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Spring

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

Thunder in the night, the sound of falling rain;
A roaring wind and rushing waters;
A morning sky,—fitful clouds passing by,—
And Spring is drawing nigh.

Sunlight on the hillsides, the sound of twittering
birds,
A whispering wind o'er the brown earth,
A rustling sigh where the dead leaves lie,—
And Spring is drawing nigh.

Bluets in the lane, the snowy dogwoods shine,
Pale anemones by the little brook,
Orchards rosy-clouded, pink and green,
The voice of the plowman sowing near,—
And Spring is here!

State Normal Magazine

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Some Plant Forms in Our Park

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

As we walk through our college park, we often see many plant forms which arouse our curiosity. These are of interest not only to the botanist who uses them for scientific material, but also to the casual observer. Some of them are plant forms which we see—or perhaps we do not see—every day, while others are very unusual forms which merely by growing in our park make it more distinguished than other places. Among these are natural grafts, natural cuttings, various forms of fungi, dependent plants, lichens, and plants growing in unusual places.

"Oh, look here!" some one exclaims. "Here are two trees, a pine and a cedar, grown together just as if in one trunk. What is it?" This unusual growth is a natural graft. There are many of these in our park; in fact we can hardly take a walk without seeing several. The grafting takes place in this manner: by some means trees, or branches of trees, are pushed closely together, one against the other. These unite in a firm bond and become natural grafts. Sometimes the grafting takes place between the trunks of trees, but more often merely between their branches. The grafts sometimes are of two branches of the same tree, frequently two trees of the same kind, as two beech trees, but commonly trees of unlike kinds are found grafted together, a striking example of which was found recently in the park, in the form of three small trees, a pine, a cedar, and a sweetgum, all growing together just as if in one big trunk. Nearly all the trees in our park form natural grafts, among them maple, sweet gum, pine, and elm, but the beech and ironwood trees seem to be more given to it than the others.

"I wonder why willows grow mostly along streams," another person remarks. The willow has a habit which no other of our trees has, that is, a habit of forming natural cuttings. The young branches of the willow naturally fall off, just as the leaves of the trees fall, and drop into the streams, which sweep them on down until they are lodged on the banks, where they take root, grow, and produce more willows. Since the willow cuttings are scattered only by the streams, willows are seldom found in any places except along their banks.

Peabody Park has some of the most interesting fungi known. An especially peculiar class of these is the family of gasteromycetes, two of which are found in the park, puffballs and earth star. Both of these grow under the earth until they are ready for reproduction, when they appear above it to discharge their spores. Often you come across a brown, spongy ball growing up out of the ground. Obedient to your first impulse, you tap it with your foot when a great cloud of dark brown dust arises which is nothing less than spores of the puffball. The ones commonly found in our park vary in size from one-half inch to about six inches in diameter. The common name among children for these puffballs is snuffbox. Earth star is closely allied to puffball. Like the puffball, earth star sends a brown ball full of spores up above the earth, but unlike the puffball, the brown ball is surrounded by a peridium which breaks up into parts, usually about seven in number, very much resembling the petals of flowers. Puffballs of very small size are often found, but the large one, rarely. Earth stars, too, are very seldom found anywhere. Only a very few have ever been found in our park.

"Good girls, good girls! look up there over your heads and tell me the meaning of that whorl of branches on the pine tree," exclaims our leader to a crowd of botany students. "Why, that is caused by a fungus growth," is the reply. "Now, good girls, can you tell me another tree closely akin to the pine which has anything similar to this?" and the reply, "Why yes, balls are often found on the cedar which are also caused by the growth of a fungus."

Have you ever been out in the park after a rain and found a dead limb of a pine tree covered over by a growth of orange yellow colored fungi? This fungus belongs to the lowest class of plants. If cultivated under water, it behaves very much like the ameba, the lowest form of animal life. Just try the experiment and see the result. Besides the fungi above mentioned we have in the park toadstools, molds growing on both dead and living trees, and mushrooms too numerous to mention.

A class of plants known from their manner of life, which is to depend on others for everything, as dependent plants have three little-known and one common representative in our park. These plants were once green, just as all our independent plants are now; but having once found out that they could lean on others for support, they kept on leaning until they entirely lost the color of their independent existence (may we never imitate them). One of these is Indian pipe, a saprophyte, which lives on decaying vegetable matter. In deep, shady woods, late in October or during the first part of November, bunches of eight, ten, a dozen or more pure white, or sometimes, but seldom, pink plants peep up from under the leaves. The flower is shaped like a pipe; formerly the Indian made a decoction from the plant for strengthening the eyes, hence its name Indian pipe. There is a tradition that Indian pipe comes up just three weeks before frost; this, however, does not hold true every year.

Another plant which likes to have others do all its work for it, while it does nothing but enjoy life, is the beech drop, parasitic on the roots of beech trees, and hence found only under the beech. The flowers, borne on spikes from four to twelve inches long, are purple and white striped in color. Small scales take the place of leaves. Beech drops bloom all during the autumn months, and some have been found as late as the first week in December.

About the middle of April, cancer root, another parasite, appears in our park. This has no chlorophyll, but it does have a light yellow color. It is called cancer root, because it was once thought to have the powers of curing cancer.

Besides these we are all acquainted with the well known mistletoe which has not depended on others so much that it has lost its green color. In truth, mistletoe manages to manufacture a part of its own food, but whether it gives any aid to its host is very doubtful.

Lichens, too, have many representatives in our park. These plants are composed of two plants, an alga, that is, one having chlorophyll or green coloring matter, and a fungus, one devoid of green color, which live one upon the other. The alga supplies the fungus with food which by means of its chlorophyll it is able to manufacture, while the fungus, in turn, furnishes the alga with dissolved salts and water. These plants, parasitic one upon the other, do not kill themselves out as most parasites kill their host; but they seem to flourish better leading a double existence than when they are separated. Do we ever complain that there are no flowers to bloom during the winter months, and longingly sigh for "the first flowers of spring"? Well, there *are* flowers which bloom during the winter months. At least five of these little lichens dare to put forth their blooms, or, more properly speaking, fruiting branches, during the bleak days of February. Frullania asapayiana, a green moss-like lichen, has a fruiting branch, brownish green in color, which resembles very much a water lily bud in shape. Another has a red fruiting branch, while still another has a flower of a light pink color.

"One simetimes seems to discover a familiar wildflower anew by coming upon it in some peculiar and striking situation," says John Burroughs. There are many such striking situations found in the park. In one case a tree is found growing in a rock and splitting the rock up. This proves that there is a force in nature stronger than stone is hard. Often we find trees growing in stumps, as a sweet gum tree once found growing in a large oak stump.

This park of ours has always something new or some new aspect of a familiar thing to present to us. Let us be there often to accept the gift.

The Kleptomaniac

Mary K. Brown, '12, Cornelian

Tom pushed his books aside, got pen and paper and settled down at his table to write.

"Tom, what are you going to write a letter for this time o' week?" asked his roommate. "You'd better be studying that Latin, and besides," he added in a teasing manner, "*she* owes you a letter, doesn't she?"

"I don't want any of your foolishness," replied Tom in a very matter-of-fact way. "I'm writing home. I've been thinking of doing a certain thing for a long time, and I've at last decided to do it. When I finish the letter, Doyle, I'll read it to you and see if you approve. You are the only person on the hill that knows of—well, you know what."

Tom spent more time than usual in writing this letter. He seemed absorbed in the deepest thought. His face had a very determined look on it which changed to one of triumph when the letter was finished. "Here it is, Doyle," he said, "now stop reading that book and listen." Tom read:

"Dear Father and Mother:

I've decided to come home. Two years and a half is a pretty long time for a young fellow like me to stay away. I really believe I'm all right now; nobody even knows here at school but Doyle. I told him. The people there won't know either. I'm glad you moved from the old home town where everybody——but I'm coming to see you this Christmas, if nothing happens in these next three weeks. TOM."

"First rate, old boy," said Doyle, slapping Tom on the shoulder. "I'm glad. There's no use exiling yourself from home forever about something you can't help."

Tom Landis was the idol of his parents. Handsome, intellectual, ambitious, he had every prospect of making a great success in life—with one exception. He was afflicted with that mysterious disease *kleptomania*. From his youth up, he had a habit of taking things, articles that he had no earthly use for. As he grew older this habit grew stronger. When it finally dawned upon his parents that it really was a disease, everything possible was done to check it, but to no purpose. Tom himself came to be sensitive about it. He was ashamed to face the people who knew of his affliction. Although he had never been accustomed to work, it was a relief to him when he left home, got away from the people who knew him, and began to battle for himself. This was his third year away from home. During this time he had been over a great part of the United States. He was afraid to stay in one place long, for fear people would find him out, so he remained just long enough to earn money to get to some other place. He always kept his parents posted as to his whereabouts, and his letters were a source of great joy to them. He seemed happy and content in roaming around where ''people didn't look at him with a suspicious eye'', as he expressed it.

But as time went on Tom grew discontented with his aimless life. He became more ambitious. He wanted to be a man. He longed to accomplish something. Seized with these ideas, he suddenly decided, almost forgetting his hindrance, that he would enter school. ''I'm just nineteen,'' he thought to himself, ''and I know enough to be a Freshman at almost any college. I'm going to try it.'' So try he did, and his college days so far had been comparatively successful. He made splendid progress in his studies; he could have had many friends had he tried, but he preferred to stand somewhat aloof. His closest friend was his roommate, Doyle, and it seemed strange that Tom should make an intimate friend of such a person. Doyle was so entirely different from Tom in every respect. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, cared nothing about learning anything, spent all the money he could get and more too, and worst of all, he was a professional gambler, a fact that Tom did not know. Before coming to school he had got into some pretty tight places by his gambling, but so far at school he had been on the winning side. Despite these shortcomings, Doyle was true to Tom. He sympathized with him in his affliction, and aided him in every way possible. It was in a great measure on account of his encouraging words that Tom finally decided to visit his home.

The end of the three weeks came at last. Never had Tom looked forward to a Christmas with as much pleasure. Tomorrow was the time for leaving. Tom was carefully packing his clothes in his trunk; he had learned to be an expert at the business after two years' experience. But never before that night had he found as much pleasure in getting his things together. He was so filled with joy at the thoughts of seeing home people once more, that unconsciously he had begun to hum snatches of some old songs, a thing he had not felt like doing for a long time.

