



LAWN BEHIND STUDENTS' BUILDING—THE OLD WILLOW

Class Poem

Margaret C. Cobb, '12, Adelpgian

Four years have passed since we did turn
Our steps from childhood's door,
A band of girls who'd come to learn
From out this noble store
The secret of life's journeyings.

Four years have passed, and on their tide,
With counsel true, and love,
And sympathetic aid to guide
Our doubtful steps, we strove
To solve the secret's mystery.

As here we labored, heart and will,
With Service as our goal,
We amplified its meaning still,
And each one did enroll
With Service our own Loyalty.

Through loyal service, in this time,
With loving aid untold,
We've learned from out the deeps sublime
That life's great secrets hold,
To give and, in the giving, learn.

Four years have passed; we've grown, it seems,
Within those swift-winged years
From girlhood's carefree land of dreams
With guidance none, through fears
And doubts to live our lives alone.

The years have passed and, school-days gone,
We meet in our last unity
With all our hearts to pray that one
We may forever be
In Loyalty and Service.

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The Jews in North Carolina

Hattie Motzno, '13, Cornelian

Awarded the N. W. Walker History Prize

Perhaps there are three characteristics which are most prominent in the Jew: his keen intellect, his adaptability, and his patriotism. Of these characteristics the first and last are his own peculiar inheritance, but they have been increased by circumstances. The second is purely a result of circumstances. It is due to these qualities that the Jew throughout his ages of darkness and bitterness has been able to preserve his life, and finally, in the face of ridicule and persecution, to win recognition in the world. Let us consider each one in turn and observe the development of each.

Long before the Christian era the Jew knew the value of knowledge. It was part of his religion to study the Tora. Boys four and five years of age were taught to read the Tora. The synagogues were used as schools, and even to this day they retain the name of "Schule", which means school. Thus the children received their training from the Rabbis, who, by their strict study of the Talmud, which deals with theology, law, and physiology, were as distinguished scholars as the world has ever known.

When Jerusalem was destroyed and the Jews were forced to leave their home and were scattered over the whole of Europe, they did not give up their studies. In truth the Talmud, with its comforting truths, was the only consolation left. Every Jew possessed some Talmudic treatise and often spent his leisure moments in reading it.

It was during the terrible ages succeeding the beginning of the Christian era that the training of the Jews in the "system of idle and hollow dialectics", which in former days seemed impractical, really began to show its value. Tossed about from one country to another, uncertain of the morrow, unable to participate in the public life of the Christians, he was forced to live by his keen intellect, sharpened by the strict study of the Talmud. Since no other course for livelihood was open to him, he was compelled to turn his attention solely to the acquisition of money. For almost eighteen hundred years the Jew was engaged in this occupation which resulted in the agility, the lucidity, clearness, and accuracy of his mind. It is no wonder then that he excels in business ability and to a certain degree in intellectuality. These remarkable powers during the last couple of centuries have helped to gain the Jew his present stand among the higher spirited nations.

But the intellect of the Jew would almost have been useless if he had not learned to adapt himself easily and quickly to new surroundings. For since the fall of Jerusalem he has had no real home. Hated by all nations, persecuted at every turn, tolerated in many countries only so long as he could be forced to lend great sums of money which were never returned, he was always prepared at a moment's notice to abandon his home by the king's edict and to seek his fortunes elsewhere. Time and again he was expelled from countries which for a few brief years had been his dwelling place. It was therefore necessary that he should be able to assimilate himself to new surroundings. So finally by cruel experience he has learned to fit himself to everything and to feel at ease everywhere; adaptability has become instinctive with him.

With the discovery of America new hope was given to the Jew. Thinking to escape persecution and at last to find peace, thousands left the old country to seek their fortune and find rest in the new world. Instinctively they readily adapted themselves to the strange situation. Eagerly they watched the turn of affairs, hoping that at last they had found release from persecution. Their hopes were realized beyond expectation. Gradually prejudices died out, until finally the Jew

has been put on equality with his Christian neighbor. To this new position he has shown his adaptability.

It is patriotism, however, that makes the first two faculties of any pleasure to the Jew. For patriotism makes life worth living and stimulates effort. The Jew imbibed this spirit centuries before the Christian era by his study of God's truths. In the days of Jerusalem this spirit of patriotism extended only to his God and to his own race. It is needless to recount the times that he fought for his religion and his country. During his dark ages, bereaved of his home, he still clung to the God of his fathers. Not being permitted to mingle with the Christians, he had no opportunity to show his loyal spirit to humanity. He stood alone in the world, without friend or helper. But, with the dying out of racial prejudices, the loyalty of the Jew to his country and friends has again manifested itself. To America, his second home, the country which first recognized him as a worthy child, he has proven himself a most loving patriot.

My purpose, however, is not to trace the manner in which these three especially prominent characteristics have gained the Jew recognition and praise in whole America, but only in North Carolina.

It is practically impossible to find out exactly from what European countries North Carolina received its Jewish population, how many came first, and when they arrived in North Carolina. However, there are occasional references, in the Revolutionary accounts, to certain Jews in different sections of the State. From this fact we can safely judge that there were a number of Jews prior to the Revolutionary War. The Jewish Encyclopedia states that the first Jewish settlers seemed to have come to Wilmington before the end of the eighteenth century and appear to have been an offshoot of the Charleston community. This might have been the case, but unless they settled in Wilmington before 1775, this statement is most probably not correct. For Colonel David Fanning, in his "narrative about the Rebels," gives this report:

"In 1775 Col. Thos. Fletchel, of Fairforest, ordered the different captains to call a muster and present two papers for the inhabitants to sign. On May 1st, Captain Lindley, of

Roberns Creek, sent to me, as I was sergeant of said company, to have my company warned to meet at his house the 15th of said month. I did so. * * In July, 1775, there were several advertisements set up in every part of said district that there was a very good Presbyterian minister to call at different places to preach and baptise children.

“But at appointed time instead of meeting a minister we all went to meet two Jews by the names of Silvedoor and Rapley, who after making many speeches in favor of a rebellion and using all their endeavors to delude the people away, at last presented revolution papers to see who would sign them.”

In Vol. 20 of the Colonial Records, we learn that Mr. Kaleb Koen was, in 1787, a member of the General Assembly from Pasquotank. It appears from this that Mr. Koen must have lived in the said county a good many years previous to his admission in the assembly.

In the roster of the continental line from North Carolina, there are quite a number of names of Jews who enlisted for service. I might mention here that some of them became officers in the army. Mr. Kaleb Koen, mentioned before, enlisted in 1777 in the tenth regiment and was made lieutenant of his regiment. Mr. Jno. Koen in 1778 was made corporal of the tenth regiment.

These facts prove without doubt that a number of Jews were living in the different sections of the State as early as the Revolution and probably a good many years previous to the Revolution. The names of these early Jewish settlers also give us some clue to the European countries from which they came. A great many names suggest German origin; some suggest Russian origin.

There are several points noticeable in the preceding facts to which I especially desire to call attention—first of all, the early social and political equality granted to the Jew in this State. This state of affairs is rather unusual and it is of interest to know the laws of North Carolina with regard to the granting of this equality to non-Christians.

The Fundamental Constitution, drawn up by John Locke, in 1669, informs us that Jews were given the privilege of vot-

ing and organizing churches. To their privileges the Jews held fast, and they soon showed their ability to share the responsibilities of the State by becoming leaders and officers.

The second point to which I wish to call attention is the patriotic spirit shown by the Jews even in those early days. Although they had only a short while been freed from persecution by leaving their European homes, still, thankful for their deliverance and foreseeing future peace and happiness, they immediately after their arrival were eager to show their gratitude and loyalty. They at once entered into the spirit of their new home, and once more their original nature began to reveal itself.

At the time of the Revolutionary War, a change took place in the minds of the North Carolinians with regard to the dissenters from Protestant faith. In the constitution adopted by the State in 1776 a religious test was inserted. The test reads thus:

“No person who shall deny the being of God or the truth of the Protestant religion or the Divine authority either of the Old or New Testament, or who shall hold religious principles incompatible with the freedom and safety of the State, shall be capable of holding any office or place of trust or profit within this State.”

It seems from popular opinion at that time that this test was aimed especially at the Catholics, who were becoming very numerous. Therefore we arrive at the conclusion that there must not have been a great number of Jewish settlers in North Carolina at that time. The scarcity of their number for a while made resistance impossible.

Curiously enough the test soon became worthless and meaningless. Both Jews and Catholics were elected members of the legislature, as is shown in the case of Mr. Kaleb Koen. This status of affairs continued until 1809, when the whole matter was brought again to the mind of the legislators. Jacob Henry, a prominent Jewish citizen of Carteret County, was elected in 1808 a member of the legislature from his county. In 1809 he was again chosen to represent his county in the assembly. During this second term of office, a Christian member denied Henry's right to hold a seat in the House.

Henry in answer to the attack made a most excellent defense and plea for justice. He was supported by the Hon. W. Gaston, a Catholic member of the house, and by many Protestant members who realized the absurdity of the test. Henry won his cause,—Wheeler denies this, but the truth of the statement is proven by the address of Hon. W. Gaston in the “Proceedings and Debates” of the convention of North Carolina, by the speech of Mr. Brackenridge in Philadelphia in 1828, and by numbers of others,—but his victory was not a lasting one. The test was later enforced much more rigidly.

Several years passed, during which time numerous efforts to abolish the test were defeated. The Jews, who in 1819, numbered about four hundred, united with the Catholics in an attempt to have the objectionable article removed from the constitution. Finally the General Assembly of 1833 appointed a committee to prepare a substitution for the existing article. The substitution excluded the test altogether, but the motion to insert the substitute in the constitution was rejected. However, a modification relating to a denial of the Divine authority of the New and Old Testament and of the truth of the Protestant religion, was adopted by the Assembly. The convention of 1835 was called in order to amend the constitution. The constitution was amended and from that time all the disqualifications of the Catholics were removed.

About this time the Jewish population in the State was steadily increasing. In 1858 the small Jewish community of Wilmington, by the advice and stimulation of Isaac Leeser, of Philadelphia, who was taking an active interest in the conditions of the Jews in North Carolina, circulated a petition for the removal of the disabilities. The agitation was continued over the whole State, both by Jews and Christians who were in sympathy with the Jews. Isaac Leeser continued his work of arousing the Jews of the State to make a stand for their rights. Nothing resulted from their efforts in the assembly of 1858, nor in the constitutional convention of 1861.

For a while the Civil War put an end to all consideration of the difficulties. The minds and efforts of all, both Jews and Christians, were centered in the struggle. Even during

this trying time Jewish people continued to come into North Carolina. About 1863-5 Tarboro received its first Jewish settlers. So, greater force was added to the religious struggle which after the war was carried on with greater vim than ever.

In the convention that met after the war the test was not brought up for discussion because there was no room for it. The attention of all American Jews was now arrested by struggle of the Jews in the State. They all repeatedly discussed the question and impatiently awaited the outcome of the agitation. Isaac Leaser redoubled his efforts and boldly attacked the North Carolina laws. At length the constitutional convention of 1868 abolished the troublesome article and abolished all Jewish disqualifications.

During this struggle for religious liberty, the Jews of North Carolina did not lose interest in the welfare of the State and withdraw their help and influence. They had tasted again the pleasure and happiness that comes from true citizenship and they were by no means willing to sink back into their old condition.

In 1809, when the religious struggle received its initiative, Jacob Mordecai, of German descent, began his work as proprietor of the Warrenton Female Seminary which he founded in the same year. In his youth Mr. Mordecai received a very imperfect education, but by his studious and lasting devotion to literature he became a well educated man. When he first moved to Warrenton, North Carolina, he took up the mercantile trade. But he felt that he was not suited to such a life and that his real calling was an intellectual one.

As a result, when several influential men of Warrenton proposed that he should establish in Warrenton a boarding school for young ladies he, after careful reflection, decided in favor of the undertaking. In 1809 a former residence of Mr. Mordecai's was rented and the work of turning this home into a boarding school was immediately begun. Solomon and Rachel Mordecai were given the happy privilege of assisting their father in his work. The school work was carried on with great zeal and vigor.

The results of the first final examinations held in June,

and which proved so successful, gave great encouragement for the renewal of efforts. The inhabitants of Warrenton and the country around Warrenton, delighted with the work of the school, gladly sent their daughters to receive the training which the school afforded. The school house soon became too small for adequate accommodation. So the following year a larger school house was prepared. The number of pupils increased so greatly that Mr. Mordecai was forced to advertise during the following eight years that no more pupils could be accommodated.

During the third year of its existence the school was accidentally burned. Another house being rented immediately, the work continued without much difficulty.

After ten years, during which time many hundred young girls were educated, Mr. Mordecai gave up his school work and moved to Richmond. There, after several years of suffering he died in 1838. There is no need to estimate his value to North Carolina. His work speaks for itself.

Two of Mr. Mordecai's sons remained in North Carolina and became leaders of North Carolina life. Moses Mordecai, the oldest son, for years was a leading lawyer of the State. George Mordecai settled in Raleigh, became a lawyer, railroad president, and president of the Bank of North Carolina.

Alfred Mordecai won distinction as a student of West Point. He was graduated with rank of second lieutenant in the engineer corps. After finishing at West Point he served as assistant professor of natural philosophy and engineering at West Point. From 1825-8 he was assistant engineer in charge of the construction of Fort Monroe and Calhoun. He was honored several times by government positions. He took part in the war with Mexico and was rewarded for his good service by being made a major. In 1867 he became secretary and treasurer of the Pennsylvania Canal Company.

When the Civil War broke out fifty-eight of North Carolina's Jewish sons joined the Confederate army to fight for the rights of the South. Many of these patriots lost their lives on the battle fields and in the northern prisons. Among the most distinguished Jewish soldiers were Lieutenant Louis Elias, Captain Marcus Hoffeein, appointed commissary by

General Palmer, Sergeant H. M. Phelps, Quartermaster-Sergeant Ignatius Rice, Captain J. Roessler, Sergeant J. Sellers. Albert Louis was one of our most noted Jewish officers. In the course of the war he was appointed, at the early age of nineteen, lieutenant in a North Carolina infantry regiment. He conducted himself with great courage until his death at Seven Pines. Upon a pillar on his grave at the Esquiline, near Columbus, Georgia, there stands a shell with this inscription on it: "The pride of his regiment and the bravest of the brave." He won his title from his company by a noteworthy deed in the engagement at Sewell's Point, 1861. During the engagement an eight inch shell, with the fuse still burning, fell into the company's gunpit. In a moment the young lieutenant seized the shell and dashed it in a tub of water, thus saving the lives of the men. This shell was engraved with the history of the incident and with the above inscription.

With their emancipation in 1868 the Jews began to take even a greater part in the State's progress and from this time their history is more linked with that of their Christian friends. Since there were now a good many Jews in the State, many in the different towns began to feel that it was time to establish synagogues. Wilmington, the Jewish centre, was the first to organize a congregation and in 1876 was built the first Jewish temple in North Carolina. Their example was followed by other towns. Goldsboro, Tarboro, Asheville, New Bern, and Greensboro established synagogues and the religious work of the Jews took its stand by the side of the religious work of the Christians.

As there were very few orthodox Jews in the State, most of the Jews accepted reform Judaism, which is nothing more than a broader conception of Judaism, as soon as they reached the State because they realized that orthodoxy would not fit in with the existing conditions. The orthodox services in the temples were done away with and reform services were substituted. Since reform Judaism is broad enough and liberal enough to realize the good in the religion of others who differ somewhat from its accepted views, it has ever been ready to work hand in hand with Christianity for the sake of

uplifting the State. A striking example of this is afforded in some of the mill districts of Greensboro. A number of mills are owned by a company of Jews of the city. In the mill schools which are kept up by these Jewish men for the purpose of giving proper advantages to the children of the mill districts, Christian associations are encouraged by the proprietors because of the great benefit derived from these associations. In the schools of North Carolina, the Jewish teachers use the New as well as the Old Testament during the morning exercises. Reform Judaism has learned that there is more than one right path and that each individual has a right to choose whatever path he feels is best. So, regardless of religious views, the Jews of North Carolina are doing everything in their power for human good. They give as liberally to Christian institutions as they do to their own. They give large sums to the Christian churches and organizations. They eagerly seek to lend a helping hand to everything that is useful to the State. Some give to the orphans' homes, others to the hospital funds, etc. They have indeed shown themselves loving and helpful.

The intellectual ability of the Jews has also been more noticeable during the last forty years. As a matter of fact there were not enough Jews in the State during the first half of the nineteenth century to attract particular attention to their ability to succeed in almost every undertaking. But during recent years their remarkable ability has called forth much praise.

