



ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Meriel Groves, Craven County

Adelphian

Christine Rutledge ... Gaston County
 Gertrude Griffin ... Wayne County
 Ione Grogan ... Rockingham County
 Fannie Mitchell. New Hanover County
 Alice Robbins ... Caldwell County

Cornelian

Sadie Rice Craven County
 Margaret Mann Hyde County
 Hattie Motzno Wayne County
 Eleanor Morgan Wayne County
 Pattie Groves Richmond County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

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 Pattie Groves Secretary

Senior Class

Ethel Bolinger President Nellie Johnston Secretary
 Sallie Sumner Vice-President Ruth Deans Treasurer
 Ethel Keeter Critic

Junior Class

Irene Robbins President May McQueen Secretary
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Sophomore Class

Eunice Sinclair President Fannie Hunt Secretary
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Freshman Class

Freshman Class Unorganized

Y. W. C. A.

Pattie Spurgeon President Mary Worth Secretary
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 Fay Davenport V-Pres., Senior Edith Haight V-Pres., Freshman
 Mary Tennent V-Pres., Junior Corrina Mial Secretary
 Jessie Gainey Treasurer Margaret Mann Critic

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The Spirit of Autumn

Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelphian

I am the Spirit of Autumn,
With each of its sprites at my call,
To come swiftly at my bidding,
And transform the country, all.
From far and near they gather,
In haste, to answer me;
At the touch of their skillful fingers,
Changes wrought as by magic they see.
The tall golden-rod is flaming
To light the dark roadside,
The black-eyed daisies are staring
Wherever the small brooks glide.

There's a miracle wrought in the forests!
Bright red, yellow, and green,
Blend their colors in beautiful harmonies,
As wondrous as ever seen.
Yea, my sprites deck the earth
In all her gala attire,
To wait for the death that is coming
In the semblance of Winter, its sire.
In holiday garments they robe her,
A sign of the joy in her breast
At thought of the life in the springtide,
After the brief death-rest.



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The Junior Partner

Hazel Black, '13, Cornelian

"Mary, I believe you had better go over to mainland tonight, it looks like there is going to be a blow, and no one can predict with certainty how the water is going to cut up around this island. It has behaved alright for two years I know, and it helps me to rent cottages when the settlers see that I leave my wife and child over here all of the time, but remember—you are all that I have and I don't want to leave you in any danger. I promised to protect you, you know, as well as to love you," he ended teasingly.

"You are only afraid because that old fisherman just told you it was going to storm, but he has stood at our back door every morning for a week with the fish and predicted how 'a sou'wester war a comin' up an' that this islan' war agoin' to be washed away because all the beeg fish war a comin' in th' bay!' However, I am not afraid in the least, though goodness knows, I would be in a storm!"

"Well, pack up and go spend the night with me," he urged again. "I tell you I just feel that I must not leave you here—I would feel much more satisfied if you would go with me."

"Say, Jack, wait until a storm comes before you get so worried," she answered lightly again. "If it is bad tomorrow, I will go. I wish you didn't have to run off and leave me so often, but never mind, in three weeks we will have a whole month's vacation together."

"There is the last whistle, so you see your chance is lost!"

After bidding her goodnight the young man leaned over the sleeping baby in the carriage and kissed it lightly.

“Don’t worry about us, Jack. We will be alright,” Mary called after him.

Mrs. McDonald watched her husband as he walked briskly down the long shell path to the car station. His light springing step and cheery whistle belonged to a boy, but his clear brown eyes that could become sharp and penetrating and his slightly gray hair showed his full thirty years. Jack McDonald’s face indicated that his life so far had been a singular success, and, indeed, this was true. At fourteen he had been compelled to start to selling tickets on the cars of the Public Transfer Company in the afternoons and at night to help his invalid mother. At twenty, after his mother’s death, he took a short but thorough business course. He entered the offices of the transfer people, with whom he had been growing in favor for years, as stenographer. A short while after he had been made private secretary to the president. And so raise after raise came until the year before he had reached his goal—he had become junior partner of the firm. The way of obtaining this last honor was rather odd.

The Transfer Company, in addition to controlling the car service of Plympton, a rather larger seaport town situated on the edge of a large bay, also controlled a line running over Shell Island. Plympton Bay was nearly enclosed by long sand bars which ran up and down the coast and kept the ocean waves from coming in the small bays, but made them affected by every tide. Shell Island was much larger than any of these bars and, running perpendicularly to them, stretched nearly across the center of Plympton Bay and to within five miles of the city harbor. At the further end was another and much more beautiful island almost three miles in diameter. This island, Paradise it was called because of its beauty, was truly a charming spot. Tall palms and old water oaks, covered with long gray moss, made it wonderfully pleasant and lovely. On the northern and western shores the ocean waves beat, beat, beat continually like a never ceasing or tired guard and who ever sent his minions, the ripply, flowing little wavelets, far ahead to carefully sweep and polish the white sands for a dancing floor for the mermen and maids to have their nightly frolics on, and who then stood by to see that

everything went well with his charges. And never did nymphs have a more charming spot to sport in than here on a warm summer night with a full moon casting her clear beams over all!

But the heart of man is ever desirous of possessing the whole earth for his habitation. And that was the reason why beautiful Paradise was rudely snatched from the possession of her rightful owners and spoiled by the erection of cottages and pavilions for pleasure seeking men. It had long been a cherished desire of the Public Transfer Company to have a settlement over on this island, with their car line extending over it just as they had on Shell Island. The traffic there had payed splendidly and once they could get a good resort on Paradise, they felt their fortunes would be made. There were several objections to this plan though. In the first place, that five miles of bay which had to be crossed to reach Plympton from Shell Island looked terribly far and dangerous to a timid "highlander" when confronted with the thought of a supposable storm approaching. Therefore for a long time only the most daring would consent to spend their nights over there, but when they found out that, apparently it was reasonably safe, the island was soon so thickly settled that those who wished more seclusion began to talk of going to the mountains for their summer. But so far no thought of going on to Paradise had entered the public's mind—it was entirely too dangerous and inaccessible.

It was at this time that McDonald's most important commission that the firm had so far felt enabled to trust to him had been given him. He was assigned the task of building cottages on Paradise and renting them to the most promising of the people on Shell Island—to build an exclusive settlement for exclusive people and by winning their patronage make great gains for his company.

For a long time McDonald hesitated before he accepted this trust.

"Mr. Townsend," he said, "I hesitate to do this because if I undertake it I will feel that whatever happens I will be personally responsible for the lives of everybody on Shell Island and doubly so for those on Paradise."

He finally agreed, though, and went to work. Wonders were accomplished in a short time, the company became jubilant, patted him on the back and made him junior partner. The second year and this far in the third everything was proceeding equally as nice. Not a day since Paradise had been opened had there been any need for the young manager to worry about the weather conditions until the last week; since then it had been cloudy and the weather man had predicted a little storm at sea, but that was all.

On this particular afternoon Mrs. McDonald assigned Jack's uneasiness to be the results of overwork and began to worry a little over his business strain and wish eagerly for the time for their vacation to come. She had noticed for several days how the clouds hung loweringly over in the southeast and that the sun had failed to shine through the chill atmosphere. But she attributed the uneasy, expectant feeling that had taken possession of her to only the impatience for October to come when she, Jack, and the baby were to start for the mountains. As she watched him board the car that afternoon she thought of those long walks they would have in the autumn-decked mountain woods, and in contemplation of this treat all thoughts of the approaching storm vanished.

That night, being lonely without Jack, who, because of business had to spend the night in the city, she retired early. At the unusually rapid beating of the waves she murmured to herself, "The guard is keeping a rather vigilant watch tonight." She was hardly aroused when her brother came in a little later and called down the hall to her:

"Say, sis, there's going to be a little storm tonight. Don't be uneasy, it won't be much!"

Jack, also, went to bed that night very early. He was to go out early the next morning with some surveyors of the company and he knew he would need a good night's sleep to fit him for the hard day's work. He had taken a long swim that afternoon and his tired body soon fell into a sound sleep.

About one o'clock that night an unusual disturbance awakened him. At first he thought it was a burglar and reached for his pistol. The movement brought him to consciousness

and he immediately supposed from the way the shutters were rattling and doors banging that it must be an earthquake. Just then his 'phone set up a violent ringing.

"Have all the furies turned loose, or what is the matter?" he exclaimed. A bright flash of lightning followed by a violent crash of thunder answered him only too conclusively.

"Merciful heavens, the storm!" he gasped.

Trembling he seized the telephone receiver, but could hardly stand still long enough to get the message.

"Say, Jack," the president was asking in an excited voice, "are you deaf or dead? There is a terrible storm and the people on the island are frightened to death and must be brought to mainland. Come down to the wharf at once, will you?"

"The people on the island are frightened to death!" he whispered again to himself, "and he—he alone—was to blame; he had left them there with no protection and not even a guard when he had almost known a storm was coming. Surely there was no excuse, no pardon for such consummate carelessness as he had displayed," he ended reproachfully. Terrible visions of the islands flooded, the cottages washing away and the people in all degrees of suffering rose before him. Of Paradise he refused to think, and of Mary! He scarcely realized when he finished dressing and started to the wharf. It seemed to him as if he had taken ages to dress, but that time seemed as if seconds in comparison with the hours that he was taking to walk that short distance—he had been walking such a long time—he thought he remembered distinctly that it was only five blocks, but he had been mistaken surely. The time dragged so that he imagined that the president must have telephoned so long ago that both islands would be gone entirely by now. With violent effort he would quicken his pace and urge on those lagging feet which almost ceased to move.

Hatless, coatless, and drenched to the skin he raced on toward the dock. "Are the people on Paradise safe?" he gasped twenty yards away.

The president noted his deep agitation and tried to calm him.

“Why, it is not as bad as that. All of the people have come over from Paradise and the cars have brought them down to this end of Shell Island—a fishing smack came over to tell us to come get them at once. The trouble is, however, that we can’t get a pilot to run the boat over this high sea, and it is absolutely dangerous to leave them over there any longer.”

Was the president really talking to him, or was it some evil spirit trying to get his thoughts away from Mary and that mass of people who, swarming all over the two islands, seemed in every imploring attitude to be pleading for him to come to their aid? Involuntarily, as if some outside power had possession of his tongue, he muttered:

“I have steered her often—I can take the place.”

The look of relief on the president’s face faded away as he looked again at McDonald.

“Think you can do it? Are your nerves steady enough?” he asked doubtfully.

Again that outside power made him reply as he started on board:

“Yes, but let’s go!”

The vision of Mary’s gray eyes, and then a train of a thousand other pairs all filled, he imagined, with reproach for his carelessness and looking accusingly at him, followed him on the boat and filled the whole air.

The boat was hurriedly started on its perilous way. The drawn-faced, sunken-eyed man at the wheel pulled continually at the “full speed ahead” bell cord. “If the boat could only be made to go a little faster, maybe in the chase after him those terrible eyes would lose some of their reproach”, he thought and jangled the bell again wildly.