But these pleasant anticipations were suddenly checked. Doyle rushed into the room, apparently excited beyond measure.

''Why, what's the matter?'' exclaimed Tom. ''Is it anything serious?''

''It's pretty serious, I'm afraid,'' answered Doyle, trying to calm down. ''At least for you. I've just heard it, Tom, and I came straight to tell you. You may have to change your plans a little.''

''O, what can it be?'' cried Tom. ''Tell me, I haven't done anything, have I?''

''I don't know,'' replied Doyle, ''but it seems that some people think you have.''

''O, what is it?'' exclaimed Tom, almost beside himself. ''Tell me quickly, I—''

''Well, quiet yourself, and I'll tell you what I know,'' said Doyle, sitting down on the bed and pulling Tom down beside him. ''I overheard some of the authorities talking tonight, and they said a large sum of money was missing from the office. I'm not sure, but I thought I heard them mention your name.''

''My God!'' exclaimed Tom, as he fell back on the bed dumbfounded.

''I thought I'd better tell you,'' continued Tom. ''I don't know what you'd better do about it. They evidently suspect——''

"I don't see why they suspect me," interreupted Tom. "I haven't even been to the Treasurer's office in I can't tell when."

"Yes you have," replied Doyle. "Don't you know we were over there just the other day when we went to make our payments, but of course—"

"That's true," interrupted Tom, and after thinking seriously for a few minutes, he added, "I know now, it's all very plain. You were leaving when I came. You said the Treasurer had stepped out for a few minutes, that he'd be back presently. I noticed and thought it strange that he'd leave the safe unlocked for even a short time. I waited and when he did not return I started to leave and met him in the door. Naturally when the money was missed he would suspect me, and perhaps I did, though I don't remember it." Here he stopped exhausted, but shortly gaining control of himself, continued, "I'm going away and I'm never coming back."

"I don't know that I'd do that yet awhile," said Doyle. "Maybe you didn't do it. You know whether you did or not, at least I reckon you do. I'd wait——"

"I'll do nothing of the kind. I'm not going to stay here and endure shame and disgrace that even a suspicion would bring. I'll write another letter home." So he sat down at the table and with a trembling hand wrote in part the following:

"Instead of going home I must take the train to the uttermost part of the world. I don't remember going to the Treasurer's office, but I guess I took the money. I don't know what I did with it. Maybe I could get out of it, but it will be all over school and everywhere and people won't understand. I've tried honestly. I can't overcome it. I don't want anybody to know where I am, not even you. I feel disgraced for life. How disappointed you must be in me. There's no telling where I'll be when you read this."

Tom succeeded in carrying out his intention. He got as far from civilization almost as possible. No one knew where he was, although his father had made every effort to find some trace of his lost son. It seemed that Tom cared to have no communication whatever from the outside world. He lived in a western mining town under an assumed name. Day in, day out, he toiled away deep under the ground. He had no friends, for he wanted none. His fellow workers considered him a mysterious character, a man who lived all alone, had not missed a day's work since they had known him, had not left his cabin for the last five Christmases. Indeed, they almost shunned him. He was really frightful looking. He was thin, his jaws sunken, his hair streaked with gray hung about his face, his eyes had a wild, far away expression, and he tottered sometimes as he walked.

Thus had five years passed with Tom Landis. He seemed to have lost all interest in the outside world. His one thought was money, money, money. He had grown to be a regular miser. At night, after locking the door to his house, he would draw out his bags, and reveling in their yellow contents, would mutter to himself, ''I'll soon have enough to pay it back and then I'll go home.''

It was while engaged in this pastime one night when he heard a knock at his door. Someone at his door? He was astonished! Hurriedly placing his bags in their hiding place, he went to answer the knock. On opening the door, he saw a tall, weird looking man before him. The stranger spoke first.

''Howdy do, sir. Could you give a fellow a lodging for the night?''

Tom was so thunderstruck he could hardly speak. Who could it be who would spend the night with *him?* Before he knew what he was doing, he had asked the stranger in, and was drawing up a chair for him before the fire. The stranger sat down and began to talk in a general sort of way. Tom could answer only in monosyllables. It had been such a long time since anyone had conversed with him, he could not collect his wits sufficiently to respond. Somehow this stranger appealed to him, for his countenance was sad, and he looked as if he had been through some great trouble. Tom's sympathy at once went out to a person of this sort. The conversation drifted carelessly along for a time, then the stranger, suddenly growing very serious, said:

"I'm looking for a certain man—thought he might be in these parts—wonder if you can give me any light on the subject?"

"I don't know," replied Tom. "I've been here a pretty long time."

"If you could help me," continued the stranger, "I certainly would be glad. I've an idea he's at work in some of these mines."

"I'm not very well acquainted with the workmen," replied Tom. "There's a young fellow come in the other week, maybe he's the one."

"Well, I guess not," said the stranger thoughtfully. "The man I want has been gone some time, and I guess is not very young looking by this time. You see it's this way," he continued, drawing his chair nearer the fire, "he was a young boy when I knew him last, he was at school, and some money was missed and —"

"O my God," exclaimed Tom, and he began pacing the floor. "I'm going to pay it back. Don't—"

"Heavens!" cried the stranger as he rushed to the prostrate man. "What does this mean?"

"How did you find out?" said Tom, somewhat regaining his control. "I didn't think anybody would find me out—I didn't think Doyle would tell—"

"Can this be Tom?" cried the stranger joyously. "O thank—"

"But what do you want with me?" said Tom. "I'm going—"

"Yes, you're going home," said the stranger. "Those fellows got the best of me in the gambling. I had to have the money. I took it. I've served my sentence. Everybody knows you're innocent. I've come to take you home."

"Can it be true?" exclaimed Tom amazed. "I won't disappoint you this time then, father," he added as he placed his trembling hand in Doyle's outstretched one.

Consolation

Rose Inez Moose, Cornelian

I wandered far o'er the mountain side,
Lonely and sore distressed;
I lingered long where the waters glide
Seeking comfort and rest.
I knelt me down to the mother earth
Where men neither saw nor heard;
I felt the breath of the sweet young flowers,
And caught the song of the bird.
I found there freedom, and life, and joy,
And perfect peace divine.
There nature's heart beat, her pulses throbbed,
Her bosom vibrated with mine!

John C. Burroughs

May McQueen, '14, Adelphian

John C. Burroughs, one of America's greatest living students of nature, was born at Roxbury, N. Y., on April 3, 1837. All of his boyhood was spent on his father's farm, where even then his sensitive soul loved and enjoyed the beauties of nature around him. In view of this, it seems quite natural that he should have attained the place that he now holds in the world of natural science. At the age of fourteen he wrote essays recording his observations, which, however, gave little hint of his later work. He grew up without intercourse with literary men, but he was, nevertheless, a great reader of the works of Dr. Johnson, Emerson, Walt Whitman, and Matthew Arnold. Dr. Johnson and Emerson were his ideals. Some of his first works were, in style, so much like Emerson's that they were accepted with much reluctancy by the publishers, who feared that they were not Burroughs' own work. Whitman and Arnold had a great, but not so marked, influence over him. The reader will observe how often Burroughs refers to Whitman in his essays.

After finishing his rather limited education in the district schools and neighboring academies, Burroughs tried teaching. Naturally such a life of confinement was rather distasteful to a man such as he who loves the outdoor world so well. After only a few years of this life he went to New York and worked for awhile at journalism. From there he went to Washington, where from 1864 to 1872 he was employed in the treasury department. While in Washington he wrote some of his best essays. While watching the gloomy walls of the vault, he would, in his imagination, rove through the woods and fields. It was during these lonesome hours that almost the whole of the collection of essays entitled ''Winter Sunshine'' was written. After his eight years at Washington he was for a short while with the national bank at Middletown, N. J. From there he returned to the life so well suited to him, life on the farm. He settled on a rich little fruit and celery farm at Esopus-on-the-Hudson. There in his rustic and picturesque home, ''Slabsides'', he spends his time simply and quietly, making the literary world richer by recording his observations of the various forms of nature.

In the literary world, Burroughs stands primarily as an essayist, although he has written a number of poems. His essays fall under two heads, literary criticisms and essays on nature. Of these two, literary criticisms hold decidedly the minor part. Of these, the essays on Emerson, Thoreau, and Gilbert White are perhaps the best known. They are, as are all of the essays of literary criticisms of which they are representative, sane and unbiased. Of his nature essays, his favorite subjects are the habits and peculiarities of birds, animals, plants, flowers, and insect life. Of these we will speak more in detail.

After reading numbers of these delightful essays on nature, it is a little hard, I think, to pick out the best, those that would be most representative. ''A Summer Voyage'', from ''Pepacton'', is decidedly my favorite. From ''Birds and Poets'', I like best the essay entitled ''April''. ''The Exhilirations of the Road'' and ''Snow-walkers'', from the collection ''Winter Sunshine'', are both so attractive to me that I have never been able to decide which I like the better. I could tell of many other delightful ones, such as ''A March Chronicle,'' ''The Fox'', ''The Apple,'' ''Winter Sunshine,'' and ''Springs,'' but I shall only try to give some idea of the contents of the first four mentioned.

In ''A Summer Voyage'', Burroughs tells us of a trip he at one time took down the Delaware river in a rowboat. That the trip might prove all the more pleasurable for having worked for it, he decided to make his own boat. He did so, and the boat turned out to be a great success. He tells of all the incidents, happy and unfortunate, that met him on his row of one hundred and thirty, or one hundred and forty miles. At one time he was caught in an unexpected and very heavy rain. After some struggle, he managed to get the boat to land where he propped up one end of it and crawled under. In these cramped quarters he was compelled to eat, sleep, and amuse himself for over twenty-four hours. Being such a lover of nature, every turn of the river brought to him innumerable joys. He noticed every bird that flew by or tried to hide in the grass along the river banks, every bird's nest that hung on trees near the water or the bridges under which he passed, the fish that occasionally allowed him to catch a glimpse of them, and many, many things that would have been scarcely noticed except by a lover of nature.

''April,'' says Burroughs in his essay entitled ''April'', ''is the best month to be born in, I think. I am glad that I was born then.'' That he really loves his natal month is evident from the whole essay, for he speaks of it in a way as affectionate as we would in speaking of a dear friend. Much of the essay is devoted to the birds that come back in April from their visits to their winter homes. He knows each one and welcomes them as friends. An April morning especially appeals to Burroughs. In speaking of it he says, ''It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky.'' April means to him a time when all things take a new start in life, and as such he loves it.

