

State Normal Magazine


Vol. 15

MARCH, 1911

No. 6

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Spring (Poem)— <i>E. Rose Batterham, '11</i>	291
O. Henry, One of North Carolina's Most Gifted Sons— <i>Margaret E. Johnson, '12</i>	292
The Curse of Oakhurst Castle— <i>O. Henry</i>	298
Old Miss Mary— <i>Eleanor Morgan, '14</i>	303
Up in a Toy Balloon (Poem)— <i>Virginia Eller</i>	307
Browning, the Artist— <i>Minnie Littman, '11</i>	308
Contributors' Club—	
Why Aunt Calline was Late for Church <i>Julia Holt Black, '14</i>	313
Charlotte's Bible Teachings— <i>Dallie West, '14</i>	314
Editorial—	
What it Means to be a Student of the Normal College	316
The Point of View—	
Walking Period— <i>Belle Kirk, '14</i>	319
The Scale of Points— <i>Ethel Bollinger, '13</i>	319
Exchanges— <i>Margaret Cobb, '12</i>	321
Among Ourselves— <i>Marea Curry Jordan, '11</i>	322
Y. W. C. A.— <i>Adelaide Morrow, '11</i>	324
Society Notes—	
With the Adelprians— <i>E. Rose Batterham, '11</i>	325
With the Cornelians— <i>Lelia White, '11</i>	325
In Lighter Vein— <i>Clyde Fields, '12</i>	327
Last Request of a Biology Frog— <i>Margaret Wilson, '12</i>	327
The Senior— <i>Elizabeth Camp</i>	327
When the Legislators Come— <i>M. L. R., C. L. S., A. L. S.</i>	328
Organizations	329
Advertisements	



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VOL. XV

GREENSBORO, N. C., MARCH, 1911

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Spring

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelpkian

A touch of spring was everywhere,
A thrill of wakening life;
Some small stream's song I longed to hear,
To learn of coming spring.

An arbutus grew in the way,
Its tiny buds unclosed;
To pick the blooms, I longed to stay—
But brooks tell most of spring.

A bluet sweet plead soft and low
To look into its eyes—
Of coming joys I wished to know,
The brook would tell of spring.

I heard the water's merry song
Bearing the joyful news;
By wakening buds it sped along;—
The brook told me of spring.

O. Henry, one of North Carolina's Most Gifted Sons

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

Although North Carolina has given birth to many men of whom she may justly be proud, there are few, if any, who have brought her more widespread fame than the late Sidney Porter, better known to the world at large under the pen name of O. Henry. Sidney Porter was born in Greensboro, N. C., in the year 1867. His father, Dr. Algernon Sidney Porter, died while his son was a small child, so, after the death of his mother, which soon occurred, the lad lived with his aunt, Miss Lydia Porter. His early home was an old-fashioned house situated on Market Street, between Edgeworth and Eugene.

In one corner of the yard stood a small schoolhouse where Miss Lydia held sway among the small citizens of the town. One of these was her young nephew, and he led her such a chase as did none of the others. Fun-loving and full of mischief, he soon became the leader in the numerous pranks played upon the schoolma'am, and was always ready with new and unique ones. The ferule of Miss Lydia found great exercise in those days and her hopeful kinsman received no small share of it.

Time passed, however, and the boy, in his early teens, became a clerk in the drugstore of his uncle, Dr. Clarke Porter. Dr. Porter was an easy-going, good natured sort of a man, so his place of business had long been the rendezvous of the men of the town. Here the wits, the lawyers, the doctors, the statesmen, and many others collected to laugh and chat and crack jokes around the old iron stove in the center of the room. Sidney, full of mischief, but with cold toes, sometimes experienced this to his discomfort, as is shown by the unique expression of his sentiment below :

“A HYPOTHETICAL THEOREM”

“We wish to prove that there is a stove in the drugstore. We cannot see the stove, but must reason by a syllogism: Premise major—The crowd we see did not come in to buy drugs, and appear to converge to a

central point. Premise minor—We can see a stove pipe, and know that the Thermometer indicates a low temperature. Conclusion—There is a stove, although unapproachable by the proprietors, Pinkney Lindsay, the Prescription Clerk, customers, or poor half-frozen Doctors. Logic can establish the fact of its existence, but cannot stop the flow of discordant jokes and hoss-laughs, or warm the clerk's feet. Science and strategy alike recoil from the task. Friends of the clerk are requested to bring flowers. By special request the fire company will join the procession."

Possessing a good store of humor and a ready gift of caricaturing, the young drug clerk did not fail to make good use of the many and varied materials that came to his hand, and of the frequent opportunities to get off hits on the beaux and other characters of the town. Many and laughable were the cartoons and limericks that his vigilant pen dashed off of the frequenters of the store. Young and old alike fell under the magic of his mind and hand and yielded up their cherished secrets and small idiosyncracies to the skillful portrayal of his pen. Of the early return of young Doctor Lindsey from a western trip he scratched off the following, with an appropriate illustration:

"A rollicking doctor named Ed,
Of the western per-ra-ries had read;
But the unhealthy ahr
Which he found to be thar
Was what caused him so early to fled."

Of another seemingly popular doctor of that time we have the following:

"A skillful physician was John,
And sent for by all the bon ton,*
But his coffee too sweet
Or a draught on his feet,
Caused him wildly to grieve and despond."

"* To be pronounced to rhyme with John. Refrain from exposing the ignorance of the Poet, and displaying your own erudition by remarking on the unsuitability of the rhyme as would result from the French pronunciation. Give us liberty, or give us death. The Poet."

On his good friend Dr. Beall, of this city, then a young physician about town, the mischievous Sidney never tired of

making jokes. At one time, in the early days of the skating rink, he pictures the following colloquy as taking place:

“Dr. Beall, rushing frantically into the drugstore: ‘The castor oil! the castor oil! Where’s the castor oil?’

“ ‘What’s the matter, doctor, who’s sick?’

“ ‘Nobody, you fool you, I want to grease my skates.’ ”

The politician, William or Bill Steiner, and Colonel John Morehead also received a good if not a much desired share of the funmaker’s time.

“A gallant explorer named Bill,
Of the wide rolling plains got his fill.
As he gazed all about
He could see moving out,
For the railroads change passengers still.”

“A jolly old Dutchman named Bill,
Was determined his office to fill;
When the vote counted out,
You could hear a great shout,
And could bet he was register still.”

“A gallant young lawyer named Joe,
Was supposed to be not on the flo’;
But his beauty and wit
Forced him soon to submit;
Now the bottle and banjo must go.”

“A prominent lawyer named Jim,
Could have been governor as easy as swim,
But he never had tried,
For his eminent pride
Made the effort distasteful to him.”

The names Joe and Jim in the above refer to the same person.

By many of the citizens of Greensboro the subjects of the foregoing limericks are well known and therefore, by them, they can be better appreciated than by outsiders. To all, however, they will help to show the spirit and fun-loving nature of the boy who afterwards grew into “one of the greatest short story writers of America.”

