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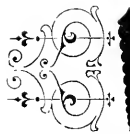


State Normal Magazine

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State Normal Magazine.

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No. 1

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" SOME NOTABLE WOMEN OF COLONIAL CAROLINA."

This paper was awarded the prize of \$25.00 offered by the Alumnae Association of the State Normal and Industrial College for the best essay submitted by one of its members in 1902.

It will not hurt modern women to turn and look back at the history of the State's womanhood. 'Twill be no history of Sodom or Gomorrah that their backward gaze rests upon, but the annals of a State who, though she has climbed slowly, testing carefully every foothold before she trusted her weight to it, has yet bred sons and daughters whose prompt and patriotic decisions have caused her name to stand "Foremost in Liberty's story."

But variability is ever a feminine characteristic, and we will herein display not our own variability, but that of the State's fair, by portraying high and low, Tory and Patriot.

Little is known of North Carolina's first distinguished woman;

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for surely that title is merited by pretty, pale Eleanor Dare, who upheld by woman's courage, and led by woman's love, followed her husband to a wild, new land, and there gave birth to a child whose name and fate were to be embodied in the legends of the State.

Can we not picture the gently nurtured woman struggling against hardships, the like of which she had never imagined? Or standing on the shore with baby Virginia, watching for the ship that came too late? But imagination can go no further. The fate of North Carolina's first mother is too enshrouded in mystery to be pierced.

For almost two hundred years after, woman's share in the history of the State was a silent one. They figure only as the wives of men. Almost two hundred years—then there is the tap of the high-heeled shoes, a scent of sandal wood, and Esther Wake takes the stage, radiant in cherry ribbons and coquettish patches, "With a glance for one, and a glance for some" of the troop of gallants who attend her. She accompanies her sister, Lady Tryon, His Excellency's wife, but it is the fair Esther who is the toast of the colony, and for whose white hand the provincial macaronies sigh. Polite society waked up during Tryon's administration, and lace lappets, and clocked stockings were imported into the Colony in greater profusion than ever before. Routs and balls were frequent, and dandies flocked to the Governor's mansion. For "Zounds! here were women who knew linen from osnaburg, and could appreciate the set of a ruffle, or the way a sword knot was tied." So at the Governor's reception the young blood assembled, ogling and toasting the stately ladies, who waved scented fans and tossed high dressed heads, and thought the colony no such lonely place as represented. "But by my faith, 'tis vastly too crowded, I protest the colony hath no palace for a rout worth the name." So speaks fair Mistress Esther, and so thinks the Great Gray Wolf of Carolina, as Tryon is called by the Indians. So the patient Carolinians are appealed to, and an appropriation is

made for a "fytte abode for His Excellency." But the Governor's ladies had ideas grander than simple folks dreamed of, and the plans for the palace grew by leaps and bounds, till by the time the stately brick edifice was finished, eighty thousand dollars had been extorted from a people clad in homespun, and funds had been diverted from the State coffers where they were sadly needed, that the palace might be provided with marble mantles and cornices.

But in 1771, to the relief of the overburdened people, the Great Gray Wolf accompanid by his lady and the belle of Carolina left for New York, where he showed his fangs no less plainly than in the South. The palace is in ruins now, and only Wake county attests by its name, the brief and brilliant sovereignty of Esther Wake.

But if ladies could do much to harrass a tired people into rebellion, other aristocratic ladies showed that they could aid in turning that rebellion into revolution.

From New Berne we go to Edenton. There in Mistress Elizabeth King's drawing-room, we find fifty-one ladies assembled for a tea drinking. The china caddy is brought in, the silver urn, (no plebeian pot—we are among the colonial aristocrats) the thin china cups are brought, then dramatic moment—each lady is offered her choice of the best black Bohea or Hyperion, dried raspberry leaves. Their dish of tea is dear to these dames and damsels, but their rights are dearer, and one and all refuse the "hateful tea with the hateful tax upon it." Mistress Penelope Barker (or Barco) is appointed chairman of a committee to draw up resolutions setting forth that "we, the ladies of Edenton, do hereby solemnly engage not to conform to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking Tea, or that we, the aforesaid ladies, will not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England, until such time that all Acts which tend to enslave this our Native Country are repealed." Mistress Sarah Valentine, Mistress Isabella Johnson, Mistress Winifred Haskins, Mistress Barker, Mistress King, and forty-six other ladies signed this woman's Declaration of Independence in 1774,

more than worthy to be ranked with the so-called Boston Tea Party. The only memento of the occasion was a picture, twelve by fourteen inches, done on glass. On this glass is painted the portraits of the assembled ladies, one of whom is writing the resolutions in letters large enough to be read. Its origin is not known, but in 1830 Lieutenant W. T. Muse, of Edenton, cruising on the Mediterranean, discovered in a barber's shop at Port Mahon, this picture of the patriotic ladies, purchased it and brought it home. For thirty years it was on exhibition at Edenton, but unfortunately during the Civil War, this valuable relic was broken in three pieces. An oil painting of the scene now hangs in the State Library at Raleigh.

From high to low, from the Governor's palace to a Wrecker's cottage we go for our next heroine. It is at night on Currituck Sound that Betsy Dowdy heard that "them blamed Britishers" were on their way from Norfolk, and would meet the Continental forces at Great Bridge. If General Skinner could be informed and reinforce the patriots with his militia, that section of the country would be saved; but the old fishermen shook their heads; the thing could not be done. Men said it could not be done. Betsy's lips tightened. She left the room and sought the marsh where the ponies herded. Her own pet, Black Bess, came at her call. The resolute girl saddled her with a blanket, sprang on her back and the lonely night ride was begun. Down the beach she dashed, over the ford at Currituck Sound, around by the Narrows (now Elizabeth City) with only the stars to keep watch and the waves to whisper courage. Many a time her heart must have sunk at the black shadows, and fear turned her faint and sick, but a heroine is one who performs brave deeds in spite of fear, and Betsy did not draw rein till General Skinner's home was reached. Her dark ride was not thrown away. When she retraced her steps next day, she was met by tidings of victory. The reinforcement had been successful and the battle of Great Bridge was won. Soon the red coats sailed away from Norfolk, leaving Betsy and Black Bess to

enjoy more peaceful rides over the sands of the Albemarle counties.

Another ride in Carolina's annals was prompted by love. Mary Slocumb, torn by anguish for her husband repelling the enemy at Moore's Creek, mounted her horse and rode sixty long miles to the battle field. We honor the courage that brought her those sixty weary miles to ascertain her husband's safety, but we reverence even more the fortitude and womanly pity that bound her to the battle field that day, tending wounded Patriot and Tory alike—all were her friends—among the dying she had no foes.

Let us be equally just and recognize a heroine as such, though on "the other side." And surely none would have Flora McDonald disloyal to Crown. The subject of the intrepid Scotch maiden is familiar in history. We all know how her daring and presence of mind saved the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie. But all her hopes and the loyal and loving service of hosts of others could not put that much loved pretender on the throne. Later Flora married Allen McDonald, and in 1775 emigrated to America and settled at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville) among many other Scotch refugees. Like many other Scotch settlers, the MacDonalds were strong adherents of royalty. "I fought England to put Bonnie Charles on the throne, yet I cannot aid the Americans in this rebellion," Mrs. MacDonald said staunchly, and she and her husband were active Tories. In the battle of Moore's Creek he was taken prisoner. As soon as he was released this heroine of two unsuccessful causes set sail for the Scotch Highlands, where, on March 3rd, 1796, over three thousand persons followed her to the grave. But Flora MacDonald tarried with us such a short time that we can hardly claim her as an adopted daughter.

Let us now leave the coast of Carolina and march with Greene one hundred miles through rain, ice and snow. No blankets, no sleep, no food! Truly the God of battles was for us, or the labor had been in vain. Weary, destitute, disheartened, Greene reached Salisbury. "Are you alone?" he was asked. "Yes, alone,

fatigued, hungry and penniless," he answered bitterly. Mrs. Elizabeth Steele left the room, but soon returned, bringing two small canvas bags containing her little hoard, the savings of years. "Take these, General," she said simply, placing them in his hands; "you will need them, and I can do without them." She was of Scotch-Irish descent, was Elizabeth Steele, but that unselfish assurance makes her near akin to the English Knight, Sir Philip Sydney, who dying on the battle field gave the longed-for draught to a wounded private, for "thy necessity is greater than mine."

This is but a short roll call of the more prominent women, who have lived for a time at least, or all their lives, on Carolina soil. There were, and are, thousands of others as devoted, elegant and brave as those mentioned whose influence is not lost, though their names are shrouded in obscurity.

SUSIE BAKER SAUNDERS, '99.

EGOTISM AS DISPLAYED IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

To this paper, read at our Commencement, May 28, 1902, was awarded the Whitsett Prize.

CARFIE SPARGER, 1902.

The human mind may be compared to a circle whose centre is self. Five minutes chat with some people will show an arc long enough to estimate their whole curve. As the arc of a great circle may not perceptibly differ from a straight line, so in great intellects the loftiest thoughts are apparently the most impersonal. Men are naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them.

Shall a man be his own trumpeter? We read in Mythology that as Minerva sat by the banks of a certain spring, trying her skill on the flute, she suddenly bent over and saw her puffed cheeks mirrored on the surface, and impetuously threw away the instrument, vowing never to touch it again. In these days, if a man throw away the flute, it is to use a more powerful means of puffing. It is almost universally agreed that this instrument should be made of brass.

I am persuaded, however, that one of the surest sources of generous and worthy action is a due appreciation of one's self. Whoever has a mean opinion of his worth will rank no higher than the place to which he has allotted himself. Men do not value highly those who put no value upon themselves. Therefore, a certain amount of self-assurance is essential to success in the world. The difficulty is to decide fairly between the modest and the pretending. Man is a social creature, and he loves glory, hence it is that he is evermore racked and tortured for new means of attracting attention. Evidences of this everywhere appear: In the trappings of military rank, long plumes, epaulets, and the brilliant hues of Masonic paraphernalia, all worn with as much satisfaction

on the part of the stern sex, as are three yards of trailing taffeta, laces and furbelows, worn by their nominally vainer sisters.

It is this high regard for the first personal pronoun which is ever ready to turn us from our better judgments and force us to accept popular applause, which "bewitches people with a love for themselves, influencing and engaging them with their own praises." When one who thinks of himself more highly than he ought, by some sudden jar, comes to the conclusion that he is really commonplace, then comes a most wholesome conviction. You remember how the old prophet, when he thought there was no one left to serve God but himself, was sunk to the proper point of self-esteem by discovering that there were thousands who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

Centuries have passed since then, yet this audacious self-esteem is ever growing. Today the American nation is probably one of the most egotistical in the world. A noted traveler has observed, however, that we are the only really brave people who boast of our own bravery. If an American has in his possession a medal, he has no scruples in showing it and telling how he came by it.

We learn from *Life*, that most staid and reliable of all authorities among publications, how few of us realize, that this egotistic element was engrafted into our natures by "Lo, the poor Indian!" For instance, a cheeky red-skin in a pow-wow with an American will say: "Chuckabluff, Chief of the Comanches, opens his mouth to speak to the pale-face pigs. Listen to the words of Chuckabluff and of the things he will do in battle to the white dogs. Each of the braves of Chuckabluff will kill six hundred pale-faces. Then they will tire of the slaughter and eat and feast while the Squaws kill the rest. Enough! Chuckabluff has spoken."

The American General answers as follows: "The Great White Father reads with sorrow the Chuckabluff, for no man can hear the sayings of the dying unmoved. For Chuckabluff is to die with all his young men, and his Squaws will spend the rest of their days knitting coffins for the copper-colored corpses.

“ Each of the white braves can chew up eleven red-skins before the ringing of the second breakfast bell. Great and noble is the White Father, and rich and good. The White Chief has said his spoke. On Tuesday he will begin to butcher.”

The American General found it necessary in communicating with the Indian to deal in clarion tones and not show too much false modesty; and forced for generations to talk in this strain, it is no wonder that the habit has clung to us. The disease of inflated cranium is not confined to any one class, but is a general ailment.

Coming nearer home, this disorder reigns in the South and particularly in the Old North State. For who, in his modest egotism, does not glory in the many *first things* we have had: that Grandfather Mountain was the first land that ever appeared above water; that we were the first English-speaking colony in America; that we made the first Declaration of Independence; that the first blood shed in opposition to British tyranny was that of a Carolinian; that the first soldier killed in the war between the States and the first and only naval officer killed in the war with Spain were ours; or that in the recent thrilling educational upheaval North Carolina is the first, great and only factor. And who does not boast that ours is the only State in the Union that can fill every blank of the census?

It has been stated that ministers as a class are egotistical. They have so long been considered sanctified and lifted above others by virtue of their more sacred calling that they have almost unconsciously yielded to “pleasing convictions of self-sufficiency and superiority.” This has been increased for the reason that their office pertains to the giving of advice and instruction from the pulpit, to which the pews cannot reply.

