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VOL. XIV

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The Daffodil

Margaret C. Cobb, '12

Oh slender, green-clad flower of Spring,
All crowned with a halo of gold,
How thrills my soul, my glad heart sings
Each time that your petals unfold.
For 't seems as if all nature cried:
"Behold, here's Spring personified!"

Advantages of Student Government at the Normal College

Janet Weil, '12

In thinking of the Normal College of the future, one feature in which we, as students, are particularly interested is the government. We are concerned as to whether in the future the students will have no more representation in their government than at present, or whether the government will be to a great extent in their hands. Let us take a review of existing conditions in order to see the need and advisability, if there is any, for a change in these conditions.

At present the government is entirely and absolutely in the hands of the Faculty. The rules of the institution are a burden which the student finds awaiting her upon registering. Before college work begins, at a mass meeting of the Faculty and students, the college regulations and dormitory rules are discussed. It is here for the first time that the student learns the things for which she has contracted to do.

In some cases, the seriousness of this mass meeting fails to make the proper impression. So that not infrequently, at first through their own forgetfulness and carelessness, the new girls are called to account.

After the newness of things wears off and the student has become acquainted and well aware of the existing governmental conditions, she finds that certain forbidden things are very alluring; therefore she chafes at the seeming hard and fast rules which keep her from doing what she wants to do. She may hesitate at first to do the desired thing, because her conscience is pretty strong just then. But later, when she begins to think there is no real harm in doing the desired thing, her conscience is not so active. She feels no great interest in the rules except as barriers to her happiness. They seem to be things imposed by the Faculty to try the patience and docility of the student. The Faculty, indeed, seems remote and distant; a body composed of certain individuals who see that the rules and regulations are carried

out; people who take away pleasure, merely for the sake of showing authority and receiving submission. Although the girl who thinks these things has a very narrow and perverted view, such a view is not infrequent. But even if the greater part of the students do not hold this opinion, they do feel that the Faculty is rather remote, a body which cannot fully realize the real conditions of student life. And students who really think, who seek into the wherefore of things, do chafe under conditions imposed upon them by a non-representative body.

If we look at Faculty government in a democratic way, it does seem rather an unfair arrangement. The governors of a people, if they are not representative of the body they govern, even though they be ever so fair minded, cannot govern quite satisfactorily to all concerned. This may be considered a radical departure from previous opinions about college government. The principle of the assertion, however, has been proved to us as true so many times that we readily accept it. If the principle of the thing is right, then it should be followed.

Since the principle of representative government has been proved to be right, let us consider the reasons which urge their advisability. If the students had a fair representation in the government, if they felt the government were theirs, they would look on the rules in another light, they would see them as blessings and not punishments. Their attitude toward them would not be unlike that of a colonial man satisfied and rejoicing in United States government, who shortly before was chafing under the non-representative English government. The students would work in conjunction with the powers that be; feeling that they had a part not only in the keeping but also in the making of the law under which they lived,—they would be happier and more content.

Another point in favor of student representation is the responsibility which it would impose on the students. The girls would feel the responsibility for making rules that were just, as well as the responsibility for keeping these just rules. Someone has said that to make a person responsible, give her responsibilities.

The responsibility of keeping rules would be a force making for the development of honor. A girl does not feel that she is absolutely on her honor when there are teachers, who live near her, to see that she lives up to the laws. She feels that if the contract previously signed put her entirely on her honor, there would be no teacher to watch her or to doubt her honor. Undoubtedly honor appeals to everybody. And if girls were put entirely on their honor, and were thoroughly trusted, not nearly so many rules would be broken.

Development along another line, the line of independence, would naturally follow a new order of things. The feeling of freedom from non-representative government would arouse a feeling of independence. This independence would not disturb any happy relations with the college superiors; rather would it confirm them. Through independent thought fostered by a government which allowed free thinking and was ever ready for opinions of all kinds, the students would come to realize the wisdom and great worth of the Faculty.

Especially in the Normal College ought there to be a government in which the students could take an active part. The majority of the girls will be teachers. Does the Faculty realize that it is sending forth to govern other people girls who for four years have been governed absolutely? A girl who has had experience in governing or has had an active part in the government would be more capable of having a good form of government in the school room, than a girl who had no practical experience along these lines.

Thus we see that representative government is advisable for the contentment of the student, for making her responsible, for developing her honor and independence, and for her practical training as the future teacher.

Some of the numerous advantages of representative government to the student have been mentioned; there are advantages to the Faculty also. If student government were inaugurated, the burdens attendant on looking after the discipline of the college would be lifted from the Faculty's shoulders. There is considerable time taken up by these duties. This time could be used to much greater advantage

in other ways. The Faculty could give their time to things academic, things more agreeable and more consistent with their dignity. Thus this time could be spent in improving the academic affairs of the college instead of in seeing that good order was kept.

It has been realized by the leading eastern colleges for women that a government in which the students rather than the Faculty do the governing, is superior to Faculty government.

The plans these colleges have used are all slightly different, but alike in the main. Representatives are chosen from each class, or from the three upper classes, who with student proctors, responsible for dormitory conduct, form the most active part of the government in which all the students are members. This council of the class representatives decides and acts on cases brought before it. An appeal can be made to the Faculty after the students' association's decision, but as a rule so sound and just has the judgment of the students been, that the Faculty usually confirms the decision already given.

In some cases the representation of the students in the government is not so great. A body chosen from the students is merely a conference committee to bring together the Faculty and the student point of view. However, in other cases, still greater liberty and more responsibility is granted. A government has been allowed Wells College in which there are no proctors. Honor is the proctor of each individual girl, and it has proven a most excellent proctor.

The students, as a general thing, have only had power to decide matters not academic; but in some cases, cuts and absences from college are included in the jurisdiction of the student council. This shows the growth of the power of students. It shows the excellence of the standards the students are able to uphold. It shows the satisfaction that student government gives to all concerned.

This form of government, as directly applicable to the Normal College, would necessitate some changes in the present order of things. For one thing, many are of the opinion that

the preparatory students would be a hindrance to this government. Although old enough in years, they are not old enough in mental development to be capable of taking a part in this government. Then also the number of preparatory students is so great in comparison with the number of college students, that rules good for the majority of students would be rules for the preparatory students; therefore the college students, who are in the minority, would have to submit to preparatory instead of college rules. It would, perhaps, be a good arrangement to have the preparatory students in a separate building not under control of student government. But it would not be a perfect plan to have one part of the college under one government and one part under another. But as long as we have these students, it might be well, as an experiment, to extend student government only to the four collegiate classes and perhaps to specials.

A change from non-representative government to the honor system, such as exists at Wells, would probably mean unsatisfactory results. But student government might begin in a small way and work up to the ideal government. For instance, one of the first steps might be a conference committee of certain members of the Faculty and of the student body to discuss questions relating to the social side of college life. One of the next steps might be a student government, with proctors and with Faculty representation, to decide questions not academic. The next step might be government without Faculty representation, but with an advisory committee of Faculty members. The ideal of a purely honor system would be the goal toward which the students with the aid of the Faculty should strive.

The Faculties of those colleges governed by the students have had little cause to regret the change from Faculty legislation to that of the students. We believe that were the Normal girls given the same chance, they would be no exception to the rule.

Uncle Reuben's New Experience

Lena Greene, '12

It was a morning in June. Uncle Reuben sat in a chair tilted back against the trunk of one of the great, beautiful trees in front of his cabin. He was an old man, bent and wrinkled; but no youth could have looked happier than he did this morning. His face fairly beamed as he puffed away at his old corn-cob pipe.

He had been sitting there for about ten minutes. It was delightfully cool in the shade of the great tree; the dew still sparkled on the grass; and, over the old man's head, a mocking bird was singing gleefully.

Uncle Reuben chuckled, and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Dat 'ar mawkin' bird, now," he said, addressing himself, "dat 'ar mawkin' bird, he jes' tryin' fur to mek b'lieve dat he am de happies' critter in Nawth Ca'lina; but he ain't—naw sir! he ain't."

With that, he put his pipe back into his mouth, took a long puff, removed it again, and slowly blew out a wreath of smoke, which he watched, reflectively, as it circled into the air. "Naw, sir! he ain't," he repeated, with his eyes still fixed on the smoke.

At this moment, there was borne to his ears, from down the road, the sound of darky voices, singing. As the voices came nearer the words could be distinguished:

"Roll, Jawdan, roll! Roll, Jawdan, roll!

Ah want to go to Heaven when ah die,

Fur to see ole Jawdan roll."

Uncle Reuben listened; he could not see much of the road, on account of the woods on each side of his cabin.

"Now, who dat?" he said with interest. "Dat tenah, hit soun' lak hit mought b'long to Jim Ca'lock. De bass—now dat bass soun' f'miliah to me; shucks! why can't ah think uv it?"

But the old man was not long left in doubt as to the identity of the other two singers; for soon they all came into sight, and walked up the path.

“Mawnin’, Uncle Rube!”

“Mawnin’ boys! walk right up an’ mek yo’ se’veves to home. Lemme git ye some cheers,” hobbling toward the door.

“Naw, Uncle Rube, don’ bodder yo’s’e’f fur to do dat. Weuns’ll jes’ set heah on de do’ step.”

“How’s yo’ rheumatiz’, Uncle Rube?”

“Oh, hit ain’t so bad dese days; ah feel de bes’.dis mawnin’ dat ah’s felt in a long time. An’ how’s all youunses folks? Hope Alviny’s feelin’ bettah, Bob?”

“Yas, Uncle Rube, Alviny’s doin’ bettah. Co’s’e she bin moughty po’ly; but ah think she gwine git well now.”

“Dat’s good! dat’s good! Ah’s pow’ful glad to heah dat!”

“En whar’s Aint Cindy dis mawnin’, Uncle Rube?”

“O, Cindy? She done gone to de sto’—’lowed she hatter have a new dress. Law’s sakes, dese wimmin folks! Dey’s all ez proud ez peacocks! Dat’s whut ah done tell Cindy.”

There was a laugh from the visitors; they knew Uncle Reuben well, and enjoyed hearing him talk. But today they had come on important business; and so, in his next remark, Jim Caulock tried to come to the point.

“Wal,” he said, “ah guess we bettah tell yo’ whut we done come to see yo’ ’bout.”

“Law-zee, Jim, I thought hit wuz jes’ a frien’ly call! Wal, go ahead.”

“Wal, hit’s dis-a-way: Yo’ know, dar’s gwimeter be a fambly reunion ovah to Hentz’s nex’ week—didn’ you know dat? Wal, hit’s de trufe. An’ Uncle Rube, we—er—er—wal—we wants yo’ to mek a speech.”