At the age of about seventeen years the care-free life of the old drugstore was given up and Sidney Porter left his native

town never again to make his home within her limits. He first went to Texas, where he spent nearly three years on a ranch belonging to Lee Hall, the ranger. These years were very happy ones to the boy and yielded to his observant mind much material which was afterwards of great value to him. At this time he was already planning to write, so in order to further this plan he secured a position with the *Post*, a daily newspaper of Houston, Texas. After spending a year there he went to Austin, where he purchased Brann's *Iconoclast* from its owner for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. This paper, christened the *Rolling Stone*, was soon a failure and its author went to Central America where he intended to become interested in the fruit business. Finding this unfeasible, however, he soon returned to Texas. Here he spent two weeks in a drugstore—weeks that were enough to keep alive for twenty years the myth of his occupation as a druggist. Soon he left Texas once more, going to New Orleans, where he began, with more consistency of effort, his work as a writer. It was while here that he decided upon the pen name of O. Henry. He says of this:

“When I was in New Orleans one day, I said to a friend, ‘I’m going to send out some stories. I don’t know whether they are any good or not, so I want an alias. Help me pick one.’ He suggested we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables we found. In the description of a fashionable ball my eye lighted on the name Henry. ‘That’ll do for a last name,’ said I. ‘Now for a first name. I want something short.’ ‘Why not a plain initial?’ asked my friend. ‘Good!’ I replied, ‘and the easiest of all to make is O.’”

While in Texas O. Henry was married to one of the fair daughters of this State. To them one child was born, a daughter. Mrs. Porter did not live long. Soon after her death her husband went to New York, where he spent the greater remaining part of his life. It was here that he romantically met and married his second wife, Miss Sara Coleman. While reading one day he came across a story that he liked, so he wrote to the author and asked if she was the little Sara Coleman that he used to play with. Finding that she was his old-time playmate, he sought her out and later married her.

The wanderings of O. Henry have much influenced his works. Texas gave him the material for the volume of short stories called "The Heart of the West," and Central America furnished the scene for "Cabbages and Kings." "The Four Million," "The Voice of the City" and "The Trimmed Lamp" are stories of New York city. This influence of locality, however, is insignificant. The qualities that mark his work are universal and unrestricted. It has been said that his New York stories are best, but the reason for this lies in the stories themselves. Of this O. Henry himself says:

"People say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-Third Street, in one of my New York stories, to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the Town Hall. Then the story will fit just as truly as elsewhere. At least, I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of local color will set it in the East, West, South, or North. The characters of the 'Arabian Nights' parade up and down Broadway at midday, or Main Street in Dallas, Texas."

In his stories, O. Henry portrays all kinds of people. He accepts with sympathy, wit, and at times irony, the unpleasant fact that a human being can be a drudge; the glorious fact that a drudge is a human being. He is in sympathy with the shop-girl, the clerk, the worker at this and that dull task that supplies little to the body and less to the soul. Many times his stories lay bare some cruel roughness of the social fabric at the same time that they give a quaint, clear glimpse of good and happiness and fun.

"Of course," he says, "there are two sides to the question. Let us look at the other. We often hear 'shop-girls' spoken of. No such person exists. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn this occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as 'marriage girls.'"

From the first appearance of any of his stories O. Henry's works have commanded the highest prices. Ten years ago he made a sudden leap to favor, and since that time has amused and interested the magazine and book readers of America continuously. One editor says that the happily chosen titles of his

books has helped to make their popularity. He wrote slang and burlesqued men and women, but could, and did, write terse English and deal with life and character sincerely and tenderly. Some earlier stories, especially full of live sympathy with the "under dog in the world's fight," are "Whistling Dick's Christmas" and "Georgia's Ruling." His sense of humor and dramatic instinct were also unusual. "Life," he says, "is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating." He has, too, an elusive way of interweaving the dramatic and ridiculous so that they are hard to distinguish. A good example of this is found in the little story, "The Curse of Oakhurst Castle," published in this month's Magazine. This story was written while the author was still in his teens, and has never before been printed.

O. Henry himself best describes his methods of work. "Rule 1, of story writing, is to write stories that please yourself. There is no rule 2. In writing forget the public. I get a story thoroughly in mind before I sit down at my table. Then I write it out quickly, and without revising it, send it to my publishers. In this way I am able to judge my work almost as the public judges it. I've seen stories in type that I didn't at first blush recognize as my own."

In appearance, O. Henry is described as "a shy man, with face almost apologetic—a lone wolf from his birth." His figure was built low and somewhat stout and his face was rather heavy. From his boyhood he was very reticent, having few intimate friends and holding himself aloof from the crowd. "The democracy of life" was one of his strong beliefs and he was proud of his good old Southern blood and of the land and State of his birth.

During the spring of 1910, O. Henry first realized the precarious state of his health. Leaving his family down South, he went to Asheville to finish a play that was then in process of writing and to settle up his affairs. Here his health failed rapidly and death soon came in September, 1910. When the hour of passing grew near, as in life, he was always the same. Just before he died he said to the doctor, "Turn up the lights; I don't want to go home in the dark," then gave one of his quick smiles and in a moment more had gone.

The Curse of Oakhurst Castle

Note.—To Dr. Beall, of this city, we are this month much indebted for the permission to print in our magazine some hitherto unpublished works of his friend, Sidney Porter. The following story and letter, together with the limericks in the sketch of the author's life, were sent to Dr. Beall when the author was in Texas. In connection with the letter, it is well to say that it was forwarded accompanied by a play whose characters were personages of Greensboro. This play, however, has unfortunately been lost, so the letter is all that now remains in reference to it. Dr. Beall has also furnished much of the material for the foregoing sketch, and we wish to express to him our thanks for his kindness in making this article possible.

CHAPTER I.

Lord Oakhurst lay dying in the old oak chamber, in the eastern wing of Oakhurst Castle. Through the open window, in the calm of the summer evening, came the sweet fragrance of the early violets and budding trees; and to the dying man it seemed as if earth's loveliness and beauty were never so apparent as on this bright June day—his last day of life. His young wife, whom he loved with a devotion and strength that the presence of the King of Terrors himself could not alter, moved about the apartment, weeping and sorrowful, sometimes arranging the sick man's pillow, and inquiring of him in low, mournful tones if anything could be done to give him comfort, and again with stifled sobs, eating some chocolate caramels which she carried in the pocket of her apron. The servants went to and fro with that quiet and subdued tread which prevails in a house where Death is an expected guest; and even the crash of broken china, and shivered glass, which announced their approach seemed to fall upon the ear with less violence and sound than usual.

Lord Oakhurst was thinking of days gone by, when he wooed and won his beautiful young wife, who was then but a charming and innocent girl. How clearly and minutely those scenes rose up at the call of his memory. He seemed to be standing once more beneath the old chestnut grove where they had plighted their troth in the twilight, under the stars; while the rare fragrance of the June roses and the smell of supper came gently by on the breeze. There he had told her his love,—how that his whole happiness and future joy lay in the hope that he might win her for a bride,—that if she would trust her future to his care the devotedness of a lifetime should be hers, and his

only thoughts would be to make her life one long day of sunshine and peanut candy. How plainly he remembered how she had, with girlish shyness and coyness, at first hesitated, and murmured something to herself about "an old bald-headed galoot"—but when he told her that to him life without her would be a blasted mockery, and that his income was fifty thousand pounds a year, she threw herself onto him and froze there with the tenacity of a tick on a brindled cow, and said with tears of joy, "Henry, I am thine."

And now he was dying. In a few short hours his spirit would rise up at the call of the Destroyer and quitting his poor, weak, earthly frame, would go forth into that dim and dreaded Unknown Land, and solve with certainty that Mystery which revealeth itself not to mortal man.

CHAPTER II.

A carriage drove rapidly up the avenue and stopped at the door. Sir Everhard FitzArmond, the famous London physician who had been telegraphed for, alighted and quickly ascended the marble steps. Lady Oakhurst met him at the door, her lovely face expressing great anxiety and grief.

