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DANCE GIVEN BY THE SENIOR CLASS IN HONOR OF THE "RED AND WHITE" CLASSES

State Normal Magazine

VOL. XV GREENSBORO, N. C., MAY, 1911 NO. 8

Class Poem

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

We stand today as tho' upon the sands
Of an ocean's broad expanse,
And as travelers, seeking shores of other lands,
Take many a backward glance
O'er scenes and faces dear ere they embark.
So we, with ling'ring farewells ere we pass,
Stand here today, the last time as a class,
And then—depart.

Today we leave the little stream on which
We've journeyed in the past,
And with some valued stores and treasures rich
Which we have gained, at last
Begin a voyage on which far more depends
Than we can know, but which we must pursue,
And day by day gain still a broader view
Until life ends.

'Tis life itself which we have had these years,
And not, as they sometime say,
A preparation merely, for the tears
And joys that will come our way.
Then blessings on the ones who've helped us here
And taught us what from life we each should gain.
And may we by their teachings yet attain
    A nobler sphere.

We are but children playing on the shore
Of this great sea of life,
But from its depths we'll always draw far more
If we but enter in the strife,
And seek in all things this great truth to learn,
"He gains the most from life, who best can give",
Then let our motto, long as we shall live
    Be "Als Ich Kann".

*Childhood in the Country

Natalie Nunn, '11, Cornelian

How often in thinking over the achievements of our great men we have wondered what the influences were that shaped their lives. In the majority of cases we have but to turn over the pages of their biographies and find that their early environment is one of the factors that has had an important bearing upon their future work. Some of our much loved poetry has been written from the inspiration received while its authors were living in such scenes as we have pictured in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Snowbound". Another loved poet, James Whitcomb Riley, spent his early years where he had the opportunity to live close to nature every day. The great Charles Wagner received his culture from his close relationship with the growing things in God's out-of-doors, Nature plays such an important part in the development of the human mind that it is generally conceded that few men, if any, have really compassed life and understood their own beings, without a close relationship with this great teacher and friend of man.

The place of closest contact with nature is in the country. Just how many times the happy associations of childhood on the farm have warded off the blue days for the overworked business man we cannot say. But those recollections of days spent in simplicity and earnestness, days when a thought of the cool buttermilk in the spring and a basket of mother's cakes nearly made the time less wearisome to the plowman, following the long corn furrows, are now treasured with thanksgiving in many an old man's heart.

Just as the thoughts of days spent in the country bring happiness to old age, so the realities of country life bring happiness, vigor and strength to youth. "It is in the country that young life should unfold, that first impressions should be planted and children educated." It is here that the aspirations, the dreams, the noble thoughts and the fire of youth are

*The Senior essay which received the Whitsett Prize.

nourished. We find very few spoiled, discontented children in the rural districts. For the child country life means "simple thoughts, simple words, simple needs, simple pleasures, simple beauty." It is the place of calm restfulness, where he can lift his eyes to the hills, the open sky, and enjoy the health-giving sunshine; a refuge for the sensitive mind, where away from the din and uproar of cities, the soul may grow beautiful in communion with the varied moods of nature; where the "inborn craving for freedom is lost in its realization". Here is where earnest, simple days may be spent in work and play,—days in which the child may learn, through labor, the value of resolution, the use of self-control, the purpose of self-reliance, all so essential in the building of character.

In the free, open air in the country, the child has full scope for the development of his motor impulses and their direction in proper channels. There is something about the very atmosphere of the country that makes him natural in his sports. Natural living gives him a body full of vigor, which, in turn, is responsive to that instinct for play and motor expression so important in youth. He romps through fields; he walks through the dewy grass; he wades through the streams; he rises early to pick berries and to get the first apple, which has fallen during the night; and when his day's work is over, he runs and plunges into the old swimming hole.

Closely connected with the God-given impulse for play and exercise is the love for companionship of animals. This in itself is an education, especially for the country child, who has an abundance of space and whose animal companions are not limited to a small dog, a parrot and a pair of white rats. It is only the country child who has the opportunity for a variety of pets. What is home for the child who has no chickens, ducks, pigs, dogs, cows, horses and goats? The boy who leads his dog through the streets knows him not. How much happier is the bare-foot, sunburned boy, who runs free with his dog through the fields and woods! Does he not learn to be quick, as he follows on the hunting trail, and does he not increase his power to hear clearly as he listens with his dog

sniffing and running off in the direction of some sound in the woods? How much more healthy the country child grows with the dirt and the exercise which come from playing with ducks in the mudhole than his less fortunate brother who exercises with dumb bells and gets his dirt by shooting marbles on the germ covered pavement! Give the child the joy and freedom which come from spontaneous country life—the life where egotism and conceit have little opportunity to grow, and soon he will bring to the world the manhood of simple truth and virtue.

But happily for the country child, all his time is not spent in play, though in many cases his work is play. "To the work and play of childhood on the farm many men and women owe their conscious power both of conception and achievement." As an educative process the work which the country child is called upon to do is most beneficial. In the daily chores of chopping wood, digging and plowing fields the country youth finds full scope for development. Usually his work is regular, thus furnishing systematic motor training. And yet, with this regularity, there is that necessary element of variety which keeps work from becoming drudgery. Driving the cows home from pasture every day is not monotonous to country children. The everchanging sky is overhead; the hidden quail's nest is by the winding pathway; the shy rabbit jumps across the path; the cool brook is to be crossed; and blackberries are growing in the "fence locks". There can be no monotony in work, where living greenness abounds and the changing seasons bring endless delight in different forms.

Nothing gives the country boy, looking up from his plow at sunset, more pleasure than to mount his horse and ride homeward. Yes, it is the thought of the home going that marks the climax of the day. How restful it is, after the chores are done, to sit with the family at the simple evening meal! What a calm peacefulness settles over all, as the family rests in the growing darkness! Do they not have many blessings for which to be thankful and is not the early slumber sweeter, because they are laborers?

Country life fosters a sturdy independence and self-relience in *youth.* A sound discipline comes through steady

application to work, where shifting of positions is avoided. A sane, wholesome pride and sound independence is felt by the youth who plants his crop and knows that he can make a living from the soil. For, after all, is she not the "nursery of our strongest families and hardiest virtues?" Where is the country boy, who does not feel more manly, more confident in his power, to know that he can manage the horse, as he drives mother or sister to town for their shopping? There is a frankness in his manner, which has been stimulated by simple living, until he has backbone, substance and a love for real things, rather than artificialities. He learns how to become interested in a thousand common things about him. The simplicity surrounding him is conducive to the spirit of sympathy; he enjoys meeting his friends for free spontaneous entertainment; and the idea that "pleasure is not legitimate unless paid for" never enters his thoughts. There is much more pleasure to him in a big fire in the yard at night, than there is to the city child in a stuffy room, looking at moving pictures.

Then, too, this working for direct results, while developing independence of thought in the broad sense, also encougages initiative. We know that necessity is the mother of invention and it is equally true that it is the mother of creation. In the country the individuality which every child possesses, has its best opportunity for development. Here he has no shop windows displaying readymade toys; therefore he is often thrown upon his own resources. What country child has not found hours of inexpressible delight sitting under the old persimmon tree, making his own toys with an old knife? And, oh, the *joy* of the flute season to the small boy! How carefully and skilfully he learns to slip the bark and cut the notches in just the right places and with what delight he breathes into it the first notes of melody, which to him, as his *own creation,* are the sweetest music in the world.

The joys of these childhood scenes on the farm speak for themselves. They need not the eloquence of orators or the charming lines of poets to sing their praises—the beaming face, the sparkling eye reveal all. The child's life speaks

them, for the great play house of nature transforms him into the living, breathing, thinking being that his Creator intended he should be. The close factory, where millions toil almost incessantly from sun till sun, is not the place where the youth of our land should live and so develop into machines. The bustling, crowded, dirty street is no better place. Is there any suitable place for the child to grow, except among the beautiful silent influences

> "Beneath the open sky abroad,
> Among the plants and breathing things,
> The sinless, peaceful works of God?"

It is amid such scenes and surroundings that his instincts and capacities are developed into the man of rugged honesty, wholesome pride, self-reliance and sturdy indepenence.

* Ebenezer Passes

Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelphian

Uncle Billy settled back comfortably in his splint-bottomed chair, thrust his thumbs in the armholes of what had once been Colonel Anderson's dinner vest, and proceeded to give his most hospitable attention to his visitor. They were sitting under the big oak which shaded nearly the whole of the patch of yard in front of Uncle Billy's cabin. It was in April. The leaves on the big oak were still young and tender. Over in the corner of the yard where the white lilacs would bloom later on, a hive of bees were humming busily. From the open cabin door, over which hung a rusty horseshoe, came the clatter of heavy crockery, the sound of Aunt Ca'line's voice crooning some old plantation melody, and the savory smell of sizzling bacon.

They had been discussing the circus which had passed through a near-by village only a few weeks before.

"Dem circus folks sho' did git eroun' lively amongst dem trapezes," commented Uncle Billy thoughtfully.

"Dey sho' did," agreed his visitor, "but de animals beat all I eber seed. Don't you recon de elephunt's bout de curuses critter the Lawd eber made?"

Uncle Billy sniffed.

"Naw *sir,*" he said emphatically, "er elephunt ain't de curuses; dem calico-striped mules ain't de curuses; eben dem two-horned unicorns w'at dey tell about in de Bible ain't de curuses."

"Well, ef you wuz jes' nachelly trying ter hit de nail on de haid at wun lick, w'at wud you say is de curuses?" demanded Brother Jones affably.

"De curuses critter de Lawd eber turned loose," drawled Uncle Billy slowly, "is wun of dem little onery, peskisome, ebery-day gotes. I speak frum exsperence," he continued with dignity.

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* Awarded the Short Story Prize.

"Don' keep wun in de fambly, does you?" inquired the visitor after a respectful pause.

"Naw *sir,*" declared Uncle Billy with spirit, "I doesn't, but de kep' wun upter de big house er spell en hit had ebery niggah on the place lopin' roun' lak er paddy-row wuz behine him.

"De chillen got ter wantin' er gote kase Marse Benson's chillen had wun. Mis' Sallie—she's de kernel's sistah en keeps house foh him en de chillen since dere ma died—well, Mis' Sallie took er noshun dat de chillen would stay out in de sunshine mo' ef dey had er gote ter galivant er roun' wid. De kernel grumbled some—sed de fambly wus vurry lak er menagerie widout doptin' er gote. Mis' Sallie sisted dat gotes mostly sustained dere selves on w'ar grass en termater cans en sech lak. Well, de kernel nebber stands er chance w'en Mis' Sallie git straight atter him, so he ordered on en got dem chillen er gote

"I happened to be erbout de house w'en de gote com'. He wuz erbout de meastiest-lookin' critter I eber seed, en as meek as Moses. Mis' Sallie com' out ter hep' de chillen hole him in de Orfum Ersylum. De 'sylum is er cornah er de po'ltry yard whar de chillen keep dere pets. Dar wuz haf-er-dozen mof'-eatin cats, er crippled caf' en er runty pig w'en dat gote peared on de scene. He ack like he wuz plum' skeered ter def'. Got ober in de corner by hisse'f en looked so mizzable dat de chillen wuz erfeared he wuz homesick.

