

State Normal Magazine

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE HEPATICA (Poem) —Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpgian	332
A VISIT TO MANILA (Essay) —Eliza Moore, '14, Adelpgian	333
THE LITTLE PATTY CAKES (Story) — Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian	337
THE SNOWFALL (Poem) —Edith Avery, '15, Adelpgian	341
THE PORTS OF NORTH CAROLINA (Essay) — Margaret Smith, '14, Adelpgian	342
UNCLE JERRY'S TROUBLE (Story) —Nellie Driver, Cornelian	349
BYRON, THE POET OF NATURE (Essay) — Ruth Harris, '15, Adelpgian	353
SUNSET (Poem) —Ethel Thomas, '15, Cornelian	355
OLD ROUND ABOUT (Essay) —Frances Hendren, '17, Cornelian	356
THE CALL OF THE RAILROAD (Story) — Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpgian	358
FAITHFUL TO THE CAUSE (Story) — Natalie Hughes Tuck, '16, Cornelian	362
FRIENDSHIP (Poem) —Carey Wilson, Cornelian	364
SKETCHES—	
The Cornwallis Tree—Onida Watson, Cornelian	365
The Traveling Salesman—Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian . .	365
Mail Time at a Country Postoffice—Iris Council, Adelpgian	366
The Flirt—Josephine Moore, '17, Cornelian	367
A Character Sketch—Lillian Wakefield, Cornelian	368
A Peculiar Character—Sarah Gwynn, '16, Adelpgian	369
The Bargain Hunter—Winifred Beckwith, '17, Cornelian . .	369
EDITORIAL—	
Washington's Birthday	371
The Old Order Changeth	372
THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB—	
The Point System—Ethel G. Thomas, '15, Adelpgian	373
Memorials—Alice Sawyer, '15, Adelpgian	374
"Spring Fever"—Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpgian	375
The Current Topics Club—Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian . .	376
The Domestic Science Home—May McQueen, '14, Adelpgian	376
Our New Subject—Mamie Eaton, '15, Cornelian	377
The Latin Club—Mary Green, '14, Adelpgian	378
Sociology—Mary Katherine Hoskins, '15, Cornelian	378
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—	
Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpgian	380
AMONG OURSELVES —Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian	382
EXCHANGES —Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian	385
IN LIGHTER VEIN —Edith C. Haight, '15, Adelpgian	386

The Hepatica

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpian

When sunny March begins to smile
And wakes the buds beside the rill,
I love to wander o'er the hill
To search for blue hepatica.

There, coyly nestling 'neath the leaves,
I scarce can find thy dainty blue
Reflection of the same faint hue
The skies, once leaden, now resume.

O, modest, dainty, tender flower!
A note of springtime hope you bring,
That sleeping buds to bloom will spring
And Nature's every child rejoice.



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A Visit to Manila

Eliza Moore, '14, Adelpkian

By some who have never seen Manila, it has often been sarcastically called, "Pearl of the Orient". If the present development continues and the plans now afoot are carried out, the capital of the Philippines bids fair to be truly the "Pearl of the Orient". It is fast becoming a clean, sanitary, beautiful city.

When I first saw Manila, I was reminded of the pictures of cities I had seen where only towers and domes rose above the surrounding wall, suggesting a troubled past. The oldest part of Manila, the "Intramuros", is at the mouth of the Pasig River, on its north bank. The city walls, about twenty-five feet high, have become rich in vegetation, which makes them all the more picturesque. They are surrounded by broad moats and entered through stately gateways of the Renaissance architecture. With the exception of a short section along the Pasig River, they have been preserved. Recently, the city walls, together with the surrounding moats, have been made a part of the city park system. The stagnant moats have been filled in with material taken up by the dredge in the port, and converted into public gardens and playgrounds.

The corporate city of Manila is made up of Intramuros, Manila proper, together with the surrounding settlements, which have their respective names. Intramuros is a solid block of construction. With few exceptions, the public buildings are there—churches, convents, Roman Catholic schools of various kinds. McKinley Plaza is surrounded by the govern-

ment buildings, the military generals' headquarters, and offices of the various secretaries of nations. Thus this is the center of political life. We go from McKinley Plaza to the Bridge of Spain; then we see the commercial life. Wholesale business, mainly shipping, crowds the north banks of the Pasig, just below the Bridge of Spain. The Escolta, which extends straight out from the Bridge of Spain, is the main shopping street and is always crowded with shoppers from both far and near. Calle Rosario rivals the Escolta in its many interesting shops of every people and is equally as popular. It is interesting indeed to see, side by side, on these streets, American, French, Indian, Chinese, Spanish, Filipino, Japanese, and English shops, and note the characteristic differences of each. Because it is so crowded, Manila does not at first make a favorable impression. In this small area there is estimated to be about 20,000 buildings. Acquaintance with it, however, lessens the objections and we soon like to be among the crowd in the midst of the unique surroundings.

One of the chief things to be noticed is the arcaded streets, or sidewalks, as we call them. Save for carriages and dogs, the lower floor of the buildings is not used at all; the people live in the upper stories. In these living apartments the whole front is generally made of windows, opening on a balcony which extends over the sidewalk, thus arcading it. It is a very frequent thing to see the beautiful Spanish belles sitting out on the balconies in the evening "in the breezes to be seen". Window glass is not used at all in these homes; it is only within the last few years that it has been used at all in these islands. Conchas are used instead of glass. These shells are trimmed and put in little square panes, averaging about four inches. They are, of course, translucent rather than transparent and the result is a soft opalescent light which is very agreeable in a country where the glare is so trying. In spite of modern progress, the picturesqueness of Manila is little impaired. The old city remains virtually the same.

The settlements surrounding the walled city and really a part of Manila are: Fort Santiago, which was built in the sixteenth century as a protection from pirates; the fishing vil-

lage of Londo; San Nicolas; Santa Cruz; San Miguel, where the Governor's palace is; Santa Ana; Ermita, where the better class of Americans settle, and other villages. The Luneta is in Ermita. That is "where the band plays, the breezes blow, and Manila airs herself each afternoon." This plaza is in the form of a long, oval-shaped area arranged with paths and lawns and surrounded by a wide driveway, where hundreds of vehicles circulate or stand to hear the Constabulary Band, which plays in a large stand in the center. The driveway is so wide that twelve horses may pass at one time.

As the sun, in all its splendor, disappears behind Mount Meriveles, the lights appear in the harbor, the beautifully dressed women, accompanied by men in white, are borne about in victorias, and as the band plays, one feels that truly this is the land of romance and beauty.

In Spanish times Manila had the Malecon, a pleasure drive, bordered with royal palms, in front of the Intramuros. It extended three-quarters of a mile along the bay from the Pasig River to the Luneta. This drive is said to have been one of the most beautiful in the world. Unfortunately, commercial activity and harbor enlargements demanded the room and the wonderful seashore drive ceased to be. To restore this indispensable feature of the city, a boulevard has been constructed along the shore by the Luneta. The space is three hundred feet wide and allows room for drives, promenades and bridle paths. This drive is 21 miles long, extending from the Governor's palace, facing the Luneta, to Cavati. Bordered with palms, mango trees, hybiscus and other tropical foliage, the bayside drive is becoming one of the park wonders of the world. Magnificent buildings appear on the other side of the Luneta, facing the bay drive. Thus everything in sight harmonizes with the beautiful Luneta.

Since the United States government has come into control in the Philippines, progress has been made in every direction. Manila is now a thoroughly modern city in every respect. Besides making improvements in the sanitary conditions and in the schools, the government has begun the erection of a general hospital. The group includes, besides the hospital proper, a medical school, a laboratory for the special study of tropical

diseases, a dispensary, nurses' home and training school, and everything required in a modern hospital. The plan is of the pavilion type, with the pavilions connected by corridors on both stories. It is interesting to notice the modified Spanish character of these buildings in comparison with the old Spanish architecture.

The Filipinos are in themselves very interesting. Their chief characteristics, as we see them, are their desire to serve, and their generosity. It was said by someone who had them as servants: "They never *say* no, and never *do* yes." The latter statement is rather exaggerated, but the former is entirely true. They don't know the word no. The clothing of the Filipinos is simple and adapted to the climate. The women wear wide trailing skirts and loose jackets, with large flowing sleeves. They generally wear a fancy kerchief folded diagonally across the shoulders. For the men, the clothing consists of white trousers and a brilliant colored jacket. All wear jewelry in great profusion, and all—men and women—carry colored parasols. Within the last few years the number of natives dressing in American style has greatly increased, and it is only a matter of time before all the influential class will be entirely American in dress and taste.

The Filipinos are very superstitious. They have certain ideas about things that seem absurd. One night an eclipse of the moon occurred. The night was clear and they thought there was a great fight on between the sun and the moon. They got tom-toms, drums, kettles, pans, horns—anything to make a noise, anything to help the moon. The piercing sound rang, until finally the moon was saved. They then went to their "nipa shacks", happy that they had done such a service. Another queer idea they have is that the soul is absent from the body during sleep and if death comes at that time the soul is lost. "May you die sleeping", is one of the most dreadful of their numerous curses. For this reason they think it wicked and dangerous to wake anyone suddenly while sleeping, and indeed it is difficult to get a Filipino servant to wake anyone of his master's family.

The Little Patty Cakes

(*Translated from Daudet's Les Petits Pates*)

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

On a certain Sunday morning, the pastry cook, Sureau, of the rue Lurenne, called his errand boy and said to him:

"Here are the little patties for Mr. Bonnicar. Go, take them to him and return as quickly as possible. It appears that the troops from Versailles have entered Paris."

The little boy, who understood nothing of politics, took the little warm patties in his patty dish, wrapped the patty dish in a white napkin, and, balancing it on his head, started out in high spirits for the island Saint Louis, where Mr. Bonnicar lived. The morning was lovely, one of those sunny mornings in May when the fruit shops are filled with bouquets of lilacs and cherry blossoms. In spite of the distant firing and the calls of the trumpets at the street corners, the old square of the Marias retained its usual appearance. One could feel something Sunday-like in the very air. The children dancing in the yards, the large girls playing shuttlecock before the doors, and that little white-clad boy darting along the deserted street, with a delicious perfume of patty cake about him, gave to that morning of battle a naïve and Sunday-like touch. All the excitement of the quarter seemed to center in the rue de Rivoli. They were dragging the cannons along, working at the barricades; there were groups at every step, national guards who were busy at work. But the little errand boy did not lose his wits amid all that excitement. The children of Paris are so accustomed to press through the crowds and hubbub of the streets! It is on noisy festal days, in the crush of the new year, on carnival Sundays, that they run the greatest risk. Consequently revolutions scarcely astonish them.

Truly, it was a pleasure to see the little white cap gliding, now this way, now that, in the midst of the military caps and the bayonets, avoiding collisions, swinging gently, now very quickly, now with a forced slowness, when there was a great desire to run. What did the boy care about the battle! The

important thing was to reach Mr. Bonnicar's home in time for the midday meal, and to return quickly, bringing with him the little tip which was awaiting him on the window sill of the hall.

