

# The Chatterbox

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Volume III

Number 6

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LITERARY SOCIETY NUMBER

MARCH, 1909

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LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.

**“I Chatter Chatter as I Go”**



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# The Chatterbox.

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## Literary Department.

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Translated from Millevoys's "La Fleur du Souvenir."

They say Louise, a flower fair  
    Within her hand one summer day,  
With Lisbeth in Helvetia rare  
    Had wandered far beyond her way.  
She could not find her way alone  
So begged the priest upon the stone  
    "Forget-me-not!"

The way was rough, the light all gone,  
    The beating of their hearts was loud,  
But still the darkness called them on,  
    And fearful, to their fate they bowed.  
To Lisbeth who knew all her heart,  
To her she said, "List! e'er we part,  
    Forget-me-not!"

The storm broke forth, the cold rain fell,  
    But still the calling they obeyed,  
And o'er the roar they heard a bell  
    And for the dripping rain ne'er stayed.  
The ledge gave way on which they stood,  
Louise cried from the seething flood  
    "Forget-me-not!"

In vain, in vain did Lisbeth call  
As down the stream her friend was borne;  
The echoes answered, that was all,  
All she could do was sigh and mourn.  
Upon the bank she found the flower,  
It has been called from that sad hour  
Forget-me-not.

E. B. H., HYPERION.

### A Ghost Story.

---

When I was a boy I liked stories of any kind, but was especially fond of having some one tell me what I called graveyard stories. I suppose you have heard people tell about spirits, ghosts, lights, and all kinds of things they have seen in graveyards and how suddenly all of the sights would disappear. Well, I had all sorts told to me, but I considered myself too much of a man to allow such tales to frighten me, so I determined at some time to test it and see what I could find out about the horrible things of which I had been told.

After several years had passed, a rumor was spread over the neighborhood that great and horrible sights had been seen in a graveyard not very far from my home. This being the burying-place of an old miser who had committed suicide a few months previous, caused a peculiar superstition, so that the inhabitants could not rest day or night. Having grown to manhood and still remembering my desire to see a ghost, I at once decided to go over to the cemetery.

It was a cold night that I selected for my visit; the moon was shining bright as day upon the frozen ground; everything, even the rabbits, seemed to be asleep that night; nothing could I hear but my own footsteps. Oh! I remember now how dark and lonesome the cedar tree looked standing by the graves as I approached. The scene filled me with horror, and the nearer I came to the spot the weaker my nerves felt. I was now near enough to see the graves. I made a few steps more and a tall, white figure appeared—the ghost as I thought—just under the spreading boughs of the cedar. By this time my strength was so exhausted that I could go no farther. So after resting a short while, I

started again toward the graves, only to see the figure more plainly than before, and this time I heard a strange noise from the same direction. My strength was gone; my knees began to shake; I was unable to hold my teeth together; I could feel even the hair of my head rising, and my hat fell upon the ground. However, I went on, step by step, sometimes almost fainting. Finally I fell, and this time I was unable even to stand upon my feet, so I crawled a little nearer to the ghost-like figure, frightened almost to my wits' end, only to find myself scared nearly out of my life at a mullen stalk covered with frost.

EUNOMIAN.

### Nature a Tonic.

ALBERTA AIKEN.

The half holiday in midterm was very acceptable, as is anything which breaks the monotony of the regular routine and gives us a rest from study and thought.

We retreated to the woods—my friend and I—far away from the noisy din and out of sight of college walls. On the bank of a brook we sat, to read, to rest, and to contemplate on the rareness of the scene before us. To the right was an impending rock reaching well into the branches of a gigantic oak. On one side a lane lost itself in the distance. On the other, far down into the wood at the foot of an incline, ran another streamlet, broken and winding, where all was darkened by the dense shadows of the overhanging boughs. Just in front of us was an opening, small and unpretending, a field uncultivated. To the left, forest again, a clump of small pines, cool and inviting. The ground, though washed and ragged, was everywhere covered with the soft, sweet-scented pine leaves, very natural and picturesque. This wood extended across the stream and to our backs was crossed by a fence, by which ran a foot path, apparently the only connection with the outside world. At the point of a far-spreading oak the forest again broke away, and through the opening the afternoon sun poured in all his splendor. Where the fence crossed the stream, there were woods again. In the distance we heard the clanking, yet indistinct notes of the cow bell. The sides of the brook itself were covered with fern and mosses, and over a large, flat rock the water made a tiny fall. As the water leaped and gurgled below us and a sweet songster on an overhanging bough caroled a love-ditty to his mate, we felt something of the

“Beauty born of murmuring sound,  
And thoughts that lie too deep for tears.”

We were near to the heart of mother Nature, and under the charm of her own sweet spell. The beautiful spell of the springtime, when the soft, sweet air kisses the earth and she offers up her loveliest treasures. Thus surrounded, we found little time for reading or talking and could but reflect on the perfect simplicity, yet the grandeur and the calm restfulness of the world about us.

The sun was slowly sinking below the horizon and the western sky was resplendent. The earth reflected the afterglow and the most unsightly places were made beautiful by the evening halo.

“Under the arch of the midnight sky, in the splendor of the sunset, there is infinite inspiration and suggestion that reveals truth, which has the power to charm and in some way lift us above the dead level of daily experiences.”

Sauntering homeward we heard in the distance the college bell, like the angelus, ringing for the evening devotion. In the cool, sweet twilight we reached the campus ravenously hungry and tired in every limb; but ready to greet with a smile and pleasant banter even the girl who “gets on our nerves.” Thus refreshed in mind, renewed in spirit and eager to take up the work where we had left it; we were enabled to learn in an hour the lesson which the night before had taken us two.

HYPERION.

A Reflection.  

---

Oh! how oft we forget,  
As we go to and fro  
In this busy, full life  
Of the world here below;  
All the numberless blessings  
Our God doth bestow.

Oh! the rare, the sweet pleasure  
His dear ones to know:  
Friends to sympathize with us  
By sorrow brought low.

And, too, the real mission  
When with true love we go  
And kind sympathy lend  
To another in woe,  
Gently comfort their grief—  
While the tears madly flow.

Then let us by service  
Our gratitude show;  
For the power to love,  
And to work and to grow!