If one ever had any doubts about Burroughs' fondness for walking, he could easily have these doubts scattered by reading ''The Exhilirations of the Road.'' In reading this essays one feels as if he would almost like to get out and walk and walk forever, so attractive does Burroughs portray the joys of the walker. He gives us his views of the little walking of today. He speaks almost scornfully of the man who will not even walk to and from his work, but who always takes the street car. Mankind would be much better off, he insists, if all of us would do much more walking, real walking, that of getting out into the pure fresh air and taking long, brisk walks. Until we do that, says he, we will never know the real joy of walking.

Turning from ''The Exhilirations of the Road'' to the ''Snow-walkers,'' one would naturally expect, as I did, a description of the pleasures of those who brave the snow enough to go out for long tramps. Instead, however, I found what proved to be, I imagine, even more delightful, an essay on the birds and animals most frequently seen during the snow season. He takes them up one by one, the foxes, squirrels, ground mice, snow brids, and others, and discusses their habits and peculiarities. Those of the squirrels and foxes are, I think, brought out in the most interesting manner. He gives us a good idea of the slyness of the fox by telling us of the great care and persistence a hunter must use to ever catch a fox. We are given a good picture of the squirrel as, with a nut in mouth, he gracefully runs up a tree, and, sitting down on a limb proceeds to eat the nut, chattering noisily to himself the while. All of the other animals and the birds discussed are treated in a very entertaining way.

The charm of Burroughs' writings is largely due to his personal familiarity with nature. He loves nature and he loves life. ''His own words, 'now and then a man appears whose writing is alive; it is full of personal magnetism,' may be said to describe his own works.'' This personal familiarity enables him to avoid the catalogue form, a fault so common among outdoor books. He knows birds as individuals, and loves each one. In their songs he even finds expressed the emotions of the human heart. To the bobolink he has ascribed hilarity and glee, to the mockingbird love, to the robin a note of boyhood, to the catbird vanity, and so on through the whole catagory of birds. Can we wonder then that his works are so full of personal magnetism, when all of nature is so nearly a part of his very life?

Some may say that his style is homely in its simplicity, but I think that it is all the more forceful and charming because of having this simplicity. It is forceful, too, in that it is free from superfluous details. Burroughs seems to have what so many authors lack, the valuable art of being able to separate the essential from the non-essential. It is said that he never takes a notebook with him when he goes out on his walks, but waits until he returns and then writes down what he remembers that is most striking and important. In this way he writes without the many non-essential details that would creep in were he to write while out on his walks with so much material around him.

Burroughs' essays flow along so smoothly and clearly that it is a joy to read them. It has been said that they flow along as easily as a conversation. To enjoy them to the fullest the reader must take a leisurely attitude. He needs to imagine himself strolling with the author through woods and fields, or sitting with him on the porch about dusk in the summer listening to his stories. The clearness of his essays cannot be disputed, for it is too evident to be overlooked by even the most casual. We cannot but agree with Mr. D. L. Sharp when he says, ''Burroughs' work as a whole is the most complete, the most revealing of all of our outdoor literature.''

Here and there we find touches of humor and originality of expression that give spice and brightness to Burroughs' essays. At one time in ''Winter Sunshine'', while speaking of winter's joys, he had been speaking of certain birds and colored men when he said, ''Lest my Winter Sunshine may appear to have too many dark rays—buzzards, crows, and colored men, I hasten to add the brown and neutral tints—'' In ''A Summer Voyage'' he says: ''At one point, in a little cove behind the willows, I surprised some school girls, with skirts amazingly abbreviated, wading and playing in the water.'' At another time in ''A Summer Voyage,'' he says: ''The one shower did not exhaust the supply a bit; nature's hand was full of trumps yet,—yea, and her sleeve too.''

In his essays, Burroughs, the man, is portrayed quite plainly. The essays are free from all unneedful display of self, but they are necessarily personal. First of all, he is an ardent lover and close observer of nature. No one will deny that. He loves quiet, privacy, and a simple life. This is shown in almost any one of his essays that we might pick up. He is a firm believer in the blessings of work, and is himself a hard worker. He tells us that he works side by side with his men in his vineyard and out among his celery patches. In one of his essays he has said that it is only with work that true happiness comes. He is a happy man, for not only is he a worker, a state of being which, according to his theory, brings happiness, but he sees something to enjoy in everything and something good in everybody. We know this from his essays, for, as Mr. Sharp says: ''There are many texts in Burroughs' works, many themes, which unite in one message: that this is a good world to live in; there are good men and women to live with; that life, here and now, is altogether worth living.'' These pleasing characteristics, together with his charming essays, make Burroughs what I consider one of the most delightful essayists before the eyes of the public today.

Miss D-Meaner

Margaret K. Berry, '12, Adelphian

The gloomy old attic room, with its rafters festooned with cobwebs, had a visitor for the first time in years. A girl of about fifteen years was bending over an old hair trunk near the dormer window through which the spring sunshine came dancing, changing the girl's auburn curls to gold and causing the swaying cobwebs to become iridescent with a thousand prismatic colors. The girl was turning over packages of old letters tied with faded ribbon, looking at old daguerreotypes of her predecessors, and her buoyant youthfulness seemed to lend color and life to the faded prints. At the bottom of the pile she found an old leather bound book, on which was written

"Diary of Elizabeth Meaner
Summer of 1863

The girl paused a moment in indecision, murmuring to herself, "I would feel like a thief stealing Aunt Elizabeth's thoughts and feelings, but I do want to read it, and—" everything was tumbled into the trunk, and down went the lid, as the girl sprang to her feet and looked out of the open casement. Down in the garden beneath, the peach trees were in blossom, and a spring wind was scattering the pink and white petals over the sunflecked grass. Beneath the tree a rustic bench spread wide, inviting arms. The girl did not hesitate, but with her usual impetuosity she was down the steps, out of the house and ensconced in the seat.

Dorothy Meaner and her older sister, Elizabeth, were visiting their grandmother, Mrs. David Meaner, at her quaint old-fashioned home. It had always been one of Dorothy's greatest joys to visit here, and up until this year she had climbed trees, ridden horses, and been great friends with MacGregor, the bent and gnarled old Scotch gardener. The old man had been very sour when she had first come to the little farm as a wee, toddling mite, whose footsteps insisted on wandering into the freshly dug flower beds, and the old man had grimly called her ''Miss D-Meaner''. This name had stuck, as it had seemed very appropriate. The Scotchman, however, had grown very fond of the laughing, mischievous sprite, and often said to Mrs. Meaner that ''Miss D-Meaner was a daft generous little lass''.

Dorothy's tomboy days were over. She had come to the age when she had a wild desire to put up her hair and down her dresses. Moreover, she had become romantic. The charming eyes in the vivid piquant face were not so sparkling as of yore, and she had assumed a dreamy look. Her old haunts knew her no more, and the formerly despised books of Elizabeth were seized on avidly and devoured with an eagerness that would doubtless give her mental indigestion. Elizabeth was too busy with her own affairs to pay much attention to her younger sister. However, just as the engaged girl is always a center of interest to the girls of Dorothy's age, Elizabeth's every action was observed by her younger sister. She was engaged to John Maxwell, a brilliant young lawyer. Dorothy did not care for him, and he never took her at all seriously, and never seemed to realize that she had grown an inch since she had worn pinafores.

Dorothy was so interested in the ''really truly romance of her own aunt'', which was revealed in the old diary, that she did not notice her grandmother's approach until the old lady laid her hand on the bright head and asked:

''What are you reading, dearie?''

The girl looked up, her eyes like dew-drenched violets, tribute tears to that unfortunate love affair of the Civil War.

''Grandmother, please tell me about Aunt Elizabeth and Richard Darton. This is her diary and it's so pathetic and so romantic. I wish I had lived during war time.''

''No, you wouldn't, dearie, if you only knew what we endured at that time,'' said the old lady sadly, and sitting down upon the bench beside the girl she told her of the Elizabeth of long ago, and the gallant young Confederate officer, who had fallen at the Battle of the Wilderness. His bride to have been had followed him in less than a year.

At the conclusion of the tragic story Mrs. Meaner unfastened an old-fashioned locket from about her neck and pushed the spring, revealing the miniature picture of a golden haired, brown-eyed girl eighteen years of age. Dorothy gazed at it a moment in silence, and then exclaimed:

"Why, it's the very image of my sister Elizabeth!"

"Yes, they are very much alike, and if you will notice, they have similar handwriting," replied the old lady, taking up the "diary".

At that moment they heard a gay whistle, and a sunburned handsome young man came through the vine-wreathed gate. When he saw them under the old peach tree he waved a greeting. Dorothy ran to meet him, her voice sunshiny with welcome.

"Why, Richard," exclaimed Mrs. Meaner, "I am glad to see you, but how could you leave your farm hands so early in the day?"

The young man laughed. "I left every negro I had at work on the 'new ground' grubbing up stumps. You know I had to come and greet the girls as soon as ever I heard that they had come. I believe to my soul Miss D-Meaner has grown a foot since I saw her last." This pleased Dorothy very much, because, as she had confided to her "best friend", the desire of her life was to be "tall and willowy", like the heroines in books.

"Where's Elizabeth?" he continued. "When we were your age, Dot,

"She was my queen in calico,
I was her bashful, barefoot beau."

"She's in the house writing to father. Shall I go for her?" volunteered Dorothy.

"No, dearie, Richard and I will go as I have seed to give him," said the grandmother. So the young man gallantly offered his arm to the frail, sweet-looking old lady, and they proceeded to the house.

Dorothy sank down on the ground and began to pick up the rosy leaves. Mrs. Meaner had inadvertently carried away the diary, but on the rustic seat lay a letter that had fallen from it. The girl picked it up and saw that it was a letter written by the diary's author. There was no date on it except ''April'', and it had evidently never been sent to the person for whom it was intended.

Whatever put the thought into Dorothy's fantastic little brain, she never knew, but while she was reading the letter it came and lodged. She tried to think of something else, but each time the idea returned to her foolish, sentimental little head.