It has also been observed of many writers that their works run very much to the first person. Such openings of the heart, however, give a man a thorough insight into the writer's character; besides that, there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmities of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself

agrees with what the world entertains of him. Milton thought himself so far in advance of his age in thought and opinion that he once declared that "he was born an age too soon," and the world today agrees with him and considers that statement an evidence of simple self-appreciation. And our beloved Tennyson, while reading his "Maud" to Mrs. Browning, stops every now and then and exclaims: "There's a wonderful touch!" "How beautiful that is!" "That's very tender!" A certain author in his remarks at the head of an essay submits the following: "I think it requires not only youth but genius to read this paper." He was probably aware of the fact that these words would cause many people to peruse it who would not have done so, had they been omitted. This must have been the man who wrote with his feet in cold water to prevent *all* the blood from running to his head, "as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of the thermometer." Another gentleman, who is the author of a book on Vocal Expression, states in his preface that "This little book, small as it is, is worth all the other books that have ever been written on the subject of Elocution, and that is not saying much, for all that have ever been written before have not been worth a cent." And Stephenson writes in one of his letters, "Kipling is by far the most promising young man that has appeared since—ahem—I appeared."

Let us turn to the platform entertainer. Did you ever hear a public speaker enliven his lecture with numerous jokes and witty remarks, and watch him at the end of every point, hitch up his head, look through his glasses at his audience, then shut his mouth pertly with his under lip as if to say, "There, that's funny, laugh at that!"

The most shallow class of egotists, however, are society bores, or conversational egotists,

"When one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

An ostentatious man would rather relate a blunder or an absurdity that he has committed than be debarred from talking of his own dear self. It is his delight to impress us, as he himself is impressed, with a sense of his own importance. Call to mind the times you have anticipated a pleasant hour *in your own company* and one of these chronic bores has come bursting in, without a knock, apparently regarding himself as your bosom friend, and plead with you to forgive him for not having called sooner, which you immediately do. We feel an irresistible desire to quote with the airy *Puck*, "What fools we mortals be."

Among women, those who are in love are perhaps the greatest egotists. They have the habit of feeling as noble and generous toward the world as if they were so many Clara Bartons. But men, more than women, if possible, have the habit of "big I and little U." They sometimes prefer their own company to that of the fair sex and consider it an utter impossibility that a woman should live and die an old maid by choice. A gentleman was once observed talking to himself as he walked along the road, and when asked his reason for doing so, said that he liked an occasional conversation with a sensible man.

Even animals are egotistical. Did you ever see a bantam rooster, at the first rays of the sun, hop up on the fence and announce himself "Lord of creation," imagining that the sun rose to hear him crow? Or have you observed that a cat will get up and deliberately walk out of the room when an ill-bred remark concerning her species is made to her, while a "neatly-turned" compliment will cause her to purr good-naturedly for an hour? And it is not a modern fable, the story of the fly who went to take his usual morning ride upon the bull's horn. His conscience suddenly smiting him for imposing upon the beast, he condescendingly said, "If I am too heavy, I'll fly away."

We, in our own imaginations, are all cast for leading parts in the play of life. There is something so amusing in this presumptuous sense of self-importance that the wiser world has chosen an exalted

word to describe its enchantment, and called it the "Paradise of Fools." The truth is, that we each of us have an inborn conviction that the whole world with everything and everybody in it was created as a sort of necessary appendage to ourselves, and we are each, in our respective opinions, the pivot around which the world revolves.

In egotism and kindred weaknesses, we can all join hands. We differ in our nobler qualities, but in our follies we are as one. From the victorious Admiral Dewey, swelling beneath his row of stars and medals, to the common day-laborer who thinks his wife, his baby, his dog, and himself severally unequalled; from the professional beauty, proud of her oblique pampadour, to the Chinaman, gleeful at the length of his pigtail—ay, ay, vanity, conceit, and egotism are truly the powers that govern humanity.

THE GANDER OF ROANOKE.

T. GILBERT PEARSON,

Author of "Stories of Bird Life."

All that spring day the orioles were busy about their nests except when they broke away from their tasks to chase each other in mimic fierceness through the trees. All that glorious day the white-breasted swallows skimmed the dark surface of Matamuskeet Lake or towered as twittering specks above the forests of the neighboring swamp. All through that perfect morning of May, and the afternoon which followed, a flock of migrating bobolinks searched the fields of peat about for the grains of sprouting rice and chatted contentment at their finds. In field, grove, and swamp, all life was astir as each wild creature performed its part in the great play of Nature—wrought onward in the course of its unfailing destiny.

Bordering a slough which makes up from the lake, there lies a certain strip of marsh, perhaps half an acre in extent. Here in a cluster of rank grass a goose sat on her nest with its five white eggs. Each morning for four happy weeks when the sun rose he had found her there and, when at length he sank into the evening clouds, with his last peep he could see her sitting still. Only once a day had she left the nest, and then but briefly, for food and exercise. Quietly, hopefully, expectantly now she sat, nor left her station for a moment the livelong day.

Small, imprisoned voices had been calling to each other beneath her and, as the sun rolled high, her joy became great when a little velvet head was thrust out between the long feathers of her side. This baby head was adorned with a bill, and with a pair of dark eyes, which gazed out wonderingly at the tall marsh grass and the shallow puddles of water standing here and there in the peaty soil.

They could see too the silvery flashes of light on the million ripples racing before the breeze across the lake.

On the high ground above was a house, and in the yard were ducks and geese and chickens, while back of it all across the fields stretched the deep, wild growths of the cypress swamp. How good it seemed to this little head to rest there with the big world in front, and the great warm mother above and behind!

Somewhere in the depths of the feathers below was another speck of life for a voice had been growing stronger, and when a kind, fond shifting of the weight above rendered the task of moving possible, a second head appeared in the light near the first. It was smaller than the other and swayed unsteadily, for it belonged to the little sister who was younger—many hours younger than her brother. There they sat that wonderful day as the sun sloped downward across the lake, and they saw things as only little geese see, and thought only thoughts that little geese think.

But the day was not to end in splendor. The breeze shifted to the northwest, and as the evening closed in the storm wind arose in his might. Through the pine forest he came crashing and howling, then out on the shore and down the lake he hissed and roared. As he passed the dust leaped into clouds, which chased each other along the road like mad, bewildered ghosts. On the shore of the marshlands, the great waves sprang and gnawed at the watery sod and far before them flung their spray. The boon companion of the wind that evening was the rain.

At the first dash of water across their faces, the two small heads withdrew, and lying close in the warm darkness of their retreat two little red hearts ticked off the seconds of their early lives. Outside they could dimly hear the sounds of the storm and the swash of the lake, but they knew not their meanings. A little later, however, they began to grow cold and wet—water was in the nest. Once or twice the mother had stirred above them and when a louder sound than usual washed that way, the tall grass clump was overcome and its contents borne away. Floods of water had come

from the fields above and the waves had heaped upon the shore until now the marsh and the lake were one. Two little downy balls floaten away with the waves, and beneath them two little pairs of black, webbed-feet paddled vigorously. Beside them, before them, behind them, the mother swam, coaxing, leading, driving them as best she could towards the shore. But the mad water whirling and tossing drove all things before it southward toward the foot of the lake. The older one of the little geese seized with its bill the end of a grass blade, the tallest of a submerged clump and for a moment hung there like a brig at anchor, hung, and was swept from its moorings. But despite all the mother's efforts they came no nearer the shore, already the strength of the younger one was spent.

The sky and the lake were black for the night was in league with the wind and the rain, and all had come down together. Toward a large cypress tree which stood in the course of the swimmers a huge wave lifted both baby birds, and tossed them high upon its swollen butt. The stronger clung and held fast, but the weaker one fell and was swept away. The mother sprang upon the cypress butt and finding a resting place between the trunk and the shoots which grew from its base, gathered to herself her own and covered it with her wing. Over her beat the spray. The rain and the wind did their best to wash her down; but there she sat until the night was ended and the storm was done.

With the morning she gently rose and looked beneath her at the little light-eyed goose. Then she jumped down into the water, followed at once by her offspring. Slipping and tumbling he fell and landed squarely on the great, broad back of his mother. Here in the little hollow between her wings he crouched. Down in the water two big feet began to work and away they went. Along the shore of the lake they passed, skirting the edge of the half-drowned marsh, then into the slough the old goose turned and up to the yard as happy and eager as a prince came riding this gosling of fortune.

All that day they remained in the yard, moving about but little, and much of the time sat blinking in the sunshine. As the baby watched his mother feeding on the grass, the crisp tearing sound of the blades torn loose by her bill awakened a feeling of want, and he made some small efforts to follow her example. The next day he was stronger and waddled about more. He ate some and took a swim and a bath with his mother. Then both stood on the bank and the old one preened herself, shoveling her feathers about with her bill. "That's nice; I'll try that too," thought the baby, and began industriously to dress his downy coat. By the third day he had become a very bold and adventurous gosling. He made some friendly advances to a young chicken, which were well received. Encouraged by this, he approached a chick three times his size, but received for his boldness a savage peck that sent him sprawling on his back where he lay kicking and crying vigorously. The mother quickly put the villainous chicken to flight and fondly righted her offspring.

From start to finish the day was filled with experiences, the most of which were pleasant and, on the whole, the little one was drinking deeply from the cup of happiness which dear Mother Nature was holding down to him.

Late in the afternoon the two were feeding near the slough when a strange dog entered the yard and attracted the mother's attention. The gosling ran along close to the water, until a sudden sight froze the pasty marrow in his little spongy bones. A monster many times his size was sitting directly before him. It was green above and light beneath, and the two rings of its huge ear drums were yellow like gold. Beneath its chin the skin waved softly back and forth. "Mercy!" squeaked the shrinking gosling, and instantly felt himself seized by two cold and powerful jaws. With a low gurgle of horror, the old goose rolled forward and struck with her bill a terrible blow, but the stroke came the hundredth of a second too late, and with a *chug* the monster disappeared into the water with its prey.

The mother knew well what had seized her baby. It was the largest of all the bull frogs that lived along the slough. His voice was well known to the creatures round about, for he was the nightly leader of the lakeshore frogs—the mightiest chorus beneath the stars. He had kidnapped many a youngling on these shores, and he was a terror to all the feathered mothers of the yard. With a rush the old goose flung herself into the water. As the frog was swimming near the bottom, the old bird's head shot downward with a swift plunging stroke and the captor found himself in turn a captive. She held him high in the air and flung him round and round. The gosling dropped on the water like a ball of cotton and looked about with wondering eyes. Above him hung the frog in his mother's mouth. He heard her bills crackle as she crushed it, and he heard too the soft mashing sound as the frog's bones gave way. Then when no spark of life was left she flung her victim into the shallow water where it lay upon its back with its arms and legs outstretched like the nude body of a little old man floating breast upwards in a lake.

Out of great danger there will sometimes issue boundless good. The farmer's daughter had witnessed the adventure with the frog and straightway took to her heart the baby goose, otherwise his history might not have been different from that of the other geese hatched that summer on the farm by the slough. To please her, no harmful hand was laid on him that day when the wings of the other goslings were clipped. All the summer he grew and fed; first wholly on the crisp, sweet grass his mother found; and later, when his appetite increased, on grain secured near the barn door as he shouldered for his share amid the picking and the shoveling of the cackling, quacking throng.

II.

At first, his coat was of down, dark above and light yellowish beneath, but soon the feathers, those evidences of age, began to

appear on wings and tail, gradually other feathers came, until all the down had been replaced and their proud wearer was no longer a gosling, but a goose indeed. From the time when he found the use of his wings he delighted in flying, and thus it was that strength came to his pinions in great power. Over the waters of the slough was his first practice space, but soon he was journeying about the lake and ere long his wings were bearing him far and wide about the country. "It's so grand to fly," he often thought. "I don't understand why the other geese never do." All the people of the lakeshore knew him, for a number of the feathers of the left wing were white, forming across it a broad, conspicuous band. "White-wing" the people called him.

"He will leave us for good when the wild geese come," said the owner, "unless we crop the feathers of one wing." So when the November days came and the first "honk" of the wild goose floated on the air of the lake, White-wing was caught and there was a glint of shears in the sunlight. But again his protector pleaded for her pet, and when a compromise was reached, the roving gander found himself prisoner in a pen built and covered closely with rails. Although he sought to escape ever so diligently, there was to be no freedom for him until all the wild water fowl had departed in the spring.

One morning his legs and wings were tied and with a dozen other geese he was tumbled into a square-ended boat along with a basket of cartridges and a couple of guns. Two men poled the broad, flat-bottom craft out of the slough and for a mile or more up the lakeshore. Here, where the swamp extends down to the water's edge, the lake is shallow, and the place is a favorite one for the wild ducks and geese.

Out some distance from shore the tame birds were tied to stakes driven into the mud. Then the hunters concealed themselves behind a screen of rushes and cypress boughs. Flocks of ducks were flying here and there, and many came near the screen, but they all passed by unharmed, for the gunners were looking for larger game that day. Soon a long line of gray-backed flyers

came hurrying down the lake well out from shore. White-wing saw them coming. "How grand," he gasped, as he gazed at the splendid column, then suddenly shouted "Honk-honk."

Now this in the language of the geese may mean many things, but in this instance it clearly meant "come here, come here." The other geese also called and the wild ones, hearing the noise, and seeing the waving of numerous wings, changed their course and bore rapidly in toward the marsh. But before the grass edge was reached they wheeled in confusion and went rushing away—all but two—which fell and fluttered a moment in the water, fluttered and then lay still. A boat was poled rapidly out from the marsh and as quickly returned with its burden. Four times that day did White-wing join in clamor with his comrades when the great wild birds came flying by; four times did the geese turn from their course of safety to one of danger; and four times did the boat come out of the marsh and return again to its hiding.

This was the first of many occasions that winter when the tame geese were staked out on the marsh flats. None of them knew why they acted as they did, but they always behaved the same way when the flocks of their kind came in sight, and usually the wild geese heard their calls and came at the bidding.