A. AIKEN, HYPERION.

### The Year of Genius, 1809.

The year 1909 is the one hundredth birthday<sup>s</sup> of at least twenty-one of the greatest men in the world's history. Among these twenty-one are Lincoln, Poe, Darwin, Tennyson, Holmes, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Gladstone.

1809 was indeed the most famous natal year in history, and I hardly think it would be amiss to celebrate in a way, by a little tribute to them in this issue, the birthday of these men, who have lived a hundred years, and will continue to live hundreds more through the power which great intellect, sweet verse and soul-stirring music will ever exert on the human being; the three agencies by which the world has been influenced through all the ages, and will continue to be until the end of time.

It is interesting to note the personalities of these men above mentioned; to see the marks of environment and heredity brought out in them in so noticeable a degree as to make us realize these two agencies can not be overlooked in the making of a man for good or bad.

In Edgar Allan Poe, who was born on January 10, 1809, we find a man so marked with the taints of heredity as to make the most skeptical believe in it.

"The child is father to the man," and we see in Poe's poems and later life the childhood neglect, the tendencies of the actress mother, who died when he was six, and the spirit of waywardness inherited from a gypsy father, who forsook his law work at twenty-five to marry the sprightly little dancer of a traveling company.

What could a child be expected to develop into from such a beginning?

And yet with all his sowing of wild oats, his life, poisoned through neglect, dissipation and misunderstanding, has its

place in history, and the trained intellects will continue to keep alive this master mind whose grave, lying neglected in Baltimore, might justly have above it "The Misunderstood."

On February 3, 1809, Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn was born of a distinguished Hebrew parentage, with the environments all calculated to bring out most perfectly the artistic temperament; born to a smooth, protected, happy life, even at six he was an accomplished pianist, and at twelve a composer. A happy marriage and many successes in his prime of life, all these seemed to have brought forth in their fullness the melodies, which will live through the ages and appeal to the hearts of men, even poorly endowed with "the artistic temperament," because of the brightness and joy they give.

Darwin, the great scientist, was born a few days later, February 12, 1809, in a typical English red brick house, surrounded in his youth by the flowers which his sweet happy mother taught him to "look into the hearts of," as he expressed it, and which gave him unconsciously his first love of natural science.

Darwin was himself an evolution, for his development was discouragingly slow, and it was only after he was despaired of by his father, who was a country doctor, and had been sent to be educated for the ministry, that he began to show any tendencies toward scientific research.

It was not until fifty years of age that his great work on "Origin of Species" evolved itself from the mass of brain that was slowly budding into this scientific volcano. Probably no one man has ever been more censured, and yet in reading his life we see the early environments of sweetness and beautiful home life expressed in his patience under the invectives hurled at him.

On the same day in America Abraham Lincoln was open-

ing his eyes, a true child of the woods, in a rude log cabin in the then wilds of Kentucky. To those who advocate "the Simple Life" as the greatest producer of magnitude of intellect, honesty of being, tenderness for humanity, sensibility to human suffering and sorrow, I cite this life, for truly the "Simple Life" was the keynote of it.

Chopin, who was born next in date, on March 1, 1809, was a Pole, and the atmosphere of the country, the hopelessness of a weak and lost cause seems almost to breathe in his music.

Very different from Mendelssohn, although educated and associated with nobles and of high culture, the keynote of his music is melancholy, tragic; almost woeful at times. None of the brightness of happy home life, of flowers, of joy permeate his chords.

Only the melancholy, almost abject strains, which one would expect from a product of the Polish land.

On August 10th Alfred Tennyson was born, an Englishman, and a more typical one could not be found. In this life, as in all the others we have noted, environment is undoubtedly strong. The conventional, conscientious, evenly balanced, aristocratic Englishman puts his imprint on every poem; and while we may admire this in the abstract my opinion is that human nature rather shuns the conventions and turns to the man humanly human, who relieves the pressure, and so let us turn now to Oliver Wendell Holmes, next in line of date, born on August 29, 1809. An American of that date in America's history when there was time for happiness, for wit and friendship. One hundred years ago before the mad rush for supremacy was the great end and aim of living, Holmes was a humorist of the genuine good-humored sort, with a smile around his mouth and a twinkle in his eye. He found amusement in everything, for he looked on the bright side of life and turned every-

thing into humor. He lived well and long, dying painlessly and serenely, leaving a trail of sunshine behind him. I wonder if we might not add, "Is not this one of the greatest of all the lives yet mentioned because by its brightness burdens were lightened, friends were encouraged and the young were made more courageous?"

We Americans as a general thing are so absorbed and exhausted by our own political struggles that we have little interest to spare for the politics of the European countries, but there has never been a statesman more cordially sympathized with and esteemed than William Ewart Gladstone, born December 29th, at the very close of this famous year.

The epithet by which he is universally known, that of the "Grand Old Man," tells the nature of the man. A politician of whom it may justly be said, "He has fought a good fight, he has kept the faith." So turning now from the year 1809 and contemplating the years that have intervened in this last century, the progress, the light, the intellectuality, and realizing that "the goal of yesterday will be the starting point of to-morrow," what possibilities will a retrospect from 2009 give to the writer of that day!—L. M. L., *Eunomian*.

### The Place of the Literary Society in College Life.

---

Among grievously abused and worthy institutions the college literary society holds rank near the top. There is probably no department of college life subject to more general criticism than is the literary society, and yet at the same time there is probably no one of its activities that the college could so ill afford to spare as this. The faculty complains that the society is not doing real work, that its programs are light and valueless. The student body complains that they are dry and a "bore." Even the majority of its members are apt to forget loyalty and complain, when put on duty, that it's a horrid grind, and they had as soon double on English or Math. But in spite of the abuse heaped upon it the society generally struggles on, and in after years its shirking members come to regret that they did not take a more active and willing part in its success. For truly there is no phase of college life more beneficial to the student than the literary society, standing as it does midway between the play side on one hand and the classroom work on the other. Its work is or ought to be real, honest work, but work from which the restrictions of the classroom are removed and into which the stimulus of interest and "play spirit" is infused.

Let us see in detail some of the work done by the literary society—work which the student might get in no other way.