Uncle Reuben’s mouth dropped open, and his eyes rolled in astonishment. He put his hand to his ear. “Whut’s dat yo’ say?” he shouted.

“We wants yo’ to mek a speech. W’y, Uncle Rube—”

“Jim Ca’lock! Is yo’ done gone plum’ crazy? Is yo’ clean distracted? Whut—me speechify? Me stan’ up ’fo’ a crowd an’ orate? I dunno whut to mek uv yo’, Jim Ca’lock!”

“Wal, now, Uncle Rube, you jes’ listen, an’ lemme ’splain mase’f. Yo’ see, hit’s dis-a-way. Dar’s gottter be two speeches one in de mawnin’—dat’ll be a speech uv welcome—an’ one in de eb’nin’—dat’ll be a speech uv thanks. An’ de speech uv thanks is de one whut we wants you to say; Hentz’s oldes’ son, whut done went off to de city two yeah ago, he gwineter mek de speech uv welcome.”

“Look-a-heah, Jim Ca’lock! does yo’ fur one minute think dat I—po’ ole ig’nant Rube Simpson—dat I is gwine git up dar an’ try to mek a speech, w’en ah ain’ nuver done sich a thing in mah life? ’Specially atter a fine young fellah wid ’is haid choek full uv book-larnin’ hab done spoke? Naw sir-ree, dat ah ain’t! It am out uv de question, Jim; yo’ll hatter git somebody else.”

“But dar ain’ nobody else to git. Sam, he done got the mumps; an’ Joshua, he done cotch ’em f’um Sam; an’ yo’ know dey is de reg’lah speakers in dis pa’t uv de country.”

“Wal, if’n hit comes to dat, why can’t Hentz make de speech hisse’f?”

“Laws-a-massy, Uncle Rube! You done fergot it am a speech uv thanks, ain’t yo’? Yo’ know, de reunion gwinter be at Hentz’s house; en’ how kin Hentz thank hisse’f fur his own hospiterbility?”

“Dat’s so, dat’s so! Dat sho’ am so! But still, Jim, ah jes’ don’ see how ah gwine do it. Ah done tol’ yo’ ah ain’ nuver done sich a thing in mah life! Why’nt some o’ you-all do it?”

“Case we’s all in de ban’, an’ it’d be too much fur one man to do.”

“But ah’s skeered to try!”

“Wal, is you’ gwine all through life ’thout ever mekkin’ a speech?”

Uncle Reuben stood still, absorbed in thought; and the others waited in breathless suspense.

After wrinkling his forehead very much, and scratching his head several times, the old man finally gave his decision:

“Wal, Jim, ah’ll try; but ah tells yo’ right now, ah’s moughty skeered to do it. Ah’ll try it do’; ah’ll mek dat speech nex’—hol’ on! Whut day am it to be?”

“Friday; you’ll hab time a-plenty.”

“Allright. Ef ah lib an’ nothin’ happens, ah’ll mek dat speech nex’ Friday.”

“Dat’s good, Uncle Rube! Dat’s fine! Hooray!”

“Huh! ah dunno wheddah yo’ll think so when de time comes or not.”

After his visitors had gone, the old man sat very still, gazing into space. The mocking bird sang on, unnoticed.

“Whut is ah gwine say? Whut is ah gwine say?” he murmured.

So absorbed was he, that he did not see the approach of a stout old woman who came puffing and blowing up the path. She looked warm and tired; but her shiny, black face was wreathed in smiles, and she cast satisfied glances, as she walked, at a parcel which she carried in her hand.

She soon roused the old man from his reverie by saying breathlessly, “Wal, ah done got mah new dress; an’ it’s de purties’ piece o’ caliker—laws sakes, Rube! What am de mattah wid yo’? Hab anything happened? Bless yo’ life, he done let ’is pipe go out! Somep’m sho’ am de mattah—Rube!”

Her husband looked at her mournfully. “Ah done played it now, Cindy,” he said; “ah done played it now.”

“Whut yo’ done? Yo’ ain’ gone an’ broke nothin’, hab yo’?”

“Naw, ah ain’ broke nothin’; but ah gwine mek a speech.”

Aunt Cindy dropped her parcel and raised her hands high in astonishment.

“Am de man crazy? Whut’s dat yo’ say, Rube? Say dat ovah agin!”

“Ah— gwine— mek— a— speech— at— Hentz— Ca’lock’s fambly reunion!”

“Git up outen dat cheer, Rube, an’ lemme set down in it! Now, ’splain yo’ se’f f’um beginnin’ to en’.”

Then followed the whole story, ending with, “Whut is ah gwine say, Cindy?”

“Huh! ah dunno whut yo’ gwine say; ah ’low yo’ ain’ gwine hab nothin’ to say!” was the disgusted reply.

Uncle Reuben looked panic-stricken. "Yo' ain' gwine do dat-a-way, is yo', Cindy? Yo' gwine tell me somep'm to say, now ain't yo', Cindy?" he cried.

"Whut ah know fur to tell yo'?" said Aunt Cindy, hardheartedly. Then she relented a little, and added, "It am boun' to be hifalutin'; it am boun' to be dat. Whyn't yo' ax Mr. Graham to he'p yo'?"

Mr. Graham was the gentleman on whose lands Reuben and Cindy lived. His help was solicited, and given—with much secret amusement on his part. The two old people inserted several phrases which they thought would sound especially elegant.

As soon as Reuben had learned his speech, he rehearsed it every day to Cindy, in the shade in front of their cabin. The old woman was very critical, and frequently suggested improvements, such as more gestures, and a louder tone of voice. Finally, however, she condescended to say, "Ah reckon' dat ar speech'll do now"; and her husband at once felt much better, for Cindy's opinions had great weight with him.

Uncle Reuben was very much excited all the week. He could not be still; and he became so preoccupied that, one day when Cindy went off to see one of her friends and left him in charge of the house for a few hours, he forgot to fill the kettle, so that it burst. And another day he stumbled over one of their few chairs and broke it. Cindy became exasperated, and gave expression to the remark that she would be glad when the reunion was over; "'case," she said, "ontil then, Rube won't be wuth a cent."

At last the great day came. The old couple rose early, got their work done, and arrayed themselves for the occasion, Cindy putting on her new dress, and Reuben donning his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit. They set off in a shakly old buggy drawn by an aged gray mule.

When they came in sight of their destination, the first thing they saw was a large concourse of mules, which had been unhitched from the vehicles and tied to trees.

"Dar's lots uv folks heah, ah reckon'," said Uncle Reuben, shakily, as he got out and began to unhitch.

“Yas,” said Cindy, “dar mus’ be, jedgin’ f’um de number uv mules.”

Her husband tremblingly tied his mule to a tree, and then he and Aunt Cindy walked up the path toward the house, which was far better than theirs, having once been occupied by a rather well-to-do family of white people. There were big trees in the yard, and it was very cool and pleasant there.

A great many people had indeed arrived. They were all in holiday attire, and almost every color of the rainbow had found a place in the assemblage.

There were knots of people in the yard, around the well, and on the porch. In the center of the porch there had been placed a table and a chair; and out in front, in the yard, there were rough benches, which had been improvised for the occasion.

When everybody had arrived, the people all seated themselves on the benches, and Hentz’s oldest son, who had been to the city, occupied the chair on the porch. Then the band played a lively selection, after which the speaker arose.

He was young, and unusually well-dressed, and he was smiling confidently as he began to speak in a most polished manner. The audience was very silent, for his appearance and air impressed his simple country friends.

“Lawsy, Cindy!” said Uncle Reuben, in a loud whisper, “ah mought as well not try atter dis! Golly! won’t it be a come-down?”

Aunt Cindy turned on him quickly. “Shet up yo’ mouf, niggah!” she commanded; “somebody gwine heah yo’ sho’!”

Upon this, the old man became silent, and remained so. But he grew more and more disturbed as he listened; for the discourse ran smoothly and elegantly on, the speaker appearing to be entirely at his ease; and there were smiles of admiration on the faces of his hearers. Uncle Reuben looked over to where the parents of the boy sat; their faces were beaming with pride. The poor old man fidgeted nervously, and wiped his forehead several times with his red bandanna handkerchief. It was not that he begrudged the young man the admiration he was stirring up in his audience; but he felt

how poor his own attempt would seem after this splendid speech. "Ah wouldn' have 'im to fergit it, ner nothin' lak dat. Ah 'jes wish hit wa'n't quite so gran'," he said to himself.

And then his inward soliloquy went on, "Ah jes' can' do hit wuth a shuck. 'Pears lak he feel so easy an' ca'm; but when ah gits up dar, everybody'll sho' see dat ah's skeered plum to death—an' ah's mos' sho' to fergit every wo'd uv hit. Gee! don't ah wish dar'd niver bin no fambly reunion!"

But what was happening? The young man had stopped talking, and Cindy had uttered a smothered exclamation. Uncle Reuben looked up quickly, and saw the boy shifting from one foot to another, wearing an expression of the most painful embarrassment. He had forgotten the rest of his speech!

There was a dead silence, while he tried to remember. Reuben held his breath.

Finally, without another word, the poor fellow turned and bolted through the door into the house.

There was a moment more of silence; then the band struck up, and the people began to turn to each other with exclamations of pity. The boy's mother hurried into the house to comfort him; the father kept his place, trying to look nonchalant.

Uncle Reuben heard a woman behind him say, "Po' chile! Po' chile!" And a man answered, "Speakin' am no easy mattah, Mirandy; you'se got to hab practice, an' plenty uv it. Co'se Joe's kinder uster hit; an' dat jes' shows how hard it am."

Reuben clutched Aunt Cindy's sleeve in terror. "Cindy, Cindy! did you' heah dat? Yo' know, ef Joe fergot—an' him uster speakin'—ah is plum' sho' to fergit, when ah ain' nuver made no speech befo'. Cindy, ah wuz a plum' fool!"

His wife made no denial of the last statement. "Wal," she said, "It cain' be helped now. Whut's did's did; yo'll hatter jes' do de bes' yo' kin. Ah gotter go he'p put out de dinnah now."

The band had stopped playing and the people were rising

from their seats. Aunt Cindy walked away to get their dinner out of the buggy, and then joined the other women in spreading the food on a long table which had been prepared for it—for all brought dinner and spread it together.

When the meal was ready, it looked very inviting indeed to the hungry guests. They gathered about the table, the blessing was asked, and all fell to with hearty appetites.

I said "all", but there was one exception. Uncle Reuben had no appetite at all, which was something unusual for him. However, he did manage, with great difficulty, to eat one piece of pie. Then he watched for his opportunity, and slipped off behind the barn to rehearse his speech.