Suddenly there arose in the crowd a great crush as the cadets of the Commune filed past in quick time. They were urchins of from twelve to fifteen years, equipped with rifles, red belts and large boots, as proud now, disguised as soldiers, as when, on Shrove Tuesday, they run about with paper caps and grotesque, torn parasols of rose color, in the crowd of the boulevard. That time, in the midst of the jostling, the little boy had great difficulty in retaining his balance; but he and his patty dish had skated on the ice so often and had played so many games of hop-scotch that the little patties, though badly frightened, escaped unhurt. Unfortunately, that enthusiasm, those songs, those red belts, his admiration, his curiosity gave him the desire to bring up the rear of so grand a company; and passing, without realizing it, the town hall and the bridges of the island Saint Louis, he found himself borne, I know not where, in the dust and breeze of that foolish chase.

II.

For twenty years it had been the custom at the Bonnicar home to eat little patty cakes on Sunday. Precisely at noon, when all the family—both young and old—were assembled in the parlor, a quick ring of the door bell would make everybody say:

“Ah, there is the little patty boy.”

Then with a great moving of chairs, an adjusting of Sunday clothes, an outburst of enthusiasm from the merry children, those middle-class people would seat themselves around the little patties which were piled symmetrically on the silver warmer.

That day the door bell remained silent. Mr. Bonnicar, very much astonished and amazed, looked at the clock, an old mantel clock, surmounted by a stuffed heron, which had never in its life been too fast or too slow. The children were looking out of the window, watching the street corner, where the

patty boy usually came in sight. Conversation lagged, and hunger, sharpened by the twelve repeated strokes of mid-day, made the dining-room appear very large, very gloomy, in spite of the old silver shining on the damask cloth and the napkins folded in stiff, white cones.

Several times already the old servant had come in and spoken to her master * * * burned roast * * * peas cooked too much. But Mr. Bonnicar persisted that he would not sit down to the table without the little patties, and furious with Sureau, he resolved to go, himself, and see what was the meaning of such an unheardof delay. As he went out, brandishing his cane angrily, his neighbors warned him :

“Take care, Mr. Bonnicar. They say the Versailles have entered Paris.”

He paid no attention to anything about him, not even the firing which came along the stream from Neuilly, not even the alarm cannon from the town hall, shaking all the windows in the square.

“O, that Sureau—that Sureau!”

And in his excitement he was talking to himself, imagining that he had already reached the pastry shop and was beating the flagstones with his cane, making the panes in the show windows and the plates of cake tremble. The barricade of the Louis-Phillipe bridge was the climax of his anger. Here there were fierce looking communist soldiers sprawling on the ground in the sunshine.

“Where are you going, citizen?”

The citizen explained; but the story of the little patties appeared suspicious, all the more because Mr. Bonnicar was dressed in his Sunday clothes and his gold spectacles—all the appearance of an old reactionary.

“He is a spy,” said the soldiers. “We must send him to Rigault.”

Whereupon four men, who were not sorry to leave the barricade, drove before them, at the end of their muskets, the poor exasperated old man.

I do not know how it happened, but a half hour later they were all arrested and made to join a long column of prisoners ready to start to Versailles. Mr. Bonnicar protested again

and again, telling his story for the hundredth time. But unfortunately, that story of the little patties appeared so absurd, so unbelievable in the midst of that great commotion, that it only made the officers laugh.

“Very well, my old man; you can explain that at Versailles.”

And along the Champs Elysées, still white with the smoke of the firing, the column started, between two rows of soldiers.

III.

The prisoners marched five by five, in close and compact rows. In order to prevent anyone's escaping, they were made to take each other by the arm, and the long human line, marching in the dust of the road, made a noise like a great thunder storm.

Unhappy Mr. Bonnicar believed he was dreaming. Per-spiring, puffing, dazed from fear and fatigue, he dragged himself along in the rear of the column between two old hags who smelled of kerosene oil and wine; and to hear those words: “Pastry cook, little patties”, which were always repeated in his imprecations, the people about him thought that he was crazy.

In fact, the poor man was not in his right mind.

As they went up or came down the hills, when the ranks of the column spread a little, did he not imagine that he saw up there in the dust the little boy from Sureau's? And that six times on the journey! The little white flash passed before his eyes, as if to mock him, then disappeared in the midst of that medley of uniforms, blouses and rags.

Finally, at the close of day, they arrived at Versailles, and when the crowd saw that old commoner, with his eyeglasses, untidy, dusty and haggard, everybody agreed that he must be a rascally conspirator. They said:

“It is Felix Pyatt. No, it is Delescluze.”

The guards had a great deal of difficulty in conducting him unharmed to the court of the Orange Trees. There only was the poor band allowed to scatter, to stretch out on the ground, to breathe freely. There were some who slept, some who swore, some who coughed, and others who wept; but Mr.

Bonnicar neither slept nor wept. Seated on the edge of a porch, his head in his hands, three-fourths dead from hunger, from shame, from fatigue, he saw again in imagination that unhappy journey, his departure from home, his restless guests, the set table still awaiting him, then the humiliation, the injuries, the blows from the butt end of the musket—all that because of a beloved patty cake!

“Mr. Bonnicar, here are your little patties,” suddenly said a voice near him; and the good man, turning his head, was very much astonished to see the little boy from Sureau’s—who had been arrested with the wards of the Republic—uncover and present to him the dish of patties, hidden under his white apron. Thus it was that in spite of the riot and the arrest, on that Sunday, Mr. Bonnicar ate his little patties as was his custom.

The Snowfall

Edith Avery, '15, Adelphian

There's a beautiful fairy city
How wondrous to you and me.
Though mortal hands ne'er wrought it,
Yet mortal eyes may see.

'Tis a city of magic beauty
All fashioned of glittering snow;
Her pavements of marble whiteness,
Where the snow fairies come and go.

Though they trip it ever so lightly
And poise with elfin care,
We know from the sparkling city
They have flitted here and there

And placed on the tiniest bushes,
Or the steeple tow'ring in air
The diamond pointed icicles
And the crystals gleaming there.

The Forts of North Carolina

Margaret Smith, '14, Adelpgian

The rugged coast of North Carolina demands and offers splendid opportunities for excellent fortifications. The forts which have been erected for coastal protection have played an important part in the history of our state, both in the troublesome times before the Revolution, and throughout the Civil War. North Carolina had within her borders a great deal of annoyance from the Indian settlers, and this compelled her to build a number of forts in the interior and along the frontier. The very first fort that we have any evidence of in our history was Fort Raleigh, built by Ralph Lane's colony in 1585, on the northern end of Roanoke Island. This was a very crude structure, made from the rough timbers, with only the help of a few meager tools that the settlers had brought with them. It served the purpose of protecting that small party of brave colonists from the hostile Indians, but existed only for a short while. When White came over to America in 1587, after Lane's colony had been forced to return to England, he found this picturesque building in ruins.

About 1660 the first permanent settlers came to North Carolina, but for a long while the families were widely scattered, and there was no organized protection. Each man's house was his stronghold. Later on, in the early part of the eighteenth century, we have the population greatly increased, and along with it, an increase of trouble. The Colonial Records tell us that Governor Hyde gave official name and legal status to Forts Hyde and Reading as early as 1711 and 1712. The inhabitants of the province, especially those along the Pamlico and the Neuse, were in constant danger from the Indians, who engaged in much plundering throughout the country. In order to protect their supplies, the Assembly established Fort Reading at a man's house on the south side of the Pamlico River, nearly opposite Bath Towne. This fort served as a garrison and a trading post, and employed ten men; Fort Hyde, named for the governor, was situated at

Cowe Towne and was commanded by thirty men. From these two places the Indians were bravely repulsed time and time again. Soon after this Old Fort Barnwell was built near New Bern, and was named for Colonel Barnwell of South Carolina. Besides the fact that this fort was established, we have no other mention of its services. In this same year, 1712, the Indians fortified themselves in two strongholds—one, Hancock's fort on the Cotechny, sometimes called the Cohunche, and the other Fort Nohoroco. Colonel Moore took Nohoroco after three hot days fighting and burned it. Soon afterwards Cohunche was taken. As late as 1779, we have proofs that Cohunche still existed, for the council at Tarboro resolved that the governor be advised to grant Colonel Thompson a warrant on the treasury for 300 pounds for a boat at that fort.

One of the most interesting forts figuring in the history of our province is Fort Johnston, which dates from the war of the Austrian succession (King George's war). The southern colonies seemed in danger of an attack; so, in 1745, the Assembly appointed a committee to erect a fort to contain twenty cannon, at the entrance of the Cape Fear. This task was completed in 1764, and the place was called Johnston, for our governor. The situation was admirable, but the building was poorly done by a man named William Dry. Every time a gun was fired a piece of the parapet fell down. Fort Johnston became quarantine station for the port, and also had the duty of assisting vessels in distress. In 1756, the King furnished the place with a battery and military stores to the value of 300 pounds. The first commander of the fort was John Dalrymple, whom Governor Dobbs said he would not trust with a pigsty. Dalrymple was succeeded by Robert Howe. Under Governor Martin, Abraham Collet received the commission, and he was in command during the trouble over the Stamp Act. He spiked the guns in 1774 to prevent their being turned against the English by the determined mob under Cornelius Harnett. On May 24th Governor Martin fled in secrecy from New Bern and took the fort as his refuge. The people around Wilmington became angered against the pilfering of Captain Collett, so they gathered together and marched against the fort. When they reached the place on July 18th,

1775, it had just recently been evacuated, but they deemed it wise to burn it. The site of the fort remained the property of North Carolina until 1794, when it was ceded to the United States government on the condition that another fort be erected there. Fort Johnston lost its importance after the construction of Fort Caswell. Just before the Civil War, when it was rumored that the United States War Department was about to garrison the forts, a volunteer force from Wilmington took charge of them. Governor Ellis ordered them restored and he was immediately obeyed, but in April, 1861, they were again taken. The glory of Fort Johnston was obscured during the war by her neighbor, Fort Fisher. Now the place has been abandoned for Caswell, and nothing remains of the famous Fort Johnston but the dilapidated officers' quarters.

We now come to a period in our history in which the forts are chiefly concerned in the suppression of the Indians. During the French and Indian War in 1755, at a session of the Assembly, it was thought wise to maintain a force in the field. Four thousand pounds were appropriated to erect a fort at the west, which, according to the fashion of the times, was called Dobbs, after the governor. It was built by Captain Hugh Waddell, its commander, on Fourth Creek in Rowan County, between Salisbury and Statesville. The walls of the fort were of oak logs, from six to sixteen inches thick and twenty-four feet high. It had three floors and was so arranged that a number of men could fire muskets from each at the same time. On the evening of February 27, 1760, Dobbs was assaulted by a band of Indians attacking from two directions. They were repulsed with the loss of some ten or twelve men, while the garrison lost only two.

There were numerous smaller forts during this period about which we have only casual mention. In 1748, we know that 15,000 pounds was appropriated for a fort at old Topsail Inlet, and 5,000 pounds for one at Bear Inlet. In 1754, Gov. Dobbs writes to the Board: "Fort Jackson will soon be tenable on the frontier." Fort Collett is mentioned as being in use near Hillsborough in 1768. These, if built, were either destroyed a century ago, or now leave a few deserted ruins stretched white along the sand. In 1756, commissioners from

North Carolina and Virginia were sent to negotiate treaties of alliance with the Cherokee and Catawba Indians. The outcome of this interview for North Carolina was a fort built for the defense of the Indians. It was called Old Fort and was situated near the Catawba River. The Assembly at New Bern, in 1748, passed an act giving 21,350 pounds to erect a fort at Ocracoke Inlet to be called Fort Granville. This served as a kind of sister to Fort Johnston. In 1755, a law was passed that required all vessels to report here for quarantine. Governor Tryon wrote to the Board of Trade in 1766, "Fort Johnston is the only fort in this province. Granville was but poorly finished, and what was done is now in ruins."

