

State Normal Magazine

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Welcome (Poem) <i>Lelia White</i> , '11	
Cornelia Phillips Spencer— <i>W. C. Smith</i>	1
A Glimpse of Madeira and Algiers— <i>Margaret Cobb</i> , '12	4
Twilight (Poem)— <i>Nan Lacy</i> , '11	10
The Realization— <i>E. Rose Batterham</i> , '11	11
The Forgery— <i>Georgie H. Faison</i> , '11	16
When Mizpah Ann Packed— <i>Mildred Harrington</i> , '13	25
Sara Thinks— <i>Margaret Cobb</i> , '12	31
Sketches—	
"And the Goblins'll Get You if You Don't Watch Out",	40
Childhood— <i>M. B. J.</i> , '11.....	43
Editorial—	
Price of the Magazine.....	44
A Welcome to the New Members of the Faculty	45
The Students' Council.....	45
The Girls' Sitting Rooms.....	45
College Democracy	46
Y. W. C. A.— <i>Natalie Nunn</i> , '11.....	48
Athletic Notes—	
Welcome by the Athletic Association	
<i>Annie Louise Wills</i> , '11....	49
A Camping Trip	49
Society Notes—	
With the Cornelians— <i>Lelia White</i> , '11.....	52
With the Adelprians— <i>E. Rose Batterham</i> , '11	52
Among Ourselves— <i>Margaret Cobb</i> , '12.....	54
Faculty	55
Alumnae.....	56
Class of 1909.....	56
In Lighter Vein— <i>Clyde Fields</i> , '12.....	57

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Welcome

Once more our Alma Mater dear
Has welcomed back her children,
here,
Once more her halls with voices
ring
And we again her praises sing.

For here awhile our hopes and
fears
Are centered, and albeit our tears
Were shed at leaving homelands
dear,
Deep in our hearts we're glad
we're here.

Each year things change; we miss
the face
Of many an old girl, but in place
Of them the shifting scenes dis-
play
New friends, who've come their
parts to play.

A welcome true to them we give,
And trust that in their hearts may
live
That college spirit strong and true
Which binds us all, both old and
new.

Helia White, '11, Cornelian.

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CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER

N.C.



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NO. 1

Cornelia Phillips Spencer

W. C. Smith

Cornelia Ann Phillips, the youngest child of James and Julia Phillips, was born in Harlem, New York, March 20, 1825. In May, 1826, while yet an infant in arms, she was brought by her parents to Chapel Hill, N. C., at which place she continued to reside during the greater part of her long and useful life. Her father, a man of great intellectual power, was, for forty-one years, Professor of Mathematics in the University of North Carolina. Her two brothers, Dr. Charles Phillips and Dr. Samuel F. Phillips, were also professors in the same institution.

Like her brothers, Cornelia was indebted to her mother for her earlier instruction. Later she kept abreast of her brothers in the classical course of the University by studying with them, and under the instruction of her father. In keenness of intellect, in force and vigor of understanding, and in scholarly attainments she was, perhaps, not one whit inferior to the male members of her distinguished family. Indeed, if we are to accept the testimony of her contemporaries—and it is the testimony of able and conservative men—this modest and unassuming woman gave the state the most eminently useful mind ever dedicated to its service.

In 1853, Cornelia Phillips was happily married to James Spencer. With him she settled in Clinton, Alabama, where she remained until his death in 1861. One child was born of

this marriage;—Julia—later the wife of Professor James Lee Love, of Harvard University.

The next thirty-three years of Mrs. Spencer's life were spent in North Carolina, and they were years of abundant usefulness. Her influence upon men and events in North Carolina during the critical period of Civil War, and the yet more critical period that followed, was possibly second only to that of Swain and Vance. The list of public men,—governors, statesmen, jurists and university presidents,—who sought her advice is a long one. Particularly efficient were her labors in behalf of the restoration of the University. She loved it with a devotion unsurpassed by any of its sons and served it with a loyalty and unselfishness which no words can adequately express.

Mrs. Spencer wrote much, but only a small part of her work has been published in enduring form. Her writings consisted, for the most part, of weekly letters and obituaries appearing in the newspapers, and historical and biographical sketches written for the University Magazine. For a number of years she was a regular contributor to the columns of the North Carolina Presbyterian, and her articles were the feature of the paper. The writer of this all-too-brief and inadequate sketch well remembers with what delight he would turn on Sabbath afternoons from goodly doses of the Westminster Catechism to Mrs. Spencer's letter, as read aloud to the assembled family circle from the latest number of The Presbyterian. In later years, too, he was much indebted to the same facile pen for valuable information relative to our state history.

Space does not permit me to speak of Mrs. Spencer's published works, her *Last Ninety Days of the War* and her *First Steps in North Carolina History*. Rather, in conclusion—if the indulgent editors will grant me a conclusion—would I speak of the *homeliness*—used in the original sense of the word—of this unassuming gentlewoman. Hers was no feverish struggle for public or social recognition, but the quiet, useful, happy life of the Southern house-mother. Masculine in the force and vigor of her understanding, she was yet a thoroughly womanly woman and feminine in her instincts. Her home

was the model and the despair of good housewives, and the hand that penned burning words to the people of her beloved state, calling upon them to rise with renewed hope and zeal and patriotism from the ruin of war and its aftermath, was instant in good works among the helpless and the lowly. She lived her life and did her work quietly and unobtrusively, giving no occasion to any to speak reproachfully. In brief—she was an embodiment of those virtues which, let us hope, will never become obsolete and which, exemplified in any woman, will make the world the better for her having lived.



A Glimpse of Madeira and Algiers

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelphian

The islands and towns unfrequented by the common herd of tourists are the most delightful places on the Southern Route from America to Europe. If you go that way be sure to stop at Madeira and Algiers. We enjoyed them as much as any place in Europe.

When we woke up one morning and found ourselves lying off Funchal you can imagine how excited we were. For six whole days there had been only the open sea to greet our eyes; and the foreign scene was forgotten in the greater joy of being so near land again. Then the quaintness of the landscape dawned upon us. Against the clearest, deepest, most intense blue sky was outlined a mountain peak, not bare and rugged, but covered with verdure. At the foot of the mountain nestled the daintiest little town imaginable. Never a dark or sombre color was visible against the cool green of the mountain side. The whole town was a riot of color—here a house of pale pink and beside it one of sky blue with buff trimmings. Such rainbow tints were everywhere save in the heart of town where the gray stone fort and governor's mansion dominated the surroundings. This was the Madeira of our dreams!

When we finally calmed down enough to buy "Reid's Shore Excursion" tickets, the boats were already coming out to take us ashore. They were tiny rowboats that drew up alongside of the ship's ladder and the jump necessary to reach them did not look inviting to the timid. All did get off, however, and the ocean swells were not so dreadful at close range.

A row of ten minutes brought us out of the ocean and across the harbor to a very shaky-looking wooden pier.

Upon alighting we were met by white-clad guides who led us through the crowds of curious natives to our conveyances. These proved to be sleds drawn by bullocks. The sled was more like one of our carryalls with a white canopy over it and runners, instead of wheels, attached than anything else—and the bullocks! Imagine two of our largest steers,

minus all their fire, with a cloth covered log binding them together, drawing a sled! The drivers themselves were as strange as their vehicles and charges. Their queerly-cut and queerly-colored trousers, thin white blouses with bandana neckchiefs and Roman scarfs knotted around their waists, and last of all, the tremendous ear-rings—all these, with the swarthy countenance of our drivers, made a foreign spectacle indeed.

Before long we were off for the funicular station, the drivers urging their brutes on with spiked sticks. Our conveyance was not at all uncomfortable as we had expected, for the runners skidded over the cobblestones without a single bump. As we seemed to see nothing but sleds my curiosity got the better of me and was awarded with the following information. Portugal levies a very high tax on each wheel of a conveyance, so, to escape this, most of her island possessions use two-wheeled carts, while some, like Madeira, use sleds almost entirely.

Regretfully we left our ingenious carriage and entered the funicular station. As the car was too full we decided to shop and wait for the next one; any woman would go wild with admiration for the Madeira shops. There you find the most beautiful embroideries offered for a mere song. We did not have time to do much shopping, so with a few hurried purchases we found our way back to the station and were soon started on our journey up the mountain.

We rode backward to get the view and were indeed amply repaid. By the time the outskirts of town were reached we could see far out over the bay. Higher and higher we went, passing terrace after terrace overhung with pink and red geraniums and blue plumbago, between gray stone walls so warm and inviting looking as they generally are cold and repulsive. As we neared the end of our ascent the whole valley and bay lay at our feet. Below us was the sea, as calm as glass and as blue as only a tropical sea can be; then there was the town as quiet and happy as only a tropical town can be. From the pale glaring colors of the town it was quite a relief to rest your eyes on the cool green slope with its terraces well marked by the gay-colored flowers.

Upon leaving the car we wandered through the strange and beautiful hanging gardens, then up a winding road on the mountain side. When we reached a little stone balcony we stopped to rest. The little balcony cut out of the mountain overlooked a great meadow and grove, where on the approaching feast of St. John the Baptist the annual feast would be given to every man, woman and child on the island. Hunger did not let us tarry long, so we went back in search of something to eat. Our lunch was served on a terrace overlooking the hanging gardens, from whence we afterwards picked gardenias without once being told to keep off the grass or not to disturb the flowers. The whole island was so full of blossoms that the people did not have to consider such a thing as protecting them.

Now comes the most interesting part of our visit. When it was time to turn our faces seaward we did not return by the funicular, but *tobogganed* down the mountain. The toboggans were of wicker work and looked like great arm-chairs put on runners, a heavy rope was attached to the back of each toboggan and by these the men guide their course. After cautioning them to go slowly we resigned ourselves to the tender mercies of these guides.

Down a winding path paved with cobblestones we glided between walls overhung with myriads of flowers, here and there a quaint old gateway revealing the gardens within. Every turn was a picture to rejoice the eye of the most critical artist. The air was heavy with the odor of heliotrope and oleander blossoms. While lost in dreaming over all this loveliness we were suddenly jerked to a standstill. Our guides pointed to a wineshop inside a garden and insisted that we should all, including themselves, have drinks. At first we were rather frightened, but the sight of some Americans just behind renewed our courage. With a little silver we persuaded our worthy friends that we should continue our journey and in a few more minutes we reached the streets of the town again.