And so the first half of the hazardous journey approached its end. Time and again it seemed to the two men standing by and watching as if nothing but a heavenly power could save them as the boat seemed certain to smash on projecting reefs, but each time an apparently invisible hand turned the wheel just enough to let her graze the rocks undamaged. Finally the senior member turned around to the president and said:

“The Ancient Mariner’s pilot is surely guiding us. Don’t be alarmed if you find yourself presently in the South Sea.”

Nearer and nearer they approached that dark, low coast, lighted up every now and then by vivid flashes of lightning. The deep reverberation of the thunder mingled with the rush and roar of the winds, and that swirling, splashing, black water about them. Away off the quickened pounding of the waves made one feel as if the old ocean had a fever and fear what he might do in his delirium. An indefinable fear came over McDonald as it grew louder. He was glad of the thunder tones, of the lightning, and of everything which alleviated that heart thrilling sound for a moment. Alternate waves of doubt and of terrified recoil from such thoughts and fears flooded over him. When the surf beat loudest he would start thinking: "If by any chance Mary and the baby had been left over there—" but before he could finish it he would assure himself that "the fisherman had said everybody was on Shell Island"—he would not let himself think of anything else.

As they drew near the coast and the voices of the people began to reach him, he began to listen intently for her. By the time the boat reached the pier he was frantic with fear; he had not heard her voice and he felt positive again that she was not there.

Somehow the boat drew alongside the landing. He was conscious of having turned the wheel backwards and forwards numberless times and entirely unnecessarily he thought, but that power which had possession of him impelled him to do so.

In frenzied haste he ran from the pilot's room and started for the platform. The blood beat and pounded in his temples, the veins of his neck and forehead stood out like cords, and when he walked he stumbled and reeled like he was drunken.

"McDonald, will you stand at the gate and make every one come over the pier singly?" The president's calm voice called him back from his mad rush.

As he took his place quietly at the small turngate a terrible stupid despair took the place of that unreasonable fear. The hot blood almost stood still. But there he stood as family after family passed, trembling mothers with frightened crying children in their arms and hanging to their skirts, overwatched by serious and alarmed fathers.

While the crowd was passing every now and then a woman would look at him very pityingly and, seeing his immovable face, would let their expression harden. The men looked around inquiringly and hesitated as they passed him. At last he heard distinctly the words of a woman who was unmistakably looking at him:

“Poor man, I wonder if he doesn’t know?”

“She was surely looking at him,” he thought, “but the fisherman had said everybody had come over to Shell Island. Mary must be in that crowd—he would not believe she was not.” The blood was released once more from its frozen stupor and rushed madly through his veins. Every bit of antagonism in him rose to deny the woman’s assertion.

As soon as he could command himself well enough he called to an old acquaintance in a very matter-of-fact and casual tone:

“James, Mary and the baby got over alright, didn’t they? I know they did, but I haven’t seen them yet and, of course, I will have a little foolish fear until I am certain.” He gave a strained laugh to hide his deep anxiety. Never did a gladiator of old wait more tensely for the raising or lowering of the thumbs than he did for that answer. Almost his very life depended upon it!

“Why, man, hasn’t anybody told you yet?” Horror at having to tell McDonald what he saw he must, filled the friend and made him stand aghast for a second.

“For heaven’s sake, tell me everything!” McDonald implored.

Gathering up his courage, the man started in a light but hollow tone:

“Well, I am glad they haven’t, so that I can tell you that you have the bravest wife in this state.”

“Why wouldn’t those waves cease their interminable pounding just long enough for him to hear how they had destroyed his wife and child,” he thought savagely to himself. “Could they never be satisfied?”

Mr. Townsend, along with many others, drew around to hear the conversation.

“Jack, I am sorry to tell you, but Mary is still on Para-

dise. You see it was this way: Only three cars were left on Paradise last night and when the summons was given to leave, it was seen at once that everybody could not get over. Your wife took command at once and prevented the stampede that was about to take place. She saw that everybody on the island was sent for and that every car was packed as heavily as possible. Before she would let a single one leave she would send a man ahead over the trestle to see that it was perfectly safe. Finally, the last car was filled till it could hardly move, but about twenty men and your wife were still off. I was just ready to go on before the car to see that everything was safe when the men picked her up by force and set her on the car. She protested vigorously and said, 'Jack says he is personally responsible for everybody over here. And when he is not here it rests upon me to see that each of you get over safely. I cannot disgrace him by leaving when a single person remains behind!'

"She had hardly finished when we saw old crippled Cindy hobbling down the hill. We men motioned to the motorman to start before your wife could see her and I hurried on ahead, but it was too late. Jumping down she rushed to help the old woman to the step, crying, 'You had better hurry or you will be left!' And then I had to go on testing the trestle and leave her standing there in the midst of those men, guarding your honor and crying to us to tell you, after you had seen every one of these people safe at home, to come to their aid. She would always end by saying you would have plenty of time."

All shades of expression passed over Jack McDonald's face, as he heard this jerky story,—anxiety, love, admiration and anguish; while cheers for the brave, loyal little woman rose about him, led by the president.

Somehow he could not take it all in at once—those waves would not be still for him to think. Snatches of his friend's speech came into his brain backwards and muddled crazily together. After infinite thought he finally resolved the whole thing into the simple fact that Mary had put her life and the life of her child into jeopardy to protect what she was pleased to call his honor. The thought cut through his brain like a

knife. The throbbing blood ceased its wild rush and his dulled brain became acutely active; every little thought cut its own trench. He must go to her at once, he resolved, she had said he would come and he must.

“Has’t any of the cars gone back yet? Were none of you willing to try to save them?” he asked scornfully, and turning to a motorman he inquired, “Is the power station still running and can the cars go over the tracks? I must go to them at once!” he exclaimed a little impatiently to Mr. Townsend, who stood by bewildered and speechless.

“Why, Jack, you can’t just now. You are surely going to take these people over first. You forget that you are pilot!”

“Leave Mary in that dangerous position any longer while I take these people over?” he thundered and then sarcastically added, “They saw only too well to their safety a little while ago—let them see to it a little longer. Mr. Townsend, you forget that she is a woman and doesn’t realize the danger she is in—it is my duty to go to her at once.”

“Look here, McDonald, be sensible.” Seizing the young man’s shoulder he felt it shaking as with an ague. “I am sorry you are in this bad position, but you must not forget that you are doubly responsible for these people now. This pier might give way at any moment and they can’t be left here while you go to Paradise. No one else can steer the boat. And besides, remember that she stayed to save your honor. You won’t disgrace it and her’s too, will you?” The older man’s voice was insistent and his words a little rough, but there was an under note of deep kindness and love for the boy. Besides the responsibility he felt for landing the people safely, he had a great desire to see Jack McDonald prove the manhood in him that he had always felt was there. “If only he will win this fight,” his older friend thought and prayed silently.

McDonald looked at him in blank astonishment when he realized that the speech had been given in perfect seriousness. He really couldn’t believe that Mr. Townsend meant that—that he could want him to go on spending his time in saving useless lives while his brave wife was left waiting—his own

wife. He clenched his hands in anger that anyone should dare suggest that he would leave her in danger—be faithless to his wife. “Yet,” he thought, “how foolish she had acted! but it was just this unselfishness that made her so lovable, staying there to protect his honor, as if she need imperil her safety in any such manner. But if she considered it her duty to help him in this manner she would surely expect him!” He cast the thought angrily aside, but he staggered at her announcement of his duty.

The men caught at the swaying figure, but he caught himself and leaned heavily against the gate. Not a word was spoken in the crowd—everybody waited for the final decision of the man who held their safety so perfectly in his own hands. He, unconscious of everybody around him, continued his own train of thoughts. He had realized long before that Mary had decided for him, but it took a long time for him to conquer that terrible desire to flee to her rescue.

With a perfectly steady voice he finally turned and said:

“The boat will be ready to return to Plympton in three minutes.”

Not only relief, but admiration as well, filled the faces of everybody present. Each man realized fully the cost of his decision and out of consideration for his feelings enforced quiet on all that crowd as they hurried on board. Again the boat was hastily prepared for its trip, and this time the controlling spirit had changed from a feverish excitement to a deathly calm.

The last mooring was being unfastened when a shout was heard on the island—something was coming down the car line; voices were heard shouting to them and a lantern was seen dangling in the air. Everybody rushed to the side of the boat to see what it was, except one person—the man at the wheel kept rigidly at duty bringing the boat back to place by the pier.

When at last he felt free to rush down stairs there sat two rusty old handcars on the track filled with men and one woman with a baby in her lap sitting high on the first one.

“You see we just couldn’t let you run off and leave us in any such manner,” she cried gaily, “so we just got out our private cars and followed!”

The History of the Capital of North Carolina

Alice Rogers, Adelpian

In order to sketch briefly the history of the seat of government of North Carolina, it is necessary to go back to the early colonial days. We find that, during those early days, the government was ambulatory. The Governor resided at his own home and called the Assembly to meet at any place most convenient. Some place in the northeastern counties was usually chosen, as that section, during the early days, was the center of population in the colony. Dr. Kemp Battle says that the earliest of these meeting places for the Assembly which we have handed down to us, was in Perquimans County, at the home of Capt. John Hecklefield. However, we find in the Colonial Records, a copy of the instructions of the Lords Proprietors to the Governor and Assembly in 1676, bidding them build three towns, one on Roanoke Island "which shall be the chiefe towne and where the Assemblie shall convene". Whether these instructions were carried out and the seat of government established on Roanoke Island, we are uncertain. However, we find no record of any such procedure. In 1722 the aristocratic little town of Edenton, on Chowan Bay, became the seat of government. But later, as the center of population drifted southwest, steps were taken to establish the seat of government at New Bern as being nearer the center and therefore more convenient. This movement was bitterly opposed by the Albemarle section; but at a meeting in Wilmington in which that section was not well represented, the act was carried fixing the seat of government at New Bern. This act was never recognized by the king, but from 1740 until the rising of revolutionary movements, New Bern retained the honor of being almost exclusively the meeting place for the General Assembly.

With the dawn of the Revolution, the government again became unsettled. The Assembly was called to meet at any place which seemed most convenient, being affected mainly by the "exigencies of war". During the period of the war

and the period immediately following, we have record of the Assembly's convening at Halifax, Hillsboro, New Bern, Wilmington, Smithfield, Salem, Tarboro, Fayetteville, and Wake Court House.

However, after peace was restored and the new government well launched, the farseeing leaders of North Carolina realized that a permanent seat of government was necessary. It was plainly evident that much evil had resulted from the lack of a permanent place for the Governor and other state officers to reside, and from the lack of a state house in which public papers, records, and documents should be kept safely instead of being scattered about over the state and lost. Indeed, the Assembly of 1789 acknowledged that North Carolina suffered a grave injustice in the settlement with the general government after the war, on account of the loss of the papers which would have shown the state's expenditures in the war. She not only suffered in money, but also suffered sorely in reputation from losses among her archives.

