

*Clara Harn*

# The Chatterbox

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Volume III

Number 2

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NOVEMBER, 1908

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LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.

**“I Chatter Chatter as I Go”**



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MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON.

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# The Chatterbox.

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VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 2

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## Literary Department.

### A Prayer.

Dear my Lord, hearken now to this my prayer,  
And if thy mercy's will sees fit to grant,  
Then give thy tired child rest.  
I do not ask to play the coward's part,  
To lay my armor down and cease to strive ;  
This would be shame to do.  
But, as the soft, gray shadows come at dusk  
Slowly across the sunset's fiery hue,  
And leave the world at rest,  
So let Thy rest steal o'er my fretted soul,  
Shutting out worry, care and strife awhile.  
Dear My Lord, let me sleep !  
Then in the morn I'll rise to greet the sun,  
And in its brightness see Thee and Thy strength,  
And take my work anew.

### A Retrospect.

CLARA HEARNE, '08.

“ Backward, turn backward,  
 O time in your flight  
 And make me a schoolgirl,  
 Just for to-night.”

Here in my room amid my books—tired—yes, so tired that my eyes are closed and I find myself dreaming—not of the future, as the young mind usually does, but of the past, when I, with twenty other girls, full of fun, yet dignified as any Senior that ever did her duty in the college where she was looked upon as a leader and a shining example for the “giggling Preps.” and the “little Freshies,” played and worked.

I remember, too, that we were honored as chaperones by all the girls—even the Juniors. We also held the positions of respected teachers in the Practice and Observation School. While we appreciated these honors and tried to be worthy of them, it was worth a great deal more to us (?) to steal off in groups of four or six and enjoy a walk, taking with us a lunch of chocolate almonds, Uneeda biscuit, and pickles.

Ah, how well I remember the faces of those dear classmates! I can see Bernice, as she runs to the steps and calls to Bro. Earnhardt, asking for Lucy. Any one who knows Bern's love for the English teacher can plainly see why she should ask that question. Lucy, of course, is with Miss Alice, and the English teacher's roommate is Miss Alice, so Bern knows that in finding Lucy she also finds Miss Lanham. Was that some one rapping on the radiator? Yes, and I hear Mary Mayo's voice: “Miss Alice, is Miss Lanham in her room?”

As I descend the stairs, on my way to the Library, the

laboratory door is open and there I see and hear Morado, Josie, Gertrude and Winnie, reading Latin. As I go on my way through the music hall I hear the strains of Chopin, Mozart and Beethoven, as rendered by Luola, Lottie and Vela. On reaching the Library there I see Helen, eagerly searching the magazines for some passionate love-story. There is Rebie and May Spence with the A. and M. College and University magazines, looking for the results of the latest football games against V. P. I. and the University of Virginia. Well, there is Polly Herring, playing tennis again; and there goes Jessie Cogdell and Mary Sledge to walk, taking their trig. with them. Is that Sallie Johnston I see? Yes, that is Sallie, with an English paper she forgot to hand in Tuesday. (Sallie *would* forget her English papers.) On my way back to my room I see Annie Crews, in the hall, searching her trunk, and I hear her say, "Clee, do help me find my rat; I never can have my picture made with my hair like this." On reaching my room, there I find Mable West, writing to that friend in South Carolina.

Suddenly the scene is changed and I see the whole class (?) seated in No. 4 of the Science Building and Miss Lanham is calling the roll. When she says "Miss Reel" she stops. "Miss Crews, where's Miss Reel?" "She's coming," is Annie's reply. There, the door is opened, and in comes Clee, a little late, as usual. In the same room I see another scene, but alas! a very different one. There sit nineteen girls with paper and pencil, trying to express, on paper, in the form of an examination, their knowledge of psychology, using such terms as *psychic*, *logos*, *knowledge*, *power*, *intellect*, *reason*, *will*, *memory*, *phantasy*, *hallucinations*, and *sylogisms*.

But here my dream is broken,  
And the visions come no more,  
For my eyes are quickly opened,  
And my book falls to the floor.

### Music in India, China and Japan.

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E. S.

