese, or the Koreans, but they are degenerate white men.

What are the results of these changing conditions? The result is a great upheaval. New wants are developing, new ambitions are kindled and a new attitude toward religion and education is arising. China is ready and waiting. The Chinese are bright and able, and need only men to lead them. Such leaders must come from our colleges.

A new map of China, prepared by the China Inland Mission, shows the country cut up into four hundred black squares, with the exception of one white block. This shows that only one four hundredth of China is for Christ. Mr. Wang, a native Chinese from Tokio, said, "If the Far East is ever to be evangelized, it must be evangelized by the people of the Far East themselves". This being the case, the evangelization of the students is the first step, for "China is a nation of students". "Win the students of China for Christ, the battle is over and He is King. Lose the students of China, the battle is over and the defeat is ours."

Out of the four thousand three hundred and thirty-eight volunteers, who prior to January 1, 1910, sailed for foreign countries, one thousand two hundred and fifty-three went to China. Out of the ninety-two volunteers who were at Rochester and who will sail this year for fields abroad, thirty-four will go to China; yet more are needed. What China needs today is strong, earnest, Christian students who can reach equally strong non-Christian students and bring them to Christ. Each one of us, wherever we are, or whatever we do, is a missionary, and we either retard or spread abroad the glad tidings.



Exchange Department

Eunice H. Roberts, '10

The poetry, if nothing else, in the New Year's number of the Converse Concept makes that magazine worth our while. "Moonlight Memories", on the first page, is a light, airy musical bit of verse which seems to have for its keynote the term magic, since it occurs again and again in its lines. Its "mist-like memories", "mystic dreams" and "magic power" reminds us of Shelley, though unlike Shelley it does not leave us with that longing, unsatisfied feeling, but ends with "sunny memories of a gladsome by-gone hour". "Laddie," a poem of an entirely different nature, is not inferior to the first. It is written in the language of the child and has an element of pathos in it. The stories are not so good. "Peter Congdon, Gentleman," which tells how pride caused the downfall of a poor printer, may be true to life, but we dislike to read anything with such sad ending. The "Supernatural Element in Shakespeare" is perhaps the least praiseworthy article in the magazine. As an essay it lacks unity; there is a sameness of sentence and paragraph structure.

"A Mountaineer's Launch into Society", in the Guilford Collegian, is a rather exaggerated account of the adventures of a bashful boy. It is certainly a humorous story, but bashfulness will hardly furnish an excuse for all the ridiculous things he did. "The Heart of a Nation" is by far the best thing in the magazine. The various types of Americans seen in traveling from North Carolina to South Dakota are cleverly portrayed. "How Come Him So?" might furnish useful hints for the Freshman when molested by the fun-loving Sophomore.

The Pine and Thistle is a wide-awake little magazine, containing many bright and interesting things. The jokes are

especially good. If one will only listen, he can hear many funny things around college much better than clippings, which in all probability are old to many readers. We heartily commend the editorial on "Poetesses". The great cry of every college magazine seems to be "more poems".

"The Call of the Wild", in the Lenorian, is a delightful description of a mountain climb in Western Carolina. The writer leads us past the log cabins of the sturdy mountaineers on to the very top of the "Land of the Sky", where he reaches a grand climax in a glorious description of the wonderful view below. Still, we cannot help from feeling as if we have been rudely jostled when, after speaking of the "white cloud veil which was slowly and gradually lifted from the mighty brow of old Grandfather; as if the angels were unveiling a monument to the eternal, immutable works of God", he immediately comes down to buckwheat cakes and ham.



Library Notes

In preparing the following lists the object has been to select books that are not too technical, but of a popular nature. These books are written by authorities, and give us delightful glimpses into "God's first temples". The list may be supplemented by other books in the library on forestry, trees, etc.

The few biographies chosen are not so much for their greatness as biographies, as for entertaining reading: of the lives of women who have played important and helpful parts in the work of the world.

TREES

- 634.9 Brisbin, J. S.—Trees and Tree Planting.
A highly practical book on the importance of both forest-saving and forest-planting.
- 634.9 Pinchot, Gifford.—The Use of the National Forests.
A book designed to explain what the National Forests mean, what they are for, and how to use them. For free distribution from the Government Printing Office.
- 582 Jarvis, M. R.—The Tree Book.
Treats of trees from a popular and mythological, rather than scientific, standpoint. Copiously illustrated.
- 582 McFarland, J. H.—Getting Acquainted with the Trees.
Delightful sketches of a few well-known trees. Illustrated with photographs by the author.
- 582 Matthews, F. S.—Familiar Trees and Their Leaves.
An excellent book for identification. The author takes leaf-forms as a basis of introduction to a common knowledge of trees. Illustrated by the author with drawings and colors. Complete index.
- 580 Lounsberry, Alice.—Southern Wild Flowers and Trees.
Simply written, well arranged. Treats of Southern plant life in a popular way.
- 583 Mulets, L. E.—Tree Stories.
Identifies common trees; gives stories, poems and folk-lore of each. Excellent for children.
- 634.9 Pinchot, Gifford.—Primer of Forestry.
Interesting to those desiring a general knowledge of the nature of forestry.