White-wing's life that winter, on the whole, was not a happy one, for between the excited yearnings he always felt on the marsh flats and the tedium of his confinement, there was small room left for joy in his mind. Many a long day he paced round and round the sides of his pen wishing for freedom with all his heart, and now and then thrusting his head and long neck through some crack as if to force the rails apart. "I am so unhappy," he would sigh, "if I could only escape from this." He could often hear the contented cry of a little sapsucker tapping on the bark of a pine near by; and the mockingbirds—sometimes a dozen within hearing at once—made the daytime ring and the quiet moonlight quiver with the tender passion of their singing. When he descried far away over the lake the long gray lines of flying forms, or at night-time

when he heard a soft trumpeting "honk" from the stars above, he would stand and look and listen as long as there was aught to hear or see, and then;—then his heart would almost break. "If I could but be with the flying ones," he would heartily sob to himself.

But when the orioles came again to build their nests and the booming of the farmer's gun told that the bobolinks were in the fields of planted rice, the rails of the pen were pulled apart one day and with a rolling stride the gander came forth. With a rush and a flop he sprang into the air. Oh, the joy of being free! "Honk-honk," he shouted to the orioles as he passed over the yard. Straight for the lake he headed. Oh the rapture of testing again the strength of those great wings! "Honk-honk," he sang to the bobolinks on the shore. Away up the lake he flew, passing the spot where old Whiteman's sail-boat always lay at anchor, on by the swamp which girds the water's edge and the marsh flats with all their memories of blood and torn feathers, on and on he sped. The people of Lake Landing, ten miles away, say he passed like a Yankee bombshell, and there are those who claim they saw him that morning away on the marshes of Middleton which lies on the shore of Pamlico Sound. "Where, oh where, are the flying geese," he cried. "Honk-honk, brother wild ones," he shouted as the miles whizzed by. "If I could but find you I would stay in your beautiful ranks forever."

But the wild geese had all departed for the summer, so master gander was back again in the yard that evening when the fowls were going to roost.

Late in the summer one afternoon White-wing raised himself on tiptoe in the shallow water where he had been feeding, and stretching his long neck waved his wings by way of a yawn. "I guess my feathers need a little picking over," he remarked and dropping afloat swam leisurely toward the shore. Rounding a point he swam into a quiet little cove and clambering upon the half-submerged trunk of a fallen tree, whose top reached far out from the shore,

began to preen. This was not a good place for a goose, but this one was young and his mother had not taught him all the secrets of the lake, for she did not know them herself.

No ray which was thrown from the low-swinging sun was strong enough to pierce the thick foliage of that swamp point, and the log on which the goose stood lay in deep shadow. On the shore, and perhaps one hundred feet away, a low, slender figure crept stealthily to the water's edge, marked well the position of the bird on the log, then sank from sight beneath the surface. When it disappeared fine silvery bubbles arose, and one after another appeared, making a line that lay straight to the sunken top of the prostrate cypress. Close by a protruding limb a little sensitive nose and two coal-black eyes shot into sight for a second, and then the line of bubbles crept forward along the side of the log. At the same time a similar streak of silvery drops appeared, coming from the opposite direction.

With head buried in the feathers of his side, the goose was not aware of anything unusual until a creature rose from the water behind with a spring which landed its paws on the shoulders of the bird. With a fierce snap its jaws closed upon the feathery neck, and, as beast and bird fell forward, a second form arose from below and also closed on the startled, choking goose.

Then followed all the confusion of one of Nature's tragedies, when her creatures struggle for life or for blood. With sickening horror White-wing felt that his hour of death was at hand. His strangled "Honk-honk" now surely meant "I am a gone, gone goose." But suddenly finding himself free he hurried away, tossing anxious glances over his shoulders as he swam. Behind him in the water locked and tore and fought two big male otters—bit and struggled and clawed for the possession of the gander, who was now leaving the scene as fast as his two stout legs could carry him. Badly wounded and unable to fly, he slowly swam up the slough that evening to the yard.

A few days later, old Milt, who keeps the club house on Roa-

noke Island, and furnishes live decoys for the northern hunters, appeared at the farm by the slough, and when he went his way he took with him all the geese which the farmer had owned.

"I wouldn't sell my stool," the owner had said, "except that I am going to move away from the country. Something hurt that white-winged gander the other day; if he ever gets well you'll have to crop his wings or he will leave you when winter comes, for he's never had the bones of his wings clipped and he's pretty wild. He came by his wildness naturally, too, added the farmer, for his father was a genuine wild goose that I shot and wounded one winter over about Swanquarter."

"He's such a pretty fellow," was Milt's comment, "that if he get's well, I believe I'll not cut his wing, but I'll 'ankylose' it. That won't hurt his looks, but will keep him from ever flying away." Thus once more the die of fate fell fare for the path of the gander.

III.

The broad marshy lands about the Roanoke club house, together with the salt waters of the creek which wind through them to Roanoke Sound, formed a wide and varied pasture for the two score of decoy geese that lived there. In squads they foraged about at will, and besides, old Milt fed them with a bounteous hand. Some of the older ones had grown portly by years of riotous living, nearly doubling in size and weight their wild relatives. One in particular appeared to be afflicted with acromegaly. It was a gander and a regular Falstaff he waddled among his fellows. Albeit he was the leader of the geese and had long been the recognized head of the decoy forces.

But White-wing did not thrive in this land of plenty. His wounds did not heal, perhaps because he constantly picked and irritated them. He cared no more for his companions here than he had cared for those at the lake. "They are all just such another set of fat waddlers," he reflected, "they are without

spirit and they never fly, just wave their wings sometimes, that's all. Oh, if I could only have found the flying ones before the otters hurt me so!" The tame geese had never known the joy of flying and could never hope to experience its thrills—poor crippled domestic fatlings that they were.

Soon the autumn days came and the leaves on all the trees of the thirty square miles of Roanoke Island began to wear bright hues and fall away. The dense thickets and briar tangles were becoming mere networks of twigs and stems, revealing many a hidden secret of bird and flower. Only the leaves of the pine and cedar trees did not change. With the advent of this season came the wild ducks, and a little later the North yielded its droves of geese and swan. With the wild fowl came the hunters. Then there was much noise and bustle about the club house and grounds. New guns were tested and old ones cleaned. The geese about the yard were watched and commented upon. The boats were visited and the iron and wooden decoys counted. Milt had everything in readiness; even the cook was there on time, and that night the first club supper of the season was served and toasts drunk to choice bags of game and wonderful shots, which it was hoped the days would bring. Next morning the sport began, and the duck hunters, eager for the outing which should cause them to forget desk and telephone, worked with a zeal which before evening resulted in the taking of long strings of web-footed birds.

One morning the day dawned cool and rainy. The geese were scarcely astir when Milt entered the little goose-yard and closed the gate behind him. One after another he caught the geese and placed them in slatted coops. "It will do White-wing good to have a little airing," he remarked to the geese, so the young gander was taken along that day. At daybreak two shad-boats bearing hunters, guns and decoys, were poled out of the creek; then catching in their sails the light southerly breeze they stood away to the eastward. For twenty minutes the wind bore them onward through the fine falling mist, for twenty minutes the hunt-

ers crouched on their seats shrinking from the damp, chilling air, and for twenty minutes the geese sat in their boxes and looked out over the sound—their sound by right—for it had been the sound of their fathers' fathers, and should be the inherited sound of their goslings' goslings.

At length a sand bar was reached and the man wearing high rubber boots proceeded to stake out the stool of geese in the shallow water. They placed them so as to form a large V, open toward the wind. Twenty yards to leeward, on that portion of the bar which reared its back above the water, a tight box four feet square had been sunk into the sand. It was deep enough to accommodate and conceal two hunters at once. The top was just level with the bar, so in order to give a good outlook for the gunners, a narrow strip of grass was tacked all around the edge.

The manner of goose shooting here was similar to that in which White-wing had taken a part the winter before by the shore of Matamuskeet. The coming of the geese, the calling of the decoys, and the banging of the guns were the same, only the details were more elaborate.

As the winter wore on, White-wing continued to mope, and Milt nearly despaired of his recovery. On the day of the first shooting, however, the gander had taken so much interest in the affair that his keeper ever after took him when any decoy work was to be done. "The excitement will keep him from drooping," argued the wise Milt. Thus it came about that White-wing played a part in all the devices known to man to outwit the wild geese with decoys. At times he was anchored on the wild fowls' feeding grounds near a blind which could be seen for miles. But as these blinds were erected in the summer before the geese came, they attracted no special attention, and the birds fed near them without fear. Again, with others, he was placed on some point while the gunners hid in a bush blind or crouched behind the marsh grass. Once or twice he was anchored near a floating battery and swam about amid the bobbling wooden dummies of ducks. He became

familiar too, with all the feeding and resting grounds of the wild fowl in the region about Roanoke Island.

The terrible shock White-wing had received at the paws of the otters seemed to have cured for a time his desire for wandering. "I am too badly torn to pieces to ever fly again," was the feeling that his expression seemed to indicate. Only once during the winter had he evinced any wish to leave. One morning while staked on a shoal his anchor strap gave way and he swam out a few hundred yards to join a flock of feeding geese. Yet he readily allowed himself to be taken when a little later the boat came in pursuit.

But his spirits revived with the spring and with the songs of the mating birds. Then the geese began to depart for the North and White-wing's uneasiness increased daily. "If only I could fly, how I should like to go with them," he thought again and again as he wandered about the yard stretching and waving his wings like a young osprey longing to launch into the air, but fearing to make the attempt.

One morning the big bald eagle, whose nest is in a pine tree north of the wharf at Skico, came across the island to see what she could find by way of variety for her three youngsters. She was hanging on the wing near the south marshes when with her two good eyes she perceived White-wing some hundred fathoms beneath. Down she dropped like a thunder clap, giving the gander a great scare, who in his efforts to escape actually flew toward the house, skimming beneath the trees for protection as he went.

"I declare," exclaimed the keeper, "that gander is well enough to fly. I had better fix his wing or he will be gone one of these mornings." So he took the bird, closed a wing at its outer joint, bored holes through a few of the large feathers, passed a copper wire through them, twisted it tight to bring the quills close together and his job was done. In a month's time the joint would be stiff, the wing would be "ankylosed."

That very afternoon a goose began calling out on the marsh and

the sound of her voice went straight to the innermost soul of White-wing. Never had he been so deeply stirred. "Honk-honk," was his sonorous reply, as he started eagerly in the direction of the sound. "Catch him, and shut him in the goose pen," was Milt's order to the boy. That's a wild goose calling. Those two have mated, as geese often do when so far apart they can hardly hear each other call. If he can't go to her, she will come to him in a day or two and we'll have another goose." Then they turned a slatted barrel over him and for extra weight put some boards on the top.

That night a fierce gale swept over the sea. It threw the waves in great thundering combers upon the beach; it whisked over the dunes and blew the loose sand from the graves in the ancient Nag's Head burying ground, revealing the skeletons of the long forgotten bankers; it hummed across the sound and sang weird songs among the riggings of the shad-boats lying in the creek. Then it came to the goose yard and tilted the boards to the ground; then it turned the slatted barrel upon its side, and to the wakeful gander cried, "The hour of freedom has come! Go! Be a leader among my wild feathered ones and guide and protect them from the craft of men."

To the top of the fence the gander climbed, but even as he sprang the copper wire caught on a sharp picket point and he fell and hung. "Oh help me, help me, Mother Wind," cried he. And the wind tugged and pushed, and laughed as she worked, and ever and again to his ear she bore the faint far-a-way honk of love from the marsh. Would he never be free; should he die where he hung? Already his wing was sore and his head was giddy with pain. Suddenly he was loosed. The feathers which were wired had pulled from their places and he dropped to the earth beneath. "Speed me, speed me, Mother Wind," he honked, as he turned for the marsh.

He flew, he ran, he hastened with all his force, now flying a sheer hundred yards, now falling to earth, but clambering onward

through thick tangled growths of wild marsh grass, now swimming a creek over which he felt too weak to fly, and again running with extended wings across some open space. Constantly he called and the answering cry sounded nearer and yet ever nearer. Then in the break of that glorious April morning, afar on the open marshes of Roanoke, the gander and his goose stood face to face. Many and gentle were the things which were said that only the wind in the rushes heard.

Then together the lovers swam away and shaped their course northward fifteen miles to Kittyhawk Bay. That day they fed and rested here. White-wing's strength was rapidly coming again, and that night the two journeyed onward to Currituck. Thus swimming and flying, and each night growing stronger the wild goose led her mate far into the North, to the very confines of the never-opening ice, and there the paternal joys of summer soon gathered fast about them.

IV.

With rhythmical, pulsating wing-beats a flock of wild geese journeyed through the starlit night. Their formation was that of a great open wedge and its point stood ever to the southward. Cool and clear and free from the damps and odors of forest and marshland was the upper air through which they winged their way. A thousand yards below them hung the earth, a billion leagues above them swung the stars. From time to time when the word was passed, a deep-throated "honk" floated out from the ranks as some old flier sent forth, from his long, straight neck, the bugle note of the migrating goose. It was given as an "all's well" call to his comrades and as a note of good cheer to any fellow travelers who might be abroad. Below and away to the left lay the pale, gray surface of the Chesapeake Bay, with its dark forest headlands appearing one by one and then falling behind as the voyagers swept onward. At length the east began to brighten, and as the

dawn increased the waters of the Bay, now far in the rear, faded from sight.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the leader in the van sloped his flight nearer and yet nearer the earth. They were now over the Great Dismal Swamp where the voices of innumerable small birds reached their ears from the tangles below. Half an hour later the swamp was passed. A man standing in the doorway of his cabin heard the honk of a goose, and looking up, saw the flock coming not far above the tree-tops. For a few seconds he stood and watched, as all men watch when these great birds are in sight, and ceased gazing only when they had passed from view.