"Oh, Sir Everhard, I am so glad you have come. He seems to be sinking rapidly; did you bring the cream almonds I mentioned in the telegram?"

Sir Everhard did not reply, but silently handed her a package, and slipping a couple of cloves into his mouth, ascended the stairs that led to Lord Oakhurst's apartment. Lady Oakhurst followed.

Sir Everhard approached the bedside of his patient, and laid his hand gently on the sick man's diagnosis.

A shade of feeling passed over his professional countenance, as he gravely and solemnly pronounced these words:

"Madam, your husband has croaked."

Lady Oakhurst at first did not comprehend his technical language, and her lovely mouth let up for a moment on the cream almonds; but soon his meaning flashed upon her, and she seized an axe that her husband was accustomed to keep by his bedside to mangle servants with and struck open Lord Oak-

hurst's cabinet containing his private papers, and with eager hands opened a document which she took therefrom.

Then, with a wild unearthly shriek—that would have made a steam piano go out behind a barn and kick itself in despair—she fell senseless to the floor.

Sir Everhard FitzArmond picked up the paper and read its contents. It was Lord Oakhurst's will, bequeathing all his vast wealth, and property, to a scientific institution, which should have for its object the invocation of a means for extracting peach brandy from sawdust.

Sir Everhard glanced quickly around the room.

No one was in sight. Dropping the will, he rapidly transferred some valuable ornaments and rare specimens of gold and silver filigree work from the center-table to his pockets, and rang the bell for the servants.

CHAPTER III.—THE CURS

Sir Everhard FitzArmond descended the stairway of Oakhurst Castle and passed out into the avenue that led from the doorway to the great iron gates of the park.

Lord Oakhurst had been a great sportsman during his life and always kept a well-stocked kennel of curs, which now rushed out from their hiding places, and with loud yelps sprang upon the physician, burying their fangs in his lower limbs and seriously damaging his apparel.

THE CURSE

Sir Everhard, startled out of his professional dignity and usual indifference to human suffering by the personal application of the feeling, gave vent to a most horrible and plighting CURSE and ran with great swiftness to his carriage, and drove off towards the city.

LA SALLE Co., TEX., Dec. 8, 1883.

Dear Doctor:

I send you a play!—A regular High-Art, full orchestra, Gilt-edge Drama. I send it to you because of old acquaintance,

and as a revival of old associations. Was I not ever ready, in times gone by, to generously furnish a spatula and other assistance, when you did buy the succulent watermelon? and was it not by my connivance and help that you did oft rouse the gentle Oscar—Ulays's skates entice?—But I digress. I think that I have so concealed the identity of the characters introduced, that no one will be able to place them, as they all appear under fictitious names; although I admit that many of the incidents and scenes were suggested by actual experiences of the author in your city. You will of course introduce the play upon the stage if proper arrangements can be made. I have not yet had an opportunity of ascertaining whether Edwin Booth, John McCullough, or Henry Irving can be secured in the east,—but, however, I will leave all such matters to your judgment and taste. Some few suggestions I will make with regard to the mounting of the piece which may be of value to you. Some discrimination will be necessary in selecting a fit person to represent the character of Bill Slax, the tramp. The part is that of a youth of great beauty and noble manners, temporarily under a cloud, and is generally rather difficult to fill properly. The other minor characters, suckers, damfools, citizens, police, customers, countrymen, etc., can be very easily supplied, especially the first.

I have anticipated some trouble attendant upon getting an audience together, but think it can be managed by proper care and strategy. Let it be announced in the *Patriot* for several days, that in front of the Benbow Hall, at a certain hour, a man will walk a tight rope seventy feet from the ground, who has never made the attempt before. That the exhibition will be Free, and that the odds are twenty to one that the man will be killed. A large crowd will gather. Then let the Guilford Grays charge one side, the Reidsville Light Infantry the other, with fixed bayonets, and a man with a hat commence taking up a collection in the rear. By this means they can be readily driven into the hall and the door locked. I have studied a long time about devising a plan for obtaining pay from the audience and have finally struck upon the only feasible one, I think.

After the performance, let someone out on the stage and

announce that James Forbis will speak two hours. The result, —easily explained by philosophical and psychological reasons —will be as follows:

The minds of the audience, elated and inspired by the hope of immediate departure, when confronted by such a terror-inspiring and dismal prospect, will collapse with the fearful reaction which will take place and, for a space of time, they will remain in a kind of comatose, farewell-vain-world condition. Now, as this is the time when the interest of the evening is at its highest pitch, let the melodious strains of the orchestra peal forth, as a committee appointed by the managers, of lawyers, druggists, doctors, and revenue officers, go around and relieve the audience of the price of admission for each one. Where one person has no money, let it be made up from another, but on no account let the whole sum taken be more than the just amount, at usual rates.

As I said before, the characters in the play are purely imaginary, and therefore not to be confounded with real persons. But lest anyone, feeling some of the idiosyncrasies and characteristics apply too forcibly to his own high moral and irreproachable self, should allow his warlike and combative spirits to arise, you might, as you go, kind of casually-like produce the impression that I rarely miss my aim with a Colt's forty-five, but if that does not have the effect of quieting the splenetic individual—and he still thirsts for Bill Slax's gore—just inform him that if he comes out here he can't get any whisky within two days' journey of my present abode, and water will have to be his only beverage while on the warpath. This I am sure will avert the bloody and direful conflict.

Accept my lasting regards and professions of respect.

Ever yours,

BILL SLAX.

Old Miss Mary

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

"Old Miss Mary," as she was called, lived in a little two-room shanty about a mile from town. This rickety old house had cracks so big that, standing outside, one could look through and see the cornstalks at the back. In one room Miss Mary had her cot and her cooking arrangements; she had no stove, but cooked over the open fireplace, when she had anything to cook. On a table she kept her treasures, which consisted of a tintype portrait of her mother, who, Miss Mary said, had lived to be a "centurion," and a shabby box made of shells. In the only other room of the house Miss Mary kept her provisions and her loom. Here she would sit all day long, when her rheumatism would permit, and pedal away at the rag-carpet loom. A solitary life indeed the poor old white woman lived here in her hut, with only her great black cat and the neighbor pickaninnies for company. But she was supposed, by the darkies, to have hidden in the old house a great treasure; for she herself told them tales of a miserly hoard.

One day poor, wizened Miss Mary was sitting in the afternoon sunshine of a cold January day, surrounded by a group of little black darkies, who were listening with mouths dropped open to tales Miss Mary was telling them of ghosts and witches—tales Miss Mary herself half believed. Just now she was telling them a tale of how, in an old hollow sycamore, at a bend in the road which led past the home of the small negroes, lived a powerful witch who held great mystic influence over all the people thereabout. This great witch, when she wanted anything to eat, would take seven balls from the sycamore tree and ride through the air to the home of someone who she knew had plenty and there drop the seven balls, one at a time, in at a window. When this was done, such a magic spell would be upon the people in the house that, unconscious of what they were doing, they would bring food and drink to the door and leave it. Then the witch would take what she wanted and fly back through the air with it to her own hollow tree. But if the food and drink were not brought the witch would place a

curse upon the people who resisted and withstood her influence; their crops would fail, their children die, they themselves starve. This old witch was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and Miss Mary asserted that she also was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and that when the present witch died she was to take her place.