The North Carolina Jews on the whole have directed their attention to the mercantile business, manufacturing, and to the life of traveling salesmen. There are a few jewelers and a small number of men of other occupations. They have prospered exceedingly in these lines of business. Their centuries of training in handling money have proven very valuable to them. I think I may safely say without exaggeration that they by far excel their Christian neighbors in these kinds of business. Somehow money seems to grow in their hands. They possess the knack of making everything turn out profitably. The explanation, as stated before, is their years of experience in dealing with all kinds of people. Their

minds were made alert by the necessity of careful guarding and calculation in bygone centuries. As a proof of their success, they are among the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, class in North Carolina.

The young generation of Jews is now turning its attention more and more to professional careers. Of course there were some professional Jews in North Carolina prior to this period. But as I have stated before, by far the greater majority of Jews have settled here during the last forty or fifty years. Most of them being Europeans, they could not get an education since most of the European countries did not allow Jews to enter the colleges. These Jewish people have taken advantage of the privileges granted in the State and are trying to give their children good college educations. As a result, in the rising generation we find doctors, lawyers, and teachers. These have been equally successful in their work over the State.

In their social life the Jews have been very closely connected with the Christians. They have taken a great interest in all the clubs and associations for the betterment and pleasure of North Carolina society. They take an active part in the civic clubs, book clubs, Odd Fellows Lodge, Elks Lodge, and on school boards. They have given to communities parks, baseball grounds, and have erected theatres.

Perhaps a better account of the work of the North Carolina Jews can be given by a brief sketch of some of its most distinguished Jews.

First, let us see what Mr. Nathaniel Jacobi, of Wilmington, has contributed to North Carolina. Mr. Jacobi was born in England in 1828. When a child he was brought to America by his parents, who settled in South Carolina. Mr. Jacobi made South Carolina his home until after the Civil War.

During the Civil War he enlisted in the Confederate army and held the position of quartermaster under Col. Styron. Toward the close of the war he was ordered to Wilmington for service and after the war he decided to make Wilmington his home.

A few years after his removal to Wilmington he purchased the hardware business owned by Mr. James Wilson.

When his sons became of age, he admitted them as partners in the business, which proved very successful.

While living in South Carolina Mr. Jacobi joined Jefferson Lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F. After settling in Wilmington he transferred his membership to Cape Fear No. 4, I. O. O. F. He was made Grand Trustee of the state organization and later Grand officer. He was held in the highest esteem by his townsmen and by all North Carolinians. He is called the Father of the Royal Arcanum of Wilmington, of which he was one of the organizers. He was also a charter member of several other organizations in his city. He held the position of president of the Mechanics' Home Association from the time of its organization until his death, and he was a director in the Murchison National Bank. He was one of the founders of the Jewish synagogue in Wilmington and was president of the temple.

Mr. Jacobi's greatest work, however, was done in connection with the Odd Fellows' Lodge. Possessing a great love for children, he decided that the Odd Fellows' Lodge ought to establish in the State a home for orphans. He laid his plan before the lodge and worked incessantly until finally an Odd Fellows' Orphanage was established at Goldsboro. At his death the Jacobi Memorial Building was erected at the Orphanage as a true and fitting memorial to the founder of the home.

Mr. Wittkowsky, of Charlotte, is another of North Carolina's Jewish citizens who has taken prominent stand in its history. At a social meeting of the Mutual, the Charlotte, and the Mechanics' Perpetual Associations, held at Raleigh in 1903, a movement was begun to organize a local Building and Loan Association. Mr. Wittkowsky was appointed a member of the committee to present to the several associations, at Raleigh, a plan of organization. The plan was formed and adopted. Mr. Wittkowsky was then made President of the State Building and Loan Association, which since its organization has been of the greatest value to the people of the State.

Goldsboro may well be proud of two Jewish citizens, Messrs. Solomon and Henry Weil. These two men were

originally from Germany. They came to Goldsboro when they were young men and opened up a dry goods store. By hard, honest, work they soon amassed a fortune and today they are by far the wealthiest and most prosperous business men of Goldsboro. They are the owners of four large department stores, a large cotton factory, and a vast amount of property in and near Goldsboro.

These men have used their wealth and influence well in behalf of their city. They have given a helping hand to every beneficial cause. A good many years ago Mr. Henry Weil gave the Herman Park to the citizens of Goldsboro. In recent years he contributed five thousand dollars toward the erection of the Eastern Hospital in Goldsboro, while Mr. Solomon Weil purchased a five thousand dollar lot on which to build the hospital. These are only a few of the many cases in which they have shown themselves so liberal. They have, however, done many noble deeds by far superior to those mentioned above, but will never be known to any one except those who have felt the generosity and love of these two men.

It is hardly necessary to say that they are looked upon both by Jews and Christians as leaders in industrial, religious and educational life of the town.

Now we come to the name of a man who is known over the whole State as one of North Carolina's most prominent citizens. Mr. Moses Cone was born in Tennessee in 1857. After leaving school he began his business career as a clerk in the dry goods house of Guggenheimer & Company, in Virginia. After a few years he was admitted as a partner in his father's business in Baltimore. In 1890 he organized and established in New York the Cone Export & Commission Co., which has grown into one of the largest and most successful distributors of cotton fabrics in the country.

In 1899 Mr. Cone moved the selling office of his house to Greensboro, where he and his brother, Mr. Ceasar Cone, had purchased several thousand acres of land and had begun the construction of the Proximity Manufacturing Company. Mr. Cone increased his plant until now it is the largest producer of denims in the world. Mr. Cone also owned a share in the Revolution Cotton Mills established a few years later, and also

the White Oak Mills. In this mill work he has been aided by his partners, Messrs. E. and H. Sternberger, Ceasar and Bernard Cone.

“To Mr. Cone probably more than any other one man is due the credit for the industrial activity which Greensboro assumed in the early nineties, and which has steadily grown and developed until Greensboro is today in the very forefront of the march of progress.”

Mr. Cone is known throughout the commercial world as the leader of the industrial development of the South.

In order to give the children of these mill districts a good education Mr. Cone, together with his partners, established schools which have been of greatest aid to the hundreds of children who would otherwise never have gone to school. In these schools the children receive excellent training both from their course of study and from the teachers, who are chosen with the greatest care. It was of these schools that I was speaking previously when I said that Christian associations were encouraged for the benefit of the children.

Mr. Cone's educational work was not restricted to Greensboro. Mr. Dougherty, speaking of Mr. Cone at the Appalachian Training School, said: “I remember well when I first met Mr. Cone. It was a cold day. I knocked at the door of a small cottage. I was trying at that time to raise money for the Watauga Academy. After learning the plans he said: “Yes, I will contribute to so worthy an enterprise.” Mr. Cone was also a trustee of the Appalachian Training School, toward the erection of which he gave five hundred dollars, and in which he always took the greatest interest. A few quotations from resolutions passed at his death will suffice to show the esteem and regard in which he was held by the people of Greensboro.

By Aldermen of the city: “Learned in the rules of the business world in which he was eminently successful, he yet found time to study the needs of his city and in him was found a friend by all who merited his friendship.”

Resolutions passed by Chamber of Commerce, of which he was a member: “The Greensboro Chamber of Commerce always felt that in Mr. Cone it had a true friend and a loyal

supporter, that in him the spirit of upbuilding the South as a commercial factor in the Union was ever active. His love and loyalty to Greensboro and all her interests dates its continued growth back to the day of his first coming to this city.”

Mr. Dougherty also says: “He was a leader of industry, stood for moral development, social life, and was a promoter of education. His like will not be seen in this country again.”

As a worthy tribute to him who lived to serve others, the Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital, which has already been chartered to his relatives, will be erected in the City of Greensboro.

Since Mr. Cone’s death, his business has been successfully carried on by his partners. Mr. E. Sternberger, of this city, is now president of the manufacturing company, and bids fair to make as great a man as the former president.

In concluding this brief history of the Jews of North Carolina, I must say a few words about the Jewish women of the State. They, too, have done a great work for North Carolina. And although their work has lain in a quieter path, yet it has been equally as effective as that of the men. In their home life and in their social work they have equaled the men in their service to mankind.

The Secret of the Faces

Nettie Fleming, '12, Cornelian

Awarded Inter-Society Short-Story Prize

Henrietta McLean had done a bit of thinking during the thirty or more years of her life, although her brow was not corrugated with deep furrows and she wore neither glasses or flat-heeled shoes. She was little and bird-like, and she delighted in perking her dark curly head to one side sparrow-wise, and letting her penetrating dark brown eyes take in everything about her. Not that she was a delver of deep mysteries, not at all, but she had arrived at the truth of many little things that a great many people never reach.

It was supposed that art was her particular hobby, for since she had two years before left her Southern home in the United States to keep house for her artist brother in London, she had spent a great part of her time in her brother's studio; had been admitted into his circle of artist friends; and had gradually come to act as a sort of mother-confessor to many struggling young artists. But more than her interest in their work was her interest in the artists themselves. In her severe but kindly criticisms, she often not only pecked holes, in her bird-like fashion, into the canvas of their paintings, but also into the canvas of their ideas, putting them in the way of the truth, and watching their development as they worked out some important fact.

So now that she had suddenly become absorbed in studying the work of Jim Dalton, the big western boy with the red hair and bashful manners, whom she had met at a tea in her brother's studio, nobody was the least surprised.

Her interest in this young artist had steadily grown from their first meeting when he had rather timidly told her that he was "doing a few child studies". Then, because of her kindly interest, he had suddenly expanded and taken her into his confidence, as everybody did with "Miss Henrietta", as the fellows called her.

"I have let up on my work for the last week or so," he

told her. "I have been studying Reynolds a bit—his Angel Heads, you know," smiling confusedly. "The guard at the gallery is sure that I've gone daft over that picture. Somehow it—it just fascinates me."

"It's a beautiful painting," Henrietta agreed, not knowing exactly what to say, but wanting very much to lead him on to talk further about it.

"Yes; but it isn't the beauty of it that holds me. The first time I looked at it I began to wonder what sort of bodies went with those little faces. Ever since I have been possessed with the idea. I feel that I have got to find out, and so I have been studying those angels by the hour."

Henrietta was now intensely interested. "I am sure," she said, "that if you keep on you will certainly find out the secret."

"Yes," he lowered his voice and glanced around the room to see that nobody was near, "I believe—I actually believe—that if I can keep it up long enough the Angels themselves will tell me."

"I believe that is quite possible," she had said. "I am sure that is possible."

And so she had continued to win his confidence—this awkward boy who appeared only about twenty-one or two and who was so reserved when others were around that he seldom spoke a word.

And from that conversation Jim and "Miss Henrietta", as he had come to call her now, had become great friends.

Now Miss Henrietta was walking briskly toward the National Gallery, where she was going to study very carefully the picture of the Angel Heads that Jim had talked to her about several weeks before. But this little person, very jaunty in her white serge suit and panama hat, had not the usual Miss Henrietta expression on her face. Her bright, snappy, brown, eyes wore a sober expression, and her usual smile was lacking. Plainly she was uncertain, as yet, about the rightness of the thing she was about to do. But it was not her way to remain uncertain long and by the time she came in sight of the gallery the question was settled.

"I know," she was thinking, "that it will be the making

of the man in him—and the man is more than the artist. If I can only get him going on this picture and then make him forget the picture in the idea! Of course," she smiled as she thought of it, "everybody will say he's making a big mistake. I can see them shaking their heads and saying, 'Dalton was making good with those original sketches of him. He'd better stick to 'em instead of mooning over the Angel Heads. Didn't think he was the sort of fellow to go off into dreams about an idea.'"

The gallery was empty except for a few tourists here and there. And as Miss Henrietta was entering the room where the Angel Heads was hanging she was surprised by a big laughing voice behind her remonstrating boyishly: "I say, Miss Henrietta, you do give a fellow a chase! I have been trying to catch up with you since you turned the corner."

Henrietta turned and gave Jim as hearty a handshake as her little white gloved hand was capable of giving, entering at once into his merry mood.

"What is it that is making you get up the speed of a young motor?" he demanded.

"Well, you see," she explained, "I was suddenly taken with an idea, and somewhere back in the middle ages I learned that ideas tend to go out into motor activity. So, of course, if the idea is tremendous the greater will be the motor speed! See?"

"Oh, she stoops to puns! How can you shock my opinion of you?" Jim pretended great disgust.

Henrietta was always delighted when he let himself be just his natural self. It was only lately that he had overcome his reserve even with her.

"I must notify you," she continued, "that you are in this idea of mine."

"My, I never was in anything so formidable as an idea in my life! I beg of you, relieve my suspense."

"Hear, then," she commanded. "I am about to give you a task to perform. But first show me your"—something warned her to leave off her jesting manner—"your Angel Heads."

Immediately his manner changed; the fun left his face;

the blue of his eyes grew a softer shade; a half sensitive flush spread over his face. He turned his panama about in his hands nervously and remained silent until they came up to the painting.

"I am glad," he glanced shyly around the room to see that no one was near, "that you don't call them 'a picture'—because this isn't a picture to me—not at all."

"I know," Henrietta's face likewise grew softer, "I understand that they are as real to you as I am. I have known pictures that are not pictures."

"You understand then—it isn't—er—queer to you, the way I feel about them?"

"Not in the least."

"You see, I began studying them in cold blood—began to analyze lines and colors. It was nothing to me but the head of a little girl painted in five different positions. But I couldn't go on like that. It was the—the soul in their faces that stopped me, that told me there was something more for me to grasp, to understand, besides combination of colors—besides position and all that. And then I got to thinking about their bodies—what their bodies were before they became angels, and what part they had in making that quality, that wonderful quality in their faces."

Jim stopped talking. He dropped his square chin against his tie—his hat was crushed under his arm and his hands slipped into his coat pockets. His eyes were turned toward the floor, but the look in them was far away. He continued speaking as if to himself:

"And I cannot work for thinking and thinking what is the secret of their faces. And the thought keeps coming that if I can look beneath that cloud that envelops them I will find the secret in their bodies—the secret of their wonderful expression, and the secret of their wonderful singing."

Henrietta listened and was glad of the resolve she had made. What if he did lose the chance of being a great artist. He must give this thing that was struggling in his soul a chance to be born. And she would see that he did. Not to arouse him from his thoughts too abruptly she asked him a question:

"You spoke of their wonderful singing—you have heard them sing?"

"Yes, only once. It was one afternoon last week. I remember distinctly. I had been out walking and I had given a little cripple girl some wild flowers I had gathered."

"Ah!" Henrietta turned her back quickly for fear her face would betray her excitement. "Will he see? Will he see?" she whispered.

"I want so to put them on a canvas of my own—soul, song and all," he went on. "I feel that if I did I would get at the truth, whatever it is, that I must get."

"Yes—and that is just the task I have for you. You remember I spoke of an idea? Well, I want a copy of the Angel Heads, but I want more. I want you to put bodies to them. I do truly want it," she insisted as she saw suspicion come into his face.

To hide her seriousness and to prevent his suspecting her real purpose she assumed a light manner.

"You know," whimsically shaking her head, "I told you when I was seized with an idea I left nothing undone until I realized it. Besides, I am recently come into a fortune and I feel moved to spend it quite recklessly. And more, I have a whim for the Angel Heads with bodies—even though we don't usually think of Angels with bodies—and that is sufficient."

"If you are not joking, if you truly want the picture. It has been on my mind to do it for sometime. I know I will do it sooner or later. To tell you the truth," he smiled humorously, "I have already gone so far as to copy the faces, but I couldn't afford to go on with it. Of course, now, if you want the picture, I can give up my other work for awhile."

A few people were coming into the room, so Jim and Henrietta turned to leave the building. And Jim in his absorbed manner kept talking about the proposed painting while Henrietta shot at him penetrating glances as if she were eager to see the very working of his mind as it groped around for the solution of the question that was puzzling him. To start him to work immediately on the picture, she suggested that he begin to look for a little model right away.

“Good!” he said. “Come on and walk with me to Kensington Gardens. You can help me. I have a feeling that you know already what I am trying to find out. Now don’t you?”

“Dear me, no. I don’t know what sort of bodies go with faces. I’ve never studied—whatever it is you study to find out that—anatomy, is it? The fact is, part of my reason for wanting that picture is to see just what kind of bodies you will give the angels. Tell me what you have thought about it so far.”

“Well, the expression on all of the faces is near enough alike—that is in general—for one to imagine that the bodies are somewhat alike. That is, there is enough of the same expression of sweetness, of pureness and innocence, or whatever it is that makes that soul look, for me to know that if the body does have something to do with it, then their bodies must be essentially the same.”

“Yes, of course, whatever it is that produces the expression, is in each body, since the expression is on each face,” Henrietta agreed.

“No doubt you think me foolish for not taking into consideration the history of that picture of Reynolds’ Angel Heads. I could very easily find out about the little girl whose portrait it is. But that is just what I cannot do. To me each of those angels has a distinct personality. I think of them as separate individuals. And though there is the same general tone about each face, they have different expressions.”

“I noticed that,” Henrietta said.

“You remember,” he went on, “the little one at the lower left hand side appears to be very intent on something.” Here Jim paused and smiled half earnestly, half humorously. Henrietta’s quickness caught at once his half ashamed thought.

“It is you she is intent on, of course,” she said matter-of-factly.