''Wouldn't it be nice,'' she thought, ''if the present Elizabeth and Richard should carry out that romance of long ago? What could be more romantic and delightful? They were evidently intended for each other by the Fates. Why, my sister is the very image of Aunt Elizabeth, and I have no doubt that Richard is as much like his uncle. How could I bring it about?'' Her devotion to romance had given her a narrow perspective, so that she did not take into consideration the consequence of any attempt on her part to do such a thing. It was a matter of no moment to her that Elizabeth already loved another man. The only thing that bothered her was how to break her sister's present engagement. She could devise no way to do this, so she finally gave up in despair and went into the house in search of the ''Harvester'', which she was reading for the third time.

As soon as she had gone into the house a vagrant breeze picked up the forgotten sheet and carried it fluttering down into the midst of the flower bed that old MacGregor was carefully weeding.

When Dorothy had finished her book she remembered the old letter that she had left in the garden and went out to get it. It was not there. She searched for it in vain, until she saw the old man busy at work.

''Oh, MacGregor,'' she called. ''Have you seen anything of a letter lying about?''

''Sure, an' I did, Miss D-Meaner, an' at the end on it was 'Forever yours, Elizabeth,' an' as Mister Maxwell was passing, there on his way to the house, a brave cupid's messenger I made,'' chuckled the old man. ''He did seem a bit fashed though, after he read it, an' walked away wi'out goin' to the house."

"MacGregor, it wasn't intended for him!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Hoot, an' who else would Miss Elizabeth be a signin' her name that a way to?" said he angrily, and walked away muttering that Miss D-Meaner was up to some of her tricks again.

At first Dorothy looked upon this as an intervention of Providence to forward her plan, for she readily saw that in all probability John Maxwell would make the same mistake as the old gardener. She eagerly awaited the results. The afternoon passed slowly by. She became frightened and decided to confess to Elizabeth. When she went to Elizabeth's room, her older sister was busy with some fine sewing, and as Dorothy came in and stood nervously about trying to frame her confession into words, Elizabeth checked her effectually by saying:

"Oh, run away child, I am busy."

After supper Mrs. Meaner and her two nieces sat on the porch waiting for the postman. A quarter of a mile away on the next hill they saw his twinkling light stop at the Darton place. Finally he arrived at their gate and Elizabeth ran out to meet him. She triumphantly waved a letter to them, and went into the house. A few moments passed, then came a startled cry.

"Grandmother, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Meaner hurried into the house, followed by Dorothy. Elizabeth was standing under the light, her face almost as white as her dress, clutching a letter in her hand.

"What has happened?" asked her grandmother tenderly putting her arms about the girl and drawing her close, as if to shield her from any danger. The niece silently placed the letter in her hand. It was as follows:

April 15.

"Words are wholly inadequate to express what I feel tonight. Suffice it to say that by an accident a letter of yours to Richard Darton came into my hands. I, thinking it was mine, read it. If our engagement has become irksome to you, and you love another, I would not hold you to it. I love you too well to make you unhappy. I am leaving tonight for the city, so that you will not be pained by my presence.

As ever,
John Maxwell.''

Dorothy was thoroughly frightened by her sister's face, and realized the seriousness of the situation caused by her lack of frankness. She dared do nothing but remain perfectly still. Just then rapid footsteps were heard and in a moment Richard Darton burst into the room. There was a troubled look on his open face. He came to the point with his usual directness.

''The postman gave me this letter a few moments ago, and I—I knew it wasn't intended for me. I have read only the first few lines and I recognized from the writing and from the —er—tone of the letter that it was intended for John.

''Give it to me,'' exclaimed Elizabeth, breathlessly, and to her poignant surprise she read, in what seemed to be her own handwriting:

''You know I have never loved anyone but you. I believe I have loved you always—from the time we climbed the old peach tree in our garden, and played house beneath its shade. Perhaps some others have amused me, but I never knew the meaning of love until now.

Believe me, Richard. Forever yours,
Elizabeth.''

''What can it mean? I never wrote any such letter. And see, Richard, the letter I have just received from John concerning this same epistle. Oh, how can I explain it to him? He leaves tonight,'' exclaimed Elizabeth in distressed, disconnected words.

Richard read the letter in silence. Everyone looked at him as if he would be the one to offer a solution to the problem. They did not notice the shrinking figure of Dorothy by the window. Outside a little breeze stirred in the peach tree and the fragrance of blossoms drifted in. Richard looked about blankly until his eye fell on Dorothy. He caught her by the shoulder roughly and said in a hard voice:

"Confess, Miss D-Meanor. What do you know about this?"

An instant's hesitation brought confession. She faltered forth the whole story, ending with,

"It would have been so romantic, and it wasn't my fault that old letter blew away. Besides, I would have told Elizabeth about it this afternoon if she hadn't been so busy."

"Well, listen, mix a little good, hard, common sense with your romances. Sentiment and not sentimentality is what you want. Cut out those novels you are reading to the exclusion of the rest of literature. And if you must read—read something else. If I had been so foolish as to follow out your romantic ideas, your sister and all of us would have been involved in no end of trouble. In the meantime I must chase down to the station and relieve poor John. No doubt he is as blue as indigo."

Weighed down by the weight of her misdemeanor, Dorothy began to cry, and was surprised to find her sister's arm about her.

"D-Don't you hate me?" she sobbed, "causing you all this trouble."

"No, Miss D-Meaner, not at all. I expect I am to blame, too, for neglecting my little sister, but after this I will look after you better. And remember not one single novel until I give you permission. I think you need some exercise to get back some color into those cheeks," and she pinched her playfully.

"Not one?" gasped Dorothy in consternation.

"No, not one."

"I have learned one lesson, and that is this practical old world doesn't enjoy having romances thrust upon it," said Miss D-Meaner in chastened accents.

April Fooled

Hazel Lucile Black, '14, Cornelian

The young girl seated herself comfortably on a flat tree stump before the gray-haired old negro who, under the broad oak branches before his cabin door, tacked shoes every day. It was the girl's greatest delight to run down here from the "great house" and hear the old negro's prodigious tales of by-gone days—tales containing often much of an old man's wisdom, together with the unlimited fancies and superstitions of the negro, now and then surcharged with wit and humor. This afternoon she put all the persuasion of her low Southern voice into her plea.

"Uncle Sandy," she said, "Uncle Sandy, you have been promising me the longest time to tell me that April fool story. Tell it to me now, you just have time to before sundown."

"Ain't I done tole yu I ain't agoin' ter tell yu dat story tell jest afore I die? Yu might not love yer uncle Sandy any more arter I tells yer dat story; fer I wuz mighty wild and reckless in dose days. 'Clar ter gracious I wuz!" The old man stopped a moment, then went on chuckling. "But dat story is too good ter keep much longer—guess it'll have ter come purty soon."

"Tell it to me now," she interrupted.

He hesitated and shook his wooly head. "Well, promise me you'se gwinter keep on loving me and jest you 'member I ain't dat way now—"

"Well it wuz dis away: You know it were de day ob de 'lection down yander at Jonesville and ob course I couldn't be dar avotin' and eberything 'thout taking a drink ebery now an' den—course I couldn't." The old man hung his head a little, but continued stoutly.

"But Ca'line, she never could see things dat way—she couldn't." He here stopped again and turned a suspicious eye and ear toward the cabin and commenced using the hammer, which had almost ceased to beat, more vigorously, and muttered to himself, "Course she ain't dere—she gone ober to sit up with dead Pollyann.'' Aunt Caroline was very vigorous in her disapproval of his taking so much time to manufacture and tell his numerous yarns. Being assured of her absence he continued cheerfully.

''Well, dat ebenin' 'bout four o'clock I seed a storm a comin,' so I started fer home. I wuz powerful hongry and when I seed Ca'line washin' de clothes by de well atryin' ter get em out afore the storm, I sez, sez I:

'' 'Ca'line, come gib me some dinner.'

But Ca'line seed I'd been drinking and she got mighty mad.

'' 'Git your own dinner,' she sed. 'I got mine.' ''

''I looked about but dere weren't a nary thing done, so I called again:

'' 'Caline, please come gib me some dinner.'

'' 'I ain't,' she sed.

''I waited and waited, but she didn't come, so I sed:

'' 'Ca'line, if you doan come gib me some dinner I'se agwinter jump in dat well.'

'' 'Jump,' she said, 'I doan care.'

'' 'Ca'line,' I sed again, 'ef you doan come on I'se agwinter clamb dat tree and stay dar tell yu tells me ter come down and gibs me some dinner.' Doan know what persessed me ceptin' it were de debbel.

'' 'Lack ter see yu do it, drunk as you is,' she sed, mighty skornful lack.

''And den I did dat silly thing—thought I'd show her I could keep my word and make her sorry. Yes suh, I clambed dat tree, and to the top of it, too. An' dere I sot. An' man alive, de wind commence' ablowin,' and I called down:

'' 'Ca'line, wan' me ter come down?'

''But she only answered:

'' 'I'se mighty happy ter da'.'

The darkie scratched his head and kept chuckling to himself. ''An down under dat tree all de time sot dat lil' yaller dawg I'se been atellin' yu about, lookin' up at me wid dose bright eyes an' asayin' plain as day: 'What a fool you is!'

''Lor', hits highty funny now, chile, but I wuz terribly 'fraid den, I kin tell you I wuz! De win' kept ablowin' something fierce and de rain commence a pourin' down and de black night jest almost swallowed eberything up. But dar I sot—I wuz dat stubburn, and Ca'line wuz too. Seemed to me she changed mightily atter I married her!

"Well, I had been up dar fer a long time—an' I were powerful tired—hit's hard work aholdin' on to a tree rocking wurse'n a boat on a high sea. When somethin' happened. Dat's where de April fool comes in! Away down towards de ribber a long lonesome sound wuz heard—sounded lack it might have been somebody a groanin', or a deep old horn blowin'. Anyhow us hed neber heard a sound lack dat afore.

"By-an'-by dat soun' come agin. Ca'line, she came ter de door and sez:

" 'Sandy, d'yu hear dat?'

" 'Guess I do—I ain't deef,' sez I.

" 'Whut yu reckon tis?' she sez.

" 'Bout dat time a howl came from dose nigger cabins down dere. Ebery single nigger of dem came apourin' out an' such a wailing.

" 'Hits Jedgment Day! Hits Jedgment Day, and dat's Gabriel's horn!'

" 'Sandy,' Ca'line called, 'd'yu reckon it's so?"

" ''Speck hit is, Ca'line,' I said. 'I got a mighty funny feeling in my stumick—I speck it is.'