The only reference that is made to a fort that figured within North Carolina borders in the American Revolution is from an account of James Martin in the Colonial Records. Under orders from General Rutherford, he proceeded towards Wilmington about 1778, but halted at Fort Fisher, about twenty miles from that city, on the southeast branch of the Cape Fear. He contemplated storming the fort, but was saved the trouble by the Tories' vacating it. This was only a small stronghold, and it remained in obscurity until it was destroyed.

As soon as North Carolina joined the Confederacy, she began to defend her coast by strengthening the forts she already had, which were Macon, Caswell, and Johnston, and by building many new ones. Two forts were built at Hatteras and Ocracoke Inlets, three small ones on Roanoke Island, and several for the defense of New Bern. During the Civil War period, a number of North Carolina's forts especially distinguished themselves. One of the most critical battles in the whole southern campaign was the siege and capture of Fort Fisher. It is necessary to give a slight sketch of the origin of these fortifications. Forts Hatteras and Clarke, guarding Hatteras Inlet, were circular and covered about two acres of ground. The guns were of inferior make, and only 715 men, poorly trained, constituted the garrisons. On August 28th, the Federal fleet, under Commodore Stringham, opened on Clarke. The handful of men in the fort kept up a steady fire, but it was not long before the ammunition was exhausted. Finally they were compelled to abandon Clarke, and fall back

into Hatteras. The next morning this fort was besieged, and although it resisted doggedly for a while, the white flag was at last put up, and the fort fell into the hands of the Union men.

By an act of Congress in 1825, Fort Caswell was established as a neighbor to Fort Johnston at the entrance to the Cape Fear. It was completed in 1835, at a cost of \$500,000, and was named after North Carolina's first governor under the constitution. When war was seen to be inevitable and North Carolina had seceded, the people took possession of this fort, along with Johnston, but it did not play an important part in the war. The night after Fort Fisher fell, Caswell was abandoned. Today it is in charge of the United States Government, and is in splendid condition, forming one of the many links in our nation's admirably conducted system of coastal defense.

Three small forts were erected on Roanoke Island to protect the channel. There was one on Weir's Point, named Fort Huger, that mounted twelve guns, and was commanded by Major John Taylor. A little below this, on Pork Point, was Fort Bartow, with seven guns, commanded by Lieut. B. B. Loyall. Opposite the island, on the mainland at Redstone point, was Fort Forrest, with seven guns mounted on the deck of a canal boat, which had been hauled up in the mud, and placed so as to command the channel. On February 7th, the enemy's fire was aimed at Fort Bartow. Huger and Forrest could do nothing to aid in her protection, for their firing was out of range. When the ammunition was exhausted, Bartow fell into the enemy's hands. Colonel Lynch then deemed it wise to destroy Fort Forrest; so he immediately blew it up.

All along the Neuse River at New Bern, a number of forts were built to form a strong line of defense. Most of these were small, and could be called barely more than breastworks. Fort Thompson, a large bastion with thirteen guns, commenced the line. Forts Ellis, Lane, Anderson, and Stevenson were others among the number which were surrendered. The bombardment of New Bern took place in 1862, and nine forts fell with that city. These were mostly burned by the Federal army.

Another good stronghold, built just before this critical period, was Fort Macon. This was situated on Bogue Banks, commanding the channel from the open sea to Beaufort Harbor. It was an old-style, strong stone casemated work, with sixty-seven guns, and a garrison of five hundred men. The fort was approachable by land only on one side. During the war Colonel White occupied this position with five companies of men. Many of the soldiers were ill on the day of the fight, April 24th, 1862. General Parke, the attacking officer, sent a message to the fort saying that he knew its condition, and demanded its surrender. General White very gracefully refused this invitation. On April 25th, the firing was exceedingly heavy. Great portions of the wall and parapet were torn down. Finally Colonel White put up the flag of truce, and surrendered under mild conditions. At the present time, a great heap of interesting old ruins, half-fallen down and deserted, constitute the remainder of Fort Macon.

The fort that came to be one of the most advantageous strongholds of the Confederacy, and one of the most strategic points, was Fort Fisher. This was built in the early part of the war for the defense of New Inlet at the Cape Fear, on a narrow strip of land. Colonel William Lamb, a capable engineer, was ordered to build a work of such magnitude that it could withstand the fire of any guns in the American navy. The accomplishment of this task was, when constructed, a marvel of engineering skill. Fort Fisher extended 628 yards across the peninsula, mounted twenty guns and two mortars, and four pieces of light artillery. The first attack was made in December, 1864. The Federal fleet, under Admiral David Porter, began a bombardment. This continued for two days, but on Christmas night it was decided that the place was too strong to be carried by assault; so the enemy re-embarked and disappeared with the fort practically uninjured. Now General Grant began planning another attack with the utmost secrecy. General Terry was put in command of the land forces, and Porter was to operate the fleet, consisting of fifty-five vessels. It was said to be the most formidable armada in the world. On the 13th the fight began, and the troops landed. On the 14th and 15th the firing was redoubled, and

during the afternoon General Terry stormed the fort. The place was not able to withstand these combined efforts of land and sea; so at last the strong Fort Fisher fell. The Federal forces killed and wounded were 1,455, while there were several hundred Confederates. Colonel Lamb himself was seriously wounded while he stood upon the breastworks directing his men. It had been the business of this fort to protect the blockade runners as they slipped in and out of the line on dark nights, bringing in a steady stream of supplies for the army. This had been skillfully done for a long while, but now the blockade running game was up; the supplies were cut off; all other strongholds had been captured by the Union men. So the ultimate result was the fall of the Confederacy.

Uncle Jerry's Trouble

Nellie Driver, Cornelian

Old Uncle Jerry attacked the weeds with less vigor than usual that morning. He also failed to call for a cup of hot coffee, which was a sign that something was wrong and badly wrong. He was not whistling, either. "Miss Lou" noticed all this as she busily baked in the kitchen near the garden where he was at work. She finally decided to ask him to get a cup of coffee, thinking that perhaps she could find out the trouble. Going to the window, she asked: "Jerry, have you forgotten your coffee this morning? It's waiting for you."

Jerry turned and propped himself on his hoe. "No'm, Miss Lou, I jes felt kinder lack I don't care fur none this mawnin'."

"Well, suppose you come and get some and you will feel more like finishing that tough place around the gutter."

"B'lieve I will. Since you mentioned it, that gutter sho' am a thick place."

Satisfied that she would soon find out what was troubling him, "Miss Lou" stepped back from the window to get the coffee. Jerry came slowly towards the house, dragging his feet in the soft earth and muttering something about "them no count niggers what don't know how to cut the grass in white pusson's gardens".

As he came down the walk, his pathetic figure would have excited the pity of a much less tenderhearted woman than "Miss Lou". From under his old slouch hat, and up through the holes in the crown, peeped his kinky gray wool. His clothing was patched till it would no longer hold a patch and his brogans were brown with age.

He carefully placed his hoe by the house, untied his red bandanna handkerchief from his suspenders, wiped his face, and after carefully brushing his feet on the shuck mat, took a seat on the top step. Here he sat, fanning with his tattered hat, till "Miss Lou" handed him the coffee and a few ginger snaps.

“Thankee, thankee, Miss Lou. I tell you, there’s nothin’ lack a cup of coffee to help an old man ’long.”

“Yes, Jerry, I like it myself.”

“How are Mandy and the children now?” continued “Miss Lou”, as she took her seat in the door and began paring apples.

“Des tolerable, thankee ma’am.”

“The children are still in school, I suppose?”

“No’m, dey ain’t. I done quit dat. It’s all foolishness, foolishness,” with a solemn shake of his head.

“Why, what makes you think so?”

“Nothin’ specially.”

Seeing that she had failed in that direction, she tried another course. The week before, the darkies had held one of their annual revivals which had proven unusually exciting. It had ended only after one colored brother had been crippled and another severely slashed with a razor. All the servants for ten miles around had been to the meeting and had returned to their work with glowing reports of the holy dances and trances.

“Jerry, I hear you had a very exciting meeting at Snow Hill last week. Did you attend?”

“No’m. I went once with my old ’oman and right then and thar I sed thar wuz agoin’ to be trouble,” pushing down the last snap with a gulp of coffee. “So I didn’t go no mo’. I tell you, Miss Lou, it would have been a blessin’ if that preacher hadn’t never come to dis country.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Nothin’ specially.”

Fearing she was wrong again, she determined to ask him, for he was an old family servant accustomed to tell them his “trials and tribulations”, but before she could do so he threw down his hat, which he had taken up after his lunch, and said:

“Miss Lou, what do you think of a woman what goes and jines another church diffrunt frum her old man’s?” So here was the trouble. Jerry and Mandy had had a falling out over church affairs.

“Why, Jerry, many people do it. At least people of different denominations marry and do not let that interfere with their happiness.”

“Yes’um. But this is a ‘gray hos’ of another color. My old ’oman done gone and jined the Baptist church, when she’s been knowing all these twenty years that I’s e Mefodist all over frum hed ter foots. And what’s more, she didn’t tell me un it. Kinder hinted ’round just ter see what I’d say, I suppose. I ain’t said nothin’ yit. Lessaways, I ain’t going to, nuther.” With an emphatic shake of his head and wave of his hand, “Didn’t eben ax me to the baptisin’.” Evidently this was the thing that hurt worst.

“I’s e dun made up my mind,” he continued. “I’s e goin’ buil’ a room off to myself and do my own cookin’ an’ patchin’. I can do that, an’ washin’ an’ ironin’, an’ all. I can’t stan’ livin’ in the same house with folks what goes aroun’ with a smile like a Judas kiss. Makes me feel oneasy lack.”

“I am afraid, Jerry, you are trying to make this little difference greater than it really is. What does Mandy say?”

“Don’t say a thing.”

“Does she mistreat you in any way?”

“No’m,” with a slight shake of his head.

“It ain’t none o’ that. I jest ain’t goin’ have folks sayin’ my old ’oman does as she pleases and don’t ax me about things. Everybody knows I didn’t ’prove of her changin’ churches.”

After all, it was Jerry’s dignity that was suffering. In his present mood he would do anything to show his authority. Knowing that a negro is afraid of the name of law, and regardless of the fact that she herself knew nothing about it, “Miss Lou” determined to try him with it.

“Jerry, supposing you do leave, what will Mandy do for support? You know she is too old to work as she used to.”

“Let them no ’count young’uns what’s been in school go to work and help her. Time they wuz at it, anyhow.”

“Why, they’re not able to do that. John has to take care of his own home, you told me sometime ago, and the others are too small.” After hesitating a second she continued:

“What if Mandy were to sue for a divorce on the grounds of desertion?”

With a startled look, Jerry said quickly:

“She couldn’t do that, Miss Lou, she couldn’t do that, ‘cause I’d be right thar.”