Jim turned quickly. “You think so, too?” he asked impulsively. Then he was encouraged to go on.

“I—er—she is the one who is most interested in my getting at this secret of expression—I feel it is the secret not only

of their faces, but of all faces—and she is the one who is going to help in the end. She is half of the time just struggling to tell me something. I have seen it quivering on her lips.

“The angel just above her is puzzled and very sad because I am not able to get at the truth of the matter. She just cannot see why I cannot see. She nearly—she just nearly breaks my heart sometimes. Once she looked almost happy. It was the day I heard the two in the upper right hand corner singing.

“That singing—sometimes I can get faint sounds of it yet. Sounds so sweet, so childish—praise songs. Praise songs indeed! The one at the bottom that looks out and far away, is least worried about me. She knows I will work out the problem in the end. She is my encouragement.”

They were entering Kensington now. It was a beautiful morning in early June and the park was full of happy children. Henrietta watched Jim as, with the eyes of a connoisseur, he scrutinized every childish face, every little body. The children of the well-to-do English families—children with fluffy hair, rosebud faces and dainty ruffles, were here taking their airing, attended by their governesses or maids. These Jim passed over with a glance, knowing that even if he found his model among them it would be impossible to get her to pose for him. But the children of the poorer class, the so-called “common people” of London, also played in the park. These Jim studied. They looked less well cared for, but still quite happy. Many of them were gleefully jumping about as they watched the toy boats skipping over the pond. As Jim watched them a look of disappointment came over his face.

“These kids are so everlastingly healthy and sturdy looking,” he finally broke out. “Not that I care for sickly angels—but these children haven’t the look. They lack altogether that ethereal, that spiritual tone of my Angels.”

“I should say so!” Henrietta agreed. “I can imagine some of these children posing for an advertisement for Mellen’s Food, but hardly for angels. Those that are not stupidly fat are impish looking. Are you sure this is the place to look for your model? There are all sorts and conditions of chil-

dren you know. There's the slums—there's Houndsditch.”

“Oh, I've thought about that. I've thought and thought. And I have come to the conclusion that the expression on the angels' faces cannot exist in an atmosphere of filth and crime—that it's impossible for that look to be on the face of any child that has had any but a beautiful and clean environment. That look must come from none but a clean soul and a whole body, a perfect body. Don't you think so?” he ended up half in doubt.

“Um-hum,” Henrietta mumbled. “I'm not thinking to-day—that's your job.”

“The horror of that slum life!” Jim shuddered. “The poverty, the half starved little bodies—how could their faces have that heaven look of my angels?”

Jim stopped talking for a few minutes, then as they took a vacant seat near by he continued speaking:

“I thought once of making some studies of childlife in the slums, but I cannot bring myself to paint anything that is utterly lacking in artistic beauty. No realism for me!”

Now here was a flaw in the canvas of Jim's ideas, but Henrietta for once refrained from pecking holes. He would get a different view when the other thing came to him. And it were best that he get this himself. She contented herself by saying only:

“Yes, but there's nothing so good as a little tonic of realism for young artists who have had attacks of idealism! Take my word for it!”

Then jumping up and pulling frantically at her watch she exclaimed in dismay, “Why, Jim Dalton, why didn't you tell me it was way past luncheon time! I promised my brother that he surely would not have to lunch alone today. He hates it so!”

Jim walked by her side on the way to her home, listening not at all to her gay chatter. He was thinking of what she had said about a tonic of realism. He was sure now from her manner that she did not agree with what he had said about the angel bodies. He looked searchingly at her and became more convinced that she cared nothing for the picture she had asked him to do; that she had already formed her idea of the little

bodies and that she was trying to bring him to some truth which he could not see. No, she did not care for that painting; she cared for his own development. And he clinched his hands and pressed his lips together tightly as he vowed his determination to grasp the secret of the faces, and thereby get at the truth, in order that she might not be disappointed in him.

Leaving her at her home, Jim went at once to a nearby restaurant where he had a very hasty luncheon. Then he went directly to his apartments in Warwick Mansions on Cromwell Crescent, where he had a very unpretentious studio and bedroom.

Going into his studio he pulled a chair up before a large canvas on which was an almost faultless copy of the Angel Heads. Sitting motionless with his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, Jim gazed at the faces, trying to fix in his mind a picture of the bodies that should go with them.

The afternoon passed and still he was not satisfied. The only image that would come to his mind was that of a fairy form, perfect, symmetrical, beautiful—but still he was not content. Suddenly he sat up straight; then seizing his hat he rushed out.

“The angels will tell me,” he muttered. “They will surely let me know now.”

He reached the gallery just as Joe, the good-natured guard, was closing up.

“Here, Joe,” he said, slipping a few shillings into his hand. “Just this once—there’s a good fellow.” And Joe, grinning half guiltily, let him in.

The light was yet quite good so that Jim, dropping down on a seat some distance in front of the painting, could see the expression of each face. Leaning forward he looked eagerly, hopefully into the eyes of the angels; but as he looked all of the hope left his own face.

“I am off the track,” he whispered, “off the track.”

Each face in the painting grew sadder. The two whom he had heard singing, appeared to have stopped altogether. He saw the little one at the upper left hand corner, shake her head thoughtfully, sorrowfully; her face grew more and more

puzzled as if she were trying to understand his strange lack of understanding. Then, he could have sworn it, he heard them whispering among themselves, making doleful little murmurings. He kept his eyes constantly turned toward the one that he knew would help him. The light was growing dim, but he distinctly saw her toss back the fair hair that hung about her face in straight locks—saw her toss it back with a determined air. Her wide inquiring blue eyes became resolute. He saw the cloud that enveloped the angels slowly open. He saw her slowly move her wings. She was rising from the cloud. She was coming from the picture frame. She rose outward and upward and his eyes strained to see as the cloud dropped and her little body came into view.

Jim sprang up. His breath came in panting gasps.

Aha! the little crippled, twisted body! God in heaven, how tortured! The deformed limbs, the twisted feet! But the soul in the face—how beautiful!

As the little figure dropped slowly back into the cloud a great light came into Jim's face.

"Why, the little girl in the alley! The one I gave the flowers to that day! I didn't notice her face. Now it comes to me. Her body was like this and her face—why, her face was the very face of my angel!"

And clearly, sweetly like soft bells, he heard the two angels at the top of the picture singing their song of thanksgiving and praise.

"Time to go now, Mister Jim," the guard came in and spoke to him. As he looked at Jim's white amazed face he shook his head and whispered, "Daft, plum daft."

"Alright, Joe," Jim answered as he went out dazed but glad. Far into the night he paced the floor of his studio. The manner in which the little angel had brought him the truth did not surprise him. He had always known they would bring him to see. The truth itself was sinking into his soul. Through the twisted, tortured body, then, had come that pure white look. He recalled now the faces of all the people he knew who had suffered in body or mind, and every face he remembered had had a touch of this same look—a reflection of that holy expression one sees on the pictured faces of the Christ.

Early the next morning Jim went to the alley where he had seen the little crippled child. He found a woman, the child's mother, he supposed, a woman with a bent and toil-worn body starting on her day of scrubbing. He spoke to her kindly, and when he told her that he was an artist and wanted her little daughter to be a model, a gleam of hope flashed across her tired face. Ways of making a little money were indeed few. It was arranged that she should bring the child to him every morning until the picture was complete, beginning with that very morning.

When later the mother brought the child, and when the little deformed body was bared and arranged for him to paint, Jim's soul revolted. Looking at that little bit of torture he could not bring himself to put it on canvas. To give an angel a crippled body went so against all of his notions of fitness. But finally he was able to put away his materialistic feelings by putting his mind entirely on the truth he wished to bring out. This must be symbolical painting. So, looking at the face of his little model, with her straight golden hair in disheveled locks about her face, with her sorrowful blue eyes, and with that rare and beautiful expression that comes only from suffering, he set resolutely to work.

All morning he worked, giving the child rest periods very often in order not to tire her, and amusing her with toys he had bought for her. And every morning for several weeks after this first morning he kept steadily at work. He would not go to see Miss Henrietta until he had finished. Then he would bring her and show her the result of her work—not his.

Miss Henrietta in the meantime was wondering. Had he found the secret, or had he given up? She felt he would let her know when he was ready, so she waited patiently.

Several weeks passed and then, one morning, her suspense was ended when Jim called at the studio for her. The first glance at his face told her that the problem was solved.

"Miss Henrietta," he smiled rather soberly, "can you come to my studio? I have just finished a piece of work, and I want your opinion."

"Certainly I can come." Henrietta was pinning on her hat as she spoke.

She did not speak of the picture, but chatted of other things—of studio gossip, of the latest work of some of her friends.

When they entered the studio, Jim pointed to a large canvas in the corner of the studio.

“The angels told me,” he said, and watched her face as she looked.

First she looked at the faces. Yes, they were the angel faces. Then she looked long at the little bodies half covered by a cloud. Then turning to him with gladness in her face exclaimed:

“You have it! You have found the secret of the faces. No doubt this offends your artistic sense; it may offend your religious ideas, because we don’t usually think of crippled angels. But to me it is a beautiful symbol, and a beautiful work, because I know that by doing it you have come to a beautiful truth, and that in looking at it others may also get that truth.”



How Macedonia Received a New Tongue

Mollie Townsend, '13, Cornelian

It was the name Macedonia that first attracted her and caused her to send her name to Bishop Horner in answer to an appeal for a strong, courageous woman to go and establish a mission in that place. However, the name Macedonia did not harmonize with the bits of news that reached the daily papers from the coves and settlements in that same section of the Blue Ridge Mountains. With some misgivings she answered the call. But not until she happened to get with the Bishop on her way to Macedonia did she learn that other missionaries had been there before and had failed. In fact, he told her that the last one had been actually hounded out of the village. But he was taking it upon himself to send one more, which was herself, because he thought that a woman might be able to do the work, though man had failed.

The Bishop seemed to know very little about Macedonia other than that the people had asked him several times for teachers and had driven away every one he had sent them so far. He thought that a man known as Big Ben, who was the most powerful and influential man in that section of the country and the very man who had first asked for a teacher to be sent there, was the one who had hounded the last one away. He said that he did not know the real trouble, but thought that she would have very little difficulty, especially if she attempted nothing more at first than teaching. The people there had asked for only a teacher.

He was very kind and tried to dispel the fears that this news had aroused in her. He got off at Elk, where she was to leave the train and take a hack for the remaining thirty miles of her journey. He introduced her to a weather-worn old fellow in tight gray homespun trousers and hunting shirt, who he said was Solomon, the Macedonia mail carrier, and who would take her over the mountain in his hack.

As soon as they had left the village of Elk behind them

and begun the long, slow climb up the mountain, Miss Tongue determined to draw from Solomon the cause of the trouble between the Macedonians and their missionaries. It was no easy matter to get him to talk, but after several skilful attempts, she finally drew him into conversation concerning the former teachers that Macedonia had had.

“And why,” she asked, “did this Mr. Atkins you speak of, leave Macedonia?”

“They made him hustle,” grunted Solomon.

“But I don’t see why,” she persisted, “that they sent him away when they had asked him to come and help them and teach their children.”

“ ’Tain’t all of us as wants ’um to come, an’ it hain’t all that driv’ ’em off,” he answered, and in a few minutes he continued in his jerky, disconnected manner: “It’s Big Ben that hain’t no use fer edication an’ quality. It never run in their family. But they’re awful smart. Everybody thinks a sight o’ Big Ben an’ his little gal. There ain’t a cleverer feller, nor a bigger hearted ’un to be found. If he’s yer friend, he’s yer friend, but if he ain’t, ye’d better let him alone.”

“But still I don’t see what objection he can have to education, Solomon,” she put in again, determined to get to the root of the trouble.

“ ’Tain’t plain edication, gist learning to read an’ figure, that he’s against. He driv Atkins off fer his bigity ways. Them as come tq Macedonia with the big head, an’ think they’re so much better’n we air, won’t eat at the table with us poor folks, an’ turn up their noses at the victuals we cook, ain’t sich as will find soft beds to lay on in these parts.”

He relapsed suddenly into silence as if fearing that he had said too much already, and evaded all of her attempts to draw him into conversation again. He would only grunt, crack his whip and call his big boned mules by name.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached Macedonia; and it was with fearful apprehension and misgivings that Miss Tongue approached. As they turned a sharp curve of the road around the mountain side, Macedonia lay spread out before them, a large circular valley shut in on all sides by

gentle slopes rising gradually into great rugged, towering mountains lighted up by the deep rays of the departing sun. The brilliant colors of the autumn foliage shone in the mellow golden rays. And sparkling streams rushing down the mountain sides, lost their headlong haste as they neared the broad expanse of the level and wound like silvery ribbons through the peaceful valley which lay basking in the sun. Small log cabins formed an irregular border around the valley and others rested peacefully here and there on the sunny slopes around it. Sheep and cattle were grazing on these slopes or lazily chewing their cuds in the shade of the chestnut groves a little farther up, while some were leaving the cool shade and slowly picking their way down the hill in answer to the hungry call of their young. As they passed nearer the cabins they could see small children playing about the yards, and older girls gathering in fresh, clean clothes from the lines or starting with their tin pails toward the "milking gaps". Presently a dense growth of shrubbery suddenly cut off their view of the village. Miss Tongue turned and saw that she was being driven up in front of the first pretentious house that she had seen. It was made of rough heavy plank, innocent of paint, but boasting of two stories. "This is yer place," grunted Solomon to his passenger. She alighted and turned to pay him. His weather-worn face wore an almost tender expression as he said, "If ye have to be going back soon, I'll take ye over fer nothing."

She gave him her hand feeling that she had won a friend. He drove hurriedly around the house while she walked slowly up the gravel path.

Miss Tongue had been shown to her room on the second floor. She was almost too tired to remove her hat and gloves. So she sank into a chair by a window and was watching a playful stream leaping and tumbling down the hill near by, and thinking over the happenings of the day, the peaceful village, her hospitable landlady, the tranquil and soothing atmosphere of the place, which drove away the fear and dread aroused in her by Solomon's statements about Big Ben and his attitude toward and treatment of the teachers who had been there before her, when she heard the clear, deep, musical,

but somewhat hardened voice of a man call: "Hello, Sol. I heard that ye brought over another one of them bigity yankee devils. Ye kin be prepared to take him back in the morning."

"'Tain't a him this time, Ben; its a her," came back in the well known voice of Solomon.

"A her? The devil! Well, ye kin take her back pretty soon."

"Ye ain't going to do nothing to a woman, are ye, Ben?"

"No, damn it! Ye know I'm not. But she won't stay here long, see if she does. I've a litle say so yit. Is she as bigity as that long-legged Atkins?" She could not hear Solomon's reply. They were moving away and his voice was much lower than that of the man he called Ben. But she could still catch most of the conversation.

"I'll tell ye, Sol," came the first voice again, "there ain't no use in ye talking, they all think we's fools, beggars, heathern. Why do they bring their old clothes up here an' try to dress our children? They git pictures of the worst looking wretches up here an' send 'em to the low-land papers an' beg fer charity and rotten old clothes to be sent here. I know. I've seed the very papers an' I won't stand it, Sol. I'll be damned if I do!" She could not catch Solomon's words, but Ben's voice was still raised.

"Yes, we did ax the Bishop to git us a teacher fer our children. And I swear to God, the biggest fool in this country could teach 'em more'n the ones he's sent. And I'll give'm to know that we're jist as good as they air. And we'll not have 'em coming up here a crowin' over us an' learnin' our children to turn up their nose at their betters. I say again, Sol, we'll do without a school before we'll put up with a big headed fool."

Miss Tongue could still hear the firm, hard voice as the two men moved on, but could catch no more of the conversation. She understood at last what the trouble had been; and weary and exhausted as she was she fell on her knees and thanked God for showing her at the very beginning the mistakes of others and the things she had to contend with.

However, her heart was as heavy as lead. She felt so helpless arrayed against this powerful man, although she

was young and full of hope. Before leaving college she had decided to do benevolent work in the slums of her own city, but when this appeal from Macedonia reached her, she offered her services freely. Macedonia was such a promising name, she thought; it sounded like a place where she might do much good, might see her dreams realized. And at sight of the village every fear that she had felt at the Bishop's and Solomon's words vanished. It was even a more ideal place than she had imagined it to be. Her big gray eyes softened as she saw the children playing in the yards. They were the children she would teach and play with. Nothing seemed very real until she heard that strong, determined voice. Big Ben, for she knew that it was his voice that she had heard, seemed convinced already before seeing her, that she was like her predecessors and now she felt that nothing less than a miracle could give her success. It would indeed take great strength and courage to stick to her post. She had put by all discouragements offered by mother, sister and friends and come with all of the strength and determination of her ambitious but untried life, to win these people for Christ.