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When one thinks of these dark countries of the Old World little does he consider how much the world to-day owes to them in the art of music.

To the country of India do we owe the invention of the violin for the art of inciting vibrations of a string by means of a bow was first discovered here. This instrument, which is said to have been invented by one of their kings about 5000 B. C., was of a primitive type and was called the ravanastron. Besides the ravanastron they had many forms of guitars, instruments of percussion, and the varieties of viol, as well as trumpets and the like.

The vina, being the national instrument at that time, was a sort of guitar, its body made of a strip of bamboo eight inches wide and four feet long. Near each end a large gourd was fixed, for the purpose of reinforcing the tone. A player, when performing upon this instrument, had to hold it obliquely in front of him, like a guitar, one gourd resting upon the left shoulder, the other under the right arm.

The theory of music, as established by the Hindoos, was carried out to an extremely fine point. Instead of having, like in modern music, eight tones to the scale, the Hindoos had twenty-two and sometimes twenty-four different tones to their scales. Harmony was not conceived of by these people, therefore it was impossible to create well-sounding chords from their scales. All their music was written for only one voice.

Musical drama was curiously developed in India about 300 B. C. It had some of the traits of modern opera and several of these ancient pieces have come down to us, but without the musical notation. These pieces were very long, consist-

ing of as many as eleven acts. These acts were written in several different dialects, part of which were spoken and part sung.

The art of music has existed in China from an extremely remote period. The Emperor Tschun, who reigned about 2300 B. C., advised the people to instill music into the hearts of children.

The Chinese were the first to establish our modern chromatic scale. Although the first people to establish this scale they have never been able to use it understandingly.

As a natural consequence of the long existence of this nation and its commercial relations with the rest of the world, the Chinese have a number of varieties of instruments, including many trumpets. This nation has an unexampled wealth of percussion instruments and a few of the ruder types of the violin. The characteristic instrument used by the Chinese is a stringed instrument called the ke. It is oblong in shape, strung with fifty silk strings, which are plucked with the fingers to produce sound.

The Chinese nation, like many other nations of antiquity, holds to the principle that the pattern of a good thing, whether a religion, an art or a mechanism, having once been found satisfactory should not be changed. This accounts for the small amount of progress the Chinese have made in the art of music during the past 2000 years.

Although the Japanese are a very musical people in their way there is little to say about them in regards to music.

The chief instrument used in Japan is the ko-ko, which resembles the Chinese ke.

Japan, like all other barbarous nations, had never had harmony until they began to learn it from the Europeans.

**Autumn Song.**

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E. B. H., '09.

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The Autumn leaves are sear and brown,  
The Autumn leaves come tumbling down ;  
Hither, thither everywhere,  
They do not think—they do not care.

“Only to rest,” they faintly cry,  
Only to rest as they flutter by.  
Long have we hung—worn out are we,  
As the sailor out on the rugged sea.

Long have we hung as a shield from light,  
When the dancing rays were bright—too bright  
We have quivered and swayed in the balmy breeze  
When the saucy winds played through the trees.

Now our task is ended, our work is done,  
The course of our life is already run ;  
Much have we done in the time that's sped,  
And one by one we are going to bed.

We hate to leave the shelt'ring tree,  
But our time has come and we are free ;  
So we'll nestle close to Mother Earth,  
To the warm, kind mother, who gave us birth.

We'll nestle close to her warm kind heart,  
All through the winter's cold and smart ;  
And we will not grieve as we leave the tree,  
For our task is done and we are free.

### The Poor Parson.

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LILLIAN READE PITTMAN, '10.

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Chaucer is neither a pessimist nor an optimist, but a happy combination of the two. He looks on the dark side, yet his eyes are not closed to the bright. His picture of the religious life of his day and time is rather clouded, still one ray shines through in his description of the parson. He shows us through this man that although the church was corrupt there was some good in it.

The parson has many good characteristics. Although in the eyes of the world, he was poor, he was very rich in the eyes of Heaven. He had quite a talent for preaching the word of God, and he taught it in its true light. Every one knew and felt his kindness, and his patience was of that long-enduring type that we so much admire. Often he would give his own money to pay the taxes of those who did not pay, rather than excommunicate them.