- 581.91 Hale, P. M.—Woods and Timbers of North Carolina.
The forest wealth of North Carolina is said to exceed that of any state. This is a scientific treatise, compiled from the writings of undisputed authorities.
- 582 Rogers.—The Tree Book.
With 16 plates in color and 160 in black and white. Well written, well illustrated, well printed. The most comprehensive popular book on the subject in the library.
- 581.9 Huntington, A. O.—Studies of Trees in Winter.
Handbook for identification and study. Describes about 100 species. Has many excellent illustrations, a few in color.
- 634.9 Going, Maud.—With the Trees.
Interesting, popular treatment of trees. Follows the seasons. Illustrated.
- 634 American Forestry Association. Proceedings of the congress held at Washington, D. C., 1905. A very comprehensive treatment of the subject of forestry.
- 634.9 Fuller, A. S.—Practical Forestry.
A treatise on the propagation, planting and cultivation of all the indigenous trees of the United States, with notes on a number of exotic species. Interesting to either casual reader or close student.

FICTION

Freeman, Mrs. Mary Wilkins—Six Trees.

ARBOR DAY

- 371.89 How to Celebrate Arbor Day.
- 371.89 Skinner, C. F.—Arbor Day Manual.
These books give the origin of Arbor Day, hints on the planting of trees, recitations, songs, quotations, drills, marches and programs for school exercises.

“He who plants trees loves others besides himself.”

COLLECTIVE

- Bolton, S. K.—Girls Who Have Become Famous.
- Brooks, E. S.—Historic Girls Who Have Influenced the History of their Times.

INDIVIDUAL

- Austen, Jane.—Letters.
- Alcott, L. M.—Life, Letters and Journal.
- Andrews, E. F.—War-time Journal of a Georgia Girl.
- Bancroft, E. D.—Letters From England.
- Dobson, Austin.—Fanny Burney.

Browning, E. B.—Letters.

Clopton, V. T. C.—Belle of the Fifties.

Carl, Katherine.—With the Empress Dowager.

Whiting, Lillian.—Kate Field.

Pitman, E. R.—Elizabeth Fry.

Keller, Helen—Story of My Life.

MacLean, J. P.—Flora MacDonald in America.

Yonge, C. M.—Hannah More.

Gordon, A. B.—Frances E. Willard.

Fuller, Margaret.—Love Letters.

Howe, J. W.—Margaret Fuller.

An admirable study of a great woman; gives culture as the keynote to her career.

Pryor, S. A. R.—Reminiscences of Peace and War.

Pryor, S. A. R.—My Day.

The author has supplemented her entertaining Reminiscences of Peace and War with memories of earlier and later times. She writes with attractive simplicity of travel in the North in the 40's, Virginia in the 50's, further experiences during the Civil War, and New York social and artistic life up to 1900.

—A. L. A. Book List.

Palmer, G. H.—Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.

Mrs. Palmer was for six years president of Wellesley College, and during her administration did much to raise the standard of scholarship and reorganize the departments of instruction. This biography, written by her husband, is one of the most charming and entertaining that has appeared in years, and well worth a careful reading.

Tiffany, Francis—Dorothea Lynde Dix.

The library recently had the loan, from Doubleday, Page & Co., of a number of the famous Burlington proofs. The beauty of finish and artistic workmanship was repeatedly commented on by those who examined them.



In Lighter Vein

Marea Jordan, '11

Why use the expression of taking a study "under" a certain instructor?

Because you expect to be "sat upon."

In Guilford Hall "No Add." is not a badly spelled abbreviation of "no admittance", but a mild hint to please subtract yourself.

Senior in Geology: "The hot spring comes from hot lava which has flown along a fissure in the interior of the earth."

LIFE OF VERGIL.—Vergil was born 90 B. C., died 19 A. D. He died in the prime of life and for that reason did not complete his works.—*Sophomore Latin Student.*

Carrie T. declares that the *holes* in light bread make it very digestible.

Latin Teacher: "How are conditional sentences classified?"

O. B.: "They are classified on the time basis of Present, Past and Participle Time."

We have a new member in the 1911 class; "a full-pledged Junior." All-ie.

Prof. Merritt, with a sigh, "Poor old fellow! Ebbing Hans died young."

M. J., studying Civics, asked, "Who is Vice-Governor of North Carolina?"

One of the Juniors exclaimed, "Miss —— is a Presbyterian because she believes in *pre-meditation*."

B. Hicks desires that all *prescriptions* to the Annual be made at once.

J. M. wants to know when the "study hour bell blows?"

Senior (in the Training School): "Does any one know who was the god of love?"

Small child: "George Washington."

B. B. said that she had read "Sheets and Kelley", while A. P., explaining, said, "She means Kelley and Sheets".

In vain M. Hudson searched the chemical laboratory for a bottle of *faucet water*.