For the next few days she neither saw nor heard anything of her antagonist, but she felt that he was watching her closely. She was preparing to open her school on the following Monday, realizing only too well her weakness and inability to cope with this singular situation. It was indeed a difficult one. And she knew that it would take great skill and tact to accomplish anything, after the disastrous mistakes of former workers. She saw from Big Ben's talk with Solomon that it would be fatal to lay any emphasis on religion other than to enter into whatever these people might do themselves, or even to use the word mission in their presence. Too, if she was to win the people, she must enter into every kind of work and amusement practiced in the village as if she had always lived there, and above all, never give anyone the slightest chance to feel that she in any way thought herself above them.

When Miss Tongue opened her school on Monday morning, as she had planned, fifteen small boys and girls, in tight gray homespun suits and dresses, marched into the small oblong room that was called "the school house". These children

had bright, clear, intelligent faces. For a while she forgot Big Ben and the terror his name aroused in her, in learning the names and faces of her pupils. When she was sending them home, after they had been together several hours and become quite good friends, and was charging them to bring their little friends with them on the morrow, Dave, a bright-eyed little boy of eleven years, said: "Big Ben won't let 'em come. He don't want me to come, but I come anyhow. I want to learn to read this book so's I kin be a hoss doctor."

He held up a large book that he had been hugging to his bosom. "This is a hoss doctor book, Miss Tongue," he bragged, hugging it again.

"Uncle Ben didn't want me to come nuther, but I did," put in Maggie, "an' he promised to let Bettie come with me tomorrow. Papie said that uncle Ben'd cut off his head if Bettie axed him to."

"And who is Bettie?" Miss Tongue asked, fearing she did not know what.

"Bettie is his little gal," answered Maggie, "an' she kin read great big books with pictures in 'um. Bettie could jist about teach school, I guess."

For the next few weeks Miss Tongue spent all of her spare time visiting, first at the homes of her pupils, and then others, until she had been to almost every home in the village. And on these visits she was very thankful that she had had hospital training, for she was able to help several poor mothers with their sick children. All of the people received her with kindness and hospitality, and often sent her away with presents of flower seeds or bits of new dresses to put in a quilt. But outside they were cold and distant. The very atmosphere seemed hostile. Yet she was sent for again and again to give medical advice and nurse the sick back to life and health.

During all of this time she had never seen Big Ben. She felt certain that she would know him at first sight. She knew that it was his presence and influence that she felt in the air about her. From the kindness and hospitality of the people she knew that she was winning their confidence and respect, and besides, her school had increased from fifteen to thirty-five pupils. But she knew that she would never win them

entirely or be able to do much good until she had won Big Ben, and that seemed impossible.

Her school was her one comfort and stronghold. It was all she could do to teach thirty-five girls and boys when no two had the same books. It took most of her time, but she enjoyed it, because the children had lost their hostile, suspicious attitude, and seemed to love and respect her. And she had grown very fond of them, especially little Bettie, who had come, as Maggie said she would, on the second day after school opened.

Unlike the sturdy rosy-faced children of the village, Bettie was slender and frail. She let her wavy brown hair hang in curls about her shoulders, and her sparkling brown eyes seemed to light up with a deep creamy tinge the tender pink-white skin. She was very shy at first, which Miss Tongue accredited to the possibility of the child's knowledge of her father's attitude toward her teacher. So Miss Tongue, thinking that Bettie would not come back another day, paid no particular attention to her. To her surprise Bettie was back the next day and became the most faithful student of the school. She soon lost her shyness too, and began following Miss Tongue around and clinging to her like a tender little vine does to a limb. They often went after school for long rambles in the woods, picking the late autumn flowers and gathering nuts that the pigs had not found. Poor Miss Tongue was puzzled at Big Ben's allowing Bettie to go to school at all, for he was bound to know that they were together a great deal, and, moreover, that Bettie was very fond of her. The child often spoke of her father in her prattle, how they had lived alone with her grandmother since her own mother's death sometime before, but she never once mentioned his objecting to her going to school.

One afternoon Bettie and her teacher had wandered much farther up into the woods than they usually did, and were rather late returning. Just before they reached the slope which stretched out into the valley, they sat down to rest. One star was peeping out too early. Bettie called Miss Tongue's attention to it and ask her to tell her the story that she had told many times, but of which the child never tired,

Dickens' "Child's Dream of a Star". She had almost finished the story when she was startled by the same deep voice that she had heard talking with Solomon on the day of her arrival. The child was on her feet in an instant, crying, "Oh dad! I'm so glad you've come; she was telling me about the Star. Tell dad about it, Miss Tongue."

Miss Tongue rose to her feet and turned to see standing near her a great giant of a man, bareheaded, with a shock of shaggy, iron gray hair waved and curled around his massive face. He wore a gray hunting jacket and trousers. His large flaming brown eyes shot lightning-like glances at her as he stooped to caress the child.

"Come, babe, I thought I'd lost ye," he said, gathering her up in his strong arms. "It's late and granny wants her baby," he continued, pressing the little form jealously to his bosom.

"I did not know that we would be so late," Miss Tongue faltered. "I'm sorry that I have caused you so much trouble. I would have seen Bettie home." She was encouraged by her own words, so she faced him squarely and a little defiantly. His eyes fairly blazed as they glared at each other for a full minute. In that time she saw that they were enemies, even worse than before. In his manner and the way he pressed Bettie to his heart, she saw his new cause of hatred for her, which also flamed in his eyes. "I let her come to yer school to please her childish whim," he said, "and ye're trying to steal her love from me."

He turned to go, but seeing that she did not move he added: "Won't ye walk back with us? It'll be dark in a few minutes."

Miss Tongue's heart sank. She had hoped that Bettie would somehow draw them together and make them friends, but they were worse enemies than before. She felt that she had been slow and stupid and lost, lost for good and all she feared.

That night Miss Tongue wrote her first despairing letter home. She had so longed and hoped eventually to win Big Ben by convincing him that she recognized the mistakes of her predecessors and had come with the sole purpose of being

of as much service as possible to any who needed her, and not to lord over anyone as if she were better than he. But she felt that to try to change Big Ben now was hopeless. Besides being prejudiced against her, he was jealous of the love of his idolized child. He would keep her away from school and lonely Miss Tongue would miss her a great deal. Though the child was only ten years old, she was Miss Tongue's most intimate and congenial companion in Macedonia; and if she had to give the child up she felt that she would starve for companionship.

After this incident conditions grew worse day by day, until December found the brave little woman in despair. The people seemed to want to be kind, but were hostile. Her school dwindled to a mere handful. The weather was very cold and she could not hire a man to chop wood for the school, and the few boys that were still faithful were too small to get it, so she was compelled to close the school.

Big Ben was winning and it seemed that she might as well give up at once. There was nothing that could be done during the severe weather but nurse the few sick children and mothers who still sent for her in spite of Big Ben.

When the ambitious little woman had seen Macedonia first on that early September day, lying so peacefully at the foot of the circle of protecting peaks, so quaint and picturesque, nestling there in the sunshine, it had appeared to be an ideal place for the exercise of all of her skill and ambitions. Her secret hopes of establishing clubs for the women, clubs for the boys and girls, cooking, sewing and Bible classes, all had seemed possible in the near future. Her dreams of mountain climbing, camping, attractive games and other athletics for the young people would not end with dreams, she had hoped. But her hopes had all been shattered. She had met Big Ben and lost.

The weather grew worse. She wrote home saying that she might have to come home as soon as the weather would permit. She could not yet bring herself to acknowledge her defeat. It was galling after her hopeful beginning. She was spending most of the cold days in her room with her Bible and her God. She was getting the sweetest bits of comfort that she

had ever known. She felt that she had never known the joy and comfort of prayer before; she had not trusted in it enough. The blizzard continued, but her Christmas letter home was the most cheerful one that she had written for some time. And she sent it early so that it would reach home in time to brighten their Christmas joys.

On the morning of the twenty-third the snow was eighteen inches deep in the valley. The wind whistled through the loose boards on the roof and sent trees crashing down the mountain sides. Snow was caught up by it, and sent whirling in the air. No one stirred or had been seen outside of his own yard for two days except Big Ben, who had plodded all over the village in search of dried "fever weed" and other medicinal herbs to make a tea for Bettie. Bettie was very ill, not expected to live through the day, Miss Tongue's landlady told her. Big Ben had been to her early in the morning for fever weed.

Poor Miss Tongue's heart was sore for the big man. She knew how he worshipped the child. How she loved the frail little thing herself! She could feel the big brown eyes fastened upon her as when she used to tell her "The Child's Dream of a Star", and hear the clear tinkling laughter, as it fell so lightly when she found the most nuts or the prettiest flowers in the woods. She had not realized how much she loved the child and how she longed to see her and do something for her. Her heart bled for Big Ben. It would break his heart to lose his only child. No one could venture out to offer any aid in such dreadful weather. But they all moved about with softened step and voice. Miss Tongue could bear it no longer and was putting on her wraps to go and see if the great man would not allow her to try to do something for little Bettie when she heard a bustle and commotion on the stairs. Her door was opened. Was it a vision? She could not believe her own eyes. "Mary! My sister!" she cried, springing to her. Mary's feet and ears were frozen and all thoughts vanished but the one thought that Mary must be cared for. With the assistance of her good landlady Miss Tongue soon had her sister in bed, warmly wrapped and as comfortable as possible. Mary had scarcely spoken, but she was quite comfortable. It

was growing dark outside. Miss Tongue lighted a lamp, turned it low and drew a comfortable chair near the bed.

"Why in the land did you attempt to come to such a place in such weather, Mary?" she asked, unable to restrain her curiosity any longer.

"I have come to take you home, you stubborn little piece. You would not come by request, begging or pleading, so I had to come after you. What kind of a Christmas do you think mother and me would have had with you away in such a hole as this, wasting and worrying your precious life away?"

Miss Tongue could say nothing. It was so delightfully sweet and gratifying to have some one to care for her again, that she sat quite still, rubbing Mary's numb hands. "How long will this dreadful weather last?" Mary inquired.

"It will be several days, maybe weeks," she answered, "but I will just write mother a note saying that you are here and send it back to the railroad by your driver, Mary, for Solomon can't drive the mail hack across the mountain in such weather as this."

She had pulled the table up before her and opened her writing desk, when a heavy step sounded on the stairs and her door was again thrown open by her landlady. Big Ben stepped in, so stooped and haggard that she hardly knew him.

"I ain't the right to ax ye, Miss Tongue," began Big Ben, "but it's me baby; she's bad off. She begs for ye all of the time."

"I'll be ready in a minute, Ben," she choked out, hurrying into Mary's wraps and furs, while Mary protested that she would freeze to death if she attempted to go. In a few minutes she was hurrying through the black storm of wind and flying snow, clinging to Big Ben's arm. The huge man fairly carried her as they hurried along. The storm in the elements was fierce, but it was not much worse than the storm raging in the heart of Big Ben.

"I ain't never been one of yer religious sort," he began. "My ole woman was when she was alive. But I kussed God when he took her from me. But I can't give up me baby. If yer God can save her pray to Him, I dunno how. If He kin save me baby, I'll be on His side. Ye kin do anything in this

place ye want to. The folks want to stand by ye and will when I give the word.”

The ice was rattling on his lips. They hurried on in silence while Miss Tongue prayed as she had never prayed before.

She found little Bettie parched with fever and hardly strength enough left in her frail little body to toss her feverish little arms about. She worked and prayed, moistening the child’s parched lips and abating her fever. About midnight she slept. Miss Tongue did not leave the bedside, neither could she persuade Big Ben to take any rest, though he had not closed his eyes for three days and nights. Bettie’s fever was not quite so high and her sleep was quiet. The two watched and prayed until the sun was high and sparkling on the great heaps of unbroken snow outside. About ten o’clock the child opened her eyes, looked at the eager gentle face bending over her for a mniute and cried in her feeble little voice: “O, you’ve come. Tell dad about the star.”

A few weeks later Mary went home alone.



Music in the Morning

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelpian

Music—soft and mystic,
 To greet the dewy dawn;
 Notes so far and distant
 Crooning sweet and long,
 A voice, like tinkling waters
 Murmuring, half awake,
 And sound, half lost in silence,
 Over the gleaming lake.

Music—sweet and wondrous,
 To greet the glowing east;
 Notes from out the woodland
 Rising fresh and clear;
 A voice, like gladsome brooklets
 Twittering in the dawn,
 And song—ascending incense
 Over the dew-drenched lawn.

Music—triumphant, glorious,
 To greet the new-washed sun;
 Notes impetuous, wondrous,
 Swinging wild and free,
 A voice like rising waters,
 Joyous, piercingly sweet,
 And song, a glorious welcome
 The rising sun to greet.

Honey Gal Goes to the Dance

Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelpian

It was in June and the weather was unusually hot. Outside the cabin door a few chickens scratched lazily about for worms. One fat old hen wallowed contentedly in a dust-hole at the foot of a huge hickory whose great spreading branches partially protected the cabin door from the sultry rays of the sun. From inside came the rhythmic thump, thump of the iron as it struck the board. Seely Rose was fluting the ruffles in some lady's best petticoat. On the floor sat Honey Gal catching fists-full of the sunshine that sifted slowly through the still leaves of the hickory.

Seely Rose had ironed a great pile of fluffy white things and was beginning on a wonderful gayly sprigged muslin, when Jake came whistling through the corn patch which stretched along the roadside and came up against the bit of yard before the cabin. He kicked the old hen out of the dust-hole with a practiced foot and grinned good-naturedly.

"Hi dere! Gib de yuther ladies a chance," he said.

Seely Rose did not look up from the sprigged muslin when he sat down on the doorstep and fanned himself with his straw hat. But she saw him from under lowered lids and noted that the hat was shabby, and that there were exactly three buttons missing from the front of his shirt.

It did not require a great deal of maneuvering on Seely Rose's part to keep Jake dangling. Some day, of course, she fully intended to marry him and spend her life in ordering his. Meanwhile, it amused her to watch the poor fish wriggle when she jerked the line. She was always more lavish with her favors to the other sex when he was present. And poor Jake struggled just as she knew he would, and laid elaborate plans to catch Seely Rose's wayward heart, never dreaming that his own was caught fast. How often is the obtuseness of the masculine mind its own undoing.

Jake shifted his position on the doorstep. He felt that he ought to say something—he wasn't sure what.

“Lawdy, ain’t it hot?” he said to no one in particular, and merely by way of making conversation.

The old hen, back in the dust-hole, ruffled contemptuous feathers. Seely Rose laid a fresh plait in the skirt of the sprigged muslin and ironed it carefully down.

Jake glanced hastily around the room, saw only Honey Gal asleep on the floor, and tried again.

“Whar Mis’ Deppy?”

“Oh, Mammy?” and Seely Rose looked as if she had just become aware of Jake’s presence. “She’s gon’ cross de creek to Sallie Douglasses. They gwine formerlate a constertushun an’ by-laws fah de *Daughters of Africa*,” she finished, giving her head a proud little fling.

“Thought Mis’ Deppy wuz president of de Missionary Sassiety. How she gwine run eberything?” asked Jake, delighted to have gotten the conversation started, and reflecting shrewdly that questions were best calculated to keep it going.

Seely Rose tossed her head again. “Mammy say hit’s jes’ plum scan’lous how all de commonality gettin’ inter dat sassiety. Eberybody dat think dey kin pray in public up and jines. She say can’t eberybody git in de *Daughters of Africa*, kase dey got to certify to de fambly tree unto de third an’ fo’th generation, an’ mity few niggahs in dis naberhood kin do dat.”

“When Mis’ Deppy comin’ back?” And Jake’s eyes rested on the sleeping pickaninny.

“Mis’ Sallie comin’ wid her aftah de moon rise tonight.”

“How you gwine to de dance den?” Jake pointed to Honey Gal.

Seely Rose chose to be flippant.

“Gwine to walk lessen you got er hoss an’ buggy since I heered las’,” and she tilted what Jake considered an adorable chin in the air.

And Jake grinned, knowing in his heart that he would carry Honey Gal two miles across the country to his aunt’s where the dance was to be held that night.

Then while she worked and seemed not to listen, he told her, as he often did, about the little cabin down the road. He

told her about the new glass windows he had just put in, and about the new porch he was going to build when "craps wuz laid by". Last of all, rather sheepishly, he told her about the old speckled hen with the new biddies. Seely Rose deemed it wise not to appear too interested, although she was proud to bursting of the glass windows, and she had already planned just where she would plant Virginia creeper and honeysuckle to train up on the new porch.

When night and Jake came, they found Seely Rose in the sprigged muslin which stood out over stiffly starched petticoats. The frou-frou of the petticoats suggested to Seely Rose's ear the rustle of heavy silk. Jake thought her the prettiest thing in the world as she bustled about shutting up the cabin. Honey Gal was very much awake and disposed to be friendly. She insisted on examining each of Jake's features. She poked her fingers in his eyes, and pulled his nose. When she was tired of everything else she chewed his tie and went to sleep. The tie was his newest and his favorite, but he would have been perfectly willing to feed Honey Gal his entire collection for the privilege of walking at her sister's side on this particular June night when moonlight flooded the earth, and pungent smell of the pine filled the air, and at the end of it all, music and dancing waited for them.