“All that may be true. But would you be in the same house to protect her and would you be supporting her? All these things ought to be taken into consideration. You owe it to her, you know,” said “Miss Lou”, as she got up to put her apples on the stove. When she returned to gather up her pans and knife, Jerry arose and said:

“This is a purty serious thing, I tell you. Spec’ I better think on it some mo’ fore I does anything. Mandy sho’ haft to have somebody to take care un her. That’s a fact.”

With that he went to his work. All day long he seemed to be in deep thought and what passed through his poor, illiterate head will remain unknown. He thought he had been wronged and it was hard to see it any other way.

An hour before his usual “knocking off” time, “Miss Lou” was surprised to see him pull on his coat, hang up his hoe, and come towards the house. Greater still was her surprise when he asked, with many apologies, for the pay for his day’s work. After receiving it, he walked down toward the business section of the town. In a short time he returned with a small bundle which he handed to “Miss Lou” for her inspection.

“Reckon Mandy will lack it?” he asked.

Opening it, she saw a pattern of bright blue generously sprinkled with white dots, evidently intended for a peace offering.

“I got to thinkin’, Miss Lou; Mandy’s been right good to me. She can’t get ‘long ‘thout somebody to ‘tect her an’ I reckon we might jus’ as well furgit all about this church jinin’ business, anyhow. When we git up to the Golden Gate old Saint Peter ain’t gwine ax us what church we ‘longs to, nohow.”

With that he took his bundle and trudged toward home. Whether his fear of the law or his sense of duty changed his mind, he did not say.

Byron, the Poet of Nature

Ruth Harris, '15, Adelphian

In "Childe Harold", especially in Canto III, there is nothing which makes the poem have a greater appeal to me than those passages in which Byron displays his fine feeling for nature. Mathew Arnold says: "When he warms to his work, when he is inspired, nature seemed to take the pen from him as she took it from Wordsworth, and to write for him as she wrote for Wordsworth, though in a different fashion, with her own penetrating simplicity." With Wordsworth it was rather an interpretation of nature's secrets; with Byron it was for the most part simply a reflecting in nature of his own mood.

The wild aspects of nature pleased him best—the restless sea, the lurid storm, and lofty mountain. He himself says:

"Oh, she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dare pollute her path;
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath."

As a poet of the sea, he deserves a high place. We see the sea at rest, a vast expanse of blue with its white sails spread like so many swans' wings, or we feel the exultant bound of the waves, and its roar and toss as of some restless, living thing. It is in this last mood that we see it most. But it is in his description of the storm among the mountains that I like him best. For a moment there is a lull, "Then stirs the feeling infinite", and the storm is upon us. The lightning flashes, the thunder rolls among the peaks and the loud hills shake in fierce delight. Then the black rain descends. This physical tempest, says Byron, is symbolic of the spiritual tempest within the human breast.

But though the forceful and majestic in mountain, wave, and sky is the dominant motif in his nature descriptions, there are also descriptions of the softer aspects in nature,—descrip-

tions of blue sky and glowing clime, which are all the more lovely by contrast. The little lyric describing the Rhine and its surrounding valley comes as a refreshing surprise in the very midst of Canto III. Then, in the stanza where Byron speaks of the stars as the poetry of heaven, also in the one describing the placid lake Leman, and again in the description of a peaceful summer night, we catch again the softer note, sweet and low, but nevertheless, distinct. This last description is only nine lines long, but the picture is complete. When I read it I thought of Vergil's description of a summer night, beginning: "It was night, and the tired beasts were enjoying gentle sleep. The woods and the raging waters grew quiet, while the stars ran their course in the sky and all the fields were still."

The thought in the two is not exactly alike, but the impression one gets of peace and stillness is the same. To me Byron fully equals Vergil here, though I would not say that he surpasses him.

When we read such passages of Byron's we would like to feel that all we know about the evil in his life was untrue, that it was all a story conjured up by some malicious person jealous of his fame.

Nevertheless, the truth is forced upon us by Byron's own words. The three greatest influences for good in his life were that of his sister, that of his daughter (whom he never saw after she was five weeks old), and that of nature.

And to me it seems that the last had much more influence than the other two. Byron always seems to be a saner, happier man when under nature's influence. Here he is sure of himself, the master of his being. When in the midst of a contentious world he fears his own power of self-control, fears lest the deep fountain of his mind should overboil, and that he may by a single act plunge his years in fatal penitence and "color things to come with hues of night". And so he would flee to nature that he may escape from himself. Byron, the "wild-born falcon", was not made to mix with men. To roam in the throng and press

* * * "The world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none
 Whom we can bless,"

that to Byron was solitude. But in nature he was least alone. The mountain, sky, and ocean were his friends; the desert, forest, cavern his companions. Mr. George says that here at least Byron bows in reverence to the Infinite as power. Just as nature has done much for Byron, the man, so nature has done much for his poetry. To me it is nature that has in a large measure made his poem readable, mentally healthy and beautiful.

Sunset

Ethel Thomas, '15, Cornelian

When I gaze long upon a sunset rare,
 As day departs and night comes slowly on,
 And see the harmony of the scene so fair,
 And sit entranced until the day is gone;
 When I reflect upon the beauties seen,
 And watch the blending of the golds and blues,
 And feel the mysteries of that wondrous sheen,
 And note the wondrous concord of rich hues—
 I am reminded of that story old,
 How the noble leader of an enslaved band
 Was granted only dimly to behold
 The wealth and glories of his Promised Land,
 For gazing on this scene, like him of old,
 I ponder on the glories yet from me withheld.

Old Round About

Frances Hendren, '17, Cornelian

Near the village of Ronda, in Wilkes County, is a place on the Yadkin River called Round About. This place is formed by the river curving to the south and forming a bend in shape like a horse-shoe. In this semi-circle rises a beautiful promontory nearly two hundred feet high, flat on top. For several miles up and down the river this promontory is plainly visible.

Here Colonel Ben Cleveland, one of the heroes of King's Mountain, settled. He soon came to be affectionately called by his neighbors Old Round About. A giant in statue, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds, he would in the early history of Greece have been a demi-god. He was contemporary with Daniel Boone, and a neighbor of Boone, for the latter also lived on the Yadkin river in Wilkes county.

During the Revolutionary War, Cleveland was the terror of the Tories of his section. He had no patience with them, and they in turn bore him deadly hatred. When he heard of a Tory or Indian uprising within a hundred miles of his home, he would sally forth with his faithful and brave followers and quickly restore order. The news that Old Round About was on his way was quite enough to rout the most turbulent bands of marauders.

Cleveland had many interesting encounters with the Tories. One of these encounters happened while he was visiting his plantation on New River in Ashe county. Upon his arrival, he spent the night with his tenant, a man by the name of Duncan. This same night Captain Biddle, a well-known Tory with six men under him, passing through the neighborhood, learned of Cleveland's whereabouts. He regarded Cleveland a dangerous enemy to the Tories, and anxious to secure the reward offered by the British for his capture, he resolved to take him by strategy. So he stole Cleveland's horses under cover of the darkness and led them to a laurel thicket not far away. Next morning, thinking his horses had strayed away, Cleveland

tracked them to the thicket, where he was immediately surrounded and captured by Biddle and his men. They carried him to a place now called Biddle's Knob and there encamped for the night. Next morning they forced Cleveland to write out passes for them through the patriot's lines. He was at best but an indifferent scribe; so he took his time, believing that when he had finished they would kill him. It was not to be so, for his brother, Colonel Bob Cleveland, with a small force, learning of his brother's capture, had pursued Biddle. At this moment he came in sight and opened fire. To make Biddle think he was dead, Colonel Ben fell off the log upon which he was sitting and lay quiet. Biddle's men fled in haste. Sometime later this same Biddle, his son, and another Tory were captured and brought before Cleveland. He hanged all three of them on an old black-oak, which still stands on the northeast corner of the courthouse square in Wilkesboro and is known by everybody as the old Cleveland Oak.

The Call of the Railroad

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpian

Some time in the life of every normal young fellow there comes the call to the railroad service. For just one fleeting moment there may come that desire to feel one's self the master of a locomotive. Sometimes the longing comes again and again until it is answered.

That call came to me often. When I was a little boy, I used to stand peeping through my father's gate at the long trains that went thundering by our house, and I would think it must be grand to run lightly along the top of the cars, to sound the shrill whistle, or carry a dirty red flag. As I grew older, I felt, once in a while, that I should like to be a railroad man, and maybe someday become president of a road and have a private car. Father said I was to be a preacher. It was mother's cherished hope also.

At the proper time I entered college. Although I was in training for the ministry, I was still a normal young fellow. I liked football better than Greek; I had a sweetheart and loved her, too; I played cards once in a while. Not unhealthily good was I, the pride of a doting father and loving mother, who saw in me the making of a great minister.

Then in my Sophomore year at college, there came to me, clear and true, the call of the railroad. It was not to be thrust aside unnoticed. It must be reckoned with. A railroad office had a fascination for me. One day I watched the operator with skilled fingers manipulating the telegraph keys, and I thought I would give him all my knowledge of Latin and Greek to know telegraphy. I told one of my college chums as much, as he stood there with me. He said the fellow would make a bad trade and advised me to go to my room and study my Greek lesson, that it would be much better than gaping around a telegraph office. But it was a serious matter with me. On my way home for the Christmas holidays I found the chatter of the boys around me much less absorbing than the railroad life. It was night. Railroad life appears in its

most alluring aspect at night. I watched with envy the brakemen coupling and uncoupling cars, signaling with their lanterns, exchanging greetings as they passed each other. I saw the dignified conductor take charge of his train. There was an air of command about him that might have graced a general taking command of his troops.

I loitered about the big station where we changed trains. The life of a big station, always interesting, was intensely interesting to me that night. Trainmen came hurrying in, received their orders, and went out again to their trains; veterans in the service came in, coal-dust settled on their clothes, the very atmosphere of the big pulsing engine they had just vacated about them; young men, noble-looking young fellows, swept hurriedly in for orders, some of these fellows in conductor's uniform, others in smoke-grimed overalls; a cool-headed looking man delivered the orders with dispatch, a glad smile of recognition on his face for every trainman. I wondered what the orders were, how many lives depended upon the carrying out of them to the letter; I wondered what dangers those men had encountered, how many of them had been in wrecks; and I noticed the look of fearlessness on every face. As I watched and wondered, I saw something big and worth while in the lives of those levelheaded men who attended to the business of a big railroad. If their manner was fascinating it was because their business was fascinating. And that is just what it was and is. That fascination seized me, an honorable Sophomore, and held me.

Just as surely as father was called to be a doctor, I was called to be a railroad man. The hard part was to make father give up that minister idea. Mother—oh, well—you know a mother always understands. I thought I would let Christmas day get by peacefully. So the morning after Christmas, at the breakfast table, I broached the subject.

“Father,” I said, “Don't you believe a man is called to his life work?”

“Yes, yes, my son”; and then father went on to give a long discourse on how men had suffered, had ruined their lives by not heeding when their life work was shown them.

“Well,” I put in at last, “I have been called to my pro-

fession. I am going to enter the railroad service," and I wished as I said it that I had not been an only child.

"Young man, do you know that you are preparing for the ministry?" father thundered.