" 'Sandy, come down outer dat tree. I'll gib yu some dinner, nice chicken pie. Hab mercy on me, Brudder Peter, hab mercy! Say you doan hold no grudge agin me, Sandy. Oh Lordie, Lordie, I know dis here come fer all my meanness. Angel Gabri—el, hab pity on me!'

"Bout dat time de yard wuz jest full ob niggers. Dey sot powerful store on Ca'line's yerpinions and when dey seed how she wuz a feelin' I neber seed sech takin' on in my life!

"Yes, missie, course I wuz down outer dat tree by den and dey didn't know nuthin' 'bout dat. But I felt mighty sneeky and mean, too. Dat win' had driv ebery drap ob whiskey outen me an' I wuz jest right ter feel de pangs of remorse. An' I felt dem, honey, I did!

Den it wuz dat Brudder Timothy got in his wurk. He wuz de preacher, yu know. An' 'bout dat time sez he:

" 'All you bredren and sistern, we'll hab a lil' preachin' ter welcom' brudder Gabriel. Dis here bench is de mourner's bench—all you sufferin' sinners come along here!"

"An' den purty night ebery body in dat yeard—all dose fat gals who wouldn't stop dancin', and dose strappin fellows who wouldn't stop drinkin'—ebery one of us jest crowded roun' dat bench. An' sech a groanin' an' a wollerin' in de mud! You neber did hear de lack. I believe Jedgment Day would hab come dat very minute, honey, ef us hadn't repented so strenuously, I do dat! An' ebery now an den dat sound come louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, an' ebery time we heard it dose people jest groaned and writhed. Oh, it wuz terrible.

" ''Bout dat time when eberything wus jest at its climax we heard a horse agallopin' up from de ribber. When he got ter our gate he stopped an' I peeked ober my shoulder and seed Marse John awaitin' dere. I got up an' sneaked ter him, an' Marse John he spoke stern lack, sez he:

" 'Whut's de meanin' ob dis, Sandy?"

"Why, Marse John," sez I, "ain't yu heard dat sound of Gabriel's horn an' ain't yu scared 'cause Jedgment Day's acomin'?'

When I went ter dat gate I wuz mighty scared. I thought Jedgment Day wuz acomin' sho nuff an' dat marse John wuz acomin' ter tell us niggers whut ter do. But when I seed his face I knowed dat nuthin' bad wuz goin' ter happen. I knowed Gabriel wouldn't dast come 'thout tellin' Marse John 'bout it, so I knew it wuz all right.

"An' den Marse John looked at me and den at dose scared niggers, an' he commenced ter laff, and he laffed tell I thought he would shake dat horse ter pieces. An' den he yelled out:

" 'Hey dere, you niggers! Dat ain't Gabriel's horn yu hear, tain't Jedgment Day 'tall,' an' here he commence alaffin' agin, 'its only de whistle ob dat steamboat what's comin' up de ribber.'

"An' den dere wuz a shout. Dem niggers wuz jest wild wid joy. Hadn't dey eber seen a steamboat? No, course dey hadn't. Dat wuz de furst steamboat what hed eber been within a hundred miles ob us. Some had sed dey had been down at Wilmington, but dat wuz too fur away ter believe hit. Well, dough nobody knowed whut a steamboat wuz, eberybody made a rush fer dat ribber and sech a scream of, ''De steamboat's acomin', de steamboat's a comin', yu neber heard.

''Eberybody went ter de ribber, I said, but I takes dat back. I stayed ter home' cause I wuz still pow'ful hongry. An Ca'line, very humble lack, gibbed me my chicken pie. My, I kin taste it yet!

''Atter I hed finished it I went to de door fer some water. An' dere asittin' on its hind legs under dat tree wuz dat yellow dawg. An' ebery now an' den it wud clap its lil' paws tergether an' say jest lack Jonah's ass did whenever he spoke: 'De steamboat's acomin', de steamboat's acomin','—he'd herd dose niggers asayin' it so much! Yes, Ballum might hab had an ass whut talked, I dunno 'bout dat. But dis I do know, dat pup said dose very words and said it lack Jonah's ass did, too.''

''Why Sandy Martin,'' Auna Caroline's voice broke in here. ''Yu jest atalkin' ter dat chile an' hit plum dark and Miss Lucy scart dat nigh plum ter deaf 'bout her?''

Uncle Sandy rose up slowly. '' 'Specks I hed better take yu home now, honey.''

Ode to Licinius

Translation from Horace

Clara Booth Byrd, Cornelian

I, Licinius, sing the well-poised man,
Who lives most fitly in this mortal span,
Who neither roams too oft the stormy deep,
Nor clings too close the shores unsafe and steep.

Who wisely in the golden mean abides,
Blessed is he, whatever chance betides—
Unscorned, he dwells, for dingy tott'ring walls,
Unenvied for his gilded palace halls.

For this truth often steals into my mind—
Tall are the trees uprooted by the wind,
Lofty the towers that crash in ruin most dire,
And thunders rend the peaks that heaven aspire.

A soul harmonious with each varying strain,
In sorrow hopes, in joy remembers pain;
The Sire who bids the wintry winds to blow.
Alike sends zephyrs sighing soft and slow.

What though today be clouded, gray with grief!
Tomorrow's rosy morning speeds relief;
Appollo doth his curved bow unbend,
And wakes the muse with lyric notes that blend.

Teach, then, your heart to be unmoved and strong
In deep distress, when right is whelmed by wrong;
But if with swelling sails you loose your bark,
Be wise; the pace well-measured wins the mark.

Negro Music

Lillian G. Crisp, '13, Adelphian

It has been said that the poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar expresses "what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people whose poetry had hitherto been expressed inarticulately in music." Again: "The coming of the negro to America has served to introduce into our musical life features which are unique in the annals of history. * * * Negro songs, while not of strictly American origin, have undoubtedly gone to form the foundation of such folk-song literature as this country possesses." Here are two ideas which lend interest to the study of negro music. First of all, it is the expression of the negro's heart and mind. Second, it forms the foundation of America's folk-songs. Both of these reasons carry with them an appeal.

Wherein does negro music differ from that of more cultured races? It is exceedingly hard to write a characterization of these melodies, for the simple reason that the negro voice takes on a peculiarly indescribable tone quality in song. However, there are some things which can be said. The two most pronounced characteristics of the music are its rhythm and its minor tone. The rhythm of the song is really remarkable, even when the fact is taken into consideration that the negro seems to have a better sense of rhythm than any of the other undeveloped races. It is said by those who have observed closely that even if the members of a band of colored people join in a song one after another all the way through, at the end they are sure to come out together on exactly the right beat. A rather striking fact is that they hardly ever make use of triple time, but sing most of their melodies with either two or four beats to the measure. Perfection of rhythm, then, is one of the most pronounced characteristics of negro music.

In accounting for the second characteristic of negro music, the prevalent use of the minor mode, there are two reasons given. First, most of the melodies are placed in the pentatonic scale, that is, the scale lacking the fourth and seventh tones, which is common to a great many undeveloped races. Second, the minor scale is best adapted to the expression of sadness, which was an undercurrent of slave life. For a people living in bondage cannot help having an element of bondage in their makeup. And so it is only natural that the slaves should have sung their songs, the only means of self-expression open for them, in a minor key.

The old slave songs form the only storehouse for negro music. For after the war, the changed conditions and environments checked the negro's productive ability in this direction. Of these old songs, there are those which deal with the religion, and those which portray the daily life of the slaves. Under the first class come sorrow songs, 'Sper'chels', and ''Running Sper'chels'', ''Shout Songs''. Under the second are those sung at twilight during the return home from work, those sung at dances and other joyful gatherings, those which accompanied work of all kinds.

The group of religious songs known as ''Sorrow Songs'' have running throughout them a note of sadness and implied longing for freedom from slavery. They are full of pathos, some of them show the growing influence which hope and belief in a future life was beginning to have over the old African fatalism.

''Sper'chels'' is the name which the negroes gave to their hymns. The themes of these are death, resurrection, and Satan. They were often composed off-hand, under the stress of great emotion. The ''Running Sper'chels'' were sung only at times of greatest religious excitement, when they were accompanied by a great deal of wild gesticulation. Their purpose was to urge on the ''mourners'' who could not quite see their way clear to ''jine''.

During the Civil War T. W. Higginson copied word for word a number of these songs as he heard the negroes sing them in camp. The simplest type of the ''spiritual'' he found, and the one which he observed to be the most popular, was the following:

''Hold your light, Brudder Robert—
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore.

''What make ole Satan for follow me so?
Satan ain't got nothin' for do wid me.
Hold your light,
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore.''

One which deals both with the Resurrection and Satan, already noted as favorite themes, is this:

''O, blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow your trumpet louder;
And I want dat trumpet ter blow me home,
Ter my New Jerusalem.

''De prettiest ting dot I ever done
Was ter serve de Lord when I was young,
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow your trumpet louder;
And I want dat trumpet ter blow me home
Ter my New Jerusalem.

''O, Satan is a liar, and he conjure too,
And if you don't mind he'll conjure you.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel,'' etc.

Songs which reveal the conditions of slave life were perhaps not so numerous as the religious types, but still they were popular. The songs for the end of the day show the darker side of the negro's life, and are accordingly very plaintive. On the other hand, those sung at festive gatherings are proportionately lively and joyous. The rhythm of those which the slaves sang while at their work urged them on to greater effort. ''Charles Peabody tells of a leader in a band of slaves who was besought by his companions not to sing a certain song, because it made them work too hard.'' Special types of these are the boating and ''railroad'' songs. In the boating songs the leader usually sang the verse, while his co-workers joined in the chorus. The "railroad" songs are so called because they were sung by the negroes while they were building fortifications and railroads. They are worthy of note as the last spontaneous outbursts of the negro before his environment changed so completely.

Higginson gives one rather amusing example of these work-a-day songs:

"Oh, dey call me Hangman Johnny!
Oho! Oho!
But I never hang nobody,
O hang, boys, hang!

"Oh, dey call me Hangman Johnny!
Oho! Oho!
But we'll all hang togedder,
O hang, boys, hang."