The glory of Jake's collar had long since wilted away when they reached Aunt Mandy's. The dance had already begun. The frolic was being held in the big barn of "befo' de war time", when the big house, burned by the yankees, had occupied the spot where Aunt Mandy's humble abode now stood. Seely Rose merely called across the yard to her hostess and went on to the barn whence came the scrape of the fiddle, the ting-a-ling of the banjo, the rhythmic sound of feet patting time, and faint echoes of happy laughter. Jake carried the baby into the house and delivered her into Aunt Mandy's care.

"You sho' does have a time keepin' up wid dat flighty gal," grumbled the old darky, as she laid Honey Gal on her own bed. "What wid waitin' on de fambly in de daytime, an' totin' dis chunk of lead eroun at night—but," she broke off, stooping to arrange the chunk of lead more comfortably, "de

po' lil' thing got to stay somewhar. Hit's mammy so bizzy trying to prove dat her gran' pappy com' outer de ark wid Elijah, or belonged to de President, or sumpin', dat she ain't got no time to fool away wid bringin' up her chillen." And Aunt Mandy snorted indignantly. She was a member of the missionary society who had not been asked to join the *Daughters of Africa*.

But Jake was on his way to the barn. Lightwood torches flared in the open space before the door, and kerosene lamps suspended from the ceiling shone down on the good-natured scene within. Jake got there in time to see the company line up for the first cakewalk. Heading the line, all aglow with excitement, was Seely Rose. At her side, a long-legged darky in a high white collar whose unimpaired beauty made the limp rag about Jake's neck seem limper than ever. Other conspicuous details of the stranger's costume were shiny patent leather pumps, and a frock-tail coat. Jake had intended going directly in, but he didn't care to dance with anybody but Seely Rose.

He saw old Uncle Pete Johnson sitting over in the corner with the musicians. Like all the rest of the young darkies, Jake was fond of Uncle Pete. So he went around the building, avoiding the light, and came in at the back door. Before he took to preaching, Uncle Pete had been a great dancer and director of dances. Although he no longer took an active part in the fun, he always came "to be on hand", as he said "in case of a weddin' or funeral".

"Lawd, bress my soul! Good ebnin', Jake." The ejaculatory habit, acquired in his ministerial career, clung to Uncle Pete even in ex-officio speech.

"How is yo' rumaticks, Uncle Pete?" asked Jake, seating himself in the shadows back of the old darky.

"Middlin' only, thank the Lawd," returned Uncle Pete cheerfully, squaring himself around on his soap-box and peering at Jake, "but why ain't you out dere flingin' eroun' wid dem gals?"

"Who dat long-legged yaller niggah what ack lak he own dis plantashun?" asked Jake, never taking his eyes off Seely Rose's partner.

“Hep us all to git right! Honey, don’ you recollect’ dat niggah? Dat ain’t nobody but Andy White’s Gawge. He shuk de dust of dese apartment fum his feet bout five years ago on account of being too friendly wid other people’s chicken coops—praise de Lawd! Yassir, honey, he bin up Norf whar he say he bin some white man’s *vallay*, which he lets on is bout de same as being guvnor of Norf Calliney. Twixt me an’ you, honey, dat niggah’s bin splittin’ cord-wood in some white man’s back yard. Jes’ got hyah las’ week. Don’ recognize some of his ole friends, speshully dem dat kep’ poultry bout five year back. De fool niggahs in dis naberhood don’ quit wearin’ dey galluses on de outside dey shirts. Gawge White say no gemman of fashion wud be cotch wid em so.” And Uncle Pete paused out of breath just as George White promenaded down the center of the room with an animated bunch of sprigged muslin on his arm.

Jake scowled, and Uncle Pete, peering at him through the shadows cast by the huge rafters, chuckled.

“So dat’s de way de win’ lie, am it?” And he chuckled again.

When the cakewalk was ended, Jake pushed his way to the other end of the room where the sprigged muslin and the frock-tail coat were the center of an excited knot.

“Oh, com’ on Mistah White an’ gib us a clog,” Jake heard a voice say.

“Can’t possibly desert de lady, gemmen. Ef she is willin’ to hep me out—”

“Go wan, Seely Rose,” urged the crowd.

Somebody began patting time, and the banjos started up with “Hop Light, Ladies”.

The crowd pushed back against the walls to give the dancers more room. George White and Seely Rose held the center of the stage.

Uncle Pete, in describing the scene afterwards, said it was “wuth a whole poltry yard to see Jake watch de Prodigal Son caper eroun’ Seely Rose.”

Always before in the neighborhood gatherings Jake had been star clogger. But tonight he saw himself totally eclipsed. George White’s bows were wonderful. He cut pigeon wings

the like of which had never been seen before. And when the crowd cheered, he outdid himself. He swung Seely Rose clear off the floor. His coattails fairly lashed the air.

At the close of the performance there was wild applause from the onlookers, met with a smile of nonchalant tolerance from the hero. Jake saw Seely Rose borne away toward the lemonade stand outside. He caught every detail of the scene: George White's obnoxious proffer of a silk handkerchief, Seely Rose's coy acceptance; the envy with which the other males present regarded George White's brilliant patent leathers, and the stiff white expanse of his shirt front; the open admiration of the ladies. Jake ground his teeth together and started back for Uncle Pete and the friendly shadows, but one of the girls caught sight of him and called to him, and Jake found himself besieged by dusky maidens who had no intention of allowing him to waste himself on Uncle Pete and the shadows.

He saw Seely Rose several times during the evening. She was flirting outrageously with everybody in general and George White in particular. Once, in the crowd Jake touched her arm and spoke her name, but she either did not or would not hear him. She did not speak to him once even to ask about Honey Gal. She had neglected him before, but never so openly and shamelessly as this time. Jake was a hard-working ducky as his little cabin with the glass windows could testify, and his pleasures of a social kind were comparatively few. He had counted on this dance. In fact, it was partly at his instigation that Aunt Mandy had consented to give the young people the use of the barn. Perhaps for this reason, the hurt was a little deeper. Before the evening was over he made up his mind that he would talk plainly to Seely Rose once they got started home. The hours seemed endless to Jake. He felt that the evening would never drag to a close. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Aunt Mandy appeared in the door and announced that it was bed-time.

Jake slipped through the crowd and waited, as was his custom, at the door for Seely Rose. Just then he heard a familiar laugh up toward the house and in the flare of the torch he caught sight of the sprigged muslin and a tall figure

in a frock-tail coat going slowly down the big road. His first impulse was to run after the pair and demolish the owner of the frock-tail coat. His second thought was of Honey Gal asleep in the house. He was glad that Aunt Mandy was still at the barn; he could get the baby before her return and escape her awkward questions. He found Honey Gal sound asleep. She did not even grunt when he took her in his arms.

If Honey Gal had been heavy awake, she was like lead asleep. Jake's arms ached to numbness as he trudged down the sandy road, sometimes within hearing distance of his rival and his sweetheart. Honey Gal's stiff, kinky hair tickled his face and one knee dug at his ribs with every step. Once an owl hooted dismally and he heard Seely Rose squeal. Once he came so close to them that an occasional word drifted back to him. He heard the low mumble of the man's voice and then Seely Rose's quick tones: "Mistah White, you suttinly does know how to talk to a lady."

It was maddening. Jake held Honey Gal so tightly for a moment that she wriggled protestingly. He did not notice her. He was conscious only of a wild desire to make Seely Rose suffer as he was suffering. At last he was aroused. His fingers fairly itched to be at his rival's immaculate collar. It was the dead weight of the baby forcing itself on his consciousness that suggested his revenge. He had Honey Gal—why not use her?

It was a daring scheme, but Jake was ready for anything. A scare would do Seely Rose good. Even her mother might learn to attach less importance to "meetins". And anyway it was only for a night. His own cabin was not a quarter of a mile away. He could take Honey Gal there, and by cutting across the country reach home as soon as Seely Rose.

When the girl and her escort were nearly home they met Jake coming through the cornpatch. Honey Gal, he said briefly, he had put on the bed. He had put her on the bed, but not on the one that Seely Rose shared with her little sister. Perhaps Seely Rose was feeling a little conscience stricken, because of her treatment of Jake. At any rate she did not stop him to ask questions. So he went on down the road

to the little cabin with the glass windows, too sore and hurt to consider his act seriously. Tomorrow he would take the baby back; in the meanwhile, a little fright might help Seely Rose.

George White talked an hour after they passed Jake in the cornpatch. When he finally said goodnight, Seely Rose was too giddy with excitement and too sleepy to wonder at the absence of her bed-fellow. She very naturally concluded that her mother had taken Honey Gal to her own bed in the "lean-to". Deppy often did this when both happened to be out late and the guardianship of Honey Gal had fallen to Seely Rose. So Seely Rose went happily to sleep, to dream of making Jake furiously jealous by walking down the church aisle to the collection plate in company with Mr. George White.

It was at the breakfast table that they first missed Honey Gal. And even after they missed her, they were not seriously alarmed for some time. She was on the premises somewhere. She had staggered out into the cornpatch perhaps. But when they had searched the cornpatch and had called her name and gotten no answer, and when they had even gone down to the little spring in search of her, a vague uneasiness came. Of course they would find her directly they told each other, but yet the uneasiness swiftly grew into fear because of an indefinable something that seemed about to fall upon them. And then a neighbor came in and told about a "kivered wagon" that had been seen to pass the road at nightfall. Her children had seen the inmates of the wagon and they were gypsies—name of ill omen to the superstitious mind of the negro. The gypsies had tented just a little way down the road. She herself had seen the smoke of the camp fire. Then indeed did despair clutch at the hearts of the mother and sister. Other neighbors came in, heard the story and confirmed the fearful suspicion. Yes, the gypsies had camped down the road. A baby had been heard crying that morning, so one man who had passed the gypsy wagon said.

By nightfall it was all over the country that Deppy's baby had been stolen by the gypsies. Some reports had it that Honey Gal had been seen struggling in the arms of a dark,

forbidding looking woman who sat well back in the covered wagon. To be sure, no wagon corresponding to the description of Deppy's neighbors had been seen anywhere along the main road. Only one covered wagon could be found at all, and the inmates were harmless horse traders, not gypsies. But, it was argued, the kidnapers could easily have escaped by way of any number of old log roads that twisted in and out through the pine belt.

The neighbors formed themselves into posses and spent the day searching the woods in a half-hearted sort of way. They were already quite convinced that gypsies had stolen Honey Gal. It never seemed to occur to their simple minds that even gypsies could gain nothing by stealing a little negro baby who would only be a nuisance and for whose return they could not possibly hope for a ransom.

Everybody was so excited that Jake's absence was not even noticed. If anybody had had time to think of him they would have concluded that he too was searching.

It was pitiful to see Deppy when night came on and the neighbors returned without Honey Gal. She took the baby's disappearance as a manifestation of the wrath of God. If she had been at home the baby would have been with her and God would not have sent the gypsies to taken it away. If only she had not been tramping around. It was her punishment and she deserved it, but oh, she wanted her baby.

Seely Rose's conscience was heavy, too. Why had she tried to pique Jake with her silly flirtations? Why had she allowed that worthless George White to come home with her?

And so the weary days dragged on. Deppy did not weep any more. She sat about the house in a sort of heavy stupor and refused to see even the neighbors. She was utterly oblivious to the little household tasks; these devolved on Seely Rose, who was glad of something to partially distract her mind. Nearly a week passed and Deppy had made no struggle to throw off her apathy. She seemed to live in a sort of dream world where only her fancies were real. Her attitude toward the affairs of daily life was still one of almost indifference. She half resented Seely Rose's watchful care, her actions taking on a certain cunning in the girl's presence. Once Seely

Rose found her with one of Honey Gal's little wornout shoes in her hands, crooning over as if it had been a living thing. But she thrust it cunningly under her apron when Seely Rose approached.

And when night fall came and the little unlighted cabin was almost swathed in the big, splotchy shadows cast by the old hickory, Deppy would sit on the doorstep and look out into the night.

"My po' lil' baby! Mammy's lil' black baby!" She would wail over and over, her huge form weaving to and fro. And when the night wind ruffled the leaves of the old hickory and made them whisper softly among themselves, she would look at Seely Rose with wide open eyes. "It's Honey Gal's lil' sperit," she would say. And then "Don' cry, mammy's baby; angels gwine sing mammy's baby to sleep." And then, her eyes straining through the thick dust of the summer evening, "Hush-a-by, Honey, hyah de angels singin' sof' an' low."

After a while she came to think that God sent the baby at nightfall for her to put to sleep. Her face would suddenly light up and she would croon softly to her empty arms. If Seely Rose made the slightest sound she said, "S-s-s-h! She's mity nigh gon'. Shet yo' purty eyes tight, darlin', lean yo' lil' haid on mammy's bres'." And then, her body swaying with the weird melody of her voice, she would begin:

Sail, baby sail!
Out upon de sea.
Only don' forget to sail
Back again to me."

And all the while Seely Rose sat in the shadows, her heart heavy. If she wondered why Jake never came, she kept her thoughts to herself. It took most of her time to look after her mother. She grew a litle thin, but no one noticed.

As for Jake, he was utterly wretched. He had intended keeping the baby only one night, but when morning came and he heard that the neighbors were scouring the woods for the gypsies who had stolen Honey Gal, his deed took on a new light and he was frightened at the enormity of it. Like many

more intelligent people, Jake had not taken the aftermath into consideration. His faculties seemed benumbed. His mind refused to act along decisive lines. Honey Gal he cared for with a tenderness that was half pathetic and half ludicrous. When she spilled the contents of the molasses pitcher down the front of her dress Jake whacked the sleeves from one of his shirts and belted its ample dimensions about her fat little stomach with an old gallus. Honey Gal had always liked Jake, and was enjoying her visit immensely. On the third day she had only had her face washed once, and she did just as she liked about everything else. But for poor Jake it was all unmitigated misery. And so the weary days crept on until a week had passed and he could stand it no longer.

On the same day that Jake felt he could bear the situation no longer, Seely Rose persuaded her mother to go across the creek to spend the day with her cousin Charity, who had a child about Honey Gal's age. They were pressed to remain over night, but Deppy insisted on going home early because "Honey Gal wud be sleepy". So at sunset, Charity and a neighbor went home with them.

When the evening chores were done the visitors sat with them about the doorway. Deppy did not sing. She only sat and gazed out into the cool darkness. Seely Rose hoped that the change had helped her mother.

It was just one week since Honey Gal had disappeared. The moon was rising slowly above the tall dark pines and the green of the young corn seemed touched with silver. The doorway was in a shadow. They had been sitting for a long time in utter silence, broken only by the rustle of the hickory leaves as they moved uneasily. Once Seely Rose thought she heard a dull, cracking sound as if some one in haste had pushed a cornstalk aside. She was sure she saw a figure moving slowly through the corn. The moon shot out from under a heavy cloud. It *was* a fixure—a man's figure. Straight up the narrow path it came, and then straight across the yard to the doorstep where Deppy was sitting and laid a bundle in her arms—a bundle that squirmed and wriggled and said "mammy" quite plainly.

"It's Honey Gal," Jake said simply.

“Yes, Honey Gal,” repeated Deppy in a dazed sort of way. “She’s sleepy now.”

“I stole her to spite Seely Rose.” Jake finished miserably and went on around the corner of the house.

Cousin Charity was screaming with joy, and the neighbor woman, who happened to be of a devout turn of mind, was expressing her happiness characteristically. She was bouncing up and down shouting every time she hit the floor, “Praise de Lawd!” and when she went up, “Glory to his name!” But none of these things brought Deppy to herself. That was left for Honey Gal. Frightened by the noise, she set up a yell. The mother instinct was aroused—Deppy was herself again.

“My baby’s foun’! My baby’s foun’!” she said over and over again. The tears that had refused to come for so long streamed unheeded down her wrinkled face. And there was that joy in the little cabin that comes only to hearts long denied it.

Then, perhaps, because everyone else had forgotten, Seely Rose remembered Jake. He was not in the house, but she found him on the chopping log in the back yard beneath a giant hickory which was twin to the one by the cabin door. He was bent nearly double and his head was in his hands. He did not look up when Seely Rose stood beside him.

“I wuz a fool. Dat town niggah sorter crazed me,” he said between his teeth.

“It wuz my fault, Jake,” said Seely Rose. “You ain’t harmed Honey Gal anyway, an’ mammy’s happy.” Then because everybody else was happy and she was young and wanted to be happy too, she said something else.

“Mammy’s jes’ ain’t got room fah me in dis house since Honey Gal come back, Jake, an’ I reckon I’ll hab to go ober to yo’ house an’ look aftah de ole speckled hen an’ de biddies. Menfolk is so shifles’-lak,” she finished, catching her breath like a frightened child.

Then Jake got up from the chopping log and saw her face, and it really doesn’t matter what happened after that.