I hyard dem en Mis' Sallle scussin' names fah de new orfun. De chillen wuz sot on habin'er name outer de Scriptures. Dey fin'ly cided on Ebernezer, en Ebernezer"—here Uncle Billy stopped to slap his knee and chuckle softly to himself—"Ebernezer that sperit er ebil wuz called.

"Eberything went mity peaceful and lamb-lak dat day. Ebernezer mus hav' bin sorter petered out en weak at de stomach 'case hit wuz de las' peaceful day we wuz ter know fah er long time.

"Nex' mawnin' brite en early, Ca'line went out ter feed de chickens. I wuz hoeing de onion patch backer de smoke-house en wondering ef de kernel lef' de cider-jug in dar, w'en I

hyard Ca'line holler more samer dan she eber did at de monah's bench. I lit out eroun' de house ter see w'at wuz de mattah. W'en I got dar, Ca'line had loped off de scene er axshun en dar wuz er happy time in dat Orfun Ersylum. De chickens wuz huddled ergin de fence dat siperated dem frum de 'sylum en twistin' dere necks lack er crowd er wimmen w'en er new hat comes ter church. Ebernezer wuz 'parently feelin' sum bettah. In de middle er de 'sylum wuz er empty cracker box, on dat cracker box pranced de meek en lowly Ebernezer. Ebery cat sot on er siperate palin. De runty pig had er sickly grin on his face, en de yuther orfuns look lak dey thought er sto'm wuz comin' on en shelter wud look mity good ter dem.

''Purty soon Ebernezer struck out roun' de 'sylum lak er streak er lightnin'. De runty pig got pale clar back hind his years, en w'en dat gote gun ter exercute de buzzard lope, he look lak he 'spectin' er stroke enny minnit.

''Well, de long and de short ob hit wuz, Mis' Sallie suaded de kernel ter hab Ebernezer er little pen built en de back wood-lot. De yuther orfuns didn't seem ter sleep well, en de chillen got uneasy.

''I can't say Ebernezer zackly fulfilled Mis' Sallie's spectashuns bout dem termater cans. But den he didn't hav' much er chance, kase de third day dey turned him loose in de wood-lot, he up en et de kernel's new night-shirts en got so sick at dey wuz erfeard to turn him out enny mo'. Ef he didn't eat de termater cans dough, he et nearly eberything else. En drink wattah! I neber seed the lack. I had ter tote his wattah from de pump en dat gote ack lak he bin cunjured. W'en I don toted him two buckets er watah en he don' drunk 'em ebery drap, I could pick dat onery little gote up en pop him in dat same bucket en he wudn't mo' dan haf' fill hit.

''Things happened purty lively bout de big-house frum dat time on. Fah er while dey kep' Ebernezer tethered on de front lawn. He hadn't been out dar more den er week w'en er gen'man rid upter de gate en hollered fah de kernel ter com'out. De kernel went ter de gate en stood dar talkin' fah

sum time. Jes' as de gen'man wuz er bout ter start, sumpin' wrenched at de kernel's coat-tails en he wuz so tuk by surprise dat he jes' keeled ober backwards. He riz frum de groun' in time ter see Ebernezer strollin' toward de house wid er bunch er black strings trailing 'tween his laigs.

"Ebernezer sho' wuz er friendly gote. Wun day de pahson's wife com' ober ter git Mis' Sallie ter prescribe to de *Sassiety fah de Inter-venshun er Cruelty ter Animals.* She mus' hav' bin sorter skeered er Ebenezer kase I hyard her callin' him purty little lambie, en I saw her wiggle her finger at him. Now, w'en de chillen wiggle dere fingers at Ebernezer dey mean fah him ter com' en ketch dem. So Ebernezer backed dem pinted years er his'n en started fah de pahson's wif' jes lak he bin erquainted wid her all his life. De pahson's wife fergot ter run en Ebernezer had his haid down en didn't notice she wuz standin' still, so of course w'at happened wuzn't alltergedder his fault. Mis' Sallie sent de pahson's wif' ten dollars fah de Sassiety—she hadn't intended givin' but five. But de pahson's wif' not havin' anny chillen ob her own, didn't understand gotes en w'en she organized her Book Club she didn't ast Mis' Sallie ter jine in three months en dat wuz atter po' Ebernezer don' past erway.

"Wun night dey had er mity skeery time upter de big-house. Mis' Sallie woke de kernel up at two o'clock in de mawnin'. She sed dat dar wuz burglarses in de house en dat eberybody wud be kilt in dere baids. De kernel jumped up en got his gun en dey had er reglar mix-up. 'Twant long fore de kernel butted his bald-spot ergin de mantel-board lookin' fah de matches en de noise woke de chillen. Dey didn't ketch de burglar but de chillen cotch cold en nex' mawnin' de kernel look lak he had de swell-haid. While dey wuz at breakfast dey hyard er awful sturbance in Mis' Sallie's room en purty soon de closet door slammed en Ebernezer stalked in de room bleatin' lak he nebber 'spected ter hav' ernother chance. Not long atterwords, I hyard Mis' Sallie tell de kernel she wuz erfeard dat Ebernezer wuz gettin' too big fah de chillen ter play wid. En de kernel jes' kep' his mouf shet en rubbed de lump on his haid.

"Wun lubly evenin' in April, Mis' Sallie had company, Marse Benson's wife en two stylish ladies frum Bostin. Mis' Benson had on her new spring bonnit. Hit wuz wun er dese new-fangled consarns—bout de size ob er wash-tub—trimmed all in grapes en grape leaves. Mis' Salie sisted dat de ladies hav' off dere hats. Mis' Benson didn't ack lak she wanter much, but den I reckon she hated ter be keerful lak she nebber had er hat wid grapes on it afore."

"Purty soon de whole crowd went out on de east piazzer en Mis' Sallie handed roun' tea in her comp'ny chiny. I hyard Mis' Sallie telling erbout de 'sylum de ladies frum Boston laffed lak dey wuz tickled plum' ter def'. Den Mis' Benson en Mis' Sallie scussed all de yuther ladies in da naberhood. Dey wuz talkin' erbout de pahson's wife's new bonnit w'en dar wuz er sound lak all de wall-paper being ripped off ter onct en Ebernezer com' lopin' round de house wid er bunch er Mis' Benson's lubly grapes er hangin' frum his mouf. Mis' Sallie sot down her cup so hard dat de saucer rattled. She jes' seemed ter freeze right up en looked lak she did de day her watah-fall fell off de back of her haid in church en Major Cartwright picked hit up foh her. Mis' Benson wuz quality but she got mity pale. All de ladies jumped up en hurried in de house en dar saw de wust. Dem lubly grape leaves wuz scattered ter de fo' cornahs er de yearth, so ter speak. Dat gote don' et out er hole in de back er Mis' Benson's Easter hat erbout de shape of er ha'f-moon. Hit looked zackly lak wun er dese hyar ole-timey shaker bonnits w'at don' bin lef' out in de elements en want eben fit ter give ter de niggahs. Mis' Benson went home pertected frum de April sun by one er de kernel's ole pannamas.

Mis' Sallie tried to 'suade de kernel ter part wid Ebernezer, but fah onct in his life de kernel wus sot. Ennyway eberybody in de naberhood knowed erbout de pahson's wife en Mis' Benson's hat en not eben de butcher had de heart ter buy Ebernezer.

"Bout er month atter Mis' Benson's comp'ny gon' home de kernel en some mo' gen'men went on er campin'-trip, en course I went erlong. De chillen wuz ter look atter Eber-

nezer. Dey tended him faithful fah nearly er week, en den wun day dey fergot to watah him en he busted outer his pen enduring de night. Ca'line had fixed up some pokeberry ter dye her spring frock in en she lef' de stuff in de back yard in de wash-pot. Ebernezer mus' hav' bin mity thirsty en he neber wuz very perticular ennyway. Well, Ca'line didn't dye her frock nex' day kase dat po' misguided gote drunk de pokeberry juice all up, en up en died hisse'f fo' mawnin'. De chillen sed Ca'line wuzn't haf' as mad as dey thought she wud be. Dey sed dat she seemed kiner relieved and 'lowed hit wuz Providence dat made her leave dat wash-pot unkivered.

"De chillen cried en carried on jes' lak dey own brudder wuz daid. Dey 'cided ter bury Ebernezer down in de souf medder; hit wus er mity solem ercashun. Mis' Sallie wuz gone ter town so de chillen jes' borrowed some ob her handkerchiefs ter cry on—sed she always seemed so fond er "po' dear Ebernezer" dat dey wuz sho' she wudn't mind. Atter dey don' got started ter de funeral, dey membered dat hit wuz stylish ter wear vales. Mis' Sallie had hers on, so dey went up in de attic en emptied ell de ole trunks till dey foun' dere grandma's weddin' vale. Hit wuz too long, but dey whacked hit off till hit jes' totched de flo on Lil Mis'. Marse John wuz ten years ole en de bigges in de bunch so he preached de sermon. De fust thing, he read de twenty-third psalm en sed de Lawd's pra'r in concert by hisse'f kase de yuther monahs didn't know hit by heart. Atter he got through, Lil Mis' en de twins sed, "Now I lay me." Den all hands jined in singin' er song dat Marse John lined outer Ca'line's hymnbook. Dat song jes' fitted to er T. De fust lines gun sumpin' lak dis,

'Hyar I'll raise my Eb-er-ne-zer,
Hither by thy help I'm com'.'

Den Marse John called on all the relashuns en friends ob de late Ebernezer ter com en take er las' look on de remains. Lil Mis wuz de relashuns. She bein' de only wun dat had er vale, en de twins wuz de friends. De friends howled so long dat de chief monah cudn't be heard en she sed she want goner play les' de twins shet up. De twins 'lowed dat Ebernezer

'longed ter dem much as he did ter Lil Mis' en dey reckoned dey could holler eben ef dey didn't hav' on er ole raggity vale. Marse John 'tempted to ca'm de trubbled watahs by callin' on de twins ter pronounce de benediction. De twins want quite sho' w'at de benediction wuz, but dey knowed w'at hit looked lak kase dey seed de preacher do hit at meetin.' De kernel allus do hit at de table too. Leastways de twins knowed dat dey bowed dere haids at de table jes' lak dey did at church. So w'en Marse John call on 'em fah de benediction dey sed grace instead.