One lone cow gazed at him with a sort of mild curiosity, as, with a deep bow in her direction, he started off:

"Gemmons an' ladies! Frien's an' neighbors!"

After these words, he paused a moment. Then he repeated them, more slowly, a second and a third time; but to save his life he could not remember what followed. He racked his brain; he paced back and forth; but not another word of his carefully prepared speech would come to him.

He trembled; his eyes rolled; and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He took the red bandanna from his pocket and plied it vigorously, murmuring, "Whut is ah gwine do! Whut is ah gwine do!"

He stayed behind the barn as long as he dared, thinking perhaps it would come to him. But it never did; and, as a last resort, he started back to ask Cindy, though he hated to tell her he had forgotten his speech before he even tried to make it to his audience. But he felt almost sure that she could tell him the next few words, and that he could then remember what followed.

But when he got back, he was astonished to see that the people were seating themselves; and Jim Caulock came hurriedly up to him, saying, "Gee, Uncle Rube! ah didn' know whut had become uv yo'. It's time for to mek yo' speech."

The old man's heart jumped quite into his throat. He looked frantically around for Cindy; she was nowhere to be

seen. He grasped the younger man's arm. "Look-a-heah, Jim!" he said, "whar's Cindy? Ah gotter see Cindy!"

Jim turned to look for her among the crowd, which was now seated. "Ah don' see 'er," he said.

Uncle Reuben looked hard, but he did not see her either. "Wal, Jim, I jes' got to see Cindy!" he cried.

"But, Uncle Rube, don' ye see, de folks is all a waitin' fur yo' to mek yo' speech? Aint Cindy ain' dar—dat's a fac'."

The old man delayed for another moment which was full of anguish for him, and then allowed himself to be led forward to the porch—he saw nothing else to do. He mounted the steps in fear and trembling, feeling very much as if he were mounting a scaffold; and all the time he was whispering to himself, "Gemmuns an' ladies; frien's an' neighbors!—O Lawd, he'p me to remembah! He'p me to remembah!"

He faced the rows of expectant faces. His knees were shaking, and his heart was thumping wildly; he could hear its loud beat, beat, beat against his ribs.

He stood there for a moment, perfectly silent, feeling as if he could not speak a word if his life depended on it. Then, after working his lips ineffectually a few times, he finally managed to get out, in a low, shaky voice, the opening words, "Gemmuns an' ladies! Frien's an' neighbors!" Then he swallowed hard, and, in a little louder tone of voice, repeated the words.

And then—well, it was the greatest surprise of Uncle Reuben's life; but quite naturally, almost automatically, the next words of his speech followed:

"We come togedder dis yer' bright an' beautiful mawnin' fur to 'joy ourse'ves, an' we ain' bin disapp'inted nuther—we sho'ly ain't. An', frien's an' neighbors, we is mos' ceedin'ly grateful to our beloved frien' Mr. Hentz Ca'lock an' to his mos' charmin' an' el'gant wife, Mis' Hentz Ca'lock, fur dere cawdial hospiterbility uv dis day."

It took him a few minutes to recover from his surprise, and then a little longer to recover from his fright. But then he

began to grow more confident, and even to enjoy himself. He looked straight before him, and talked on with marvelous gesticulations, raising his voice now and then to a very high pitch indeed. He really said more than he had memorized; and some of the little negroes grew restless, for they knew that a watermelon feast was the next thing on the program.

Nevertheless, when at last Uncle Reuben, with a grand flourish, brought his speech to a close, he was greeted with a most tumultuous applause; and, when he came down into the yard, he was surrounded by his friends—that is, his whole audience—and most lavishly congratulated. His cup of joy was filled to overflowing when Cindy came up, jerked him aside and whispered, “Rube, ah’s proud uv yo’.” Even Joe, who had failed so ignominiously in the morning, came up to him, smiling and extending his hand, which Uncle Reuben squeezed hard.

The old man had not been able to eat any dinner, as we have seen; but he made up for it with watermelon. Indeed, he ate so much that Cindy grew a little uneasy, and finally sidled up to him, to say, “Ah-ah-ah b’leve ah’d stop now, Rube, if ah wuz in yo’ place.”

That night as the couple drove slowly home behind the patient gray mule, in the moonlight, Uncle Reuben said, “Whar wuz yo’, Cindy, jes’ ’fo ah sta’ted mah speech?”

“O, ah ’uz feeding de mule—thought mebbly you’d fergot it. Why?”

“Aw, nothin’; ah jes’ didn’ see yo’ nowhar. Git up, Bob!”

There was a pause, filled only by the creaking and rattling of the old buggy and the sound of Bob’s slow hoof-beats. Then Aunt Cindy said, “Wal, Rube, yo’ suttently did s’prise me.”

“Ah s’prised mase’f ez much ez ah s’prised you, Cindy,” was her husband’s reply; “ma’k mah wo’ds—yo’ nuver knows whut yo’ kin do ontel yo’ tries.”

The old woman chuckled wickedly. “Yo’ kin ’member dat, Rube,” she said, “yo’ kin member dat nex’ time ah tells yo’ to he’p me da’n yo’ socks.”

Wordsworth as the Poet of the Very Heart of Man

Margaret Johnson, '12

"Wisdom sheathed
 In song love-humble, contemplations high
 That built like larks their nests upon the ground;
 Might and vision, sympathy profound
 That spanned the total of humanity;
 These were the gifts which God poured forth at large
 On man through him, and he was faithful to his charge."

When God first created man in his image, he gave to him the priceless gift of a soul—a soul that could appreciate the beauties about it, could understand the greatness of God's love, and could rejoice in the mysteries of nature and all the glories of a beautiful existence. Then, in his love and wisdom, he gave to some the sweet spirit of song that man might make glad his heart with music.

Since that time, many poets have ministered to our soul's needs through this heaven-sent spirit, but of them all, no one has more nobly and faithfully fulfilled his mission than Wordsworth. He sings to us simple, true songs of the human heart, expresses its deepest feelings and passions for us, and gently leads us on to a higher and more beautiful life. He shows us the relations existing between mankind and nature, and endeavors ever to draw us closer to this bountiful fountain where his own heart has been refreshed.

To do this, he takes his characters from the humble rustic paths of life, his subjects from the lowly common things that are close to our hearts. Each little flower holds for his seeing eye, great secrets and truths.

"In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,—
 The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

In the quiet people of the hills and dales, living close to nature, he finds the essential feelings of the human heart

existing in their greatest simplicity. Here they are less under restraint, speak a more emphatic language, and can be more accurately contemplated. Through these people, he expresses for us our most delicate, subtle, and also our deepest feeling, our sorrows, our heart-breaks, our loves, and our joys. Here are found

“The soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering.”

Here,

“The vital feelings of delight
That rear our forms to stately height,
Our virgin bosoms swell.”

In the “Affliction of Margaret”, for instance, Wordsworth portrays for us the beautiful yet pathetic faith of a mother in her child, whatever others may say. Here, too, the long suffering of womankind borne in silence and alone, the proud withdrawing of the lonely suffering human heart from the unsympathetic world about it, is tenderly and beautifully illustrated. The little poem, “We Are Seven”, expresses the simple faith of a little child, the young heart that cannot understand death. Here the poet unconsciously reveals to us his thorough understanding of the little child’s heart as the childish voice repeats again and again,

“O Master! we are seven.”

In “The Reverie of Poor Susan”, the tendency of our thoughts to return to long forgotten scenes and memories is simply, yet nobly, expressed through a poor London char-woman. As she is passing through the quiet streets at dawn, a caged bird suddenly breaks into its morning song and immediately her mind is transported back to her old country home. Then

“Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove’s,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.”

The following lines from “Micheal” admirably express the thought contained in the poem, and also give us further insight into the poet’s understanding of the human heart:

“There is a comfort in the strength of love;
 ’Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would upset the brain, or break the heart.”

“The Brothers” is a beautiful although sad story of the love which two brothers bore for each other. It makes one think of the wonderful love existing between the poet and his sister and of the sad ending of the sister’s life.

Indeed, throughout all of Wordsworth’s poetry are found the beautiful loves, aspirations, sorrows, and joys of the human soul. Our deepest secrets, our inmost thoughts, and our hidden sorrows and joys are all understood by this gentle poet who, himself, has lived as one of us. In all of his poetry has he shown us that

“Love had he found in huts where poor men dwell.”

Many of his poems have present in them a deep reflectiveness. He goes out for a long walk, meets an old man toiling at a hard task, and helps him at it. As the aged man thanks him with tears in his eyes the following lines are called forth in the poet’s reflective mind:

“I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning;
 Alas, the gratitude of men
 Hath oft’ner left me mourning.”

The reflections, however, which are awakened in Wordsworth are not only true and deep, but are such as add new intensity and tenderness to human life. There is nothing so small in nature that he cannot teach a lesson by it. The tiniest common thing holds for his mind great truths and wonderful beauties. Everything, as though touched by magic, opens up to him, gives to his poet’s mind freely, and he transmits their hidden secrets and loveliness to all mankind. The little celandine, the daisy, the fluttering butterfly, give to him great truths, and he passes them on to our less seeing eyes, in language exquisite and beautiful. He sees in a small flower of the crannied wall

“A lasting link in nature’s chain
 From highest heaven let down.”

If it is, indeed, the poet's work to open up to humanity the beauties about them, to show the loveliness of all things both great and small, to portray the human heart in its truth and purity, then Wordsworth has nobly fulfilled a poet's part and has clearly shown himself to be the poet of the very heart of man.

“He was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world.”



The Spelling Bee

Mary K. Brown, '12

"We've just got to do something," said Mrs. Andrews emphatically. Mrs. Andrews, a low, chunky little woman, was president of the Ladies' Aid Society in the small town of Porters.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Anderson, "that church has been started fur nigh on to a year, and it's just a standing there; nothing's being done toward the completion of it. Something must be done."

"It looks like the men might help us out some," said Mrs. Nelton in her squeaky little voice. "There's the Baptists got a nice church, and the Presbyterians, and the Lutherans done got a brand new one. But there's the Methodists, started over a year ago, and now's come to a dead stop. Yes, yes, something must be done."

Mrs. Robbins was the next to speak. "Well, the money's the thing, I—"

"Of course the money's the thing," interrupted Mrs. Bivens. "What's the use of saying what we already know? Sure if we had the money, we could hire the workmen without any trouble. But where's the money coming from, that's the question?"

"Well, fellow ladies," said old Mrs. Freeman, the chronic grumbler, "it's money, money, money. I'm about decided to come out of the society on account of the ten cents a month. Sure, it ain't much, but when you've got ten children to feed and clothe, every little bit counts. And don't think I'm disloyal, but as fer giving any more money to that church, I've swore off. Me and John's had trouble enough 'bout that church already, being as how he's a hard head Baptist."