Down the course of the Pasquotank River, whose wine-colored waters creep slowly onward to the bosom of Albemarle Sound, the wild geese passed with majestic wing sweeps, such as only the wild geese have. The fresh morning wind blew full in their faces, but did not check their flight. Skiffs and shad-boats, the craft of the oyster fleet, were beating out to the Collington reefs, crossing and re-crossing each other's trails as they went. A schooner came swiftly up the sound with all sails set and the foam rolling from her cutwater. The staysail and topsails were drawing their best and the flying-jib hung well to the fore, like a white-robed spirit of the sea leading the ship home. The man at the tiller looked straight on his course, but the mate remarked as he watched the flock: "the geese are coming fast now and the shooting is fine all down the sound."

The sun peeped up from the sea, tarried for a moment behind the sand dunes of the Killderill Hills on the outlying banks, then rising threw its million rays of light across the waters of Albemarle. Never was there a more perfect autumn morning in all this low country of the southland. Flocks of ducks and brant were hurrying here and there, or riding at anchor on the water. On many of the stakes driven in the shallow sound to mark the ship channels, the tall black cormorants sat. Occasionally from away toward the mainland the long rolling "boom" of a duck gun

came up on the wind. Roanoke Island was now in view, and the flock leaving this to the right entered the sound which bears its name. Here the ducks were very abundant, and numerous companies of geese were seen flying in long ranks high in the air.

Nearly opposite the south end of the island, perhaps half the distance to the sandy bank which separates the sound from the ocean beyond, a company of geese stood in the shallow water. They were picking their feathers and dipping their heads under water with careless contentment as if all creatures of the world were at peace, and men with guns were things of the past.

As the new arrivals drew near, the geese on the shoal waved their wings and loudly honked their cheery greetings. But the leader was a wary old goose, so he led his flock twice around the spot before deciding to light. He knew much of the ways of the hunter, and feared a gun as he feared nothing else. But neither gun nor hunter were now in sight, only a single patch of low brown grass on the higher part of the shoal broke the watery sheet which stretched away for more than a mile on either side. Then, too, it was not a day when men hunt geese, for the sky was bright, and only in thick cloudy weather do the goose-guns lie in wait. So argued this leader of many successful seasons, and wheeling his column to face the wind, bore down to the inviting shoal.

Now for the first time in many hours the formation of the flock was broken and the geese flopped about with dangling legs, each seeking a suitable place to pitch. Just at this instant the patch of brown grass leaped into life, as with smoke and crash, the discharge of a heavy fowling-piece tore the air. Then, the hurry and confusion of the retreat! Once more the cunning of man had been greater than the cunning of birds, and upon the water among the fatal decoys lay a fallen goose.

No sooner did the decoys see the downward plunge of the wounded bird than concern for its welfare became permanent in their minds. All gave it their attention at once, craning their long necks and turning their heads from side to side while each sought

to approach as closely as its anchor chord would permit. They waved their wings gently and softly honked their sorrow. The attitude of the whole flock told their deep sympathy.

For a few seconds the prostrated goose lay as if stunned, then the pains of its wounds became real and it tried to rise, but its wings were broken. It sought to swim, but the dangling feet on the broken legs possessed no power, yet it struggled, for the wounds in its breast were deep and the hot blood was thickly gathering in its throat.

Life was dear to this strong goose and memories of joys which it had brought to her were various and keen. Long years she had lived with her mate, and many were the goslings she had reared for him in the marshes of the far North. A dozen autumns she had winged southward with him to pass the winter where the goose weed grows abundant, and the feeding grounds are always open, and eleven times had she followed his wing-beats, when in the spring time he again led his great triangle toward the frozen pole. Never since he first wooed her had he for a day proven untrue, his constancy had been perfect, and now in her great peril had he at last forsaken her? Had his fear of danger caused him to forget his duty to his mate? For many minutes the situation remained unchanged. The hunter in the blind, seeing that his fallen game could not escape, calmly awaited the return of the boat to pick it up.

Away to the southward a waving line of dark forms appeared. The flock was returning hurriedly up the sound. As it drew near it swerved from its course and circled once about the shoal. Every movement of wing and neck was familiar to the stricken bird. In the lead, a full length ahead of all, flew her lord, the gander, his great white chin-spot gleaming like a star of deliverance.

Again and again did the fainting, dying goose send forth her strangled call. Then a deep, eager honk came over the waves which told that her cry had been heard. Again the line wheeled as if to settle on the shoal, and then before the hunter's eyes a

strange thing happened. A gander with a great white spot on one wing broke away to the left and the whole flock followed, leaving their old time leader, who, forgetful of all things but the cry of the prostrate form on the water, turned not from his course. His mate had called to him in her extremity and he could but heed the summons.

With wild creatures, as with men, natural leadership may be either parental or that resulting from distinctive ability. When therefore this flock of wild geese, which probably with few exceptions were all the descendants of one gander, had lost their patriarchal leader, they naturally chose to follow him, who in the moment of peril had led them in safety.

Away went White-wing leading the flock southward into Pamlico Sound. Straight away they flew, and checked their flight only when the marshes of Gull Shoal Island hove in sight. Here in the shallow water far away from cover of any kind, the weary geese descended and fed and rested until late in the day. Then they arose, swung around a fifteen mile circuit by way of a little exercise, spoke in passing perhaps two dozen flocks similarly engaged, and then settled again on the shoal. Here with heads buried beneath their feathers they rode and slept, lulled on the bosom of the slow-heaving sound.

Long and weary had been the preparation of White-wing for his life work, but it once finished, his rise had been sudden. Six months before he was a crippled, disheartened captive who had never measured wing strokes with a wild goose, and whose life had been thronged with unsatisfied longings. Now he was a mated gander, and the leader of half a hundred of the northland's own. Surely no goose had ever experienced such rapid promotion. "I am a gander of fortune," quoth White-wing, as he raised from the water and waved his wings for emphasis. "Yes, yes," honked the flock in unison, "and we all be geese of fortune to have such a leader." And a wonderful leader he was indeed. Up and down the sounds he led the flock at will, and though the hunters were

many, and sometimes their guns spoke near, never a feather floated downward from his strong-winged ranks. He carefully avoided all manner of blinds, all places where a man might lurk. He never alighted with decoys, for he was ever too suspicious and watchful to be caught in this simple way. When approaching a company of geese he always raised high in air to see what was beyond them, and would thus discover any hunter lying in battery or sunken box. He rejoiced in his strength and in his cunning. He shouted mockingly back when decoys sought to lure him. He foiled all the attempts of the hunters to harm him, and laughed in derision when the hidden goose-call issued from grassy point or marsh. Occasionally he flew over the Roanoke marshes and never did he pass without calling to Falstaff and his pitiful crew. "Good morning, fat waddlers," he would shout, and Falstaff would roll his eyes upward and honk, "Come down White-wing and be roasted." Other geese, the remnants of flocks shot to pieces on the shoals, joined his company. His fame as a leader was quacked and honked afar by the feathered hosts of the sound.

Once he led away to the Currituck, where the hunters lie thick as the fiddler crabs on the beach, and the air is never free from the roar of their guns. Another time he took his flock up Roanoke River to feed on the berries and acorns caught from the shallow current by the ribs of the rocky islands. But soon after settling, a boat came softly down as if to drive them before it. White-wing would have none of this. "To wing!" he shouted. Nor did he head down the river, but up, straight up they rose as the black ducks rise, and towered as wild geese tower when the weather is clear and men sorrowfully sing, "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high." It was well for them that they rose as they did, for a hunter was lying among the drift on an island just below, and another company, whose leader was less discreet, was led straight to his gun.

Sometimes with his flock the gander would wing down to Cedar Island and foregather with hundreds of others below Ocracoke on

the great shoals of the lower Pamlico to eat of the good water-grass growing there. "Association with others is all right, my goose," White-wing would say to his mate, "only one should be sure there is no gun hiding near before attempting to light."

Seldom did the flock ever settle at the same feeding ground twice in succession. "Men are crafty," declared their leader; "they may lie in wait without decoys, or arrange some harmful plan, if they see us frequenting a place." Well he knew that men sought him more than they sought any other goose, for by his example he was teaching other leaders the ear marks of danger.

The banks at Cape Hatteras widen to nearly three miles and the rolling hills are heavily clad in primeval forests of pine and holly. Between the ridges lie numerous fresh-water ponds, to which the wild water-fowl are wont to resort for shelter on stormy nights. Here, also, often came George, the doctor's boy, in the late evening to lie in wait with his gun, and seldom did he fail in his quest. Usually his kill was of ducks, but now and then a goose or two fell at his aim. He cherished a hope that here he would sometime kill the white-winged gander, for on more than one occasion had the great flock been seen feeding on the shoals near the Cape. Although he came often and waited much, the realization of his hope seemed long deferred, yet the feeling grew strongly within that some day he would succeed.

One stormy February evening the mail carrier coming down from Kinnekeet in his boat, saw a large flock of geese standing on the beach some three miles from the lighthouse. Evidently they had come on shore to roost. Upon hearing of this, a new idea came rustling into George's head, and the next stormy afternoon found him bending up the beach before the wind. There, sure enough, half a mile from shore, floated a great dark raft of geese. By the side of a dune he lay down to wait. The banks at this point are only three hundred yards in width and no tree or bush grows near. One cunningly hidden among the dunes would be invisible from the sound, George, however, was more

than cunning, so he drew a covering of grass and weeds all over his body, cocked his gun and waited.

As the evening thickened a solitary goose rose from the sound and came flying in shore. A thousand feet in air it swung back and forth three times along the beach, its eye scanning every dune and grass plot beneath. The bird's power of flight was wonderful, and George's heart almost stopped when he saw stretched across its broad left wing a great bar of snowy white. Soon the goose returned to the flock and the great company began swimming toward the beach. There is no surf on this side and the birds swam in until their feet touched the bottom and then they waded ashore.

With eager eyes and fast-coming breath the young hunter of the banks, taught to believe that all geese were intended for food, rose from his hiding. Cautiously, with tread as silent as the footsteps of Death he advanced, a grassy dune hiding his movements from the unsuspecting geese. He was a fisher lad with an old-time gun and many a wealthy sportsman with a costly weapon had failed before him. Noiselessly on hands and knees he climbed the five-yard dune. His hat lay on the sand behind him. His nerves were steady and strong. Cautiously he pushed his gun barrel through a tuft of sea rye on the crest of the dune and his eye swept along its rusty length. He raised his head and then—and then he said, "O pshaw!" Away up the beach a long line of gray and black waved and flickered in the evening shadows and the merry honk of a gander came softly down on the wind.

Two hours later, as George lay asleep in his upper room, a heavy rank of two hundred geese came over the dunes and the beat of their wings fanned the roof of the house as the battallion, commanded by the intrepid White-wing, swept on to its roost in the fresh-water ponds of the Hatteras banks.

We read that a great leader of men by his wisdom once led a captive and persecuted people to a land of peace and to a life of happiness; to a land where the honey dripped from the rocks and

the swords of the enemy were not unsheathed. Similar it is with the wild creatures when a wise leader appears among them and by sagacious example, teaches them power in avoiding the wiles of some new enemy. Then their numbers can again increase and the race be spared from extinction. Such a leader is White-wing, the gander of Roanoke. For every winter as he wings the sounds, or stands at night on the moonlit shoals, he speaks his honks of wisdom and does his deeds of craft.

Gunners there may be who deny that the gander now flies, but others say he lives in a hundred feathered breasts; and as the hunters lie out on the windy shoals whenever the flying geese rise high or turn far away from the blinds, they shake their heads and sadly say, "'Tis a wild goose chase we're on, for the white-winged gander leads the flock."

DUPLIN COUNTY.

III.

DUPLIN AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

At the close of the Revolution Duplin embraced the entire territory now covered by both Duplin and Sampson counties, and the county-seat, court house and jail were situated about three miles west of Warsaw on the road leading to Clinton. This was a public place of no little importance in the olden days, and though no town of any considerable size ever existed there, yet it was a rural community of thrifty, industrious people, who entered heartily into matters both civil and social. It was the home of Col. James Kenan of Revolutionary fame, and of his son, Thomas Kenan, who was for some time a member of congress during the first decade of the last century. The Kenan family owned a large acreage of land in the community, which now constitute a number of productive farms. In 1784 Sampson county was cut off from Duplin and named for Col. John Sampson, who thirty-five years previously, had secured the establishment of Duplin county. The dividing line between the two counties placed the old Duplin Court House just within the boundaries of Sampson and this made it necessary to move the county-seat of Duplin to a more central position. The fight at once arose between Kenansville and Sarecta for the county-seat. Kenansville had only the spring and her picturesque scenery to offer as an inducement, and Sarecta pleaded the cause of her waterway to the ocean, there being no railroads in those days. The centre of the county was about half way between the two points. The matter was decided by the justices of the county, and tradition says that the vote was a tie and Col. James Kenan, who was the presiding officer, cast his vote in favor of the present site, which was named in his honor.