Dismissing the guides we wended our way to the wharf via the shops, thence to the ship and dinner, where every-

one regaled everyone else with exclamations over the geometrical designs of the paving stones and the quaint ways of island hosts.

After Madeira it was a short visit to Gibraltar, then *phosphorescence* on the Mediterranean. Next day, however, it was hot and sultry. Everyone on board was impatient for sight of land again. Each passenger on the great ocean liner visited the bulletin-board and paced the deck, by turns. "Have you learned the latest?" you are asked. "We don't get to Algiers until half-past twelve o'clock. At first they said it would be half-past eight, then they shoved it up to ten, and, according to the way things are going it will be midnight when we really get there! It is too bad, after we went so far out of our course to get to the place!"

But all the efforts of the passengers did not prevail against the strong head wind. It was almost five in the afternoon when the cry went around that we could really see the coast of Africa. The deck was soon alive with men, women and children, all eager for a glimpse of that most foreign of all shores.

At first the land was such a speck on the horizon that we were inclined to doubt if there was anything really there. It was not long, though, till the speck grew into a long line.

When we could distinguish a few things we were dreadfully disappointed—just a stretch of hot sandy hills! Gibraltar was much nicer by far. But around that point of land, you could not believe it was the same country! A silvery crescent of beach and the sand-colored line of hills framed the most beautiful picture you can imagine. Green everywhere—and yet such a different green from any you have ever seen. A great grove of trees and the most luscious-looking grass, so cool and restful, offer a greater lure to the weary traveler than ever siren did. A little farther on we saw a house among the trees, pure and dazzling white.—It was all in a few minutes that we saw it, and yet, in that time we entered another world. I couldn't tell you where the difference was—the house, the trees, the grass, all seemed to fit an Arabian fairy tale.

This scene was followed by many others as strange and as beautiful, until hungry mortals went below to refresh themselves and regain their impatience for Algiers.

There was no disappointment this time, for, turning a curve in the shore, we beheld the great white city of our desire lying before us in the twilight fast falling after a brilliant sunset. Far around the edges of the bay and up to the tops of the hills stretched an unending array of white buildings—not a touch of color save where a clump of trees offered their deep shadows. Through the enveloping grayness, here and there, a light twinkled from the window of a white mansion. All was as still as a city of the dead save for the clang of an occasional brightly lighted American street car. The spell of the silent city seemed to fall upon everyone, for the disembarkation was effected very quietly. Tiny lighters as snow-white as the houses came noiselessly along-side, and as noiselessly drew away with their loads.

As you blink at the lights on the wharf a swarm of turbaned street venders, chatting like magpies, offer their wares. Anything oriental is at your disposal, from Venetian glass beads and American baubles to some real oriental curiosities.

As soon as possible in such a crowd you find yourself in a cab, wheeling away through the streets now full of light and laughter, through the French Quarter with its whirl of fashion and gaiety displayed in the out-of-door restaurants. Past all the noise and brilliance you hasten to the Moorish Quarter so dark and silently sphinx-like.

The change is more complete than that effected by Aladdin's lamp. The street lamps of civilization have almost disappeared and the new moon above the housetops sheds a scanty light on the white-clad musslemen, each of whom seems to guard some awful secret as closely as the grave.

The cab rattles strangely through the streets and alleys, and the queer "ghe-e-e" of the driver makes you jump. The restful silence grows oppressive and an occasional solitary figure on a dark crooked staircase leading to an upper street makes you shudder with apprehension. You just must stop

and take a peep into a mosque, but your courage fails and you do not follow the explorations of the more venturesome, contenting yourself with the view from the curtain-hung doorway. The temple is even more dimly lighted than the streets and it is some moments before you can distinguish the prostrate followers of the Koran. Walls dark and sombre, hung with heavy tapestries, and pillars of the same rich oriental coloring surround you. Tiny lamps fed with perfumed oil are the only lights. The very air is heavy with incense, and every nook and corner breathes mystery. Each dingy bit of carpet takes on a new significance when you remember the dagger ever ready for the unwary christian who defiles one—you fairly quake with terror while waiting ages for the explorers to return.

It is a great relief to be in the street again, and—well, you have had *enough*. Back to the light you go, with a pitying glance for the outcast women of the harem who wandered about in their soiled white draperies.

The shopkeepers tempt you with their wares; and you fall. Laden with tapestries, brasses, silks, and spangled scarfs galore, you return to the ship, and soon you are steaming away from the shore so gay and brilliant, while over the hillsides the lights twinkle like fireflies. It is all very weird and beautiful, but as the distance widens your first thought is, "Thank God, I am an American!"

Twilight

Nan Lacy, '11, Cornelian

The clouds that just an hour ago
Were glistening with a rosy glow,
Are lifeless now, and dull, and gray,
At this, the closing of the day.
The sun sinks slowly in the west,
The little birds are going to rest,
The cricket's chirp is in the air,
And darkness creeps in everywhere.

The Realization

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

The road that I traveled wound over the foothills of a large range of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Their magnificent vision did not claim my attention today, for I was very tired and my pedler's pack weighed heavily on my shoulders. There was rest, good cheer and a friend awaiting me, so I trudged bravely on. I rounded a bend in the road and saw a familiar figure coming to meet me. It was my friend, a tall, white-haired, grey-bearded old man who leaned heavily on a staff. He increased his pace when he saw me and held his free hand outstretched to grasp mine.

"Well, well, friend o' mine, 'tis good to see you again!" He spoke with the strong accent peculiar to the people of the northern countries of England. "How's been your trade? Sold any of your blind sister's lace?" and he laughed heartily. He always enjoyed teasing me by saying that I peddled my lace off more readily by telling my customers that my blind sister made it, the latter being a myth of his.

"Yes, I'm out of lace and scissors, but I haven't sold a single razor this trip."

"The men are turning barbarians, they'll soon all be long-bearded like me," and he stroked his beard with a kind of caress. "Say," he caught hold of my arm confidentially, "I'm thinking of buying one of your neckties, perhaps a blue one would blue suit me now, hey? I've been thinking that she'll come soon and I want to be nice and stylish-like to meet her."

This was always a painful subject to me and so with a hasty "Yes, yes," I tried to make him think of something else, but he persisted. "Say, friend o' mine, she could climb, she was a walker. You should have seen her running up the Lancastershire hills, in the old country, when she was young. My rheumatism is much better now and I'll be able to go sometimes with her. Why, I've arranged several little trips for her and me. We'll only take the foothills at first." We

neared his little home, and as he helped me unstrap my pack he refrained, much to my relief, from speaking of his daughter.

After a substantial supper, which was served by the mountain woman who kept house for my friend, we went into the yard to look at his fowls.

"See, they are doing finely now and I'll always have a new laid egg for her breakfast. We can have chicken-pie—she was a great hand at making chicken-pie. If she don't come soon," he smiled sadly, "that old hen will be far too tough for any sort of a pie. You're tired, go and rest a bit while I feed 'em and see 'em to roost. Then we'll walk a bit in the cool of the evening."

The old man troubled me today; he added greatly to the burden of the secret that I was keeping from him. We were friends of five years. I had met him here, leaning heavily on his stick and wandering up and down these roads, when I had first come from "the old country". I had soon learned to like him; it was not a hard matter, for he was a wonderfully genial old man. Then I began making his home a stopping place in my peddling trips. Here I always found rest and a degree of the companionship that I hungered for. We had very little in common at first except the tie of our English birth. That was the foundation for stronger ties. The height of his desire, the one desire of his life, was to see his daughter, a little lass he had left in England with her grandmother thirty years ago. Somehow they had long since ceased to communicate with each other. I believe the old man was partially to blame, for he was very careless in some ways. Still he believed that it was an easy matter for her to find him and come to him. He had hoped, and sometimes still hoped, to make a fortune for her in the new world he had come to. But his only possession consisted in the little farm, poorly cultivated by any chance farmer who could give a few hours' time from his own labors. Everything in my friend's life was so wrapped up in the thought of his daughter's coming that to separate him from his desire to have her with him would have destroyed the old man's personality. This im-

pressed me greatly from the first, and so I put forth earnest efforts to find her. I searched by letter-writing for almost a year before I discovered her whereabouts. Without the old man's knowing my purpose I left my work and went to the large city where she was. I could not help but picture her as the old man had described her, a comely woman with all the purity and grace that her simple life with her grandmother would have brought. It was a terrible shock to see the real daughter, and even after I had left her the real and the pictured still fought in my mind for supremacy, so vividly had the old man placed *his daughter* there.

I just arrived in time to see her as she was with a large company of traveling actors. I found her an actress—yes, but with all the harshness and brazenness a life before the footlights may bring, but with none of the strength and power it can give. She was in a hurry. At first I thought it wise not to tell her why I came to her, but having no other excuse for the interview I told her the full purpose of my visit. She laughed when I had finished, "Law, I've been in America for a score of years. I've kept my eye on him. So he wants to see me?"

"Yes—but not you, he couldn't see you, but the woman he holds you to be."

"Nothing like being plain with a body!" she exclaimed, yet I could see that she winced a little and glanced at herself in a mirror hanging near.

"What are we going to do? I'm in a hurry."

"Nothing. You won't come near him or let him know of your whereabouts?" I asked anxiously.

"Not I. I don't want to be bothered with him. Say, who's the farm going to when he gives up?"

"To you; everything down to the poor old man's hens are yours. You might have been so happy with him."

"Happy, who says I'm not happy now? The farm's mine, you say; well, I want the cash."

"I'll see that you get it when the time comes!" I exclaimed hotly.

"Well, bye-bye; give papa my love. You and I'll corres-

pond when the farm changes hands—you might send me a hen or two.” She laughed sarcastically and was gone.

I was angry and deeply grieved. I must have been living the scene over again when the old man came around the house and gazed, with a startled expression, at my face. “Why, man, you do look queer, what’s up?”

“Nothing,” I tried to smile; “I was just thinking.”

“Don’t then, if it makes you look like you were ready to kill someone. I’ll have the lantern lit and we’ll go and have a look at the landscape.” This was always a feature of my visit, a view of the landscape by lantern light before retiring. Of course we saw nothing in the distance unless the weather was clear and the moon shining. Tonight it was exceptionally dark, so dark that the only things visible were made so by the faint lantern rays. We pattered along the road, across the fields and in and out among trees. Now and then my companion would stop, and pointing in a certain direction, would say, “Craggy looks pretty from here,” or “Here’s the best view of the Mount Pizgah and the Rat. My daughter loved the hills in the old country and I know she’ll learn to like these mountains here. She’s a comely woman, I ween, tall and full of grace like her mother. She’ll be coming soon; I feel it. Oh, we forgot to look at the ties—a blue one. Yes, I could wear it for her. It won’t be too late to choose one tonight if we go back now, eh?” he queried.