"I say let's raise some money," said Mrs. Robbins, "I—"

"How in the world we're going to raise it," interrupted Mrs. Bivens again, "is more than I can see; we've had ice-cream suppers till people is sick and tired of the name; and bazaars, why they won't even come to 'em, much less buy anything. And when you ask 'em to give you ten cents and

let you work their name on the church quilt they say, 'Fools names like their faces, always seen in public places,' and they don't want their's on it for love or money."

"Ladies," spoke the president when finally Mrs. Bivens stopped breathless, "let's stick to our subject. We've met to discuss some plans for raising money. We want to hear from all the members present. Some haven't said a word yet."

"Maybe it's because they haven't had a chance," answered Mrs. Robbins. "Why don't—"

"They've had as much as anybody," broke in Mrs. Bivens.

"Mrs. Bivens," said the president calmly, "will you please not interrupt Mrs. Robbins again. Maybe she has a suggestion. Mrs. Robbins, you may speak."

"What I wanted to say is this: I don't know how you all have been raising your money, I haven't been with you very long. But at my home we had an old-fashioned spelling bee, and made a good sum. Have you ever had anything like that here?"

"No," mumbled Mrs. Bivens, "but who wants to spell? I got enough of that when I was in school. Why, the teacher would give us a whole page of the Blue Back at one lesson. A hard page too, the one what had words like 'comprehensibility' on it."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Bivens," said Mrs. Andrews, "but that doesn't concern our plans at present. Go on, Mrs. Robbins."

"Well, the women spelled against the men, and of course each tried to outspell the other. There was great excitement, and everybody enjoyed it."

"That's a fine plan I think," said Mrs. Anderson very enthusiastically.

"And I."

"I, too."

"So do I."

"Well, maybe it would be right nice," assented Mrs. Bivens when she saw that everybody else favored the plan. "If you missed a word you wouldn't have to stay in after school. But gracious knows, I've done forgot how to spell!"

"It's a nice idea," said Mrs. Andrews, when finally she

got a chance to speak. "It's something new and it will bring the men in."

So the women disbanded, very enthusiastic over the new plans. Soon the whole village was excited over the approaching spelling bee. The old Blue Backs were fished from their long hiding places, and never was there such studying done. The men were positive they could beat the women and the women were determined to show them about the matter. They decided to have the best speller among the men and the best among the women to choose sides. But who was the best? There was a great discussion about this question, as everyone was too modest to consider himself best. At last Mr. Craige, one of the lawyers in the town, and a person who prided himself on his great ability to spell, volunteered to represent the men, if his wife would do the same thing for the women. Mrs. Craige, not to be daunted by this challenge, readily accepted, and spent every spare moment for the next two weeks among the leaves of the old Blue Back.

Not only did Mrs. Craige refresh her memory on the words of many syllables, but all the women in the neighborhood would gather at her house at night, and Mr. Craige would give out the words, and they spelled. Mrs. Craige invariably missed the word "opprobrious," spelling it "opprobious". Mr. Craige made fun of her for missing such a simple word, as he called it, and said he certainly hoped she wouldn't disgrace herself at the spelling match by missing such a simple word as that. Mrs. Craige felt it would certainly fall to her lot to spell opprobrious, so she determined to learn how. "Just remember," she would say to herself, "it has two r's in it." She wrote it on paper, she spelled it aloud until she was sure she could down anybody on that word.

The twelfth of February, the time appointed for the contest, came in due season. The town was greatly excited, but nowhere was there greater excitement than there was in the Craige family. All had planned to go to the spelling match that night—Louise, Sally, and even little six-year-old Robert. But that afternoon Robert broke out with the measles, and somebody had to stay at home. Such a disappointment!

Mrs. Craige insisted that she should be the one to stay, but Mr. Craige said she must go by all means, "Epecially," he told her, "after you've spent so much time getting ready."

So Mrs. Craige and Louise started off to the court house, leaving Mr. Craige and Sally with the sick boy. The men were downcast when they learned that Mr. Craige could not come, for they had been banking on him. Mr. Harris, clerk of court, was finally prevailed upon to take his place. Soon the court house was full; people from miles around were there. The band began to play Dixie and the spellers took their respective places, women versus men. Mr. Smith, local attorney, stood between the two lines with that dreaded Blue Back in hand. The contest began and all was quiet except now and then clapping and cheering as the respective sides would make a bad break and the other "a ten strike". All felt very sorry for Mrs. Robbins, who went down on her first word, the only one who missed the first word that was given her. The professor of the school, not having an opportunity to write the word "excellent" very often, thought it was spelled "excellant". Mrs. Houston concluded that "holly-hock" should be spelled with one l. Mr. Little, never having partaken of the Lord's Supper, said "sacriment." So down they dropped one at a time until at the final round up there stood on the men's side Mr. Harris, and on the other Mrs. Craige, Mrs. Anderson, and Mrs. Andrews.

The crucial point was coming. Everyone was breathless. The suspense was intense. Mr. Harris turned pale, he was becoming excited and his voice trembled at every word. Not a sound could be heard, save the voluminous voice of Mr. Smith as he gave out the words, and the feeble responses of the spellers. Suddenly the courthouse door opened, and everyone was astonished to see Mr. Craige rush in. The men were overcome with joy; they would now be victorious without a doubt. No one was more surprised than Mrs. Craige.

"What did he do with Robert?" she thought. "And O mercy, we will certainly be beaten! How many r's in opprobrious?" were her next thoughts.

Mr. Craige walked directly to the rostrum and without

stopping to answer the inquiring glances of his wife, took his stand by Mr. Harris, with an exceedingly self confident air. Mrs. Craige noticed the countenances of the two women at her side. They looked as if all hopes for victory were lost. Mrs. Craige realized that it was "up to her" as captain of her side to keep their courage up. So her face brightened and she whispered, "We will beat them. We can and we will."

At this point Mrs. Anderson got her e's and a's confused in the word "separate", and sad to say she never got them right. She took her seat sorrowfully, and was soon followed by Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Harris. So there they stood, Mr. Craige on one side and his wife on the other. The words were given out, and the words were spelled; neither side hesitated a moment. It seemed as if they might spell on all night and never miss. Mrs. Craige had screwed her courage up to the top notch, and she kept it there until all at once she happened to think that they were nearing the word opprobrious.

"Well, if I haven't forgotten how many r's!" she thought, "and as many times as I spelled it too. O, I hope John'll get that word and I'm safe, for that's the only one that troubles me."

Down the page Mr. Smith was going; she knew opprobrious was at the top of the next page; she could see it, but for her life she couldn't decide whether it had two r's or one.

"O, I know it's coming to me," she thought. "Which shall I say, two or one, two or one? If I hadn't got to thinking about it, I wouldn't have been mixed up."

Mr. Craige was spelling his words in a very unconcerned manner. Mrs. Craige tried to appear calm, but she could not wholly conceal the tumult that was raging in her mind. The word was coming in just a few minutes and, oh if it would only fall to Mr. Craige's lot to spell it. She was still saying to herself, "one r or two," when opprobrious was given out and it was Mr. Craige's word. He responded as promptly as ever, "opprobrious".

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Craige", said Mr. Smith timidly, "did I understand you to put one r or two?"

“Only one sir,” replied Mr. Craige.

“Excuse me, but that’s not right; next!”

That settled it for Mrs. Craige. With lightning speed she snapped at the word, spelled it right and the house rang with applause, and taunts were hurled at the men for getting beaten after making so many brags that they would lick up the women.

“Well, John,” said Mrs. Craige triumphantly as they walked home that night, “it would have been better for you if you had stayed at home with the baby.”



“He Who Laughs Last Laughs Best”

Mildred Moses, '12

Thrums stands in the eastern part of Scotland, and the brae running through it is mostly trod by weavers, for this is a small settlement of those back-bent, hard-working men whose vitality is prematurely sapped. Spending their uneventful lives at looms, they hold little intercourse with the outer world, and so their viewpoint is necessarily narrow. In such a community lived Scotty, an honest cobbler. Now to the casual stranger, life in Thrums would seem unutterably dull; but to the inhabitants who have the happiness—or the curse—of being content with their plodding life, there is an endless source of quiet pleasure in the monotony of their daily routine. Little given to talking themselves, yet eagerly appreciative of a story well told, the weavers would gather during the hot noon hours of summer under the gnarled old oak which overhung Scotty's shop. While they lolled beneath the grateful shade and ate their noon-tide meal, Scotty would regale them with tales; for besides being characterized by his honesty, Scotty held undisputed sway as the village wit. A healthy, jovial man was the old cobbler, and as he frequently assured his listeners, “as braw a mon as ony.” To this oft repeated boast, the villagers could make no reply, for from daybreak to sunset, Scotty unfailingly occupied his little wooden bench beside his open door. When the shadows hung thick and dark in the great tree, then the old man would lay down his work, and barring his door, would climb with firm, unhurried steps the long hill which led to his tiny cottage.

One day after an unusually heated discussion with the youth of the village—a controversy in which Scotty, as usual, bore off the honors, the boys maddened by his victory, attacked his reputation for bravery.

“Old mon,” said one impudent lad, “nae doot ye've no' thoct that we'd be mistrustin' your word, but 'tis proof we're speirin' for the noo, an wi'oot it we'll no' be believin'

ye're 'as braw a mon as ony.' Ye ken fine, Scotty, 'tis what ye ca' yoursel'; but mayhap ye dinna ken 'at we're no' over fond o' takkin' in things wi'oot the proof 'at they're some 'at true. If ye're a braw mon, Scotty—an' mind we're none sae sure o't, ye'll no' be denyin' the poor lad wha died las' nicht the pleasure o' your company through the nicht hoors i' the kirk?"

Never before had Scotty's valor been challenged and in righteous indignation he flashed his answer at the insolent youth:

"Ye've heard it said, 'tis the one wha lauchs last as lauchs best,' I ween? A well, 'tis a truth ye ken little—if onything—aboot. This nicht will I sit doon by the body o' him wha' lies i' the kirk, an' never a shiver will run ower ma spine—barrin' those which the cauld win' will bring as it whistles through the open windows."

At this point, Scotty recollected the inconvenience of his new lodging-house. In the recent struggle which the Auld Licht Kirk had undergone, the rebellious ones had withdrawn to form another congregation, and their new kirk was only half completed. However, Scotty resolutely shook off such offensive thoughts and diligently applied himself to the work in hand. The youths, seeing that he would talk no more, arose from their seats on the ground, and went away to plan Scotty's entertainment.