When Duplin county was first established, its southern line began at the mouth of Rockfish creek and ran east to the Onslow line and due west to Black River. In 1766 the southern line as it now stands was established, and in 1784 the present line between Duplin and Sampson was established. In 1819 the Onslow and Lenoir lines were marked as they now are, since which time no material change, if any at all, has been made.

As soon as the Revolution was at an end, and peace and quiet had been restored, the attention of the people of Duplin was directed to education. The smoke of powder and the roar of musketry had hardly died away before the establishment of permanent schools in Duplin had begun. In 1786 William Dickson in a letter to his cousin, in Ireland, said that Rev. Alexander Patrick had opened a school in the Grove neighborhood, "*which is the first attempt that has ever been made to teach the languages in this part of the country.*" Further writing on the subject, he said: "At our last session of Assembly in this State we got an Act passed for establishing an Academy for the education of youth in the Grove neighborhood in the county. The school is fixed in the heart of the Presbyterian settlement where our families all live and we have a considerable share in conducting it. We have purchased a piece of ground pleasantly situated for the purpose, on which we are now building a house, which we expect will be finished about twelve months hence. From the pleasantness and agreeableness of the situation and the country adjacent around it, which is generally esteemed very healthy, we have the greatest expectation that the success of it will be agreeable to our wishes. The presidency or tuition of this academy, we think, at the beginning or soon after, will be as good as one hundred pounds sterling per annum; but no gentleman will be admitted to this charge unless he be of approved abilities, good conduct and good sound moral character."

Somewhat more than a year later he wrote, discouragingly, as follows: "Our Grove Academy (as it is styled by the Legisla-

ture) is now in a more flourishing condition than when I wrote you last (altho' yet short of our expectations or what you wish it to be); the house is now finished and the school was removed into it last week; there are yet but twenty-five students under a master who teaches only the Latin and English grammar and the Latin and Greek languages. We have no other fund for the support of it but the fees of the students and the benevolence of public spirited gentlemen, which have, as yet, appeared to be very low. I wish I could with propriety give you a description more to your satisfaction. The Genius of the people of this part of the country is not adapted to the study of learning and science. The most desirable objects that people here have in view are interest and pleasure, but I flatter myself that that period will soon arrive when an emulation will take place among the youth (who are of most discernment) to aspire to the attainment of that which in the end will be most permanent and profitable, and that this infant institution (altho' far inferior to that erected at Strabane, or indeed almost any other) through the exertions of some who are concerned in it, may yet become profitable and rise to repute.'

It will be gathered from these extracts, written more than one hundred years ago, that Duplin was early to enter the fight for an intelligent citizenship, and that the inhabitants in the good old days were interested in the education of their children. In 1785 the Legislature chartered the Grove Academy with the following trustees: Thomas Rutledge, James Kenan, Joseph Dickson, Thomas Gray, William Dickson, David Dodd, John James, Israel Bordeaux and James Gillespie. This was four years before the University was chartered, and this historic old academy was authorized by law to issue to its students diplomas, or certificates of "literary merit." *The Fayetteville Gazette* of January 3, 1791, contained the following advertisement of this institution, which will give an idea of its character:

"Gentlemen who wish to encourage literature in this part of the State are hereby informed that the Grove Academy in this county

will, on the 2nd of January, again open, where the Greek and Latin languages will be taught and also the sciences. Boarding may be procured on as moderate terms as can, from the present price of produce, be expected. We also presume that the order and the regulations here observed, and the progress made by those who have been members of it, is equal to any which has been made in any private institution. The assistance and encouragement of generous and patriotic gentlemen will be kindly received.

“By order of the trustees.

THOMAS RUTLEDGE,

“Duplin County, Dec. 24, 1794.

Vice-President.”

The hope expressed by Mr. Dickson that this institution of learning might yet “become profitable and rise to repute” was fully realized even in his own lifetime, and the old school, with its quaint building nestled in a grove of stately oaks near Kenansville, braved the storms of adversity for almost a century—even through the Civil War—and offered its instruction to seekers of knowledge from all parts of Eastern Carolina. But at last the cruel hand of man has forever obliterated this ancient landmark, and not even a single tree remains to point the inquiring stranger to the historic old place. The desecration of an almost sacred spot has been completed, and a barren corn field, too unproductive for profitable cultivation, is the only monument left to bear testimony to the worthy efforts of our ancestors. A fate unworthy of such a school!

In the year 1795 Rev. Samuel Stanford came from Orange county to Kenansville and assumed control of this Academy, which position he held until quite an old man. From 1830 to 1840 Andrew Manspeaker was in charge, and from 1845 until after the war the Rev. James M. Sprunt, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and a scholar of great attainments, was at its head. He was succeeded by Prof. S. W. Clement, a graduate of the University of North Carolina.

Many distinguished men have been educated here, including W. R. King, Vice-President of the United States. William Rufus King was born in Sampson county on the 9th of April, 1786. In

his boyhood he attended an old field school in the southern part of Duplin, near the present village of Wallace. From there he went to the Grove Academy at Kenansville, where he was prepared to enter the State University. We have almost forgotten that the quiet little town of Kenansville had educated a man so great as W. R. King—a man who was a member of the Legislature at twenty-one, Solicitor of his district at twenty-three, member of Congress at twenty-four, minister to France, United States Senator almost half a life time, president of the Senate, Vice-President of the United States in his declining years, and continually for a life time a public servant without reproach or stain of character; but nevertheless such is the case—these are facts worthy of remembrance.

And this is not all that has been done for education in Duplin. A true philanthropist was born and reared here. Alexander Dickson, a son of John Dickson, was born in Duplin county about 1750 or a little earlier. In 1781 he moved to Virginia and thence to Maryland, where his father had previously lived. In the year 1784 he returned to Duplin, where he made his permanent home and accumulated considerable wealth for a farmer living in a rural community at that time. He was a public spirited and patriotic man and highly esteemed in his county. He left no heirs except collateral relations and on the 19th of June, 1813, he executed his last will and testament, which after providing for a few small legacies and the sale of all his estate, contained the following provision: "The net proceeds are then to be kept and put up by my executors to the use of a free school or schools for the benefit of the poor of Duplin county." Two of his nephews, Joseph McGowan, of Duplin, and John Dickson, of Cumberland county, were appointed as executors to carry out the intents and purposes of the will. Alexander Dickson died in the spring of 1814 and his will was duly probated and recorded at the July term, 1814, of the county court of Duplin. On the 24th of January, 1817, the executors reported a settlement of the estate, showing a net balance on hand of \$12,621.49. Until after the Civil War this fund was managed and

controlled by the Clerk and Master in Equity and the income applied in various ways for educational purposes. It has been greatly diminished by mismanagement and the ravages of the war, but in the seventies the fragments were gathered together and Mr. W. D. Pearsall was appointed a trustee to manage it. In 1886 it amounted to about five thousand dollars and the trustee recommended that it be invested in real estate to prevent its further diminution. Had this advice been followed, no doubt the fund would be much larger now, as it has suffered further losses until today it amounts to less than twenty-five hundred dollars all told. This fund has always been known as the "Dickson Charity Fund," and the income arising from it has sometimes been applied to the payment of the tuition of some poor student at school or college and at other times has been turned into the general school fund. For eighty-five years it has been a help and benefaction to the poor of the county, but on the whole the good it was intended to do has not been fully realized. An appropriate little monument stands in the old Rutledge Graveyard near Kenansville, as a memorial to the benevolence of the donor ; but, if the future is to be judged by the past, the fund itself—the earnings of a useful and well-spent life—will have soon come to naught and the material advantage derived from the philanthropy of Alexander Dickson will have ceased. The monument has upon it the following inscription:

ALEXANDER DICKSON,
THE PHILANTHROPIST.

DIED

March 22, A. D. 1814.

Aged 68 Years.

Benevolence was the governing principle of the deceased during his whole life ; while he was a friend to man generally, and to the church of which he was a consistent and worthy member, he was especially a friend to the poor. This friendship, last mentioned, was clearly manifested by his last will, when he bequeathed the most of his large estate to educate the poor children of his county. Good seems to follow his kind bequest.

After the raid of Cornwallis and Craig Duplin had suffered little of the horrors of bloodshed and murder until in 1831 when the notorious negro insurrection startled the States of Virginia and North Carolina, and especially the counties of Duplin, Sampson and New Hanover. In the olden time people from a large part of Duplin were accustomed to assemble at the "Island Creek Meeting House" on the first Sunday in each month for the purpose of religious services. Here, on the 4th day of September, 1831, it was learned that a well-laid plan on the part of the negro race to arise *en masse* and massacre all the whites—men, women and children—had been divulged by Dave Morrisay, a slave, to a free negro by the name of Armwood. Armwood quickly made known the plot to the whites and on Monday, the 5th day of September, the justices of the county, together with the leading citizens, assembled at the court house in Kenansville to devise means to check the contemplated raid of the negroes, and to bring the guilty parties to speedy justice. The witness, Armwood, was promptly sent for and on Wednesday a temporary court of five magistrates was constituted, and Dave was arraigned before them charged with a felony. It was a case in which the court did not have final jurisdiction and the prisoner was committed to jail to be tried at the next term of the Superior Court. In the meantime he was chastised and punished in various ways until he divulged the names of a number of others who were connected with the affair. Upon this information a great many others were arrested and taken to the old Masonic lodge near Col. Thomas Kenan's residence at the old court house. A great many were implicated in the plot and some confessions were made; but after severe whippings all were discharged except Jim Wright, who was next in command to Dave. He was brought to Kenansville and committed to jail. On Monday, September the 12th, Mr. Hollister, a messenger, arrived in Kenansville with the news that the negroes had assembled to the number of two hundred, which report was quickly followed by another stating that fifteen hundred insurgent

negroes, armed with every weapon they could obtain, were rapidly marching toward Kenansville, massacring the whites indiscriminately and determined to rescue Jim and Dave from the jail. These reports terrorized the whites, as they saw no effective means of resistance, and they carried their wives and children to the court house at Kenansville for a fortress of safety, where they were huddled together, alarmingly frightened at the prospect of being immediately murdered by a negro mob. It was thought necessary to resort to drastic measures in order to awe the negroes into an abandonment of their plan, and consequently the two negroes were taken from the jail, shot down, their heads severed from their bodies and placed on poles as a warning to the approaching mob. Following this, came still another report that there had been no assemblage of negroes at all, and amid the conflicting and uncertain rumors the terrified citizens awaited developments. Again many more arrests were made and trials had. While the evidence was conflicting, and to a certain extent uncertain, yet it was conclusively shown that the general plan of the insurrection was to gather near the Lodge on the 13th of September just after dark and begin the terrible massacre regardless of age or sex.

The Superior Court convened on the fourth Monday in September, presided over by Judge Donnell. The grand jury found a true bill against Pizaroh, Jerre and John Wright, Pompey Stanford, Lem Carlton and Ervin Monk. The court proceeded with the trial amid great excitement and Pizaroh, Pompey and Jerre were convicted. The first two were hanged on October 4th and Jerre was respited and ultimately pardoned by the Governor. Ned, a slave of William Wright, was one of the chief witnesses for the State, and was sworn several times and told the same story. During the trial he was recalled by the judge to explain a part of his testimony, when he stated that he knew nothing about the matter at all and what he had said was untrue.

There was an element of doubt and mystery about the whole affair, and innocent parties may have been punished, but it is cer-

tain that these severe measures were absolutely necessary to check a most horrible insurrection, and the measures adopted served the purpose intended.

Before the building of railroads in North Carolina the most desirable locations for homes were near the leading rivers. About a mile east of the North East River, near the village of Chinquepin, can now be seen a cluster of tall sycamores and cedars, which mark the place of a once prosperous and thrifty homestead. It was the home of the Grant family nearly one hundred years ago. They lived here for some years and their home was frequently visited by the best people of the county, who partook of their abundant hospitality. But finally they moved out west, and left no descendants to preserve their history. A reliable tradition says that some of the family names were "Ulyses," "Fred," and "Nellie," but whatever this may suggest furnishes food for the imagination only and nothing reliable for history.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

The following appeared in *St. Nicholas* for November, 1901, and received the prize of a gold badge awarded by the St. Nicholas League department:

October days so calm, so mild, have glided by on winged feet;
The silvered frost has kissed the haw, while the saucy mock-bird caroled
sweet.

The year is aging; in the wood a violet lingers here and there;
The grasses wither, mosses sway, and the scarlet trees are growing bare.

Ah, yes, the year is growing old; a gray mist rises slow,
To hang upon the tall pine-tops where wings the weary crow.
Whither fled the soft south wind that once did whisper sweet
Among the scented clover-blooms that clustered at my feet?

And whither went the redbird that sang so blithe at morn,
When the cherries ripened redly and the dew was on the corn?
The cedars in the woodland are swaying to and fro,
And a little robin-redbreast lies buried in the snow.

The autumn leaves chased by the blast have sought a sheltered dell,
Where in the joyous springtime I found the shy bluebell;
And when the darkness gathers then the cold moon will behold,
When looking down upon us that the year is growing old.

STELLA BLOUNT, '05.

"FRINGILLA DOMESTICA."

Translated from the German of *Heinrich Seidel* by Margaret Perry.