In the first place every good literary society is a debating society, and the value of this phase of its work can not be overestimated. Doubtless the logic of its debates is often questionable, but what of that? Does not the opposing side and the critic stand ever ready to question it? In a debate we have two incentives to victory, our society loyalty and the spur of personal ambition. It's a hit and hit back affair

where the victory is to the vigilant, the active and the brave, as well as to the strong, and where the debater is forced to be on the alert and to cultivate quickness, accuracy and coolness. What is a written argument presented as an English paper in comparison with a live, rapid-fire debate? There red ink alone refutes our arguments, while on a debate we have a chance to answer back, trip up our opponent and, if we are sufficiently nimble-minded, wring victory from the very jaws of defeat. Surely such joy is worth weeks of preparation and weeks of grinding classroom study over "arguments a priori," "sign" and "example," and the "fallacy of the divided middle," the "appeal ad hominem," etc.

And then in the field of amateur dramatics the literary work of a college is very valuable. Somehow or other nothing seems to give more pleasure at the time, or more general skill and versatility to a pupil than participating in a well-gotten up college play. It gives the pupil insight into character, skill in interpreting, and a versatility in arranging and managing that nothing else seems to impart. To take a prominent part in a well-chosen and thoroughly worked up play is as beneficial to a pupil as any one study she may be taking. A dramatic club probably does work along this line more thoroughly than the literary society can do, but often the enthusiasm is lacking, which in the literary society prompts its members to make *their play* the best ever given in the college.

The other departments of society work might be taken up in like manner. The literary work done, which if rightly arranged is a supplement to the English courses, without their formality, however; the research work in literature; the nonsense evenings, which are by no means *no-sense* evenings, but on the contrary require the brightest wit and most sparkling vivacity to make them a success; the current events department; and last, the parliamentary training required,

all these mean work, most beneficial and lasting in its effects, most interesting in its processes.

About the two last-named departments a word further might be said with reference to their value in societies composed of girls. Most girls take far too little interest in current events, and are usually as ignorant as the beasts that perish in regard to parliamentary law. Now why should this be so? Why should not a woman be able to discuss politics and current events intelligibly, and conduct a meeting that would not cause "mere man" convulsions of mirth?

But the greatest lesson of all that the literary society bestows upon its members is the lesson of loyalty and "team work" that it teaches them. There is a rival society to be beaten and *my own society* to be exalted. That is the keynote of the whole thing—"my own society"—the society for which I have worked; yea, even at times unwillingly; a part of Alma Mater for which I am responsible and which I shall look back to in after years with pride and joy.

HYPÉRION.

### March.

---

March has come with its mild breezes  
To stop winter winds and freezes ;  
So get out of doors and enjoy the air—  
Sun without shadow everywhere.

March has come, you can tell by the trees,  
Blooming violets and honey bees.  
Out of your wraps and go out just so  
And watch the farmer with spade and hoe.

March has come with a smiling face,  
So welcome it gladly with all the grace  
Of a schoolgirl at a tennis court  
Who's winning the game and enjoying the sport.

March has come with its sun and flowers,  
Tennis games and happy hours ;  
And gay birds flitting from tree to tree,  
Just as happy as they can be.

March has come. My! aren't you glad?  
Leave the happy and look for the sad,  
And tell them "Come, for I've been here,"  
And March is the happiest time of all the year.

March has come, so let's be gay,  
Two more months and 'twill be May ;  
Then every one will laugh and shout,  
"To home! to home! for school is out."

P. VICK, EUNOMIAN.

### In Quest of Game.

---

It was one of those "rare days" in June when everything and everybody pined for freedom to enjoy nature's gorgeous display.

Burt and Jennie were no exception to the universal longing as ole mammy hurried them, recently snatched from the enchanting chase of butterflies, to the nursery to be robbed in "purple and fine linen."

"De pa'son am done heah, my deahs, so come long, my lams.

"But, mammy, *we* don't want to see no preacher man," argued Jennie with a vision of her cool, bare feet imprisoned within tiny French slippers—an agony equaled only by the unreasonableness of exchanging a pink gingham pinafore for a crisp muslin hoop-skirt and sashes.

"Well, but yo' ma haz sed de wu'd, so come, else she'll be fretted; you knows *dat!*"

Yes, of course they knew. Jennie gave a sidelong glance at Burt, who sat on the lower limb of the apple tree, whence he usually fled for cover. If he was interested he failed to show it by whistling his gayest tune and teasingly showering mammy with apple blossoms.

"Oh, go way wid ye, chile," she remonstrated, protecting herself from the profusion of pink fragrance, then added, "jes lak he pa."

Perhaps the very mention of this magical appellation of paternal authority wrought the change in Master Burt; at any rate he descended from his fortification with a masterly "Come, Jennie, it's proper, you know, to pay our r'spects to the Lord's 'nointed." Indeed Burt felt a certain amount of grace in him sufficient to meet good old Dr. Mitchell after the successful application of the pastoral term he had absorbed at a recent camp meeting in the negro quarters.

Jennie, admiring and obedient as usual, followed in the older brother's steps, her mind just a very faint reflection of Burt's illuminating optimism, resulting from his recent display before ole mammy, who half-abashed by his pious turn of mind, scarcely found time to exult in her own victory.

"My son, Master Burt Gordon, Dr. Mitchell; and this is little Jennie." The tone of pride sank to one of caressing gentleness as Mrs. Gordon presented her two children for the doctor's inspection.

And truly they were a goodly sight! What magic could have transformed a nine-year-old, towsy-headed, barefoot boy, scampering wildly about under a ragged straw hat just half an hour ago, to this young Southern gentleman with his winning smile and courteous manners? The doctor beamed with pleasure on the young hopeful, then turned to greet Jennie—really her, though the grimy little face and tangled curls disappeared together with her soiled pinafore. The smooth curls and fresh muslin could not make up for a certain wistful expression in the large blue eyes, however, as the "preacher man" lifted the baby face to his own for a kiss without even so much as an "if you please."

Perhaps this freedom aroused some resentment in Jennie. At any rate, so Burt affirms to this day, she was first to suggest the good times they were missing by being kept away from the "woods pasture." Yet in truth Master Burt was first to retire with a polite excuse, though to be sure Jennie immediately followed—*minus an excuse!*

"Hi dar, whar you gwine?" The wrathful tone came from mammy as she stood in the open kitchen door shading her eyes for a better view of the two small figures stealing guiltily through the bars into freedom beyond.