This awful statement of Miss Mary's sent the little darkies scurrying away to their homes. When they had to pass the hollow sycamore they took to the other side of the road and tore away as fast as their little black heels could fly, with many a backward glance of awe and terror from their rolling eyes.

Now that the small blacks had fled, old Miss Mary rose stiffly and went inside her shabby-old house. Night came on and she was hungry. There was not a bite to eat and not a cent of money in the house; she thought sadly of all the riches the negroes thought she possessed. She had had nothing to eat now for two whole days, and the poor old woman was weak and tired. As she went into her workroom and looked at the empty shelves the darkies supposed were so loaded, an idea came into her mind and she made a bold plan for getting food. She remembered the tale she had told the little pickaninnies and determined to act out the story in person. So, picking up a ragged shawl, she went out into the cold night. When she reached the old sycamore she stopped long enough to gather in her trembling hands seven sycamore balls. Then she went straight on to the house of the negroes.

The bright light flooded from the narrow window and, as she stood there in the cold dark looking into the only room of the house, she saw a happy picture of bright warmth and cheer. The children were laughing and frolicking about and the older people were sitting looking on with great interest and enjoyment. Over on a cupboard in the corner she saw the remnants of an early supper, some cold cornbread and bacon, and she knew that this was all the negroes had. Times were hard then, and rich and poor, white and black, alike were feeling the effects; but the negroes could get more food next morning Miss Mary knew by going to the owner of the plantation, and she knew also that she herself could get nothing, or at least

that she would ask for nothing. And so a bitter envy for the better lot of these negroes and a fierce longing for what she saw came into the old woman's mind as she stood there gazing in at the window.

How easy it was done—a pane of glass had long been broken from the window, and through the open place she quickly threw a sycamore ball. As the little sphere rolled over the floor the darky baby crowed with delight, and fell to crawling after it. Another and another, and yet another, Miss Mary cautiously threw, until all seven were on the cabin floor. The negroes had been busy talking and did not notice the balls at first, then one of the darky boys, seeing the seven balls rolling about, thought of Miss Mary's tale and immediately repeated it. Instantly a great fear took possession of the older negroes, and in dread superstition they quickly got up and took everything there was in the house to eat and a gourd of water and placed it on the doorstep.

As soon as they had gone into the house again Miss Mary picked up the food and put it in her apron. But before she went away she looked again into the window and this time saw a very different scene from that she had witnessed a few minutes before. The older people were talking in terror of the dread happening and the children were crying loudly. Just then one of the younger children, not knowing what all the fright was about, set up such a wail that his cry drowned all the other noise. When he was quieted somewhat Miss Mary heard him call pitifully for "somefin' t' eat" again and again. Miss Mary knew that what he ought to have was right then in her own pocket, but she resolutely said to herself, "He can git somethin' in the mornin', and I can't," and marched straight away.

But she could not help thinking about it, nor could she help seeing the crying child's face constantly before her, and so by the time she had reached the hollow tree she was in a state of hesitation as to what she should do. For a long time she stood there arguing with herself, first, that she had a right to the food before the negroes, and that they could get more while she could get none, and on the other side that the food did not be-

long to her, that she had obtained it through deceit, and that the little darkies were hungry. Finally, though, the weeping face of the darky child won over her doubts and she determined to go back.

She did go back and quietly and noiselessly put the food through the broken pane upon the sill inside the room. Then she turned again and started weakly for her house. Totteringly she crept into her yard and then sank down upon the doorstep unconscious. There, the next morning, the negroes found her, stone dead.



Up in a Toy Balloon

Virginia Eller, Cornelian

Nobody seems to know very well,
 If I sailed in my toy balloon,
 How many days and nights it would take
 To get to the great big moon.
 Nobody seems to be quite, quite sure,
 If it's altogether true
 That the stars are holes in the floor of heav'n
 With the light all shining through.

I'm going to go a-sailing high,
 Up to the silver moon;
 Send a wireless message to say
 I'll be there this afternoon.
 I'm going to go a-sailing high,
 Right away out of sight;
 It will be very late, maybe seven or eight,
 When I get to my crib tonight.

Nobody knows when I ask if the moon
 Is a magical lantern slide,
 But oh! if I only sail so far,
 I shall walk about inside.
 I'll see the stars and they'll all see me,
 I shall know what their names all are;
 And if my balloon should burst up there,
 I'll come home with a falling star.

Browning. the Artist

Minnie Littman, '11, Adelpkian

Many poets have attained distinction for the lyrical quality of their work in the expression of subtle moods, and for their exquisite descriptive powers. The charm of their poetry lies not in the real,—the expression of life as it is, but in the ideal, the beautiful,—in the expression of sentiment, heroic, spiritual, or romantic. The average student's conception of poetry, in beginning its study, holds these to be requisite characteristics of a rather ethereal, musical, pleasingly colored type of composition, a sort of literary dessert, which that name represents. The owner of such a conception, on meeting with Browning, experiences a rude shock, and either alters his opinions, or declares Browning not a poet. It is true that generally, so far as poetic form is concerned, Browning does not come up to requirements; he is neglectful of the uses of metre, alliteration, rhyme, and other devices which make for a harmonious whole, but in his interpretation of character and ideals he presents strong, sane views of life, and scenes which arrest attention. The dramatic element of his work, one of its most characteristic features, is worked out by scenes or tableaux, rather than by any continuous developments of plot, and it is this descriptive ability that I wish to discuss.

One cannot well call Browning a word-painter. Words are not his sole medium in producing pictures. He does not outline, color, and accentuate, by piling word on word. Instead, he works as an impressionist, who puts in the salient elements of his picture, the high lights and deep shadows, who makes his meaning evident, but leaves the details of color and outline to the imagination of those who see the finished product. He does not allow us to lose ourselves entirely in contemplation of texture, color blending, or other technicalities,—it is the soul of the picture that counts. In Fra Lippo Lippi Browning expresses himself clearly enough on what he considers the essentials of painting; he does not believe, as did the old churchmen, that

“Your business is not to catch men with show,
 With homage to the perishable clay,
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,
 Make them forget there’s such a thing as flesh.”

He doesn’t agree that according to this principle one should

“ * * * paint soul, by painting body
 So ill, the eye can’t stop there, must go further
 And can’t fare worse.”

Instead he asks:

“Why can’t a painter lift each foot in turn,
 Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
 Make his flesh liker, and his soul more like,
 Both in their order?”

As to the purpose of painting, the same poem includes this:

“ * * * don’t you mark? We’re made so that we love
 First when we see them painted, things we have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
 * * * Art was given for that;
 God uses us to help each other so,
 Lending our minds out.”

With these interesting views of the function of painting in mind, I turn to the Browning picture gallery, as far as I have become acquainted with it. There are numerous subjects, some done on a magnificent scale, a few miniatures and tiny sketches, but mainly pictures of medium size. They all possess one feature in common,—the presence of a human element, sometimes made evident merely by the dominant tone of the picture, more generally by a single figure or a group of figures. There are very, very few paintings treated in detail, and these are copies or imitations of other masters. A great number of the pictures are in black and white, and there are also several in dark or neutral tones, relieved by a dash of vivid color. Some, the most impressionistic of all, are rich and glowing. And in all there is evident something beside what is merely on the surface; there is always the spirit of the picture.