My friend, Richard Almenau, Professor of the History of Art, lives in the third story of a hinter-house on Koniggratzer street. The steps of this house are so smooth and so horribly steep and have such short windings, that one has a feeling of being screwed up into the house, but one is rewarded for it, because these steps lead to such pleasant and comfortable rooms, that it is difficult to make up one's mind to leave them. The rooms are filled with little works of art and hundreds of souvenirs of a rich life; there is no object with which there is not a story associated, and all is arranged with such a delightful regard for beauty and order, that in these rooms a quiet sense of enjoyment comes over one unsought. The place in his rooms in which one finds Herr Almenau depends upon the task upon which he is at the moment engaged. He attends to his correspondence and financial affairs at a large table by the window; on the other hand he outlines works pertaining to the history of art on the table with the green cover, in the center of the room; and in hours of especial inspiration he labors before a standing desk on the biography of a celebrated sculptor.

Since he is endowed with the gift of poetry, there is yet a fourth place, which is fitted up for writing, and that too, in a cozy nook supplied with a couch. Here he is accustomed to take his coffee, since he ascribes to this drink especial qualities favorable to the fluency of verse.

Recently, when I visited him, I found him in none of these places, but he was standing in the open door of the balcony with a pole in his hand. His face was flushed, and he looked angry.

"Let me encounter dangers, great and formidable, and I will

confront them courageously. I will fight with lions, but I am not sufficiently skilled for a combat with sparrows."

I knew his old grievance. It was one of his peculiarities to jump up suddenly from his work, seize the pole that was always ready, and chase away the sparrows that were giving themselves airs on his balcony. He placed his weapon in the corner, brought me a cigar, and then with an air of suffering sat down in his arm-chair.

"Those sparrows will be my death yet," he said in humorous despair. "Do you know the fairy tale, 'The Dog and the Sparrow?' How the sparrow in order to avenge the death of his friend, the dog, makes the carter poor and ultimately causes his ruin? Really, the people in their child-like wisdom have long understood the fiendish nature of this bird, but the over-wise citizen of Berlin feeds millions of them as a scourge to himself. Has it ever occurred to you that Berlin is the city of sparrows, that ten times more sparrows than men dwell here? In the beer gardens, do not foolish people, who have in view only their own pleasure and not the public welfare, by constantly feeding them at the expense of the unhappy guests, make them so insolent that they jump up even between our feet? Will they not next be eating the bread and butter out of the pockets of the poor school children? In Berlin, this beast has even changed his nature and become a forest bird. You may penetrate into the deepest thicket of the Tiergarten, where only the unsociable hypochondriac and the disappointed lover roam about in solitude—never will you escape this bird! Even in the most remote corner you will find a melancholy misanthrope, who broods over his grief and at the same time feeds the sparrows. The characteristic bird of the zoological garden is the sparrow. This famous institution contains an enormous collection of '*Fringilla domestica*,' in comparison with which the other better known and more highly prized beasts appear only as an insignificant appendage, destined to have their food eaten up under their very noses. We will just make an estimate as to what

amount the city of Berlin donates yearly for sparrows. Let us place their number at ten millions and, modestly reckoning that each one requires for his support one mark per year, we have the result that Berlin yearly expends ten million marks for sparrows.”

He was silent awhile and looked thoughtfully out of the window. “I hate this creature,” he went on, “its eternal ‘schilp, yilp, schilp, yilp’ is a cry to which my ear will never become accustomed. With their eternal low chit-chat they confuse my holiest thoughts, their bills are terrible scissors that cut in two my most artistic sentences, so that the thread is irrevocably lost to me, and just when in quiet meditation, intuition, the flower of perception, is about to bloom out of the deep, a quarrelling, crying flock of these *Stymphalides* interferes and defrauds me of everything. If the quiet hours of night did not comfort me, I should be a ruined man.”

Then he bent over toward me, placed his hand upon my arm, and spoke with subdued voice, just as one confiding a frightful and bloody secret: “I have something horrible to tell you, dear friend. Have you courage to hear the dreadful story? Can you without a quiver of the eyelids look into an abyss of torment? You know the window-blind, that blessed institution which is used in the same way to moderate the icy breath of winter and the glow of the summer sun. It was this spring. Since the days, mild and pleasant, were gliding by in a beautiful medium between frost and heat, this just-mentioned means of protection was rolled together, day and night out of use, at the upper part of my window. Suddenly there came a premature season of summer weather, caused through some caprice of the unaccountable Jupiter. I called my excellent maid-servant, Rosalie Nudelbaum. ‘Rosalie,’ said I, ‘that window-blind! I have tonight endured Stygian horrors.’

“‘Very well, Herr Professor,’ she said. After some time she returned and, not a line of her stony countenance changing, said:

“‘Herr Professor, it cannot be done!’

“‘What cannot be done?’ I asked.

“ ‘Why, the window-blind!’ she replied.

“ ‘Let it be repaired at once!’ is my order.

“ Rosalie Nudelbaum shrugged her shoulders and said in a tone which indicated resignation to an inevitable fate:

“ ‘It will do no good to repair it, Herr Professor!’

“ ‘Then what has happened?’ I cried.

“ ‘There is a sparrow’s nest within it.’

“ Imagine the effect of this peal of thunder upon me. I flew into a passion and made a terrible vow of annihilation. But Nudelbaum remained as quiet as a sphinx and finally said:

“ ‘There are already eggs in the nest, Herr Professor!’ I sank—a broken man—into an arm-chair. Rosalie continued:

“ ‘Five eggs, Herr Professor. They are quite warm. The female sparrow has just flown off.’

“ Dear friend, what could I do? I must acknowledge that the dark feeling of bloody hatred against my enemies of many years had the upper hand, and that I fought a sharp contest between the murderous disposition and humanity. Gentler emotions at length conquered. Dared I with rough, destructive hand meddle in the intimate circle of a family? Should I ruthlessly deceive the confidence which this small, though hated animal, placed in me, and wantonly violate the sanctity of hospitality? No, never! Far be that from me! But I have suffered terribly for my humanity. A relentless sun glowed the whole day into my unprotected bedroom, and I passed the night upon my pillow sleepless from heat. So long as there were only eggs it was bearable, but when the young ones came out my sufferings were doubled. Scarcely had the dim, rosy-fingered dawn appeared when this everlastingly hungry brood began to clamor for food and thus dispelled the soft sleep which gently embraced me. I passed through the winter very well, but these nights I could not bear unless I slept by the open window. Nudelbaum, however, still clings to the old ‘shawl theory,’ and every breath of air is to her a real evil. So every day this woman tormented me with warnings and reproaches about

my criminal thoughtlessness. But soon the torment will have an end. Some day soon the young birds must fly away, and I have given an emphatic order that their dwelling be immediately destroyed. Just heavens! it occurs to me that for some time I have not heard their hungry cries in the morning."

He hastily seized a bell, rang, and cried: "Rosalie!" The old woman appeared in the doorway and he called to her: "Do see at once, my dear, whether the sparrows have yet flown away."

"I looked just a minute ago, Herr Professor," said she.

"Well, are they gone?"

"Yes, they have flown, Herr Professor."

"Let us bring a thanks-offering to the gods!" he cried.

"Rosalie Nudelbaum, put two flasks of the Rhine wine on ice!"

"Yes, but," she said, and she slowly drawled the word.

"What does that calamitous 'but' mean?"

"They have eggs again already, Herr Professor."

THE BRANCH ASSOCIATIONS OF THE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION FOR THE BETTERMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

During the past summer branch organizations of the "Women's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina" were formed in many of the counties.

In Alamance and Alleghany the Association and its aims were discussed, but no branch organization was formed.

Miss Leah D. Jones organized district associations in the counties of Craven, Dare, Jones, Onslow, and Pamlico. Those in Craven are:

Sheffield—Mrs. Rowe, President; Mrs. W. N. Sutton, Secretary.

Forrest—Mrs. Gaskins, President; Miss Lena Fulcher, Secretary.

Kit Swamp—Mrs. Trixy Ipoche, President.

Beech Grove—Mrs. Jane L. Kilpatrick, President; Mrs. Ella S. S. Ipoche, Secretary.

Zorah—Miss Grace Whitfield, President; Miss Rosa Whitfield, Secretary.

Work was done in Havelock and Lina, but, as yet, no organizations have been formed in those places.

The district associations in Dare county are at:

Manteo—Mrs. W. B. Forbes, President; Mrs. Fearing, Secretary.

Wanchese—Mrs. C. R. Taylor, President; Miss Nettie Cudnush, Secretary.

In Jones county there is an organization at Maysville, with Miss Annie Koonce as President.

The district associations in Onslow are at:

Jacksonville—Miss Saunders, President.

Sugar Maple—C. T. Walton, President.

Catherine Lake—Mrs. O. B. Cox, President.

Brier Neck—Miss Mary Heritage, President.

Lake View—Mrs. Ed Franck, President.

In Pamlico there are three district associations, at:

Oriental—Mrs. Gaskins, President.

Olympia—Miss Armita Barrington, President.

Reelsboro—Miss Cornie Brinson, President.

Miss Lelia Tuttle organized a branch in Caldwell county. In speaking of the work, she says: "I found great enthusiasm among the teachers and others, and feel that we shall have much better schools in Caldwell this year than formerly."

Miss Oeland Barnett was instrumental in forming the branch in Cleveland. Twenty-five members compose this organization. The officers are: President, Mrs. J. A. Anthony; Vice-President, Mrs. Goforth; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Frances Eskridge; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Rossie Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey.

In Chowan and Perquimans Miss Virginia Newby and others discussed the question before the Teachers' Institute, but no organized branch was formed.

No definite report has been received from the organization in Columbus county.

Miss Carrie Nimocks brought up the subject at the Teachers' Institute in Cumberland county, but the organization was deferred until October.

Miss Ellen Saunders has charge of the work in Durham county. Every teacher in the county joined the organization. They are to hold monthly meetings. The officers are: President, Mrs. McIntosh; Vice-President, Miss Massey; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Malone.

Mrs. Lindsay Patterson has charge of the work in Forsyth and is working up an interest in the cause there which will result richly for the cause.

There is an organization in Gaston county.

During the session of the Teachers' Institute in Gates county

“A Woman’s Association was organized for the Betterment of Public School Houses. Mrs. Annie Wiley is President and Miss Claime Benton Secretary. Every woman teacher joined.”

Miss Emma Lewis Speight organized a branch of the Association in Edgecombe county. There are about forty members. The officers are: President, Miss Leoni Moore; Vice-President, Miss Lizzie Moore; Recording Secretary, Miss Matilda Williams; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gussie Harrell.

This organization intends to raise \$1,000 during the year for the purpose of improving their school houses.

Mrs. ——— Osborne being absent on account of illness, Mrs. C. D. McIver and Miss Laura Coit took charge of the work in Guilford during the Teachers’ Institute. They addressed the teachers and aroused an interest in the cause which will without doubt bear fruit.

During the session of Henderson County Teachers’ Institute Prof. J. I. Foust and Miss Florida Morris formed an organization with fifty members. Miss Jeannette Miller is President.

Dr. Charles D. McIver aided in forming an organization in Iredell. Mrs. J. A. Butler is President. All the members are interested and the Association has begun work.

Miss Laura Kirby was present at the Teachers’ Institute in Johnston county and formed an organization with sixty-three members. The officers are: President, Miss Myrtle Harper; Vice-President, Miss Mamie Ellis; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Sara Whitley.

In Macon Prof. J. I. Foust and Miss Lassie Kelly organized a good branch with Miss Margaret Kelly, President, and Mrs. Kope Elias, Secretary. There are thirty-two members.

Prof. J. I. Foust formed a branch association in Madison county, with Mrs. Huggins as President.

The work in Nash is under the supervision of Miss Viola Boddie. She organized two branch associations in her county, one composed of all the county teachers and the other at Springhope. The

officers of the county association are: President, Miss Tempe Lou King; Recording Secretary, Miss Nina Collins; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gordon; Treasurer, Miss Winstead.

Of the work in Randolph, Miss Mary Petty says: "During the summer I attended educational meetings in several of the townships of Randolph county. These were held under the auspices of the county superintendent, who very kindly gave me an opportunity to present the work of the Association. Sometimes I talked to mixed audiences, but found it more satisfactory to talk to the women alone. Under these circumstances I found the women more ready to ask questions and to enter into a discussion of the subject.

"Everywhere I went I distributed the booklet sent out by the Association, and any other literature I could obtain, especially the Perry pictures and the pamphlets sent out by the *Youth's Companion*.

"All the places I visited were off the railroad, and in driving the sixty-five miles of my trip I saw several of the public school houses of Randolph county. They furnished as good a text for discussion as any one could need. They were not all bad, but there was absolutely no attention paid the aesthetic in any one of them. Some of the teachers in Randolph are becoming interested and are writing to me for information in regard to the work."

In Rockingham, Miss Florence Pannill formed an enthusiastic organization. There are thirty-seven members. The officers are: President, Miss Florence Pannill; Vice-President, Miss Lillie Terry; Secretary, Miss Maggie Mitchell. The welfare of this association was left in the hands of an executive committee, composed of the three officers and two other members. Aside from the regular work of the Association, this committee succeeded in getting up a very good circulating library among the county teachers.

Miss Annie Beaman organized a branch in Sampson county. The officers are: President, Mrs. A. M. Barbrey; Vice-President, Miss Katie Herring; Secretary, Miss May O. Britt.

Prof. J. I. Foust organized a branch in Stanly county.

Branch associations were organized in Stokes, Surry, Wilson, and Yadkin by Miss Mary Taylor Moore. The Stokes branch is a large and enthusiastic one, consisting of fifty-three members. Its officers are: President, Miss Marion Miller; Vice-President, Mrs. W. B. Harriss; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Lizzie Adkins.