Two runaways of such a type are pretty elusive at times though, and mammy, finding words were unavailing, was

forced to abandon all idea of pursuit in favor of her neglected dinner.

"Halt! Put yourself in trim for marching," came from the captain of the marching couple as Jennie and Burt neared the creek at the lower end of the pasture. "But, bruver," objected Jennie, "muver'll be awfu' mad."

Ay, truly the sorry plight of mud-spattered slippers, crushed dress and tattered sash was enough to awaken maternal solicitude in that gentle lady's heart.

"Oh, bother, off with your togs," insisted her lord and master, setting the example by removing his own shoes and ruffled collar and tie.

Once properly *unequipped* the whole-hearted, conscience-free children paddled contentedly in the shallow creek water in perfect bliss. Why not? Should two of nature's children be imprisoned to wither away like wild flowers in the killing atmosphere of a closed parlor? The blithe voices of the woods were in tune with their own urging them on; then why, oh, why not follow? Some such vague logic freed them from all compunctions of regret or remorse.

The sprouting germ of manhood was too firmly planted in Burt's fertile brain to let him enjoy such innocent happiness long though. The immature Adam within his ambitious little soul struggled to accomplish some tangible feat of daring to end the career of one day in "do as you please" pleasures.

"Why don't you tum on, bruver," demanded Jennie, unable to follow Burt's flights of imagination. It was incomprehensible to her how he ever grew tired of the rich joy of allowing and, in fact, urging, a school of tadpoles to dart back and forth over his feet.

"Oh, psaw child, a *boy* gets tired o' such nonsense *sometimes!*" responded Burt in his loftiest manner as he kicked viciously at a clump of moss on the log where he had thrown himself.

"Well what'll we do then?" inquired Jennie, never doubting Burt's ability to always invent new joys.

"Hunt for game of course: wild turkeys, or elephants, or bears, or man-eaters or *anything*. Le's pla' 'ike I'm David now," as Burt filled his handkerchief with small, smooth stones to sling at game, he answered very nicely for a handsome young David. At least this was the small sister's opinion as she followed meekly behind with the modest request to "please not to see no G'li'th."

"Jes *anything* that I meet, fraid cat, come on!"

The tramp for game was growing monotonous in reality when just ahead there was a sudden crackling of underbrush and both children stopped short. Jennie's round eyes were wide open in fear of some modern G'li'th's attack on Burt, while he, the boasted hero, was kept from an ignoble retreat only because his knees were so shaky that he could not move a peg.

Peering cautiously between the bushes the two frightened children beheld a stately turkey gobbler parading up and down the bank of the creek, in an angry attitude toward his reflection in the water below, which dared to resemble his own form.

"Gee, but ain't he *dandy*! A real wil' turkey, Jennie."

"Oh-h-oh!"

"Sh! quiet now; *he's* our game," announced Burt with the precaution of a real hunter. "Wait!"

Jennie waited, breathless, eager. The air seemed tense with excitement. Even the gobbler had a vague touch of the awe inspiring moment, for he raised his head with gills a purplish red, and stopped to listen. The birds seemed to cease singing just for that brief moment, even the quivering pines overhead sighed more gently. Burt felt that the situation was his, *he*, the brave hunter was lord and master. Whish! the smoothest, largest stone was let go from the boy's

tingling fingers and struck the turkey with full force on the head. The struggle for life was brief; David II's stone retained some of the renowned virtue of old, and Burt was quick in seizing his game.

"Mayn't I help jes a teeny weeny bit," begged Jennie as she and Burt, tired but triumphant, trudged across the cotton field to reach mammy in the kitchen and relate the success of their quest.

"Yes, you may, you can carry the old chap's head," consented the thoroughly exhausted Burt. And thus, swinging the bird between them, mammy spied the two when she went for the fourth time to call that "plum crazy Ik" to kill a goose for dinner.

"Won't she be s'prised to see a real wil' turkey though!" gloated Burt to Jennie as they saw mammy round the corner with a general air of fatigue.

"Hide him here, Burt."

So Mr. Gobbler was duly deposited behind the large sycamore while the children, all forgetful of their appearance, hastened forward to meet mammy.

"Now de Lawd he'p us; whut *will* happ'n next!" was her greeting as the two advanced.

Jennie thus reminded of her *dishabille* looked utterly crestfallen.

Not so Burt. *He* had accomplished a feat worthy of a medal and *mammy's* scorn could not dampen his enthusiastic admiration of so wonderful a deed.

"Heah Ik done lef 'thout killin' no goose ur anything for dinner, and den you alls hez to come up fur all the wurl like two good-for-nuthin' tramps; I jes clar to de Lawd—"

"There mammy, never mind." Burt could afford to be considerate knowing what a famous hero he was, and so he gently forced mammy into listening.

"Hadn't you lots ruther have a wil' turkey than a goose?"

"Heah go 'long wid yo' foolishness, I'm busy."

"Just take the time to step back here I beg," persuaded Burt in his most lofty state of grandeur.

"Why whut in de wurl—how could yo'—when?" mammy's happy face was a series of question marks.

"Oh, mammy, *Burt* done it, really an' truly 'ith a stone—jes' like David; oh! ain't he *grand*?" and Jennie positively danced with joy and pride.

"Well I *shu'd* say, but—"

"No 'jections, mammy, dress that turkey quick. It's better'n goose I tell you."

After this most modest command neither Burt nor Jennie could understand why mammy sat on the roots of the big tree convulsed with laughter.

"Haw! hee! hee! jess dat berry one," she kept repeating.

After her paroxysm of mirth had subsided somewhat mammy, wiping the tears from her eyes with the corner of her checked apron explained in response to the children's demands, "Why, my lam's, dat am de berry tu'key Ik tried to fin' for dimmah, and kase he couldn't cotch him we wuz gwine ter hab goose. Don' you see, Massa Burt, dat dat am one o' yo' pa's own tu'keys?"

No, Burt did not see, all the glory fled from his victory, the young hero had long ago fled, leaving only incredulous little Jennie to mammy's convincing arguments.

HYPERION.