So in the face of this great need, the Assembly of 1787, in calling a convention for the adoption of the constitution of the United States, recommended the people to "fix on a place for the unalterable seat of government". In accordance with this suggestion the convention of 1788, which met in Hillsboro, took up the question of a permanent capital. After much discussion, it was decided that it should be established as near the geographical center of the state as possible, but it was left to the General Assembly to decide the exact spot, which, however, must be within ten miles of Isaac Hunter's plantation in Wake County. It was James Iredell, of Chowan County, who introduced the ordinance to locate the capital in Wake, while it was Governor Alexander Martin who first suggested that it would be appropriate to call the new city "Raleigh" in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh. But even after this first step was taken, the Assemblies were slow to carry out the ordinance. There was fierce opposition to the location in Wake, Fayetteville being the most formidable opponent. However, after an intense and heated controversy, the General Assembly which met at New Bern, 1791, passed an act to carry out the ordinance of the convention of 1788. It pro-

vided that nine commissioners be appointed to locate and lay off the capital city within ten miles of Isaac Hunter's plantation in Wake County, and that five persons be appointed "to cause to be built and erected a State House sufficiently large to accommodate with convenience both Houses of the General Assembly, at an expense not to exceed ten thousand pounds". The act provided for one commissioner of location from each of the eight judicial districts, and a ninth from the state at large. The following were elected:

For Hillsboro, Thomas Pearson; for Salisbury, James Martin; for Morgan, Joseph McDowell (the elder); for Halifax, Thomas Blount; for Edenton, William Johnston Dawson; for New Bern, Frederick Hargett; for Fayetteville, Henry William Harrington; for Wilmington, James Bloodworth; the ninth from the state, Willie Jones.

These commissioners were allowed two dollars per day and expenses. The five members on the building committee were as follows: Richard Benehan, John Macon, Robert Goodloe, Nathan Bryan, and Theophilus Hunter.

The historic tract of Isaac Hunter lay along the great highway from the north to the south by way of Petersburg, Warrenton, Louisburg, Wake Court House, to Fayetteville, Charleston, and other points. Within ten miles is a stretch of the Neuse River and many thought the new city would have wharves and be connected with the ocean. There was a good deal of speculation in navigation companies. Such was the locality in which the new city was to be founded.

On Tuesday, March 20, 1792, five of the nine commissioners, that is, Hargett, Dawson, McDowell, Martin, and Blount, assembled at the house of Isaac Hunter, but adjourned at once to the house of Joel Lane at Wake Court House, where Willie Jones joined them on the 22nd. Sixteen tracts were offered to the commissioners for consideration. For several days they rode about viewing the lands offered as suitable sites, and on the 27th they took a second view of the land of Joel and Henry Lane. On March 29th, after eight days of inspection, they organized into a board with Hargett chairman, and proceeded to ballot for the place most desirable and proper. The Hinton tract received three votes, the Lane

The Assembly had directed that a city of not less than 400 acres should be layed off, and that 20 acres should be set apart for the state house and other public buildings. It also required the main street to be ninety-nine feet wide and the other streets sixty-six feet wide.

The work of the survey occupied four days and the plan was adopted April 4th, the commissioners assigning names to the streets and public squares. Capitol square, which is nearly six acres in extent, they named Union. Four other public squares surrounding Union Square they named Caswell, Nash, Burke, and Moore, in honor of the first three Governors and Attorney-General Moore. In naming the streets the commissioners first honored the eight judicial districts into which the state was divided, viz.: Edenton, New Bern, Wilmington, Hillsboro, Halifax, Salisbury, Fayetteville and Morgan. The remaining streets, with the exception of the four boundary streets which they called North, South, East, West, respectively, were called after the commissioners, except four which were named in honor of Lenoir, Speaker of the Senate, and Cabarrus, Speaker of the House, Lane, former owner of the land, and W. R. Davie. The commissioners reported their plan to the General Assembly of 1792, and it was adopted. It is said that this plan remained unchanged for over sixty years, but by acts of the Assembly of 1856-'57 the corporate limits were extended a quarter of a mile each way.

The commissioners who laid the plan for the city held the first sale of lots, one acre each. Nearly all the important men of the state became purchasers, not so much with the intention of becoming citizens of the new city, as in speculation. To prove that it was in speculation mostly, we find that in 1834 nearly all the lots had changed owners. To give some idea of what price the lots brought, General Davie bought a square of four acres for \$254. The proceeds of this first sale were used to build the "State House," as the act of the Assembly called it. It was not until 1832 that the name capitol replaced the old term state house.

Rhody Atkins was employed as architect of the new building, which was completed in two years. It was a

plain, barnlike, brick structure much smaller than the present capitol, but modeled very much on the same plan in the interior. It looked eastward in the oriental style as prevalent at that time. Although it was an unpretentious structure, "it is doubtful if any building in our state ever served so many uses, or gave as much genuine pleasure." It not only served for governmental purposes, but in the lack of other public buildings, it was used by the public for Fourth of July dinners, theatrical performances, balls, and religious services of all denominations. "It was the people's house and the people were allowed to use it."

In 1813, there was a second sale of lots, the proceeds of which were used to build the Governor's Mansion. Just so, the proceeds of a third sale in 1819 went as a fund to be used in improving the state house. Captain Williams was secured to supervise these improvements. The plain ugly red-brick exterior was covered with a stuccoed imitation of granite. Porticoes erected over the east and west doors, and a shapely dome constructed on the center of the roof, added much to its outward appearance. The interior was also much improved with touches of ornament here and there. The committee even went so far as to order a statue of Washington from the chisel of the great Canova, which was placed in the rotunda immediately beneath the dome. It, together with the other changes, made a great improvement in the appearance of the old state house.

But the old state house was destined not to stand very long after it was improved, for June 21, 1831, the citizens of Raleigh were startled by the cry of "Fire at the state house!" The fire, which had caught from the roof, might have easily been extinguished if there had been a fire equipment like that of today. But the weak fire engines of that day were inadequate and powerless. The fire was so slow that there was ample time to have saved almost everything of any importance. Most of the state papers, except the acts of the Assembly, were saved, but the beautiful Canova statue was too ponderous to be removed by an excited crowd. Men stood by in horror and helplessly saw it crack and crumble at a red heat. Before this time the question of putting rollers

on the statue so that it might be easily removed in case of fire had been discussed, but had been neglected. So the state lost one of its grandest possessions. It is interesting to note here, that recently the North Carolina Historical Commission discovered the original cast in Italy and that the Italian government presented a replica of the cast to the Historical Association as a gracious gift. It arrived in Raleigh January 3, 1910, and was placed on a temporary pedestal in the east corridor of the new capitol, where it now stands. It is hoped that it will soon be replaced in marble in the rotunda and become again the state's "pride and glory".

"The narrow escape from losing the archives of the state, experienced in the burning of the old state house, determined the leaders of public opinion to provide the present noble fire proof structure of granite." There was some opposition in the Assembly to a liberal appropriation and there was even some discussion of changing the capital to Fayetteville. However, an act was finally passed providing that the "general plan of the said capital shall be the same as the former building, with an extension of length and height as may be deemed necessary for the better accommodation of the General Assembly, the lower story of which shall at least be built of stone and the roof covered with zinc or other fire-proof material." The amount appropriated was \$50,000, but additional appropriations were made later, until when the capitol was completed in 1840, the total cost amounted to \$530,684.15. David Paton, the architect, describes the structure as being 160 feet in length from north to south, by 140 feet from east to west. The whole height in the center is 97½ feet. The columns and entablature are Grecian Doric, copied from the Temple of Minerva, commonly called the Parthenon. The octagon tower which surrounds the rotunda is ornamented with Grecian cornice and its dome is decorated with ornaments similar to those of the Lauthom of Demosthenes. The first floor consists of ten rooms, eight of which are offices; the other two, committee rooms. The vestibules are decorated with columns similar to those of the Ionic Temple near the Acropolis of Athens. The second story consists of senatorial and representative chambers, two com-

mittee rooms and several other rooms besides the presses, stairs, lobbies, colonnades, etc. The Hall of Representatives is modeled after the plan of the Greek theatre, the columns and *antae* being those of the octagon Tower Andronicus Cyhestes, while those of the senatorial chamber are modeled after the Temple of Minerva. The third or attic story contains rooms appropriated to the Supreme Court and the Library. When the capitol was completed in 1840, it was the most elegant and imposing structure of its kind to be found in any state, and the hearts of loyal North Carolinians rightfully swelled with pride when they compared its classic dignity and beauty with the other capitols of that day.

It would be interesting to follow the history of the growth and development of the new capital city, but that would be beyond the scope of this paper. Suffice it to say that it has gradually grown and developed until today the "City of Oaks" is the center of the state, financially, industrially, socially and educationally, as well as civilly.

A Sunset

Edith Avery, '15, Adelpian

The purple clouds by the rays of sun
Gold-glittering, when the storm is done,
Hang o'er the mountain's jagged peak,
Cleft by one lingering, fiery streak.

Half veiled by the clouds of light,
The sun at length dips down from sight,
Yet leaves a golden sign of tryst
Upon the ever-deep'ning mist.

A Red Sunset, or, Tomorrow

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

"Fairmont!" shrilled the porter. Startled, Janet waked to interest. But, peering out the car window, she saw only a few scattered hovels and one or two darky children standing on the porches waving frantically at the passing train. In a moment, however, the town was reached. Janet looked out over the heads of the crowd to discover which of the many strange faces might be searching for hers. But how could she tell in all that crowd? for it seemed if all the young people in the town had turned out to meet the train, they were crowding around the car steps, laughing and talking and having a jolly good time in general. "I didn't know there were that many people on the train," Janet thought. "I wonder whom so many have come to meet." And when she saw that evidently they had come for no business at all, she wondered what strange sort of social function the gathering could be. As she passed through the crowd, she heard one girl say to another, "Who is that? Look quick, who is that?"

"Oh, she's the yankee librarian that's going to fix up the old library."

"Just look at that hat!"

"Hush, she'll hear you."

Just then, to Janet's great relief, a lady and gentleman, members of the board of directors of the library, came forward and claimed her.

It was as the girl had said. Janet was the "yankee librarian" who had come to "fix up" the town library. She was the daughter of wealthy, doting parents and she had come south "for the sake of experience", as she herself put it, to become acquainted with the people and their life. All her life she had gone her own independent way. When her parents would have sent her to a finishing school, she had gone to college and taken heavy work; when they would

have sent her to Europe, she had taken a course in library training; when they would have kept her at home in a life of luxury, she had come south to work. She worked because she believed it wrong not to work and because she loved it; she came south because she had read and heard so much of this land of song and romance that she was eager to taste its warmth and hospitality.

Now that she was safe in her prosaic room at her prosaic boarding house, she made a grimace at her first dose of hospitality and took off "that hat". She had never troubled her brain over styles before. At supper she struggled manfully over strange cookery which the other boarders seemed to enjoy immensely and as soon as the meal was over, with unspeakable thankfulness that it *was* over, went again to her room.