"De funniest thing dough," chuckled Uncle Billy softly, "wuz de tombstone dey fixed up dereselves—had de readin' all printed on wid stove-polish. De kernel purty nigh busted his sides laffin' w'en he saw hit. Hyar is de way hit read,

In lovin' remembrance
Mr. Ebernezer Anderson
De good die young.

"You see Mis' Sallie en de chillen named dat gote outer de Scriptures widout consultin' wid me or de kernel en dey got hit started out wrong. De fac' is," finished Uncle Billy solemnly, "de fac' is Ebernezer wuz er Nanny-gote."

And Uncly Billy chuckled softly to himself again as he rose and started toward the cabin from whose open door came the clattter of heavy crockery, the sound of Aunt Ca'line's voice crooning some old plantation melody, and the savory smell of sizzling bacon.

The Stage as a Mirror of Our National Life

Edith Latham, '11, Cornelian

As a mirror of national life, as a reflector of the degree of culture which a people has attained, and as a criterion of public sentiment, the stage has at all times been without an equal. If one should follow the course of this institution from its obscure Greek origin to its present permanent establishment in all civilized countries, he would find that it represented in every age the degree of each nation's advancement or decline. It is not my purpose, however, to treat the history of the drama among foreign countries, but to trace, in rather broad outline, its development in the United States, and to show that this development runs parallel with the spirit of each epoch of our history.

Beginning with the Colonial period, we find that one company of English players supplied all the theatrical amusement throughout the period of dependency. It was in 1750 that William Hallam, a bankrupt manager of Goodman Field's Theatre, conceived the idea of sending a company of players to the colonies across the seas. The result was that in 1754, a well organized band of good Thespians, each with his and her parts assigned, in the list of stock plays, which had been thoroughly rehearsed on board ship, landed in Williamsburg, Va.

The conditions of this first theatrical company was an exact reproduction of those of the age. It was an age characterized by danger, privation and poverty; as a natural accompaniment of these attributes was the dominant intellectual note of piety. Those hardy pioneers, teeming with Quaker and Puritan prejudices, looked with disapprobation upon beauty, wherever found, whether in art, literature, or external surroundings. The romance and drama were condemned as vanities; paintings and sculpture were regarded with horror as direct violation of the second commandment; admiration of personal beauty, and love of adornment in any way, was supposed to come directly from the devil. In this unwholesome

atmosphere, is it surprising that the American Company, as the intruders soon came to be called, received a frigid reception? Soon after the eventful landing, our first promoters of culture found themselves shunned and avoided; they were horribly stigmatized; from Maine to Florida they were branded as vagabonds and scoundrels. Such was the opposition from the pious that the poor, struggling company, wandering from city to city between Washington, Philadelphia, and New York would have completely perished, if it had not been for the fashionable and ungodly, whose patronage enabled them to eke out a bare existence.

In this little company of about thirteen members, it is easy to see an epitome of the early life of our people. In William Hallam, their English proprietor, who fitted them out and who wanted profit, but got none, we see the English king, who planted the colonies for revenue but was doomed to disappointment. The organization was known as a sharing scheme. In such schemes the manager has one or more shares for the reward of his trouble, one or more to pay him for the use, wear, and tear of his property; he is entitled to one or more additional shares according to his abilities or his reputation as an actor; he usually availed himself of the power which rested with him of casting plays, so as to keep up his reputation by appropriating the best or most popular parts to himself. In him therefore, we see typified the old tyrranical governor, who took advantage of his position for his own personal aggrandizement. The remaining shares, after the manager was satisfied, were to be divided among the members of the commonwealth, according to ability, professional repute, or the influence obtained by becoming a favorite with the public. Naturally the members of this association were constantly contending and wrangling among themselves, but they would always unite in a revolt against the manager; so it was with the poor, struggling colonies, continually involved in civil war, but standing together as one against the common ruler.

The whole crude system of colonial society is discernable in the early theatrical conditions. In their big, barn-like

play-houses, badly constructed and illy-equipped, we are reminded of the clumsy, flimsily built homes of the colonists; the lack of scenery reminds us of the poor bare walls of the dwelling houses; the cheap, rusty costumes, the dim lights, and poor heat suggests to us the rude, shabby and uncomfortable conditions of life.

The lack of intelligence of our forefathers can be understood from the nature of the performances. Only their most primitive instincts could be appealed to—they must be thrilled, shocked, or appalled by social scandal, murder, or crime. Shakespeare's plays were at times attempted, but they would have to be relieved between acts by light comedies or burlesques.

The lack of culture of our early days is plainly discernable in the character of the audiences. They were vulgar looking crowds, all in their work-a-day clothes, men with their hats on and their coats off, all laughing and talking boisterously, clapping their hands and stamping their feet, hissing the actors, or hurling pears, apples, or whiskey bottles at them. The orchestra, consisting of one poor old harpsicord player, lumbered on, apparently oblivious to all confusion. A copy of an old play bill will give an idea of the customs of the times:

By His Excellency's Permission
At the Theatre in Nassau Street
On Monday, the 5th day of March next, 1750, will be presented the Historical Tragedy of King Richard III!
Wrote originally by Shakespeare, and altered by Colly Cibber, Esq.
In this play is contained the Death of King Henry VI. The artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard. The murder of the Princess in the Tower. The landing of the early Richmond, and the battle of Bosworth Field.
Tickets will be ready to be delivered by Thursday next, and to be had of the printer thereof.
Pitt, 5 shillings — Gallery, 3 shillings
To begin precisely at half an hour after six o'clock, and no person to be admitted behind the scenes.

The last clause suggests an outrageous custom that the men had of crowding upon the stage during performances for the purpose of ogling the actresses.

Such were the conditions, when in 1774, on the eve of the Revolution, all performances were suddenly brought to a close by an order of the Continental Congress, prohibiting every species of extravagance and dissipation, such as gaming, cock-fighting, plays, and other expensive diversions and entertainments. Thus ended the Colonial Theatre; and the American Company took refuge in the West Indies.

When peace returned, the theatrical company crept once more from its hiding place, and knocked this time, not at the doors of a group of discordant colonists, raging with petty jealousies and prejudices, but at the door of a single nation, pulsating with the political and patriotic fervor. The doors were soon opened; every prohibitive law was repealed, and the dramatic muse entered the new world, never to leave it again.

The first quarter of a century following the Revolution is the period when both our nation and our theatre began to stand alone. Bravery mingled with fear is apparent in every phase of life. When the dramatic run-a-ways first entered Philadelphia, the place chosen at which to make an attempt to get a footing in the Republic, the people received them coldly, and with a certain degree of contempt. The legislature was then in session; it immediately took up the question as a subject of debate; heated discussions followed; every argument was used, favorable and unfavorable, from a motion to add a clause to a bill before the House for suppressing vice and immorality to the expression of a hope, "that Shakespeare, Addison, and Young may be permitted once more to enforce on our citizens the love of virtue, liberty, and morality." The first play-house, which came to be known as the "Appollo Theatre", had to be erected outside of the city limits. Gradually, however, favorable criticism prevailed; and after a time new theatres were built in the city proper, and in other cities too. These buildings were sorry-looking edifices, more like country barns than temples of the drama. They all had one large door in the centre, with windows on either side; in the interior the view from the boxes was intercepted by pillars supporting the upper tier and the roof. They were lighted by plain oil lamps without globes, rows of

which always served to light up the stage. The scenery was dingy in the extreme, representing almost entirely ancient castles and the sombre foliage of surrounding woods. Old musicians fiddled away in the orchestra as if life and death depended upon their exertions, their melodies sounding like ghostly echoes from the tomb.

Now, for the first time in our existence, we were breaking loose from English bond, and were trying to stand alone. We had hesitatingly given our tottering government into the hands of a little coterie of native monarchs. Side by side with our political potentates, native actors began gradually to rise and take their stand. Until now all of our plays had been imported from England. But there arose, in time, a desire for plays of native authorship and of local interest. John Tyler's crude productions, such as ''The Contrast'', ''May Day'', and ''Land in the Moon'', were the first attempts to gratify this desire. But a more determined and persistent effort was made by William Dunlap, who has been honored by the title, ''Father of the American Drama''. His ''Poor Soldier'', ''Father of an Only Child'', and other such productions enjoyed short-lived and partial successes. But our instinctive feeling of national inferiority led us to adopt a constitution composed of English institutions, merely adapted to Americal conditions. This same feeling led us to the abominable practise, so long indulged in, of adjusting foreign plays to native situations. In this way the plays were robbed of their original freshness; the result was a flood of clumsy, lifeless, and non-inspiring inanities.

But with the increase of political enthusiasm, the interest and influence of the theatre increased. Public attention was turned from the clearing of forests to the formation of a national government. The theatre took advantage of this change, and by introducing political elements on the stage, it drew unto its support a new class of patrons. For a time the stage became a political battle ground, whereon first Whig and Tory, later Federalist and Republican principles, and still later the slavery question met and contended. The old orchestral fiddlers were constantly in danger; for if they satis-

fied the patriotic yearnings and wild clamorings of one party, they were sure to be violently assailed by the other. This new element did not contribute much to raising the literary standard, but it greatly extended the influence of the stage, blazing the way for later achievement.

If this period of which we have been speaking was characterized by hesitancy and doubt, such a feeling was removed by the War of 1812, which revealed to us our greatness. From that time began a period of business activity and general progress.

The movement of extending the theatrical influence continued; it went hand in hand with the extension of territory. Simultaneously with the opening up of the West, and the increasing number of immigrants, came some of England's finest actors, such as Keene, Booth, McReady, and Kemble. These great foreign personalities did more toward inspiring the people with an interest and admiration for their profession than any other one influence. Their histrionic reputation preceded them and they repeated their London triumphs here. As the cities grew, the demand for theatrical entertainment increased. As this increasing demand continued, the American Company became inadequate; it divided; independent managers struck out for themselves. Along with the individual business establishments that were springing up all over the country, independent theatre companies arose. Play houses, still big and clumsy, but greatly improved, were built in every town; each town soon came to boast her own company of players. To aid these stock companies were the traveling stars, each star dependent upon local talent for all roles except her own. Of course such a system resulted in indifferent performances, carelessly studied and rehearsed.