It was a bleak night, and the raw wind savagely lashed at the face of the man who stumblingly climbed the steps of the small frame building perched high on the hill top. A great gust of wind swept in as the door swung open to admit the man's entrance. Long, bare pine benches were placed on each side of the room, and a gallery was faintly outlined in the dusk immediately above the rough pulpit. Before the pulpit was a long octagonal box, on each end of which stood a tall lighted candle. The man advanced slowly, as if unwillingly, down the creaking aisle. As he came within the circle of light cast by the candles, his face was illumined. It was Scotty who carried his awl and a pair of worn boots under his arm. After casting a furtive glance within the

coffin toward the white face which could be but dimly discerned in the gloom, Scotty seated himself on the platform just in front of the coffin. Fearfully, he worked while the long hours dragged by. The wind gradually arose to a hurricane outside, and the current which filled the room caused the candles to flicker strangely above the face of the corpse. Indeed, at times the very expression of the dead boy seemed to change—or so thought poor Scotty, who shivered and shook not merely, as he had said he might with the cold; for though cold it was, a fear that clutched at his heart redoubled his shaking, for the hours were fast approaching twelve and that, as everyone knows, is the devil's own play-time. Finally, the wind tearing swiftly along bore into the room the dread sound of the kirk bell tolling the hour of midnight. Breathlessly, Scotty counted the strokes, "Ane, twa, * * eleven—" was his heart trying to toll the time for all the village to hear? Through the noise of its mad pounding against his breast, the last stroke began, "Twa!"

Suddenly the pale figure in the coffin rose to a sitting posture, and our brave cobbler, with a superhuman effort, shrieking, "O mon, stay dead!" loosed his awl at the dreadful apparition and with a quick bound through the open window, was engulfed in the darkness of the night.

With a sickening thud, the figure fell back, and a wild scramble ensued overhead. Down the narrow steps leading from the gallery tumbled six horror-stricken boys. Shrinkingly they approached the coffin and looked within. Blood was gushing from the head of their unfortunate companion, but his lusty groans bore evidence to the fact that he was still in the realms of the living.

The next morning Scotty, was, as usual, at his post, and to the group of boys who lounged around the door, he spoke as if continuing a conversation just dropped.

"'Tis as I said, 'he wha lauchs last as lauchs best.'"

"Ay, Scotty," said a lad whose head was swathed in bandages, "Ay, an' sure ye're no' that one. Ye didna keep faith, for 'twas the nicht hoors ye were to watch through, but ye didna. If 'am no' very far mista'en ye ran awa'."

“A weal, laddie,” Scotty chuckled, “’tis richt to be saying the ‘nicht hoors’, for I wanna say ye ken weel enow ’at the clock strook twal afore I goed. An’ as to the wye—why, laddie, in course I ran. After I had faut an’ laid low ’at speerit o’ evil, I thocht on a sudden ’at ma day’s wock would sune be begun, an’ wad ye believe it, I hadna eaten the nicht afore, sae I felt sairly the need o’ a morsel, for ye ken richt weel a mon canna wock wi’out he is weal fed.”



German Sketches

Janet Weil, '12

Bopfingen is a little village in the German province of Wurtemberg; the country around about is beautifully rolling. The meadows are broken about every four or six miles by villages, whose extent may be merely a few dozen houses along the road, or whose area includes a few streets and a Platz. Not only is Bopfingen distinguished by a Platz, but it is also renowned as lying at the foot of the Ipf. The Ipf is a hill, but a hill which affords a pretty steep climb. At some time it may have been a volcano, for its top is flat and sunken in like a crater. At the foot of the Ipf runs a little brook, whose size is somewhat exaggerated by the people of Bopfingen.

There was a time when there was no Bopfingen. That is to say there was a time when the village had no name. Although there is not much in a name, the villagers were much perturbed as to what name would be suitable. The mayor pondered deeply over the question and the council held special sessions. Finally a solution was offered. The mayor's troubled face brightened and the council adjourned to a Bier-garten.

Very soon the plan for naming the city was begun. One morning a crowd of the villagers assembled on the Ipf. A barrel was conspicuous in the crowd. In a few minutes the mayor was seen to get into the barrel and at a signal a push was given. At the top of the hill the ground was rather rocky, and the mayor must have had no easy ride. The barrel made a peculiar noise as it went over the rocks; Bop! Bop! Bop!" it went. But the rocks were soon passed and as the barrel rolled over the grassy slope it began almost to sing, "Fing! Fing! Fing!" and finally, just as it rolled into the brook it sounded "En". With one accord the people rejoiced. The barrel had given them a name; it had made three different sounds as it rolled along with the mayor inside, "Bop!" "Fing!" "En!", and the village was called Bopfingen.

Not long after this novel christening, the villagers were again sorely distressed. A court house had recently been built in which the builders had put only two windows. After court had been held several times it was found that there was scarcely any light in the room. Other council meetings and much worry followed. Yet the Bopfingen had not lost its inventive turn, so a plan for bringing more light into the court house was not long in coming forth. This plan was straightway accepted.

This was the plan put into execution. About half a dozen sheets were taken into the sunlight. After these became saturated with the light they were carefully taken up and the edges gathered together so that no light might slip out. Then they were taken into the court house and emptied of their light. Doubtless the building has been lighter from that day to this.

And again the tranquility of the Bopfingen folk was disturbed. It was found that this same court house had been built too near the street. Although the building was of brick, it was decided that it was necessary to have it moved.

Therefore a number of the villagers assembled and attempted to push the building back with all their might. After many efforts they could not tell whether there was any perceptible change in the position or not. So finally the attempt was given up.

But hope did not depart with the first attempt. There were a number of brilliant minds in Bopfingen. One of them devised this scheme. A coat was to be put behind the building, and when the coat was no longer to be seen they would know that the building had been moved.

Accordingly a coat was put behind the court house, and the pushing began again. While the men were so persistently at work in the front, a coatless tramp happened to come by. Seeing the men busily engaged in the front and the tempting coat in the back, the tramp did not lose time in taking the coat. Shortly after this, one of the men went to see if the coat had disappeared, and upon seeing that it had, joyfully informed his comrades that they had moved the building

far enough. And thus the building has stood quite far enough back from the street.

In many other instances have these villagers shown their ingenuity of mind. Just as one of the country women was about to set out to take her eggs to market, she found the number of eggs too many for the vessel in which she had to take them. Nor was the country woman at a loss. With little hesitancy she mashed them down in order to make room for more.

Ulm is now a thriving little city and it was, no doubt, made so by the same kind of sturdy, simple folk who dwelt in Bopfingen. Ulm may well be proud of the magnificent cathedral in its limits. The cathedral is a big gothic structure, well planned and built. But the people are not content for the visitor to admire it in general, for one of the first things pointed out to the foreigner is a gilded figure of a bird with a straw in its mouth, perched on the edge of the roof. To this bird, one is told, the Germans owe the debt for having shown them an important thing in the building of the cathedral. When the cathedral was being built, the carpenters started to bring timber into the cathedral. To their great dismay they found the lumber was too large to be carried crosswise through the door. They were utterly distressed. They saw no way in which to get the lumber in. As they were thinking they happened to be looking up and saw a little bird. This bird was carrying straw to his nest. The straw was too long to be carried crosswise in the bird's mouth to the nest among the tree branches; so the bird turned and flying sidewise took the straw successfully, end first, to the nest. Immediately the men realized they could do the same thing, and carrying the timber end first, they were easily able to take it in.

You, my reader, do not have to believe all these tales if you do not wish to, but the little bird stands on the Ulm Cathedral as a proof to that story. If you don't believe it, go to Ulm and see for yourself.

All's Well That Ends Well

Margaret C. Cobb, '12

Mary Winston threw down her Horace with a bang. She could not study another bit before breakfast. If her mind would receive any more knowledge her roommate's voice, dramatically practicing Expression, would not allow it.

"Cut Expression, Belle, and let's have a set of tennis before breakfast."

Belle stopped and eyed the speaker in wonder. Mary was usually a very quiet, gentle sort of girl, but now her manner was far from mild as she flounced to the closet for her tennis shoes. Still, studying in the wee small hours is not very conducive to good-temper, and even the most amiable are sometimes out of sorts.

The two tennis-players were not the only early-risers. Scarcely was the game under way before it had attracted an observer. A slim, graceful little personage she was, and jolly withal. Mischief was apparent from the very toss of her head with its mop of curly chestnut hair. One could scarcely imagine a more roguish countenance—lips that readily curved into a merry smile, and a very saucy pug nose. In her brown eyes was concentrated every element of her good nature—not great dreamy eyes, but little sparkling orbs that twinkled with alertness. In a tone of reckless merriment she hailed the players:

"What's the matter, Molly? You grip that racket like grim death. How did you get her in such a murderous humor, Belle?"

No reply. Molly was not in the humor for teasing, even from her best friend. The playful scamp of a Hallie saw her chance for fun and, caring not a whit for consequences, proceeded to enjoy it.

"Fine passing—There never was such playing!—Rah for Winston!—Belle Conley, you'll win the championship! Fine passing! That's it! If you can't hit the ball with the racket, why, hands and toes are fine!"

If it had been tournament the rooting could not have been more vigorous. At first the two played grimly on, but the rooting began to tell. Before long the balls soared wildly in the air, refused to do anything but go under the net, or would not even be struck by the racket. At last Mary said in smoothe, tense tones:

“If you keep that up, Hallie Burns, I’ll make you remember it.”

“Indeed, I guess I can give you as good as you send. Maybe you’ll remember, too,” flung back the laughing Hallie and continued to taunt until “prep.” bell warned that meal-time was approaching.

Back to their rooms marched Mary and Belle, with Hallie’s voice still ringing in their ears. When they flung open their door what a scene met their eyes! From one end of the table there dripped a continued addition to a great black pool on the floor. An over-turned ink bottle lying on the rim of Mary’s most cherished note book completed the tale of disaster. Mary’s teeth shut with a click, and Belle gave a sigh for the careless Hallie who inadvertently slammed borrowed books on ink bottles.

At the breakfast table Mary was silent, nor did any of Hallie’s gay remarks seem to soften her. She alone took no part in the eager discussion of the game that on this very morning would give the championship in basket-ball to the Sophomores or Seniors. She, one of the Sophomores’ best players, was silent in the chatter about “the cup” and all the hopes of winning it.

In the same moody reverie she was going to her room to dress for the game when a light touch on her shoulder made her turn and face Miss Turner, her disciplinarian, who wished to speak with her.

“When I went for your candy this morning it was all gone. Why did you take it, Mary? I told you when it came Wednesday that you might not have it until today, and I never dreamed that you would do such a thing as take it without my permission. Explain yourself.”

“Miss Turner, I did not touch the candy.”

The stern woman treated all denials in the same incredulous manner, and ordered Mary to sit for the rest of the morning beneath the clock where the small children were punished for telling untruths.