For a long time, then, she sat looking out the window where, over the distant outline of tree tops, the full southern moon was rising, mellow, wonderful. At last she went to bed and tried to sleep, but the katydids with their incessant drumming gave her little peace. It seemed as if she had only just fallen asleep when a low, guttural cawing stirred her dreams, then a loud, dignified crow brought her wide awake. A pert little rooster answered from somewhere in the distance. Then from all sides the challenge was taken up and such a racket began as poor Janet had never before heard. "I didn't know this was a chicken farm," she moaned. Again she slept, but immediately, it seemed, she was awakened by a long drawn out moo, a forlorn and mournful low. "Cows, too? Where am I?" And then the sparrows began. The magnolia tree just outside the south window was infested with the chattering, quarreling, impudent little upstarts and now that they had begun their twittering, it seemed never to cease—while helpless Janet lay watching the light dawn. She was really enjoying the sun rise, when a door slammed in the house next door, childish footsteps pattered up and down the porch. "Come on, Tom!" a shrill voice yelled and then pandemonium was let loose. A rapid and long continued tattoo on a tin pan, finally cut short by a clatter of falling crockery, the inevitable tin horn,

and the screams of a half dozen children added considerably to her peace of mind. Oh! at last one imp was crying. A man's deep voice called out over the tumult and all was silent for a moment, then it broke out twice as strong.

Unable to bear it longer, Janet dressed and went out for a walk in the cold morning air. But the dew on the grass-grown sidewalks that had looked so quaint and old-fashioned yesterday, made her skirts dragged and wet her feet. She stooped to pluck a beautifully-shaped leaf from a tall plant growing by the side of a fence; it was a jimson weed. As she neared the gate, returning, the same Tom who had disturbed her so sadly a short time before, almost knocked her off her feet as he rushed by, roaring, "Look out for the locomotive engine, lightnin' express!" Too much astonished and discomfited to be amused, Janet went into the house.

Later in the morning she went down to the library. And the library turned out to be merely one room, and that small. As she entered the dim, stuffy, half shadow, a mouldy, musty, smell oppressed her; she looked about her and saw rows on rows of shelves, books piled almost to the ceiling around all four walls, books piled on the window sills, books piled in the corners, and she was told that there were "a few more in the garret". She reached out her hand and picked up a volume. The dust on it had not been disturbed in a year. And it was so with all the books. "The library has been closed for a short time," she was told. "How can I ever breathe in here?" she gasped, but turned resolutely to her task.

As she passed a group of girls on her return to dinner that day she heard a murmur that sounded suspiciously like "flat heels", and accordingly she hastened her steps. And so the people of Fairmont were hardly enthusiastic over the new librarian. They were slow and conservative; they could not understand quite what the stranger was. She kept her own counsel, and therefore they tried themselves to discover who she was and who her ancestors were and who she might some day be. Some made her out the daughter of a multi-millionaire; others, a penniless orphan; others a famous author passing under an assumed name, who had come south to get

material for her next novel; and still others had different stories. And so very few of the people even called on the stranger. One old lady who did come went away indignant that the girl knew nothing of that famous general in the war, the old lady's son-in-law's great uncle. "She's a yankee out and out," the people said.

Thus a little less than a month passed by. And not yet had Janet succeeded in adapting herself to the boarding house life nor to the everlasting noise kept up by the children next door. Tom, especially, seemed to take delight in annoying her; he was always in her way. And with the coming warm weather, the work grew daily more irksome. And she knew that there was still many a weary week before the library could possibly be in good shape. She looked forward to the summer in that box of a room with dread.

One April morning she rose at the early call of the vegetable vender and went down to her work before breakfast. She worked steadily until two o'clock and so she was ready enough for dinner. But a strange new dish appeared upon the table. It was "turnip greens", she was told, and she "must try some". She tried some and tried no more.

Feeling rather disconsolate, she went back to her work again. This afternoon she was going to paste the card pockets in some of the books. Just as she had gotten well into the work and her hands all "mussed up" with the paste, the paste gave out. Then she started to print book cards, but she was so nervous; her pen shook and blotted a number of the cards; she made small errors that exasperated her and caused her to lose time. She kept this up about an hour and then—there were no more cards. "How provoking. It will be days before the new supplies can get here," and she was so worried with herself that she grew still more nervous. But she sat down determinedly to her typewriter and began to pound away. This work was going smoothly and she was getting on at a comparatively rapid rate, when she looked up and saw a visitor entering the open door. "Oh, don't get up, Miss Moore. I only came to watch you work. Keep right on, don't stop for me." And the lady, who was another

of those nuisances known as directors, came and stood beside the typewriter.

“Excuse me, Miss Moore,” she interrupted, “but you’ve already made one card for that book. I thought I’d better tell you before it was too late.”

Janet stifled a sigh as she said, “Thank you, Mrs. Williams, but you see this card is a little different from the other. You know there are three cards—” and then had to go through the whole explanation of the catalogue, as carefully weeding her words of technical phrases as if she spoke to a child.

Thus it continued all the rest of the afternoon, Janet, as she strained patience and tact, to say nothing of conscience, to keep the idle visitor from seeing her own ignorance, all the time inwardly counting the precious moments she was wasting. When at last Mrs. Williams did leave, Janet was ready to scream with fatigue and strain. Knowing that it would be useless to try to work longer, she shut up the typewriter, closed the library and went—I almost said home—to her boarding house. Discouraged and disappointed through and through, she sat down and wrote a letter, telling her mother to expect her in two days. “It’s not as if I really had to work”, she silently excused herself. And then holding the letter tight in her hand, she put her head down on the desk and closed her eyes.

A light shower came up, the rain beating in upon her, but still she did not stir. The rain was soon over and suddenly, from somewhere very near, a bird began to sing, a mockingbird. The merry notes swelled out into a flood of teasing, yet happy mimicry. On and on the bird sang; Janet lifted her head; there before her, perched on a twig just outside the window, was the bird. The joy of living was in his song; the joy of living was in his breast. And the rose vines glistened from their bath; the grass had taken on a new green; and a strange light was over the earth; a holiness breathed in the air; and still the little bird sang. Breathless, Janet watched and listened. At last she put her head down on the desk and began quietly to cry. “O Southland, you have your mockingbirds as well as your sparrows,” she wept.

Soon she rose and went out for a walk. The town looked fresh and cool and even kind; the glow was still over the earth, the peace and calm of the air filling the girl's heart. As she turned back to the house, a song was on her lips. And there at the gate stood the imp, Tom, clutching in his hot little fist a sprig of yellow jasmine, broken and bruised, but jasmine still. Without a word the little fellow held out to Janet his peace offering. She knew better than to kiss the child, though she longed to; she merely took the spray of flowers and said gravely, "Thank you, Tom, it is so pretty. Thank you ever so much."

And the little fellow, after one long, open-mouthed stare, turned and darted away. "And the Southland has its jasmine as well as its jimson weed," Janet whispered, and holding the flowers to her lips, looked up at the sunset.

As she wondered at the new glory of the sky, she remembered what Aunt Mandy, the cook, had said a day or two before. "Naw mam, hit 'taint 'gwine rain termorrow. Naw mam. Case hit's a red sunset terday, don't you see? An' hit don't never rain next day arter a red sunset. A red sunset am a shore sign o' fair weather. Don't you worry no mo' 'bout dat, case hit taint gwine rain termorrer."

"No," with a smile Janet murmured, "it won't rain tomorrow, and I won't worry any more. I'll keep that letter to remind me. It will not be rain, but jasmine and a mockingbird's song tomorrow."

The Problem of Forestry in the United States*

Fanny Burke Hunt, '15, Cornelian

One of the most important problems concerning the people of the United States today is that of forestry. It has been the general opinion among American people that their forests are inexhaustible. It seems almost incredible that Americans should hold this opinion when fifty million acres of forests have been consumed yearly by fire and when one hundred thousand acres have vanished yearly under the woodman's axe. The cutting away has been three times as fast as production.

Americans have seemed blind not only to the great decrease of forest area but even to the value of the forests. Large lumbering companies and sheep-herders have been allowed to monopolize large tracts of forest lands which should be used for the welfare of all of the people. We can well see what a great monopoly the lumber industry is when we remember that it is the fourth great industry of the United States. Lumber companies have been in possession of vast forest tracts from which they have cut timber in a most haphazard and wasteful manner. It seems doubtful if it has ever occurred to even the best educated of lumber men that there really is a *scientific* way of cutting timber. Sheep-herders also have brought about much damage to the forests by allowing overgrazing in them, which destroys foliage plants and lays open the soil to erosion.

Forest fires, as I have said, have in the past destroyed fifty million acres yearly. These fires have been caused in three ways, namely: by the carelessness of campers, by sparks from locomotives, and by lightning. Smouldering fires left by campers ignite dry leaves or pine needles and in that way start damaging fires. Sparks from locomotives start fires in the same way. Lightning sets dead pine trees on fire and often causes in this way great forest fires.

* This paper was written in 1911.

If these damages continue, the United States, like Spain, Syria, and China, will be stripped of its timber and will be subject to great floods which now sometimes occur in parts of the southern Appalachians. If we had no timber the price of coal and the prices of tools as well as other prices would rise greatly. Without forests the flow of streams would be so irregular that the streams could not be depended upon for water supply, and would be of no use for running factories. The effect of forests on the flow of streams is most important. In forests the ground is covered with a thick spongy carpet formed of decayed wood, dead and moldy leaves, moss, and roots. This material is called humus and affects the flow of water in this way: the humus catches the rain water and holds it like a sponge, gradually letting a little flow at a time, in this way giving streams a regular flow and eliminating danger of floods. By causing snow to melt slowly, the forests again serve as regulators.

Not only would we suffer material loss if our forests were destroyed, but we would suffer from an artistic standpoint. Without forest-clad mountains what would the poet write of or the artist paint?

For all these reasons, because of Americans' lack of foresight, because of monopolies, because of the destructive forest fires, because of aesthetic value of forests, it is of the greatest importance that there should be in the United States a complete system of forestry to protect the forests for the benefit of all the people.

It is fortunate for the American people that a man appears as their awakener at this time when they seem blind to the fact that their forests are exhaustible, and when monopolies seek the sole benefit of these forests. Gifford Pinchot, the patriot, who "was not called upon to die for his nation, but to live for it," has given his entire attention, since entering the service in 1898, to the work of forestry for the welfare of his nation and of all the people of the nation. It is Mr. Pinchot's purpose to conserve the national forests in order that all the people may receive the benefits of the forests instead of a favored few alone receiving these benefits.

With this aim Mr. Pinchot began his work. He first served in the commission that set the boundaries of the first national reserves proclaimed by President Cleveland, and then served as a special agent to report on all forest reserves. During the Spanish-American War the government started a little branch office, in the Department of Agriculture, which was called the Division of Forestry. Of this division Pinchot was made chief. At that time there were only eleven persons in the Division of Forestry; six of the eleven were clerks, five were scientists, and two were foresters. There was no equipment and not a dozen professional foresters in the whole country. Pinchot began his work bravely and promptly, first offering practical assistance to forest owners.

Pinchot's plan is to conserve the forests to act as watersheds and as a means to hold the soil and prevent erosion. The tree roots and humus do both of these things. Streams regulated by forests do not flood and sweep away the dams of storage basins or fill the storage basins with sediment as do those streams that have their rise in treeless regions. Then also, streams with regular flow can be led off in ditches for irrigating sterile regions which without irrigation would be uninhabitable. Phoenix, Arizona, stands in a place that once was a sagebrush desert. Irrigation changed the desert into a town with 35,000 inhabitants and with assessed property valued at \$10,000,000. The forest trees prevent erosion by holding the soil in place with their roots. The tons of sediment carried annually to the Gulf by the Mississippi is an example of soil waste where streams flow through treeless regions.