He was very diligent in watching over and caring for his parishioners. Although his parish was large, and often the houses far apart, yet he did not neglect them in rain or shine. No matter how rich nor how poor, how high nor how low, no one was neglected in any misfortune. He went about, generally on foot no matter what the distance, cheering all as he passed among them. In fact he seemed to be the typical Biblical shepherd, as he walked among his people, staff in hand. He was a living example of his teachings too. "For," he said, "if gold rust what will iron do?" He first practiced and then preached that all might see his teachings in just the sense he meant them. He felt that it would be quite a disgrace to have a corrupt priest or shepherd and pure sheep.

He did not consider his mission in the light in which many

of the ministers of that day did. He did not feel that God had made him a priest that he might put his money out on interest and take up his abode with some Brotherhood, thereby gaining in wealth. Nor did he go to London, leaving his parish to take care of itself, that he might secure a position in some cathedral to make gain in this way.

The parson has a very impressive character. By noble and Christian deeds, and his high standards of Christianity, he shows that he was a Christian at heart, as well as in form. His character is to be admired above most of the others in the Prologue.

### Not the Man But the Name.

LULA V. McCLENY, '10.

"Yes, that's my train and I have missed it!" There was an expression of dismay on the sweet young face of the speaker as she turned to beckon a cab.

"To Hotel Charlotte"—this was the command of the very angry young lady, Mary Cross.

When she was safe in the hotel parlor Miss Cross proceeded to give vent to her feelings concerning the weather that was keeping her indoors; however, she did it under her breath. Why did it have to rain since she missed her train? Why did she miss the train anyway?

"It was nothing more nor less than my eternal primping," she told herself. "So, now, Mary Cross, you're started off in a nice way to have people forming bad opinions of you at the very first."

She had written the trustees that she could not possibly be on time, but would not be more than two days late. She had by missing the morning train, caused a delay of two more days than she had expected, for it was impossible to make connection in M—, except on Mondays or Thursdays.

Just as a pretty red mouth was puckering itself into a dignified little pout, and the big steel-gray eyes were almost filled with tears, what should appear upon the scene but a *man, a real sure 'nough man!* How extremely dignified she tried to be. She did not want to attract his attention—but what would be the harm, he was a nice-looking young man; she was a lonely, tired girl, with nothing to distract her attention save the dreary rain outside? But the thought fled, when she suddenly remembered that she had not seen a mirror since leaving the cars that morning. Just as she was backing cautiously out, muttering to herself, "a look at my shaggy

locks would frighten him to pieces," what should she do but tread—and none too lightly—on a poor little doggie's tail, which sent her tumbling to the floor. Dignity, pride, remorse, loneliness—all had fled, all was confusion. In an instant George Murray was at her side.

"Are you hurt—how did it happen? I was not aware of your presence Miss ——."

"My name is Mary—er—Miss Cross, sir!"

"Mine is George Murray."

By this time she had forgiven everything—the dog, her own awkwardness, all in the consolation of the name—George!

The two days at Hotel Charlotte proved George Murray a very charming young man to Miss Cross. The two days en route to R— made them friends.

She made it all right with the trustees and soon was having a nice time at school.

"No, children, we can not have holiday to-day, I was instructed not to permit it. We may have two hours at noon, though, instead of one, and if you like we will have a picnic dinner on the grounds. Also I will excuse those English papers, and you will do just that much better on the next ones, won't you?"

The generous applause that followed this made Mary Cross feel that the two days that she had missed at the beginning were not entirely lost, for had she not gained the children's love?

One evening soon after this she was trying to dress to go out. She could not get things straight so had to call on a servant girl for aid.

"Susannah, please get my pink dress out, and help me fix this light, I must write a letter and I can not dress until I have written to him." But my goodness! There's the bell and I haven't finished that letter, but never mind, Mary

dear," she comforted herself, "he doesn't care any way." So the letter was not written.

One evening, some weeks later, they were in the parlor—Mary Cross and George Murray. The conversation drifted along some minutes, then ceased. They listened in silence to the rain as it pattered on the panes. Each was thinking of another day when the rain came down in just such torrents.