“Only let it be this afternoon, Miss Turner. I have to—”

“No, Mary.”

“But, Miss Turner—”

“I have said no, and I mean no.”

Mary sent word that she could not play. The captain named a substitute, while the best goal man sat thinking ruefully of the game and wondering angrily who had taken the candy.

Belle saw the substitute with wondering eyes. Immediately she went in search of Mary. Still greater was her wonder at the erect little figure with the snapping, steely blue eyes. No answers at first, but big, bluff, blustering Belle had a wheedling way, and soon the story was sobbed out.

It does not take long for a girl like Belle to spread her tale, and great was the consternation of a certain Hallie when she heard it.

“I had no idea that a little fun could raise such trouble. I must find Miss Turner immediately,” and Hallie accompanied by Belle went to Miss Turner and told her how she had mischievously hidden the candy.

With many apologies Miss Turner relinquished the captive to Belle’s tender mercies, and a few minutes later a great cheer rose from the resting Sophomores when a familiar little figure clad in “gym.” suit appeared and asked the score.

“Eleven to six, for the Seniors. Play for us, Winston!”

The second half promised much more favorably for the Sophomores. Their lithe, slender little goal-man would catch the ball in its wildest flight. Gradually the score crept up until the two teams were even—fifteen to fifteen. Another score for the Sophomores made their rooters cheer like mad. Then a hard fight and, in spite of it, a Senior score.

Just a few moments more and the time will be up. Which side will break the tie? In spite of opposition down toward the Sophomore goal it goes. Mary has it—the whistle is in

the referee's hand!—she aims, she throws! Twice around the rim of the basket it circles amid breathless silence, then a bursting cheer from the victorious Sophomores drowns the referee's whistle.

But when the happy Sophomores searched for her, they found their heroine, with great, tear-filled gray-blue eyes, arm in arm with a merry sprite whose face, for once, was grave.



Musical Need of the State

Charles J. Brockmann

With all the money that is spent for pianos, pipe organs, music lessons and music books, we are not advancing the music ability of the people as a whole very rapidly, nor do those who are studying music especially, usually work by the shortest route to arrive at proficiency.

To the layman, music is an elusive thing that only the talented can grasp. Music is an exact science, divisible into the two fundamental principles of time and tune, harmony is but the combination of tones or tune, and all is governed by the time or rhythmical movement.

The idea in North Carolina today about studying music is to "take" on the piano. Music instruction is almost wholly in the hands of the neighborhood music teacher. She is doing as good work as she can, considering that her own preparation usually has been for the piano only. And the piano has done about all for the advancement of music that has been accomplished in the past twenty years.

The piano and organ have gained so much ground that they occupy a field that does not rightfully belong to them. The musical need of the State is for the children to learn to sight read vocal music. The old-time singing school has about passed out and there is as yet nothing to take its place. Music in the public schools must be extended an hundred fold and taught in the most practical way, not by rote songs, good as they are for the younger grades, but by stripping the subject down to the ground floor of "time and tune" and doing the drill work necessary to master them. Real sight readers read time unconsciously, but it requires much practice to arrive at this stage. The mastery of time movements is underrated by many music teachers. They should be worked out before a piece or song is attempted, but space does not permit the discussion of methods.

The state of mind of the people is not right for any very rapid extension of music in the schools, because they do not

know. The young women who are preparing to be teachers, with a few exceptions, have not the right idea. They hear a beautiful song or a brilliant piece and they want to learn music "in that way", not realizing that it is old "time and tune" garnished with beautiful tone, sentiment, interpretation, and a technic that can make beautiful groups of many notes to a beat. They have no patience with the old do-re-mi, and think that the professor in a seminary has some entirely different way of making music.

Italian conservatories require solfeggio or syllable singing as the foundation for all instrumental study, and in Germany even the school teachers must know it.

The musical need of the State and of the South is to extend as rapidly as possible, not just music in the schools, but music reading.

Every teacher should prepare herself to do a little daily drill in music reading. Any piano teacher will benefit both herself and the community if she will organize her bright little girls into a singing class.

When such instruction obtains throughout the State the choir seats will be filled with capable readers, the congregational singing will swell in grander volume, and the social gathering will join in concerted song.

The choral society, which is one of the most elevating institutions known to man, should flourish as it would have recruits for its membership. The student of music would have the sure foundation on which he could build to the clouds.



Book Reviews

"The Top of the Morning"

Mildred Moses, '12

The "Top of the Morning" presents to the reader various phases of life in Bohemia. The main characters are Paul and Charlotte, while those of less importance comprise six in number. Each is an artist in some different line of work, and all are congenial. Charlotte is a splendid representation of self-sacrificing motherhood. Her son is the life of the group. His fresh young enthusiasm and indomitable optimism are sources of inexhaustible wonder to his worldly elders. In Paul, we find a healthy image of true manhood. His genial kindness, keen sense of humor and warm sympathy make him irresistible. The story is skilfully told, with good touches of local color. The characters are boldly drawn; yet they are not superhumanly good or bad, they are distinctly simply human beings; but our minds cannot easily comprehend their absolute lack of convention. The marriages that take place satisfy us, except in one instance only; we are disappointed, when Paul, the lovable, marries a woman whose acquaintance we do not even make. She is merely a personality, a creature of the imagination, while to us, Charlotte has become the

"Perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command",

and yet she was

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

Still, we know her character, and realize that none other could bear a sorrow more bravely than she.

"John Marvel, Assistant"

Rebecca Herring, '12

Unlike the other novels of Thomas Nelson Page, "John Marvel, Assistant", is a story of western life. Henry Glave, the hero, of whom the book is an autobiography, has the elements of honesty, courage, impulsiveness, false pride, and stupidity, "so mixed in him" as to make him human. He is a young lawyer who turns his back upon his home and friends in the East, and goes West to begin his life anew. There he becomes interested in the charity work of his minister friend, John Marvel, and Leo Wolffert, a Jew. In spite of his struggling efforts to rise in his profession, Henry Glave deliberately opposes the principal lawyers in the city, because he believes them responsible for the evil conditions there.

He never wavers in his purpose to crush the wealthy corporations, not even when he discovers that Eleanor Leigh, whom he has "worshipped from afar", is the daughter of the railroad magnate, about whom he has published an article in one of the daily newspapers. Eleanor Leigh is the exceptional society girl. On account of her readiness to help others, especially the poor about her, she is known as "The Angel of the Lost Children".

After a long, severe struggle the fight is won. Henry Glave then marries the girl whom he first loved in the little chapel of their friend. John Marvel is still the poor assistant.

To those who have learned to know Thomas Nelson Page through his short "befoh de war" stories, John Marvel is a disappointment. However, it contains a strong moral, and the author's object, which is very obvious, is in keeping with the needs and the demands of this day of trusts. But he moralizes at too great a length to make a successful novel. There is not sufficient plot to keep one's interest from waning in the story, though not in the writer's theories. It is a book which sets its reader to thinking, not only about the trust question,

but that of true religion and the so-called High Church Christianity.

Mr. Page is decidedly at his best in his short stories of negro dialect, when he describes the conditions in his native State before the Civil War. Then it is that he writes with great pathos and understanding.





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No. 4

Fifteen years ago Bryn Mawr College started a pioneer movement. It gave the power to regulate unacademic affairs into the hands of the students, thus making the initiative for self-government in women's colleges. A few years after the students at Bryn Mawr had organized themselves into a governing body, Vassar suspended many petty rules, and granted a charter which made an association of the students responsible for "order and decorum in the buildings and on the campus". It seems strange that a crowd of practical, energetic college girls should be regulated almost entirely by public opinion and precedent; and yet this is just the situation at Smith. Organized government is noticeable chiefly because of its absence, but the spirit of the place is strictly in accord with the self-government movement. Wellesby has made a short, but most

successful trial of student rule, and although a college with a most conservative policy, has given the students practically complete control.

The condition of government in these representative women's colleges shows two very definite things: first, that college government has undergone a quiet, but nevertheless, complete revolution; and second, that such institutions have become corporations of students rather than corporations of teachers. In other words, in all affairs pertaining to things unacademic, the students hold the balance of power. Now revolutions, bloodless or otherwise, do not occur without some adequate excuse for their existence. Why, then, have the women's colleges of our country shifted the responsibility of government from an experienced faculty to a crowd of inexperienced girls? Why have the girls of America been willing to assume these additional burdens? And why the students been given the opportunity to even misuse their college days, if they so desire? It is nothing more than the world-wide instinct taking definite form—the feeling of individualism; the desire for freedom, for room to grow, the exemplification of the saying, "You can't strengthen humanity by tying its hands; it must be left free to become strong." This desire for freedom has resulted in self-government, which gives to the college girl the liberty which she wants. Self-government has invaded the colleges and has evidently come to stay. What we want to know is, does this form of college government pay for its existence—is it worth while?

In the first place self-government conforms with the general tendency of our twentieth century life. The average American girl has a large degree of freedom in her home relations. After she has reached years of discretion, and has put away childish things, she is thrown very largely upon her own resources. Her parents act as a court of last resort, to which appeal is made only when a final decision is necessary. The day of the timid, blushing, fainting maiden has gone; while our present day girl, although no less a real woman, is independent, resourceful, self-reliant. This girl goes to college; and there she finds that she is treated, not

like a baby, not like the inmate of some prison, but as a woman possessing the good sense and judgment to regulate her own affairs. Is not this in exact accord with her home training? Abnormally shielded life is unnatural and artificial, and under the old regime college life was deficient in just this respect.

Then we find that self-government has solved many problems which have puzzled college authorities for years. Friction has existed between teacher and pupil since the days of Diogenes and his tub; and the greatest amount of friction has been the outcome of various regulations governing conduct. Many men at many times have failed in their efforts to eliminate this friction, which has resulted in a regular game of hide and seek; the disgrace lying, not in the evasion of regulations, but in the detection of the evasion. Not even the most versatile, however, can play at hide and seek alone; and when a girl is made her own judge in matters of conduct, she is not apt to evade her own conscience. Then, too, a very strong factor enters into the question when the governing authority rests upon members of the student body. A girl may care very little for the opinion of the faculty; but she cares to a marked degree for the respect of her fellow-students. Let a student body once become indued with the idea that theirs is an honor system, and public opinion will do its perfect work. The faculty can then step aside, and rest assured that much of the friction between teacher and taught has, or will shortly, disappear.

“Subject to certain rules which are necessary for the welfare of the place as a whole, students are encouraged to try their own experiments—nay, even to make their own mistakes—in the choice of companions and activities; thereby enabling them to avoid more futile experiments, and more irreparable mistakes in after life,” says President Hadley in defining the mission of a college. The end of every college course, the goal of all college years, is called commencement—a beginning.