Forestry makes it possible for every farm to have from 25 to 100 head of stock without much cost. This is possible, for the farmers can let their stock graze in the national reserves if there are foresters to prevent overgrazing. In one year permits for 600,000 sheep and 100,000 cattle were granted by the forest service.

It seems that everyone would agree with Mr. Pinchot's excellent plans, but some do not, for his bill of 1896 met great opposition in Congress. This bill recommended setting aside thirteen forest reserves. Owing to misunderstandings

with regard to the purpose of forestry, the bill could not be carried until 1897. The greatest opposition was by lumbermen, herders, and miners. The lumbermen wished to cut timber in as wasteful a fashion as was convenient to them. the sheep-herders were opposed to any restrictions with regard to where sheep should graze. And the miners were greatly disturbed for fear they would be prohibited mining in the reserves. On the contrary forestry favors mining. There is a close relation between forestry and mining. For instance, the Homeslake Mine in the Black Hill Reserve, South Dakota, requires annually vast supplies of wood to produce gold from the low grade ore. If forestry does not protect the forests, wood supplies will fail the mines.

Another objection some people had to the reserves was that those people who had established themselves within the reserves suddenly found themselves isolated when the forests became government property. But these people were allowed to exchange their lands and claims in the reserves for scrip, entitling them to an equal area of any unclaimed public lands. The consequence is that large areas of burnt over lands have been ceded to the government in exchange for scrip of vastly great value.

As a result of Mr. Pinchot's work the area of the national reserves has increased from 40,000,000 acres to 194,500,467 acres. The revenues have risen from nothing to \$2,000,000 and the annual appropriations from \$25,000 to \$1,000,000. During the eleven years of his work Mr. Pinchot has increased the forest force from eleven to three thousand men. In the reserves he has stationed well trained rangers whose duties are, to prevent fire and trespass, to estimate, survey, mark timber and supervise the cutting of it, to issue minor permits, to build cabins and trails, to enforce grazing restrictions, to investigate claims, and to arrest for violation of reserve laws. These foresters also reforest burnt areas with seedlings and give information about planting trees. Everything has been brought to a scientific basis.

Although Mr. Pinchot still has some enemies, he has won to his side the thinking men of the country by his earnestness in the work and by going into the thick of the fight himself.

He has the greatest tact in dealing with the rangers and has inspired them with enthusiasm for the work.

Because the foresters themselves and because the thinking men of the country have been brought to feel the spirit of this great work, we have every reason to believe that in the future forestry will be carried on successfully. Men are now being trained in various forest schools. It now remains to bring the men and the work together.



Over the Back Fence

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

It never would have happened had not the Graves been seized with suburban fever, but everything must have a cause as well as a result.

Mr. Graves hurried home from the office one Saturday night fairly bristling with importance. As he hurried up the driveway, his wife, looking from an upstairs window, saw nothing but a streak of gray coming towards the house.

"Something must be wrong. Tom seems to be in a hurry," she said to herself. "I'll see how dinner is," and she started toward the kitchen.

There she found Nora, in a state of imperturbable calm, seated on the floor playing with the twins, Robert and Elizabeth.

"Well of all things, Nora!" Mrs. Graves stopped in the doorway. "And Mr. Graves here for supper."

"Faith, mum," glancing at the alarm clock, "he's too early by the whole 'our, and the supper, mum, isn't 'alf did."

"Well, I'm not surprised. Nora, you must send the children away when they come into the kitchen. They hinder you in your work." Mrs. Graves turned to the front of the house.

"Better thar than over other people's back fences," Nora mumbled as Mrs. Graves left the kitchen. "Now run out into the yard, darlints, 'til Nora gits supper for youse," she said to the children.

Mrs. Graves met her husband on the front porch. "You come like a cyclone, Tom! What is it now?"

Mr. Graves did not stop for greetings, but flung himself into a porch chair.

"It is a rich find this time, my dear! Just read this, please," and he handed her a copy of the A—— News, pointing to the want column.

She read:

For sale:—8-room house and lot in W. Good neighborhood. Short distance from station. Ideal for parties desiring suburban home. Call 80 Burnsville Road, W.

“Oh Tom! at last our dream has come true after all.” She read the last part of the advertisement a second time. “Did you notice ‘Ideal for parties desiring a suburban home’? It is too good to be true.”

“It sounds like the real thing to me,” Mr. Graves beamed at his wife’s enthusiasm. “We will go out tomorrow and see what it is. Of course you cannot always tell from these advertisements.”

“But just think, Tom! No more worry and fret over Robert and Elizabeth. They can play out from morning until night, and too, with a good lot to play in, they won’t want to run into other people’s yards.”

Mr. Graves had his doubts, but wisely kept silent.

Mrs. Graves continued: “Why, today, they have given me no end of trouble. The Grahams won’t even speak, and the Caldwells sent word over, that if the children didn’t stop tearing down their fence, they would notify the police. You see it is a very old rail fence, and I suppose the children do break it down playing on it, but what can I do? I cannot keep them in the house all the time.”

Mr. Graves did not offer any suggestions. He merely asked if supper were ready, as if to evade the disagreeable subject. He was a very busy man, and as such, knew very little about his own home. Of course he knew when things were comfortable, and when dinner was on time, but beyond that, he was perfectly innocent. He had never supposed that the children gave much trouble, for they were always good at meal time.

Everything was late tonight, however, and Nora was sent out to find the twins. Soon loud expostulations were heard to come from the back yard, and simultaneously Nora thrust her head in at the dining-room door, her face ruddy with excitement.

“Beggin’ your pardon, mum, but Robert, the spapling, will not come to his supper on account of his luv for the back fence.”

“Nora, are you speaking in riddles? What do you mean?”

“It’s not riddles, mum, but parables I do be speakin’ in. He ’as the back fence stropped up like old Ben, and says he’s playing like he’s ariding to the ’ounds. Elizabeth, she’s the ’ounds.”

Mr. Graves looked at his wife understandingly. “That’s what he learned up at the country club with his uncle. I’ll wager I’ll bring both of them in, in two minutes,” Mr. Graves arose threateningly.

Mrs. Graves smiled after he had gone. She knew that the twins had nothing to fear from their father. “Nora, you’d better wait. You may have to go after all three of them this time,” she laughed. Then she thought of the advertisement in the paper. “If we do move,” she said to herself, “I hope the neighbors will be more pleasant than these, and that they will not hold up their hands in horror when they see *‘two children in the yard next door.’* And, mercy me! I do hope there will not be a back fence.”

The next afternoon found Mr. and Mrs. Graves inspecting the new home. They had finished a tour of the house, and had just stepped out into the side lawn. “What an ideal place for the children to play,” Mr. Graves was remarking, when his wife exclaimed:

“Tom, Tom! Look at that horrid old white rail fence at the back. The children—why that ruins the whole outlook. We must certainly have that torn down and a hedge planted instead.” She had been about to allude to previous troubles which they had experienced on account of back fences and children, but had thought better of it and had mentioned the “outlook” instead.

“Excuse me, mom, but Mr. Southware wouldn’t hear to nothing like that,” interrupted the old servant who was showing them over the grounds.

“And who is Mr. Southware?” Mrs. Graves looked more than she gave utterance to. She was not in the habit of having her plans interfered with.

“He’s just an old bachelor who lives over yonder,” indicating a beautiful old colonial place adjoining their side lot.

“That is certainly an all embracing statement, but still it isn’t quite clear to me why this Mr. Southware could object to our tearing the fence down, if we replaced it with a hedge.”

Mrs. Graves looked toward her husband for support in the discussion. He always liked to leave all such matters to her to settle, but this time he felt called upon to come to the rescue, since he had just written a check for eight thousand dollars for the place. “When I paid for this place I considered that everything on it was mine to do with as I chose,” he said.

“But, sor, it’s no more on your lot than his’n. It’s between. It’s a dividing line.”

“Well, we’ll see about that. Of course, I’ll let him know of my plans first, but he need raise no objections. I thought if there was one place where we could get away from all such unpleasantries, it would be in the country,” Mr. Graves returned.

Two weeks after this conversation, Mrs. Graves awaited anxiously her husband’s return from the city. They were in their new home and were thoroughly satisfied. I said satisfied, but I forgot the back fence. Mrs. Graves was reading a note which she held in her hand, over and over again. “It is pure stubbornness,” she was saying, when Mr. Graves entered the library.

“Please look at this,” was her greeting, and she handed him the note.

“Another note from old Southware?” he inquired. “I am thoroughly tired of that. He might just as well give in gracefully, for I have engaged my workmen to start on the fence tomorrow.” Nevertheless he read rather anxiously.

“Mr. and Mrs. Graves will please refrain from further correspondence relative to the back fence question. I have endeavored to make it plain that the said fence must not be tampered with, but if action is taken in that direction, I will be obliged to resort to stringent means to protect my property. A surveyor will show you that the fence is on my land.

Respectfully,

W. A. Southware.”

“Well, I’ll bring a surveyor out tomorrow. I do not believe it’s on his land. I guess that will settle him.”

“Why do you suppose he is so particular about the fence? Maybe there is some sentiment attached to it.” Mrs. Graves was rarely ever too excited to be romantic.

“Well, he can at least give us his reasons, and stop this everlasting bickering.”

“But, Tom, people often do not like to parade their most cherished memories before the unsympathetic eyes of the public.”

“Oh, you have gone over to the old gentleman’s side, have you? You women! Let you once get scent of a romance, and it is all up. I would advise you to go over and exchange confidences with the old chap. Maybe he used to play horse on the fence like Robert and Elizabeth. There’s romance for you!”

“You are very unreasonable, Tom. I refuse to discuss the matter with you again.” Mrs. Graves went out on the porch just in time to see Robert and Elizabeth crawling through the much despised fence. They wore an air of unmistakable guilt, and Robert was urging Elizabeth to “tell mother”.

Mrs. Graves summoned all her dignity. “Children, what does this mean? Did I not forbid you to go into the next yard?”

Robert looked appealingly at Elizabeth, but Elizabeth remained as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar. “I certainly ain’t not going to tell any ’tories for you, Robert Graves,” she said firmly. “You know what Miff Alice said Sunday ’bout telling ’tories.” This was final.

“Yes, but you made me go, and ’taint fair. You promised me your Octagon soap wrappers what you was savin’ to get a pencil box with, if I would.” As with Adam, so with Robert.

“Stop quarreling, children! You may just as well tell me, for I intend to punish both of you.”

“Coward!” taunted Elizabeth.

It was like magic. Robert could not endure that, so with a mighty effort he began an explanation.

“Well, mother, it was like this. Me and Elizabeth was playing horse on the back fence, just like we used to, and

that old gentleman came by, in his yard, and asked us what we was doing. I told him Elizabeth was the hounds and I was riding after them. He broke out in a big laugh, just like Uncle Jack, mother, and told us to come over to his house and he would show us some live hounds and horses. I didn't much want to go, but Elizabeth did, so we went. He took us to some big stables and showed us lots of beautiful dogs and horses, and told us we could come again and see them, and may be ride some. That's all."

"Taint all either, mother. He left out the best part. When we was fru looking at the doggies and horses, he took us out to a big swing under the trees, and gave us grapes and cake, and telled us a pretty story about that old white fence that we had been playing on."