The next morning he was cheery and hopeful, wearing the blue tie, “to get used to it, eh?” As I parted from him he rapped his stick on the ground and, catching hold of my arm, whispered, “She’ll be here when you come back. I know it. I hope you’ll get plenty of orders for your blind sister’s lace, friend o’ mine. Good-bye.” He hobbled rather feebly, I thought, back towards his little home.

It was almost two weeks before my work brought me in that direction again. The sight of the house did not, as was always the case, bring the old man to view. I was surprised, and hastened on to find him.

The country woman, his housekeeper, was taking down the curtains from the front windows and closing the blinds.

She saw me and came out on the porch. "Where is he?" I asked anxiously.

"Set down and I'll tell ye," she said, with a catch in her voice.

I sat down and listened. She buried her face in her apron and I caught her smothered words, "He took sick—his rheumatiz give him extra trouble, and with no one but fer me to set with him he died. But—" she raised her head. She had been crying. "He thought as there was someone else. Part of the time he thought you was thar—"

"Anyone else?" I asked hurriedly.

"Yes, just afore he died his face lit up and he turned and stretched out his hands and said fond-like, 'Eh, lassie, you've come to me. Friend o' mine, I knew she would be here soon.' That was all. It's a shame his real lassie did not come to cheer him in his last days."

"No, no, it was best that way. It was his *real* lassie who did come."

The Forgery

Georgie H. Faison, '11, Adelphian

John Holden sat before his library fire staring with a fixed gaze into the glowing bed of coals. His head was supported by one hand, the elbow resting upon the arm of his easy chair, and the long, boney and rather yellow fingers making small furrows through the thin gray hair that partially covered his temple. With the other hand he toyed absent-mindedly with the small gold fob attached to his watch chain. He had sat thus for some time in deep thought. He was living over the events of the day and meditating upon them. It had been a peculiarly trying one for him and the weary, dejected expression he wore upon his face was only the reflection of the general air of weariness and dejection that hovered over him and depressed him sorely. He had paid a visit to his lawyer, Mr. Morgan, that morning and had heard from the lips of the grave counsellor that his business affairs were in a critical way and that it would take all the money he could possibly get together to make all the settlements—may be more. He knew that his business had been in a wretched condition for some-time, and he thought that he had schooled himself sufficiently to bear the results, whatever they might be, when they came. But it was harder than he had expected it would be—perhaps he was more tired than he supposed. The previous weeks had been such nerve-racking ones and it was hard when one was nearing three score years and ten to learn that his life's work has been a miserable failure—such a waste of years it seemed. Perchance the aim had been too high or the advancement too rapid!

It was not for himself that John Holden was thinking and planning principally as he sat alone by the library fire—it was the son in the little western town who was occupying his chief attention. How was he going to tell him that he had failed, that all the property, which in time would have been his, even the home itself, would have to go! An expression of the most exquisite pain and sadness passed over the father's

countenance as these thoughts passed through his tired and discouraged mind. The brief expanse of years that made up his son's lifetime flitted rapidly by in his memory. He dwelt most fondly and for the longest time on the first vacation after his graduation when his son had come home, to become, he hoped, his partner in business, and to carry the bulk of the burden when his shoulders should become too weary. It had been a great disappointment when he had announced that he wished to start in business for himself as his father has done before him, but the father recognized the spirit as inherited from himself, and although grieved over the turn of affairs, he nevertheless rejoiced over this manifestation of determination and strength of character, and gave his consent readily. All this came vividly up before his mental vision, and he bowed his head still lower. That his son must know that he had been so unsuccessful was the hardest blow of all!

"Thank God! failure and disgrace are not synonymous. I can hand down the name to my son unstained, and that is the greatest heritage of all—an honest name," sighed John Holden, a slight tone of relief coming into his tone.

Just then Thomas, the butler, rapped gently on the door, and Mr. Holden aroused himself to ask what he wished. "A letter, sir," and Thomas laid the missive in the outstretched hand and silently withdrew.

Mr. Holden held the letter in his hand for several moments, turning it over in an absorbed manner, without looking at it. He was not in a mood to read it. He thought that it might be another dun or bill, or otherwise unwelcome message. Finally, he reached over to his desk and picked up a penknife, and then for the first time noticed the address. The bold handwriting was that of his son of whom he had been thinking so earnestly. He opened it with eager, impatient fingers, a half-glad smile lighted up the pale, worn features, and a portion of the burden seemed to have rolled from his spirit.

The letters had been less frequent during the last year and were much shorter than they had been for the first two years of the son's residence in the west before he had become cashier of the town bank. Perhaps he was too busy to write oftener

and was becoming so engrossed in his work that he forgot how interested the father would have been in the minutest details, John Holden would constantly tell himself. He would not allow himself to entertain the thought that the son might be growing indifferent. His love always made excuses for him when these accusing opinions arose.

And now a slight tremor of happiness passed over his feature as he pulled a long anticipated letter out of the envelope. Scarcely had he began, however, when a deathly pallor passed over his face, his hand trembled and the letter, which was pitifully short, fluttered to the floor. "I am in a dreadful fix," it began. "Took twenty-five thousand from the bank to buy share in mines that were reported to be so rich that the money invested in them could be doubled within three months. I took the risk. The whole thing was a fake and I am ruined unless I can replace the money within the next two weeks; the trustees meet then and I will have to give in my report. I wouldn't have let you know, father, if it hadn't been the last resort. It breaks my heart to write to you for help and to have to tell you that your son is a thief—a criminal."

"A thief, a criminal," groaned the father, and he bowed his head upon his bosom. An appalling stillness, the silence of death, pervaded the room. For hours he sat thus, repeating at intervals in almost inaudible tones, "a thief, a criminal." The fire in the grate burned low, the glowing coals were fast fading into black embers, and the small flame remained un replenished. The greyhound that had entered the room unnoticed when Thomas had brought the letter, awoke and, stretching himself, gave a low, mournful whine. The room was becoming chilly; still the old gentleman sat on, as if in a dream. "A thief, a criminal," he uttered over and over again.

Thus the hours fretted themselves away. At length the midnight hour drew near. The hand of the grandfather clock in the hall crawled around toward twelve and the hour was told by the slow, sombre strokes that provoked an echo from the silent rooms. The fussy little French clock on the library mantel took up the refrain, and before its silvery chimes had died away, other clocks somewhere in the distance counted out

the hour. These latter sounded far away. After this all was quiet again. The old man sat on. Finally the minute hand had made another revolution and the old clock in the hall struck one, the French clock and the clocks in the distance gave the echo.

After a seemingly endless time, the faintest rays of early morning light crept timidly in the room through the partly drawn curtains. Mr. Holden suddenly became conscious that the fire was out. His feet and hands felt icy cold and his head throbbed and felt strange. Mechanically he rose from the chair and stood before the now cold, black grate. Involuntarily he lifted his eyes to the portrait of his wife hanging above the mantel. He was startled. The eyes of the son were looking down upon him from the face of the dead mother, and they carried a message to the benumbed heart of the father. "I will be ruined unless I get the money," they pleaded earnestly and wistfully for help. The tender mouth of the young mother pleaded also for the son in distress.

Wearily the father climbed the stairs to his chamber. He was so tired and cold. Perhaps he could go to sleep. "I will be ruined" rang in his ears. An echoing strain in the heart responded as the weary eyelids closed in sleep that came from utter exhaustion.

After a few hours of troubled slumber, John Holden awoke. He felt lost and bewildered and for a few seconds gazed vacantly around, trying to determine where he was. The familiar walls, however, soon brought him to a realization of his whereabouts, and as an engulfing wave the memory of the night's sorrow over flooded his now awakened brain and brought with it the thought of the son in distress.

Fully conscious of the hard day that lay before him, he soberly and sadly descended the stairs. Softly he opened the library door and walked in, closing it after him. The letter lay upon the hearth rug where it had fallen from his hand the night before. He stooped to pick it up, to burn it, so that no other eye save his own could thus learn of his son's guilt. The date of the letter attracted his attention and with a shud-

der he noticed that nine days of the precious two weeks had passed. The letter had been delayed.

"The answer must go tomorrow if it is going to be of any use to him," he muttered to himself, "and, good God!" he exclaimed as if he had received a sudden stroke and sank feebly into a chair, "I haven't a penny in this world to send the lad." The knowledge of his own trouble had been lost in his anxiety and sorrow caused by the new and greater grief.

"I am ruined unless I get the money in time," he murmured in an undertone. All the other sentences of the son's letter seemed to have faded from the father's mind. "I'm a thief, a criminal," seemed to have slipped entirely away. The eyes in the picture above had pleaded their cause well. The thought that the boy was in trouble and that he was powerless to help him for the time crazed the father's mind. He forgot that the noble name of Holden had received its first stain. He thought only of the son who was standing on the brink of ruin.

He could not raise the money among his acquaintances. This device had been tried during the long tedious week preceding his own catastrophe, and besides, he did not have the time. In the hour of desperation an idea of an underhanded means of obtaining money came to him, faint at first. He raised his hand as if to push it away, but it had found a lodging and would not be dispersed. Before he fully realized what the idea involved John Holden had crossed over to his opened desk and was searching eagerly for a paper containing the signature of J. R. Rogers & Son, brokers. Slowly, and with the uncertainty of a child just learning to write, he began the novel task of copying the names. After many failures, he at last produced a copy that was the counterpart of the original, and hastily annexed the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the signed check. This he enclosed in a note to one of the smallest and most unknown banking houses, asking that the amount be placed to his credit. A second check for the same amount was slipped into an envelope directed to the son.

At this moment Thomas entered with the morning mail. He was surprised at the changes that were noticeable in his master's face and attitude. The pale cheeks had become an ashen hue, the eyes had a strange gaze and were set far back, and the night seemed to have brought an extra number of furrows and wrinkles. He seemed also to have aged considerably and to be very unlike himself.

"Thomas, here are two letters that I want you to mail to-morrow morning," he spoke, arousing himself with evident exertion. "I am going away for a little while," he added wearily.

"I hope you are not sick, sir?"

"No, Thomas; not sick, only tired. Don't forget the letters. They are very important. I will leave them on my desk."