It resulted, however, in some very fine actors. American professionals were rapidly springing up, to the surprise of their brothers from over the ocean. Forrest, Adams, Murdoch, Eaton, Davenport, and Scott, in tragedy; Burk, Chaufrau, Williams, Drew, and Florence, in comedy had made their mark, and successfully challenged English competition. American actresses, like Charlotte Cushman and Julia Dean were

formidable rivals to Fanny Kimble anl Ellen Tree. Among the great English comedians Burton and Reeve were the most prominent, but Warren and Burke held their own most successfully. Their method, however, was essentially American; it was the age of the strong and the broad; subdued force and repose, as outward signs of culture and skill, were unknown to these sons of the wilderness. They played from the standpoint of their intuitive convictions. The ranting and thundering of Forrest could be heard without difficulty in the farthest corner of those vast halls. And it is to be feared that some of Shakespeare's dainty and dignified personages were endowed with emotional strength that was quite foreign to them. In connection with theatrical extension, there is a well known family, the Chapmans, who deserve special mention, as their relation with the drama in the west was of a most unique character. The inconvenience and hardships of the profession in that section at that time is hard to be imagined. Traveling was in open wagons; acting was performed in the dining rooms of the hotels, with no background or scenery to relieve the dramatic picture; even the few theatres were not only badly lighted, but indifferently heated; the modern furnace was not scientifically discovered and during cold weather a few stoves were the only comfort for both the actors and the audience. The costumes were fairly good, but the stage appointments were of the most meager description. The Chapmans avoided their difficulties by fitting up a large boat as a theatre; they floated down the Mississippi River, stopping at the different towns along its banks and giving excellent dramatic performances. The idea was both practical and ingenious. The convenience of traveling, not only with their own company, but with their own play-house, equipped with scenery and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 500, was clearly an excellent commercial scheme. It was therefore, a great success and the Chapman Theatre Boat was always a welcome visitor.

But this upward course of the theatre was suddenly interrupted by the Civil War. Both the public and the theatre became demoralized. Speculation in government funds and

the rapid expansion of paper currency gave rise to shoddy kings and coal-oil princes, who flourished in nearly all the cities. Naturally this class demanded amusement of the coarser sort, and of course the theatre had to supply it.

For about ten years after the war the evil conditions seemed to increase. While the South lay prostrate, an unbridled spirit of mirth and revelry reigned supreme in the North. Farce, burlesque, and spectacular shows, grossly immoral and flagrantly indecent, far out-stripped the legitimate drama. Native talent could not supply the depraved appetites. From London and Paris came troops of burlesque actors and actresses, who romped and pranced and reaped rich harvests from the guilded youth and reckless speculator of the North.

But this feverish pursuit of riches and gayety was suddenly brought to an end by the collossal panic of 1873. The Americans recovered their sober senses to find themselves a changed people. The struggling nation was, at least, a united whole. By the conscientious efforts of some of the independent managers, the long disputed theatre had also become established as a permanent institution. In New York the Wallacks and Dion Baucicault were the most prominent among the uplifters and promoters of the theatrical profession. The Wallacks held to the standard English plays, which had stood the test of time. The later years of his management brought financial trouble, and Wallack was rapidly losing prestige when Dion Baucicault came to the rescue in 1870, and revived its drooping fortunes by his great dramatic skill. He readily adopted the tone of the American people, and encouraged home-made plays; quickly seeing the drift of the public taste, he at once began to minister to its wants. He was the original inventor of the sensational drama,—"Jesse Brown", or "The Relief of Lucknow", and "The Streets of New York", while they shocked the old-fashioned patrons of Wallack's, drew larger audiences to the house, and replenished the treasury. The career of William Warren, in Boston, was extraordinary. For over forty years he held the first theatrical position in that city. He was idolized by the public. Those

who enjoyed his acting when children, laughed and cried over his humor and pathos when they were in the prime of life. And to this day, whenever his name is mentioned in Boston it is accompanied with a blessing, so highly was he esteemed in private life. The Drew family and John Clarke, in Philadelphia, did much toward fixing a high standard of excellence in theatrical exhibitions. Now that the foundation was laid, the question was what course of development would be taken.

What course was taken is very evident; it was the practical, realistic course. The utilitarian element was manifest in every department of American life. In the schools, practical studies were substituted for the classics. On the stage our modern problem play had its birth. By high protective tariffs, we jealously guarded our material possessions; and by international copyright laws, we protected our dramatic talent. In the schools strict attention was given to mental conservation.

In the theatrical world Baucicault, a past master of stagecraft, established the school of naturalism; that is, subdued force took the place of violent and emotional acting, and plays were produced requiring realistic effects. The actor became quieter, more natural, and thereby more impressive.

But the greatest evidence of our practical turn of mind was the marvelous material development of our country and our stage. Our early independent business factors gave way to vast organizations of corporate associations. The local stock companies gave way to a system of combinations, of traveling companies consisting of business manager, a stage director, a star and the several other actors. In this way the actors were freed from the cares and drudgery of business, suitable characters were selected for the various parts, and there was plenty of time for preparation. So it seemed as if we were on the verge of a theatrical revolution.

But the pendulum had swung too far when in 1895, just as the government was drifting into the hands of a few ambitious men, the whole dramatic world found itself held tightly in the clutches of a few avaricious and mercenary men. Nixon and Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, Charles Frohman and Al Hayman, of Boston, and Klaw and Erlander, of New

York, formed a powerful theatrical syndicate, and became virtual dictators to all the first-class theatres of the country. Its chief weapon was its iron-clad refusal to sanction competition; it refused to book a play in any of its houses that played in an opposition theatre, and refused to book a theatre that played rival attractions. The booking agency fee was five per cent. Both theatre and playwright suffered. Mrs. Fisher was the only one who had the courage to keep her independence and she had to play in dirty, second-class plays for a long time. Of course, the best bookings were given to their own and to European productions. Aside from Frohman, who has given us some good English plays, none were of merit. Like all other big corporations, the theatre increased wonderfully in a financial way. In every city and town the theatre or opera house came to be the centrally located building, the finest in size and architecture. The demand for theatrical entertainment became so general that in the big cities may buildings were necessary. By the beginning of the twentieth century, there were in Broadway district, alone, a quarter of a hundred theatres. These theatres represented an investment of millions of dollars, they captured nightly at least thirty thousand people, they employed thousands of actors, stage hands, mechanics, ushers, scene painters, and costumes.

But commercialism is always fraught with danger and so the theatre left without honest, sympathetic guides declined artistically. Our stage became flooded with noisy, slapstick musical affairs like "Rogers Brothers' Shows", or salacious pieces like the "Soul Kiss", or that ribald obscenity, "The Girl with the Whooping-Cough." Many good patrons, who loved real art, left the theatre. Just a few years ago Mayor Gaynor was driven to the extremity of closing a New York theatre in order to protect public decency. It is true that in every industrial centre of any importance, the characteristic nightly features soon became to be the roll of carriages, the flash of jewels, the endless parade beneath the electric letters of the theatre portals at eight, the endless parade out again at eleven; and then the glare and smoke and clatter of restaurants and cafes. But what did this all represent? Did this

enthusiasm indicate an earnest striving after inspiration and culture? No; it represented the eternal hectic efforts of the tired Americans to escape Boredom, to be amused, and to be relieved of the day's hard mental strain.

But such a condition is by no means alarming; instead, it is very hopeful. A state of highly developed materialism accompanied by a low moral and literary standard must inevitably precede any real, permanent national development, and now that we have money to devote to culture and time to look deeper than the surface, a great change will soon take place in our theatrical world. Evidences of such a change are already discernable. One of the most notable is the establishment of what is known as a "theatrical anti-syndicate", for the purpose of liberating theatres. A few years ago the Shubert Brothers, artists of some distinction, realizing the great need of the American stage, united with a corporation of other independent managers and some prominent actors, as Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, David Belasco, and Lamenci; they formed a rival syndicate, established a circuit of first-class theatres in American cities, and openly revolted against the arbitrary authority and financial exactions of the New York syndicate booking agencies. Soon Klaw and Erlander realized that they had received their death-blow. The result was that more attention is now given to the artistic side of the stage; native talent is encouraged, and public taste is being developed. Direct and concrete results are what might be called visions of a real national drama in such plays as "The Lion and the Mouse", "The Witching Hour," and "The Great Divide", productions of prolific native playwrights like Klein, Fisher, and Moody. All of these plays treat of big national themes, though as yet in a paltry way. They simply forecast a brilliant future. The reception and earnest consideration of foreign plays like Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is also an excellent sign. It shows that though America is on the threshold of a great, distinct, national drama, characterized by largeness of outlook and treatment, yet it will not assume a definite shape until it has extracted all the good that other and older nations have to offer it; until we know more than our teachers, we will not abandon their instruction.

A Miser

Lucy Hamilton, '12, Cornelian

When Henry Craven died, he left his nephew, Mason Craven, a considerable sum of money. The stately and unassuming young man had merited the inheritance, for he had lived with his uncle and helped him in every way he could. At that time the people in the eastern part of the state keenly felt the effects of the War for Independence. Scarcely anyone had any money. Many of the people were in extreme poverty, and the man who had money was in a position to buy land or property at his own price.

Mason Craven was not content to "hide his money in the earth." He was ambitious and wished to increase his treasure, but he was not hasty in making speculations. After much thought, he expended one hundred dollars for two "banks ponies." These strong, tough ponies are an easy source of income, because they thrive on the beach in both directions from the cape, and are never any expense to their owners, since they feed on the salt marsh grasses. One who purchases them has only to risk the loss of the small amount they cost at first. It was this fact that helped Mason Craven decide how to spend his first money. From that time, every "penning" brought him to the beach to brand a new colt or to look after his horses.

In four years, two of the colts from his stock were nearly grown, so he decided to sell them and get the money back that he had spent for the older ponies. He was proud that his speculation did not prove a failure. When he was ready to make his first sale, he hired his nephew's son to go with him to Core Town, where ponies were in great demand. The "sharpy", a small sailboat, was then about the only means of transportation in that section of country, so the wild colts were to be carried in that kind of an open boat. It was extremely difficult to halter them and put them in the "sharpy", but they were finally lowered into the hold without injury to themselves or to the men.

The wind was contrary, so it was late in the day before the little boat reached a narrow meandering thoroughfare. The beautiful green marshes and bushes on each side of the channel made the water still. The little boat was sailing slowly, sometimes almost to the edge of the bank, when, all at once, she grounded on one side of the strait. The men placed their oars on the bank and pushed with all their might, but the boat was almost immovable. Each time she moved the least bit it was only to go on a higher part of the shoal. The men jumped overboard, placed their backs against the stern of the boat, and pushed with renewed effort. It was no use. She was immovable. They must wait for the tide to rise. The heat increased by their efforts to push the boat off was oppressive. The mosquitoes were as thick as they can be only in a marshy place.