Mrs. Graves was thoroughly interested now. "Cannot you remember it?" she asked.

"Oh, it was about a beautiful lady, like you, mother,"—they had not forgotten the impending punishment—"that used to live here in this house, and that used to plant flowers all along the fence until she got sick and died."

"And what do you think, mother?" Robert said. "He almost cried when he told us, 'cause Elizabeth saw him wipe one eye. And Elizabeth asked him if he used to give her cake and grapes. That wasn't polite, was it, mother?"

"It wasn't any worser than what you asked him, Robert Graves. Mother, Robert asked him if he wasn't awful lonesome without her, and didn't he wish she'd come back and plant heaps more flowers."

A wave of tenderness swept over Mrs. Graves, but she must maintain a firm exterior. "I'm thoroughly ashamed of you both," she said, "and now you can spend the rest of the evening in bed." The twins turned to obey her, and she heard Elizabeth whisper:

"What's wrong wif mother? It's most always the whole next day too, ain't it, Robert?" Mrs. Graves smiled at her own weakness.

That evening there was a long conference in the library between Mr. and Mrs. Graves, and Mrs. Graves not only

won her point, but also had the pleasure of saying, "I told you so."

The next day Mr. Graves brought a florist out from the city to see the grounds, and he received a handsome order for flowers, most of which were to be planted along the back fence.

At the close of the day Mrs. Graves sent Nora to call the twins.

"They're over the back fence with Mr. Southware, mum," she brought word back, and Mrs. Graves answered, "All right".



Sketches from Chaucer's Prologue

Introduction	}	<i>Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian</i>
The Squire		
The Clerk		
The Nonne		

The Wife of Bath—*F. B. Hunt*
 The Monk—*M. Sparger*

The Friar	}	<i>Eleanor Morgan</i>
The Poure Persoun		
The Knight		

“To live a king with kings, a clod with clods,
 To be at heart a bird of every feather,
 A fellow of the fnch as well as of the lark,
 The equal of each, the brother of every man.”

That was Chaucer.

To such a man it was natural to write poetry that thrilled with intense humanity and sparkled with kindly humor. And such poetry is the “Prologue”. When we read it, we forget the present age and find ourselves in the romantic fourteenth century, that fascinating time when

—“longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
 the hooly blisful martir for to seke.”

We join the merry company at the Tabard Inn, and soon, even as Chaucer himself, so have we

—“spoken with hem every chon
 That we are of their fellowship anon.”

We listen to the brawls of the stout miller; we laugh with the genial squire; we smile indulgently at the demure prioress, model of piety and court etiquette. And when we have finished our reading, we leave the pilgrims not as stray acquaintances but as old friends whom it will always be a delight to meet again.

The Squire

Of all the characters in the Prologue of “The Conterbury Tales,” the Squire is the most charming. He was so young

and gay and chivalrous, that even after these hundreds of years, the picture of him sets us smiling. He was a handsome figure in the saddle, well built, richly dressed, and perfectly at ease.

“Wel coude he sette on hors, and faire ryde.” His youthful buoyance of spirit found expression in whistling and singing “al the day”. His mad devotion to his mistress, characteristic of a bachelor of twenty, inspired him to deeds of chivalry and daring, and to the composition of tender verses.

But with all his youth and gayety, he gave promise of some day possessing the deeper and nobler qualities of his father, the worthy “knyght”, for

“Curties he was, lowely and seryseable,
And earf biform his fader at the table.”

The Clerk

The “Clerk of Oxenford” was a typical book-worm—lean and taciturn and poorly dressed. From Chaucer’s description,

“And he was not right fat, I undertake,
But looked holme and thereto soberly,”

we can well imagine how hollow-chested and stooped he was from bending long over books. His coat was worn and threadbare, for what place have “riche robes” in the scholar’s life? He did not speak unless he had something worth saying and then he discharged the matter with as few words as possible. But, nevertheless, he was always willing to teach them “that gaf hym wherewith to scoleye,”

“For gladly would be learne and gladly teach.”

The Nonne

Chaucer’s Nonne is the delightful product of a mingling of vanity and affectation with sincere tenderness of heart.

She was careful of her personal appearance, for her cloak was well made, her wimple immaculate, and her nun’s attire

relieved in its simplicity by a bit of jewelry. Her manner was copied after that of the court, dignified yet wonderfully gracious.

“And peyned hire to counte fete cheere
Of court and been establish of manere.
And silkerly she was of greet desport
And ful plesaunt and amyable of port.”

At the table especially were her dainty affectations noticeable, for there they were in sharp contrast to the ungraceful haste of some of her companions. We can almost see the miller, for instance, stop short in his hearty repast to stare at a creature who

“No morsel from her lips let falle,
No wette hir fyngers in hir sauce depe.”

Yet if the comely little Nonne was laughably affected in her manner, certainly she was genuine in her kindness of heart. The sight of a tiny, bleeding mouse was enough to bring tears to her “greye” eyes. She lavished upon her little dogs a perfect wealth of caresses and care, and

“Sore wept she, if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte,
And al was conscience and tendre herte.”

The Wife of Bath

One of the most interesting characters which Chaucer portrays in his *Canterbury Tales* is the wife of Bath, who stands out in vivid contrast to the modest nun. Her face is bold and ruddy. Her clothes flashy; her hose are of brilliant red; her shoes with the sharp spurs attached, are new and quite attractive, her broad-brimmed hat is the truly merry widow fashion.

Again she is unlike the nun in that she must have precedence in everything. If anyone takes precedence of her in the offerings of the parish church, she flies into such a rage that she is “out of all charite.” Perhaps the greatest contrast between the wife of Bath and the nun is in the choice of their expressions. The “worthy wife” never hesitates to

use the strongest oaths; while the nun's "greatest oath was but by St. Loy".

But however many faults the wife of Bath possesses, nevertheless she does have some admirable traits. There is no woman in all Bath who can surpass her in cloth weaving. The good wife is accomplished in more than one direction, for she can ride too. But we must notice just here that with all her bold daring she does not venture on anything but an "ambler". Of course the wife is a worthy dame. For has she not been to the famous cathedrals of Rome, Jerusalem, Cologne, and to many others? Indeed she was destined from the first to travel, for her teeth are set far apart, a sure indication that one is to be a traveler.

The wife has been widowed five times, but she is as gay as the youngest; she is unfortunately "somewhat deaf", but this does not detract from her charms.

Her many matrimonial ventures made her an authority on "remedies of love".

"For she coude of that art the olde daunce."

The Monk

The monk was a fine fellow, jolly, full of spirit, and fond of fishing and hunting. For he did not think the saint inspired when he said:

"Hunters beth not hooly men."

Why indeed should he be always studying or why should he work with his hands, as Augustine bade? Could he not serve the world in his own way? That was what our monk said. So he continued to have his fine horses, his expensive clothes, and his "roast swan".

The Friar

Can you not see the Friar today? That remarkable combination of the present day politician, corrupt judge, and book agent all in one? He was a diplomat, slyly enlisting the fair sex on his side, for

“His tynpet was ay farsed full of knyves
And pynnes, for to yeven faire wyves.”

This unscrupulous grafter spurned the poor, fawned before the rich, and dared to traffic in the holy things of heaven. Yet the handsome scoundrel with his “plesaunt in *principio*” was a good talker and a jolly companion; but selfish to the core and therefore dangerous. With this hypocrite our part was no “felaweship”.

The Poure Persoun

A broad contrast we find here to the Friar. This is a shepherd and not a mercenary. Our Poure Persoun is the great, great grandfather, shall we say, of that parson who made life delightful in “sweet Auburn”. We say that our ideas of Christian living have changed since the days of the Crusades, but surely this man lived by as true a standard as any ideal we hold today. His was a simple, humble, Christlike life. With a heart all charity he ministered to the needs of his flock, and, without a thought of self, he gave his all—career, substance, love, to his poor people. Teaching by example rather than precept, he mingled among men, not despising poor sinners but rebuking the haughty, “drawing men to heaven by his fairnesse”—an honest, pure, and Christian soul. Now and then, in the day’s work, it is our privilege to meet such characters. A benediction lives in their presence.

The Knight

“He was a verry parfit, gentil knight.”

This brown, veteran knight makes a manly beginning to a manly tale. The keynote of the man is in the description of his horse, “goode but nat gay,” strong, powerful, but with no useless show of spirit, no false grandeur, but plain simplicity, undisplayed sincerity. From his youth a servant of honor, truth, all chivalric virtues, he was known afar and loved wherever known. A veteran in war, he had fought in far countries, received victory without ostentation, and

brought back to England a mind and heart enriched by wide experience. In distant lands his superiority was instinctively recognized, the head of the table was yielded to him silently. And yet, despite the homage paid to him, he assumed no lofty air, but bore himself ever as "meeke as is a mayde". A great-souled man was this, a knight in the truest sense of the word, standing for the highest, unconsciously radiating among his fellowmen a spirit of brotherly love and sincerity. Chaucer's ancient knight lives today in the "old time southern gentleman," veteran of war and chivalry.





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No. 2

Points of View

How often do we hear the old saying, "It is the little things in life which count," and yet, how frequently do we disregard it. This is especially true of our college life. Let us look for a moment, at the average school day, and see what a great number of so-called "little things" arise. We will begin at the early morning rush for breakfast. How much better it would look if we would go in an orderly manner to the table, instead of rushing along breathless, at the last moment, pinning our collars and belts on the way.

Now that we are inside the dining-room, we simply have to speak to somebody before the blessing is asked. The result is that we are often away from our own tables when the bell

is tapped. As soon as we are seated at the table, we begin complaining about the day's work before us. Is this the right spirit with which to face it, even though the work does look difficult?

We start out to our classes with little thought of the condition in which we are leaving our rooms. On the way to class we pass many persons on the walks and steps, and how many times do we remember to go to the right? There is only one way and that is the *right* way.

And now it is mail time! At this period, there is no such thing as order in the postoffice. We simply mow people down in our mad rush to see if we have any mail. If the mail is not up, we plant ourselves firmly in front of our own box to wait, and thus get in the way of everyone else. Why could we not pass on out until the next period, if the mail is not up? It would relieve the congestion which occurs in the postoffice at those periods.

Chapel is the next event of the day. Although we have been asked not to talk upon entering the auditorium, we cannot refrain from just a few words. In the first place, we should not have to be asked. As we leave the hall, if it is raining, we take any umbrella that happens to be near at hand. Of course "we thought we had our own".

So it goes on through the day; we borrow and forget to return, we break or forget important engagements, we often forget to be even decently polite, and generally, all because "we didn't think." It is not very soothing to be reminded that "thoughtlessness is exceeding thoughtfulness of one's self."

This does not look attractive in print, but it is sometimes well to stop amid the rush and hurry of things and take a personal inventory of ourselves.

"More harm is wrought by want of thought,
Than by want of feeling."

Ethel Bollinger, '13.