"Mr. Holden is takin' his failure pretty hard," Thomas announced to the cook after leaving the library.

Two months later John Holden sat again in his library in his armchair by the empty grate. It was spring now, and through the open windows the soft evening air was drifting. He had grown much older in the brief space, and his grey hair had become snowy white. Although the face was exceedingly worn and haggard, yet there was a suggestion of peace—of determination—in the sad expression. John Holden had come home to give himself up, and on the coming morning he had planned to confess his deed to J. R. Rogers & Son and take his punishment. The preceding two months had been the hardest and the longest he had ever spent. They had seemed like years to the old man, who was unaccustomed to carry the burden of a dishonest deed.

His first impulse after having forged the check was to get away from the city, and from it all. He cared not where he went. In a confused and semi-conscious state of mind he purchased a ticket for a small village he had once visited many years ago. It was the first name that had flashed into his thoughts as he reached the station.

Two months amid rural surroundings had restored his mind to its usual state of rational thinking. Confusion and

bewilderment gave way to clearness and vigor of mental vision. The sentence, "I'm a thief, a criminal," in the son's letter came back with its original crushing force. He now became the guilty one's judge as well as his father, and was able to realize his son's crime, notwithstanding his great love and infinite pity. It now dawned upon his mind that he had only added a second stain to the honored name rather than wiped out the son's wrong, which was as real and as lasting concealed as it would have been if revealed. He had merely saved him from the hand of the law and not freed him from the offense.

The thought that for the time he was a fugitive from law and justice was as gall to his spirit. Daily, nay almost hourly, he had expected to be encountered by an officer of the law, but as the time crept by and he still remained unmolested he at length decided to surrender himself to those whom he had injured, and thereby take the punishment for the crime, by which he had shielded the other criminal, his son. He would cheerfully suffer for his child. The punishment in itself was not that from which he recoiled; it was the thought of the crime he had committed, the right he had forfeited of bearing an honest name. And thus John Holden had returned home to wait the morning of his confession and subsequent conviction, unable longer to bear the oppressing secret of his wrongdoing.

The door was opened and Thomas, ignorant of Mr. Holden's arrival, entered to close the room for the night. He started as if he had seen his master's ghost and would have vanished had he not been arrested by the old gentleman's voice greeting him.

"When did you come, sir?" he demanded excitedly, with a tone of incredulity in his voice. Upon being reassured in regard to the arrival, he spoke of the many calls made by Mr. Holden's lawyer in his absence, and of the searching questions he had been asked concerning his master's whereabouts.

In order to interrupt the conversation that was jarring upon his sorely tried nerves, John Holden asked for the mail which had come while he had been away. He held out his

hand for the budget of letters and then with a slight nod dismissed the servant from the room. With eagerness he searched the bundle through for one from his son, whom in seeking to help he had injured himself so grievously. In his haste and impatience he let many slip from his hand and fall to the floor. The right one was found, and with a slight quaking of spirit, in fear of what the missive might tell, slipped the penknife under one corner of the cover.

The letter was brief this time also, but how different from that of two months ago! It began by telling that the mines, at the very last minute, when all the share-owners had concluded that they were a mere fake, had turned out to be a splendid investment; much greater than had been expected, or even hoped for. At the last trial made by the prospectors a vein of pure metal had been found. Following this, the son profusely thanked the father for the ready and prompt answer to his appeal, and added that he was glad it had not been necessary to cash the check. At the close the penitent son humbly asked pardon for having brought the first stain upon the family name, which his father had guarded so faithfully.

"Which I have guarded so faithfully," repeated the father with a mournful sigh that was scarcely more than a half-breathed whisper, as his head sank low upon his breast, his gaze resting upon the rug at his feet. A letter was lying there and the address looked wonderfully familiar. It was his own handwriting and the name written upon the envelope in a rather uneven fashion, as if the hand that had held the pen had trembled. The name was that of the small banking house. Dazed, he reached to pick it up for closer inspection. It was the one that held the forged check, by which he was to bring a stain upon his name.

"What does it all mean?" he asked himself, his voice shaking with excitement and emotion, as he held the letter in one hand, looking at it incredulously. "Thomas mailed the other, why not this? Could it be that the forgery was not committed? It would have been, though," he said sadly, "if fate had not prevented. Maybe a higher Power than fate

had a hand in it—and perhaps He knew how tired and weary I was.”

“And yet,” he added, with his eyes upon the picture above him, “and yet it was done in the heart for *our* boy. I feel its power there even though it can never be known.” He sank back in his chair to rest, for he was very tired.



When Mizpah Ann Packed

Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelphian

Mizpah Ann sat before an open trunk in the middle of the floor, and surveyed the chaotic scene about her with that frank, and verdant joy, which is commonly supposed to be the peculiar characteristic of home-going freshmen. Her roommate, Peggy Martin, was perched on a table industriously hammering her thumb in a laudable attempt to remove all tacks and pins from the walls, before Miss Onslow should come around to inspect the rooms. Chairs, beds, and window-seat were piled high with girlish belongings. On the dressing table a chafing dish, half full of seafoam, hobnobbed cheerfully with Mizpah Ann's party slippers, a powder puff, and half a dozen botany specimens.

Peggy, who was apt to be gently sarcastic on occasions, declared that Mizpah Ann had a place for everything, and that she faithfully kept everything in its place. And then she was wont to add, with a patient little smile, that the *place* was on the dressing table.

Peggy had reached the last picture, when she heard an ecstatic gurgle behind her. She glanced over her shoulder to find her roommate with rapturous eyes turned ceiling-ward and hands tightly clasping each other.

"P-Peggy Martin," breathed Mizpah Ann, with as much dignity as could be expected in a person who stammers and won't admit it, "c-c-can you realize that we're really and truly g-g-going home tomorrow?"

Unfortunately for Mizpah Ann, Peggy had succeeded in giving more attention to her thumb than to the tacks.

"Mizpah Ann Daukers," she said, with what that young person termed her spirit-squelching intonation, "do *you* realize that those trunks have got to be packed and in the hall in exactly one hour and twenty minutes?"

"P-Peggy, how c-can y-you have the heart t-to sing out t-t-that whole horrid name like that?" she demanded with indignation. "You might have spared the 'Daukers' anyway."

Peggy had managed to extract a mouthful of tacks and her reply was slightly inarticulate. She was still struggling with speech and tacks when the sound of a curious double shuffle, executed before the door, came faintly over the transom.

"Peggy, Peg-Peg, come take your old No Ad. down and get your mail!" called a blithesome voice from the hall.

Before Peggy could get down from her perch, Mizpah Ann was at the door, and a small whirlwind of a girl blew into the room.

"*Billet-doux!* Miss Propriety", mocked the black-eyed sprite, waving a faculty envelope under Peggy's nose.

"Oh, you angel!" spluttered Peggy, tacks flying in every direction. "Give it to me quick. Oh, children, it's a chance to pass off the last half of Math."

"Behold! she is overwhelmed. Once m-more is she to experience the exquisite joy of a quiz," said Mizpah Ann in elaborately ironical tones.

Peggy paid no attention; her mind was fixed on higher things. In exactly two seconds she was at the door, a compass in one hand and a bunch of pencils in the other.

"Mizpah Ann", she pleaded, "*do* hurry, dear. And don't forget to put in your pink mull and leave out your rubbers; you are so irresponsible," she added frankly, "you'll have to do the best you can this time."

"Oh!" interjected Mizpah Ann loftily, "d-don't you worry about the irre-s-sponsible part. I'm just e-crazy about packing, and s-shall begin immediately if not s-sooner."

And Mizpah Ann did pack resolutely and systematically. She invaded the closet with a grim determination to forget nothing. She emptied bureau drawers and cleared off beds. And when both trunks were safely strapped, and in the hall, she swept and dusted things into a state of beautiful order. Peggy found her curled up on the window-seat, eating fudge and reading "*Little Women.*"

"Have you finished, and did you get them off in time?" demanded Peggy, anxiety written large upon her brow.

"I have and I did," returned Mizpah Ann with concise-

ness and dignity, omitting, however, to mention that she had packed Peggy's bedroom slippers.

"Really, Peg," she continued, in an aggrieved tone, "I can't imagine w-why you treat me as if I were s-still in the kinderg-garten. If I don't flunk on G-German again, I shall be a full-fledged Soph. next year."

Peggy smiled a smile that was full of motherly commiseration.

"But you're so irresponsible!"

And that was a statement which Mizpah Ann could not refute. For did she not remember, at that very moment, that both her own and Peggy's gloves were carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and just as carefully stowed in Peggy's trunk?

That night there were several farewell feasts on Miss Onslow's hall. Mizpah Ann and Peggy exerted themselves to slight nobody. Study hour was suspended and festivity reigned supreme.

It was eight minutes of twelve, by the hall clock, when Peggy and Mizpah Ann crept shivering to their room. Outside, the restless clanging of the street-car bell, and the crunch of the wheels as they slid noisily over sleet-covered rails, were the only sounds that broke the wintry stillness. On the campus, a few faint lights glimmered feebly through the bare tree tops. Long, slender fingers of ice, in ghostly lines, pressed inquisitively against the window-panes.

The heat was off, and for some mysterious reason, Mizpah Ann refused to have the lights on. She plunged herself down on the bed and began an animated discussion on the brilliance of the stars. She was very much in earnest, and actually seemed hurt when Peggy mildly observed that the stars were not out. Immediately, Mizpah Ann became interested in Math. She asked all manner of learned questions about prisms and other isms, and manifested a profound respect for Peggy's mathematical love.

Peggy, trusting soul, was too sleepy to be surprised, and too gentle-natured to be suspicious. Once fairly launched on her favorite subject, she became a veritable self-expounding geometry. She exhausted the historical development of plane

geometry; she emphasized the fascinations of solid work and was taking up complex theorems in Trig. with renewed vigor, when poor Mizpah Ann inadvertently yawned. At least it was something between a yawn and a sneeze, with a great deal of shiver in between.

Peggy came back to mundane things with a start.

"You poor child," she said, jumping up, "you've nearly frozen to sleep, and here I sit spouting Math. Get right in bed this minute and I'll find the blankets."

Mizpah Ann's eyes dilated with horror.

"D-d-don't, Peggy," she wailed in desperation, "don't you dare go in that closet!"

Things she had heard about midnight marauders concealed in closets flashed across Peggy's mind; Mizpah Ann was still talking and gesticulating wildly.