"I know I *have been*. I want to continue my studies during the spring term, for a railroad man needs an education. Father, I'm sorry to displease you in the choice of a profession, but—"

"'Tis nothing but a boyish whim," and he said several things which I will leave unsaid.

Mother smiled bravely at me from behind the coffee pot when I tried to hold my ground, and dutifully looked at me sadly when father stormed at me.

The disgust at my behaviour spread to my uncles. Lectures were delivered me upon the awfulness of leaving college for the railroad. In fact, the remainder of the holidays were practically ruined for me as far as peace goes. My aunts were all properly shocked, and consoled mother sweetly. Father tried to poison the mind of Miriam, my sweetheart, on the subject. But she rather liked the idea, only she did hope I would not get myself killed in a wreck. She even wept a few precious tears at the thought of the terrible "might-be's" I would encounter. But on the whole she liked the idea.

I had decided to become an engineer. Father should see that I was in earnest; I began as a fireman. One must be a fireman before one can be an engineer. Father said he was curious to see whether I was stark mad or just had the railroad fever to an unhealthy degree. Next summer found me firing an engine. Sometimes next fall I thought of the life I would have been leading as a Junior at college, if I had gone back, but I never tired of the big engine I was learning about. The mysteries that were unfolded to me by the engineer concerning that engine were wonderful. My work as fireman was sooty and unpleasant; still I was in the throb of railroad life. As we rushed sometimes through the dark night, the stars above, our long train of cars behind (it was a freight train), and the throb, throb of the engine's heart beside me, I had the *feelings* in my heart for a poem. At college I was never a brilliant English student: so I could not write any poems. Then,

too, I liked the delightful clamor at the stations, the good-fellowship of the other trainmen. Railroad men are brothers the world over.

Two years later I, with my hand on the throttle of an engine I could call mine, felt a sudden wave of responsibility sweep over me as I realized how many lives depended upon my successful management of the monster I was commanding. I was running on a passenger train on a branch road. Then I married Miriam and I had the joy of looking forward to her loving welcome in our little home at the end of my run. She had conquered the fear of the "might-be". Possibly I had moderate capability; certainly I had devotion to my work. Anyway, I was soon on the main line as the engineer of a fast mail train. It was then that I was able to give father and mother a restful trip to Cuba. Father had long ago decided that I was not stark mad. He even, mother said, was beginning to believe that there were real men in the railroad service, and that maybe his son was one of those men. Mother's gentle heart was proud of me, and did not conceal it.

Now I am the engineer of one of the limited trains on one of the biggest railroad systems in the United States. I am growing old in the service. Just as the veterans I used to watch with admiring Sophomore eyes, I enter the big terminal for my orders in a sooty suit of blue. The throb of my engine, the swirl of the wind about my face as I sit in my cab, still make my blood thrill.

Every time the call of the railroad is answered, the result is not the same as in my case. But it is a call to be as much considered as any, for it is a call to a noble service.

Faithful to the Cause

Natalie Hughes Tuck, '16, Cornelian

“John Henry Madison, will you please take this paper and read this horrible advertisement? Positively, if any woman dared answer that, the whole feminine sex would forever be humiliated. The idea of any man, with one iota of culture or self-respect, attempting to obtain a wife by such low means. If a woman dared meet this man, I should feel the crime of my sex hang heavy upon my shoulders. Oh, it is beyond me—yes, I say, *beyond* me—that ever a fair woman could stoop to such a dreadful and desperate act! I guess some beast—yes, I say a wild, horny beast—thought to put an end to our hard and honest struggle for the ballot, but let me tell you this, John Henry Madison, we shall have the vote if we are tottering in infirm old age before we get it. I should sooner see a woman in her tomb than answering that impertinent, insolent, highly insulting advertisement.”

Jane Madison screeched these words at her brother, and with indignant steps, her curls (that readily told of her spinsterhood) bobbling over her shoulders, left the room in insulted anger.

John Henry Madison sat by the bright fire, quietly rubbing the sparks from Tom-boy's soft fur; the blue smoke curled upward from his cigar. He made a picture of bachelorhood contentment, and appeared entirely unruffled by the shrieking lecture just administered to him by his spinster sister. Left in peace, he reached for the paper that had been hurled to the floor, and looked for the advertisement that had caused such anger in the household. He read:

“Wanted: A wife; tall, handsome, and of sweet disposition. Money is not to be considered, for I am a wealthy old bachelor (good natured), and my treasure shall be at her disposal. I offer my happy consent to her voting. Meet me at the Rustic Bridge at 9 o'clock on the night of the 23rd of this month.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed John Henry, “What a tactful fellow. There will surely be an assembly at that bridge. Jane is surely thinking more of this proposal than she pretends. But Tom, old boy, we shall rest contented and unmolested—pals in our happy bachelorhood days.”

Thus ended his soliloquy (for Tom-boy was dreaming pleasantly of catnip and mouseland), the glowing fire brought pleasant memories of his courtship days and encouraged reverie.

Meanwhile, Jane Madison sat by the kitchen fire and pondered: “Perhaps I was too quick and severe. If that man really means what he said, here is a good opportunity for bringing another victim to support our cause—and I pledged my earnest support. Oh, well; never mind—John Henry deserved every bit of it and more too—so I shall busy myself about my household duties.”

* * * * * *

The night of the twenty-third was a dark, wintry night. The moon occasionally glided from behind a thick cloud, cast down its silver light, and again withdrew its rays. The tall trees made wierd, fantastic shadows across the narrow pathway, and a moaning wind scattered and hurried along the dried, fallen leaves. There was silence, save for the low-crying wind, and the dark waters that rolled beneath the bridge. But soon footsteps were heard, and a tall, closely-muffled figure came slowly down the pathway. A rabbit scurried across the path, and a slight, startled cry was uttered—but onward came the lonely figure, toward the bridge; suddenly another dark, heavy figure across from the dark shadow. As they met on the bridge a deep, masculine voice spoke:

“So it seems that Fate has brought us together, and surely destiny will provide for our happiness. Anxiously I have awaited your coming, and happily do I give my life to you. Unmask and let us behold our fate, for our life destiny is forever sealed.”

“Yes,” came tremblingly from the woman, “since declining matrimony that I might fight for the cause, I now long for it, that we may travel the road to the ballot together.”

Slowly they lifted their masks and gazed for a brief space into each other's faces. Then—

“John Henry Madison!”

“Jane!”

Friendship

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

What is it then to have a friend?
It is a gift the gods send down our lives to bless,
It is the confidence to tell your heart's full stress,
And with no lurking fear of being loved the less,
But rather held more dear for very humanness.

But what is it to be a friend?
It is to live with all the strength of mind and hand;
And thus, anticipating every new demand,
And meeting it in full, to hold the magic wand
Of intuition's power divine, to understand.



Sketches

The Cornwallis Tree

Onida Watson, Cornelian

In the suburbs of Carthage, Moore county, is a tree which is very interesting to all who know the history of it.

Tradition says that during the Revolution, toward the close of the war, that at the place where this tree stands, Cornwallis pitched his camp, known as the "Cross Hill Camp". It was while he was here that his horse bit the top from this mulberry sapling. It branched out around the top and has grown to be an immense tree, the place from which the top was bitten being large enough for three or four people to stand with ease. There are now only two or three limbs that are alive, the entire trunk being decayed; still, tourists are very glad to obtain pieces of it for souvenirs.

Near this tree Cornwallis' currycomb, which is now in the British Museum, was found; and a few yards distant is a grave which is said to be the burial place of Dr. Glasscock, who was a surgeon in the United States army and a first cousin to Gen. George Washington.

The Traveling Salesman

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

From certain characteristics of the general type of traveling salesman, we are almost invariably able to recognize that man who follows as his vocation the dispensing of wholesale goods. Everywhere we notice that keen, observant air, which suggests that he is always on the lookout for making a sale. For no matter where he is, he is never too engrossed to follow the trail of a prospective customer.

Perhaps his most prominent trait is his adaptability. He may have his own private opinions, but he is ever ready to become Democrat, Republican, Methodist, Baptist or whatever will please the person with whom he is dealing. He can sit down by the three-legged stove in the country grocery store and talk horse-shoe pitching, cattle raising or anything else interesting to the proprietor as well as he can play his game of billiards or discuss the latest dance. In fact, he is well-informed on all subjects. He follows the maxim: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

His fund of wit and humor is never exhausted. He knows more jokes than it seems possible for anyone to remember. His tongue is ever in working order. He is never lacking in anything to say. He can talk flippantly or soberly, as the occasion demands. He knows no strangers. From his many-sided contact with the world, he has a keen insight into human nature. He knows all classes of people; can "size up" a person with incredible accuracy after a few minutes' conversation with them. He is kind and generous-hearted, ever ready to help a fellow being in distress—especially if he can do so without inconveniencing himself. He may, down in his heart, take life seriously, but he has learned that in justice to his profession, he must, to the world, display a happy-go-lucky, carefree air. Hence he has become known as the "jolly drummer." Thus it is, because of these and other consistent traits, that we are able to call to mind a very definite picture when the name "drummer" is mentioned.

Mail Time at a Country Postoffice

Iris Council, Adelpian

"What a slow little place this must be," I thought, as I entered the little shack that served as postoffice and general store, to find a goodly number of the most influential citizens of the small community seated about on chairs, boxes, kegs and even on the counter itself. The women had formed a little group to themselves, to discuss the latest fashions pictured in "The Farmer's Wife," and to exchange ideas as to the cause

of little Jimmie's cold. The men, in another group, were showing their loyal partisan spirit by a heated argument as to whether the Democratic party were not superior to the Republican. I was not long in learning that for originality in argument, these simple-minded country people put all of my rhetoric books to shame, for I was amused to hear one staunch Republican refute a statement made by a member of the opposing party by pushing back his straw hat, tipping his chair to a comfortable angle, and remarking, "'Pears to me lak hit's 'bout time for the mail.'

As the conversation here drifted into less interesting channels, I turned to inspect the women who were talking in the other corner, but was attracted by a typical country woman who, clad in bonnet and apron, was just entering. She carried a basket of eggs which, she said, she wanted to "swap fer" coffee and sugar, while she waited for the mail. Just then a little weather-beaten looking mail-man drove up in a very old, rickety buggy, to which was hitched an equally wornout horse. Immediately all conversation ceased, for the people's chief interest now lay in finding out "whe'r Widder Jones' John, what had gone out to Californy, had writ to her yet, or whe'r Liza Jane Buzzard had another letter frum that city chap in Chicagy.'

The Flirt

Josephine Moore, '17, Cornelian

She walked into the car with the easy, graceful step of one who knows the power of her charms and means to use it. She seemed perfectly unconscious of the many pairs of eyes that followed her, and barely glanced at a very handsome pair, which took in every detail, as she chose a seat immediately across the aisle from them.

The costume was perfect, from the tip of her tiny patent leather boot to her neat black hat. The eyes across the aisle also noticed that her hair was black and curled around her face and concluded that her eyes must be dark and soft, to match her hair. At an unguarded moment she raised them from the magazine and he saw that they were not only dark

but slanted at the corners in an Oriental fashion. They were quickly lowered, however, and he guessed that there were about five freckles on her nose and perhaps twice that many on her right cheek. She smiled at something in the story, and it suddenly occurred to him that her mouth was larger than beauty allowed, but just as he was about to forget this fact, in wondering whether or not there really was a dimple in her chin, she smiled again. Then he forgot all about the freckles, the mouth, the dimple and everything except that her eyes were dark and slanted and that they had looked straight at him and smiled. He looked again but she was deeply interested in her story. She kept her eyes on the book until the train stopped, and gathering her things together, she walked out of the car with that same graceful, easy step and the consciousness that she had accomplished something.