The origin and development of the old slave songs is hard to know. Their foundations were the weird chants used in incantations and religious observances in the African home. Some of them undoubtedly grew among the people, a line being added here, another there. Others were composed at one time as the result of some special excitement. Many were influenced by locality. The most notable of these are the Creole-negro songs of Louisiana, which are greatly marked by Creole signs. Here is an account which one old negro gave to Higginson of how he composed a song: "I been a-raise a sing myself, once. Once we boys went for tote some rice, and de nigger driver, he keep a calling on us, and say, 'O de ole nigger driver!' Den annuder said, 'Fust ting my mammy tole me wus notin' so bad as nigger driver!' Den I made a sing just putting a word, and den annuder word."

All these old slave songs, quaint in expression, plaintive at times, gay at others, and combining both dramatic and lyric elements, are the natural expressions of the things which were passing "in the hearts and minds of a lowly people."

With the change of environment after the Civil War the musical productive ability of the negro seemed to die out. The old melodies have been handed down, however, and some of them incorporated into lasting compositions by white composers who have employed them as themes.

Gottschalk has used especially the Creole negro melodies in his compositions. Chadwick, Schonefeld, Kroyer, and Dvorak, greatest of all, have shown that such themes can be employed with good artistic effect. Coleridge Taylor, an African-English negro who has been the first of his race to win any renown as a composer, too, makes use of these negro airs.

It is commonly recognized that if ever any distinctly American music develops, it must grow up from these songs, the only folk-songs the country possesses.

An example of the hold these melodies can take upon people when they are sung by negroes is found in the ''Jubilee Singers'' from Fiske University, Nashville, Tennessee. In 1871 these negroes started out on a tour to make money for their school. Successful in the South, they scored their first big success in Boston at the World's Peace Jubilee. Called to London, their simple, pathetic music of ''peculiar minor'' cadence, strongly appealed to the English people. On a second tour they visited Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, and were in each country received with eagerness by all classes from peasants to royalty. A Berlin journal of the time said of their singing: ''What wealth of pleading! What accuracy of declamation! Every musician felt that the performances of these singers are the result of high artistic talent, finely trained taste, and extraordinary diligence. Such a pianissimo, such a crescendo, such a descendo as those at the close of 'Steal Away', might raise envy in the soul of any choir master.''

This shows in a way what negro music may mean. The fact that its melodies have already been successfully used by composers shows that there is much possibility hidden away in them. That negro songs have, through the negro minstrel show, already influenced American popular music no acquaintance of the modern ''rag-time'' and ''coon-song'' will deny. It only remains for time to prove just what part these negro songs, the records of ''what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people,'' the only real folk-songs our country has, will play in the development of American music.

Mammy's Ghost Story

Sara Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

Aunt Harriet settled comfortably back in the kitchen chair that from long use had acquired the habit of lurching and swaying sympathetically with every movement of its owner. Selecting a fat pod from the bowl of green peas in her lap, she opened it with deft fingers and then paused to look in indulgent tenderness at the little lady seated at her feet.

''Honey,'' she said, ''you bin er pesterin' me fer to tell you 'bout dat ar ghose tell I dunno what I'se made of. Doan yo' know dat yo' mammy done tole me dat I couldn't put no sich foolishness inter yer hed? She doan no wise low me ter talk of sich matters to you. They wusn't much to hit nohow, ceptin' dat one night durin' the war de rain wuz a beatin' down jes lack de moon had done turn over and spilt every speck uv de water in it, an' de win' wuz er mournin' through de big pine tree lak hit hed los' hits las' frien'. Missy wuz er settin by de fire singin' to li'l marser and spectin' big marser to come ever' minute. 'Hai'et, Hai'et,' she kep' a sayin', awful low like,'I know he's outin' dis storm, case he said he wuz er comin' home an' he doan never break his wurred.' I couldn't git her to go to bed fer a long time an' when at las' she did, I kep' a slippin' up to her do' an' a listenin' ter see if she'd quit cryin', case I knowed good en' well ef she didn't git ter sleepin' better she'd sho hev flux er neumony one fore long.

''Onct when I wuz er comin' back from a listenin', I jes' step out to de back do' to see ef dey wuz any signs uv a change in de weather. Hit had stopped rainin', but hit uz awful dark en de thunder wuz a rumblin' terrible mournful, way off hin' de barn. An den hit wuz dat I seed de ghose— But yo' mammy—I spec' she mos' skin me live ef I'd tell yo' bout sich things ez ghostes. Dese here peas is awful tejus. Pears lak I ain't never goin' to git em shelled.''

''Mammy,'' said the child in an awed tone, ''what did it look like?''

''Chile, I done tole you now not to pester me no mo' 'bout dat ar ghose—I can't tell you nuthin' 'tall 'bout hit.''

''Was it white?'' the little questioner persisted.

''Fer de Lawd's sake, honey, you sho' ain't hed much 'perience wid ghostes ef you ask ef it wuz white. Did you ever see a ghose dat wuzn't white? Why, chile, dat's de natu'al color. Cose it us white. But you doan need to ax me no questions now case yo' mammy's done spoke out her sentiments.''

There was a short silence during which the heap of unshelled peas grew appreciably smaller, and then the child spoke again, thoughtfully: ''I don't suppose that ghosts can talk.''

''Jerus'lem help us!'' exclaimed the old negress, ''ain't yer got yo min' off ghostes yit? Yo' sho' air a persisten' chile, but you doan need ter think you're goin' to fin' out nothin' frum me, case whin you mammy speaks, I lies low.''

''I wasn't asking any questions at all, mammy. I was just sposin','' defended the little maid.

''Well, honey,'' relented aunt Harriet, ''I doan reckon hits no harm to 'sposin' 'bout ghostes—leastways yo' mammy, she never said nothin' 'bout dat. But hit won't do no good at tall to 'sposin' dat ghostes don't talk, case dey do. If yo' mammy hadn't done spoke her min' on de subject I could mighty soon sho' you dat ghostes not only kin talk but dey do talk. An' what's more, wunct youse heard um talk, yo' don't never fergit it neither. Doan I 'member jes' lak it wuz yestidy, how dat ghose you bin a pesterin' me 'bout, stood dar an looked me in de eye and says—en yo' couldn't a told his voice frum de win' in de pine tree—an' he says, ''He's dyin'—he's dyin'—he's dyin'.''

''Is that all it said, mammy?'' the little listener asked, her voice trembling with excitement.

''Great day in de mornin', chile, what else wud yo' a wanted it to a said? Ef you'd bin a listenin' to hit—a stanin' out thar in de pitch dark with de thunder a sorter uttering low and de win' a goin' on jes ter hear itself—ef you'd a bin thar—you wouldn't a bothered 'bout de ghose not a sayin' nothin' more. An another thing, honey, doan you 'spose dat ghose thought dat I had sence enough to know hit uz marser a dyin' 'thout its a settin' down an a 'splainin' it all night. I wont no spring chicken. I allus did say, anyhow, dat marser nuver would come back from the war alive."

But mammy," objected the child, in whose mind there lingered a faint memory of an old, white haired man who used to hold her on his knee and caress her with trembling fingers. "But mammy, grandpa did come back alive, didn't he?"

"Well who said he didn't! Cose he wuz alive, jes' ez live ez you is right dis minute. Why don't I remember de very day he come back—"

"But mammy," interrupted the little granddaughter, "you said the ghost—"

"Lawd a massy, chile, I haint never sed nothin' tall 'bout ghostes in yo' hearin'. Why yo' mammy, she don't want you to so much as know they is ghostes, case she says they ain't no sich thing. But whether they be or beant, lemme tell you somethin', chile, do sho be perlite to ever' one you see, perliteness is de very thing ter use on ghostes. I allus did say, an' I allus will say that I saved yo' grandpa's life by jes' bein' perlite to dat ar ghose. An' me dat sceered dat my hair hed riz up on my head and felt jes persactly like ever' bit uv de kink wuz a crawling out of it. But I wont too sceered ter be perlite. So I never paid no tention to nuffin' he said 'bout dyin', but I jes drops him a curtsy lak he wuz de governor and I sez, "Good mornin', won't yer walk in. Marser's in de libery." I wuz so sceered dat I sed "good-mornin', dat time o' night, but he never noticed it tall. An' he never caught on to dat little piece uz 'ception 'bout Marser bein' in de libery—he wuz jes' dat tuk wid my perliteness. He didn't hardly know what to say next, case he jes' stood dar a studyin' a minute an' den he sorter waved around and left awful sudden lak.

"An' de next morning when marser come home jes ez live as a Turk—I sez my perliteness sho' did do a heap er good to dat ar ghose, er either hit uz this way: De ghose might a not a bin a talkin' 'bout marser at tall. Case de next mornin' missy's great big Langshang rooster wuz stretched out dead and they wont no cause for hit a tall. Hit might a bin of him dat de ghose wuz a speakin'. They ain't no tellin'.

"But honey, yer better run along now. Yer bin a pesterin' me so long I'm got powerful behin' wid my dinnah an' I'm got to work Jordan off de cross to git it on time. But yo' might as well make up yo' min', honey, dat it don't do no good to ax dis nigger no questions 'bout ghostes, case yo' mammy, she's done laid down de law an' stamped it un'er her foot dat I can't tell yo' nothin tall bout sich foolishness."

In a Garden

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

In a garden fair and wide
Grew two violets side by side,
Blue the first was, strong yet meek,
But the other pale and weak.
Then the stronger helped the smaller,
Taught him to grow larger, taller;
Meanwhile hid him from the hand
Of the gard'ner of the land,
Till one day the weak had grown
To be full and richly blown,
And stood forth, proud, fair and strong.
Then upon the path ere long
Came a footstep, gentle, light,
And a maid in beauty bright,
Stood beside the violet bed;
Looked; with grace she bent her head,
Smiled and quickly stooped to pluck.
"Ah! Now I shall have good luck!"
Cried the younger of the flowers;
"Now I'll leave these rustic bowers,
Go to fairyland, forsooth."
And very fair he was in truth,
As like a lord he stood in wait.
Fairer far, howe'er, his mate,
Sweet in fragrance, rich in hue
Of a deep ethereal blue.
And the girl him gathered first,
Took into her hand and nursed;
Then the other, second choice,
Secretly he raised his voice,
Jealous envy in his heart,
And with venom-poisoned dart,
As he lay so modest, meek,

'Gainst that lovely maiden's cheek,
Whispered soft in cold deceit,
"He is withered with the heat;
He, my mate, fades even now.
See his petals drooping, how
Limp his head, how sick
His pale color and how thick
His flabby stem, his odor gone;
He droops with age. 'Twill not be long
Until he will be quite dead;
Throw him back upon the bed!"
And the girl, quite unaware
Such a beast she harbored there,
Looked upon her treasure; said,
"Something's wrong with his poor head;
Why it has begun to fade,
How could I mistake have made?"
Then she took the flowers both,
Put the younger, nothing loth,
In a vase with many more.
Close beside the entrance door,
Placed it in the noble hall,
Where the king should hold his ball.
But the other, distant far,
Where the hall it could not mar,
In a window in a bowl,
With the water clear and cold,
Where no passer-by would be,
Where no guest could ever see,
Humbled to the lesser one,
Banished though no wrong was done.
In the hot and crowded room,
Where no healthy flower could bloom,
Soon the other perished quite;
But the princess found him bright
Who'd been left upon the sill,
Lone and cool to drink his fill
Of air and water fresh and pure,
Of peace, and calm, and quiet sure.