"That is—oh, I d-don't mean that! P-Peggy, let's talk some more about——"

It was a bright idea, but for once it refused to work. Peggy experienced a strange sinking sensation about the heart. Vaguely, she began to realize that Mizpah Ann was, to put it lightly, somewhat disturbed. With mathematical precision her mind reverted to other times when her roommate had exhibited these self-same symptoms of uneasiness. She mentally reviewed Mizpah Ann's conduct for the past two weeks and was more puzzled than ever. For a wonder, Mizpah Ann had called down the wrath of no member of the faculty upon her head. She had not cut chapel; neither had she skipped lab. work.

Finally, the light of a great comprehension dawned in Peggy's eyes. She remembered sundry bulgy parcels that Mizpah Ann had brought home, from a shopping trip, labeled, "X-mas presents."

"You've spent your ticket money!" Peggy said it with the air of pronouncing sentence on one eternally doomed.

"I wish I had," groaned Mizpah Ann, "you c-can't sleep under t-t-ticket money."

Peggy gasped. The light of comprehension faded from her eyes and a look of righteous indignation took its place.

For the second time in one day did she address her roommate by her full name.

"Mizpah Ann Daukers!" she fairly shrieked. "Don't you dare tell me you've packed those blankets on the twenty-third of December and the snow two inches deep."

Outside the wind howled dismally, and inside, Mizpah Ann did very much the same thing.

"P-Peggy, d-don't look at me in that tone of voice," she wailed incoherently.

She *was* a pitiful looking little heap. Peggy's wrath melted.

"You poor infant," she said, and giggled feebly.

Sympathy had a bad effect on Mizpah Ann.

"Y-yes," she stuttered dismally, "but I c-can't seem to feel your sympathy when all I've got to sleep under is a wet towel and a worn-out overshoe."

In spite of herself, Peggy shivered at the picture.

"Don't forget the window curtains," she said, with an attempt at jauntiness. "They're a good yard wide and the polka dots are extra heavy."

"P-Peg, we shall freeze!"

Peggy sat on the edge of the bed and swung her slipperless feet. It was getting serious; she said nothing. All at once Mizpah Ann squealed.

"W-Why couldn't we g-get some of Jane Bradford's things?" she said, drawing her kimona closer and looking apprehensively at the window curtains.

Peggy jumped. "The very idea!" she said. "Of course! She has the finest old home-made blankets, and she left them right on her bed. You stay here, and I'll go reconnoiter."

"I d-don't know whether I ought to or-r-not," said Mizpah Ann with firmness, "b-but I do know one thing—I'm not g-g-going to stay here by myself while you g-go after those blankets."

And Peggy meekly gave in. Together they opened the door, which creaked as door never creaked before or since. Hand in hand, they crept up the dark hall, and simultaneously

they mounted a convenient trunk when a frightened little mouse ran across the floor.

Three minutes later they were back, each with blankets enough to make an ordinary iceberg comfortable. Somewhere in the building a clock struck one as they patted down the last blanket.

Mizpah Ann was the first to get in bed.

"G-good-night, P-Peg," she called, as her tousled head disappeared beneath multitudinous blankets. "You say both prayers tonight. And I reckon you ought to 'fess up about the blankets."

And Mizpah Ann drifted off to dream about packing mice in Peggy's wedding trunk.



Sara Thinks

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelphian

Sara Morton was sitting on a low couch looking dreamily out of the window. One hand lay in her lap, idly holding a bit of neglected needlework. Far away, over the well-kept lawns and gay flower-beds, over meadows and woods, toward the Southland her gaze wandered as if the big blue eyes would penetrate beyond the horizon.

It was quite unusual for Sara to be thinking—Sara, the carefree, the thoughtless. Lucy Reinhardt had just left the room. These two roommates had been spending the morning in plans and preparations for the Eastertide. But plans had narrowed down somewhat—to a discussion of a certain Senior friend of whom they were both very fond, and of their Easter gifts for this personage. Sara had set her heart upon sending flowers as well as the dainty little gifts they were making. Violets would be so becoming to Agnes, and she loved them so—Sara kept insisting on her suggestion, but, for once, Lucy, the gay, laughing Lucy, refused to join her in sending them.

Lucy told it all in an embarrassed sort of way. Sara knew that she would love to do it, oh so much, but, to be plain-spoken, she could not afford it. Her father was not a wealthy man and it was hard for him to give his daughter the advantages of such a college. He was just as liberal as could be in giving her spending money, but still she was not the only one of the family to be considered. Her sisters and brothers had rights as well as she, and she could not deprive them of everything just for the selfish pleasure of sending flowers to a girl friend. She had done it too much already. If times were not so hard may be she could, but even plays and really worth-while things would have to be given up for a while.

They dropped the subject abruptly and began to talk of commonplace things. When Lucy left Sara turned to the window, and, as she gazed across the broad expanse of campus, her thoughts turned with her eyes towards home. She had

not thought of home in a long time and the present reverie was not precisely comfortable. Lucy's words left a mean sort of feeling. Even sending the flowers had lost its charm. The dainty embroidery that was for Agnes lay disregarded and forgotten—she was thinking of home.

She, too, was not wealthy, yet she was extravagant. It was a great strain on the income for the family to send her here, and she had had no father to help fill the deficit. She had sisters, too, but they all had what they wanted—not just she. It was true that at home she had not wanted much. She was content to spend her days browsing through books. She did not know any girls then—there were no suitable ones of her age in the village—and Janet, her next sister, was so childish and hated books so that she was also uncompanionable. There were no friends for whom to spend money. Before she came off to college she had never imagined that there was a girl whom she would care to make as much a companion as her books. Well, one might always change one's opinion, and the girls here certainly were lovely. But maybe, after all, she had better not send those flowers. Agnes would never miss them and—well, she certainly should not have written home so much for money.

When one is always in for a lark, like Miss Sara, one seldom lacks company, especially when one is the recipient of an express package. The door was burst open by a troop of noisy girls who were excitedly trying to outstrip each other in announcing the arrival of an Easter box.

“Oh, it's a great big one, Sara—a regular whale! We saw it taken out of the wagon and just had to bring the news—I know it's a regular gold mine of goodies. If you don't invite me I'll never forgive you!”

Such was the medley of sounds poured into her ears that it took Sara several minutes to distinguish any one word. Everyone promptly escorted her out to welcome the box, which was not yet outside the door as they had half expected. It seemed to take an eternity to get Easter boxes delivered. Every plan for hastening its approach only seemed to make

matters worse. But even impatience gets its reward in such cases as this, for the box was at last in Sara's room.

Great is the capacity of a box from home. Out came all the Easter finery—the new hats and dresses and gloves and slippers and everything, for mothers always think of everything. Then there was the little box of remembrances—the prettiest pairs of silk stockings from mother, prettily hem-stitched handkerchiefs from the industrious small sister, and a little pin from Janet. Janet never would have patience enough to make anything for her; it was a wonder she would even part with the pin if she had chosen it—maybe she had not, maybe mother had sent it in her name!—Such a thought was quick to pass from Sara's mind, and, blushing with pride she tried on her new clothes amid the many compliments of the girls.

But the girls' greatest praise was saved for the feast that was next forthcoming. They all knew what good things Mrs. Morton could send, and these were not exceptions to the many previous ones that had been sent from the skilful hand of "Mammy." Between mouthfuls of delicious cakes and pickles, and all the things that come in "boxes", the young ladies volubly expressed their appreciation of the dainties.

When the visitors had finally departed Sara and Lucy began their attempt at bringing order out of the existing chaos. In the first place, all of the box had not been unpacked, so they decided to investigate further. Sara was handing out bundles with a reckless hand when suddenly she stopped. Up she jumped and, presenting a face quite flushed with happiness and surprise, held out a small box in which reposed the beautiful, the long-coveted sorority pin!

Oh, what a war dance those two girls did have! Then everybody else must see and admire *the* pin. And admiration and longing were certainly in almost every face of the quickly-gathered group. Sara was everywhere, guarding her treasure, yet in her every gesture and expression recording each word of praise that was given. Rosy with pleasure and excitement, she was drinking in deep draughts of happiness at her good fortune and her friends' rejoicing with her.

“Gracious, but you ought to be happy, Sara Morton!—I never saw such a beauty—It’s prettier than Agnes’s.”—Such expressions are enough to make one radiant.—“Gee, but that cost! You must be the pet of your family or else your father’s a millionaire. It’s the most expensive pin of all. To think of getting a twenty-five dollar Easter present, with clothes and other things to boot! Are you the only child, with very doting parents, or what?”

“No, I have two sisters who—who are just as much petted as I.”

She said the words so quietly yet hesitatingly that all glances were turned from the pin to its owner, who had lost the flash of excitement from her dancing eyes and wore instead, a far-a-way look that seemed to forget all its surroundings.

“What in creation is the matter, Sara?”

She came back to earth with a quick smile. “Nothing; I was only thinking.” Back into fun she dragged herself, but, when she was alone again, she found herself thinking; yes, thinking.

She had two sisters who were just as much petted as she?—She wondered. Were they receiving twenty-five dollar Easter presents? Did they have new clothes for every occasion? Had they been going to the theatre every time an attraction was offered? Did they have chafing dish parties and feasts? Did they run tremendous florist’s bills just because some of their friends liked flowers and enjoyed wearing them? Did they throw away money so extravagantly just for the selfish pleasure of giving momentary happiness to some friend? Did they do all that? She *wondered*.

And clearly, quite clearly, there came a vision to those eyes with their misty, dreaming look. She saw a great livingroom whose walls were lined with books—a library in all but name. The sunset glow had faded and the twilight hour was at hand. On a big fur rug before the fire lay two children, a girl of about fourteen and one of nine. By a window sat a frail little woman, putting the finishing touches to a dainty frock.

It was given to the children to pull out basting threads. It was indeed time to stop work, and, anyhow, children never like to pull out basting threads. Their complaints—she could hear the murmurs on their lips.

“Mamma, I just can’t pull out another single basting. I don’t think it’s fair for us to have to sew and all, just so that Sara can have her old sorority pin. Sara’s got enough clothes anyhow. She has a new dress for everything. I think we might have some. Here I’ve got to wear a dress as old as the ark tomorrow night just because Sara’s things have got to be sent off”—Janet always was vain. But little Mildred just went over and climbed into her mother’s lap, drawing down the tired face for a kiss as she begged for just a little story—it was too dark to see, and Ridey hadn’t brought the lights yet.