The next day it was what the people call ''yellow calm''. Not a twig moved. To make matters worse, the fresh water on the boat gave out. Froth worked out of the corners of the ponies' mouths. The men were just as thirsty.

While they were in this miserable condition, Mason Craven's companion said to him:

''Uncle Mason, if I had as much money as you've got, I'd have this plagued place drug out. You know Congress never will appropriate any thing for deepening it.''

The quiet young man made no answer. He had been planning an easier life than it had been possible for him to lead before and during the war.

He meditated, ''If I give my money away for any cause however good, I shall always have to live a life of drudgery. Besides, if would take more money than I have to dredge out this shallow hole.''

Fortunately for the men and horses, the wind began to blow a little late in the next afternoon, and the flood tide came in. The ''sharpy'' was soon afloat, and the hearts of the men were as glad for the sake of the ponies as they were for themselves. The wind was now fair, and the little boat reached Core Town at midnight. Before they drank a drop themselves, the men watered the horses, so they would be in a good

condition for sale on the approaching day. Mason Craven was offered good prices for the ponies and sold them for twenty dollars more than he had paid for their mothers.

By the time he was ready to return home, the wind had changed again and was fair for them. They knew they would have no difficulty in going through the thoroughfare, because it would be flood-tide by the time they reached it, and the boat was lighter than when they passed through before. They were in good spirits until they reached the winding strait. Their countenances fell when they saw a "sharpy" larger than their own, loaded with slab wood, aground on the same shoal that had fastened them.

"Eh, there," said Mason Craven, "that's a pretty fix to be in. Don't you want us to leave you some water? The tide will soon be high enough to float you."

After these few words, the smaller boat quickly sailed out of sight. The two men feeling better than when they left, reached home soon after dark.

As soon as Mason Craven finished his supper he went to see the young woman to whom he was married the next week. The wedding was as inexpensive as that of the poorest girl in the village would have been. This, however, suited the bride all right, for the neighbors said she had married a fortune. Her husband was gentle and kind and she was happy for awhile. Her surroundings were much better than she had been used to, for her husband's uncle had left him a comfortable old-fashioned house in addition to the small fortune. She was proud to be mistress of such a home.

In a year or two, she became discontented. Her husband for a long time, sought in vain to find out what was the matter. At last she said to him:

"I wish you wouldn't be so stingy with your money. You have a plenty to take care of us both as long as we live. I don't want you to work so hard either, and as for my part, I work just as hard as I did when I chopped 'yah-pon' to get my clothes. Furthermore, I had just as good to eat at home as I have had since I married you. You have brought so many ginger snaps from town that people call you 'Old Cake'.

They say you're too stingy to buy nice cakes. It hurts me all over to hear you called 'stingy'."

These words sorely grieved Mason Craven, but he was not worried with his wife.

He calmly said, "I know we might live better, but we live as well as our neighbors and some better than our parents did. I think we are faring all right, and if we use all our money now we'll not have any for 'rainy days'."

From that time, Mason Craven was more discontented than his wife. He wished her to be happy, but his conscience would not let him spend more money than he thought was necessary for her pleasure. The villagers said it was a great pity that Henry Craven should have left his fortune to such a miser.

Everybody was surprised when he lent John Day, a poor straightforward young man, fifty dollars without interest, although he was under no obligation to him. When the borrower returned the money two years later, he urged the lender to put his money in a reliable bank and spend the income from it.

"Oh, I can't do that. If the bank busted up, I'd be as bad off as I used to be."

The young man went home and told his wife that he tried to get 'Old Cake' to make some more money, but could not. His wife was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church which Mason Craven usually attended, so her husband asked:

"Does Old Skinflint ever help your preacher any?"

"I think he gives him a little, now and then, for I sometimes see him speak to Brother Leary after meeting is out."

"Well, that's strange," said Agnes Lamb who was making a call. "You know several of us girls tried to raise some money sometime ago to help support a missionary in China. Mamma told me to ask Mr. Craven for some, since he had more money than anyone else in the village. I went to him and told him what we hoped to do, and he said very politely, 'Your intention, no doubt, is good, but I don't believe in missions, so I can't contribute anything'. My feelings were hurt. He made me think, like everyone else thinks, that he is too stingy to help on any cause, good or bad."

"Oh," said Mrs. Day, "no Primitive Baptist believes in foreign missions."

"Well, perhaps that explains it," said the other pleasantly.

After ten years of an uneventful married life, Mrs. Craven died. Her husband wept as one who is grieved, but people said:

"Old Skinflint is just putting on. He's glad she's dead. He's rid of what little expense she was to him."

One of her neighbors prayed, "I hope I'll never live to see him bring another wife under his roof, because poor Mrs. Craven was always so unhappy. She never had her own way."

Mr. Craven had no relatives except his nephew, so after his bereavement, he chose to live by himself. He did his own cooking, washing, scouring, and mending. He had less to eat and fewer clothes to wear. On one occasion he asked his relative's wife for a blue drilling scrap, which she needed to patch her own boy's trousers, to patch the knees of his own wornout overalls. It seemed to the people that he became a little more frugal every day. He had once agreed to sell a fine pony to a countryman, who was waiting to hoist the pony into a "sharpy". When the band was being strapped around the horse, Mason Craven said:

"I want my halter, it's a new one."

These words infuriated the purchaser, and he said, "Take your horse and the halter, too."

This was more than the miser had expected, for the halter cost only forty cents, and he had bargained to sell the pony for sixty dollars.

"Oh, I needed that money so much; I know I'll not have enough," mused the disappointed man. "What did make me so foolish?"

His thwarted hope sent him home with a greater determination to add something to his store.

"I must spend less and make more," were his constant thoughts.

Nearly everything he did added something to his treasure. After he put back the hundred dollars for which he bought

his ponies, he never took another cent from his inheritance. He sold eggs enough to support himself. The people in the village used the pulp of green walnuts and the leaves of the walnut tree to dye socks and stockings, but the poor women who came to him to get walnuts and leaves only carried the latter away. He always said,

"I can't give you my warnets; they're good to eat."

"Yes", said the poor women to themselves, "they'll save you several meals victuals."

He even sold the little dewberries that grew wild in his field. His fig trees produced more figs than any other trees in the neighborhood and he sold them all to the women of the community, who bought them to preserve. He ate some his nephew's wife had preserved and liked them very much, so she said, "I'll preserve some for you if you'll get the sugar."

"Oh dear! I can't afford it. It takes money to buy sugar."

He sold the knottiest kind of apples as well as the best ones. Whenever little boys asked him to give them some fruit, he always said, "Who gives me?"

It seemed that Mason Craven could do nothing that would not bring him an income great or small. He was just as successful on the water as he was on the land. He was a stalwart man and would have considered it a disgrace to let any man outdo him catching oysters. It was the same way with fishing. If a neighbor ever caught more than he did, he thought the fault was all his own, although the best fishermen in that section do not always make a good catch.

One morning in the fall, nearly all the "set-netters" found their nests full of blue-fish, but Mason Craven's were stationed out of the run of the school. Not a single one had struck his net, but they had captured instead, a school of fatbacks and a large number of crabs. Mr. Day sailed near the shore and saw his friend throwing the fish out.

"What's the matter, Mr. Craven? There was a big run of blue-fish last night. Did they slight you?"

"I guess they did. It'll take me a solid week to mend my nets. These old shad and crabs have ribbed them. These

fish'll ruin these hogs around here, but I don't know how to help it."

Mr. Day said to his wife when he reached home, "Old Cake looked awfully sad this morning, because he didn't catch any fish. Poor thing! He's so needy! We ought to help him."

Mrs. Day's brother came in just time enough to hear this conversation and said, "Don't tell me that. I'm on my way down there now to see if I can't get some money from Old Skinflint for the school house."

"He'll give you a little," encouraged Mr. Day.

"Yes, I'll go see him anyway."

He found the old man busy mending his nets, and saw from his unsteady hands that age was beginning to tell on him. His long beard and hicked up shoulders made one think of the patriarchs.

"Good morning, Mr. Craven," said the school committee-man. "I hear you didn't have a good catch last night, but since that does not mean so much to you, I hope you'll give me a liberal contribution for the school house."

"I wish I could give as much as anyone, but I just cannot spare more than five dollars. That will help a little, and I give it just as willingly as I would if I had folks in school."

The canvasser had not expected to get more than a dollar and a half, so he thanked the old man from the depth of his heart. Everywhere he went that day he said:

"Now, you must go down in your pockets and haul out some dough, for even Old Cake has given five dollars."

"He'll never stop grieving about it," said a boy who was canvassed.

"Yes, he will," replied the other. "I think the old fellow is sick. That is why he looks sadder than usual. You've heard of that sore on his shoulder? It's getting worse now. He fears it will give him a great deal of trouble. He says it looks worse than it feels. If it does, it feels bad."

Two weeks later Mason Craven was too sick to work. A burning pain lingered in his shoulder.

"I'll have to send for the doctor," he thought. "I may never get well. I ought to have worked harder and used less.

There'll not be more than half enough of my money. Of course the doctor will charge me more than he would anyone else, because he knows I have some money. But how much worse I need it than he does! If he cures me, I want to pay him as much as anyone else would, but I do want him to be reasonable."

The next day the old man was fevered. His whole frame ached. His nephew came to see him early in the morning and suggested that he send for the doctor.

"I know he is young an' has not had much experience, but I believe I'd call him in."

"All right," said the sick man. "Something must be done. I've got my work to do."

"I expect you've done all you ever will do," thought his nephew, and everybody else thought so too.

"I wish Mr. Craven hadn't sent for me. I'm afraid I can't help him, but I must try to do something for the old man," said the doctor as he started off.

He found him resting better than he had expected, so he talked jovially as he examined the sore. He bathed it, covered it with a thin cloth, and went out on the porch for a few minutes.

"What shall I do? If I cut that place the man may die. He may live. May God direct me! I'll do it."

He went in and with a slow, steady hand left a small gash in the sore. The next day the physician returned and found that his patient was better, so he was delighted as he thought,

"My experiment will succeed."

He cut the sore a little more, dressed it, and left confident of success.

"If it gets well in a short time, he ought to be more willing to pay me well," thought the doctor as he walked home.

Each day found the old man a little stronger. In three weeks, he was so much better that the doctor decided it was unnecessary to call more than twice a week.

One morning, two weeks later, he said, "Mr. Craven, I think you can work some today if you wish to do so."

"Oh, can I, and are you not coming any more?"

"I don't think it's necessary."

"Well, I'll settle up today. How much do I owe you?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Not so much as I expected."

The miser was never so thankful for good health before. He determined to do his best to accomplish his purpose, but not to fret and worry when his plans seemed to be thwarted.