A Character Sketch

Lillian Wakefield, Cornelian

Negroes usually have sunny, genial dispositions. Our fat, good-natured Mary does not differ in any respect from this general class. She is always in a good humor; if she ever has any troubles or vexations, she puts them aside before she begins her work in the morning and forgets them until she leaves at night. There is never a grumble, never a cross word from Mary—always a smile, and a pleasant greeting for everybody. Loving kindness radiates from her; from her neatly capped head, which is ever thinking of pleasant things; from her large, capable body, which works so untiringly; from her hard, rough hands, which are never too busy to fasten a refractory button; from her willing feet, which are ever glad to run errands for the girls. Many of us might profit by following the example of willingness, usefulness and happiness, which she is ever holding up before us.

A Peculiar Character

Sarah Gwynn, '16, Adelpkian

I once knew a woman, who, with many good points of character, was very decided in her likes and dislikes. She stood loyally by everyone whom she loved and respected; she would go through anything for her loved ones. But she often placed herself in a bad light because of her belief that there could be nothing but good in those she loved. She could not bear to have any adverse criticism whatsoever passed on them, and was, therefore, often at war with her neighbors. Her youngest brother and sister, especially, were her greatest weakness. These two she believed to be endowed beyond any other mortals with good looks, amiable ways, and irreproachable characters; though, in truth, they were not above the ordinary in any of these respects. She considered them in every way the superiors of any of the neighborhood boys and girls, and any one who hinted anything to the contrary might fully expect to gain her everlasting hostility. She never gossiped, but she was capable of bringing into the conversation a bit of clever mimicry, when the opportunity offered itself, that was far from complimentary to the subject discussed. You might often see her nose go up, too, when certain persons were mentioned, her expression of complete disgust eloquently telling her sentiments without a word. This and much else I might say in depreciation of her character, but much may be said to balance these traits. It was fully known that she gave to her younger brothers and sisters all their opportunities for higher education, as well as supplying the home with many necessities. She was known in the countryside more, however, for her peculiarities than for her good qualities.

The Bargain Hunter

Winifred Beckwith, '17, Cornelian

Pause a moment in your shopping and watch that woman—the little woman with a large shopping-bag and the determined air. Without hesitation you classify her as belonging to

that type of individuals known as bargain hunters, a type found in every city, town, and hamlet.

A bargain hunter is very interesting to the onlooker, with the exception, perhaps, of the husband, who occasionally finds in his better half a lack of judgment and a woeful disregard for the value of money. With what diligence she searches the morning papers! With what joy she reads of a reduction sale! In hail or snow, in sunshine or rain, she sallies forth unable to resist the temptation of purchasing just one pair of finely-wrought black kid gloves "going for seventy-five cents; one day only." Again she is irresistibly drawn by the desire to secure that beautiful five-dollar black silk skirt, reduced to four dollars and ninety-eight cents. With the goal in sight, her interest increases. Pushing her way through the crowd, ruthlessly thrusting her elbows into the ribs of her competitors, she arrives at length, breathless and radiant, before the tempting array of goods. Her hair may be in her eyes, her hat may be askew, her whole appearance may be dishevelled, but what cares she? Before her lies her opportunity, and she seizes that opportunity with as much eagerness as did Napoleon seize the throne of France. Nothing can daunt her, nothing can dampen her spirits. In her supreme happiness over her purchase she is blissfully unconscious of the amused glances of the bystanders, and disregards their criticism with as much ease as a duck sheds water.

To the corporation, the bargain hunter is the sure purchaser of old stock; to the clerk behind the counter she is a good customer; to the eye witness she is a never ending object of interest. The cartoonist profits by her rashness, the public laughs at her mistakes, as published every week by the funny papers and magazines which seldom fail to print at least one joke at her expense.

After all is said, however, there is something pathetic in the bargain hunter. Occasionally she may get more than she pays for, and something of which she is in need, but how often does she buy without forethought, reaping as her harvest a store of useless and valueless possessions. As the mistress of a home she is a dangerous character, and the man with a bargain hunter for a wife should carefully guard his purse strings.



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The South has been accused of great indifference in her attitude toward the celebration of the birthdays of her heroes. It is true they say, that we have made a few attempts to celebrate the birthday of Lee, but even then it has been more or less perfunctory. As to the birthday of the greatest son of Dixie, the "father of his country", we have more often passed it by with a mere reference than otherwise.

The South must in many instances plead guilty. A part of it, at least, must. But we at the Normal College have awakened to our duty. Here, for the first time, we celebrated last year Washington's birthday by devoting one period of the day to appropriate exercises. This year we went a step farther and the whole day was set aside as a holiday for the celebration of the occasion. This was done by exercises that were not only appropriate and instructive, but pleasing.

The last week of February has seen the inauguration of quite a remarkable change at the College, namely, **THE OLD ORDER** the new system with which those who are **CHANGETH** absent or tardy must reckon. Formerly—but “we will not burden our remembrance with the heaviness that’s gone”.

When a student is absent from class, or is tardy, she gives a written excuse to the Registrar, and as before, if her excuse is satisfactory to the authorities, nothing more is said. But *now*, if her excuse is not accepted, her name is reported to the particular class to which she belongs. That is all.

There is no question but that this new arrangement is within itself superior to the old system. Too, it will bring better results. We have always kept a good record of attendance; now we shall have a better. For where before it made no difference to the rest of the students whether or not one of the number were punctual in attendance, now it concerns, and vitally concerns, every member of that student’s class. Obviously, the results will be better, for no class will tolerate a backsliding member, nor will any member allow herself to bring embarrassment upon her class.

Now we owe it to one another to attend classes properly. As one girl rather crudely put it: “Oh, certainly the new system is better in principle, and of course I am glad of the change—but before, I could go on and be careless and pay for it; now I can’t. Now I’m on my honor to do my best.”

That is just it. We are on our honor to do our best. This new system was given to us not because the old had failed to make us attend classes, not as a spur to make us do better. Indeed, it was given to us for no other reason than because the students disliked the old plan. The old system was changed because we were dissatisfied with it; the new scheme was given us because the authorities were willing to trust the matter to us. This is something for us to manage and to carry through, and we can do it if we will.



The Contributors' Club

The Point System

In our College here we have what is known as the "Scale of Points", or the "Point System". It is always mentioned as one of the great things accomplished by the Students' Council, and is spoken of on every occasion as something of which we should be duly proud. The point system, as the writer understands it, is not so much to keep one student from having more than her share of honors at one time, as to keep one student from doing too much outside work at one time by putting a limit on the amount she is permitted to do. It accomplishes this by valuing many of the honors at so many points each, and then limiting the number of points that a student may have. In theory, this is good; but what about it in practice?

As this scale of points exists today, one may have public honors to the value of five points, and yet in her society she may have heaped upon her still other honors, as long as she will accept them, until finally one student may be doing certainly twice as much of what we term outside work as she should do.

When we find a capable girl, her ability is recognized in all the organizations. She takes a part in athletics, in Y. W. C. A., in her class—all of which the scale of points provides for. But, if one does good work in these departments of college life, is it not natural that the same student will also be a leader in society work?

At present a student may have five points—the maximum amount of outside work—and yet be chosen an inter-society debater. Certainly to work up a debate as it should be done and keep to the standard in her classes should be enough for one girl to do at one time.

Again, take the committee work. There are certainly committees, at least in the higher college classes, which do far more real work than one of the class officers, but no account is taken of this. There are society committees of which, without a doubt, it is an acknowledged honor to be chairman, and the time required to perform its duties could well employ all of a student's spare time. Is a point system in any degree effective when it goes only half as far as it should? That it is not doing what it is supposed to do is a self-evident fact.

It is quite clear that there cannot be a true and accurate scale of points without including society officers and the more important committees of both society and class. At present the point system in our college is a farce. Shall we continue to have it, or shall we make it what it should be?

ETHEL G. THOMAS, '15, ADELPHIAN.

Memorials

As a people, we Americans, during the three centuries of our existence, have been too much engaged in winning a continent from the wilderness to turn our eyes toward the past and mark fittingly the deeds we have already accomplished. We have been more busied in building skyscrapers, than in erecting statues to the heroes who first won the land from the Indians. In our mad rush forward we have left much undone. Recently there has been a general movement to commemorate in some lasting form spots of historical importance and to collect and preserve for posterity traditions, both historic and literary. The movement to keep Monticello as a national memorial to the great Democrat, and the preservation of the house where General "Stonewall" Jackson was born, are instances of this growing reverence and gratitude to our great men of the past. In our own state many monuments and statues have been erected in the last few years, such as the statue of Governor Vance in Raleigh and the monument to Cornelius Hart in Wilmington.

Many local movements have also been started. In New Bern a Palatine Memorial Association has just been founded with Senator F. M. Simmons as permanent chairman, for the purpose of erecting some memorial to the Swiss Palatines, who founded the city and gave it its name. Attention has also been called to the fact that a few miles from New Bern are the neglected graves of three governors of our state—Abner Nash, Richard Dobbs Spaight and Richard Dobbs Spaight, Jr., all men of note in their time. Their tombs are surrounded with dense thickets, through which it is difficult to form a way. Certainly it is not fitting to thus leave uncared for the last resting places of three governors who served our state well.

In Charlotte a bust of Governor Vance will soon be placed in the Carnegie Library. In the new state building at Raleigh will be a tablet to the memory of O. Henry, presented by the State Literary and Historical Association. Lorado Taft, the distinguished American sculptor, has been chosen to design this tablet, which will have on it a bas-relief of North Carolina's most famous author. The same artist will also model the bust of William P. Bynum, a former Justice of the State Supreme Court, which will likewise be placed in the new state building. All three of these memorials should be a source of pride to every North Carolinian, for in honoring our great men we honor ourselves.

Virginia, moved by the same feeling of reverence for the "great dead", is now engaged in an attempt to recover the will of Martha Washington, which was stolen from the Fairfax County Court House during the Civil War. This document is now said to be in the library of J. P. Morgan, Jr. The legislature will probably take action on the matter and institute legal proceedings. Distinguished lawyers throughout the state have offered their services gratis, to help in the fight for the will if the case ever comes before the courts. The local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have asked the D. A. R.'s throughout the nation

to lend their moral support to the contest. Such widespread interest and enthusiasm in an endeavor to recover for the state one of its most valuable objects of historical interest must certainly be encouraging to those who sorrowfully say that Americans care nothing for the past.

Equally important is the movement to preserve old ballads handed down orally from our forefathers who brought them across the seas. Our own native ballads are also being collected and preserved. They, however, are usually of value only from the historical point of view, while the ancient ballads possess literary and inspirational value as well. Of them Sidney Lanier says: "I know that he who walks in the way these ballads point will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior and honest in all things." Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, who has co-operated with the Bureau of Education to conduct a systematic search for these ballads, speaks thus of them: "Catchy, but empty songs not worthy of comparison with them, the decadence of communal singing, the growing diversity of interests, the appeal to what is divisive and separative in our national life, the presence of the artificial and self-conscious in modern writing are depriving our homes and school rooms of a kind of literature which, for community of feeling, for vigor of narrative, for vividness of portraiture, and for utter simplicity of style and content, is not surpassed in the whole history of English or American song."