Two in the larger group attract attention, first for their size,—then, coming closer, their striking feature is the ominous,

gloomy atmosphere that pervades them. One is done in colors—it is taken from the “Flight of the Duchess” and is a scene from the “Great, wild country.” It shows a dark, mediæval castle, overlooking from a height fields of grain, whose yellow hue shades into the green of vineyards,—then into the brighter green of pastures, on which flocks are grazing,—thick forests clothing a gloomy mountainside, beyond them a “vast red, drear, burnt-up plain,” and at last the shores of the blue sea. The colors are laid on boldly, but are subdued and blended; the sky is overcast, and broods over the whole huge panorama with an oppressive effect which gives the keynote of the scenes that follow.

The other picture is in black and gray and dead white, and presents to view a solitary man, heavily armed, the jauntiness of his knightly costume contrasting strangely with his air of utter weariness. He is slowly crossing a barren plain, above whose soil, upturned as though it had been the scene of a fierce struggle, emerge a few stunted and deformed weeds and blades of grass, every semblance of beauty crushed out of them. There is no road in sight, nothing breaks the monotony except a few stumps and a single twisted, mutilated tree. But no—that is a mistake—those are not stumps after all, but ancient, rusted instruments of iron, relics of some grim torture chamber! It is indeed a scene of horror, but though so hideous, there is a look of determination on the knight’s face which gives to this picture an element of hope that is absent from the other.

It is a relief to turn from this scene of “Childe Roland” to the warmth and sense of security of “The Englishman in Italy,” a series of sketches of Italian life. Beginning with the picture of a little, bare-legged, brown Italian girl looking smilingly up into the face of the Englishman against whom she is nestling, there follow in dazzling succession scenes along the blue Mediterranean,—the fisherman with his spoils, the glowing vineyard and the merry wine-makers, and the whole glorious Italian landscape in its various moods, as a background to typical scenes. In “De Gustibus” there are also two bright pictures,—the first distinctive because it is among

the few really English subjects treated,—the picture of two lovers in an English lane, “By a cornfield side a-flutter with poppies.” The second is more pretentious,—a scene in an old, crumbly Italian house by the sea, the Italian element emphasized by the barefooted native girl with her armful of bright colored ripe melons. Both of these are wonderful examples of the impressionistic style, of a sparing use of line and a few pure colors, so combined as to give a feeling of radiant mid-summer, and of the keen intensity and joy of life.

Besides these scenes, there are numbers of portraits. First, the copies,—the exquisite little miniature in gold, and delicate, yet glowing tints—“A Face,” and the patient expressionless Madonna of Fra Lippo Lippi, with all its accompaniments of clouds, saints, flowers, and cherubs. Among the typically Browning portraits is that of “My Last Duchess,” where a few skillful touches show us a young and rarely beautiful woman, whose face, in “the depth and passion of its earnest glance”, reveals a noble nature, so irresistibly gracious and pure that it unconsciously exacts the loving homage of all its little surrounding world, a nature abounding in generous good will, and appreciative of the slightest kindness, radiant with thankfulness and the joy of living. We are made conscious of the beauty of the picture, but far more of the beauty of its meaning. In contrast with its purity and poise is the little lady of “In the Laboratory,” handled even less materially, but vivid still. It is the revelation of a light, dainty, reckless, butterfly nature, against the dark, unnatural background of a smoky laboratory. We see that the face of this being, though not painted in just so many strokes, is very pretty as far as mere physical beauty goes; her eyes are bright and restless, and the childlike, petulant little mouth is set with determination. There is no color in this picture except the blue of the poisoned vial,—it is rather a study in light and shadow and sinister motive, than a painting.

Among the portraits of men one of the most striking is that of the old reprobate bishop ordering his tomb at St. Praxed’s. What a face is there, propped up among the pillows, above the gaunt scripturally draped old form! It is a face on which

should have been engraved records of loving piety and beneficent deeds, but which instead is marked by lines eloquent of hypocrisy, greed, sensuality, and hate of a lifetime. That face, with the tapers burning near it, and the shrinking group around the bed, could tell a story without being supplemented by words.

And there are many other portraits,—the pale, exotic girl-saint of Pornic makes a beautiful picture, with her slenderness and her splendid golden hair; there is the threadbare old poet in “How it strikes a contemporary,” and others of equal merit. There are fascinating sketches of land and sea, as:

“The gray sea and the long, black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep. * * ”

There are the twinkling lights and piled up shadows in the canal scene from “In a Gondola,” and there is the wonderful coolness and rich quiet of nature as “we stand in the heart of things” in “By the fireside.” But—one must stop somewhere. The pictures I have mentioned may not be wholly typical; their selection certainly falls short of including all the chief treasures in the array from which one may choose. In these few, however, it is evident that their value is not wholly in their decorative quality; they possess remarkable variety, richness and depth, they furnish unlimited and interesting material for thought, they are spontaneous and accurate. They convey so much, in so simple a manner, that they rank Brown-
ing as a master impressionist among poet-artists.



Contributors' Club

Why Aunt Calline was Late for Church

Julia Holt Black, '14, Cornelian

It was on a Sunday morning in mid-winter that "Aunt Calline" decided she was tired of eating pork, and expressed to her little son Sammy her determination to have chicken for dinner.

"But how'se you gwine git it?" the little boy asked his mother.

"Don' you worry 'bout dat; all I got ter say is, we gwine have chicken stew for dinner."

Sammy never doubted his mother's statement, for he was of those little "coons" who believe "where mammy has a will, there's a way," and especially when that will concerns the Sunday menu.

"Sammy, les us go dis here way," said Aunt Calline, when time came to start to church.

"Whut fer, ain't tother way shortest?"

"Yes, but Brudder Fry am got some mighty fine chickens in his chickencoop."

"That's mighty right, but dem new neighbors whut's jes move in is got some equally fine ones."

"Sammy, ain't I done an' learnt you, how you ain't nebber to question your mammy's intellect? But I'll 'splain. Don' you know de Baptisses is gwine have sacrament at their church today an' Brudder Fry an' his family allers goes early an' sorter fixes things up?"

With this the conversation between mother and son lagged until the chickencoop of "Brudder Fry" was in sight.

"Sammy, you jes' walk along kinder slow like an' keep both dem eyes of your'n open, so you ken see ef anybody comes."

Fortunately for the foragers, nobody came down the road that morning.

"Ain't it a fine one?" said Aunt Calline, as she held it up high for inspection.

"Yes, but where you gwine put it durin' meetin'?"

Here another problem confronted them. Where was she to put it? But this was no obstacle to Aunt Calline's quick mind.

"Sho', I'll jes' put it in dat chest, jes' outside de door, where dey keeps Sunday school kiticisms an' quatleys."

The two hastened on to church and Aunt Calline succeeded in concealing the chicken in the chest. Putting on her most sanctimonious expression, she walked demurely down the aisle and seated herself next to "Brudder Fry."

After the first hymn was sung and Aunt Calline was coming out bravely on the "Amen," the congregation was startled by the distressed cacklings of a hen. The babies cried, the girls giggled, and all the older people listened to find out from which direction came the sounds. "Brudder Fry" went immediately to the chest, which apparently was the only possible hiding place of the chicken. He came back, holding the hen up by one leg, the feathers flying in every direction. Aunt Calline was attempting not to look distressed, when little Sammy began crying audibly, "We won't have no chicken fer dinner."

"Hush, honey, in course we will," but all attempts to quiet the little fellow were useless.

"This sho' do favor my Plymouth spring pullets," said "Brudder Fry." He was beginning to realize that he had been relieved of a chicken and to suspect that Aunt Calline was the guilty one, when all at once Aunt Calline exclaimed:

"Why, 'Brudder Fry,' 'tis your chicken, but I seed it in the road nigh 'bout froze to death, and sez I, I'll riscue it. You'se welcome, 'Brudder Fry,' you'se welcome."