Miss Cross was the first to speak.

"It doesn't seem possible, that I am to leave for home to-morrow."

"Tomorrow!" he gasped, "tomorrow!"

He seemed as one in a dream. "Don't tell me you are to leave so soon, Mary—may I not call you as my heart does, Mary dear? Let me, for I have something to tell you and that would make it easier. Have you not guessed the truth in all these months? Did you think I had been coming up here all this time merely to watch the factory wheels go round? Did you think that the factory needed all of my attention? No, indeed, you were the cause of my frequent visits. Please tell me that you care for me a little, let me go home with you or come soon after to ask something of your father. Can't you see that I love you more than my very life?"

During this confession, Mary sat as one turned to stone. Astonishment was written on her face; this was followed by a look of intense feeling of pain. Then she slowly spoke.

"I am sorry, dear friend, more sorry than I can ever tell you, to think that I have been the cause of this. We've been good friends and I want us to be always, but we can never be more." The big gray eyes were filled with tears and the voice was tremulous.

"Dear little friend," this time the tone was one of calm resignation, could he have grown old so soon?—"it was wrong and thoughtless of me to have dreamed that you could

have cared for me other than a friend. Forgive me for paining you thus—and let's be friends—true friends always!"

At last he was gone, her breath began to come more regularly. "Friends, friends," she murmured, "why it is that I love him as soon as he is out of my sight? Yet when he is near me I can not think of him other than a friend."

"Is you talking to me, Miss Mary? Miss Margaret say she gwine ter stay wid you tonight, because its the last one."

"No, no. Susannah, you must not let her. I must be alone tonight. Tell her that I am sick, anything to keep her away. You can do it I know and she'll never find out the difference."

Susannah managed it all right, and the next morning Mary Cross bade adieu to the town where she had stayed so long. When aboard the cars she remembered she had not written the home-people the day she was going. What should she do? Then she thought of wiring from the next station, so she did.

"Why, hello! What's this?" asked George Beamon as he watched the agent at P— copy a message on a yellow blank.

"It's a message for Mr. Cross," the agent drawled.

"I'll take it up there, I want to see Frank, so I'm going up for a while," George Beamon kindly offered.

He took the telegram and started for the Cross home. When he arrived there, to his surprise, there was no one at home, but a little servant. He questioned the little black fellow and learned that the family were away visiting a relative and would not be home until the following day. For the first time he thought of the message, he would read it. He noticed that it was from a station in Alabama. This set him to thinking, suppose *she* should be coming home and there had been a wreck—with trembling hands he broke the seal, he read:

"Will be home the 20th. Meet 32.

"MARY."

His heart beat rapidly, just twenty-five minutes to catch the train to meet her. He sent the servants for her mother and father and ran for the depot. Ten minutes and the train would be there, how his heart did jump! But no, he would never let her know after all he had heard. She must never know how he cared.

The train came, Mary Cross quickly alighted and looked around for her father and saw only George Beamon. As he tucked her in the carriage after explaining the absence of her home-people, he asked:

“Mary, where is ——, aren’t you married?”

“Married?” she replied in surprise, “of course I’m not married, what on earth are you talking about?”

“Then you’ve come back to us, to the Old North State, and to *me*, and it’s not George Murray that you love, is it dear? I want to hear you say it’s not!”

“That’s it,” she murmured, “it was the name and not the man that I cared about.”



since we remember what it has done recently in the way of interesting and helpful services, and for the promotion of the social welfare of the college.

But we, away from ourselves, *can* site a break in our seemingly well fortified position. It is seen by others, and we must acknowledge it ourselves.

Coming directly to the point, let us consider the literary problem confronting us. While it may not be a very serious fault, yet would we not be much more nearly perfect if we could succeed in creating more literary spirit in the mind of every student?

The CHATTERBOX has long seen this great need in our student life, and we are earnestly endeavoring to place a higher standard for our literature, and to kindle more enthusiasm.

With this aim in view four prizes have been offered: for the best poem, story, purely literary article, and nonsense rhymes. We shall give a year's subscription to our College Journal to the four persons sending in these contributions between now and the first of next month.