If this, then, is to be a beginning, the four years spent at college should be preparation for the life to come. The college performs one half of its mission well—namely, the

academic or intellectual half; but a great many institutions fail, and fail utterly, in other respects. After the four years of college life are over, will any external force compel a girl to perform certain duties? Will any bell remind her that late hours are not the best hours? Will any lady principal warn her that too much pleasure means too little work? Will any definite form of outward punishment teach her that promptness is a virtue which must be carefully cultivated? No; but it will more than likely be true that when the artificial stimuli are removed, the involuntary habits, formed through external pressure, will go with them. On the other hand, the girl who has been allowed to fight her own battle, who has learned by no gentle means to practice self-control, has made this characteristic a part of her own being, and as such will carry it through life. It is not true that "experience, like the stern lights of a vessel at sea, illumines only the path over which we have passed;" the experiments and mistakes of college days will lessen the chance for many irreparable mistakes in after life.

In the final analysis, education is worse than useless, if it does not mean higher thoughts, greater actions, more unselfish lives. In other words, character is the absolute goal of college days. This being true, anything that tends to strengthen character is worth while, and more than worth while—it is essential. Now it is a fact that self-government changes irresponsibility into responsibility, gives independence in the place of dependence, and substitutes self-reliance for reliance upon others; and this can mean nothing except an increase in strength of character.

Then in conclusion, can we, as students, afford to ignore anything which harmonizes college life with the life of the times; which settles college difficulties as nothing else can settle them; which prepares students to face life with a spirit of self-reliance and independence; and which is a large factor in character formation? Self-government means just such growth. Can we afford to ignore its claims?



Society Notes

With the Adelprians

Annette C. Munds, '10

The Adelprian Literary Society held a regular meeting on the evening of February 25th, 1910. The literary exercises, in the form of a musical, were a delight to all. Favorite piano selections were rendered by Misses Slaughter, Aycock, and Broadfoot. Among the vocal solos were, "Good-night, Little Girl, Good-night", and "Roses", by Miss Lila Justice.

At the next regular meeting, the programme was exceedingly interesting. Short stories, written by some of the society members, were read before those present. The first story, "An Untruth", read by Miss Rose Batterham, was delightful both in its setting and plot. The next two stories, "Relatives" and "A Neighbors' Quarrel", read to the Society by Misses Cora John and Alma Baker, were humorous and attractive. This evening with short stories was so greatly enjoyed that a renewal of the same at an early date is desired.

The Adelprians again met on March 19th, 1910. The literary exercises were brief, consisting of only a short story, "Edgar, the Choir Boy Invisible". This selection, written by Josephine Dodge Daskam, was well read by Miss Laura Weill. The humorous and trite sayings of the hero were fully appreciated by the members and guests of the Society.

At a regular meeting on the evening of March 25th, 1910, the Adelprians met in their society hall. Owing to the election of marshals the literary programme was dispensed with. Although regret was felt because of the postponement of these exercises, music rendered by Mrs. Albright and Mr. Brockmann gave compensation to all. Mr. Brockmann with his violin and Mrs. Albright as accompanist, played "A Hungarian Rhapsody" and Schubert's "Serenade".

Cornelian Literary Society

Elizabeth Robinson, '10

At the regular meeting of the Cornelian Society on February 25, 1910, one of the most entertaining literary programs of the year was given. Misses Myrtle Green, Mary Hunter, Fannie Gray, and Rochelle Pippin gave very interesting discussions of the following topics of the day: Peary's Proposed Expedition to the South Pole, The Masonic Memorial Hall, The Care of Diseased Birds—a new phase of the work of the Audubon Society,—and The Postal Savings Bank System.

"The play "Obstinacy", a translation from the German play by Benedix, was also presented at this meeting of the society. The cast of characters was: Ausdorf, Dora Coats; Katharina, his wife, Kate Fleming; Alfred, newly married, Lura Brogden; Emma, his wife, daughter of Ausdorf, Sara Wooten; Henry and Lizzie, Alfred's servants, Verna Leggett and Ara Jordan.

The curtain rose, disclosing the two servants, who were engaged to each other, busy setting the table for breakfast. When the task was finished, Henry in delight exclaimed: "Thank goodness, the table is set," and asked Lizzie to say it likewise. On the ground that the request was silly, she refused to say the words, and upon Henry's insistence they began to quarrel. Alfred overheard the dispute and a little later related the circumstance to Emma, his bride, remarking that such a quarrel would be impossible between them, since she would undoubtedly grant any request of his, no matter how silly it might be. As Emma seemed to question this statement, he finally asked her to repeat the words, and upon her refusal they, too, fell into a quarrel. About that time her father and mother arrived. Alfred explained the incident to them, whereupon Ausdorf advised Alfred to be indulgent and assured him that the bride, like her mother, would be broken in after awhile and fulfill his every wish. The mother objected to this, and to prove it true, Ausdorf asked her to repeat the phrase. As she also refused, they in turn lapsed into a quarrel. Finally, however, a method of reconciliation

was found, all three women repeated, "Thank goodness, the table is set," and peace was restored.

The next regular society meeting was held in the afternoon; so only a short literary program was given. Miss Gretchen Taylor told of the recent strike in Philadelphia, Miss Joy Briggs discussed the use of wireless telegraphy on moving trains, and Miss Allie Parsons gave a short summary of the life of Sidney Porter, "O. Henry", as he is so well known. This author was born in Greensboro, and has lived in New York City for a number of years, but he now intends to return to his native State and make his future home in Asheville. He ranks next to Mark Twain as a short story writer, and our State is justly proud of him.

After these delightful Current Events, Miss Annie Bruce Terry gave a very sympathetic interpretation of "The Soul of the Violin", which was enjoyed by every one.

A very interesting debate upon the query, "Resolved, That a girl should average a grade of three on her studies before being admitted to team membership", was given at the regular meeting of the society on March 25, 1910. This question had been discussed a great deal at the college during the year, and a keen interest was manifested in the debate by everyone present. The points on each side were well brought out, but the judges decided in favor of the negative. Those participating in the debate were: Edith Hassell, Chairman; affirmative, May Green, Claudia Cashwell; negative, Mary K. Brown, Elizabeth Pollard.

Besides the debate, Miss Lila Grier very pleasingly recited "Sister and I".



Y. W. C. A. Notes

Jane Summerell, '10

The old order of the Young Women's Christian Association has now changed, giving place to the new. On the first Sunday night in March the following new officers were elected: Natalie Nunn, President; Myrtle Johnston, Vice-President; Annie Maude Pollard, Secretary; Mary K. Brown, Treasurer. These have been co-operating with the retiring officers in the rearrangement of committees. It has been their object to give the places of responsibility to all-round, sane, Christian girls, who are strong leaders, and represent every class of students. Organized with this idea in view, the new cabinet is one whose influence will be felt throughout the college, and under its administration the Association looks forward to a year of large service and great usefulness.

The pioneering days of our Association are nearing their close. No longer has the organization to assume an apologetic attitude for its existence. It commands the respect, pride and loyalty of every one of its members, who now number almost the entire student body. But in many respects, we have only just begun the work. With the increase in our membership has come the problem of giving five hundred people something definite to do in the Association. Also, care has to be taken to keep before its members the Association's high ideals of Christian womanhood in order that the work may not become mechanical. These problems would be more easily solved by the help of a General Secretary; but when and how we shall get this secretary is still an unanswered question. A Bible woman for a week or so would also help us over some of our difficulties; yet here again is the problem of securing such a woman. In all the work that has been done there has been joy of fellowship with the Master in His work, not ours. We leave it with Him to cause to grow the good

seed, if any has been planted, and trust that our successors "May rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

The Missionary Committee seems to have put forth unusual efforts during these past weeks. The last Sunday night meeting in charge of this committee was led by Miss Coit, assisted by the Freshmen. The twelve missionaries from our college were presented by twelve Freshmen, who read letters from them, telling of their work on the foreign field. Other members of the class gave interesting bits of information about them and mission work in general. A large map of the world was hung in the front of the platform. Various colored ribbons were fastened to the place on the map where the missionaries were living, and these were held by Freshmen who sat on the front seats in the auditorium. After the formal part of the meeting the audience visited a missionary exhibit which was arranged in the back of the stage. The occasion was one full of interest, and we realized, as never before, the part our college is playing in the missionary enterprise.

This committee had charge of a children's party about a week ago. For the small sum of ten cents the girls were permitted to dress as children and come to the gymnasium where they hunted eggs and played the games of childhood. It was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion and the committee realized a satisfactory sum of money.

Mrs. Burton St. John, a Student Volunteer Secretary, visited the college on March 26th and 27th. She made a strong missionary appeal to the students through personal interviews, committee meetings, and an address before the student body on Sunday evening.

The teachers of the various Bible classes recently spent a very pleasant and profitable evening with Miss Strong and Miss Jamison. Miss Strong is the advisory member of the Bible Study Committee, and she arranged that the work of the past year be discussed at this meeting. The reports from

the classes were very encouraging. The most striking feature, perhaps, was the regular attendance which had been kept up in all the classes. During the evening, tea, wafers and candy were served.

The Music Committee was very busy for several weeks before Easter and its activities aroused much curiosity. This was satisfied on Easter morning when we were pleasantly awakened by the sound of Easter anthems.





Among Ourselves

Myrtle Johnston, '11

Just after dinner, February 12th, the Sophomore Class assembled around their valentine maple to celebrate its first birthday. From obscure corners of the campus they came, all of them dressed in white, with large red, heart-shaped shields on their arms, and grouped themselves around the tree in the form of a heart. The class officers gave toasts to the tree, the faculty and the other classes. Then followed a song and a yell, and they departed into the darkness from whence they came.

Mrs. Glascock, of Charlotte, N. C., Vice-President of the International Association of Music Clubs, recently gave a most interesting talk to the students at chapel exercises on school music. She emphasized the necessity for better musical instruction in the graded schools, and consequently for a much more thorough knowledge of the subjects by the teachers themselves.

The Normal College is certainly a patriotic institution. This statement is amply supported by the number of parties and other enjoyable things for which Washington's birthday furnished an excuse.

On the evening of February 22nd, the new members of the faculty gave a delightful entertainment to the other teachers. They wore colonial costumes; they danced the stately minuet; they enjoyed the dainty refreshments. In a word, they slipped away for a few hours from the prosaic routine of college life into the romantic existence of our great-great-grandmother's time.

On the Friday night following, the Freshmen gave a colonial tea in the Gymnasium. The songs and recitations

of the students were supplemented by a minuet danced by part of the faculty. Sandwiches and tea were served for refreshments.