Charlotte's Bible Teachings

Dallie West, '14, Adelpkian

"Dis world am a howlin' wilderness,
But I's gwine ter go ter heaben when I die;
Dis world am ——"

The song was interrupted by the appearance of a carriage around the curve in the sandy road. The old negress, from her seat in the door of a tumbled-down negro shack, stared curiously at the occupant of the carriage.

"Hello, Charlotte!" called the gentleman. Instantly she sprang out of the door toward the carriage.

"Well, de Lord bless my soul! If 'taint Marse John! Well, now, ain't you a lookin' well!"

"How are you, Charlotte?"

"Right smart an' porely. But I bears it lack one ob de saints o' Moses, as a blessin' o' de Lord. How you, Marse John?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Well, thank de Lord fer it, honey. You jes' keep on a prayin' an' a prayin'. Let de udder folks jes' keep on a dancin' an' a dancin', but you keep on a prayin' an' a sarvin' de Lord."

"Well, how are you getting on, Charlotte?"

"Oh, I'm gittin' on jes' fine. I been a workin' down here fer Miss Marthie. I jes' taken some sugar fer pay, 'cause de chillun' dun been a fussin' fer it so long. So I got five pounds an' fothed it home, an' we all eat it all up, so as we wouldn't want no moh. 'Cause de Bible say,

'Covet not dye neighbor's sugar.' But la! Spurgeon had to go an' git so bad off that I gin him some terbakker.'

"Tobacco?"

"Yes, sah; I did. Thar ain't nuthin' lack terbakker. I don't hanker atter dis here new fangled medicine what de docters gin. Naw, sir; terbakker's de yarb o' de Lord, so de Bible say, an' I jes' made Spurgeon chaw it up an' swaller it."

"And Spurgeon—how is he now?"

"Oh, he wus dun an' all right next mornin, atter he tuck an' tuck his terbakker."

"He is in school now, I suppose."

"Law, naw, Marse John, I ain't never seed no use in dese here schools. I say let 'em larn how ter plow an' tend to de crap. 'Cause de Bible don't say go ter school. It say, 'Libe by sweatin'."

"I thought you were going to train Spurgeon to be a preacher."

"So I is, Marse John, so I is. I reads to him out o' de Bible ebery night."

"So you like to read your Bible, do you?"

"Yes, sar; 'deed I do."

"Of course you know where those passages are found which you have referred to."

"Yes, sar; yes, Marse John."

"Well, won't you kindly tell me where to find them. I should like to consult them."

"Well, now, I can't 'zackly 'member dem widout my Bible, and I dun loaned it to Miss Marthie."

"Never mind; here is a new Bible which I have just bought for you."

The gentleman took a Bible from his pocket and held it out to her. She gazed at it thoughtfully for a few minutes and then said:

"'Pears to me lack dis writin' ain't good. 'Taint lack my Bible. Law! I knows what 'tis, I ain't got my specks. Go home an' look it up yourself, Marse John. It'll do you moh good. An' remember dat de jedgment day am a comin' an' dat a camel can jump through the eye of a needle easier than a curious man, what don't read his Bible, can slip in de gates ob heaben."



State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of an Advisory Committee chosen from the Faculty.

Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.

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VOL. XV

MARCH, 1911

No. 6

What does it mean to be a student of the Normal College?

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A STUDENT OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE

We come here from all parts of the State, actuated by various motives, but very few of us stay here for one term without having brought home to us very forcibly two things for which our college stands: opportunity and responsibility. The first of these touches us most closely during our actual college life; the second we realize more fully after we have taken our place among the workers of the State.

The very name of our school implies the twofold set of opportunities that are open to us. In the first place, there are opportunities for physical, mental, moral, and social development, that is, the all-'round development of the individual; in the second, there are opportunities for special work and training along lines which will make us better and more useful citizens in our own particular work. The first of these is given

in varying degrees by every college in the State, but we claim for our alma mater a place in the front rank; the second can be obtained nowhere in the State so well as here.

It is hardly necessary to go into details concerning the advantages of the four phases of growth just mentioned, yet a few words in regard to each may not be out of place. An efficient course in gymnastics, aided by such athletic games as basket-ball, hockey and tennis, together with the usual field-day sports, give a training invaluable not only from the standpoint of health, but for the sake of habits of action, such as quickness of decision and accuracy, and for the spirit of coöperation. The subject of mental development is unlimited in its breadth. It embraces all the round of daily duties, and many things beside. One of its most effective features is the series of plays and musicals which we are privileged to enjoy during the course of the year. Some of these entertainments are given by the students themselves, others by traveling companies, but all present programs that are enjoyable and elevating. Further, the price of admission is so phenomenally small as to be within the reach of nearly every student. It is sometimes thought that because we are a non-sectarian school all forms of moral and spiritual training are neglected, but this is far from true. Our Young Woman's Christian Association includes nearly every girl in school in its enrollment, and the attendance upon all of its services is remarkable. Even though the study of the Bible is not included in the curriculum, a very effective course is given in the weekly Bible classes. Nor is the social side of our life neglected. Besides the traditional feasts and box parties, Y. W. C. A. and class entertainments which we ourselves plan and carry out, afford ample opportunity for excellent training. All of these things and many more go to make up the all-round development of each individual. This is the general training of our college life. The special is yet untouched. Along this line our greatest opportunity is in special training for teaching. This is preëminently the thing for which our college was established and for which it most firmly stands today. The actual experience in the schoolroom under the guidance of a skillful supervising teacher is something we can get nowhere else in the State.

And this brings us to our responsibilities. It is the State to whom we are indebted for our opportunities, and it is to the people of the State we must pay our debt. Most of us will do this through our training of the children of the State. All of the culture that is ours, all of the skill and efficiency we have attained, we must freely devote to whole-hearted, energetic teaching. Nor should we forget the debt we owe to our college. Its welfare will, in a measure, depend upon its alumnae. We can work for it best by living such wholesome, useful lives that we will be living examples of the work it is doing.





The Point of View

Walking Period

Belle Kirk, '14, Cornelian

It is very amusing to observe the different modes in which this large body of girls take walking period. When we first notice them, a great crowd is flocking from every dormitory, making for the park.

Suddenly we hear some one say, "I do wish I didn't have to walk this evening." We turn to look at the speaker and, behold, she has an awful frown on her face, a book in her hand and a very great hump in her back. The only reason we can guess for her being this way is that she doesn't know her lessons for the next day and is not at peace with the teachers because she is afraid she will get called on to recite. We see another girl coming, who has a very different expression on her face. She has a merry twinkle in her eyes, and no book in her hand. I wonder if she is satisfied about her lessons, or if she just has the power not to worry and also realizes that this is not a study period.

Our attention is attracted to some more girls all hugged up together, to the very great distress of the Physical Culture teacher, who comes along and says, "Girls, don't put your arms around one another."

In the park we find some studying, some playing basket-ball, and others either walking or watching the game. We are just in the midst of enjoying the pleasant breeze and beautiful sky, when we hear some one say, "Oh, I am so glad to hear that bell." We listen and sure enough we do hear a bell. We guess that means for us to return to the dormitory, and we will follow the rest. When we get back on the campus we again notice the faces of the girls. Some are very much brightened by the outdoor exercise, but we fear the frowning, hump-backed study-er did not get much out of it.