### Was Macbeth the Third Murderer?

S. M. J., '09.

The question before us is an oft-discussed one, and one which it is hard to settle satisfactorily for all, since this difficulty is largely due to the fact that only a small amount of evidence can be gathered for either side of the question. But, notwithstanding the fact of there being a good amount of evidence for either side, it seems that the affirmative, that Macbeth was the third murderer, by far outweighs and overbalances the negative, that Macbeth was not the third murderer. In taking this initiative we must consider the third murderer's actions at the scene of the murder, also Macbeth's very urgent wish for Banquo's murder.

It was not for greed or gain of wealth, fame or power that the first and second murderers consented to become accomplices in the great crime of Banquo's disposal, but it was for the thirst of revenge, for imagined wrongs that they wished to kill the noble Banquo. They were ready to slay him, yea eager to do him to the death, but if we pause we find that the third murderer was more ready, far more eager to do this. He is ever alert, ever watchful, ever on the lookout for his victim, and it is he who first detects the approach of the expected victim.

"Hark! I hear horses," are the words of not the first or of the second murderer, but of the third. It is also the third murderer who seems to be the best informed as to Banquo's habits, and just here he all but betrays his identity, all but gives himself away. We wonder at and almost admire the blundering Macbeth for this small piece of diplomacy. Macbeth displays too much knowledge of Banquo's customs when the first murderer says, "His horses go about," by replying: "About a mile; but he does usually;" then

seeing his error adds, "So all men do, from hence to the palace gate, make it their walk."

It is the third murderer who first recognizes Banquo and Fleance when they appear. We see that he takes the lead in the whole affair. After Banquo is struck down who is it that so angrily exclaims: "Who did strike out the light?"

It is no other than the third murderer. And it is no one but the third murderer who discovers the escape of Fleance. The first and second murderers do not seem so anxious for Fleance's death; it is Banquo on whom their revenge is to be wreaked. It is Banquo alone who has done them the wrong:

"Whose heavy hand hath bow'd them to the grave  
And beggar'd them for ever."

But it seems that such is not the case with the third murderer. To me Macbeth all too clearly shows himself the murderer by his hasty actions and outward impatience. And if Macbeth is not the third murderer it is an incident of peculiar note that the latter disappears so quickly after the deed is done and is no more heard of. This is in itself a conclusive proof that Macbeth was the third murderer.

Another point to be considered in the question under discussion is this, would it have been safe for Macbeth to have gotten another disinterested person to help commit the crime? It would not have been. In the selection of the first two murderers we notice that Macbeth is careful to get men who from a personal motive desire to kill Banquo. Aside from this were not the men previously engaged for the crime sufficient? They were. Shakespeare, we are told, never introduces an unnecessary character, and the third murderer, as simply an ordinary cutthroat, a man to swell the crowd, not only becomes unnecessary but trivial and uninteresting.

Macbeth, though in most things and at most times a

blunderer, yet has been seen at times to hide successfully his feelings and make the

“ False face hide what the false heart doth know.”

We find this true at the murder of Duncan and we find it equally true in this emergency; when the murderer comes to make a report to him Macbeth here very successfully and admirably feigns ignorance of all that the murderer tells him. It is true even in this scene though that all Macbeth's part is not acting, for even after having had time to think over and realize the purport of Fleance's escape, yet it is a bitter thought to him still that

“ For Banquo's issue has he fil'd his mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan murther'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of his peace  
Only for them; and his eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.”

Do we not think that this was naturally a very galling thought to Macbeth? No doubt it helped him in his acting.

Macbeth hated and feared Banquo as he did no other living thing, and here we find his incentive for partaking in the murder, for seeing that it was done, and well done, by himself being present. Indeed, this was in keeping with the real nature of Macbeth. He was a man of action. When he decided on a thing it had to be done at once and for all time. His impatience would brook no delay whatever; so it seems very natural to me that Macbeth should have disguised himself and presented himself on the scene of action. And, too, Macbeth was in a fearful state of mind, resulting from his fear of Banquo:

“ O, full of scorpions is my mind dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.”

This shows very clearly his fear and terror of Banquo, and no less does the following lines:

“ But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind lie in restless ecstasy.”

show his desperate state of mind, leading him to take very strenuous and forceful measures. This was certainly, if anything could have been, a sufficient cause for Macbeth to have cast fears to the wind and himself helped slay Banquo.

Considering these things Macbeth was to me the third murderer.

EUNOMIAN.

# The Chatterbox.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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ANNIE GRIGGS, '10.	Y. W. C. A.	ELIZABETH HARRISS, '09 . Exchanges
		MATTIE MOORE, '10. . . . . Joke Editor.

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## Editorial.

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The dullest, most unobservant intellect one can imagine would doubtless in this advancing age tell you of the mighty forward movement in science. So strong is this magical, metamorphosing force that the wave has reached even the remotest shores of culture.

It is not now looked upon with any great amount of incredulity when the scientific magazines announce the success of some adventurer in pursuit of an unheard of chemical element, or of another equally ambitious scientist in the process of constructing an artificial rainfall.

These facts no longer arouse consternation and doubt. That which produces the mightiest current, the most violent upheaval in the space it covers, is the fruitless attempt of

groups of harassed editors of college magazines in creating a literary atmosphere within the boundaries of their own world! Bold flights of imagination have been indulged in, wild schemes have been planned, and yet the fathomless depths of a solution have never been reached.

Our very latest effort, which we hope afterwards to refer to as our greatest "hit," is shifting the experiment of literary atmosphere creation upon the two literary societies. A certain spice of rivalry always heightens the flavor of interest, and so a fair and equal field has been allotted to both the Eunomian and Hyperion Societies; a field wholly theirs, either to make or to mar.

Without boasting we feel justified in saying that this issue of the journal is no mean production. The societies have been given the opportunity, the atmosphere has been created, and aided by the Muses, heights have been reached which we trust and believe will be lowered neither in storm or sunshine.

To the societies, congratulations! If the honor of solving the most intricate problem of college life has been accomplished the victory and the honor is *all yours!*

# Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE GRIGGS, '10.