He had not known, for a long time, the exact amount of his possession, so one afternoon when he had finished his work, he counted his money. There was more than he thought. The nickels and dimes that he had so often thrown in had wonderfully increased his store.

"There's almost enough. I'll never count it again."

Just as some people in the community expected, Mason Craven died at a ripe old age, without mentioning his money at all.

His nephew was much disappointed, for his uncle in his last years had become afraid to spend the nights at home and had staid with him. He had a large family which, the people said, lived from "hand to mouth". Everybody hoped the money would be left to him or to his oldest son. Now it was doubted whether it would ever be found or not. Two weeks after his burial his house was searched, but only enough silver was found to pay the expenses of his funeral. Then, no one knew where to look. It was supposed that the money was buried somewhere in the field, but it seemed greedy to the rightful heir to dig up the whole field.

Mrs. Day sent word that her little girl once dreamed that it was buried at the corner of his front porch by his water barrel and that the place was marked by a tuft of grass. The relative dug there, but nothing was found.

"Come on, boys," he said after the hole was covered up. "We've lived this long without any help an' I think we can stem it out to the end."

Years passed by. Everybody knew the treasure would never be found unless by chance. The Cravens ceased to care whether it was ever found or not. It almost ceased to be talked about.

One winter morning Mrs. Day's grandchildren, two sturdy boys, were sitting on the floor making robin traps. There was no one with them except their grandmother. The youngest boy told her a wonderful yarn, as he worked on his trap, and then said:

"Now grandma, you tell us one."

"I don't know any story, but I'll tell you about Mr. Craven's money. Have you ever heard about it?"

They exclaimed, "No!"

She told the story, and Guy, the older boy said, "The old wretch! He ought never to have lived."

Both the boys were disgusted with such a selfish man.

"Hurry up, Julian, and let's get some worms to bait our traps with," said his brother. "I know a place where they're as thick as your fingers. It's around some half dead fig trees."

They found as may grub worms as they needed, but it was easy to find them, so they kept on digging for more in the loose soil. Finally Julian hit something hard and broke the edge of his hoe.

"Now, that's a trick. I know papy'll be mad. I'm going to find out what the darn thing is. Maybe it's somethin' the Indians had."

A large hoe full of moist earth exposed the lid of a large clay fat jar like some his great grandmother had.

"Let's see if the whole jar is here," suggested Guy.

They dug easily until enough of the jar was uncovered for them to take hold of it. They pulled, but the ground seemed to suck to it.

"Ah, get away," said Julian. Let me dig some more."

They dug nearly all the wet sand away, and Guy stepped in the hole to pull out the jar. He did not move it.

"You're no good no way. I bet I can pull it out."

Guy knew he was much stronger than his brother, so he used all his strength and lifted the jar out of the few inches of earth still left around it.

"Now sonny, you lift it."

The younger boy could hardly raise it.

"I'll see what's in the thing. Now, what ails that lid? Give me your knife, Guy, I'll pry it off."

He stuck the knife under one edge, and the lid that had been sealed with melted beeswax popped off.

Near the top of the jar which was almost full of greenbacks, gold and silver, there was a half sheet of rough yellow paper, inscribed with these words:

"I, Mason Craven, of the County of Spalding, do give and bequeath the contents of this clay fat jar to the said County for the purpose of dredging out the thoroughfare between the mainland and Pig Island."

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* Found

Annie Goodloe Browne, '11, Adelphian

I wandered to the forest tent
All purposeless, on nothing bent,
And in its shade a flower did espy,
Bright as a star or a maiden's eye.

When I would pluck it, soft it said,
Shall I be broken but to fade?

I took it with its rootlets all
To gardens by a lovely hall,
And set it in a lovely spot,
And now its blossoms perish not.

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* Awarded prize for best translation of a German poem offered by the German Club.

The Atonement

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

Silver City was aroused to a degree unusual even at stage time. Its ordinary look of desertion was gone. The three little frame buldings which made up the town were almost hidden by the men grouped around them; only the word "Saloon" in big black letters across the front of the tallest building, could be seen. A stranger would almost have thought the men themselves in uniform, with their large white sombreros, blue overalls and sixshooters at their belts. They were talking earnestly, with evident excitement, and all impatiently trying to get a look at some specimens of ore which were being passed around. Occasionally a solitary horseman would appear, and join in the discussion without stopping to dismount.

"Hello! There's Big Jim. Let's see what he's got to say about the find," called one of the men as another rider appeared over the ridge. The newcomer, as he drew near, proved to be a man who might have attracted attention in any gathering. His whole attitude was commanding, and, straight and handsome, he sat on his horse like a general. As he reached the first little group the man swung easily out of his saddle, looking every inch of his "six foot two", as he drawled lazily, "Hello boys, what's up?" A dozen voices answered him, "A strike," "Gold," "Struck it rich," "Nugget weighed eight ounces." As "Big Jim" still seemed unmoved, the specimen was produced and handed to him, The others were gratified at last, for he dropped his bantering manner, and soon learned that the nugget had been picked up by a Mexican on a claim a few miles east of Silver City. The Mexican, it was reported, was "hard up", and ready to sell his rights.

Before there was time for more comment on the matter, a cloud of dust and a faint rumble in the distance proclaimed the approach of the stage. In a few minutes it had lumbered up to the door, and the driver shouldered his mail-bag and dis-

appeared in the little store which served also as postoffice, without deigning to answer the impatient inquiries of the men. He stayed inside, enjoying the vituperations lavished upon him, until their tone warned him that it would be best to reappear. Then in sentences as long drawn out, and round about as possible, he told them that the Mexican had "sold out to a tenderfoot and skipped," and that they had then found out that the whole story of the finding of the nugget was a fake.

The men received the news in silence, and after a while the general sentiment was voiced by an old man who, with resignation and hope in his tone at the same time, said:

"Well, that means get a move on again."

"Come on, boys, one more drink before we go. We don't know when the next chance will be," said the tall man called "Jim", as he slowly got to his feet, and the whole company followed him into the saloon. "This is my last dust. Here's good luck for all of us," he said as he drained his glass of cider, and then took a long pull at his cigar.

"I believe you'd give a mine away if you ever found one, Jim Lowrey, if you thought the other fellow was worse off than you," remarked one of the men, as he set his empty glass on the bar with a sigh.

"No, I'm not that easy, Bill," returned Lowrey. And then his drawl became even slower as he added thoughtfully, "Unless I had not treated him square in getting it." There was no time for moralizing, however, for he was recalled by "Well, Jim, what do you say do?" and a spirited discussion of ways and means followed.

Half an hour later a little cavalcade of men on horseback with a pack-horse or two in the rear, took the little trail leading west. The low rolling hills over which they passed lay brown and parched by the summer sun. A thin line of tall, bare cottonwood trees extended to the northwest, marking the course of a little stream which crept down from the mountains and sank into the sand every mile or so, as if tired of the blinding glare, yet rose again and again as if forced to seek the sun against its will. Far to the north and west the

line of mountains was unbroken, and seemed in the clear atmosphere to be only the distance of a few hours ride, but it was in reality many miles away. There was nothing to protect the men from the heat, which was still fierce, even in September; only a few slumps of mesquite and catclaw bushes, and the cactus, varying from the great Giant Cacti to the small creeping kinds which disabled any horse unwary enough to step on it, braved the scorching sun. The prospect was not a cheerful one, and the men rode in silence for some time. Lowrey, with the old man, rode silently ahead, his height distinguishing him from the rest. The others followed in groups of three or four, talking of the events of the day, or the hope of finding gold ahead.

The little group of gold seekers might have made a study for a philosopher. Each had probably a different reason for being there, but they were all alike in one thing, a dogged and even desperate determination to have their part of the gold which they felt sure would be found. The youngest member of the party, who was little more than a boy—they called him "Kid"—was thinking of the ice-cold water in the old spring at home, when he was roused by a shout from Lowrey.

Crossing the brow of a hill, they had come rather unexpectedly on the little stream they had seen in the distance. It was small and muddy, but they might not strike water again for some time, so they all dismounted to fill their canteens and let their horses drink. During the process there was much jostling and good humored banter, and the boy, who had come up last, did not find a place until most of the others had finished. The young fellow watched Lowrey as he rode slowly away, with that adoration which only a boy can give to his hero. As he stooped to fill his canteen, something shining in the shallow water caught his eye. He picked it up and turned it over in his hand, then gave a yell that brought every man in the party to his side. There was no doubt about the value of the find. On one side of the rock was a lump of pure gold. The old man waded up and down the stream; the boy looked around the place where he had found the stone;

Lowrey and the others dug with picks in the hard ground on the banks. They had been working perhaps and hour when the sun went down. Nothing had been found, and the hope was beginning to die away from their faces. There was no time for more work that day, in any case, so all agreed to camp there for the night, when they could decide what was the best thing to be done.

Their preparations for the night were simple. The boy was deputized as cook, and while he prepared their coffee, bacon and bread, the rest unsaddled their horses, unstrapped their blankets, and got out their tin plates, cups, and spoons—knives and forks were luxuries. They were too much occupied to talk during the meal, but when it was over the find of the afternoon was the all-engrossing topic. Every one had a different explanation of how the specimen came there, and why they did not find more. None seemed very plausible, however, and the men could neither agree to leave the place or to continue to work there. Lowrey had not spoken; as there came a lull in the talk he said in his quiet drawl:

"That rock didn't come from here. It's like that higher up, and must have been washed down by the flood. The thing for us to do is to go up the stream till we strike the rock that's like this. Then we can go to work."

The rest saw the practicability of this, and, as usual, fell in with his desires. They decided to "turn in" with the understanding that the next day they would begin prospecting up the stream. In five minutes every man was rolled up in his blankets, with no bed but the sun-baked earth, and no roof but the starry sky above them. They were not all asleep so soon, however, for such mental conflicts of hope and disappointment as they daily passed through were not especially conducive to slumber. The boy dreamed of his mother, and woke up to hear Lowrey muttering in his sleep. He distinguished the words, "George Howell? oh, he wasn't hurt," lazily wondered what the other was dreaming and went back to sleep.
what the other was dreaming and went back to sleep.

After a hasty breakfast the next morning, each man "struck out for himself." The old man with the horn spoon

went up the bed of the stream. He was an experienced placer miner and was reported to have once "struck it rich", but to have been cheated by an unscrupulous partner. The others, each with a pick and shovel and a small pack of provisions, started up the little river. They had now come into a rougher country and expected to spend much time in digging, so they had turned the horses loose to shift for themselves. Each man took his own trail, but the boy managed to stay somewhere near his idol. On Lowrey, the tension was beginning to tell, yet his air was still confident as he strode over the rocks, tapping one with a pick here, stopping to dig a while there.