The Scale of Points

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

A new era seems to be imminent in the history of our college. It is being marked by the introduction of many new plans, but perhaps the very newest of these is that known as the "scale of points" system of regulating the holding of office. The two great objects of the system are, to establish a more democratic spirit in the college, by the more even

distribution of honors, and to prevent the overtaxation of a few willing and capable individuals.

There have been many objections raised among the students against the establishing of such a system. One of these objections is, that great confusion will result, on account of the upsetting of present conditions. Little else can be expected for the present, but the ultimate good must be considered. Everyone admits that there is something wrong with our present system of distribution of honors in outside work. If this regulation will remedy such weaknesses, there is no reason why it should cause confusion more than other regulations of the college, once it is established.

The argument, that the girls who have so much outside work are capable of carrying it easily, could be refuted by these girls themselves. In nearly every case much outside work involves a neglect of college work, which is disagreeable to the conscientious student. We do not realize this, because the girls, from loyalty and love for their class or society, are willing to do their best in whatever is given them to do, and without complaint.

We should also consider the opportunities for development which lie in this outside work, and which should therefore not be confined to a few individuals. Many girls, who would be thoroughly capable if such work were required from them, are losing rather than developing their ability, as things are now.

A remedying of this condition would tend to increase the democratic spirit for which our college stands, and which, if lost sight of, would mean a loss of the fundamental ideals, set forth for the college by its founder. A definite regulation of the amount of outside work and honors which one person may carry will go far towards remedying existing conditions.



Exchanges

Margaret Cobb, '12, *Adelphian*

Folks have hardly calmed down from the holiday spirit yet—at least the magazines seem to show that. Somehow they are not so good as they were before Christmas. The stories seem to be less well written, the poems less inspired, and the essays less comprehensive. But there are exceptions. Some of our college magazines have put forth splendid numbers; and in the first rank of improvement we would put the *Davidson College Magazine* and the *College Message*.

The improvement in the *Davidson* magazine is wonderful. It is easily the best of our exchanges this month. Though there is not quite enough "solid" material, still everything that is there is good. "Mr. Dooley's First Impressions of Davidson" is indeed a good take-off on college life, and a bit unusual too. All of the poetry is enjoyable, but we would especially commend to other readers "Laugh a Bit" and "A Snow Message." The last named is charming and worthy of long remembrance. We would also call attention to the nicety with which all unnecessary slang is eliminated. The magazine is thoroughly representative of the college boy, yet it is not expressed in the usual way. And, last of all, we wish to add our greetings to those of its former editors and wish for the *Davidson College Magazine* many years of ever-increasing progress and influence.

Next in order we would mention the *College Message*. The two stories, "Convincing Bob" and "The New Year's Play," have good plots and are well told. The account of "A Day in Stratford" is very interesting indeed, and makes each one of us wish to join the young traveller.

The *Mercerian* can be a better magazine than it is, by a good deal. Mercer University is capable of better things than this.

And here is a word of encouragement for the plucky little *Palmetto*. We enjoyed your number ever so much. "The Lone Pine" is very pretty, and "Bobby" is delightful. You are succeeding, and we hope you will keep up the spirit you have shown.



Among Ourselves

Marea Curry Jordan, '11, Adelpian

The annual reception given by the Junior Class to the Seniors was held Saturday evening, February 18th. At 8 o'clock the members of the 1912 class escorted the Seniors and some of the Faculty to the Curry Building, which was transformed by decorations of red and white, the Senior colors. The auditorium had become a charming sitting-room, with chairs and pillows placed to face the stage, which seemed to hint that some delightful mystery was being prepared behind the scenes. This was true, for after the company had all assembled and said their "good evenings" to each other, the curtains were drawn and programs were handed about, announcing that "Echoes From Opera" would be given in 1911's honor. The "Echoes" were as follows:

- A Stranger in New York—"On a Chinese Honeymoon."
- Three Twins—"Cuddle up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine."
- Brown of Harvard—"When Love is Young."
- A Trip to Japan—"Meet Me where the Lanterns Glow."
- A Knight for a Day—"Life is a See-Saw."
- Our Fair Superiors—"To 1911."

After the "Echoes From Opera," Mrs. Sharpe, accompanied by her daughter Mary, recited "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," during which the curtains were from time to time drawn back to show illustrative tableaux.

The guests were then shown into the banquet room. This proved to be the pedagogy recitation room, completely changed from its weekly guise by screens festooned with green branches and strings of red hearts. There were large heart-shaped red centerpieces on the tables, and even the delicious little mints were heart-shaped. The tables were further decorated with carnations, ferns and candelabra. The menu was as follows:

	Oyster Cocktail	
Salad		Sandwiches
Olives		Saltines
	Salted Nuts	
Lemon Ice		Wafers
	Mints	

Miss Clyde Fields, as toastmistress, announced the toasts, which were very clever and much appreciated by both Faculty and student guests.

The souvenirs of the evening's entertainment were exquisite little brass paper knives with "1911" done in relief on the handles.

At 12 o'clock the banquet broke up and the Seniors gathered in the hall and sang to the Juniors before they returned to the dormitory.

On Wednesday, February 22nd, the Senior Class had the rare treat of a day's excursion to Raleigh. The trip was the gift of the Faculty, and a more delightful surprise has never been vouchsafed any class than was theirs. The party left on the 7:30 train with Dr. Foust, Mr. Jackson, Miss Byrd, and Miss McArn as chaperones. They visited first the session of the Senate and the House of Representatives, had an audience with the Governor, and looked at the things of interest around the capitol. During the day they visited the State museum, the library, State penitentiary, and the A. and M. College. Tired but happy, the party returned to the college at 10 o'clock that night. The trip was one that no one will ever forget, full to the brim with both pleasure and profit.

The last of the musical series of entertainments, given at our college this year, was presented on February 24th. It consisted of four soloists, soprano, contralto, basso, tenor, and a pianist. All were finished artists, and the entertainment was one of the most profitable and pleasant of its kind that we have had during the winter.

METROPOLITAN GRAND CONCERT CO.—PROGRAMME

PART I.

- Quartet, "What from Vengeance," from "Lucia," *Donizetti*.
 Bass Solo, "I'm a Roamer Bold and Gay," from "Son and Stranger,"
Mendelssohn—Frederick Martin.
 Duet, "The Fishers," *V. Gabrussi*—Messrs. Duffey and Martin.
 Soprano Solo, "Polonaise" (Mignon), *Ambroise Thomas*—Luella
 Chilson-Ohrman.
 Trio, "The Mariners," *Randegger*—Miss Hussey, Messrs. Duffey and
 Martin.

PART II.

- Piano Solo, "Ballade," Op. 47, *Chopin*—Miss Ford.
 Songs, (a) "Three Comrades," *Herman*; (b) "Afton Water," *Old
 Scotch*—Miss Hussey.
 Duet, "Shake the Cherry Tree" (Madam Butterfly), *Puccini*—Mme.
 Ohrman and Miss Hussey.
 Songs, (a) "Song of 'Prince of Yellow Rose'" (Paolleta), *Florida*;
 (b) "Song of the Sword" (Tafano), *Clough-Leigher*; (c) "Love
 is the Wind," *MacFayden*—Mr. Duffey.
 Quartet, "Carmena Waltz," *H. Lane Wilson*.

At the piano—Miss Susie Ford.