Zen

Meriel Groves, '13, Adelpkian

"Zen."

"Yes, mother, I'm coming. The cows were hard to find tonight. Old Buttercup went clear down yonder past the piece of woods on t'other side of the branch," the girl answered somewhat impatiently, and then turned to her companions to take up the conversation that her mother had broken into. Janet was going into raptures about the moon rising over the mountain and Zen was looking on with the same awed expression that she had had during the entire trip after the cows. "Well," she said with a puzzled sigh, "hain't you-'uns got a moon in North Caliny?"

Janet, to whom the question was addressed, gave a little giggle and did not answer, but Marcella turned to her and said with a serious look in her big eyes: "Why, yes, Zenie Neighbors, we have got a moon in North Carolina; everybody has a moon, didn't you know that?"

"Well, I bet it's pretty," sighed Zen, unconscious of the scorn in the small voice, and with a "giddap thar, Buttercup," drove the cows on into the barn.

The small figure looked almost pathetically incapable of attempting to milk the three cows that stood in the inclosure, but she took her bucket between her knees and started at it with an air of being perfectly equal to the task. Marcella and Janet stood watching with as much wonder as she had listened to their talk earlier in the afternoon. The only difference was that hers had been a very silent, awed wonder, and now Marcella was asking question after question about the mystery of the milking. But as Zen knew not at all why she could do it so fast, or why it looked to foamy, or how she could always make it shoot into the bucket instead of on the ground, the inquisitive little girl was getting very little satisfaction.

"Zen," came the impatient voice of her mother, bent over in the cabin door, with her head reaching far above it, "you git along thar with that milking. Hain't you got no better

sense than to be afooling with them thar younguns? Your pa'll be long directly and then I reckon you'll git a move on yer."

Little Zen bent to her milking and made the stream flow into the pail faster than ever. There was a new note in her mother's voice tonight which she did not understand. Her mother often fussed and railed at her, but under it all the girl could always feel a certain note which her "pa's" scoldings never had. She wondered with a little quiver of her lip if her mother was getting to be like her father.

The little girls were somewhat alarmed by the reprimand, and as it was getting dark they told her that they must be getting on home because their mother might be worried about them, and anyhow, they hadn't had any supper and they were awfully hungry. Zen did not urge them to stay, in fact, she hardly gave them a glance as they started on to the cottage with many promises of seeing her the next day.

Zen soon finished the milking and hurried to the house with her buckets. Her mother was busy in the kitchen and did not come out until the milk was strained into the stone crocks and set in the milk house that looked like an overgrown toad stool. Then she poked her head out of the door and told Zen "that supper had been done and sot out so long that it was nigh on to gittin' cold, and for she and Mack to be gittin' along to it."

The supper was eaten in silence except for an occasional question from Zen and her mother about Mack's trip into town, which he answered in the shortest way possible and went on eating his supper. After the meal was over, the dishes washed, the things put away and everything made as clean as possible, Mrs. Neighbors went and sat down on the back stoop to rest for the first time since before daylight that morning. However, tonight she did not think of how tired and worn out she was. Her mind was so full of other thoughts that she was entirely unconscious of her weariness. Mack was stirring around inside getting ready "to turn in", and Zen was already fast asleep. It was a glorious moonlight night; the hills and mountains were fairly flooded in it. Down by the spring a whippoorwill was calling and

every now and then the chickens roosting on a tree outside the gate gave a startled little peep and stirred on their perches. These were familiar sounds to the woman on the doorstep and were hardly heard by her. The distant sound of laughter and singing coming from the hill where the cottages were was the only thing that she was conscious of. It stirred up something in her that was strange even to herself. She had always been used to this kind of life and if anything, had been considered by the surrounding neighborhood to have done well when she married Mack Neighbors. She had even rather prided herself on her good fortune. She had never been the kind to complain about what she had to do or about the life she led. She simply took it as being the only thing there was to take and had never been unhappy about it. No, she had never cared for herself, but there seemed to be something now that stirred her up and set strange thoughts and fancies to going in her when she compared Zen to the city children and when she now heard the sounds of gayety coming from over the hill.

She thought of the child going to sleep before it was dark and being obliged to get up before it was good daylight, and spending her days in ceaseless work. The same thing day in and day out, with only a Sunday now and then on which the only diversion was preaching at a Dunkard church two miles off. Then oftentimes the child was too tired to go, so she simply stayed at home and rested more than usual. The neighborhood was an unusually sparsely settled one and Zen had no friends her age that were at an accessible distance. It is true that there was a country school for a few months in the year, but the weather was so bad for a greater part of it that she got very little schooling. All of these things and many more besides were going through the woman's mind as she thought, but she was only conscious of a dull, fierce new sort of ache in her heart. She stirred herself and came back to earth again. She must be getting in to bed, for there was work to be done tomorrow. As she went into the dimly lighted familiar kitchen somehow or other the thoughts that she had been having seemed strange to her and she felt as if she must in some way justify herself. She said half to

herself and half aloud, "Well, one thing sure and certain, Zen needn't be a fooling round them thar city children that think themselves so much better than country folks. She shouldn't be playing with them and gittin' all sorts of notions in her head."

The next morning when the girls came over for the milk in their fresh gingham dresses and with their hair tied with the biggest bows Mrs. Neighbors thought she had ever seen, they presented a striking contrast to Zen, clad in a dark, plain, scanty homespun dress with a sunbonnet on her head and brogans on her feet. She was getting ready to feed the hogs and when the little girls came up the walk her mother gave her such a look that she hurried on with her bucket without so much as speaking to her new made friends.

"Good morning, Mrs. Neighbors," said Marcella in her direct way. "We've come to get the milk that you told mother we could get every morning and to ask you to let Zen come over and play with us."

"To let Zen come over and play with us." What an unheard of request to make! Had anybody ever asked Zen to come over and play with them before? In fact, did Zen ever play? Not knowing how to answer Marcella's perfectly commonplace question, Mrs. Neighbors simply said:

"Well, I guess Zen's got her work to be a doin'."

"But surely, Mrs. Neighbors, she doesn't help her mother all the time; we help our mother sometimes and she says that we are awful smart girls, but we play just lots, don't we, Janet?"

"Help their mothers!" Mrs. Neighbors thought; for Zen did not help her with the house work at all. She spent all of her time tending to the chickens and pigs and working in the field, for Mack always said that he was too poor to have a hired man, and so Zen must help him.

That afternoon Mrs. Neighbors heard shouts from the vicinity of the barn. Hastily snatching her old sunbonnet from a nail on the wall she went out to see what was happening. Zen had been sent to get up the eggs, when Marcella and Janet, unable to keep away from the attractive possibilities of the farm, spied her. "Oh, goody," they shouted, "come

on, let's play slide," and much to Zen's amusement they climbed up to the very top of the hay and half sliding, half tumbling they came down with much laughing and screaming. Zen was prevailed upon to first try it and after she had tried the exciting experience once she forgot herself completely and joined in their merriment. So Mrs. Neighbors saw, when she reached the barn door, three little girls with their hair flying and their hands and feet waving in the air, come tumbling down the haystack all together. They had utterly abandoned themselves to the joy of rolling down the hay and from the peals of laughter that Mrs. Neighbors heard it sounded like a very delightful joy. She had a sharp reproof on the end of her tongue, for if there was anything that Mack could not abide, it was for anyone to play in his hay. He always said that the cattle didn't like it as well afterwards. But something that she saw in Zen's face stopped her from saying what she had started to say and she went quietly back to the house without having been noticed by the children.

That night when Zen came in to supper she was humming a tune half under her breath and when her mother demanded, "What's that thar you're singing to yerself?" she confessed almost shamefacedly that Marcella had taught her "Stay in Your Own Back Yard", and that she had taught her the song called "Sweet Lovella", that she had learned out of the old album. "Well, for mercy sake," said her mother, "if you are going to sing the thing, sing it out loud." After a while she did sing it out loud, but that same indescribable feeling took possession of her mother so strongly that she told Zen she had better be "gittin' along to bed."

The weeks passed and Zen continued to see a good deal of Janet and Marcella. They were always full of wonder for the starved little girl. She felt as if she was in fairyland when she was playing one of their wonderful games, and one day when she timidly proposed one of her own imagination and it turned out a big success she went about with such a smile on her face that her mother was mystified.

The difference in the life of the children was very evident to Mrs. Neighbors. She had got so that she would compare everything new that she found out about the city children

with her own child, and with each comparison she grew more and more dissatisfied. She watched her child to see if the difference in the clothes and circumstances of her new friends seemed to worry her and make her discontented. Zen did not say anything about her clothes, but one day when the girls came over with particularly pretty dresses on, Mrs. Neighbors thought she saw a wistful look in Zen's eyes and later when she found her crying in the barn loft, her mind was made up. She announced to Mack, much to that gentleman's surprise, that she was going to town with him on Saturday. He wasn't much on parleying over a question and grumbled out a not very enthusiastic consent, but when she announced of her own account that she was going to get Zen some clothes, he looked at her as if he thought she had lost her mind.

"Hain't she got enough clothes for any gal?" he asked. "I hain't got no money to be a-throwin' away on new fangled gals' clothes; homespun's good enough fer me and I don't see why my gal can't wear it."

"No, Mack Neighbors, homespun ain't good enough for your gal long as you can git her somethin' better, and I'm going to buy her some clothes, d'you hear? some clothes like decent folks wears. I'm going on Saturday and you can't keep me from a-goin' either."

"Wall, being as how you're so sot on it, I don't guess as how I object to you gittin' the gal some togs just so they don't be a-costin' much."

Mrs. Neighbors very wisely did not answer as to the price, but she had her misgivings.

So bright and early Mrs. Neighbors set out to go to town on a mission that was very unusual for her. They did not keep a buggy and horse, so her conveyance consisted of a big lumber wagon with a sheepskin spread on the top of the wood and drawn by a pair of mules, named Lize and Dobbin. Mack said that he was too poor a man to waste his money in buying horses and buggies, that mules were good enough for him and for his family too. Yes, mules were good enough for him, for they were the means of his seeing something of the world. He had a chance to go to town and gossip with the men at the grocery store and learn something of what was

going on in the world, or at least to get a change from the dreary monotony of the farm and to have some intercourse with his fellowman. But what of his wife and Zen? Oh, he prided himself on being a good provider. "Yes," he often said to himself, "thar's Zen and Ella. My folks are well keered for, they are, and do be right pert, if I do be a sayin' so myself." He didn't believe in "edicatin' gals," as he said, "because they allus went and got married and wasted it all." On the way to town Mr. and Mrs. Neighbors were unusually silent. Mrs. Neighbors was busy enough with her own thoughts, and Mack was feeling a little taken back and overpowered at these unusual proceedings. At one time when his wife happened to ask him, "Why that thar big oak on the edge of the brook was dead?" he answered:

"Why, that's where they hung that fellow Hodgebarker a few months back," and went on to ruminate on the theory that is held in those out-of-the-way parts, that if a man is hung on a tree, no matter how strong and alive it is at the time, that it dies within twenty-four hours. He broke off, however, in the midst of his tale when he happened to glance at his wife and saw that she was not listening to a word that he was saying.

"Ella, you sho' do be sot on queer thoughts here lately, a takin' this here trip to town for nothing but to git the gal some clothes and a mopin' 'round with a set look on yer face like you was a dreamin' all the consarned time." He said this in an angry tone of voice, and with a snort of disgust he cracked the whip over the mules' backs and told Lize to "move on" and Dobbin to "git up thar".

"Look here, Mack Neighbors," came the calm voice of Mrs. Neighbors, "hain't you got a right to think what you please?"

"Well, I guess I have", answered Mack, somewhat subdued.

"Well, then," she went on, "hain't I got a right to think what I please? Yes I have, and I am going to do hit and you can go to guinea for all I keer."

"Well, I guess you have," was Mack's answer for then and for all that day. He had learned that he was dealing

with a person that was new to him and under the prevailing circumstances he had better keep his mouth shut.

Mrs. Neighbors successfully fulfilled her mission to town, and on the next morning, which was Sunday, she helped to attire Zen in some of the clothes with about as much excitement as the beaming child. When she was finished and in all her glory, her mother directed her to go and sit down in a rockingchair on the porch so as not to get all mussed up before the "gals" came over. She went back in the kitchen to her work, but stole many side peeps at the back of the prim little figure in the rockingchair and such a smile came over her face that had there been a mirror in front of her she would not have been able to have recognized her own self.

When Marcella and Janet came over for the milk the sharp eyes of the woman were ready to take in every detail of their attire as compared to Zen's. Her look was one of triumph, for was not Zen's bow of ribbon larger than either one of theirs and was not her dress lots prettier, for theirs were so very plain, and too, Zen's shoes were a whole lots the shinier. When Marcella repeated her much asked for and always denied request to let Zen come over and play with them Mrs. Neighbors answered, much to her surprise, "That she reckoned Zen could go for a spell this morning, if she would be a good gal."

She watched them until they descended on the other side of the hill and when she went back to her dishwashing there were some tears as well as smiles mingled with her dishwater.

Eventide

Elizabeth Camp, Cornelian

The day is closing gently;
 Softly, softly, evening falls;
In the distance dimly echoed
 Are the late bird's mournful calls.

Silently the shadows creeping
 O'er the closing scenes of day,
Make not even one faint rustle
 That's not answered far away.

Now the dreamy dusk is deepening;
 Now the birds are hushing too;
All the earth is still and covered
 By the silent falling dew.

In Defiance of the Law

Della Blevins, '13, Adelpkian

“Well, hanged if I ain’t glad to see you. Me and yer Aunt Jane’s been a lookin’ for you for several days. She was ’fraid you wouldn’t come on account of the weather bein’ so awful, but I calculated you wasn’t goin’ to let sich as that bother you. I tell you, George, I’ve seed purty rough winters up here in these old mountains, but never none to match this ’un. It’s jest about got the best of me, lookin’ after things and stayin’ in the old mill so much o’ the time.”

These words were spoken by a rough, brawny-faced, heavily-built old man whose eyes, overhung by shaggy brows, were now glowing with joy and pride as he viewed the robust, handsome young man before him.

“Well, Uncle Alex, I guess I’ve arrived at the right time to be of use to you. But it seems to me that these people must eat a lot of cornbread to keep you grinding so much of the time.” The young man smiled good humoredly as he saw his uncle wince.

“Look-a-here, George,” said the old man, “it takes a little more than cornbread to keep a feller’s blood warm when that thermometer over at Josh Billings’ store stays ’way down below the freezin’ pint. You go ’long up to the house and behave yerself. I ’spect you’ll find yer Aunt Jane a’cookin’. I’ll come to the house to supper as soon as I can.”

“You’d better, for if Aunt Jane’s cooking is as good as it used to be, there won’t be much left for you.” So saying George Anderson turned and left the old man alone.

As Alex Anderson heard the boy whistling happily as he went toward the house, he muttered to himself: “I ain’t got no boy of my own, and I’m glad I’ve helped him in gittin’ his schoolin’. He’s a smart boy or he’d never worked like he has to git an education. They ain’t many boys that grows up in these mountains that has got enough ‘git up’ in ’em to work their way through school. And I reckon he’s shore got a notion in his head that he’s goin’ to preach—and danged if he won’t look good in one o’ them fine churches.”

“Why, howdy, ‘Bud’, howdy, Steve. Come in, Jake, and all the rest of ye. The sooner ye git in and shet the door the better you’ll feel. Guess I’d better chunk up the fire in this here stove. Set down on them boxes and old chairs and make yerselves to home. I see ye all have got a right smart of corn fer me to grind. Guess ye don’t want any bread meal today, do you?”

As the old man talked he bustled around and provided seats for the half dozen men who had entered the mill. As the men gathered around the stove they were a rough, uncouth crowd to look upon. Rugged, ungainly, roughly clad, and unshaven, they represented the fearless and fearful type of the mountaineer.

“Say, Alex,” spoke up “Bud” Wagoner, a tall, gaunt, harsh featured man, “we all would like to know who that fine young man wuz that we seed agoin’ up to your house as we come down the road. He looked like a reg’lar town feller.”

“Jest mind what ye’re sayin’, ‘Bud’, about that young man. That’s my nephew, George Anderson, who, ye all remember, left these parts about eight years ago.”

“Well,” drawled Jake Brown, as he changed his large quid of tobacco from the hollow of one flabby cheek to the other, “I never would o’ thought that he’d come to be sich a fine lookin’ feller as that. Come to think about it, it’s jest fifteen years ago next month since the blasted revenues killed his dad over on Long Branch.”

At the mention of the revenues, the whole atmosphere of the old mill changed from boisterous hilarity to suppressed excitement. The mutterings of fierce tense voices mingled with the rhythmic clatter of the mill and subdued roar of the water outside as it turned the old mill wheel. The men began to talk in low, heavy tones; hard faces became harder, and every eye glowed with fierce resentment.