In Surry there are twenty-five members. They have taken hold of the work in earnest and will do good work this year. By the end of the year Surry will have eighteen new school houses. The officers of this branch are: President, Miss Rebeckah Freeman; Vice-President, Miss Sarah Booker; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Jennie Cornelius.

The association in Yadkin is small in numbers, but it has some earnest workers. Miss Laura Huff is President.

In Wilson there are thirty-three members. The work is in the hands of strong and influential women who can accomplish much. The officers are: President, Mrs. S. C. Wells; Vice-President, Mrs. W. L. Dew; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Henrietta Dean.

One of our strongest branches was formed by Mrs. E. E. Mofitt in Wake county. Miss Edith Royster is President.

Another organization in Wake is at Wake Forest. Mrs. B. F. Sledd is President. The Wake Forest Association will begin promptly to beautify the grounds, work for a school library, and improve the interior of the building in every way possible.

There are probably over two thousand members of the Association in the State, and many persons who do not belong to an organization have become interested.

MARY TAYLOR MOORE, '03,
Corresponding Secretary.

THE BETTERMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Paper read before the Federation of Women's Clubs of North Carolina at Winston-Salem October 8th, 1902, by Mrs. Charles D. McIver.

The Women's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina was organized on March 20th, 1902, at The State Normal and Industrial College.

Realizing that under present conditions and with the present surroundings of the average school house, it is impossible to train the youth of the State properly; and realizing further that unless the women of the State took hold of this very important matter it would remain neglected, over two hundred of the most public spirited students of The State Normal and Industrial College organized themselves and called upon the women of the State to join them in making habitable and attractive the houses in which our children spend five days of each week. Since then, many have joined. The first public meeting was held on the evening of April 3rd, and at that meeting Governor Aycock asked the privilege of becoming the first associate member, and was followed by a number of other prominent gentlemen. Another meeting to discuss plans for the prosecution of the work during the summer was held at Morehead City during the session of the Teachers' Assembly. Nineteen county associations have been organized during the summer and work done in a number of other counties where organizations will be effected this fall.

Every organization for self-improvement is good, but every great and lasting organization must have as a part of its aim the improvement of others, for in selfishness is the seed of death.

Why do I speak to you of this work? Because I am sure of your interest in everything that concerns the honor, glory and growth of our beloved State; because you are already doing so

much for her; because nothing so appeals to every woman as the welfare of little children; and because you are those to whom the ten talents have been given. You have had the gateway of opportunity opened wide to you, the gateway that is still closed and locked to many in our land, and to you is intrusted the key. Will you let that gate remain closed and locked to those who come after you and go on your way rejoicing in the pleasant things knowledge has given you—the delight of being able to summon at will the great, good, and wise of every time and nation for your entertainment and instruction, forgetting that to whom much has been given, of them much will be required?

It is right for us to glory in and preserve the records of the brave deeds of our ancestors, but if we do not achieve something ourselves we are unworthy descendants of those brave men and women. Are we making it possible for every child to read those records? Have they the records at hand after they learn to read? Do they even know the names of our heroes and heroines? It is right for us to attain the highest for ourselves, but the chief duty of each generation is to prepare the next for its work in the world in such manner that it can take up that work where its predecessor lays it down. Many have given testimony to the importance of the environment of the child. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Can we have any idea of the tremendous influence that has been exerted in our own lives by our surroundings in childhood? The joy of the hours spent in our beautiful play grounds here, and those spent in the fields and woods hunting for botany specimens are among the dearest memories of my past, and the pleasure of them is being shared by my children, for they never tire of hearing of the gold fish in the fountain, the deer in the park, and hunting for Easter eggs in the banks of periwinkle; but to enumerate the bright particular days that live in my memory would require more time than is allowed me today.

Do you ask is this work of school improvement needed? There is not a single school house, even in our larger towns, that does

not need improvement. There is not a teacher or school officer who would not gladly receive help if offered in the proper spirit. But how little idea most of us, whose children attend a good school nine or ten months in the year, have of the schooling the average country child receives, or the condition of the buildings in which it has to spend five days of each school week. The workers in the field this summer report the need everywhere. One worker who saw many school houses on a journey of sixty-five miles through the country, says that, though the houses were not all bad, there was absolutely no attention paid to the aesthetic in any one of them. Another who was working in another part of the State and helped organize several county associations says that in one county the young woman who was made President was chosen because she was the only teacher in the county who had made any attempt whatever to improve the appearance of her school house the past year. In still another part of the State, one school which was in session was visited and pictures of Washington and Lee were shown. Only two pupils recognized them or had any idea who Washington or Lee was. In another community where a basket picnic was held at the home of one of the officers of our association, talks were made and several local societies formed. After lunch, the neat lawn was strewn with the wrappings and refuse from the baskets. This furnished too good an object lesson to be missed, so when all was gathered up it was carried to the river's brink, which was near at hand, and burned. This so impressed one gentleman that he went home and the next day had not only the school house and grounds cleaned, but the church yard and grave yard as well.

In many places the people seem utterly indifferent, in others, neighborhood quarrels about the location of the school, or the choice of a teacher, are robbing the children of their birthright. One gentleman, in expressing his hearty sympathy with the work, said, "I wish I could write for the papers and tell the need as I know it," and when a friend said, "We all know how hard it was

on those of your age, whose parents had lost almost everything by the ravages of war,' he said with deep feeling:—"They could have given me an education, for they had enough left for that, and I would rather have had *that* than anything else in the world." In many places there is a real longing to improve the conditions, but nothing is being done because the people lack leadership. I am glad to say that in many other places fine work is being done.

You may ask what are the teachers doing if these statements are true? Do you realize the task that is set them? These same public school teachers are teaching forty, fifty, or perhaps sixty pupils ranging in age from six to twenty-one, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, with often as many as thirty classes to hear, sometimes even more, in small cramped quarters, poorly ventilated and lighted, in many cases without desks, proper books or blackboards, paid about \$25 a month, for four months in the year, with board and other expenses to be paid out of this. The cook of the average woman before me to-day receives more, when you consider the term of service and the usual perquisites. Would you not be willing to get the best equipment for your kitchens and count yourself fortunate if you can get a servant who will make use of the conveniences and keep things neat and clean?

How many of us without help would have the energy to set about changing conditions so fixed and apparently so hopeless? Yet how great a change can be wrought by a little well-directed work! With this, almost every country school might be made a real beauty spot on the landscape. Nature stands ready to offer all her wealth of vines, shrubs, and trees for the grounds, the best information concerning the proper planting and care of which can be obtained by application to the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station. From the same source many other valuable pamphlets of vital interest to the country child can be had for the asking, such as Ornithology of North Carolina, giving a list of the birds of North Carolina with notes on each species; The Home Vegetable Garden and its Pests; Poultry Keeping for Profit and Parasites on Poultry.

The Youth's Companion offers to send several valuable pamphlets, and from many sources help can be obtained. But the people who need these things most do not know where or how to get them.

The greatest good will come from getting your whole neighborhood interested in plans for improvement, and letting the people know that you are interested. If you are disappointed in the first attempts do not give up but remember that good taste is a growth.

What can you do?

You can first visit the school and see that the house is clean before the session opens; that there are enough seats and hooks, or nails for hats, wraps, and lunch baskets; that there are a pail for water, drinking vessels, basin, towels, and soap; that the yard is clean, and some shrubs and trees planted, with vines to screen out-buildings. If the yard is muddy, and especially if it be the red mud, be sure to have a walk made, and a few boards will help a great deal. Place on the walls one or more good pictures. Copies of the world's master-pieces can be had for a penny each, and large pictures for from five to twenty-five cents each. But do not degrade the school-room by filling it with trash, better a perfectly clean bare room than one filled with tawdry decorations covered with dust. Start a library. I have been in many comfortable homes where the only books were a few old school books, the Bible and the Almanac, and it is no wonder that we have suffered at the hands of the historians when this is true. Help the teacher by aiding in and arranging for social evenings and entertainments at the school-house. Visit the school and interest others in doing so. The women of the State can do for the school-houses a work similar to that which they have done for every church, and the hopes of all good women will be realized just in proportion to the rational development and the steady progress of the civilizing work of churches and schools.

CURRENT EVENTS.

CHRISTINA M. SNYDER, '02.

Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, the crown prince of Siam, will spend six weeks in the United States for the purpose of studying our industrial establishments.

England is now looking forward to a period of rest. The Boer war is settled, King Edward has been crowned, and Lord Salisbury is succeeded by his nephew and disciple, the Hon. Arthur James Balfour.

The new Premier of France, M. Emile Combes, formed his cabinet within forty-eight hours. For several years he has been the leader of the Radical Party. His present aim is to secure financial reform.

Minister Wu has been recalled. His place is taken by Sir Liang Chen Tung. Mr. Tung was educated at Yale and is as thoroughly acquainted with Europe as with Asia.

Trusts and strikes are continually before the public mind. Miss Ida M. Tarbell has written a history of the Standard Oil Company, which is one of the greatest trusts of today. In 1870 the Standard Oil Company organized with a capital of \$2,500,000. Its present capital is \$110,000,000.

The new President of Princeton, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, addressed the largest Freshman class yet on record.

A new use for steel—Experimental steel roads are to be laid in New York City, in three sections; one in the lower part of the city, one on West Broadway, and the third on upper Seventh Avenue.

The whole road is not of steel, but continuous tracks are laid on either side of the street. The Long Island speedway for automobiles is to be built of steel. It is claimed that automobiles can run at a higher rate of speed on these than on macadamized roads.

France has lost one of her prominent novelists, M. Emile Zola, who died of accidental asphyxiation.

One of the world's greatest scientists, Rudolf Virchow, died in Berlin August 29th.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has been appointed by President Roosevelt as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The resignation of Dr. Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany, has resulted in several important diplomatic changes. These changes have been made with regard to experience and merit. Mr. Tower, the ambassador to Russia, succeeds Mr. White. Mr. R. S. McCormick, ambassador to Austria-Hungaria, will become ambassador to Russia. Mr. Bellamy Storer, minister to Spain, who takes Mr. McCormick's place, will be succeeded by Mr. Arthur S. Hardy, minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland, who in turn will be succeeded by Mr. Charles Bryan, minister to Brazil. Mr. David E. Thompson, of Nebraska, will be the new minister to Brazil.

ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

EULA B. GLENN, '02.

Although the class of '02 has gone from our midst, it has not been forgotten. We miss each member. Our love for all of them and our interest in their welfare have led us to follow them to their fields of labor.

Sara Allen is teaching in the Albemarle Graded School.

Cora Asbury is at her home at Burkmont.

Eliza Austin is also at home in Tarboro.

Annie Beaman has a position in the Goldsboro Graded Schools.

Susie Bowling is teaching in Durham.

Virginia Brown is a candidate for the degree of B. S. at The State Normal and Industrial College.

Daphne Carraway is teaching in the Presbyterian Orphanage at Barium Springs.

Frances Cole is assisting in the Practice School.

Ida Cowan is teaching in Durham.

Minnie Field is employed in the Statesville Graded School.

Fannie Freeman has a position in a high school at Wendell, N. C.

Antoinette Gregory is teaching in a graded school in Greensboro.

Annie Harrison has a position in the Wilmington Graded Schools.

Sadie Kluttz has a position in the Salisbury Graded Schools.

Jennie Leggett is teaching a public school at Hobgood, N. C.

Ella Mallison is in the Washington Graded School.

Florence Mayerberg has a position in the Goldsboro Graded Schools.

Annette Morton is teaching in a graded school in Wilmington.

Fannie Moseley is teaching the first grade in the Kinston Graded School.

Mary Scott Monroe is at her home in Goldsboro.

Virginia Newby has charge of the first grade in the Mount Airy Graded School.

Lula Noell is principal of the Roxboro Graded School.

Catherine Pace is teaching in New Bern.

Julia Pasmore is teaching at Wilson, N. C.

Alma Pittman is assistant chemistry teacher at The State Normal and Industrial College.

Carrie Sparger is teaching Latin in the Salisbury Graded Schools.

Elizabeth Stamps is teaching at Barium Springs Orphanage.

Annie Stewart has a public school in Union county.

Cora Stockton is teaching at Stockville, N. C.

Bettie Tripp is teaching at the Oxford Orphanage.

Neita Watson has a position in the Monroe Graded School.

Sallie Tucker is teaching at Elk Park, Mitchell county, N. C.

Jessie Williams is at her home in Reidsville.

Lyda Humber, '97, Emma Lewis Speight, '00, are candidates for the B. S. degree, and Mary Callum Wiley, '94, Lewis Dull, '99, Frances Winston, '01, and Maggie Perry, '95, are candidates for the A. B. degree at this college.

Oeland Barnett, who spent last year at Columbia University, has resumed her work as assistant Latin teacher in our midst.

Annie May Pittman, '96, is a supervising teacher in the Practice School.

Frances Hill, '97, is taking a business course at this college.

The following has been received by the friends of Miss Carrie Nimocks, to whom we extend hearty wishes for happiness in her new life:

Mr. and Mrs. Quincy Nimocks

request the honour of

your presence at the marriage of their niece

Carrie Graves Nimocks

to

Mr. John C. Williams

on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-third of October

nineteen hundred and two

at half past eight o'clock

At Home

Fayetteville, North Carolina.

AMONG OURSELVES.

MILLIE ARCHER, '04.