Finally he crossed a little valley, and came upon a new kind of rock. He noticed its resemblance to that of the find, and stopped to look at it, then began to dig. A few minutes later he gave a muffled cry, and bent to examine a rock he had uncovered. There was undoubtedly a tiny bit of gold there, perhaps it was a vein. He dug away excitedly at the rock a few minutes. It was a vein,—there was no doubt of that—too small to be used, but of course it would grow larger, and, feverishly anxious to be sure, driven on by new hope, he dug away, not even stopping to take breath until he was almost exhausted. Then he threw himself down by the rock and examined it, expecting a large vein. Instead, it seemed to have become smaller. He could barely see it now. A new fear made him spring up and sieze the pick again and with a strength almost that of despair. "I must have it," he muttered, "I can't tell her I've failed." His blows came thick and fast; without stopping to see what the outcome was, he worked blindly, almost hopelessly, on. For hours he kept it up, only stopping when the setting sun warned him that it would soon be too late to see. Again he bent to examine the rocks he had broken up, but there was no gold. The little vein had run out entirely. His find was only a pocket which was utterly worthless. It took several minutes for him to realize the truth. When he did, it seemed to daze him. He staggered as if he had received a blow, and would have fallen if the "Kid" had not appeared just in time to prevent it.

The boy was breathless from running and excitement, and was almost incoherent in his eagerness.

"Brace up, Mr. Lowrey, you've got to do it," he panted. "I can't find the other fellows, they're afraid anyhow. You can do it, and you've got to. Them Cayote Mexicans!"

The boy stopped for pure lack of breath, and Lowrey sat up and looked at him in astonishment. He was fully aroused, however, and the boy in a few minutes made him realize that the gold had been found, there was no doubt about the genuineness of the strike, but the trouble was that they were not the only ones who knew of it. A party of strangers under the guidance of some Mexicans, were on the trail, and putting forth every effort to reach the ground and take up all the claims. As the boy told his story, Lowrey listened with hope again dawning in his eyes.

Before the story was fairly ended, the man was on his feet, and standing with his canteen strapped on his back, and a pick over his shoulder.

"That will do," he said, and his calm drawl was still unhurried. "I can't take time to hear the rest. Thank you, kid. I'll see that you get your share—I will get there," and his expression as he said, "So long", and strode out of sight, boded little good to anyone who should try to stop him.

That night was one which Jim Lowrey never forgot. He had not stopped to eat that day, on account of the excitement of his own find, and he was almost exhausted from lack of food as well as the conflict of emotions he had gone through with. Unmindful of it all, however, he hurried on through the darkness trying to get his bearing in order not to waste any time on a roundabout road. He was just speculating as to the whereabouts of the other party, and wondering if the boy had made a mistake, when he heard the sound of crackling bushes and rough voices behind him. He knew that they would stop at nothing and that they must not find out who he was; yet they must not get ahead of him. He stopped by a tree, thinking to let them pass in the darkness. As they came nearer, however, he heard muttered curses in Spanish, and then a man who was evidently a stranger rolled out a list

of imprecations and complaints, which it was evident that the newcomers and their guides had quarreled, and it was now a "rush" indeed, every man for himself regardless of every one else. This discovery relieved Lowrey of part of his danger. He would at least have an equal chance with the rest, and would not be set upon by the crowd.

With new hope Lowrey pushed forward. He was not using all his strength, but was wise enough to hoard it for the last desperate struggle. His long strides, however, soon left most of the adventurers far behind. Finally he could only distinguish the steps of two persons as they crashed through the dead bushes and dry leaves. Once more behind him was the sound of a heavy fall, and then of a rock as it bounded down the mountain side. As the echo dies away in the distance, Lowrey heard only one man, crunching the twigs and old logs under his feet. Something in his step made him think of an old friend with whom he had often tramped and raced in boyhood days. Lowrey grimly contrasted in his mind those races with this, and then suddenly angered to find his rival as near, he determined to throw him off. They had just come out of the woods to a more open place and a little declivity.

Gathering all his power, the big man broke into a heavy run, which was nevertheless much faster than seemed possible for one of his size. The other, apparently unheeding, did not change his place, and when Lowrey stopped to rest before climbing the next hill, he congratulated himself on being alone again in the race. The strain had told on him, however, and his breath came harder and harder as he climbed. As he neared the top, he could hear his own heart beat, and the sound of his breathing was so loud that it seemed to come from behind him. Almost involuntarily he turned, in the gradually lessening darkness a solitary figure coming forward surely, if rather unsteadily.

Before his exhausted brain had realized what it meant they had both reached the top of the hill they had struggled so hard to gain. Both stopped for a moment, and at the same instant something waving in the valley below caught their

eyes, and its meaning flashed upon them. This was their goal and without a moment's rest, plunging forward with blind desperation, they began the home-stretch. The darkness was lifting now, but the dim light only made every branch and shadow seem as impossible as the huge logs and boulders.

It was a veritable nightmare. As they stumbled on, gasping for breath, the very stones and brushes seemed to rise up to stop them. Again and again one or the other fell, only to scramble up with new determination and rush on again.

Into Lowrey's brain, half crazed by his anxiety to win, suddenly flashed a recollection of a trick he had played once in a boyish race. There was no time for thought; they were close to the bottom, and the gold must be near. Staggering as if from weakness, he actually got in front of the other man, then before his rival had time to turn aside, Lowrey half fell backwerds, striking the other with such force as to completely knock him down. Recovering himself with not even a glance behind, half running, then walking, staggering in all reality at the very last, he reached the handkerchief flag which marked the end of all his effort.

The three best claims, the full limit which one man was allowed, were of course taken. Only two others were near enough to be of any value, and with feverish haste the winner drove in his stakes. It was almost light now, and half on his knees, Lowrey was tacking up a torn sheet of paper with his name scribbled on it, when he heard slow steps behind him.

"Sorry I had to trip you, friend," he drawled, in unmistakable irony, "but all's fair in war and gold hunting, you know."

As he finished Lowrey rose to his feet and congratulated the stranger. It would have been hard to say which seemed more astounded. Lowrey recoiled a step, and threw up his hand as if to ward off a blow, as he muttered, "George Howell."

"Yes, George Howell," returned the other grimly, "and this is the second time you've ruined me. I reckon it's accordin' to your western laws, and I'll go, but watch out for the third line, Jim Lowrey. It won't be a charm for you."

The man turned on his heel with the last word, and strode away.

Lowrey stood for a long moment, his head down, his shoulders drooped. Then just as the other was about to disappear in the woods, he straightened up. "Howell," he called sharply, "come back", and there was a quiet, commanding quality in his voice which made the man addressed turn, as if unconsciously, and walked slowly back.

As the man reached the edge of the claim, he stopped, and Lowrey spoke.

"I didn't do you square in that old deal," he said, and his self command was complete, and his words unhurried. "And this one wasn't quite square either. I won't excuse either one. A man has to take his own punishment. I was drunk both times,—the first with the whiskey my father loved so well—awhile ago with the gold fever. That is all I've got to say, I reckon. This claim is yours. It ought to pay both scores. The other one belongs to the kid. If it hadn't been for him I would never have gotten here. I've put his name on it, and I'll send him to claim it. And—well, I think I'll pull my freight on."

As he ended the ghost of the old quizzical smile that had so attracted "the kid" played around his lips. He turned and walked deliberately away. The tall, straight figure, even more striking among the low bushes and knotted trees, slowly disappeared and the bright morning sun shone out suddenly, filling the forest with shadows.

To a Cocoon

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

This small, hard shape of dullest grey,
  That during all the winter's cold
Was wind-wrung from some forest tree,
  A precious secret does enfold.

The beating of the coldest sleet,
  The strong west wind with urgent plea,
The prying fingers of the frost,
  Could never know the mystery.

It took the gentle breath of spring,
  When all day through the sun's rays fell
On sweet green buds, and sweeter flowers,
  To bring the secret from its cell.

The grey shell gave its secret up:
  A butterfly in colors gay
Poised lightly with her wings spread wide,
  Lending her glory to the late spring.

Graduating Recital

On Friday evening, May 5th, 1911, Miss Huldah Slaughter, the only graduate in the music department, gave her graduating recital. She was assisted by Misses Frances Broadfoot and Agnes Wills, who gave several enjoyable vocal numbers. Miss Slaughter acquitted herself in a most creditable manner, showing great talent and skill in tone and technic. She received many beautiful flowers. The following difficult program was thoroughly and beautifully rendered:

Beethoven......Sonata, Op. 10, No. 1—(*a*) Allegro molto e con brio, (*b*) Adagio molto.

Chopin......(*a*) Two Corpses; (*b*) The Maiden's Wish.

Grieg......Aus dem Volksleben, Op. 19: (*a*) On the Mountains; (*b*) The Norwegian Wedding Procession.

Sinding......Marche Grotesque, Op. 32, No. 1.

Godard......Berceuse, from Opera Jocelyn.

Chopin......(*a*) Fantaisie-Impromptu, Op. 66; (*b*) Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1.

Smart......Over the Waters (Vocal Duet).

Chaminade......(Two Pianos) (*a*) Andante in D; (*b*) La Sevillane in A flat.

COMMENCEMENT

Sunday Services

The exercises of the nineteenth annual commencement were formally opened on Sunday, May 21st, 1911, by the delivery of the Baccalaureate Sermon. After the invocation by Rev. R. M. Williams, of Greensboro, an anthem, ''Hear, O Lord,'' was rendered. Rev. T. H. Lewis, of Westminster, Md., was then introduced by President Foust. Dr. Lewis discussed ''Human Responsibility,'' applying particularly to womanhood the attributes of hospitality, contentment, and consolation.

The farewell sermon to the Class of 1911 was preached on Sunday night in Peabody Park. Miss Myrtle Johnston, president of the graduating class, introduced the speaker, Dr. Edwin Mims, of the University of North Carolina, who spoke on ''Formal and Spiritual Aspects of Religion.''

Alumnae Meeting and Luncheon

The annual business meeting of the Alumnæ of the State Normal and Industrial College was held Monday, May 22nd, at ten o'clock in the Adelphian Society hall at the college. Mrs. J. A. Brown, of Chadbourn, delivered the annual address.

Officers of the association were elected as follows: President, Miss Annie Martin McIver; vice-president, Mrs. W. H. Hunter; board of trustees, Mrs. R. D. Douglas, Mrs. J. A. Matheson, Miss Nettie Parker.

An interesting report was made by Miss Anna Meade Michaux on her work as supervisor of elementary schools in Forsyth County.

Reports showed that fifty-five students have been aided by the loan funds, and that the sum of two thousand dollars has been added to the McIver Loan Fund. Miss Jane Summerell, of the class of 1910, was employed as field secretary

for the summer months, for raising the contributions to the McIver Loan Fund.