It was very little story, for soon an old negro mammy brought in lights and a grave, legal-looking visitor. The children must go; and the pale little face takes on a still more worried expression as the business is gone over. Yes, the house does need painting dreadfully, but she doesn’t see how it can be managed. Hapsgood Mills has dropped from seventy-five to thirty today—it went from a hundred and ten to seventy-five yesterday. She has five hundred shares in it. She will see about fixing Mr. Jones’ roof and tell the plumber to go to Mr. Fenwicks’ tomorrow. The visitor goes as she puts a check into a letter and, with a weary look, sends Ridey to the postoffice for fear Miss Sara might not get her letter on time.

And then Miss Sara saw something else. She saw a gay crowd of girls—a box party at the theatre—Huyler’s and flowers galore. Yes, it was time Sara was thinking.

It was late in the afternoon when Lucy roused her. Thinking had become so unusual for Sara that she had fallen asleep in the exertion. She rejoiced sincerely with Lucy over her check to buy a pin like hers. Fortunately the birthday came at Eastertide and by scrimping on other things her parents had managed to send the check as a birthday and Easter present together. Sara was truly glad in her friend’s hap-

pininess, but no more ecstasies were forthcoming. Once more she mingled with the merry throng, but somehow they found the usually carefree girl quite a good deal more sober; and she was just a little too tired to go to Blanche Pembroke's midnight feast.

A pretty new dress enhances one's desire of attending church, but not necessarily one's piety, and I fear such was the case with Sara Morton when she donned her Easter apparel. A full hour was required to make her toilet, which in general was accomplished in fifteen minutes. There was a great smoothing down of silks, and many were the glances in the mirror in the process of pinning on the Easter hat, preparatory to going to church with Agnes.

When she went for Agnes, Sara felt less gay perhaps than usual, but really a great deal happier. The bright face smiled more warmly than ever and the big gray eyes had a tender look as Agnes was adorned with a great bunch of garden violets.

The Easter service was beautiful. The choristers sang like angels and the sobbing notes of violins almost drowned the organ's peal. The minister entered the pulpit and began his Easter sermon. It was a cry of triumph at the divine Resurrection and the one proved possible in our own lives. Good intentions are not vain—they may seem so, but faith in one earnest endeavor will be rewarded in a glorious triumph. Then there are the great goals of perfection, Faith, Hope and Charity—"and the greatest of these is Charity. But Charity begins at home, you know." On he went, but Sara only heard those last few words, "But Charity begins at home, you know." When church was over she aroused herself from her reverie, but, try as she would, she could not keep those words out of her mind.

The girls were spending the day out, so it was late afternoon when they were at last homeward bound. A sort of foreboding haunted Sara and she begged Agnes to stay with her until supper. Lucy met them at the door with a letter for Sara.

“Mamma’s Easter letter! You don’t mind if I read it?” and she tore the letter open, glancing down the page.

“Dear little daughter, who has always been a comfort to us, who has never caused us any pain or sorrow, mother has a sad thing to tell you—Janet ran away from home.—It was only a very wild escapade—she and Lizzie Harris started to get a position to learn trained nursing.—She was only gone three hours. I telegraphed your Uncle Ralph and he caught her at Liberty.—She seems very sorry and is quite docile.—don’t worry. Perhaps God meant it for a lesson.—” She could get no farther. In a hushy voice she pleaded to be left alone.

White-faced and dazed, she sat gazing unseeing before her. Her hands lay lightly in her lap—unheeded the letter slipped to the floor. She could only long blindly for home that seemed so far away. She felt undefinably desolate. The sun set and twilight deepened.

Then again the vision of that same dear room came. It was late. The lamps flickered and the fire had almost gone out. The dying embers cast a faint ruddy glow over a slender little black-clad figure who sat gazing into their midst. By the faint light the face looked, oh, so worn and haggard. Every muscle of the body was rigid, the frail hands with their veins standing out like great blue whip-cords were clenched in the vise-like grasp of nervous transity, and even the eyes seemed glassily fixed. Every time a footstep passed or carriage-wheels were heard she started and listened, then lapsed into the same expectant state. Through the hours she could see her sitting, her position never changing, waiting, hoping, praying for her child’s return, praying with colorless lips, for the news of her child’s safety, praying alone and uncomforted.

Now Sara saw something else. She saw the past—her own past and her sister’s. Oh, how painfully clear it all was! She was the oldest and had always been made grown-up; Janet was the baby for so long that she had never outgrown her babyishness. She was a quiet, returning home-body while Janet was a regular tomboy, fond of company and so depend-

ent on it. Janet was a nervous high-strung child with just a touch of jealousy and discontent; she a sluggish nature, satisfied and caring little about others' dissatisfaction.

She could see them growing up—those two sisters—and growing apart, yet not without advances on Janet's part. They would grow angry sometimes, but somehow Sara always got the best of it. Wrathful and hurt, Janet would often tell her mother, "You just take up for Sara all the time. She's *always* right and *always* gets everything she wants."

It was all true—those words, in the retrospection. Her simple wants were easily granted then, but her wants now? Yes, they were granted, but at what expense? She had gone away to college. Absence had not strengthened the tie of sister-love so loose at home. She forgot those sisters. The letters home were all for mother, with hardly a greeting for the two little girls whom a postcard would have made blissfully happy. She had been extravagant, making those sisters give up many of their small pleasures that she might have money to throw away in lavishness. Janet had grown jealously indolent, while little Mildred stood in a sort of wondering awe of this college-girl sister. The poor little mother was wearing herself out trying to make both ends meet—it took more than Sara's share for the bare college expenses.

And Janet—oh, she could not bear to think of it! This wild, ungovernable nature was her fault. Just a little bit of sister-love, just a little thoughtfulness on her part, would have made such a different child. Whose fault was it that Janet was discontent because she did not have as many things as her sister? Whose? The dry sobs rose in her throat—she could not cry.

Thus through the long hours of the night she sat. Morning dawned; Lucy crept in and sat down at her feet. She motioned to the letter and was lost in thought again.

She was thinking now of what she could do to repair the wrongs she had done. Yes, she would write to Janet often, she would do all the little things that sister-love prompts, she would make Janet love her more than any of those rough, wild companions whom she had forced her to seek. She would do

all that, but she must do something *now*—something to prove herself. Oh! She remembered how angry and jealous Janet had been when her mother had let her wear her own watch, as she could not buy her a new one. Yes, she was wearing it now; and had a beautiful new sorority pin. The plan grew—Janet would like a watch better than anything else and *she should have it*. Sara sat up with a start.

“Lucy, you’ve got the money to get a pin like mine?”

“Yes, Sara. Why?”

“Will you buy mine? My name hasn’t been engraved on it yet.”

“Why, Sa—!”

“I can send it back if you’d rather not.”

“Why really, if you mean it, I’d love to.”

Sara’s deep blue eyes looked up into Lucy’s, and she spoke quite firmly, “Yes, I mean it, please.”



Sketches

"And the Goblins'll Get You if You Don't Watch Out"

Lillian S. Crisp, '13, Adelphian

I.

Mrs. Black and Louise were in the sewing-room busily stitching away. The door opened and Irene, a younger daughter, came in, a rather peculiar expression on her face.

"Mother," she said, "I've searched every nook and corner in this house, and that dress isn't here. But I've found it just the same. Hannah's Dell was promenading down the road with it on about two minutes ago. Of course I don't want the old thing back now, but I intend to scare Hannah over it. Maybe then she won't be quite so ready to 'borrow' anything she happens to take a fancy to. I'm tired of having to dress Dell with things 'borrowed' from me. Didn't you start to make that dress on Friday, mother?"

"Yes, and I'm not surprised that you found it where you did. Hannah was here at work the other day, and you know how she takes everything her fingers can get on."

"Yonder she comes now." Louise, who had glanced out of the window, was speaking. "Irene, you go out and come back in while she's here and we'll talk about the dress. Hannah always stands around half an hour before telling what she wants, anyway, so you'll have plenty of time."

Irene slipped out of one door as Hannah came in another. Later she returned to tell Mrs. Black how the entire house had been given a thorough search and not a single trace of her dress found in it anywhere.

Hannah was naturally much interested in the recital. She also gave good attention to Mrs. Black's reply. That lady spoke as follows:

"Well, dear, I'm not so very sorry that the dress is gone. I didn't think I was at all superstitious, but somehow, since Aunt Mandy said so much about my starting it on Friday, I hate for you ever to wear it. I don't see how my finishing the dress on another day could have anything to do with your welfare, but she was so firmly convinced that you were going to die if you wore it that I'm glad the thing is lost."

"I am, too, mother, if that's the way of it. I'm not even going to look for it any more," answered Irene.

As Mrs. Black spoke Louise was watching Hannah closely. The woman couldn't turn pale, but her eyes began to roll, as only a negro's can, and fright was written on her every feature. Negroes are nothing if they are not superstitious. One of the old sayings, in which they firmly believe, is this: "The first person wearing a garment which has been started on Friday and not completed on that day will surely die before the garment is worn out." And so there is no wonder Hannah was frightened. For had not her daughter Dell been wearing the dress, of which Irene and her mother spoke, all day? She could not even wait to tell Mrs. Black what she had come begging for, but with a "Good mawning, Miss Anne," was gone.

"My!" said Louise. "Wouldn't I like to see what she does when she gets home! Dell has already worn that dress, and we have always said that the redeeming quality about Hannah is the unusual affection she has for Dell."

II.

Louise could not have her wish granted then, but here is what Hannah did:

Calling Dell to her even before she reached their little cabin, she began unfastening the dress with trembling fingers. Her distress was so evident that Dell noticed it and wanted to know, "Mammy, fer de Lawd's sake, what's de matter wid ye?"

"Laws, chile, don't ye ast me," her mother responded. "Here's ye already been spo'tin' dis dress 'round here an'

Miss Anne she done started ter make it on a Friday 'n didn't git through wid it."

"Mammy, den I'se gwine ter die, ain't I, mammy?" Dell's eyes grew big with fright.

"Naw ye aint! not if dis ole nigger can help it. I'se gwine ter wear dat dress out dis bery day 'n I know ye aint gwine ter die dis day, is ye, honey?" Her manner was a mixture of fright and anxiousness and tenderness, all.

"But, mammy, how's ye gwine ter wear it out? Dat's what I wants ter know."