Contributors' Club

In March

The nights get shorter, the days get long,
The quaint little bird sings sweetly its song
In March.

The winds howl lower, the sun comes nearer,
And nature's own bountiful blessings seem dearer
In March.

The coming spring's message of calmness serene
Gives thoughts of the flowers and meadows so green
In March.

E. M. C., Cornelian.

State Normal Magazine

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THE MAY DAY FETE

I wonder how many of us girls realize what is being done and has been done about the May Day Fete. Lots of us have talked—and grumbled—because "no interest was being taken in May Day Fete, nothing was done;" but they were the hidden things that were done, the little beginnings that all of us didn't know about. Now we can see that things are happening. All of the costumes are planned and a great many of them are already made. Soon, if matters keep on at this rate, we shall have all the costumes done and dress rehearsals in progress.

Now it is time for us to begin the making of flowers and other decorations as well as to help with the sewing. Let us, each one of us, do our part, for it all depends on us, this great May Day Fete of ours. Let's keep up our good record, and better it—go to our practices promptly, spend all the vacant periods we can possibly spare in sewing or making decorations, and helping in whatever way we can. Then indeed we will give to our state such a splendid pageant that every person will remember it in years to come.

SPRING FEVER

Dr. Foust has had to remind us already of many ways in which we are "backsliding." Even if "Spring fever" is epidemic, let's don't catch it. We all felt terribly mortified when we were called down for behavior in chapel, but let's be mortified enough not to forget ourselves again. We all felt secret qualms of conscience when the untidy condition of the campus was called to our attention, but let's feel deep enough qualms to remember and keep our newly "Spring-cleaned" campus in the best condition.

Points of View

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE IN COLLEGE

What is worth while in our college course? If our opinions are judged by our conduct, apparently there are many different standards. The athletic girl thinks games and sports should have the precedent; the student considers countless books the requisite for a profitable college course; the society girl regards all pleasures of the greatest importance. But are any of these estimates really complete? Will any of these standards measure up to the high plane we desire? If we try to follow only one of them, we shall undoubtedly, neither give our "alma mater" our best, nor receive the most from her. We must combine the intellectuality of the student, the quickness of the athlete, and the friendliness of the pleasure loving girl if we are going to make our lives at college truly useful to ourselves and others. Especially will we succeed in rendering service if we always try to follow one precept—to think of others. In the rush, partly necessary and partly unnecessary, we are apt to forget "the other fellow". In a hurry to get to a class we wildly run through the halls, perhaps knocking against many girls who are leisurely returning from their work; we slam a door, forgetting that by holding it open for half a minute we could greatly aid the girl just behind us who has her arms full of books; we meet a girl who looks "blue", but in our eternal rush we do not stop to give her even a pleasant greeting. We all are guilty—we do not think. Let each of us try to make the right standards of true worth in our college by exerting our efforts in three ways—working, playing, and thinking of others.

K. R., '13, Adelphian.

ORDER IN CHAPEL

Previous to a few weeks ago we had become exceedingly careless in our behavior in chapel. It seemed that we every one saved our messages for each other until we got to chapel—and they must often have been very funny, for the laughing as well as the talking was somewhat boisterous. This caused confusion in our getting to our seats before attendance was taken. If this noise from more than six hundred girls did not cease when the faculty had assembled, it often delayed the beginning of the exercises, as well as leaving our minds in a condition for anything other than worshipping God. Then, too, after the exercises began, there was often a little buzz of whispering among some of us. Since this is the only time set apart for daily worship, should we not give it our undivided attention? To remedy matters, Dr. Foust thought of a wise plan which was that hereafter we should, upon entering chapel, leave off with further conversation. If this plan proved beneficial, we were to continue it; if not, we were to drop it. However, after a few weeks trial, we have found it a great improvement to former conditions. Now conversation is left off when we enter chapel. Instead of darting here and there to speak to friends we walk quietly to our seats. Loud talking and laughing as well as confusion in getting to seats, are things of the past. The little buzz of whispering during the exercises has died away. Lastly, but not least, we are left in a very much more settled and receptive mood for worshipping aright. Since we have so much needed improvement, does it not behoove us each to keep it going?

R. P. G., Adelphian.

WALKING PERIOD

Most of us did not know what a great benefit walking period was and did not appreciate it sufficiently until now, when we have to practice for the pageant several afternoons a week, and cannot go to walk. A girl remarked the other day that all last year she grumbled because she had to go to walk and now she grumbled because she could not observe walking period any more this year, as she has to practice every afternoon. Those of us who are not engaged every day should therefore be glad that we can go to walk. I think the majority of the girls do not object to going to walk on pretty days, but dread it on cold and bad days. After several days of rain or snow, we are glad to get out in the park again. Then there is the standpoint of pleasure. It seems as if we would be glad to have a period each day that we could get away from our books and studies and get out in the park and talk to our our friends about other things beside Latin, English papers and Geometry. We get also much pleasure from the park itself: observing the trees, the birds, and other things of interest in nature. Especially do we enjoy the park in the fall, when the leaves change their color, and in the spring when the trees bud. The most important standpoint in considering the benefits of walking period, is the standpoint of the girls' health. We need to be out in the fresh air as much as possible. If we did not have the walking period, the most of us would feel that we could not afford to take the time from our work in order to walk for forty-five minutes each day. Therefore we should be glad that a time each day is provided for us to take exercise out doors. Taking all these things into consideration, we should never again complain of having to go to walk.

R. G., '14, Adelphian.

HONOR IN OUR COLLEGE

As a whole, I think that the student body is an honorable one, though there are some dishonorable individuals in it. As I see it, the way in which the greater number of students conduct themselves is due to the fact that they are put on their honor to an extent. They feel themselves a part of the college with its reputation in their hands. Not many days ago I heard a student say that she needed to go to her room, but she knew that if she went into the dormitory she would go into some girl's room and thus break a rule. So she stayed out of the building. However, a few girls are not so conscientious.

There are several ways in which this bad crowd, as we will call them, go about doing their part. The study hour means nothing to them.

One of the most generally broken rules is that of walking period. Often a girl takes her books and starts off as if to walk, when she is really going for a comfortable place to study. Another thing that is bothering some of us at present is that some few girls are not true. The teacher asks that no student obtain help, but finds her request very often disregarded.

I do not think that the girls who do those things have ever taken time to consider that they are doing wrong. They are just thoughtless or careless. A few, I believe, are weak and yield to temptation so easily that it soon becomes very natural to do as they like, regardless of honor or anything else. Or it may be that when new girls, they were tempted or led on by older ones, then it was an easy matter to break a rule after the first time. Wasted time has a part to play here, too. When a girl has wasted her study hour it is necessary that she get time in some way to prepare her lessons. The only thing left to do is to steal time, so she ''sits up'' or ''gets up''.

What would our college be if every girl were as conscientious as the one who would not go into the dormitory for fear of breaking a rule? It should be so.

F. D., Cornelian.

Among Ourselves

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

Mr. R. D. W. Connor delivered recently the last three of his series of lectures on the contribution of the various elements to the civilization of North Carolina. On February 9th he spoke of the Scotch Highlanders, describing their picturesque homes and customs in Scotland, and the romanticism and high ideals of heroism and loyalty which they brought with them to North Carolina. Mr. Connor lectured on the Scotch-Irish element in our history on February 22nd, emphasizing particularly the conservatism and industrial strength they have given to our population. The last lecture of the series was given on February 27th, on the contributions which the German settlers have made to the present civilization of North Carolina.

On the night of February 13th, the president of the Senior Class, as Queen of Hearts, held court for her subjects in celebration of the birthday of their class tree. Accusations against each of the college courses and the college itself, were heard and defended, and the court disbanded in the best of spirits after a graceful little dance by some of its members.

Mr. Myers, well known as the author of a general history in common use, gave an address to the Young Women's Christian Association on International Peace.

The Zoellner String Quartette, assisted by Miss Marion May, as contralto, presented a good program at the college on February 24th. Miss May's rendition of ''Flower Rain'', by Schnieder, was especially well received. The quartette, consisting of two violins, viola, and violincello, was perhaps at its best in the closing selection by Tschaikowsky.

The annual reception given by the Junior Class in honor of the Seniors took place on February 17th. The members of the class of 1913 were charming hostesses at dinner at the Guilford. Miss Mary Porter as preisdent of the Junior Class, acted as toastmistress, and gave a cordial toast to the Senior Class, to which Miss Ethel Skinner, president of the Senior Class responded. Miss Sadie Rice gave a toast full of loyalty to our college, and the response, given by Dr. Foust, increased, if possible, our devotion to our Alma Mater. A delightful social hour in the ladies' gallery of the hotel, followed. The singing of class songs, and impromptu music made the time all too short, and the guests were taken to the opera house where they enjoyed Henrietta Crossman's presentation of "The Real Thing". The evening was a thoroughly delightful one, and not soon to be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

On February 26th Madame D'Aubigny spoke to the Young Women's Christian Association on her missionary work among the peasants of France.