The first Sunday night, February 7th, the former officers of the Y. W. C. A. made a report of the good work which they had done during the past year. After each officer had made her report the present officers were elected. We are delighted to say Miss Reade Pittman was elected president, Miss Clyde Matthews, vice-president; Miss Cora Womble, secretary, and Miss Mattie Moore, treasurer. We wish them much success in the great work which they have before them.

Miss Pittman has appointed the following girls as chairmen of the committees: Miss Kate Blakeney, the missionary; Miss Iola Massey, the social; Miss Dolly Edwards, the devotional; Miss Clyde Matthews, the membership; Miss Cora Womble, the intercollegiate; Miss Mattie Moore, the finance; Miss Beulah Matthews, the musical, and Miss Annie Griggs, the temperance.

A delightful reception was given to the present cabinet by the former cabinet Saturday evening, February 13th. Refreshments were served, which added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

February 14th being the first Sunday after the present officers were elected, Miss Reade Pittman led the service. Miss Pittman thanked the association for the honor they had bestowed upon her and expressed her desire to be of great help to the association.

On Monday evening, February 14th, the Y. W. C. A. gave a valentine party to which the Y. M. C. A. of Central Academy was invited. The Social Hall was made very attractive and the Y. W. C. A. room was beautifully decorated in hearts

and ferns. Refreshments were served in the Y. W. C. A. room, while valentine games were played in the Social Hall.

We had the pleasure of having Mr. Walker, the Assistant State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Virginia, with us Saturday, February the 20th. He made us a most interesting talk at our morning service in which he brought three things before us: (1) Is it true; (2) is it kind; and (3) is it necessary? He said a word which was not all these had better be left unsaid. I am sure if we would follow that rule we would leave a good many things unsaid which we do not as it is, and in that way would live a much happier life.

On the third Sunday evening the subject was missions. Dr. A. D. Betts made a most interesting talk on this subject, his text being taken from Acts 8:39: "And he went on his way rejoicing." He told us we should go on our way rejoicing—although the way be rough—for God knows what is best for us.

The fourth Sunday evening Dr. Betts gave us another talk on missions. The service was made much more impressive by Mrs. Betts reading a selection on missions. We are always glad to have Dr. Betts talk to us.

## Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

“Thou wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being everything which now thou art  
Be nothing which thou art not.  
So with the world thy gentle ways,  
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
Shall be one endless theme of praise  
And love—a simple duty.”

The magazines of this month seem to realize fully the importance of the anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe. In each one there is something, we might say, dedicated to him. We know that he holds a prominent place in our literature, that he has been called the “Genius” of America, but perhaps the truest thing that can be said of him is, “Unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame he is immortal.”

Among the first exchanges this month comes the *Donegal Banner*, from Kenansville, N. C. It is quite a worthy publication and we welcome it heartily. The first efforts have proven successful and we hope to see it ever on our exchange list.

*Wofford College Journal* is not quite up to its usual standard this time. The stories are not unusually good, that is, they show no great thought nor do they struggle to leave a remembrance that is really worth while. “The Literature of Exposure” is quite good, the author is fully awake to the current literature and makes a brave defense in its behalf. “Poverty is no Sin” is not worth anything save the title. We imagine the author took the name at random and missed the story. You deserve the “booby.” We have been enjoying the poems of W. C. Curry immensely, but in the

February number he does not satisfy our thirst. We believe that he is in love; if he is tell us more about it; if not give us the same kind that he used to make.

In the *Trinity Archive* there is a splendid story of ship life, the name is, "To Europe on a Cattle Steamer." It is a lively story and holds our attention to the very end. It is quite lengthy, but that is lost in our eagerness to read more. "The Lyceum System in New England" is quite interesting and shows careful preparation. "Sorrowlike Foam" is not a bit bad, and is really enjoyable. The little bit of verse, "Twilight," is pretty.

Long purple shadows toward even,  
     Growing grey;  
 Red fires leap athwart the heaven,  
     Blood of dying day;  
 Voice of field and woodland blended:  
     Dim blue light,  
 Growing fainter, fainter, until all is ended,  
     In the silent night.

One of the best magazines we have received this month is the *Winthrop College Journal*. It is good in every way. The little story, "Little Boy Blue," is very sweet and pathetic; it touches the better nature and gets close to the heart. It is very well drawn and deserves special mention. "Forget-me-not" is a story of our "Grandmother days." It is very interesting, and the plot is well worked out; that is, it evolves in a natural way. "The Stranger" is quite a charming article about Saint Valentine, and presents him in a new light. We had never just thought of Saint Valentine and Cupid as being one and the same. "The Gift of Love" is an Indian legend and is well written; it is interesting because it is weird. The effects are well produced.

In the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* there is a peculiar story, "A Question"; the author has treated it in quite a clever

way. It is a story of a consumptive who loves a girl, but he is undecided whether he should tell her that he loves her and ask her to share his troubled fate or leave her alone and bear it all himself, though he knows she loves him. He decides to leave her. In after years, when he is almost dead from the dread disease, he goes back to her and she says he should have told her at first. Now which was right he or she? "Dublin" is quite a charming description of that place, and the scenes are vivid.

We acknowledge *St. Mary's Muse, Park School Gazette* and the *Red and White*.

## Among Us.

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

—Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Betts are guests at the college now. We hope to have them with us one month.

—Mr. Rhodes spent a few days in Norfolk last week.

—Mrs. Carraway is glad to have her sister, Mrs. E. J. Brown, of Halifax, with her at present.

—Miss Mollie Stephenson was delighted to have her sister, Miss Eulah, visit her several days ago.

—Miss Mary Exum spent several days recently at her home, Fremont, N. C., in order to be present at the silver wedding of her mother and father.

—Miss Alberta Aiken spent several days at her home, Oxford, N. C., a few weeks ago.

—A very interesting recital was given in the college auditorium February 22d by the faculty and Glee Club of the college. Quite a number of guests from a distance were present.

—Misses Emma Taylor and Julia Railey spent Sunday and Monday last at Margarettsville, N. C.

—Mr. Walker, assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Virginia, gave the Y. W. C. A. here an interesting talk February 23d.

—Misses Lilly and Sargeant intend spending the 4th in Washington, D. C.

—The following went home the 22d of February: Misses Rosa Davis, Helen Moore, Pearl and Mamie Fishel, Boyd Thorne, Hope Thompson, Euna Weaver, Mary Williams and Agnes Crawley.