"I dunno. Lemme see. You go out yonder 'n run all through dem briers. Maybe ye'll git all scratched up, but dat dress 'll shore git tore up, too. Ye ken fix up ye hands 'n feet so dey won't git hurt in de briers, and dey won't come up to yo' face, nohow, so ye won't git hurt. Anyhow, ye better git scratched up a little dan ter die."

Dell reluctantly followed the instructions given. The briers surely were not very inviting. But she finally went, for, as she said, "she sho' wan't ready ter die den." The "fixing" of hands and feet did not prove very effective. Also, the vines were higher than Hannah had thought. Dell came back into the house with feet, hands and face bleeding. Strange to say, not a rent was to be found in her dress.

The dress was made of a smoothly finished cloth and so was not easily torn by the briers. Hannah lost sight of this fact, however, and thought surely that Dell must die. Her agitation increased. She could scarcely bind up the torn places on her daughter's hands. Her whole body heaved with sobs. But not all hope was gone yet. Finally, she began to make new plans for the disposal of the dress.

One after another she banished the thoughts of giving it away and burning or cutting it up. In none of those ways would the dress be worn out, and so the danger remained just as great for Dell.

Suddenly a brilliant idea entered Hannah's brain. "Listen, honey," she cried, "I sho' can wear it out on de washbode! It'll be worn out sho' 'nough den, 'n dere won't be no danger of yo' dyin'. Bring me dat washbode, quick!"

Dell obeyed. She was as scared as her mother was. But this plan seemed doomed to end in a failure, too. For after two hours of patient rubbing the dress was still not "worn out."

Hannah was not to be baffled, however. She finally drove some nails into the board and, rubbing the dress over them, literally wore it into tatters. Her hands were not in a very whole condition, either, when she was through.

"Ye listen here, Dell," she said, "sho' thing, next time I go 'n borrow(?) ye any dress I'se gwine ter find out whedder er no it wuz begun on a Friday, fust. Ye jes' wait 'n see."

Childhood

M. B. J., '11, Cornelian

Widenin', circlin' on the beach,
Way up high, then out of reach,
Come the big waves rollin' in,
Ticklin' the toes of me an' Min.
O, I say, it's lots of fun
When away from home you've run,
Just to wade as far as you c'n go
'Thout gettin' wet so mother'll know.



State Normal Magazine

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VOL. XV

OCTOBER, 1910

NO. 1

At the beginning of the present college year, it is necessary to say something in regard to the change that has been made in the price of the Magazine. Formerly it was customary to issue four numbers of the Magazine at the rate of fifty cents per year. Last year five copies were issued at the same price. This year we hope to raise the number to eight, but to do this more money will be required. By the wise action of the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies, it has been decided that, instead of raising the price, as was first suggested, each society shall appropriate \$75.00, to be added to the treasury of the Magazine, and that each girl in the society shall receive the Magazine for the year. By this plan not only is the amount of money received for fees nearly doubled, but also the number of girls who read the Magazine will be increased

from one hundred and sixty to nearly six hundred. Hence, the two greatest problems that have arisen, in connection with the publication of the Magazine, price and circulation, have been, as we believe, successfully met. The arrangement for the *Alumnæ* will be the same as before, but all persons other than members of the societies, or of the *Alumnæ* Association, will pay the price of \$1.00 per year.

To the new members of the Faculty, who have come to us this year, we would say a word of welcome. We are glad to have you with us and to be able to work with you and for you. It is needless to ask for your co-operation in affairs of local interest, for you are giving it every day. We, for our part, can only try to make your work among us both pleasant and successful.

At different times the question of student government has been agitated in our college. It would seem now, at last, that one step has been made in that direction. Recently, President Foust met each of the four regular classes and caused three members from each class to be elected to a Students' Council. This council, being composed of students, will be much better acquainted with the needs of the student body than the members of the Faculty, many of whom do not live in the dormitories, could possibly be. The mission of this council, therefore, will be to act as a medium between the authorities of the college and the students. In its present stage, this plan is entirely an experiment; however, if it should prove successful, it will probably aid materially in bettering the conditions of college life.

Each year marks some great stride that has been made in the advancement of the college. Two years ago, the need for more class room was met by the erection of the McIver Building; last year necessary improvements were made in the interior of the Students' Building; this year the splendid

new Infirmary is in process of construction. For all these things we are duly thankful, but still some things remain to be done.

At the main entrance to the Spencer Dormitory there are two rooms that have been set apart as students' sitting rooms. With the exception of a few good pictures on the walls, there is absolutely nothing attractive about them. In their present condition they are of no earthly use to anyone, but at very little expense they could be made the most useful and pleasant places in the dormitory. We are sadly in need of some place where committee meetings can be held in comfort; where small receptions and entertainments can be given, and where girls can go for an hour's reading or recreation. These rooms, if properly furnished, would be ideal for such purposes. This may seem a small matter, but, from the standpoint of the student, it is a very important one. Not only would greater beauty and convenience be insured, but the home life of the girls would be greatly intensified.

At the beginning of our college year it is necessary and right for us, as a student body, to come to a definite realization of one of the fundamental principles of this institution, of which each of us has become a member. This principle is that the innate worth of the individual must determine the status of every girl. It will determine her position intellectually, for no bright, clear-thinking girl can be kept anywhere but at the head of her classes. But in the social world, often she is not recognized except by the few friends who know her worth. She is judged merely from appearances, by the pictures on her wall, or by her beautiful clothes, things of minor importance in estimating the worth of an individual.

Let us take, for instance, one of a great class of students with whom we are familiar, the girl who pays her own way through college. She borrows the money, perhaps, or else earns it dearly by teaching through hot summer vacations. Her clothes do not fit properly; her room is poorly furnished;

and she endures many other privations. Feeling the disadvantage of these externals, she is shy and timid, and withal, modest. Few ever try to find out what the girl is really worth. Part of such treatment may be the result of indifference, but by far the greater part is due to pride. We are afraid of her, thinking, in our conceit, that we are a little better than she; that our family is a little older or more honorable than hers. If she gathers up sufficient courage to ask us to go to walk with her, we plead another engagement, and then "butt in" on some of our friends for the sake of avoiding her. We dread to be seen with her lest our own reputation should suffer. Poor, flimsy reputation, shattered by a breath!

And so we live within our narrow walls of prejudice, shutting others out and, at the same time, being shut in ourselves. Ours is a democratic country; we are all free and equal before the law. Let us also be a democratic college, where every individual stands for just what she is worth, for the good that is in her, regardless of family, clothes or any other consideration.



Y. W. C. A.

Natalie Nunn, '11, Cornelian

Once again we have come together from every part of our state and we are beginning our plans and work for a prosperous year in college. There are many phases of work that present themselves, and not one of these must be neglected, if we are to become the well-rounded students we hope to be at the close of the college year.

The Young Women's Christian Association is a world-wide organization for mutual helpfulness to young women in a physical, moral and spiritual way. It is an active, practical organization, claiming the attention and interest of men and women in various walks of life. It has a wonderful history from its beginning to the present time. One of its great fields of work is in the college of today. It is this particular field which now offers to each of us an opportunity for definite service and development. In our own association here, each of us can find a little corner somewhere in which we can be of service. Perhaps it will be definite work on some committee; an opportunity to read a good article from the association monthly; attendance upon the semi-weekly prayer service; or even such a small thing as a smile to a fellow student. But whatever it may be, we will be the happier if it is done for the sake of Him in honor of whom our association exists.

To new girls we extend a cordial invitation to join us in our work and to co-operate with us in making this the best year the association has known in our college. The association needs you, and in turn you cannot afford to miss the training it has in store for every loyal member. With this invitation goes the wish of every old association member that this may be the very happiest and most useful year that you have yet spent.



Athletic Notes

Welcome by the Athletic Association

Annie Louise Wills, '11, Cornelian

In the name of the Athletic Association we wish to extend a hearty welcome not only to the old girls in college but especially to all the new ones.

It is the present hope and aim of the Athletic Association to make this the best year in our work. We want more girls to join with us and each to take a personal interest and a share in the work. Every girl, we believe, is greatly benefited by this work and these benefits are received in many ways. The physical body needs just such exercise as the association offers to keep up its strength. The brain is able to do its work more easily if the body is in good condition. But work in the association offers other advantages. Each girl who throws herself into the work becomes a stronger girl in character. She comes in contact with more girls and learns to surmount more difficulties. And with these points in our favor we think every girl should enroll her name on the secretary's list and enter into our pleasures and privileges. Again I say to you, a hearty welcome!

A Camping Trip

STATE NORMAL COLLEGE,
September 24, 1910.

Dear Nan:

I couldn't resist the temptation to write today and tell you what a glorious time we had last night on our first camp supper. You just don't know what you are missing by not being here this year. You should by all means have come

back, even if nothing was to be taken except post-graduate domestic science and gym.

Miss McAllister, much to our grief, was unable to go with us, but Miss Fort, Miss Long, Miss Graham, Miss Bryner, Miss Washburn, Miss McAllister's new assistant, and Dr. Gudger were chaperones enough to keep us to a certain extent straight.

These teachers, and the whole Senior Class with the exception of a few, left the Spencer Building, back way, through the park, just about five o'clock. We had started on that road back of the barn, which leads out of Greensboro, when Nora Carpenter (you remember her, don't you?—she was that splendid goal man on our hockey team last year) stopped us with a huge basket of pears. They were perfectly delicious.

Well, in a few minutes we proceeded on our journey to the old camping place we had last year. It looked the same as usual. We found a few burnt logs in the center of that big open space—the remnants of one of our last year's frolics, and a few long sticks we had used to broil bacon. It was getting dark, but we soon had the woods as cheery as could be with a big fire made of brushwood, collected near by, and the dead trees that Dr. Gudger had cut down.

As soon as Zeke came in a buggy with our supper, we set about to have a good time. We cut off blocks of cheese, and toasted them on the ends of sticks, cooked bacon the same way, and Dr. Gudger made coffee in a large can swung over the fire. All this time, poor little Annie Goodloe Browne was slicing bread on a stump, and didn't get a bite of cheese. Let us hope she had a plenty of the tomatoes, fried potatoes, pickles, and it seems to me a million other things we had to eat.

After we had finished our supper, we sat in a circle around the fire, and sang our class songs. Bonnie Broadfoot gave us a few solos; then we sang all sorts of songs, from "Way Down Upon the Swanee River", to the song which made us all homesick for 1910. Can you guess which one it was? Why, "Clemantine" of course.