“It was just last week that a gang o’ the blamed devils cut up a big still over on the Widow Mountains, and I hear that they are stayin’ around that good-fer-nothing town of Hilton. I tell ye, fellers, we’d better be on the look out for ’em. They may git news of some of our doin’s up thar on

Long Branch." As Steve Caudill spoke, the eyes of the men instinctively sought the shot guns which they had brought along with them and propped around the walls of the room. Freel Spicer grasped the hilt of his pistol and spoke vehemently:

"It won't be good fer anybody who gives them word, and it won't be good fer the damned revenues neither. I've got a right to turn my corn into likker, and I tell ye they can't keep me from it."

The men talked on until finally the mill stopped. One by one they took their loads of crushed corn and left in grim silence. The brawny old miller closed and bolted the door of the mill, and walked thoughtfully towards the house.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "the boys are right. Them revenues ain't got no right to come up here meddlin' in our business. But I hope we ain't goin' to have trouble with 'em."

The days passed happily in old Alex Anderson's home. The presence of George in the house was a source of never-ending delight to his Aunt Jane. She loved to hear him whistling and singing around the house as he used to do before he had gone away. He was just the same to her as had been the cheerful, mischief-loving boy who had left her five years ago. She would often reprove him for some of his boyish pranks, telling him that he could never be a good preacher if he didn't "settle down" and quit some of his "cuttin' up".

Although the dear old woman scolded him for not being more serious and preacher-like, she felt in her heart a great pride for this generous, kind-hearted boy who had been as an only child to her. When he was two years old his mother had died, and his uncle and aunt, not having any children of their own, had gladly taken him into their home. Then the revenues had killed his father when the boy was nine. Thus it had happened that the old miller and his wife had come to be almost as father and mother to the boy.

George was no less a pleasure to his uncle than to his aunt, but there was one thing about him that sometimes made the old man feel a little uneasy. Very often George would bring up the subject of the "moonshining" going on in the

surrounding mountains. He was determined, if possible, to persuade his uncle to let the dangerous business alone. Though the old man did not actually help run the blockade distilleries, he was in with the gang who did, and he willingly used his old mill for crushing the corn out of which they made their whiskey. George realized that sooner or later the blockading would be stopped by the revenues. He knew also that his uncle's position would be looked upon as being almost as lawless as that of the blockaders themselves.

Aside from the dangerous risk in defying the law, George was resolved to convince his uncle of the wrong he was doing both by disobeying the law and by aiding in the production of that which was the cause of so much unhappiness and wrong-doing in the surrounding community. He realized from the first that he had no easy duty to perform. Whenever he mentioned the subject, his uncle would, if possible, evade it altogether; but when the young man persisted, the older would express his views firmly. As for the danger, he admitted that there were risks to be taken; but in regard to the wrong that existed in blockading there was none. The men had a right to do it and the law had no right to prevent their doing so. Argue as he might, George could not convince the old man that he was in the wrong.

As time went on and his vacation time was slipping rapidly away, George was vainly puzzling his brain to find some plan by which he might make his uncle see and do the right thing. How he wished that he could go away from the dear old aunt and uncle with the feeling that they were secure from the trouble which he knew would inevitably fall upon them if his uncle persisted in his present course. So far as George could see, there seemed no way out of the situation.

On Saturday afternoon the same crowd of mountaineers who had been there the day that George had come back, were again gathered in the old mill. Today when Alex Anderson was out of hearing they were asking each other, not without a look of suspicion, "Wonder wher' that young preacher's got to." Men guilty of crime are naturally suspicious, and these men were no exception to the rule.

All the afternoon the slow conversation of the men dragged

along. At last "Bud" Wagoner rose and putting on an old and patched overcoat of brown jeans, prepared to leave.

"It's gittin' late, boys," he said, "an' I guess I'd better be trampin' up towards Long Branch. I guess somebody'd better go by the still and see if things is all right up thar. It won't be much out o' my way and I reckon I'll go long."

"Well, 'Bud'," said Freel Spicer, "if I don't see you again, be shore to be at the still bright and early Monday morning, fer it's time we was makin' another run o' whiskey."

"Oh, I guess I'll be thar, all right," and "Bud" raised the latch of the door and went out. For a moment he stood on the doorstep rendered speechless and motionless by what he saw. Then he turned and with a curse burst into the mill to the utter astonishment of the men grouped around the stove.

"Fer God's sake, what's happened, 'Bud'?"

"Nothin' yit, but somethin's goin' ter happen purty quick. Jest look down the road and ye'll know what."

The men rushed to the one window of the old mill and saw that which drove the blood from their faces and brought curses to their lips.

"The revenues," broke simultaneously from the lips of every man.

"My God, fellers, we're ruined!" gasped old Steve Caudill as he sank down in an old splitbottom chair.

"D'ye reckon they'll stop at the mill?" broke in Jim Felts as the men excitedly commented upon the approaching group of horsemen.

"If they do thar'll be somethin' lively happenin', for before they shall git their hands on me I'll shoot the whole damned gang." And "Bud" Wagoner began to examine his pistol.

The old miller had been looking out of the window in troubled silence. Now he spoke:

"Boys, I think you had all better go up in the loft and if any of them come in I can 'pear like thar ain't nobody here by me. I'm afraid it'll be purty bad fer us if any shootin' is done."

The men considered for a few moments and then with

angry growls and curses they climbed up a ladder which led to the dark loft of the old mill, and with their eyes to the cracks in the weather boarding they watched the approach of the revenues. Old Alex Anderson, with a great fear at his heart and an outwardly calm manner, seated himself where he could see the nearby road.

All the men's precautions were needless, for the six well-armed riders dashed by the mill and up the road toward Long Branch. In less than an hour three distilleries were destroyed and again the six riders plunged down the road and passed on by the old mill in which the mountaineers were still hiding.

The men had still remained in the loft and the old miller had stayed below. When the revenues had passed they began to talk in low, angry tones.

"He's the only one that would do it, and then them thar preachin' notions of his'n, you know. He's no good ahangin' 'round these parts any way." There was a general assent to this idea of Freel Spicer's.

"I ain't got nothin' agin old Alex, an' I'd hate to give him trouble, but if I git a chance I'll give that finicky nephew of his'n somethin' that'll make him glad to git out o' these parts alive." As "Bud" Wagoner spoke there was an ugly light in his grim eyes.

Until after the revenues passed back down the road the men talked on, giving vent to their violent hatred of the revenues and becoming more and more convinced that George Anderson had reported them.

When the revenues had passed out of sight the men went down out of the loft and presently they all departed, leaving the old miller alone. As old Steve Caudill, the last to leave, passed out of the door, he called back in a hesitating voice:

"Alex, ye'd better tell George to look out. The boys all think he reported us and I'm afraid he'll have trouble if he stays around here. They're mighty set agin' him."

As Alex closed the mill and started toward the house his usual cheerful smile was lacking. He walked along with his eyes on the ground, unheeding the objects around him. The sun had just gone down and an obscuring gloom was settling over the mountains. The nearest ranges were black with the

shadows that were creeping up from the dusky valley. Out of the shadows the summits of the mountains rose higher and higher till in the distance the Grandfather towered like a monarch above the surrounding solitudes. There, outlined against the warm red western sky, it stood, solemn, majestic, grand.

When Alex entered the cheerful kitchen Aunt Jane was busily setting the supper table. George, who had been hunting in the afternoon, was working with his gun, and in the meanwhile delighting Aunt Jane with stories of his college life. An expression of keen pain crossed the old man's face as the thought came to him that George would have to leave him very soon. He felt rising in his heart resentment against the men who were threatening to do George harm. He knew that George had not reported the stilling to the revenues. During supper he told George and Aunt Jane about the coming of the revenues and the consequent anger of the mountaineers. He ended by saying to George:

"Them danged fools think you reported them, and we're agoin' to have trouble if you stay up here. So I guess you'd better leave in the mornin'."

"Why, Uncle Alex, you certainly want to bundle me off in a hurry. I don't think there's any danger in my staying, besides, I had such good luck hunting today that I want to try again Monday. No, if Aunt Jane is not tired of cooking for such a bread-eater, I shall stay up here till my vacation is over."

George did not want to leave for more than one reason. Now that the moonshine stills had been destroyed by the revenues, he thought that perhaps he might persuade his uncle to stop his co-operation with the moonshiners. When old Alex saw that George was unwilling to leave he let the subject drop, but he could not help feeling anxiety about the boy's safety. He knew the moonshiners well and he knew that, if aroused, they would not allow an offence go without revenge.

True to his word, on Monday about twelve o'clock George set forth with his gun and his uncle's dog, "Gyp." Time and again as the afternoon passed, he saw "Gyp." with every hair, muscle, and limb tense; and as often the bang! bang! of his

gun had re-echoed through the mountain solitudes, until the pockets of his hunting coat were stuffed with birds. Time passed unnoticed and the red winter sun sank into a blur of deep crimson among the purple gray clouds that had gathered along the mountain tops. George realized that it was time for him to be going home, for it was two miles to take the "nearest cut" down by Long Branch. A short low whistle brought the faithful dog to his side. And the two set out on the path that led through the deep thick woods down by the old still houses on Long Branch.

As they came into the clearing in which stood the old log hut where one of the stills had been, George felt a vague sense of loneliness stealing over him. "Gyp." also seemed to be disturbed, for she silently drew nearer to him and followed close to his heels. Somewhere nearby an owl hooted mournfully and weirdly, and away out on the mountain rose again and again the long, lonesome howl of a dog. George wondered why he should feel as he did, why the lonely-looking place should have such an effect on him, and why he should want to avoid the log hut. He did not notice the gleam of light that flickered through the crack in the side of the old house, nor did he see the tall, gaunt figure of "Bud" Wagoner approaching.

"Bud," however, had seen him and, by the dim light of the now risen moon, had recognized him. Quickly darting behind a tree, he muttered to himself: "Well, I guess he's been playin' the spy on us agin. He's heard what the fellers has been talkin' about thar in the old still house, an' he'll have that still over in Handy's Cove reported before it's fairly started. No, he won't neither!"

He drew his pistol and with set face awaited George's approach. Suddenly a shot rang out clear and loud on the still night air, George threw up his left arm while his gun dropped to the ground. For a moment he stood, then dropped as if dead. "Bud" Wagoner turned and fled through the woods, looking neither to left nor right, but keeping straight ahead.

After the sound of Wagoner's hurried footsteps had died

away in the distance, George slowly raised himself to a sitting position.

"Well," he murmured in a voice in which pain and relief were mingled, "that certainly was a close call. Phew! how my shoulder hurts. I guess the fellow was aiming at my heart all right, but it's good for me that he missed his mark. I guess he'd have tried again if I hadn't had presence of mind enough to fall when he fired the first time."

Shivering with cold and pain, he picked up his gun and calling softly for "Gyp," started slowly down the path that led home. As he went along he almost groaned: "Two miles home and this torturing pain in my shoulder. I've got to keep up my grit or I'll give out before I get there. I wonder what Uncle Alex will think of the moonshining gang after this."

It was unusually late when old Alex left the mill and came to the house. He found Aunt Jane greatly worried because George had not yet come home from hunting. Instantly, when the old man found that George had not returned a great fear clutched at his heart. He decided immediately to go in search of the boy. He recalled with foreboding that he had heard the men talking that afternoon about meeting at the old still place that night. He thought also that George might come by the still houses on his way back home. Not mentioning his fears to Aunt Jane, he merely said to her: "It's a bit unusual for him not to be here by this time. If you'll git me my overcoat I believe I'll go up the road a piece and see if I see anything of him. The moon's ashinin', but I believe I'll take the lantern along as I may go through the woods if I don't happen to meet him."

Before Aunt Jane could bring the lantern and overcoat the door opened and George staggered into the room. Pale, haggard, and speechless, he dropped into a chair while the old people hovered around him in astonishment and terror, both talking at once.

"Why, what's the matter, George? Are you hurt? What is it? Tell us what's happened to you."

Finally George gasped out: "I came by Long Branch and somebody shot me. The walk home tired me out. I—"

He could say no more. Utterly exhausted, he would have fallen from the chair had not the old man caught him in his arms.

"We must git his clothes off and git him to bed, and then I'll go over to Josh Billings' store and 'phone to town for the doctor." As he spoke, Alex began to remove George's coat. At sight of the bloody shirt sleeve, he and Aunt Jane were both thoroughly frightened. They were glad to see, however, that the wound had stopped bleeding. With tender care and solicitude the two old people bandaged up the wound and put George to bed in the large warm living-room. They had hardly got him to bed before he fell asleep from utter weariness and fatigue.

Seeing that George was all right, old Alex with a troubled look on his face and a thoughtful expression in his eyes left the house, and presently Aunt Jane heard him riding down the road toward Josh Billings' store which was three miles away and the only place in the community where there was a 'phone. She herself went into the kitchen to make a hot herb tea for George to drink when he should awake.

After an hour's deep sleep, George awoke feeling rested and refreshed, though the pain in his shoulder was anything but agreeable. He told Aunt Jane about what had happened, how the man had shot him and of his long weary tramp home. She trembled as she realized how near she had come to losing the boy who was becoming more and more dear to her kind motherly heart.

When Alex returned he found her in the kitchen busy with the night tasks which until now she had not found time to do. She told him what George had said about what had happened. She had expected him to burst out in hot and angry words, but all the while she was talking he was thoughtfully silent. For a few minutes after she had finished telling him how George had been shot, neither of them spoke. When the old man finally broke the silence his voice was low and broken.

"Oh, Jane," he murmured, "what if they had killed our boy?"

He turned and passed out of the kitchen into the living room where George was. The room was lighted only by the

firelight from the big open fireplace. The old man thought George was asleep and he stole quietly over to the bedside. George, however, opened his eyes and saw his uncle standing over him.

“Well, I guess Aunt Jane has told you all about it, hasn’t she?” he asked, and then added with a hint of mischief in his voice, “A little more, and that man would have put me in such a condition that not even his moonshine could have kept my blood above the freezing point.”

“Oh, George, don’t,” pleaded the old man brokenly, “I am beginning to see what you meant by the bad effects of this stillin’ business. I’ve been thinkin’ about it all as I rode over thar to ’phone for the doctor. I see now that you was right all along and I promise you, my boy, I’ll never have nothin’ else to do with this stillin’ business.”

A glad light came into George’s eyes. He reached out and grasped his uncle’s rough, work-hardened hand. The two looked at each other in understanding silence. The firelight suddenly flickered into brightness and revealed the two faces, the young aglow with happiness, the older sober and saddened but illumined by the presence of a dawning peace.



State Normal Magazine

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MAY, 1912

No. 8

At the end of the year, the college, as is the case with all organizations, makes a summary of the work accomplished during the year. Dr. Foust makes a statement for the college itself; the much dreaded reports carry home the individual records; the societies, the Young Women's Christian Association, the athletic association, all the various faculty and student interests make some sort of review of the year's work. All have been represented except the Magazine, which, as the only organ of the student body for the expression of literary ideals or of practical opinions of the doings of the college world, needs to consider what it is accomplishing.

First of all, the board of editors for 1911-1912 has followed a new ruling. Formerly each society has elected one editor from the Junior Class who served as chief in the Senior year,

also another Senior editor besides the chief and the Junior editor. Alternating between the two societies the two chiefs were "editor-in-chief" and "business manager". There were no requirements for election save that the editor should be a member of the class she was elected from. Now there is a requirement for the editorship of eight hundred words published in the magazine, three hundred words in the back and five hundred words in the front. The Junior editor need not serve in her Senior year. Each society merely elects two editors from the Senior class and one from the Junior class. A business manager from the Senior class, not subject to the requirements, is elected alternately from the societies; from the society not having the business manager, an assistant business manager from the Junior class is elected under the same conditions. The new board, consisting of six editors and two business managers, elects a chief from the Senior editors of the society electing the assistant business manager and an assistant chief from the Senior editors of the society electing the business manager. So now we have a board of six editors subject to an eight hundred word requirement, and of two business managers subject to no requirement; the editors concerning themselves solely with the literary part of the magazine, the business managers confining themselves to the financial side.

This new manner of election will, many believe, bring added improvement to the board with each succeeding year. The effect on the financial side of the magazine is already seen. Under the regime of two business managers the magazine has prospered so well that it will leave a larger amount to the new managers that has been left before. The societies have been much more liberal than before, giving \$300.00 instead of \$150.00. But best of all, the subscription list is the one to be proud of. Each student receives the magazine through the societies, all of the faculty subscribe, and, despite the fact that they no longer get it through their association, many of the alumnae have subscribed, making with outside subscriptions, a circulation of over eight hundred. With the increase of circulation even under difficulties there has been an increase in the size of the Magazine. Every one of the eight numbers

has been larger than that of last year, and, on an average, the whole volume of the Magazine for the year has been increased at least fifty per cent.