But the best of all was an address on Washington delivered by Professor Jackson. In his humorous and interesting talk he presented to us Washington the human being in contrast with Washington the hero.

Mr. Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina, who has recently returned from a tour of Northern Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, and part of Spain, gave a very instructive address to the students March 18th. Mr. Cobb's theme was, "Happiness Through an Abiding Interest in Work is the Aim of Life." By many interesting references to the conditions of the countries which he had visited, he showed that the prosperity and welfare of every nation depends on this principle.

During the recent Tuberculosis Convention held in Greensboro, the students were fortunate in having a number of the best speakers come out to the college. Dr. Rankin, Secretary of the State Board of Health, gave a very practical and helpful talk concerning the causes and prevention of typhoid fever, and Drs. Lewis, Hutchinson and Routzahn spoke of the successful war that is now being waged against that prevalent and much dreaded disease, tuberculosis or consumption.

The celestial visitor that is soon to appear in our heavens has been heralded by a very interesting lecture given by Professor LeConte Stephens, of the Washington and Lee University of Virginia. Professor Stephens traced the history of Halley's Comet from the earliest known records, and showed at the same time the progress made in the development of this branch of astronomy. By means of lantern slides he gave a very definite notion of the appearance of the comet, of its position with regard to the earth and sun, and of the shape of its orbit. Also, in this connection was given a brief sketch of the known facts concerning the new comet called Comet A of 1910.



Exchange Department

Eunice Roberts, '10

One of the best poems which has appeared dealing with the new season is found on the first page of the College Message for March. It seems to be fairly bubbling over with joy. In the chorus of the snowdrops, violets, hyacinths, and the "millions of flowers beginning to grow", the writer has made us feel the very breath of spring. "Told by the Firelight," a story of antebellum days in the Old South, is exceptionally good. Here we have the same portrayal of the light-hearted, beautiful girl and the devoted negro mammy, which is characteristic of the stories of Thomas Nelson Page. The diction is pleasing, and almost musical in the description of that wonderful isle of long ago. "Zip," another story, begins in rather a novel manner, but is disappointing in the end. When the reader finds that it is the old well worn plot of a girl's perilous ride to save the life of her lover, all interest which has been aroused by the unusual experience of Sir Huntsman and his Diana of the Chase, is lost.

"Aunt Dinah Speaks," a story in the March Criterion, is excellent not because of its plot, for it has little, but because of its droll wit and humor. The old negro gives us a true picture of human nature in her indignant recital of how she sent her daughter home from Mrs. Wilber's "cause dat yaller Mitchell gal gotter talkin' bout Lucy Ellen a-stealing". The essay, "Romeo and Juliet," is less praiseworthy. The writer knows her subject, but has failed to put her knowledge in any readable shape. There seems to be no outline, merely a conglomeration of facts. Some of the quotations are out of place.

It is not often that we find more poetry than anything else in a college magazine, but this is true of the last Palmetto. Some of these poems are good and some are not. The first

criticism which might be offered is the inappropriateness of the first poem. No one wishes to read the "Passing of Summer" when the flowers are just beginning to bloom. We find a number of bright little sketches, but the only thing that could approach a story is "The Day She Played", and even here there is almost no plot. In spite of these deficiencies, the magazine is well worth while, if only for one essay, "The Development of Character in Pre-Shakespearian Drama". In her clear, logical treatment of the subject, showing much thought and study, the writer has given us something of real literary merit.





Library Notes

The Library

“Let there be light!” God spake of old,
And over chaos dark and cold
And through the dead and formless frame
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'er ran
The earth, uplifting brute and man;
And mind, at length, in symbols dark
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thoughts; the ages passed,
And lo! the Press was found at last!

Then dead souls woke; the thoughts of men
Whose bones were dust revived again;
The cloister's silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, today, the dead look down
The kings of mind again we crown;
We hear the voices lost so long,
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call!

—J. G. Whittier.

Complete new sets of the following authors have been added to the library recently: Page, Clemens, Goethe, Cooper.

The library has recently displayed on its bulletin board some attractive spring bulletins. These were Avery's "Violets", decorated in water colors by Miss Eugenia Harris; Wordsworth's "Daffodils", done by Miss Flora McKinnon; and a reading list on birds, with illustrations by Miss Fort of the Art Department.

A series of talks on the use of the library is being given to the students in the Department of English. It is hoped that this will result in equipping them with the ability for the intelligent use of books as tools.

“When you’re fooling in the library
And having lots of fun,
A laughing an’ a jabbering
As if you’re deaf and dumb,
You’d better watch your corners
And keep always looking out,
For the librarian’ll get you
If you don’t watch out.”



In Lighter Vein

Marea Jordan, '11

The Fate of The Early Riser

O ye who, for the sake of learning,
Do rise at break of day,
Who for the higher mark are yearning,
List to this plaintive lay.

She's not content with quickly turning
Out of bed at dawn,
But when the gentle stars are burning,
'Ere comes the rosy morn.

My doleful tale will soon be ended,
My story soon is done;
But, reader, see the moral's 'tended—
A fate that you may shun.

The very question first that student
Was asked upon exam.:
"How early, silly maid imprudent,
Did you arise to cram?"

The Cases

She's fair?
Beware!!!
Trust not those meaning glances,
Although they thrill you;
She is not trust-true,
But swayed by transient fancies.

—C. E. V., '12.

A Tragedy in Four Acts

Enter Freshman.

ACT I.

She came, she saw, she knew her fate:
Knew no peace henceforth could be hers:
Knew she must live in a continual state
Of awful anguish and sighs and tears.

Enter Jolly Junior.

ACT II.

She saw, she laughed, she plotted wiles,
To cause that Freshman pain:
She greeted her other smits with smiles
Which wrought havoc tho' all in vain.

ACT III.

But the Freshman soon grew tired
Of dancing to the tune of a smit,
So independently down she sat,
And her full resignation writ.

Conclusion.

ACT IV.

The Freshman smit sought other halls,
And quit the long vain race,
And what do you think? The end of it was,
A Freshman and Sophomore case.

—*Mary Tennent, '13.*

Echoes from the gym. while the Juniors are in charge:
Feet on hips place!
Heads replace!
Alternate toe raising!

Lucile (during the Tuberculosis Convention): "Well, I missed German lecture today."

Gladys: "Yes, but you had to hear the *germ man* lecture."

Soph.: "Our Latin for tomorrow is so hard. I have been studying the *Aeneid* all the afternoon."

Freshman: "Why, I thought you were studying Vergil."

Mary: "Miss Hill, tell us something about gay Paris."

Leah: "Gay Paris, who was he?"

Frances: "What are you reading in French?"

Elizabeth R.: "The most exciting of books. It's the *Tulipe Noire* written about William *the Orange*, you know."

Isabel: "Nan, I want your sewing notebook so I can see how to make sweet preserves."

Mabel: "Come, go to the Retreat with me, Mary."

Mary: "Thanks, but I don't believe I'm in the *mode* to go."

Prep. (to upper classman): "Oh, I hear the Episcopal girls are going to have a holiday this week to celebrate Good Friday. What day of the week does it come on?"

Dr. Gudger: "Why do people explore the deep sea bottom?"

Second Prep.: "To find better ways for travel."

Florence H.: "O, Sarah, have you gotten your new spring hat?"

Sarah T.: "No. Have you?"

Florence: "No, but you know Mrs. Weatherly is going to have her *military* opening on Wednesday."

Ask Sarah R. how she likes to walk around meditation (observation) row before breakfast.

Janet: "Have you a book with anything about Shakespeare in it?"

Amy J.: "I don't know, you might look up there in the 'Poetry of Tennyson'."

On hearing the phrase, "Wingman Haynes and West" from a freshman song, one Prep. exclaimed, "I didn't know that there was a girl in school named Wingman!"

In teaching Sunday school, "how would you develop the story, "*David* in the Lion's Den"?"—*Junior Ped.*

Miss McA.: "When you read over your day's order you will find an explanation point after position, which means you must emphasize it."

"Really, Allie is that so?"

"Yes, I *devour* it is."

"Allie, what souvenirs did the Sophs. give your class when you were a Freshman?"

"A little book called '*Cranberry*'."

Miss Snider: "What relation does William I. bear to the new German Empire?"

Freshman: "He was its great-grandfather."

Two girls made a bet on whether Eleanor H. had any curiosity or not. One asked, "Eleanor, have you any curiosity?"

Eleanor: "No. Why?"

Sarah Rich—: "Who was the lady that you were showing over the campus?"

Bonnie: "A friend of mine, from New York, Miss Brown."

Sarah: "I know Miss Brown of New York."

A gay little microbe which I once met,
Cried, "O you kid, I'll get you yet!"
I handed him bichloride and he tuck it,
And the gay little microbe kicked the bucket.

—*M. T.*, '13.

Hazel H. has to write a *biology* of Wordsworth.

A Sophomore handed in for approval an essay subject, "The Stimulus of Rebuffs". However, a few days later, after the final hockey game, she decided there was nothing to be said on the subject and so she changed it.

Nan, who was hobbling painfully along in new shoes, when asked the cause of her anguish, replied that she feared tuberculosis of the toe because her slippers were too tight to admit any air.

Miss C.: "Two books were taken by mistake from the library today."

Inquisitive Fresh.: "By Miss who?"

An earnest student of Horace, when asked by her French teacher to tell something about him, replied that "he was a very prominent Greek."

Miss Lee (very emphatically, after the calling of the roll): "I should like for every girl who is absent to present herself at my desk as the class leaves the room."

Senior (studying Geology): "What proves that the ocean bottom is irregular?"

Second Senior: "The waves."

Emily (telling the story of Othello): "Othello choked his wife with a pillow case."

Marion: "Is Othello a tragedy, or a comedy?"

"Is the noun *sweet*, proper or common?" asked Mr. M.

Miss —: "How do you know that this example is correct?"

First Prep.: "By the maxim, 'things equal to the same things are equal to each other'."

The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
 It rains, and the field is wet and smeary ;
 My thoughts still cling to the trophy cup,
 And the hopes of the past will not give up ;
 But the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ;
 Beyond today tomorrow's still shining ;
 Thy wait is the common wait of all,
 Into each fame some break must fall,
 Some hope must be long deferred.

The game is hard fought, long, and weary,
 The Juniors brave, the Freshmen cheery ;
 No score can they make, no vantage win,
 Till, time long out, at last the ball's in
 And the Juniors are sad and weary.

Be still, bold Freshmen, though you're strong
 and you're bright,
 As bold as you in their valor and might
 Come the Sophomores grim prepared for the fight,
 To win or to die they say is their right ;
 And now the Freshmen are sad and weary.

—May Hunter, '12.

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