Y. W. C. A.

Adelaide Morrow, '11, Cornelian

One of the most interesting features of Y. W. C. A. work this month, especially to some of our members, was the council of the Central Carolina Associations at Guilford College. At this council thirty-three delegates, representing ten colleges, met to exchange ideas, and profit by a full discussion of plans for conducting association work. Two faculty delegates, Miss Lee and Miss Daniel, and four girls, Natalie Nunn, Lelia White, Mary K. Brown, and Ivor Aycock, left our college Thursday afternoon, February 16th, to attend this council. They were gone until Saturday, and had a very pleasant time. They were glad to see Miss Cutler and Miss Casler again, and to meet Miss Claris Crane, whose sister visited us last fall. The delegates gave a report of the council at the regular prayer service soon after their return.

The enthusiasm of the delegates over this trip is only equalled by that which some are looking forward to the Asheville conference this summer. We should all be thinking and planning to attend this conference. It will not only be a source of inspiration in our individual Christian life, but it will fit us to be of greater service to those around us and to our Master. Let as many of us as can try to "ascend the mountains and get the broader, better vision."

Some recent leaders of Sunday night services have been Mr. Hodgkin, Mr. Myrick, Mr. J. Norman Wills, and Mr. Ogburn. We always have helpful, uplifting talks at these services, and so should try never to miss them.

The new year in association work is soon to begin, as it is only a short while till we elect new officers. Let us hope and pray that the right kind of leaders will be chosen for this work. We should all be thinking of this, and we should also think of the obligations we owe to the Association, and pay our fees so that the year's work may be successfully closed up.



Society Notes

With the Adelprians

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelprian

After the regular meeting of the Adelprian Literary Society on March 3rd, the members enjoyed a program consisting of two parts, a play and a debate.

The query of the debate was, "Resolved, that woman suffrage would better existing conditions." There was a heated discussion and several good papers given. Especially in the irregular debate was much interest shown. On the affirmative side were Reba Foust and Gertrude Griffin; on the negative, Norma Burwell and Effie Baynes. Amy Joseph acted as chairman and Jamie Bryan, Gladys Avery and E. Rose Batterham as judges. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.

The play given was a one act farce, "Five O'Clock Tea," by William Dean Howells. This play is an excellent portrayal of one phase of society life. The girls taking part threw themselves into its spirit with much enthusiasm and so brought out its great charm. Those taking part were: Ivor Aycock, Virginia Moir, Elizabeth Grey, Ora Lee Brown, Mary Porter, Syble Gates, Florence Hildebrand, Amy Joseph, Lila Justice, Merrill Shelton, Katherine Robinson, Emma Wilson, Christine Rutledge, and Meriel Groves.

"The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody, winner of the Shakespeare prize last year, was given by the Adelprian Literary Society in honor of the Cornelians on February 17th. The plot is taken from the old story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin; but unlike the legend, the play represents him as bringing the children back through the influence of one mother-heart who loved her child unselfishly. There is a pretty love element in the play which adds a touch of lightness, and relieves the dramatic tension caused by the Piper's struggle against giving up the children. The Piper is a true poet and the beauty of the play is enriched by his eloquent utterances.

With the Cornelians

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

This year, by a joint decision of the two literary societies, each one will give a play in honor of the other. The Cornelians had the pleasure of being the first to be entertained in this manner. On Friday evening,

February 17th, the Adelpian Society presented "The Piper," in honor of the Cornelians. Highest appreciation and enjoyment was felt on the part of every Cornelian, not only from the fact that they were being entertained by their sister society, but also from the quality of the play and its presentation. The unique characters delighted their audience, showing that they had well played their parts.

The Cornelian Society held its regular meeting on Friday evening, March 3rd. The literary exercises consisted of a debate on the query, "Resolved, That North Carolina should have compulsory education under present conditions." Miss Mary K. Brown presided as chairman of the debate and Miss Kate Styron as secretary. The speakers on the affirmative side were Misses Pattie Glenn Spurgeon and Sabra Brogden. Those who had the negative were Misses Lizzie Roddick and Rebecca Herring. The presentation of both sides of the question showed that there had been interest and good preparation on the part of each speaker. The judges were Miss Cora Strong, Mr. E. J. Forney and Mr. W. C. Smith. Their decision was in favor of the negative side.



In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

Last Request of a Biology Frog

Oh, when I'm dead, don't bury me warm;
Just preserve my body in chloroform.
Place a set of pins through my hands and feet
And tell E. W. G. I've gone to sleep.

Margaret Wilson, '12, Adelpian.

The Senior

"You are old, O Senior," the Second Prep. said,
"We must show due deference to you,
For you are most becomingly grand,—
You have plenty of reason 'tis true."

"In my youth," said the Senior, in answer to this,
"I never did see it that way,
But now that I realize fully my worth,
My dignity I will display."

"You are old," said the Prep., "and wise enough, too,
The others to all go before,
And yet you're no older than lots of the rest,
Still, of course, you know several times more."

"In my youth," said the Senior, as she shook her thin locks,
"I thought lessons came first every time,
And that is what placed me up here where I am,
At the very tip-top of the line."

"You are old," said the Prep., "and your mind is so broad,
That the learning goes straight to the core;
But tell me one thing, it has puzzled me much,
Will there be the least room for some more?"

"In my youth," said the Senior, "that puzzled me, too,
And much worry I would allow,
But now that idea is perfectly clear,
So I answer, I know it *all* now."

“Your position, O Senior, with its dignified sound,—
 I mean no injustice to you—
 But the *name*, how important, more so than the girl,
 Though there’s an exception or two.”

“You must live and learn, child, and not talk so much,
 If wise you would really be,
 Just look to the Seniors, and some observe well,
 If perfection you want to see.”

Elizabeth Camp, Cornelian.

When the Legislators Come

When the legislators come,
 Then all things begin to hum,—
 Girls get busy with their brooms
 Cleaning up their dirty rooms.

Better things they have to eat,
 No more hash from chopped-up meat;
 The campus is all nicely swept,
 And all trash from view is kept.

All the girls dress up in white,
 Making such a lovely sight;
 Into chapel they all go,
 Marching quickly row by row.

Then they’re told how fair they look,
 For every man there sits a cook,
 And they want them all to wed,—
 This the legislators said.

M^s L. R.
C. L. S.
A. L. S.

Miss Petty: “What is the subject of your chemistry talk?”

C. M.: “Why, I have Poisons and *Anecdotes*.”

C. F.: “Don’t you know, someone said that we were going to have, in our next Magazine one of O. Henry’s short stories that has never been published.”

V. L.: “I wonder who wrote it?”

In comparing Carlyle’s style with Arnold’s, one girl said: “When compared with Carlyle’s style, Arnold’s is in many respects similar to it. Both men are great scholars and both show this in their writing, by their references, and by their *illusions*.”

F. D.: “I have been having such an exciting time. I’ve been playing *solitaire*.”

Lucy: “O, who’ve you been playing with?”

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, Washington County
 Antoinette Black, New Hanover County
 Bessie Bennett Rockingham County
 May Green Davie County
 Louise Gill Scotland County

Adelphian

Huldah Slaughter Wayne County
 Minnie Littman Rowan County
 Catherine Jones Durham County
 Ethel Skinner Pitt County
 Leah Boddie Durham County

Societies

Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

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 Mary Tennent Secretary

Senior Class

Myrtle B. Johnston President May Vickery Secretary
 Margaret Faison Vice-President Mae Brown Treasurer
 Ada Viele Historian E. Rose Batterham Critic
 Lelia White Poetess Zannie Koonce Statistician
 Frances Bryan Broadfoot Last Will and Testament

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