In all the talks, which were numerous and interesting, great stress was laid on the need of proper supervision of the health of school children, and the teaching of hygiene and sanitation in the schools.

It was decided to make Founder's Day a day for gifts to the college, and further, to have all the county associations to make their reports then.

Immediately following the business meeting, the alumnæ and visitors adjourned to the dining hall of the Spencer Building, where a delightful luncheon was served.

Class Day Exercises

On Monday afternoon of Commencement week, the Senior Class held its class day exercises in Peabody Park. In the selection of the place as well as in the program, their plans were original and were carried out in a most beautiful and unique manner.

At five o'clock, the Junior Class, carrying long chains of ivy, marched upon the stage of the outdoor auditorium and stationed themselves behind the half-square of chairs arranged for the Seniors. The Senior Class then came in, each member holding a large bunch of red carnations. As soon as they were upon the stage the green chains of ivy were handed over to them as the Juniors marched away. Miss Myrtle Johnston, president of the Senior Class, then announced that the program for the afternoon would consist of "A Tragic Comedy" in five acts, the first of these being "College Campus, 1907-1911". This consisted of the reading of the class history by Miss Ada Veile, who charmingly told us of the fortunes and misfortunes of her class during its four years here. Act II, named "Senior Hall", was made most enjoyable by the reading of the class statistics by Miss Zannie Koonce. In Act III, entitled, "In the Realms of Fancy", the class poem was given by Miss Lelia White. Act IV, consisting of a reading of the class prophecy by Miss Annie Goodloe Browne, showing the

class in 1931, then followed. This was charmingly written and presented, showing much originalty and humor in the dispensation of each member. In Act V, entitled, ''College Campus at the Eleventh Hour'', the last will and testament of the class was read, after which the Seniors sang their class song. During this, little Moulton Avery, the class mascot, drove slowly back and forth before the stage in his pony cart.

Between the acts, music was furnished by the other classes of the college, who sang their class songs.

After the exercises were over the Seniors marched away, followed by the large audience who had assembled to see them. The whole evening was a most enjoyable one, representing as it did the class that gave it.

Reading the Essays

Monday night the six representative essays were read for the Whitsett prize, which consisted this year of a full set of Shakespeare's works. Dr. Foust presented Miss Myrtle Johnston, president of the Senior class, who had charge of the program for the evening. The prize was won by Miss Natalie Nunn, of Kinston, Lenior County.

The readers and their subjects were as follows:

''The Spirit of the West''—Minnie Littman, Rowan County.

''Childhood in the Country''—Natalie Nunn, Lenoir County.

''Indian Music''—Huldah Slaughter, Wayne County.

''The Relation of College Women to Domestic Science''—May Vickery, Iredell County.

''The Poetry of Edward Rowland Sill''—Annie Goodloe Browne, Vance County.

''National Characteristics of America''—Lelia White, Vance County.

Graduating Exercises

On Thursday, May 23rd, the Class of 1911 was formally graduated. The exercises were opened by singing "America", after which President Foust introduced Governor W. W. Kitchin, who delivered the commencement address. With well chosen, forcible words the governor spoke to the graduating class. He told them of their duty to God, their neighbor, and themselves, giving them much to remember in planning their future life. Attorney-General T. W. Bickett presented the constitutions of North Carolina and the United States, with a caution both witty and wise. Rev. Melton Clark made a simple and beautiful presentation of the Bibles. Last of all, Dr. Foust presented the graduating class with diplomas and gave a few words of sound advice and hearty good wishes for the future.

Dr. Foust also announced the names of those receiving certificates in the business course and those receiving prizes in the history department. Those to whom the prizes were awarded are:

The N. W. Walker prize for the best essay on a North Carolina history subject, Bessie Jordan; J. D. Murphy prize for the best work in history during the past year, Hattie Burch; prize for the best work during the past four years, Edith Latham.

During the intervals "Carolina" was sung and delightful music furnished by the Glee Club.

Commencement Visitors

Alumnae

Fannye Royland; Clara Young; Annie Morrow; Selima Morrow; Mrs. Vance Sykes; Ella Bradley, '99; Nena Rhyme; Myrtle Robertson; Katie Kime, '10; Lillian Gray, '07; Viola Keeter, '10; Carrie Glenn, '06; Eula May Blue, '07; Grace Gill, '07; Winifred Harper, '07; Julia W. Whitaker, '07; Carrie Exum; Della D. Austin,'08; Lola J. Leslie,'09; Mrs. M.

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State Normal Magazine

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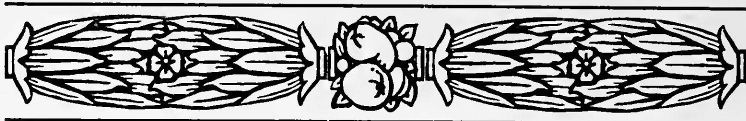
VOL. XV   MAY, 1911   No. 8

The work of the year is ended, and in retrospection we ask ourselves what has been accomplished. To review in detail our failures and successes would take too long. Suffice it to say, the greatest difficulty has been a lethargic student body. The awakening of this student body to a new and active interest in the Magazine has constituted our greatest success. To this end every possible means of making each number attractive and readable has been used.

But this is not the end. To be interested in the Magazine for itself is good; but to be interested in the welfare of the college through the Magazine is better. When a thorough, widespread and permanent interest has once been aroused, when girls become eager to express themselves on topics of moment in the community life, either by essay, point of view, or editorial, then shall the Magazine be fulfilling its true mis-

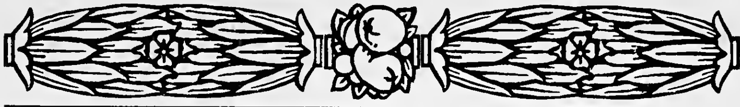
sion. In some degree this has been accomplished this year, but there is still large room for improvement. In the hands of the new board of editors we are confident not only that there will be no deterioration in the standard of the Magazine, but that great strides of progress will be made. May they have all success and pleasure in their new work.



Exchanges

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following magazines received during the year:

The Wake Forest Student, Davidson College Magazine, University of North Carolina Magazine, The Red and White, The Pine and Thistle, The Acorn, The College Message, St. Mary's Muse, The Palmetto, The Mercerian, Chimes of Shorter, The Focus, Western Maryland College Monthly, The Guilford Collegian, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Lenorian, The Converse Concept, The Laurel, The Trinity Archive, Tyleston Topics, The Sage, The Messenger, The High School Monthly, The High School Enterprise, The Park School Gazette.



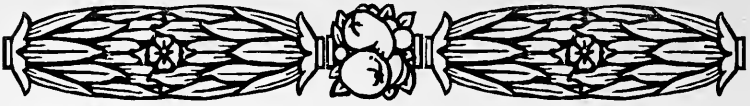
Among Ourselves

This year we have had with us for the first time the Coburn Players, coming under the auspices of the Senior Class. On the afternoon of May 13th, they played "Much Ado About Nothing" in Peabody Park. On account of bad weather, the evening performance of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" was given in the college auditorium, but their appreciative interpretation of the play was not less enjoyed by the students and visitors.

On the afternoon of May 19th, we all became children again for a few hours, at the bidding of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Graham's grade of the practice school gave a charming little May-pole dance, and then the children, big and little, all gathered about Miss Graham to hear some entertaining stories. Red lemonade and animal crackers were served and the evening ended with old-fashioned children's games.

The Senior Class was entertained several times during its last two weeks at the college. On Saturday, May 6th, they enjoyed a trip to White Oak, with Dr. Foust. On Thursday of the last week they were entertained by Mr. Norman Wills, while little Moulton Avery, the class mascot, was their host on Friday evening. On Saturday night Miss Mendenhall gave them a delightful entertainment, as they returned from a hay-ride to Guilford.

On Saturday night the Senior Class gave a series of pretty gypsy dances on the campus in front of the main building. The guests of honor were the members of the Red and White Classes, but the students and visitors shared their enjoyment.



In Lighter Vein

English teacher: "Whom did Carlyle marry?"
Answer: "Jane Austen."

English teacher: "Who was Voltaire?"
Answer: "He was a Frenchman from France."

Physical geography teacher: "What is the body of water on the inside of an atoll called?"
Answer: "It's a little island of water."

L. M.: "What is the name of the play that the Cornelians are going to give tonight?"
A. M.: "Dido."
L. M. : "Why, I thought it was Virgil's Æneid."

M. McK. (looking at the clock when both hands appeared as one) : "Why, Annie Bruce, that clock has only one *handle* this morning."

LEFT OVER FROM HYGIENE EXAM.

Q.: "What is a micro-organism?"
A.: "Something to put in a person's ear to make him hear better."

The following question was asked on history class:
"Who were the three prime ministers of England during Queen Victoria's reign?"
One of the pupils, hearing some one behind her say, "Gladstone and Shaftesbury, but not hearing the last name distinctly, burst forth triumphantly, "Gladstone and Shakespere."

A Dilemma

"Prep" rings, and turning o'er,
She hears the doleful sound;
"Get up," it says, "do hurry, child,
It does no good to frown."

But she remains in bed,
Despite the warning bell,
Until at length another toll
Awakes her from her spell.

"Ah, dreams, deceiving dreams!
You've kept me here too long—
Go to Miss Moore—dear me, dear me—
To rectify my wrong.

"I've missed my breakfast sure
And late for class besides"—
Ah! how unhappy is her fate,
Although herself she chides.

At last the summons comes,—
Miss Moore hears only facts,
But in return she merely says,
"This will not do—contracts."

So girls, beware the bell,
Obey its warning voice;
Let lessons take the place of dreams,
Be prompt, and you'll rejoice.

Alma Kornegay, Cornelian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

Cornelian

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

Adelphian

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

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Mary Tennent .... Secretary

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Margaret Faison ..... Vice-President
Ada Viele .... Historian
Lelia White .... Poetess
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E. Rose Batterham .... Critic
Zannie Koonce .... Statistician
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Sabra Brogden .... Critic

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Mildred Rankin .... Secretary
Verta Idol .... Treasurer
Sadie Rice .... Critic

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Mary Perritt .... Secretary
Irene Robbins .... Treasurer
Pattie Groves .... Critic

Y. W. C. A.

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Myrtle B. Johnston ... Vice-President
Pauline Whitley .... Secretary
Mary K. Brown .... Treasurer

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Catherine Irwin ..... V.-Pres., Senior
Mary Van Pool ..... V.-Pres., Junior
Lura Brogden ... V.-Pres., Sophomore
Margaret Smith .. V.-Pres., Freshman
Bessie Jordan .... Secretary
Mattie Morgan .... Treasurer
Margaret Wilson .... Critic