The college has employed a housekeeper this year, and it is the aim of the authorities to keep the Spencer Building in better order than it has been kept heretofore. The housekeeper, Miss Jowitt, and her assistants, are to have charge of this work of course, but they cannot undertake to keep so large a building as Spencer in perfect order and neatness, if the girls are not willing to do their part. Every week the maids give each room a thorough cleaning. They sweep the floors, shake the rugs, and leave the windows and doors open, in order that the rooms may be well aired. Within the last few days the floors have been stained, and this makes the rooms much cleaner and more sanitary. As all these improvements have been made recently, we can easily see that the matter has been taken up earnestly. The authorities want a model dormitory in every sense of the word, and in order to have this, the building must be kept clean and orderly.

Under the present system the girls have very little to do to keep their rooms in order. With a little care on our part our floors can be kept clean, and free from dust. If we are always careful to have a place for everything, and to put everything in its place, the dressers, and tables, and closets will look orderly. If we will not allow our rooms to be overcrowded with pictures and fussy ornaments, it will be easy to keep the dust away. Our rooms are where we receive the girl friends who call on us. If we were at home we would not think of receiving callers in a room which was untidy or disorderly. Surely with all the help we have, it is possible for us always to keep our rooms neat, orderly, and clean.

Lillie Turner, '15, Adelpkian.

We notice every year at the opening of school the tendency of the girls to choose the easiest course of study possible regardless of its value to them. If a new girl is asked what course she is going to take, her answer is almost invariably this: "I don't know. Which course do you think is the easiest?" She never says, "Which course do you think best, or which will be most helpful to me after I leave college."

Old girls come back early to pass off something so that they can change their course and still belong to their class. Their reason for changing is almost always because their course was too hard last year. This should not be in a college like ours. After we leave here, we know that we shall have to shoulder great responsibility; therefore while here we should prepare ourselves for this. If an easier course is best for us, then let us take it, but not because it is easy. Let us take it for its true worth to us. If a harder course is what we should take, let us not turn away from it because it is hard, but take it up with a will to conquer. We will be strengthened by this determination. We would say, then, that we should choose our course for its value to us and not from any unworthy motive.

W. T., '14, Adelpian.

There is nothing that is needed in our college life more than cheerfulness. We have but to notice the tired, discouraged faces and listen to the pessimistic conversation of a large number of our girls in order to realize this. According to my point of view, we would have fewer discouragements and fewer spells of the so-called "blues" if we would make an honest effort to look on the bright side of life. To remember that "every cloud has a silver lining", would save us many heartaches. Of course, there are times when we cannot help feeling discouraged, in spite of all the sermons on cheerfulness; but we can, at least, make an earnest effort to appear cheerful for the sake of others. Let us consider two types of girls—the optimistic and the pessimistic. The girl who goes about her daily tasks willingly and cheerfully and wears a smile on her face is like a ray of sunshine wherever she goes. How different the other type of girl is! She does her work grudgingly, and often poorly; she grumbles about the length of the lessons and the privileges she is not allowed. Thus, she makes herself and everyone around her miserable. Her associates may sympathize with her for awhile; but before long they grow tired of her long face and eternal complaints. The contrast between these two types of girls should

be enough to make all of us resolve to take a cheerful view of life. Our college days are what we make them—whether pleasant or burdensome; for

“The mind is its own place; and, in itself
Can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven.”

Why not make them some of the happiest days of our lives, as they should be, by being cheerful? It seems to me that we old girls should be especially considerate of this subject for the sake of the new girls. Are we going to give them the impression that we regard our college days as days of unpleasant duties, or that we regard them as days of glorious opportunities? We should remember the fact that we are responsible, to a great extent, for the attitude that our new girls take toward college life. Cheerfulness is a surprisingly contagious thing. One smile may cause a dozen people to be happy for a whole day. Girls, let's start an epidemic of cheerfulness, and see if we do not soon realize the truth of the old adage, “Laugh and the world laughs with you.”

J. M. C., '15, Cornelian.

Hitherto we have been allowed to do what we wish on Friday nights, but have kept regular study hour on **STUDY HOUR** Saturday nights. Shall this regulation be changed? Shall we observe study hour on Friday night instead of Saturday? I think that conditions would be much better if this change were made. As it is, we do not study on Friday night. On Saturday we go down town and get our minds away from our work. When we come home we do not want to study and, furthermore, we are often too tired to study. Sometimes, too, we have so much to be done on Saturday night that we cannot get it all done. On the other hand, if we studied on Friday night while our hearts are in our work and while the ideas which we received on class are fresh in our memories we could easily prepare our lessons. Saturday morning would be left for library work and Saturday afternoon for recreation. On Saturday afternoon we could go down town, enjoy our recreation, then come home and go to the society meetings feeling free from

the thought of much work to be done on the morrow. It seems to me that it would be much better to observe study hour on Friday night than on Saturday night.

B. M., '15, Cornelian.

Congratulations to the new girls who are showing so much athletic spirit! We hope that many more

ATHLETICS are going to join with us in doing all that we can for the Athletic Association. We

know that each girl who enters into the active work of the association will feel benefited beyond measure when the year is ended. There are good reasons why each one of us should take an active part as members of this association. First of all, we should enter into athletics for the exercise it affords. We each need physical as well as mental and moral development. We do have physical training twice each week, but in order to keep up our work here we need more exercise. What is better exercise than an exciting game of either hockey, basket ball, or tennis? A second reason is for the enjoyment that comes from being an active member. Our minds are completely rested from the routine of study when we have gone on a camping trip or have entered into any game. The relaxation which the pleasure gives our brains is a decided gain, for we are then able to economize our time and work in earnest. Finally, when we have taken advantage of the privilege of using the athletic property, we each owe it to the association to do our very best in any game in which we take part. It is the spirit of the individuals which makes the reputation of the whole body good or bad. Girls, when the athletic property comes, for our own good and the good of the association, let's join and be really active members.

R. D.

Ever since The Girl graduated at high school and decided to go off to college, she had lived in anticipation. All during the long hot summer while she was making her preparations she thought of her wonderful opportunities. She firmly resolved, after she had completed her course and gone out into the world, to make a splendid record. She would show her friends and relatives what she could do! Her talents should not be hidden. As she had no great gift she could not make the whole world ring with her praises. But she could and would be a good teacher. She would train up young minds in the way in which they should go. She would not realize it, but perhaps she would teach a future President of the United States! Who could tell, anyway? These were her dreams before the time came for her to go.

When the train pulled out of the station, she had a feeling that if she were to speak a torrent of tears would come. During the trip, however, she brightened up when she heard some girls discussing the joys of college life. But, alas, when she arrived at the college, passed down a long, long walk, with a crowd of other new girls, saw strange girls laughing at them from the windows, was put in a room with strange girls, went to dinner in a very noisy dining-room where all the faces were unknown, spent a sleepless night wishing she were at home, and the next morning was put to work—then she really thought she could never, never stay.

But in a few days her views were entirely changed. She had, as it were, gotten her "bearings". She had learned the buildings, arranged her schedule, gotten her books, and was working hard. Of course the work was hard, but the faculty were *splendid*, and the folks at home simply must not be disappointed. She knew lots and lots of girls now, and she had found the postoffice and "gotten just lots and lots of mail already". She joined a society, the Y. W. C. A., and the Athletic Association. She spent her odd hours in the beautiful library. In fact she had come down from the ideal to the real. She no longer thought of her big dreams, but she threw herself with a right good will into the doing of the little things required of her.

With her homesickness entirely gone she was even able to say to worried new girls:

“Were I a wizard with a wand,
I'd wave it over you
And all of your troubles
Should turn into bubbles,
And all of your hopes come true.”

R. G., '16, Adelpian.



Y. W. C. A. Notes

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

Our Association has gone to work this year with an added stimulus in a new determination and hope for greater things. We have realized our ambition of many years to have with us a General Secretary; with the help of Miss Miller we feel confident that we will make great progress along all lines of Association work.

The Sunday night meetings have been as follows:

September 22nd—Opening meeting. Speaker, Mr. Padgett, State Secretary of the Forward Mission Movement. Soloist, Mrs. Sharpe.

September 29th—Accession meeting. Address to new members by Miss Miller. Soloist, Miss Harris. 188 new members received.

October 6th—Mission Study Rally. Speaker, Dr. Clark, of the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro. Piano Solo, Miss Virginia Kendall.

October 13th—Bible Study Rally. Speaker, Mr. Abernethy, of Spring Garden Methodist Church of Greensboro. Trio, Lillian Proctor, Carrie Stout, Lallah Daugherty.

October 20th—Speaker, Dr. Moseley, teacher of Baraca Class of the First Baptist Church of Greensboro. Soloist, Miss Amalie Adams.

The programs of the regular Wednesday night meetings have been:

September 25—Subject, Duty of Being Pleasant. Leader, Maude Bunn.

October 2—Subject, Systematic Giving. Leader, Miss Strong.

October 9—Subject, Loyalty. Leader, Miss Porter, Student Secretary for the South Atlantic States.

October 16—Subject, Business meeting. Leader, Pattie Spurgeon. Miss Gertrude Griffin elected vice-president of Association.

October 23—Subject, Secrets of a Beautiful Life. Leader, Fannie Starr Mitchell.

A talk on Social Amenities was to have been given by Miss Kirkland on the evening of October 11th, but, because the lights failed, to our regret the talk had to be postponed. While the large audience was waiting in vain for the lights, Miss Harris graciously rendered several beautiful and much enjoyed solos.

On Wednesday, October 9th, an afternoon tea was given in honor of Miss Porter, the Student Secretary for the South Atlantic States. The tea was given in the Cornelian and Adelphian Committee rooms, which were attractively decorated in green, and was served by the social committee of the Association. Miss Virginia Kendall added much

to the enjoyment of the occasion by her beautiful piano solos. Those attending were, the faculty advisers of the Association, the cabinet, and the Senior and Junior classes. Those who met Miss Porter were charmed by her delightful personality.

On the afternoons of the 17th and 18th, and on Saturday, the 19th of October, the Horace K. Turner art exhibit was held in the committee rooms of the two society halls, under the auspices of the Association. The collection of pictures was much admired by all who saw them.

The work of the other committees has been equally as successful as that of the social committee. The student volunteers held an open meeting in the Bailey Memorial Room on Sunday, October 13th, at 4:30 p. m., on the subject, "India's Women". Miss Caudle was leader, and Miss Hughes and Miss Black were the speakers.

The Bible and Mission Study Classes met for the first time Sunday, October 20th, with 167 enrolled in mission classes and an equally large number in Bible classes. A most helpful year's work is promised in these classes.

The "Retreat" opened the first week of school under the efficient management of Pattie Groves. Miss Groves does her buying of only the best wholesale dealers in Greensboro and the stock of goods is larger and better each week.

Under the leadership of Louise Goodwin the morning watch services have been very helpful. The attendance has increased weekly and the interest is well sustained. Special watch services have been held by the Bible and Mission Study Committees.



Society Notes

With the Adelprians

Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelprian

The annual initiation of the Adelprian Society was held on the evening of October 25th. This year one hundred and forty new members were taken into the society, three of whom, Miss Severson, Miss Anderson, and Miss Jowitt, were honorary members.