Alice Sawyer, '15, Adelpgian.

"Spring Fever"

Toward the last of this month we will know of a surety that spring is really here and we will be all a-tingle with that knowledge. There will be something intoxicating in the very air we breathe, and verily, we will be enchanted with the world. When we rise of a morning the odors of spring, the twittering of happy birds, the very freshness and newness of everything, will call to us to wander over the hills and far away. "Let us forget our work," say we, "and enjoy springtime." Immediately, we grow lax in our duties. Our classes are but occasions when we are hedged in from watching the glorious transformation outside; and when on class we let our attention wander from the teacher and the lesson, to idle, pleasant dreams. We simply have a well-developed attack of "spring fever". Once upon a time this was considered a settled disease with which children became afflicted, and with every recurrent spring fond mothers administered tonics of iron and codliver oil to their rebellious offspring. Spring fever is no longer doctored in this manner. We now consider the cure of it to be the work of the divine rather than of the physician. Our tonics are now administered to "a mind diseased".

Let us fellow students this spring get a grip on ourselves and take the "iron" into our wills. Do not let "spring fever" give us so many

sizes on the last stretch that our previous good work will be overbalanced. When that "lazy feeling" steals over us, let's say, "I will", and bend with redoubled energy to our tasks.

EDITH C. AVERY, '15, ADELPHIAN.

The Current Topics Club

As students we have long felt a need for a livelier knowledge of the world outside of books, but we are so busy with this world that, as individuals, we have been unable to keep up our acquaintance with outside life. So this year the members of the Sociology class have co-operated to attain the desired knowledge. They have organized the class into a Current Topics Club, with a president and a secretary, that meets every Monday evening from 6:45 to 7:30 o'clock to discuss with each other the news of the week. With the *Literary Digest* as a sort of text-book, they study in topical outline many of the interesting questions of the day. The purpose of the reports on these topics, assigned to particular members at previous meetings, is to secure for the whole club more comprehensive knowledge of the subjects than can be acquired by individual effort with limited time. Thus the class has made effective use of the principle of "division of labor", so that it has produced among its members a lively interest in everyday happenings, and a vigorous desire to learn. Now and then when the club becomes particularly curious about a certain question, some member of the faculty is good enough to come to meeting and tell about it. Thus the club proves an effective instrument for supplying its members with desired knowledge and for arousing their interest for further study.

ELEANOR MORGAN, '14, CORNELIAN.

The Domestic Science Home

Those who are interested in the growth and development of our college will be glad to know that we are now making another forward step, one that is of great practical importance. This is the opening of a practice home to be used by the Seniors of the Domestic Science Department, under the direction of Miss Minnie L. Jamison. This work is something entirely new in the state, but we have every reason to believe that it will meet with as much success here as it has met elsewhere. There are to be four students in the house each week. These students will live there as in their own homes, but without giving up any of their other college duties. They will not only plan for the week's program, but will attend to the buying of the provisions and the cooking of three meals daily. Once a week a dinner will be served to invited guests, thus giving the girls practice in serving. A limited amount of money per month will be allowed them for the running of the

home. The menus are to demonstrate how much can be done with a small sum of money when the art of economizing has been mastered—a training which, when applied to the homes of our state, will be of the greatest value in solving the problem of the high cost of living.

MAY MCQUEEN, '14, ADELPHIAN.

Our New Subject

Last fall when we had returned to college and met together for the arrangement of the programs for our Junior year, we were confronted with a very vital question in regard to what subjects to choose for the year. The one question which called forth most discussion was whether to choose History or Economics. As Economics had not been taught in our college before, the question was an entirely new one. Some who had better imagination than others tried to explain just what it was.

We sought advice from our instructors, but they left the matter entirely with us. At last, influenced by one wind or another, the Junior class was divided into about equal parts, one-half electing history and the other half the new subject. Some of us must confess that we were influenced by the rumor that no note-books would be required of us in Economics; others were influenced by the thought of no *long* history papers. But, whatever the influence, there were thirty-three of us who started out in good faith with Economics. The book looked hard, no large print, no pictures to give us an idea of *what* we were undertaking, and, too, the instructor talked fast and looked wide awake—a sure sign that we were to hustle. There were several who fell by the wayside before a week had elapsed. Our crowd dwindled down to twenty-three. Fortunate for us twenty-three that we did “stick”.

Only a few weeks had gone by when our eyes began to open with surprise. After all our fright from first sight of the book and the teacher, we found Economics to be just an everyday subject taught by a generous instructor. In this subject we study the material history of our country from colonial times until the present day. And in studying the progress—or non-progress—we naturally deal with such subjects as our monetary system, monopoly, co-operation, credit and banking. How many of us know what our monetary system is, or how many of us know how and why our tariff laws need changing?

How many of us know just what the negro situation is? We are confronted by just such stimulating questions as these by our study of Economics. It is very evident that we could not get all this information from our text-book, but we have a variety of good magazines and papers for our aid. Our alert instructor gives us from week to week different references for collateral reading from history, current magazines and papers. In this way we keep in touch with the latest economic questions.

When we once become interested in our collateral reading we are not satisfied with just our assignment, but we are eager to find all we can about our topics in the monthly and weekly magazines. Our col-

lege has for a long time been confronted with the problem of how to get the students to read more of the best current literature. It seems to me that Economics has solved this problem. By means of this study, our interests become many and our general knowledge broadened. It is evident that Economics is of great value, both from the individual and social standpoint.

MAMIE EATON, '15, CORNELIAN.

The Latin Club

Just now, when specialization is the order of the day, the students in the various departments of college work have organized to give special attention to features of their respective subjects not pursued in class. There has long been a French Club and a German Club. This year a Current Topics Club was organized early in the fall and later a Latin Club. The last has taken for its field Latin literature, especially those branches of it most closely related to the subjects studied in the curriculum. Its plan of operation is to give each class a meeting in regular order in which to present sidelights on its routine work. These are not so formal as the Latin talks given on class, but are of no less educational value. The Senior class first presented critical papers on the Greek tragedies, and readings from them. The Juniors at the February meeting took up Latin tragedy in general, as influenced by the Greek, and the works of Seneca, as illustrative of the type. The Sophomores and Freshmen will in turn have charge of the March and April meetings and will show features of poetry, oratory and letter-writing among the Romans. The Latin Club bids fair to take a large place in the work of the Latin Department and to have a most cultural influence upon its members.

MARY GREEN, '14, ADELPHIAN.

Sociology

Those who are interested in the development of our college are pleased with the addition to the curriculum of a brief course in Sociology. In this age, when the ideal of education is to develop and train the individual for service in the community as a whole, it is essential that those who train the individual should have at least an elementary knowledge of the laws governing social relationship. Since it was impossible for us to have an entire course in Sociology in the curriculum, the History Department consented to give up a portion of its time to it. While we regret that only those who elect Senior History will have an opportunity to devote this term to Sociology, we feel that at least an entering wedge has been placed, and that in a few years we will be able to have a regular course.

But to what line of work will this term be devoted? To quote the catalogue for our answer, we find that the object will be to secure a practical working knowledge of such problems as charity and correction,

punishment and reformation, labor conditions, divorce, and the status of the negro, with particular reference to conditions in North Carolina. The text-book, *Sociology and Modern Social Problems*, by Charles Ellwood, of the University of Missouri, is especially suited to work of this kind. The author himself says: "The book aims to illustrate the working of the chief factors in social organization and evolution, and so the elementary principles of sociology, by the study of the origin, development, structure and functions of the family, considered as a typical human institution." To bring out the principles of social life not illustrated by the family, the author discusses a number of other concrete social problems, selected mainly from contemporary American society. Besides this book, the students will be required to do as much collateral reading as possible, and especially to give individual study to the present social conditions in North Carolina.

MARY KATHERINE HOSKINS, '15, CORNELIAN.



Young Women's Christian Association

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpkian

The Sunday evening services for February have been as follows: Sunday, February 1st, Professor M. A. Honline, International Secretary to the Young Men's Christian Association, gave an address on "Some Problems Relating to Christian Education". Rev. E. O. Goode, pastor of Spring Garden Methodist Church, spoke on "Christian Living", on February 8th. On the evening of February 15th, Mr. J. Norman Wills, of this city, talked on "Friendship". February 22nd, Mr. A. W. McAlister, also of this city, spoke on "Social Service". This meeting was in charge of the Missionary Committee.

All the Wednesday evening services for the month, except February 11th, when Rev. E. J. Harold, Secretary of the Greensboro Inter-Church Association, spoke on the "Local Negro Problem", have been given over to Mr. Jackson's Mission Study Class in "The Negro Problem in the South". This class has had an unusually large attendance.

From February 27th to March 1st, the State Union of the Student Volunteer Movement was held at the A. & M. College in Raleigh. Some of the speakers were Prof. Honline, Dr. Poteat, of Wake Forest College, and Mr. Fennell Turner, of New York. Miss Porter and Miss Powell, of Charlotte, and Miss Miller, of the State Normal, also spoke at some of the meetings. The delegates from this college were: From the Student Volunteer Band—Hattie Coates, Addie Klutz, Florence Hughes, Sidney Doughty, Annie Scott, Cora Caudle; from the Association—Nina Garner, Ruth Arey, Margaret Linker, Bessie Wright and Marian Richards. Miss Miller also attended the meeting.

The Nominating Committee, which consists of the following members—Ethel Thomas, chairman; Annie Spainhour, Margaret Smith, Hallie Beavers, Katherine Lapsley, Maude Bunn, and Miss Miller, has submitted the following nominees to the Association: President, Mary Worth, Katherine Erwin, Ruth Harris; Vice-President, Mazie Kirkpatrick, Ethel Wells, Genivieve Moore; Secretary, Annie Spainhour, Belle Walters, Mary Gwynn; Treasurer, Hallie Beavers, Sadie McBrayer, Ethel Thomas. The Association has the privilege of nominating three other girls for each office on the night of the election, March 1st.

During the past month the different committees have tried the plan of selling sandwiches and candy on Friday nights after society. The first night the officers made a profit of three and one-half dollars; the

second night the Missionary Committee made four and one-half dollars; the past Friday night the Devotional Committee cleared four dollars.

The evening offerings have gradually increased from week to week. That of the last Sunday night in February was one dollar and fifty-eight cents.

On Monday afternoon, February 23rd, the Kansas City delegates, Maude Bunn, Bessie Terry, Euline Smith, Hattie Coates, and Miss Summerell, were at home to the members of the small Cabinet, the Student Volunteer Band, and the Kansas City delegates from the Greensboro Woman's College. Fruit salad, sandwiches, and wafers were served.

On Sunday, February 22nd, the Student Volunteer Band held an open meeting at which Addie Klutz, Annie Scott, and Arey Lipe spoke on "Hindooism, Mohammedism, and Buddhism, contrasted with Christianity".