The last, and, we hope, the best—the contents of the magazine. We ourselves are too prejudiced to judge of its merit, but we do feel that the departments are becoming more what they should be. The Editorials, Points of View, Contributors' Club, and Jokes, are becoming more the mouthpiece of the student body, voicing its opinions and questions and trying to answer them. What we feel most encouraged about, however, is the widespread interest in the Magazine, shown by the number of contributors. Heretofore the contributors have been confined to the Seniors, a few Juniors, and *only two Sophomores* in our recollection. Now while we still have our Seniors and Juniors, we also have underclassmen by the fifties instead of by the twos.

We must mention just one other "material" gain that will interest old editors we are sure. We have a box for material placed in the hall of the Administration Building, and we also have a *room of our own* in the same building.

Though we feel that we have not stood still, there is much for you new editors to do. Our magazine room is not furnished as we would like to see it, and our box has never been crowded with material. We would like to see the Magazine a still more vital force in the college and—well, your progressive spirits will find many more needful things than we can tell you of. So, all good wishes to you, new editors! May the good luck ever attendant upon your class bring you success in this work also, Board of 1913!

C O M M E N C E M E N T

G R A D U A T I N G R E C I T A L S

The first graduating recital given by the graduates in the music department was given by Misses Clyde Fields, Hattie Howell and Ethel Skinner on Friday evening, May 3rd, 1912. They were assisted by Miss Mildred Bush, who sang several excellent vocal numbers, and by Miss Esther Yelverton, who accompanied her. The entire program showed talent and skill, and was a credit to the music department. The program was as follows:

<i>Beethoven</i>	Moonlight Sonata—Op. 27, No. 3
	Miss Howell
<i>Rachmaninoff</i>	Prelude in G minor—Op. 23, No. 5
<i>Sinding</i>	Rondoletto Giocoso—Op. 32, No. 5
	Miss Skinner
<i>Mozart</i>	Sonata in F major—No. 6
<i>Mendelssohn</i>	Song Without Words
	“The Departure”
	Miss Fields
<i>Schubert</i>	a. Huntsman’s Song
	b. Wanderer’s Night Song
	c. Hedge Roses
	Miss Bush
<i>Chaminade</i>	Le Matin—Op. 79 (Piano Duo)
	Miss Skinner, Miss Yelverton
<i>Liszt</i>	Mazurka Brilliante
<i>Martucci</i>	Scherzo—Op. 53, No. 2
	Miss Howell
<i>Liszt</i>	Sonetto 47 Del Petrarca
<i>Bartlett</i>	The Dragonfly—Op. 193, No. 2
	Miss Fields
<i>Clough-Leigher</i>	“O! Heart of Mine!”
<i>Hadley</i>	My Shadow
	Miss Bush
<i>Phillips</i>	The Elves
<i>MacDowell</i>	a. Cradlesong—Op. 24, No. 3
	b. Arabesque—Op. 39, No. 4
	Miss Skinner

On Saturday evening, May 11th, 1912, Misses Florence Hunt and Ivor Aycock gave the second graduating recital. Miss Margaret Cotton beautifully sang two selections, and a girls’ chorus, accompanied by

Miss Nell Herring, gave two very enjoyable numbers. Every number was rendered in a most delightful and charming manner, showing skill in tone, technique and interpretation. The following beautiful and entertaining program was rendered:

<i>Metra</i>	Chorus of Women	“Summer Fancies”
<i>Handel</i>	Theme and Variations from Suite V	
	Miss Hunt	
<i>Bach</i>	Prelude and Fugue, No. 10	
	Miss Aycock	
<i>Schumann</i>	a. Nocturne—Op. 23, No. 4	
	b. Vienna Carnival Scenes—Op. 9, Allegro	
	Miss Hunt	
<i>Hawley</i>	Unrequited	
<i>Wells</i>	“If I Were You”	
	Miss Cotton	
<i>Karganoff</i>	Nocturne—Op. 18, No. 1	
<i>Tschaikowsky</i>	Humoreske—Op. 10, No. 2	
	Miss Aycock	
<i>MacDowell</i>	Witches Dance—Op. 17, No. 2	
	Miss Hunt	
<i>Rubenstein</i>	Valse de Concert—Op. 14, No. 4	
	Miss Aycock	
<i>Godard</i>	Concerto—Op. 31, First Movement	
	Miss Hunt, Miss Aycock	
<i>Old English</i>	“Sisters, Awake!”	
	Chorus of Women	

GALA NIGHT

Lila Melvin

Instead of the regular class day exercises the graduating class this year celebrated “Gala Night” in the college dining hall. Miss Ethel Skinner, the president of the class, first gave a toast “To the College.” Other toasts were:

To the Juniors	Lucy Robertson
To the Sophomores	Reba Foust
To the Freshmen	Lucile Elliott
To the Second Preparatory Class	Fay Davenport
To the First Preparatory Class	Margaret Johnson
To the Future	Rebecca Herring

Miss Nettie Fleming had prepared the class prophecy. The part pertaining to each girl was found on her menu card, each of which was decorated in violets, the class flower, and tied with a lavender cord. The Last Will and Testament was given by Lucy Robertson. Margaret Cobb read the class poem. Kate Styron was Statistician. Margaret Wilson read the class history. One of the most striking features of the evening was the election of little Walter Clinton Jackson as class mascot.

SUNDAY SERVICES

The baccalaureate sermon of the twentieth annual commencement of the State Normal and Industrial College was delivered in the college auditorium at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, May 19th. After the invocation and scriptural reading by Rev. S. M. Rankin, of the city of Greensboro, Dr. Foust introduced the speaker of the morning, Rev. H. D. C. Maclachlan, D. D., of Richmond, Virginia. The theme of his sermon was the Function of Faith, which he made three fold: that of making the ideal real, that of making the distant present, and that of making the unseen seen. He concluded with a very beautiful and appropriate message to the graduating class, commending to them as a motto the one word, *Adsum*. The special music rendered by the college chorus added much to the service.

The farewell services of the graduating class were conducted in Peabody Park Sunday evening at eight-thirty o'clock. Miss Skinner, president of the Senior Class, introduced Dr. J. D. Paxton, of Lynchburg, Virginia, who spoke from the subject of mind love. The service closed as usual with the singing of that old hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

ALUMNAE MEETING

Alumnae Day was a day full of interest for the old students who returned to receive from the brief exercises that inspiration that only is gained from the college and its associations. The annual meeting, which was presided over by the president, Miss Annie McIver, was held at ten-thirty o'clock. The speaker for the occasion was Mrs. E. McK. Goodwin, of Morganton, who was a graduate in the first class sent from the Normal. In making the annual address, she told of the work of the alumnae and reviewed the different matters undertaken.

The report of the meeting of the board of trustees was read by Miss Laura Coit and was duly accepted. Following this, the members of the Senior Class were elected to membership in the association.

A brief talk was then made by Dr. Foust, who discussed the needs of the college. He said it was important that a field secretary be appointed and that through her and through the association modern rural schools should be established over the state. He called especial attention to a "Home Makers' Week" which is to be held during the summer school for the benefit of discussing and improving rural home life in the state.

Miss Bertha Lee thanked the association for their assistance in getting up the pageant. Attention was called to the Alumnae News, the official organ of the association. Opportunity was given for subscribing to next year's annual, which is to contain the history of the college from its establishment in 1892 until the present time.

The following officers were elected for next year: President, Miss Annie McIver; vice-president, Miss Hester Struthers; new board members,

Miss Nettie Allen, Miss Laura Weill, Miss Lelia White; auditing committee, Mrs. J. A. Brown, Miss Hattie Berry, Miss Julia Dameron.

At one o'clock the association adjourned and went to the dining hall, where luncheon was served to the alumnae by the college. Several songs were rendered during the luncheon hour.

AN ENGLISH GARDEN PARTY

On the afternoon of Monday, May 20th, from five until six, the graduating class entertained the college and visitors at an "English Garden Party". Music was furnished by the college orchestra and light refreshments were served. The Junior Class served at the request of the hostesses. At the close of the afternoon, led by the Seniors, the various classes sang their songs and finally ended with the college song.

Although this was a modern affair, the guests found it a very pleasant way to link the present American life with that of mediaeval England of the May Day Fete.

GRADUATION

The graduating exercises of Commencement took place on the morning of May 22nd, 1912. Rev. E. W. Abernethy gave the invocation. The annual literary address was delivered by Dr. Wilbur F. Tillet, Dean of the School of Theology at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. His subject was, "The assets which are most valuable to a country." He showed that these were manhood and womanhood devoted to altruistic service. Judge J. D. Murphy presented the Constitutions; Rev. E. K. McLarty, D. D., the Bibles. Dr. Foust announced the prizes which had been won during the year, and gave certificates to seventeen girls who finished in the business course. He then awarded diplomas to the fifty members of the graduating class. After "The Old North State" was sung, led by the chorus which had furnished music throughout the exercises, Rev. Abernethy pronounced the closing benediction of commencement.

COMMENCEMENT VISITORS

VISITORS TO GRADUATES

Anna Pierce, Mrs. T. M. Jordan, Mrs. A. L. Lasser, Ida May Jordan, Ida Lee Middleton, Ruth Middleton, Janie Cooper, Pauline Smithwick, M. E. Spruill, Mrs. E. Gatlin, Mamie E. Johnson, Mrs. J. W. Moore, Mrs. W. L. Woodall, Ida Porter, Mrs. J. B. Hunt, Miss Annie Baker, Mae Fields, Annie Goodloe Brown, Florence Landis, Mrs. B. B. Howell, Elizabeth Van Poole, William W. Boddie, Mrs. W. C. Parker, S. Wilkinson, Annie Greene, Mrs. J. P. Greene, Mrs. J. J. Ivey, Florence Preston, Mrs. Littman, Mrs. F. I. Holman, Mrs. C. C. Decker, Miss Marguerite House, Pauline Palmer, Lena Boddie, Lela Boddie, Mrs. Sallie Boddie, Mrs. W. F. Smith, Tempe C. Boddie, Mrs. H. S. Gay, Mrs. Bemis, Jennie

Y. Fleming, Alice M. Parsons, Mrs. B. F. Hawkins, Miss Jennie Whitson, Miriam Goodwin, Mary C. Coleman, Beth Miller, Annie L. Miller, Nettie Brogden, Mrs. Junius P. Hunt, Clara Hampton, Mrs. J. L. Wimberly, Mary Wimberly, Mrs. E. G. Muse, Miss Cora Linker, Miss Louise Sholar, Miss Annabel Campbell, Mrs. Dorsett, Mrs. Crosan, Susie Green, Mrs. Thomas H. Wright, Mr. Thomas H. Wright, Miss Lois Wright, Mrs. Beverly C. Cobb, Miss Mary W. Cobb, Master Beverly C. Cobb.

ALUMNAE

Lea Lentz, Annie Ezzelle, Kate Foard, Pinkie Forney, Elenoir Murr, Annie Lee Harper, Antoionette Black, Mary Hanes, Virginia Moir, Annie Laurie Ramsay, Bessie D. Coats, Mattie Morgan, Emma Gill, Minnie Reddish, Jennie Eagle, Hattie Arrington, Annie Travis, Hattie Bunn, Margaret Faison, Georgie Faison, Mrs. Morisey, Ida Lee Middleton, Pat Leggett, Joanna Bland, Alma Ragland, Mary Rogers, Jessie McMilton, Hattie Clement Gainey, Hattie S. Parrot, Fannie Barrett, Ethel Smoak, Mrs. W. C. Jordan, Delorah Stepp, Mary Garman, Mary Hunter, Edna Reinhardt, Rachel Brown, Todie Kenyon, Edna Duke, Nettie Brogden, Annie G. Brown, Florence Landis, M. W. McKensie, M. Bruner, Ruby Gray, Mrs. W. B. Strachan, Belle Andrews, Emmie B. Leguin, Georgia Layton, Nena Rhyne, Mary Exum, Bess Crowell, Emmie Morris, Francis G. Nicholson, Belle Hicks, Margaret Scarborough, Havens Carroll, Emelyn Royall, Bessie Ives, Bessie Paylor, Erie Stuart, Mary Moses, Catherine Ervin, Carrie Graeber, Lula Ferguson, Wenonah Joyner, Katherine Norfleet, Lelia White, Jeanette Rudisell, Eunice Roberts, Mamie Weller, Huldah Slaughter, Mary Walters, Clara Foy, Mary Williams, Lillian Williams, Bess Best, Annie Jean Gusts, Grace Bunting, Hester Struthers, Katie Buie, Mrs. W. B. Malloy, Margaret John, Elizabeth Robinson, Lucille Kennette, Mamie Smith, Flora Aycock, Eliza Stevens, Grace White, Lilly Batterham, Willie White, Vivian Douglass, Hattie Griffin, Maude Rogers, Mamie Griffin, Helen Austin, Emily Austin, Della Austin, Myrtle Johnson, Natalie Nunn, Annje Smith, Laura Weill, Rosa Blakeney, Lena Green, Mary Hudson, Olive Boyte, Winifred Harper, Mary Harper, Lily Groves, Janie Clayton, Lena Redmond, Selma Fleming, Louise Fleming, Lillian Stokes, H. M. Berry, Pearl Frelos, Blanche Hanes, Marian Boyd, Maude Goodwin, Minnie Littman, May Vickery, Mary Arrington, Winnie McWhorter, Jane Summerell, Mary L. Jones, Lola Lasley, Zannie Koonce, Belle Hicks, Helen Hicks, Irma Ellis, Julia Pasamore, Mary Berry, Nell Joyce, Saidee Petrie, Elizabeth Struckler, Eliabeth Harry, Edna Rouzer, Margaret Long, Mary Brown, Janie Harris, Annie Green, Bessie Cauble, Eleanor Watson, Sadie Klutz, Addie White, Zela Caldwell, Blanche Hauser, Clara Compton, Hattie Everett, Blanche Austin, Jean Booth Matheson, Nettie M. Allen, Mrs. P. J. Allen, Annie Moring, Clyde Stancill, Luola Weddington, Lemma Gibbs.



Among Ourselves

Alice Whitson, '12, Cornelian

On April 12 representatives from the high schools of the east central section of the state, met at the college. An athletic meet was held in the afternoon, and in the evening there was a contest for prizes in declamation and recitation.

The delegates attending the convention of the Men and Religion Movement held a banquet in the college dining hall on April 15.

On May 1 the college was visited by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who delivered a short address to the students.

The Senior Class has been entertained several times recently. Senior Gala Night took place on May 4. The banquet was held in our dining hall and the feature of the evening was the installing of the class mascot. The class prophecy and history, poem, and last will and testament were also given here.

On May 9 the Seniors with some members of the faculty enjoyed a camp supper.

Dr. Foust gave the class a delightful car ride followed by an informal reception at his home, on May 10.

Miss McArn was hostess at an informal little "white elephant party" for the Seniors on May 11.

On May 13 Mr. and Mrs. Matheson entertained the class with a charming porch party.

The social committee of the Y. W. C. A. gave a hayride to the Seniors on May 17.

On May 15 more than half of the students attended the exercises of the unveiling of the McIver statue in Raleigh. After the exercises a thoroughly delightful luncheon was served to the college students by the ladies of the Woman's Club of Raleigh.



Exchanges

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpian

As we review the work for the past year we must say "Well done". We have made mistakes, it is true, but, since we now know what some of our weak points are, let us return to the work in the fall with renewed determination to make our magazines of literary value not only in the South, but if possible, in the North as well. The South has never yet produced any writers who have been truly great outside our own country. Those who have become eminent in the South began their writings in the college magazines. It is our part to encourage those who attempt to write, those who may some time be great in the literary world. Let us all aim for high literary excellency and live up to our aim.

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

The Red and White, The Wake Forest Student, The Davidson College Magazine, Trinity Archive, Isaqueena, The Wahisco, The Concept, Tiletton Topics, The Sage, The Acorn, The Black and Gold, The Palmetto, The Ivey, The Lexington High School Magazine, The Messenger, The High School Monthly, The St. Mary's Muse, Lebana, Park School Gazette, The Pointer, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Athenian, The Gibsonian, The Aileron, The Western Maryland College Monthly, Lenorian, Pine and Thistle, Focus, The Guilford Collegian, The Sweet Briar Magazine, The Radiant, The Mercerian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Kate R. Styron, Craven County

Adelphian

Jamie Bryan Pitt County
 Margaret Wilson, Mecklenburg County
 Ethel McNairy Guilford County
 Florence Hildebrand .. Burke County
 Mary Tennent Buncombe County

Cornelian

Hattie Howell Edgecombe County
 Mary K. Brown Stanly County
 Clyde Fields Alleghany County
 Gretchen Taylor Guilford County
 Verta Idol Guilford County

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Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

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 Pattie Groves Secretary

Senior Class

Ethel Skinner President Hattie Howell Secretary
 Dora Coats Vice-President Annie Cherry Treasurer

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Mary Porter President Myrtle Horney Secretary
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Pattie Spurgeon President Mary Worth Secretary
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Alice Morrison President Louise Bell V-Pres., Sophomore
 Fay Davenport V-Pres., Senior Edith Haight V-Pres., Freshman
 Mary Tennent V-Pres., Junior Corinna Mial Secretary
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