After the initiation was over, a Grecian banquet was held in the dining hall of Spencer Building. The tables were arranged in the form of a diamond, the shape of the society pin, and were decorated in red and yellow dahlias, the society colors. In the center of the diamond was the temple—Adelphai's shrine. Southern smilax fell from the roof of the temple and twined about its great white columns. The orchestra, half concealed by palms, sat in one point of the diamond.

While the following menu:

Potato Salad	Sandwiches
Olives	Crackers
Orange Ice	Cherries
Cakes	Coffee
Cheese	Wafers

was being served by Grecian maidens, a number of toasts were given. Florence Hildebrand, the toastmistress, expressed the society's twofold pleasure in welcoming the new members, and in seeing so many of the old members, visitors, and friends. Christine Rutledge gave the toast to the new members, which was responded to by Octavia Jordan. Dr. Foust responded to the toast given to him by Meriel Groves. The toast to the Cornelians was given by Gertrude Griffin and responded to by Lizzie Roddick. Mr. Bradshaw answered the toast to the visitors, which was given by Lillian Proctor. The society song was the response to the toast to Adelphai, which was given by Louise Goodwin. Kathrine Robinson toasted the alumnae, and Clyde Stancill, of the class of 1910, responded. Miss Washburn responded to the toast given to the faculty by Mildred Rankin. The response to the toast that Mildred Harrington gave to the future is to be looked for in the hereafter.

Just after the banquet, sixteen Grecian maidens danced into the temple and gave an ancient Grecian hall dance whose grace and rhythmical beauty delighted all. Then Adelprians bade

“To each and all a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers bright.”

Cornelian Society Notes

Verta L. Idol, '13, Cornelian

The Cornelian Literary Society held its annual initiation on Saturday evening, October 26th. 140 new members assembled in the chapel at seven o'clock, and were then initiated into the secrets of the society. After the initiatory exercises, the new members, faculty and friends were given a banquet in the college dining-room.

Here the tables were arranged in a large triangle, having for centerpieces yellow chrysanthemums. The entire room was decorated with boughs of autumn leaves, palms and chrysanthemums. In a small triangle of palms in the center was Brockmann's orchestra, which furnished the music between toasts. These toasts were given between the three courses, which were:

Chicken salad		Crackers
Olives		Sandwiches
Orange Ice		Sweet Wafers
	Coffee	Cheese Wafers

Miss Gretchen Taylor very gracefully presided as toastmistress. The toasts were as follows:

- To our new members, Corinna Mial; response, Gertrude Carroway.
- To our visitors, Ethel Bollinger; response, Mr. Bradshaw.
- To the Adelprians, Carrie Toomer; response, Mary Tennent.
- To the alumnae, Mary Worth; response, Miss Edna Forney.
- To our mothers, Lura Brogden; response, "In every mother's heart in North Carolina."
- To the press, Verta Idol; response, Mr. Capus Weynick.
- To the faculty, Margaret Mann; response, Miss Moore.
- To our college, Maude Bunn; response, Dr. Foust.



Among Ourselves

Lillian G. Crisp, '13, Adelpian

On October 30th a chorus of one hundred and twenty-five members was organized under the leadership of Mr. Wade R. Brown. This will fill a long felt need in the college. During the year choruses are to be organized at Burlington and High Point. It is expected that Greensboro and other nearby towns will come into this plan soon. Within a few years, according to present prospects, there can be assembled at the Normal College a chorus of from five to six hundred voices in a great music festival. In the meantime this chorus at the Normal will strive towards excellence in many kinds of work. Its organization is a great step forward in the advancement of the college.

Students of the Normal College, and especially those in the Science Department, have heard with much pleasure of an honor which has come to Dr. Gudger recently. In the September number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there was published an article by him entitled, "George Maregrave, the First Student of American Natural History". The "Zoologischer Annalen", the foremost scientific publication in Germany, has asked to be allowed to publish a translation of this article. We are indeed pleased with the favorable attention his essay has received.

On the 17th of October "The Miscellany", a current topic club for Juniors, Seniors, and members of the faculty, met and reorganized for the coming year. Miss Lizzie Roddick was elected president, and Miss Sarah Perrin Shuford secretary. That interest in the coming election might be stimulated in the college, it was decided to organize a mock presidential campaign for the Juniors and Seniors. The election is to take place a few days before the national one, and is to be preceded by stump speeches and all the other characteristic features of a real political campaign. The girls elected to represent the various candidates are: Pattie Groves, for Wilson; Lizzie Roddick, for Roosevelt; Margaret Smith, for Taft; Meriel Groves, for Debs.

In the last issue of the *State Normal Magazine* there was given an account of the addition of a new dormitory to our equipment of buildings. Other improvements which are not so evident to a casual visitor at the college, but which are important for the health of the students and the convenience of the workers, have been made in the kitchen and dairy.

In every division of the kitchen more modern arrangements have been provided. In the dish room the first change noticed is the new hard-

wood floor, the boards of which are set obliquely to prevent wear from the trucks. Last year there were only two washers and four small sinks placed close together in the middle of the room; now there are eight steel sinks, placed in the corners of the room, and a third dishwasher. There are steel tables placed in front of these washers. The extra room thus provided relieves the congestion which was such a bad feature of the dining-room work last year. A battery of three urns, each of fifty gallon capacity, has replaced the two old urns which held only ten and twenty gallons, respectively. In the kitchen proper there seems to be a great deal more room than there was formerly. For the removal of the unsightly meat table, block, and saw to the cold storage, the placing of the steam jackets, each with its steam pipe, in one corner, and the arrangement of the ranges against the wall, have left the center of the room free. In front of the ranges is a steel cook's table, with shelf, banmarea, and sink. Steel tables have entirely taken the place of the old unsanitary wooden ones. There are also four large steel sinks, with steel drain boards, in place of the old ones of tin and wood. There have been added to the equipment a new steamer, an electric ice crushing machine, ice cream cans of galvanized iron lined with white enamel, and a "kitchen king". This machine is indeed a help, for with equal ease it makes butter and mayonaise, beats up all kinds of batter, mashes potatoes, and makes purees. In the cold storage new steel sinks have been added. The bake shop boasts a new marble top pastry table, bread closet, proofing-box with steam connections, two steel bread troughs, two galvanized sinks, and two iron stands of shelves for cake. New warming closets are to be added, and a new rat-proof store room, with galvanized walls and ceiling, has already been built. In short, by these modern improvements, those who work in the kitchen can do their work more easily, more efficiently, and more in accordance with the laws of sanitation.

In the dairy there have also been sweeping changes. Owing to the fact that the old dairy stood upon a part of the site of the new dormitory, it was necessary to remove it. This building was, to say the least, very unsightly. So a new, larger, and more convenient one was built farther from the college buildings. In it are the separator, churn, ice box, sterilizing plant, etc. But the most interesting innovation in this department is the Sharpless Mechanical Milker which has been installed. This is run by an electric motor. The work is done by means of a pump, so arranged as to have air pressure in one side and a vacuum in the other, a pulsator, and a "milker", connected by brass and rubber tubes. The "milker" consists of four rubber lined brass tubes, connected by rubber tubes with the pulsator, and thence with the engine. It works like a man's hand. The air pressure pushes the tubes up, the vacuum pulls them down. It is claimed that this way of milking is really easier on the cow than when it is done by hand. It is certain that it gets more milk, and saves time. These are the improvements which have been made in the dairy. Added to the modern arrangements in the kitchen, they add greatly to the up-to-dateness and efficiency of the service in these departments.



Exchanges

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

We are glad to meet our old friends again at the beginning of the college year. The good beginning made this month by the exchanges promises much for the future numbers.

One of the best exchanges of the month, considered from all view points, is the Wake Forest Student. One glance at it tells us that it is keeping up its former good reputation. The verse is especially good. "Idle Words" "appeals to the heart as well as the head". The same may be said of "The Outlook and the Uplook". The subject matter of the essays is of live interest today, not having been formerly exhausted by other writers. "The Moral and Ethical Side of the Back-to-the-Country Cry" emphasizes a fact which has long needed to be impressed upon the minds of the city dwellers. "The Full-Peg Pants" is by far the best of its stories this month, both in subject matter and in style. Considering everything, we pronounce the October issue of the Wake Forest Student "good".

The Davidson College Magazine furnishes some good material this month. The best part of the magazine is the story, "Eggs". Besides being well written it gives us a study of child nature and the near relations existing between children and animals. The writer of this story has chosen a subject he is well acquainted with. We do not especially like any of the poems except "Scenes on the Shenandoah". The others border upon sentimentality.

The Red and White comes to us this month a good number, with sound common sense essays predominating. The one story, "Sailing Over the Bounding Main," is full of humor and cleverly told. Give us more like it, we say. But one word to you: improve your poetry. The poems in this number lack deep thought.

Some of the essays of the present issue of the Trinity Archive are excellent, but the stories do not come up to the usual standard of a college magazine. The poem, "Memories", is very good.

Though there is a good combination of story, verse, and essay in the Focus this month, the magazine is, nevertheless, rather thin. The stories are not suited to a college magazine. We think the writers of the stories, "A Baggage Bungle" and "The Summer-house by the Lake",

might have chosen subjects about which students know something. The very best article in the magazine is the little poem, "In Autumn". It is short, but full of bright thoughts of autumn. "A Message to the Seniors" gives some very practical advice to the students of any normal college. We wish that more alumnae would give us their experiences before we ourselves become teachers.

Though we have done well this month, let us not cease to strive, but make our next magazines much better than our first numbers have been.





In Lighter Vein

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

A Junior who is fond of quotations, recently asked whether Shakespeare or the Bible contained the following: "Consider the lilies of the field; they care not neither do they spin."

F. W., coming out of the library: "I've just been reading 'The Rise of Silas Lapham'."

J. R., interestedly: "Oh, that's the new serial in the Saturday Evening Post, isn't it?"

In answer to a summons from the President, a new student called at the office one morning. Finding it vacant she was thoughtful enough to leave her card.

R. J., when asked if she cared for a certain piece of music, replied: "No, the 'temperature' is too slow."

A diffident little Freshman drew near to the busy librarian and asked, hesitatingly, if she might smell the roses on the desk.

At 6:45 one Monday morning, D. A. hastily entered a neighbor's room and exclaimed, "Oh, Emma! Please give me some laundry programs."

If anyone wishes to obtain a description of the white "particulate" left when acid is applied to iron filings, he should consult J. G.

Two definitions have recently been given which rival those of Swift and Arnold. A practice school boy says that physiology is "the history of the bones," and a Freshman, that a paragraph may be called a "bunch of sentences."

Sophomore, discussing college annuals with a visiting friend: "We were so busy last year with the pageant that we couldn't get out an annual."

Visiting friend: "The pageant—er—is that your college magazine?"

About half an hour before the end of evening study period, a Freshman visited the lady principal with the following request: "I have

finished studying all my lessons and I'm so sleepy. May I go to bed now?"

The following sentence was extracted from a hygiene examination paper: "The hair is a bullous plant".

When Juniors go on the history hunt,
Hawks and Martins tease their front.
Sometimes the huntsmen miss their aim,
And then in lieu of better gain,
As Fishers angling long they wait.
But when in vain they've used Moore bait,
They sadly turn and climb the Hill,
And Wheeler bout and lay them still,
And sighing, turn to Ashes.

E. M., '14, Cornelian.