Zeke came out with the wagon about half past eight and gathered up all the remnants of the feast, such as tin plates, spoons and cups and frying pans. As soon as we had packed him off, we put out the fire and started ourselves.

There wasn't a piece of moon, and the road was so dark and rough that I nearly turned half dozen somersets before we reached here, muddy and dirty as we could be.

We're planning another trip about Thanksgiving time. Hope you can come over and go with us.

Write soon.

As ever,

EUGENIA.





Society Notes

With the Cornelians

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

The first regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society was held on the evening of Friday, Sept. 30, 1910. At the conclusion of the business meeting a most delightful musical programme was given, which every one greatly enjoyed. The first number was a selection from the opera, "Il Trovatore", rendered by Miss Annie Laurie Ramsey. Following this was a solo by Miss Sadie Rice, after which Miss Myrtle Johnston, accompanied by Miss Ramsey, beautifully rendered a violin selection. Then to the delight of every one present, Mrs. Sharpe recited "An Old Sweetheart of Mine", to the soft strains of "The Melody of Love" played by little Miss Mary Sharpe. The delight in hearing Mrs. Sharpe always brings forth the heartiest applause and this time it resulted in her saying for us "Five Little Pigs Went to Market."

With the Adelphians

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

At the regular meeting of the Adelphian Literary Society on the evening of the 30th of September a play, "The Hour Glass", a morality by Yeats, was given for the program. The play represents the struggle of disbelief against faith in the scholar's mind. It abounds in picturesque figures of speech, and we learn the spirit of Old Ireland through the quaint brogue of the people. As the wise man and scholar, Minnie Littmann interpreted her part extremely well, showing the anxiety to be received into the kingdom after years of doubt. Ione Grogan acted with all the capriciousness of a fool, now sober, now merry, in the end being the one to save the wise man through belief in God.

Mary Bruner took the part of the wise man's wife, forgetting the kingdom in her housewifely cares, with Mary Hanes and May Brooks as his children intimidated with disbelief by their father. "In a gown, the color of embers", Coline Austin was a beautiful angel, mercilessly dealing out justice. Life and vigor was lent to the play by the wise man's pupils, Mary Tennent, Grace Stanford, Effie Baines, Ethel McNairy and Mamie Boren.

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Among Ourselves

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelporian

On a recent Friday night the Normal students and faculty enjoyed the unusual privilege of taking a trip around the world. The Junior Class obtained special rates and offered the trip, including tips and all extras, for the reasonable price of twenty-five cents. Although the night was rainy and disagreeable, full appreciation of the opportunity was attested by the large number of "tourists" who availed themselves of it. The countries visited were: France and Japan, in different parts of the Administration Building; Africa, in the Curry Building; and America in the Gymnasium.

After leaving the ticket office in Spencer Building, the "tourists" first went to France. Here dainty French maidens in all the succession of costumes that Paris has created, danced the minuet while their country cousins served fruit punch. From France the long sea voyage to Japan was made, where the little kimono girls welcomed their honorable guests with quaint Japanese drills. Fearing the tourists were fatigued after their long journey, shy little maids begged that they would deign to taste their tea. In Africa a cabin, whose walls were covered with newspapers, was the scene of a negro cakewalk and negro songs of all kinds.

Popping peanuts, the homesick travelers returned to America, where many old friends were ready to greet them. Lest they should forget their home in recollection of foreign deeds, a few facts about "Georgie" were given, and a Virginia reel made many a tourist's heart glad. Handshaking and greetings were exchanged and every wanderer went home with the feeling that America was the nicest country of all.

Faculty

Dr. Foust and Miss Windfield attended the Summer School of the University of Chicago, where the latter is remaining this winter to take a brief course in English.

Miss Mendenhall, Miss Strong and Miss Moore attended the Harvard Summer School.

Miss Bryner taught in a Reform School at Morganza, Penn., after which she visited in Washington, D. C., and North Carolina.

Miss Jamison spent a very useful summer lecturing on Domestic Science for the Farmers' Institute.

Dr. Gudger was in Beaufort looking after the fisheries there, Mr. Jackson spent a pleasant summer in New England, and Mr. Hammel enjoyed a visit to his old home, Baltimore.

Mr. Smith taught English in the Summer School of the University of Virginia.

Among those who enjoyed the mountain scenery were, Misses Schenck, King, McLelland and McAllister, Messrs. Brockmann, Merritt and Forney.

Those who spent a quiet summer at home were, Misses Dameron, Fort, Petty, Raines, Brockmann, Harris, Boddie, Hill, Kirkland, Lee, Byrd, Parker, Snyder, Mitchell, McAdams, Robinson and Long, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Albright and Mrs. Woolard.

Miss Coit was at her post all summer.

Wedding bells have rung for two members of our faculty. Miss Banner has become Mrs. Joe Gant, and Mr. Matheson has claimed Jean Booth, a Normal girl of nineteen and nine.

Miss Thurston has returned to our Training School.

We are indeed glad to welcome the new members of our faculty: Miss Crumpton and Miss Daniel in the English Department; Miss Mullen as assistant librarian; Miss Bryan in the French and Miss Washburn in the Physical Culture Departments; Mr. Hill as head of the Music Department, and Miss McArn as Dr. Foust's stenographer.



Alumnae

Mellie Cotchett and Gertrude Person are teaching in Wilson; Pearl Robertson and Annie Martin in Salisbury; Emily Hyman, Jane Summerell and Anna Vernon in North Wilkesboro; Laura Weill in Wilmington; Katie Kime and Alma Fountain in Lincolnton; Nora B. Wilson in Charlotte, and Annie Maud Pollard in Winston.

Class of 1909

There are in Greensboro this winter seven members of the class of 1909 — Jean Booth Matheson, Bessie Cauble, Okla Dees, Cora Hart, Flieda Johnson, Mary Baldwin Mitchell, and Clara Sloan.

Paulina Hassell, Florence Landis and Claude Umstead are teaching in Weldon.

Edna Duke and Kate Jeffreys are at Graham.

Evelyn Gudger is at her home in Marshall, and Lola Lasley is at her home in Burlington.

Velna Pope is again teaching in Hamlet and Jessie Smoak in Rockingham.

Hal Morrison is at home in Statesville.

Nettie Dixon is teaching in Murphy and Linda Shuford in Lilesville.



In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12

"Ef You Don't Watch Out"

A lovely crowd of new girls 've come to our school to stay,
To brush the cobwebs from their brain and learn just what to say,
To get an education and be polished as can be
Is what they're seeking after, and it's just fine to see.
And all us old girls are as glad as e'er you saw
To welcome, cheer and help them, since that's just what we're for.
We're sure they'll like this place, if they'll watch what they're about,
But the Faculty'll get them

 Ef
 They
 Don't
 Watch
 Out.

One't they was a new girl who came here long ago,
And such a one has never been since that time nor before.
She made her themes so flowery that her teacher called her down,
And G. E. D. she'd never say and so she'd get a frown;
Her French was quite a nuisance and it got her in a fix,
And Cicero's Orations brought forth many a tear and six;
She sang in vocal music till she gave up growing stout;
And the Faculty'll get you,

 Ef
 You
 Don't
 Watch
 Out.

And once a new girl did believe we told her quite a tale,
When we said that if she didn't work, why she would surely fail.
She wouldn't sweep her room clean and her soap-dish was a sight;
Her hygiene lectures had not helped a single little mite.
She wouldn't go to walk when the bell rang loud and clear;

Slipped out after light bell, without one bit of fear.
But soon that girl was missing and she was nowhere about;
And the Faculty'll get **you**,

 Ef
 You
 Don't
 Watch
 Out.

And all us old girls know that when the days are rather blue,
And the six's come a rolling in and you feel like saying "whoo",
You'd better keep your senses and be careful how you act,
And cram that silly head of yours as full as it can pack.
You'd better leave off feasting when the teachers are asleep(?)
And stop a puffing out your hair with rats that like to peep,
And put some stuff inside your head and change your entire route,
Or the Faculty'll get **you**

 Ef
 You
 Don't
 Watch
 Out.

L. W., '11, *Cornelian*.

New Girl: "I wonder why they call the Main Building
the *Admiration* Building?"

Dr. Gudger (to a student in Physical Geography):
"Where is the North Pole?"

Student: "Why the North Pole is where Peary left it."

Ruth F.: "The English teacher said I should have made
my paper more descriptive and not so much *heresy* or hear
say, I don't know which."

Freshman (to upper classman): "Won't you please tell
me where Miss Broadfoot's hall is?"

The Director of Physical Culture to a group of new girls
who were just outside the Gymnasium door: "Are you
reporting for Junior Gymnastics?"

One member of the group of girls: "No, we came to
take physical culture."

At lunch the other day a crowd of girls were discussing the Farce of Julius Caesar. Virginia M. very innocently asked: "Was Hamlet Caesar's ghost?"

Edith L. (in explaining Sir Humphrey Gilbert's route of travel): "Sir Humphrey Gilbert coasted from Laborador to Newfoundland."

One of the girls was very much surprised to know that the *Annual* only comes out once a year.

A new theory for the composition of the atmosphere has recently been discovered: That on cool damp nights, the atmosphere is made up of tiny *particles of water and dampness*.

The new students have contributed the following remarkable statements to the thirty volumes of "Famous Sayings of Famous People", already well known in the college:

"Chaucer wrote Cranberry Tails."

"After this Macbeth had terrible day dreams."

"Emerson was an unremarkably smart child."

"The Witches told Macbeth that Bunker's Hill should rise upon him. Bunker's Hill did rise upon him with a mighty halt and he was overcome."

"In Lycidas Milton grieves over one of his friends who was drowned in crossing the *Hellespont*."

"The most peculiar *Fauna*, the Vesuvius Volcano, is found in Italy."

Some old girls went a calling

On some new girls one clear night,

"Now learn our names", the visitors said,

"They are Brown, Green and Nunn White."

L. W., '11, *Cornelian*.

"Our Goatie"

Who fears our Goatie?

"I", the new girl moans,

"With shudders and groans,

"I fear your Goatie."

Who rode our Goatie?

"I", the old girl brags,

"With my clothes in rags,

"I rode our Goatie."

Who'll mount our Goatie?

"I", the new girl weeps,

"Whether he butts or he leaps,

"I'll mount your Goatie."

Who'll sing his praises?

The new girl shouts, "Me!

"When initiated I be

"I'll sing his praises."

'K. R. S., '12, Cornelian.

E. R. B., '11, Adelprian.