Our motive in doing this is to lead out the latent powers which we feel sure lie buried in the minds of our girls and to give them an incentive to the expression of these talents.

We are expecting many responses to these offers within this month, and are looking forward with much pleasure to adding many new contributors to our list.

## D. W. C. A.

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ANNIE G. GRIGGS, '10.

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—On the third Sunday evening Miss Mary Lowder spoke to us in a most interesting way. The subject being, “Be Ye Clean.”

—On Sunday evening October 25th, the Y. W. C. A. meeting was led by Miss Anderson, the business teacher. Her talk was much enjoyed by every one present.

—Last Sunday evening was the missionary meeting. Miss Mollie Stephenson made a very beautiful talk on both home and foreign missions, showing us the many different ways in which we can all be mission workers. The interest and effect of the service were greatly increased by special music.

—The regular business meeting was held on the first Monday of this month.

—The following clipping shows that Miss Nutt is appreciated by others as well as by us who miss her presence so much:

“Miss Martha Nutt, of Granbury, Texas, has recently been appointed missionary to San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Miss Nutt is regarded as one of the best qualified missionaries that has ever gone out from Texas. In addition to her deep spiritual discernment, she is a capable business woman, having been closely associated with her father, Mr. D. L. Nutt, a prosperous merchant of Granbury. She is a competent stenographer and accountant. She was the Bible teacher in the college at Littleton, North Carolina, last year, and during this summer has taught Bible classes at Epworth-by-the-Sea, Plano and Granbury.

“Miss Nutt will be in Fort Worth Monday night, Oct. 5, for her farewell consecration service, which will be conducted at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by Dr. Knickerbocker. Other workers will visit Fort Worth to assist in the service. It has been arranged to give Miss Nutt a novelty shower at the close of the service on Monday night.”

## Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

Should our magazine stories consist wholly of sentimentality interlaced with elaborate descriptions of some one's costume? I am sure we will all answer to the contrary. There must of a necessity be some channel where we can lay aside our heavy thoughts and let our fancies wander, but "Variety is the spice of life."

The magazines average up very nicely this time. The Park School *Gazette* is rather thin, but what there is of it is good. We are anxious to know the conclusion of "False to His Promise?"

The *Red and White* is pretty well balanced. We were just a little disappointed in "Five Fears Experience,"—"it's the same old story in the same old way?" We were very interested in the "Rabies—its History and Treatment," practical things are what we all want. Another feature that the *Red and White* is to be commended for this time is, that its jokes are within the bounds of decency—keep up your rep!

We like the *Clemson College Chronicle*, too. The articles on education are especially good. Would that every one would adopt "Education" for the watchword! "Ernest to the rescue" is the best story, there's something in it.

The *Acorn* has a full issue this number, and most of the articles are very good. Don't you think the jokes would be more interesting were they not so local?

We would like to ask a question of the *Winthrop Journal*,—is the plot in the story of the "Picture Girl" wholly orig-

inal? Perhaps it is only another proof to the old adage, "Great minds run in the same channel." I think that if you will review the summer numbers of the *Delineator*, you will find this story in full. Perhaps you needed it to fill out, but do not acknowledge stories that you copy!

The article in the *Wofford College Journal*, "A Few Presidential Candidates," is very clever. The style is breezy and smooth, and intensely interesting. It's good to see how well you've kept up with the times! The stories are somewhat disappointing with the exception of "The Call of the Bloods." This is a peculiar story. It is strong and appealing, yet there's something in it that calls forth a loathing. It is not a *clean* story. We Southern people, who know just such things and have tried to hide them, are hurt to see them uncovered, and especially to see them appear in a Southern magazine! Let's have clean stories. We can not help but acknowledge that it is strong—almost dramatic, but should it appear in a Southern magazine?

# Among Us.

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

—Miss Thornton returned last week from a short stay in Norfolk, Va.

—Mr. Rhodes returned Tuesday from a business trip through parts of this State and Virginia.

—Ex-Governor Aycock gave the student body, on the campus, a five minutes talk on "Education," October 15th.

—Miss Blanche Holt spent from the 11th to 15th October at her home, Holly Springs, N. C., in order to be present at her sister's wedding.