—The visitors on our campus the 22d were as follows: Mr. Mason Taylor, Seaboard, N. C.; Mr. Joseph Hunt, Oxford, N. C.; Mr. W. W. Fuller, Oxford, N. C.; Mr. W. G. Hunt, New Mexico.

—Mr. T. W. Moore, Pleasant Hill, N. C., visited his daughter, Miss Mattie.

—Mr. J. G. Reade, Rougemont, N. C., visited his daughter, Miss Elizabeth.

—Miss Mary Adams, Leland, N. C., visited Miss Gay at the college.

—Miss Rebie Morris, '08, Elizabeth City, N. C., visited Miss Brice at the college.

—Miss Linthicum, owing to a recent attack of *heart disease*, received a call Sunday last from Dr. L. S. Womack, Stewart, Va., and relief was immediate.

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On the evening of February the twentieth an air of mystery pervaded not only the atmosphere of the Junior class, but of the entire student body. Wonder of all wonders! The Seniors had sent out an invitation to the Juniors. As one saw their beaming countenances lighting up the halls here and there all that gloomy rainy Saturday, the verdant tinge strongly reminded one of the fact that the Juniors and Freshmen are sisters! Verily the resemblance was marked, for they not only accepted the invitation but arrived in due season at the hall gayly attired in all the Colonial finery that they could beg, borrow, or steal, as *truly, Juniors make a show*. This was evident for once as they marched in with stately courtesies and were offered one finger by the Seniors in *negligee* drawn up in a receiving line.

As for the decorations, the main color was suggestive of their natures—green. Out of respect to their tender feel-

ings, however, a touch of red was added, together with enough of their class colors to make them feel at home.

With lamblike submission they followed a Senior in what might be called a "love-ring" march, since they bravely tramped in the circle she led them.

With a curiosity almost pathetic in its ignorance the vice-president of the class meekly accepted the heavy hatchet be-decked in her beloved old rose, and inquired how she should cut the beautiful red and white candy stick. The '09 president left this matter to her choice, however, and after a rousing yell to the class of '10, the Seniors scampered away for a good laugh.

Assisted by that "wholesouled Junior" member of the faculty, they mustered courage to enter a Senior's room, probably desiring to display their truly charming costumes once more.

Dear, sweet-tempered Juniors, they have taken it well, and really deserve some reward. The best thing yet suggested as a *recompense* is another candy stick, for the real enjoyment they derived from a refreshment so thoroughly meeting the demands of a fastidious appetite serves a clue for any one who really desires to please a jolly Junior.

---

#### A Great Event in Society.

An entertainment given by the Seniors on the twentieth of February to their younger sisters, the Juniors, was of such a nature as to eclipse all events of the kind which have heretofore taken place and which could possibly be hoped for in the near future. In fact such was the grandeur of the occasion that we are sure that the Seniors can not enjoy the banquet this year, having had a taste of higher things, and we know that the inauguration of the newly-elected President will be "tame" in comparison to the said affair.

As to the decorations of the Society Hall, words are inadequate to do justice to the subject. The Seniors did not confine themselves to any particular color scheme, but attached small bits of multi-colored paper about the wall, so as to produce the appearance of a rainbow, while the artistic arrangement of the rugs upon the tops of the tables could be appreciated only by an onlooker. We will not attempt to give a further description, but will sum up the whole by saying that the Society Hall was decorated according to the extraordinary taste of the Senior class.

In a short while after all arrived, a brilliant member of the Senior class read an article concerning the Juniors, which was highly enjoyed by the whole assembly. Later in the evening, the Seniors, after serving refreshments, immediately departed, leaving their guests to spend the rest of their time in better company.

The Juniors, when they had feasted sufficiently, also took leave, singing and talking as they went of the pleasant evening and the generosity of the Senior class. F. R. J.

---

#### An Ode to Hospitality.

Indeed it is unusual,  
A thing extremely rare,  
When the stately Seniors  
An hour with Juniors share.  
So the jolly Juniors  
Were a bit surprised—  
But no single member  
Aught of fun despised—  
Yes, we were invited  
To a party grand and staid.  
It sent a happy thrill  
To the heart of every maid.

You never saw such dressing,  
All in Colonial style;  
And fun and merry jesting,  
With eagerness the while.

Powder, paints, and patches,  
Hoopskirt, basque, and frill;  
The low curl and psyche  
A score of "rats" did still.  
Such a lot of jewelry,  
And pretty slippers tall;  
Fine handkerchiefs, and fans,  
And a snuff box with them all.  
Now we all were ready—  
And 'twas a grand array—  
The school with shrieks of laughter  
For the class made way.

In the room appointed  
Were the Seniors, one and all.  
No chairs or sofa cushions,  
Nothing upon the wall.  
They shook hands with every Junior  
And marched us around enough  
To make us feel embarrassed  
And show off all our stuff.  
Then we stopped with dignity  
Before the president  
To hear that grand oration—  
All their care and labor spent.

Oh! you should have heard it,  
For 'twas a wondrous speech;  
And we could but listen  
When Seniors 'gan to preach.

They told us of *our* failures  
 And what *their* class had done,  
 And all the mighty honors  
 By the Seniors won!

Then they proudly told us,  
 "George never told a lie,"  
 And gave to us a hatchet  
 And a tree with it to try.  
 You should have seen them "skiddoo,"  
 As they had before been schooled,  
 Leaving the jolly Juniors  
 All—as they thought—fooled.  
 Much hacked were we, think you?  
 Not a bit of it—  
 Naughty ten's class yell  
 Just made the greatest hit!

But that monstrous tree of candy!  
 Worth a dollar and a half,  
 A fit celebration  
 [For the coming rule of Taft.]  
 Oh! we chopped and cut it;  
 And 'twas a sight to see  
 The Juniors eating candy  
 With jollity and glee:  
 Which the grand old Seniors  
 Had thought that they would lend  
 Until the smuggled Faculty  
 For their class did send.  
 But bless your heart, my honey,  
 The Juniors didn't leave;  
 But unto all that candy  
 Evermore did cleave.

You think it made us mad?  
Well, I guess not much.  
What? a jolly Junior  
Who ever heard of such!