Society Notes

With the Adelphians

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

On February 9th, 1912, the Adelphian Literary Society gave a debate, ''Resolved, that prohibition has failed to benefit the people of North Carolina''. The debaters for the affirmative, Misses Lucy Hamilton, Effie Baynes, and Hallie Beavers, advanced many good arguments for their side. Misses Meriel Groves, Annie Scott, and Maida Strupe, creditably defended the negative side. The judges, Misses Mildred Harrington, Lillian Crisp, and Irene Robbins, decided in favor of the negative. A play, ''The Register'', which reflected the humor characteristic of William Dean Howell's plays, followed the debate. Margaret Smith, as Miss Nettie Spaulding, an eccentric and typical old maid, kept the audience convulsed with laughter. Miss Elizabeth Long, in the character of Miss Ethel Reed, played well the part of the injured beauty. Miss Leah Boddie took the part of Mr. Ransom, a young artist in love with Miss Reed, while Lucile Middleton played the part of Mr. Grinnidge, a droll old bachelor friend of Mr. Ransom. The plot, in short, is as follows: Mr. Ransom, a young artist, while teaching Miss Reed art lessons, has fallen desperately in love with her; in fact, he took her as a pupil merely to be with her. The scene opens with Miss Reed confessing her love for Mr. Ransom to Miss Spaulding, and in her telling that on the day before when she offered to pay Mr. Ransom for her art lessons he refused to accept the money and rushed violently off. As Miss Reed is telling Miss Spaulding that she is going to compel Mr. Ransom to accept the pay for the lessons, the curtain rises on the other side of the stage and discloses Mr. Grinnidge and Mr. Ransom seated in the room on the other side of the partition. Through the open register Miss Reed and Miss Spaulding listen to Mr. Ransom telling Mr. Grinnidge of his love for Miss Reed. Soon Mr. Ransom calls on Miss Reed. After she has humbled him to the dust, she gives him pay for her art lessons, together with ''her hand, and heart, and dearest love forever''. Then both are brought to confess that they had been listening through the register all the time at the other's confession of love.

On the evening of February 16th, after the meeting of the Adelphian Literary Society, Misses Alice Morrison, Margaret Smith, Margaret Cotton, and Ethel Skinner, sang several songs, accompanied by Miss

Mary Spivey at the piano, after which "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" was given in tableaux form, while Miss Esther Yelverton rendered appropriate music on the piano. On the night before his wedding, the old bachelor, Miss Lucy Culpeper, sat down to read over all his old love letters. While Miss Mary Tennent read the poem all his former loves appeared for a moment before him. He is thrown into an ecstacy of delight by each one, until the happiest moment is reached when the bride of the morrow appears on the scene. These were his sweethearts:

His first love	Katherine Cobb
His tomboy sweetheart	Margaret Berry
His first kiss	Meriel Shelton
The spirit of the Co-Ed.	Lucy Landon
The gypsy girl	Louise Crawford
The University girl	Mary Porter
The golf girl	Mamie Boren
The girl from the golden west	Lillian Procter
His Indian maiden	Pattie Spruill
The tennis girl	Eliza Moore
The daughter of the regiment	Pearl Temple
The Trinity girl	Mildred Harrington
The Twins	Margaret Johnson, Alice Harris
His waltz-dream	Alice Morrison
The yachting girl	Sarah Kornegay
The maid from Holland	May Gay
The maid from Italy	Fannie Starr Mitchell
The chrysanthemum girl	Gertrude Griffin
The maid of the Red Cross	Mary Dorrity
The merry widow	Carrie Exum
The bride	Nell Witherington

On March 1st, the program of the Adelphian Literary Society consisted of a debate, "Resolved, That Life Imprisonment, with restricted power on the part of the executive, should be substituted for capital punishment." Both sides did justice to the question. After the debate many showed their interest by entering into an informal discussion of the question. The judges, Misses Katherine Robinson, Gertrude Griffin, and Ione Grogan, rendered the decision in favor of the negative. The debaters were, Affirmative, Della Blevins, Irene Robbins, Bertha Deadman; negative, Bertha Stanberry, Fannie Starr Mitchell, Carrie Stout.

With the Cornelians

Mary K. Brown, '12, Cornelian

The literary exercises of the Cornelian Society for February 9th, consisted of a debate, the query being, "Resolved, That Women Should be Allowed to Vote." Misses Patty Groves and Fannie Hunt upheld the affirmative, and Misses Louise Bell and Ruby Deal the negative. After interesting discussions on both sides of this live question the judges, Misses Lura Brogden, Alice Whitson, and Mary K. Brown, decided in favor of the negative.

On February 16th the program was one embodying negro dialect and songs from the Southland. First, a beautiful piano solo was played by Miss Annie Whitty. Next, Miss Mary Graham, an honorary member of the society, in her usual charming manner, read three selections from Uncle Remus. We are always delighted to have Miss Ethel Harris, a former member of our faculty, sing for us. This time she gave us several numbers, ''Sweet Miss Mary,'' ''Andrew Jackson,'' ''Swanee River,'' and a medley. Miss Maud Minnish, one of our new members, recited ''My First Day at School''. As an encore she gave ''An Old Sweetheart of Mine,'' accompanied on the piano by Miss Virginia Kendall. The last thing on the program was ''Old Black Joe,'' sung by the society.

One of the most enjoyable programs of the year was ''Sylvia,'' a musical comedy, given in the auditorium of the Students' Building on Friday night, March 1st. The plot of this amusing little comedy may be summed up as follows: Sylvia, tired of her betrothed, wanders into the hayfield, where she overhears Betty bemoaning her fate, and wishing she were engaged to marry a nobleman instead of honest William. Sylvia suggests that as they each envy the other her lot, they exchange places for the rest of the day; that Sylvia masquerade as the farmer's daughter and Betty as the maid of honor to the queen. Betty tells of a flower, ''Cupid's Eye,'' which would blind the poet and the farmer to the fact that such an exchange has been made, and the two girls set off to find the magic flower and change costumes.

The girls succeed in their undertaking. Betty fools de Lacy, and Sylvia as successfully fools William. But in the end each declares that hereafter she will be content with her own lot and will not envy the other. William finds his lost Betty and de Lacy woos again his Sylvia. A song of greeting to the harvest moon, rising over the treetops, ends the evening, and all wend their way homeward.

The comedy was interspersed with choruses sung by the farmers' daughters and the haymakers. The girls wore pretty gingham dresses and sunbonnets; the boys ware typical country lads with their red bandana handkerchiefs, big straw hats and rakes. The effect was very picturesque as these country girls and boys roamed through the hayfield singing the bright, catchy songs. Misses Bessie Cobb, as Betty, and Sadie Rice, as Sylvia, deserve especial mention. Misses Mabel Clary and Gretchen Taylor, as de Lacy and William respectively, acted well their parts.

Exchanges

Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelphian

The editor of this department is pleased to note that, in the main, ''Exchanges'' for February are edited with more care than usual. The old tradition, to the effect that an exchange department offers a convenient medium for the exchange of haphazard compliments rather than the exchange of honest opinion based on careful consideration of the material in hand, is disappearing.

The poetry in The Ivy is of very superior order. ''His Valentine'' is the kind of verse that is always sure of making a successful appeal, no matter how often it comes. ''Dreams'' has a musical swing and a delicacy of touch about it that suggests Longfellow's ''Footsteps of Angels''. ''Aunt Cindy, alias Cupid'' is decidedly the best story. The other stories deal mainly with the love of man for maid—a theme in danger of becoming a little maudlin in the hands of immature writers. We would call the attention of the exchange editor of The Ivy to our table of contents for November and December. Whenever there is difficulty in classifying our material, it can be found already labeled in the table of contents. ''Some Distinguished Negroes of North Carolina'', and the article on ''Slaves'' in the December issue were *essays,* not *stories.*

The Acorn is not particularly fat this month and it is sadly in need of poetry, yet it is a magazine of which Meredith girls can well be proud, for every article in it is worth while from the standpoint of both subject matter and treatment. The little article, ''Many are Called but Few Get Up,'' shows that the few who do ''get up'' are making a strong fight for an ''Acorn'' which shall be in a position to stress quality more than ever.

It has been said that the editorials of a magazine give to that magazine its distinctive tone or atmosphere. Any college publication would have a pretty strenuous time living up to the tone which ''Facts and Near Facts'' gives to this month's issue of the Davidson College Magazine. In our opinion, it is just about the best expressed bit of philosophy we have seen this year. There is something about the phrase, ''The man we know, the man our friends know, and the man God knows'', which sticks in the memory and insists on being thought about. The other

Davidson material averages up well. There is nothing artificial about ''The Junior Speech''. It comes straight from an over-burdened soul.

We notice in the Western Maryland College Monthly that this is the last month of the old regime. Let us hope that the new regime will see fit to separate ''Exchanges and Jokes'' into two departments. Some of the exchanges may be jokes, but it seems kinder to omit the label.

In Lighter Vein

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

Music Student: "In the fast movement of the sonata, the temperature is raised."

P. S.: "How much are violets now?"
M. R.: "I think they are one cent apiece."
P. S.: "I can't afford that. I though they were a dollar a hundred."

Aun Mandy was laboriously scrubbing a room when Mary, a second maid, passed. "We shure has a lot to do, ain't we, Mandy?" said Mary. "Laws, yes; I specks I'll have to come to summer school to get mine all done," was the answer.

Plez: "Miss ——, can I count the lights in here; I want to put tonsils on them."

M. T.: "Have you any medicated cotton?"
A. B.: "No, but I have some darning cotton, will that do?"

R. G.: "I couldn't sleep at all last night."
R. L.: "What was the matter?"
R. G.: "Oh, somebody *paroled* the hall the whole night long."

On Time

M. V. P., '12, Cornelian

To run, or not to run—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The glances and words of the horror-stricken faculty,
And by so doing, rush madly down the hall,
Buttoning dresses down the back,
Mouth full of pins to substitute absent buttons,
Later to put the links in the flapping cuffs,
And grab the hanging belt from the shoulder,
Jagging fingers a dozen times while pinning it on.
To run; to dress, to dress while running; and by that running

Your name may miss the tablet; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To run, ay, why,
For then, perchance you miss, ay, there's the rub;
For in that miss, your name
Must take its place in black and white
For other eyes to see. There is the problem
That faces one and all.
For who would bear to have her name
On the delinquent roll of attendance
If running will keep it off.
This thought does make heroines of them all,
And then the happy knowledge is put in action,
And thus we see six hundred rush madly down the hall,
And take their places at their tables
On time!

ORGANIZATIONS

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Jamie Bryan	Pitt County	Hattie Howell	Edgecombe County
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Ethel McNairy	Guilford County	Clyde Fields	Alleghany County
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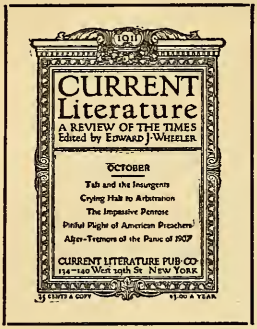

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