The routine of opening this year was much the same as it has been for the past several years, except that it was longer, because there were more new girls present. Miss Kirkland greeted us all cordially in her sitting room. Then the Seniors and others conducted us to our rooms, where each girl found a welcoming card from the Young Woman's Christian Association awaiting her. We had very little home-sickness for the first few days, as the new girls were busy with examinations, and the old girls were telling their friends of summer pleasures, and sighing that they were no more. But now all are hard at work and summer "larks" are forgotten in our work and in the anticipation of Christmas joys.

On the second Friday night after we arrived, the Societies held their first regular meeting. Then from the attendance, we realized how many old girls had not returned. The ranks will soon be filled by our new sisters who have come to join us in our work.

The Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes have held meetings and the Freshmen hope to organize before many days have passed.

A few days after our arrival, Mr. Turrentine, pastor of the Methodist church, conducted the opening exercises. He gave us all a cordial invitation to visit or to attend his church. Mr. Crawford came up a few days later and gave us a hearty welcome to Greensboro and to his "little chapel at the foot of the hill."

Miss May Tirling, of London, the noted temperance lecturer and organizer of branches of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, gave an address in the Assembly Hall September 29th. Miss Tirling's fame had preceded her, for we had heard that she was "witty, winsome and wise," and her visit in no way disappointed us. A large number of our students are now wearing the white ribbon.

Miss Alma Pittman, who is now assistant Chemistry teacher, attended the State Convention of the W. C. T. U., held in Burlington. Miss Pittman entered the oratorical contest, and her address, "The Temperance Problem," received the second prize.

The annual reception by the Y. W. C. A. to the new students was given Friday evening, September 26th. As the Student's Building is not yet completed, there came the familiar task of carrying rugs, cushions, rocking-chairs, and various other articles necessary to transform our recitation rooms into attractive "reception parlors."

At the appointed hour, 8:30, the bell rang, and there assembled four hundred or more young ladies, representing nearly every section of our State, each wearing her very best frock, while her face was brightened by her happiest smile.

The first room we entered was Miss Mendenhall's. With its decorations and drapings of pink and white bunting, there was not the slightest intimation of the many difficult "geometrical theorems" that are often met with there. In the corners were tightly-drawn curtains, behind which burned the witch fires, as mystically, we believe, as ever did those of the "Weird Sisters." The enchantment was shown by the scores of girls who waited before each magic entrance, each anxious to have her palm read and to learn "when she would marry," and whether she would not enter twice into this happy relation.

We withdrew from these scenes of enchantment and found our way into Miss Hackney's room, which was beautiful in its decorations of heliotrope and lavender—the Association colors. A happy group of girls were resting on couches and in rocking-chairs, while they listened to the sweet strains of "The Holy City." The music ceased and other amusements of the evenings were sought.

In the Administration Room were twelve small tables, with four girls seated at each. They were found to be playing games of various kinds. Over here they were at crokinole; while all around

were such interesting amusements as working button holes, sewing on buttons, picking up peanuts with hatpins, or taking apples from a basin of water with the teeth. Presently a bell rang. The winning couple at each table went to the next, where a new game was taken up.

While this was being enjoyed some one announced that there was an opportunity for seeing the "Princess of Wales." In the Modern Language room we found this noble personage. But her "wails" soon made us seek a more desirable part of the building.

Once more we entered the enchanted room at the end of the hall. The ever-increasing throng showed that we were all anxious for a glimpse of the future.

While the merriment yet ran high, the gong sounded, and we were reminded that the hour for departure had arrived. With happy hearts we bade each other "good night," wishing that eleven o'clock would not come "so soon" on Friday nights, and that our "annual" reception came at least twice a year!

IDA SMITH, '03.

The first question asked by the former student upon returning to College was, "What is being done to the Students' Building?" and the answer, "It is going up," brought a smile to the face of the questioner. A great amount of work has been done in getting the foundation well-laid and at present we cannot see much except the beginnings of the walls, and the numerous doors and windows of the first floor. Huge piles of brick are heaped around at a convenient distance and the busy workmen are carrying them on wheelbarrows to the masons, who are skillfully plying their trowels. Soon the days of decorating class rooms for society meetings and removing desks from the chapel to put in chairs for the people who come to our entertainments will be no more. We watch with eagerness the construction of this building, for it points to the realization of many hopes and plans.

Among other things awaiting us when we arrived were the

improvements made in the Peabody Park. Broad avenues have been cut through the wood and wind easily around and over the hillsides. We can now walk five miles without going "off bounds" and without going over the same walk twice. All the little streams are crossed by rustic bridges of native wood, and so artistically are they arranged that while adding much beauty to it, they seem a part of the woodland. For those who do not care to join in the many games which are played at walking period, the park affords a delightful retreat for rest and quiet.

About the first of October the Board of Inspectors came to look into the affairs and workings of our school. One morning they were present at the opening exercises and Capt. Patton, of Asheville, and Mr. Wood, of Asheboro, gave us beneficial talks. Dr. I. P. Jeter, of Morganton, declined to speak, but through Dr. McIver expresses his high regard for us and our institution.

On the night of October 4th the students were allowed to attend the opera "Carmen," which was given at the Grand Opera House. About two hundred of the girls availed themselves of this privilege and all of them enjoyed the outing.

Mrs. Brown, who was assistant matron last year, is not with us now. She was a general favorite with the girls and we all miss her, still her place is well filled by Miss Cassidy, who was a student here last year.

Mr. Nash was in Greensboro for a few days visiting his daughter, Catherine, who is a student at the College.

Mr. Moore was with us a few days visiting his daughters, Mamie and Nina.

Misses Gertrude Jenkins and Ida Wharton were present at the opening of school to enter their younger sisters.

Miss Eula Todd has been visiting her sister, Jennie.

Mary Carter, who was called home on account of the illness of her mother, has returned.

On October the 8th Frances Winston went to Burlington to witness the marriage of her friend, Mamie Perry. Miss Winston rendered the wedding march.

The College Orchestra has begun its practices and promises, if possible, to be even better than it was last year.

We learned with much regret that Mr. Blair, a member of the Board of Directors, died at his home in Asheboro in October. Mr. Blair was an earnest friend of the College. His voice was ever raised in her behalf and he gave his time as well as his efforts to her welfare. He never absented himself from our Board meetings and the absence of his familiar figure in our midst will bring regret to all of us who have been accustomed to his presence.

“Athletics and active college work go hand in hand.” Fall is once more upon us, and the prospects this year seem brighter than ever before.

We are glad to have with us again the girls who took an interest in our Athletic Association last year.

At a recent meeting of the Association we noted with pleasure a decided improvement in the attendance.

Our Secretary, Miss Mayo, has recorded the names of thirty-five new members, which make in all about one hundred and fifty. The number should be at least two hundred and fifty, considering the number of students in College. The fee is so small that all may join.

This year we shall have basket ball, croquet, tennis, and base ball. So if you can't play basket ball, play tennis or croquet which is just as interesting.

In the tournament last May the class of 1904 was again the proud winner of the "Trophy Cup."

This cup is presented at the end of each college year to the successful team to be held by it one year, or so long as it sustains its record.

The Freshman class has already begun to play, and others will do likewise. Come out on the "Athletic Field" and see these teams practice, and by so doing you encourage them.

SELMA C. WEBB.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

—
BERT ALBRIGHT, '03.

“ Name three of the world’s most celebrated paintings and their artists.” In answer to this question, taken from the examination in drawing, one Freshman gave “ Dante’s Infernal ” as the only one she could remember.

One of the new students wanted to know why there were so many thermometers hanging in the halls. She was examining the fire extinguishers.

“ A monastery is a place where monsters are kept,” says a wise Freshman; while another tells us that “ Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents.”

There are only three street cars on the line as yet. They are the one you missed, the one going the other way, and the one that “ will be along in a few minnutes.”

—
This we learn
Is the chief end of man,
To keep all you get
And get all you can.

C. C., '04.

—
MAXIMS.

“ All is not gold that glitters ” “ but it ain’t dirt! ”
 “ Discrimination is the thief of time.”
 “ When we are discovered we are found.”
 “ There’s no place like home! ”
 “ Practice (school) makes perfect (teachers.)”
 “ Be good—but you’ll be lonesome.”

A SCENE BY THE STYX.

I stood on the banks of the river Styx
In the dark hours of night—
I was waiting to be ferried across,
But Charon was not in sight.

Presently a tall thin shade
Came and stood at my side,
Asking, "Have you got the proper right
To cross these waters wide?"

Then I saw the boatman
Who skillfully handled his oar;
He had been to ferry Aeneas
Across to the opposite shore.

"I long for the Elysian Fields," I said,
"For the land of the happy and blest,
There, they say, there is always peace
And night and day there is rest."

"You say you have never been buried?"
The gray-headed ferryman said;
"Then what right have you there
In the regions of the dead?"

"You have not brought the golden bough
That is found on the leafy tree;
Even those favored by the gods
Are never ferried over free.

"I cannot ferry you across—
If you really desire to go,
Twice fifty years must you wander
In the regions here below."

And while he was yet speaking
There went up a mournful sound;
For those who stood and listened
Many years still must wander 'round.

Startled by this woeful cry
And the rush of the cold, dark stream,
How glad I was to awake;
And find it was only a dream!

EVELYN ROYALL, '03.

One of the practice school teachers got a little confused the other day in giving the order to "form ranks." The children were surprised to hear her say, "One! Two!—Remain rising!"

—

COOKING CLASS MOTTO.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
 Baking, roasting,
 Stewing, toasting,
On the oven, stove, or grate."

_____ ?

—

Wanted! Quotations on salt!

Address

SOPH. O'MORE,
Box 1904.

—

TO C. M.

There was a young lady from S. N. I. C.
Who was so exceedingly chic
 She set Fashion a pace,
 And they ran such a race
That she did not study a lick.

TO M. C.

"There was a young lady from Lynn
Who was so exceedingly thin (?)
 That when she did go
 To get some Cin-Cho
She slipped through the straw and fell in."

—

"What's the difference between you, a piano, and the ocean?"
"I don't know." "The ocean makes you sick, the piano makes
mu-sic, and you make me sick."

EDITORIALS.

**Improvements
Around the
College.** Work on the Student's Building has actually been begun! The foundations have been laid and the walls are going up rapidly. Those who have doubted that it would ever exist are now convinced that we shall soon have a building that we may call our own. The park has not been neglected. It has been surveyed and a plan for the grounds has been made. Broad paths are being laid out, and, to the delight of all "casers," there are numerous rustic bridges to be found "deep in the glades of the wood." The most beautiful places have been uncovered, as it were, and where it was possible, Nature has been improved upon. The laundry has been enlarged and new machinery has been put in. This is an improvement long needed, the building formerly being too small. The Curry Building has been repaired and a walk connecting it with the Main Building has been laid out.

The greatest of all our added comforts has been furnished us from without our bounds, that is the car line. The service is fine, the rates are so low that no weary Normalite need toil over the red hills nor through the green bogs in order to grace our six o'clock high tea. That we appreciate this blessing is evidenced by the many yards of yellow paper strips which Miss Burkett passes over the bar from the Stationery Room. We are doing and will continue to do all that we can to encourage the street car company. Heaven's blessings attend them! B. A., '03.

With the present year begins the second decade in the life of our College. Her prospects were never so bright, and we hope, before another ten years pass, to see her the leading college for women in the South and the peer of any in our country. Gradually, but surely, her standard of scholarship is being raised.

Teachers and students alike have come to feel that better are the tears of the fallen than the contemptuous smiles of the passed. She is yearly increasing in strength and influence and in the affection of the State. More applications from school boards for teachers are being received than our President can fill from our alumnae and students. Those who have gone out to teach are each year receiving better salaries. Each term brings an increased number of applicants for admission.

These tangible evidences of growth and progress are not the chief causes for the expectations of her pre-eminence. The great work which she has done in the educational revival in North Carolina and in the South proves her to be a potent factor in the advancement of woman, consequently of the State.

From her rostrum have been heard the wisdom of such men and women as Curry, Mayo, Abbott, Parkhurst, MacAllister, Albert Shaw, Mabie, Ogden, the two Peabodys, Frizzell, Nicholas Murray Butler, Carroll D. Wright, Bryan, Gordon, DeArmond, Dr. Buttrick, Dabney, Page, Helen Gould, Dr. Claribel Cone, Frances Willard, and others of national reputation, besides a host of our own State leaders of thought.

From these men and women our students have learned some of the great needs of a nation and these young women, in turn, wherever they have gone, have been so many advocates for the granting of that greatest of all needs, viz: More and better school facilities. Their work has not been confined to the class-room as pupil and as teacher. Whatever has pertained to the improvement of our State schools has found in them zealous champions. The Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses which originated and was organized here last spring has already spread almost to every county in the State. In the cause are enlisted today not only the leading women, but many of the leading men of North Carolina.

The Audubon Society is another emanation from our College during the past year. Already it is incorporated by the State and

in the near future our farmers and home lovers will have cause to bless its existence.

Our College stands for the education of the people. She teaches her students the necessity of universal education. For ten years her President and faculty have proclaimed the gospel of local taxation for public schools. In season and out of season have these young women heard that only from this source can come the maintenance of schools and teachers that will bless the land.

Already the day is breaking. The light touches the mountain tops and gilds the sands by the sea and the daughters of our College are on the shore, on the plains, on the hillsides and mountain tops, to hail this light, to open up the dark places for its entrance, and point to its glow those who have not known its beauty, who have been content to live in the darkness of illiteracy.

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