—We are sorry to note that Misses Pearl and Jefferson House were called home last week because of their father's death. They returned Monday.

—Mrs. Rhodes is still away but we hope to see her back soon.

—Miss Eva Thomas was summoned home a few days ago on account of the illness of her father.

—Misses Mary Parker and Carrie Brooks were pleased to have their grandmother, Mrs. M. J. Branche, of Weldon, visit them a short while ago.

—Miss Davidson spent Sunday recently with friends in Emporia.

—A public game of basketball is on for Thanksgiving.

—The classmates of Miss Mollie Stephenson were *glad* to hear that she received a box of grapes and a barrel of apples October 19th, but were *delighted* when a *senior feast* was proclaimed.

—The many friends and classmates of Miss Carson Farrow, ex-'09, were delighted to have her visit the College some days ago.

—Miss Linthicum was pleased to have her father, Mr. Hill C. Linthicum of Durham, visit her last week.

—Miss Ruth Jarrett, of Jarrett Va., visited friends and relatives here a few days ago.

—Miss Fannie Best went home with Miss Euna Weaver to spend Sunday last; also, Miss Mary Exum went home with Miss Helen Moore.

—Misses Betts, and Herring spent Sunday at Norlina.

—The following went home to spend Sunday: Miss Taylor, Misses Emma Taylor, Julia Railey, and Rosa Davis.

—The Hyperion and Eunomian Literary Societies here, and the Societies from Central Academy were abundantly entertained in the College Laboratory on Hallowe'en night, the reception committee consisting of ghosts, witches and fairies. The surroundings well represented that of a lower clime, while the red lights reflected the image of the snakes and lizards to perfection. Refreshments were served midst scenes of hideous enchantment, and every one went away feeling that they had been thoroughly entertained.

—Quite a good majority of the student body spent the day at Panacea Springs Monday, November 2d.

## Current Events.

FLOSSIE STEELE, '09.

Many parties add interest to a campaign—they keep it from becoming altogether a personal fight! The smaller parties, Prohibition, Socialist, Populist and Independent, because they *are* small, and have little hope of winning in the race, have the advantage over the larger parties in being able to state clearly what they stand for, while the larger parties are compelled (?) to be more or less ambiguous in their statements in order that no one be offended.

The prohibitionists have been very well described as, “men who will vote for what they want and not get it, rather than vote for what they do not want and get it at once.” They hope to stir men to protest, as citizens, against legalizing such an expensive and debasing traffic as the liquor trade.

The socialist party has for a leader a man who has given his whole life to helping his fellow-men. They protest against a government that will pass bills to help the wealthy, while the unemployed are given the “big stick” when they make known their needs, and ask for “fair play.”

\* \* \*

Do you think the Populists will be able to carry Georgia this year, as they so coolly planned?

\* \* \*

Mr. Hearst's chief use for his party is as a means of defeating Bryan.

\* \* \*

Wouldn't it be nice for Mr. Bryan, if Mr. Roosevelt's attention should be taken with the crisis in the Balkans until after the election?

Mr Hearst, in a political speech, observed that he was the real race track gambling reformer! Possibly the pages he devoted to gambling news brought the people to a realization of the evil as nothing else would.

\* \* \*

We wonder if all the Persian women are in favor of leaving off the veil. You know it will be dreadfully trying on their complexions.

\* \* \*

Slavery has recently been abolished in Georgia. A law has been passed preventing the leasing of convicts.

\* \* \*

“The Japanese received our fleet as though it were labled ‘Handle with care.’”

\* \* \*

Will the “keeper’s” “big stick” be a sufficient goad for the elephant in the coming race?

\* \* \*

A propos of economy, some one has suggested that soft-soap be made of the ashes of the great fire in the northeast.

\* \* \*

Hearst has decided to “keep the pot a boiling with his little can of oil.”

\* \* \*

The Democrats charge that the Steel Trust is helping the Republicans; Mr. Hearst charges that the Standard Oil is furnishing funds for the Democrats. What if both should be true!

\* \* \*

Bryan or Taft? As we go to press reports seem to indicate the election of Taft. But let us hope for the best. “While there is life, there is hope.”