President of Senior Class: "Next thing in order is *unfurnished* business."

English Teacher: "Name some literary figures of the Augustan Age of English literature?"

Freshman: "The coffee house and theatres."

One girl wrote home that she "roomed in 205, Guilford Court House".

Early last fall when the chief marshal told one of the junior marshals that she was to serve that night, she turned to the girls of her table and said, "Wonder what we will serve?—cream?"

R. Gray wishes some "white American beauties".

One girl on leaving the Infirmary was greeted thus by Janette: "I am so glad that you are able to leave the *Auditorium*."

Mr. J., in N. C. History, asks: "If William Penn had

killed half the Indians in Pennsylvania, scalped half, and then run the *other half* out of the country, do you think he would ever have been known in history as a friend to the Indians?"

Senior: "Have you ever read Susanna and Sue?"

R. G.: "No. Who were the leading characters?"

We have two new meanings for emulsion. According to a Junior it is a refined expression for "fits", but a Sophomore, with characteristic wisdom, said that it is a synonym for "baptism".

Will some one tell B. Andrews that George Washington was not born February 12th?

Edith L., in Physics Lab.: "Please let me originate some electricity!"

B. Daniel remembers when Miss ——— taught *gymnasium* here.

Teacher: "In what respects does the Sahara Desert differ from others?"

Second Prep.: "The Sahara Desert is different from other deserts, as it has a moist climate and much vegetation."

My first and only love,
 By all the powers above,
 I'll swear I miss you!
 I long, regardless of the "dyps",
 To press your ruby lips,
 Once more to kiss you.

When e'er the dyp-bug rages,
 Cast your eyes upon these pages,
 Calming all your fears,
 For although you may have trouble
 And your throat may swell up double,
 Still, I love you, dear.

—G. Avery, '12.

It's really strange and sad to say,
But all the same it's true,
We cannot comply with everything
That's told us, here, to do.

The Faculty thinks we do not try
In some things that come to us,
And so, indeed, if we cannot sing,
We shall try and make a fuss.

For we have tried so hard to do
What they tell us every day,
And do each thing as best we know
And in a cheerful way.

When we were asked to do our best
On singing in chapel one day,
We each and all made up our minds
To give a surprise in this way:

We would open our books and stand erect,
And open our mouths and sing,
When lo! the song was entirely new,
And not a sound could we bring.

The notes ran up and the notes ran down,
And the piano went right on,
But we stood in dismay, not a word could we say,
For we did not know the tune.

We dared not raise our eyes to meet
The looks of scorn and dismay,
Which we knew were there to greet us,
On this sad and unfortunate day.

—*Lelia White, '11.*

Away with examinations, away with the six;
Throw down the ball, take up the sticks.
Ho for Athletics! ho for fun!
Let's see the games in hockey begun:
Enter the contest with all your might,
Try to do your best and do it right.
In all the excitement watch your way,
Captain, fieldman, keep the ball in play.
Suspense,—then a shout—“Scored!”

—*Annie Louise Wills, '11.*

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Elizabeth Hicks Robinson, Cumberland County

Assistants

Adelphians

Mellie Cotchett..New Hanover County
 Clyde StancillEdgecombe County
 Laura Weill...New Hanover County
 Marea JordanDurham County
 Ruby GrayLenoir County

Cornelians

Annie MoringRandolph County
 Eleanor HuskeCumberland County
 Clara LambeChatham County
 Nannie LacyWake County
 Jessie EarnhardtCaldwell County

Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Laura B. WeillPresident	Eunice RobertsSecretary
Mary Louise Brown...Vice-President	Anna VernonTreasurer
Annie MartinProphet	Annie Lee HarperCritic
Jane SummerellPoet	Emily HymanHistorian
Belle Hicks—Last Will and Testament	

Junior Class

Frances BroadfootPresident	Pearl HollowaySecretary
Dolorah SteppVice-President	Huldah SlaughterTreasurer

Sophomore Class

Mary K. BrownPresident	Clyde FieldsSecretary
Alice MorrisonVice-President	Fay DavenportTreasurer
Margaret WilsonCritic	

Freshman Class

Corinna MialPresident	Mary TennentSecretary
Sara RichardsonVice-President	Margaret MannTreasurer

Young Women's Christian Association

Jane SummerellPresident	Winnie McWhorterSecretary
Marion StevensVice-President	Mamie GriffinTreasurer

Athletic Association

Belle HicksPresident	Agnes Lacy . . V.-President, 2nd. Prep.
Fay DavenportSecretary	Catharine JonesTreasurer
Clara Lambe . . Vice-President, Senior	Annie Louise Wills, Vice-Pres., Junior
Kate Styron...Vice-President, Soph.	Gretchen Taylor..V.-President, Fresh.
Annie D. Glenn..V.-President, Special	Carrie Exum..V.-President, 1st Prep.
Mellie CotchettCritic	