Among Ourselves

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

The twelfth recital of the faculty and artists' series was given on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 3rd, by Miss Souseley, of the music faculty. Miss Souseley joined the faculty only last September and this was her first appearance before the Greensboro public. Her program was:

- Six Variations, F major *Beethoven*
Fantasiestucke, Op. 111, No. 2, Vogel als Prophet
Schumann
Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 2; Berceuse, Valse Op. 64, No. 2
Chopin
Consolation, D flat major; Valse Improptu *Liszt*
Baracrolle; Phaleues, Valse Arabesque *I. Philipp*

Saturday evening, February 7th, the University Dramatic Club presented to a large audience in the Students' Building auditorium Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's laughable comedy, "The Magistrate".

Saturday afternoon, February 7th, Professor Brown delivered a lecture on "Hymns and Hymn Writers" to the Euterpe Club of Greensboro. Mr. Brown discussed the history of hymnology, deploring the quality of the present-day style, and urging the club to exert their influence to encourage the use of the best.

Thursday evening, February 19th, Dr. Charles Lee Raper, of the Chair of Economics at the State University, was with us and delivered an address to the members of the Senior and Junior classes on the subject of "The Money and Credit of the North Carolina Farmers". He showed how the most efficient and the most reliable agency for credit for the farmers is the bank. The subject is one upon which Dr. Raper is an authority and his lecture was both instructive and interesting. The Economics Department was fortunate in securing him.

On Friday evening, February 20th, the members of the Junior class were at home to the Seniors at the Country Club. Having assembled at the car line, the party was taken in automobiles to the club house, which was beautifully decorated with palms and white carnations. In the receiving line were Miss Williams, Miss Parmalee, and Mrs. Sharpe. As the orchestra began to play, all assembled in the banquet hall. On each menu card was painted a white rose, the class flower of the Seniors. The menu consisted of six courses.

Miss Gladys Avery gracefully presided as toastmistress. The following toasts were given:

To the College	Mabel Cooper
Response	Dr. Foust
To the Sponsor	Merrill Shelton
To the Faculty	Mary Wilson
To Green and White	Kathleen Erwin
To the Future	Ruth Harris
To Friendship	Vonnie McLean
Response	Iris Holt

After the banquet a chamber concert was given by Miss Williams and Miss Parmalee, New York artists. The faculty members present were: Dr. Foust, Mr. Hammel, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Boyd, Dr. Huse, Miss Jamison, Miss Elliott, Miss McArn, Miss Miller, and Miss Long.

Saturday evening, February 21st, the members of the faculty attended a colonial reception given by the Senior class in their honor. The invitations read: "The Senior class of the State Normal College invites you to meet General and Mrs. George Washington, on the evening of Saturday, February 21st, eight o'clock."

The first floor of the Students' Building was converted into a colonial home, with colonial furniture, with beautiful candelabra, and with decorations of southern smilax and roses. The guests were met at the door by "Nannie" and "Zeke" and were then presented by Mistress Dolly Madison to General and Mistress Washington, and then to Mr. and Mistress Thomas Jefferson, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, General and Mrs. Nathaniel Greene. Soon the guests were engaged in a game of progressive conversation, after which the stately minuet was danced. Refreshments of cream with wafers "like our grandmothers used to make" were served, and several of the beautiful old songs were sung.

Monday, February 23rd, was celebrated as Washington's birthday. At nine o'clock that morning the students assembled in the auditorium, where exercises in honor of the "Father of Our Country" were conducted under the auspices of the Senior Class. Tributes selected from literature were presented by Pattie Groves, May McQueen, Ruth Hampton and Louise Alexander. The "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung by Mrs. Sharpe, with the chorus by the students. The rest of the day was spent as a holiday.

On the evening of Monday, February 23rd, the University Glee Club appeared here with a concert that gave real pleasure, expressed by enthusiastic applause.

The Domestic Art Department held an interesting exhibit recently of the work done by the Senior Sewing Class. The dresses were on exhibit on Tuesday afternoon, February 10th, for the inspection of the stu-

dents, and on Wednesday, February 11th, from 2:30 to 6:00 p. m., for the town people.

The Domestic Science Department has made no less signal progress during this month, having just realized its dream of a "model home". The perfect home is on Tate Street, near the college. The domestic science girls are to be congratulated upon the new opportunities it will afford them.

The splendid bulletin issued by the Mathematics Department is enough to convince us indeed, were we open to conviction, that "Geometry has her gardens in which she, the rival of Nature, is accustomed to play. * * * By contemplating these flowers, her gardens are sooner or later refreshed and filled with the highest form of pleasure."

The college has been represented at two great conferences this month. Dr. Foust, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Balcomb attended the Social Service Conference which convened at Raleigh on February 12th. Mr. Hammel and Mr. Balcomb were present at the meeting of the National Education Association at Richmond, Virginia, on February 23rd. On February 24th Mr. Hammel addressed the Association on the subject of "The Teacher as a Factor in the Rural Community"; on Thursday, the 26th, Mr. Balcomb spoke on the subject of "Teachers".



Exchanges

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

The January number of the State University Magazine is to be commended on its good essays. "A study of the Chapel Hill Indian" is instructive and well written. This article reveals some novel characteristics of the Indian who inhabited that section of our state. It also brings to mind the fact that the progress in civilization has been marked by the supremacy of the plow over the arrow. Such articles dealing with local history are always welcomed and read with interest. Several pages of the Magazine are devoted to an interesting article, entitled "The Evolution of the Magazine", showing its struggle for existence in its early days, its gradual success, and its final triumph. Aside from these articles, however, this number of the Magazine is rather disappointing; there is a noticeable lack of stories and good poetry, while there are no exchanges to be found.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly comes to us this month with a neat, attractive cover, but with rather disappointing contents. There is a deplorable lack of good stories—the best being the one entitled "Justice". There is plenty of poetry, though, most of which is very good. There are also two good articles, and the magazine is very well arranged.

The February number of The Trinity Archive is, on the whole, very good. The story, "Tainted Blood", is delightfully dramatic throughout; its subject matter and treatment are unusual. The plot has a two-fold interest; first, it reveals the past crime of a peculiarly moody German nobleman; second, by dealing with an interesting scientific discovery, it furnishes food for thought. The story "John Wesley, II", is disappointing. The reader keeps expecting something to happen, but in vain—there seems to be absolutely no plot. The poetry, while not of the extraordinary type, is nevertheless fairly creditable. The Archive is to be congratulated on its article dealing with "The Glass-Owen Currency Law", which states briefly how the new law came into existence and gives simply and clearly a few of its main features. Our college magazines could improve their content considerably by devoting a few pages each month to the consideration of economic and political problems of present-day interest.



In Lighter Vein

Edith C. Haight, '15, Adelphian

On the morning of the big snow Johnny was late to school.

Teacher: "Why were you late, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Because, every step I took I slipped back two."

Teacher: "Well, how did you get here, then?"

Johnny: "I started back home."

In chemistry, Miss P.: "Some one give me a definition of hard water."

A. B.: "Ice."

B. P. (excitedly, 12:30 a. m.): "Wake up, Mary, quick! I've got some awful disease. I feel my face all breaking out."

Mary (drowsily): "Um-m. What's the matter? Oh, dear, it has snowed all on my bed!"

B. P., feeling her face and finding it wet, in silence closed the window and went back to bed.

B. M.: "Why do you have your clock tied to the head of your bed? So you can see what time it is before you wake up?"

In Biology, Dr. G.: "Does a frog's mouth open horizontally or vertically?"

B. S.: "Diagonally."

A. B.: "Miss McA., please tell me two ways besides spiritually that physical culture helps a person."

Senior (at Junior-Senior reception, looking at her menu card): "Do you suppose this is going to be sure enough soup? It says 'mock turtle soup'."

"B. P.: "Please come help me put my transfer down. It is so cold in my room."

In Senior Pedagogy, Dr. F.: "What is the material out of which concepts are made?"

B. D.: "Past experience in the form of precepts."

Visitor: "Tell me about the new course you have here—the B. P.—Bachelor of Poultry."

Senior (at Junior-Senior entertainment, when main course had been brought in): "Let me see if they brought everything that is on the program."

B. C. (after chapel): "I declare every man that comes up here to talk to us begins with something about the beautiful waves of faces before him."

In Senior Pedagogy, Dr. F.: "Why is it wrong to try to teach the child that you form the plural of nouns by adding *s*?"

A. B.: "Because, you don't always do it that way."

In the Training School, Teacher: "Today is Washington's birthday."

"Little girl: "Miss B., what are you going to send him?"

One of the Seniors at the colonial party was dressed as Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall.

Dr. G. (upon being introduced): "I am glad to know you, Miss Hadden Hall."

A. B.: "Oh, I had the best time down town today. I came down on a radiator with two of the best looking boys."

B. P.: "Oh, we have the hardest subject for our theme this week—'Advertising in Grensboro'. I have got to go down town this afternoon and take down all the signs in the town."

B. S. (studying German): "What does *sie* mean?"

S. S.: "How is it used in the sentence?"

B. S.: "Oh, this isn't sentences, its poetry."

B. M.: "These old problems don't give anything to work from! How far apart are two milestones?"

What scale among the faculty? A. Minor.

What color among the faculty? Brown.

What rank in life? King.

What adjective meaning picayune, trifling? Petty.

What fortification in war? Fort.

What occupation has one? Miller.

If the laundry should catch fire, what would we cry? Washburn.

What opera that we all attend? Foust.

What adjective meaning bright, pointed? Sharpe.

What adjective meaning not less? Moore.

What officials in the present presidential cabinet have we? Daniels and Bryan.

A. V. W., '17, Cornelian.

How loudly rings alarm clock's knell
 Beside me, clasped in Morpheus' arms.
 Now grasping wildly for the bell,
 I seek to silence its alarms.
 And see how dim the morning light;
 A moment past, how calm my sleeping!
 And now, alas, how sad my plight;—
 This hopeless vigil keeping!

Such themes Childe Harold doth provide
 To puzzle my poor sleepy head!
 I've thought and thought and sighed and sighed
 'Till all my peace is fled.
 Oh, let him nurse his fond conceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow!
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 Though one more "six" may come tomorrow!

THE POSTMAN

Oh, meek and unassuming man,
 A precious load you bear;—
 The joys and griefs of all the land
 Are trusted to your care.
 For many a maiden, shy and fair,
 And mother old and gray,
 And youth and business man are there
 Who wait for you each day.
 I drink your health most heartily,
 In friendship clasp your hand,
 Our modern god, our mercury,
 The postal service man.

—Anon.

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Mary Green Davidson County	Sarah P. Shuford ... Catawba County
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Annie Spainhour	Secretary

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Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

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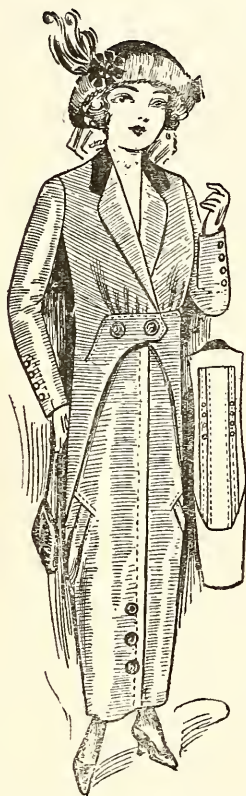
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