# Have You Heard the Latest?

“Laugh and the world laughs with you.”

---

## Jokes.

---

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

---

A Senior's Saturday night soliloquy:  
“The more I study the less I do,  
I've missed by lessons the whole week through.”

\* \* \*

Lillian Hooks wants to know what day Thanksgiving comes on this year.

\* \* \*

Lorena: “Plus times minus gives minus.”

Mabelle: “Well then, what does minus times plus give?”

\* \* \*

The hosiery mill was mistaken by one of our girls for the hotel. Well, do you wonder?

\* \* \*

Teacher: “Define trio.”

Sub-Fresh: (quickly) “That's three girls singing a duet.”

\* \* \*

Teacher: “What part of speech is tomorrow?”

Pupil: “Tomorrow is a pronoun because it stands for the next day to come.”

Teacher: (crossly) “Next! What part of speech is tomorrow?”

Pupil: (In a confused manner) “Oh tomorrow is Wednesday—er—er tomorrow is desert day.”

\* \* \*

Lucile Edwards wants to drop Latin and double on “chumming”!!

One of the new girls on seeing some C. A. boys pass the campus exclaimed, "what a number of policemen Littleton has."

\* \* \*

Geometry is a vexation,  
So is the teacher of the same;  
Of this I will say no more,  
For fear she will know my name.

\* \* \*

At C. A. Mr. Aiken: "Define the terms *pessimist* and *optimist*."

Pupil, (confidently): "A pessimist is a foot doctor, and an optimist is an eye doctor."

\* \* \*

Heard in the book room: "I want some capsule (foolscap) paper."

\* \* \*

"When they take women from the coeducational colleges" said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—Selected.

\* \* \*

#### THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH.

If an *s* and an *i* and an *o* and an *u*  
With an *x* at the end spells *SU*,  
And an *e* and a *y* and an *e* spell *I*  
Pray what is a speller to do?  
Then if also an *s* and an *i* and a *g*  
With a *hed* spells *side*  
There's nothing much left for a speller to do  
But go and commit siouxyesighed!!

—Selected.

A maiden at college named Breeze  
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s  
Collapsed from the strain,  
Said her doctor 'tis plain,  
You are killing yourself by degrees.

—Selected.

\* \* \*

To study or not to study,—That is the question,  
Whether 'tis better to slip classes and flunk  
And run the risk of being caught by teachers,  
And being sent to the study to enjoy  
An hour's pleasant chat with the lord who rules there;  
Or work our brains to death in preparation  
For the teacher's grunt of mild approval,  
(Which never comes.)

## COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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### Class 1909

Blanche Holt..... President  
Sallie Jordan..... Vice-President  
Virginia Pittman..... Secretary  
Maud Satterthwaite..... Treasurer  
Bessie Boone..... Historian  
Elizabeth Harris..... Poet

### Class 1910

Mollie Mitchell..... President  
Emma McCullen..... Vice-President  
Boyd Thorne..... Secretary  
Mattie Moore..... Treasurer  
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Ruth Nicholson..... Historian

### Class 1911

Annie Norwood..... President  
Lula Frances McCall..... Vice-President  
Willietta Evans..... Secretary  
Lillian Whitfield..... Treasurer  
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Mary Lowder..... President  
Kate Maynard..... 1st Vice-President  
Elizabeth Harris..... 2d Vice-President  
Edith Simmons..... Recording Secretary  
Emma Taylor..... Corresponding Sec.  
Blanche Holt..... Treasurer

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Julia Railey..... Secretary  
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Elizabeth Harriss..... 2d Vice-President  
Dolly Edwards..... 3d Vice-President  
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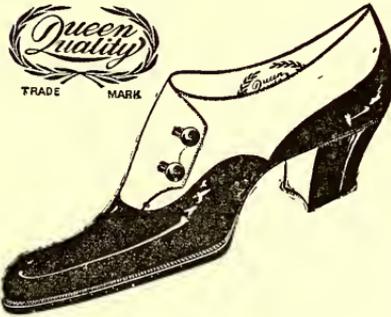
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