With each a hunk of candy  
We went on a parade.  
With songs, and yells, and laughter,  
Began to serenade.  
And made a merry clatter  
At every Senior's door,  
Until of that same party  
They were both sick and sore.  
We ate and yelled and jested,  
Followed all the while  
By friends and foes, the Freshmen,  
And the Fac's approving smile.  
And we sang so piteously,  
In mock heroic lay,  
With spirits ever bounding,  
So jovial and gay—  
"You poor, dear Seniors  
Surely will be blue  
When the Juniors finish eating  
This candy up from you!"

But at last 'twas over,  
Not that candy so,  
For a week we've eaten,  
And still there is some more.  
Oh! can we ever tell them  
Or let them know  
The gratitude we feel,  
Yet never half can show?

Then three cheers for the Seniors  
So heartily we would give,  
That the feeling and the echo  
For evermore would live.  
"Who could be finer,  
Who could outshine her,  
The merry naughty niner,  
Of Littleton!"

THE JUNIORS.

# Current Comments

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EMMA WILCOX, '09.

---

The latest thing out is that Congress, after so long a time, has officially decided to call the Panama Canal "The Panama Canal." A new name for another of America's achievements!

\* \* \*

Shall there be a "lock canal" or a "sea-level canal?" The logical question is, "Will there be any kind of canal?"

\* \* \*

Two events of world-wide interest deserve our attention, viz: the home-coming fleet and the inauguration. Editors are treating lesser topics in a decidedly minor way, so as to bring before the public the importance of these occasions. Our good wish to the people is that they will not suffer so much inconvenience in seeing the inauguration as was suffered in viewing the fleet at Hampton Roads.

\* \* \*

The age of Rooseveltism is past. Is its sequel, Taftism, to be merely another name for the former, or will its working out prove to be another distinct type? Mr. Taft must first improve his method of meeting the Solid South, also the established method of Congress treatment!

\* \* \*

Should not California be a little more considerate in regard to Japan's feelings? Public sentiment is that California has become spoiled and unruly. Her one merit lies in not mixing up with Roosevelt in regard to the "race question."

Missouri was sensible enough to reject the proposal of the Standard Oil Company. Kansas is about to get into the same "trust" difficulty. In our judgment the South should ignore such sore subjects!

\* \* \*

Turkey is no doubt coming to the front—has, after so long a time, developed into a constitutional monarchy, and the latest news is that she has formed two leading political parties! Has the peace bell in the Balkans rung?

\* \* \*

An example of Uncle Sam's patience is his leniency toward Cuba in governmental affairs.

\* \* \*

Self-government to the Fillipinos is assured—they've fallen in love with politics!

\* \* \*

Bashful Jack Binus, scientists tell us, not only sent the C. Q. D. message around our globe, but even called for aid from the other planets, including far-away Neptune! Their answers may yet come, if they have properly developed the "wireless system."

\* \* \*

What has become of Bryan and Southern Democracy? Dormant perhaps, though not extinct!

\* \* \*

Teddy and the South both agree that Lincoln was a great man. Mutual agreement with reference to the past is better than no agreement at all!

\* \* \*

Don't get Morehouse's real comet confused with the danger signal between the White House and the Capitol, if you please!

## 1.

I thought I saw an angry troop  
Of furies fierce and wild;  
I looked again, and found it was  
My schoolmates once so mild.  
"What makes you look so cross?" No sound;  
To the Study Hall they filed.

## 2.

I thought I saw a brand new dish  
Upon the table flash;  
I looked again and saw it was  
Our same old standby, Hash!  
'Twas most unkind, I sadly sighed,  
Thus my fond hopes to dash.

## 3.

I thought I heard the house fall in,  
I shrieked, "O GEE, what's that";  
Then stood and listened once again,  
'Twas nothing but A Rat!  
My roommate in high scorn exclaimed,  
"Were you afraid of That?"

## 4.

You think you hear an idiot  
Jibbering in her grief;  
Just look again—it is not so,  
Your view was far too brief—  
I only am a victim of  
The editor-in-chief.

# Have You Heard the Latest?

“ Laugh and the world laughs with you.”

---

## Jokes.

---

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

---

The sun may shine and winds may blow,  
But jokes go on forever.

\* \* \*

Mary Louder says she thinks she must have been born in a luna month since she believes she is a *loon*.

\* \* \*

Miss Elizabeth Harriss says she likes Miss Greene because she always calls her by her *maiden* name.

\* \* \*

Extract from a little girl's composition on Abraham Lincoln:

“When he was about eighteen years old his family moved from Illinois to Indiana. They didn't go on the train because the first train didn't start until ten years after that time, and it didn't go to Indiana anyhow.”

\* \* \*

Lizzie to Judie: “I wonder if Belton will be married any time soon?”

Judie: “No, it has been postscribed (postponed) for a while.”

\* \* \*

Miss F. Abernathy says that people have no souls, for the doctors have examined their bodies and can find no place for them.

\* \* \*

A bright (?) Freshman says that Elizabeth and Victoria were two of the best English kings.

A student while preparing her *Lockwood's Lessons* asked: "Well, what does mdse. stand for?—Is it a man's mane?"

In a short while she asked what Sp. Ed. I., was an abbreviation of.

A Junior promptly answered:

"Oh, I know; that stands for Special Education No. I."

\* \* \*

One of the brightest Juniors, on seeing some plum blossoms, asked:

"Do plums ripen in March or April?"

\* \* \*

A girl, in describing her brother's dog, said:

"My brother has a perfectly beautiful dog, but he is blind in one ear."

\* \* \*

On last Sunday night two girls while watching the moon from their window heard a faint musical sound.

"O, listen to that sweet little bird," exclaimed one.

"Isn't it sweet," replied the other.

They discovered a few minutes later that it was only a dog of the musical type.

\* \* \*

He writeth best who stealeth best  
 Ideas, both great and small;  
 For the great soul who wrote them first  
 From nature stole them all.

—*Selected.*

\* \* \*

Daughter: "Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli—."

Practical Mother: "Stop right where you are. I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology and general domesticology. Now get on your working clothes."—*Exchange.*

The Seniors strut around very proudly,  
 And laugh and talk and boast very loudly;  
 But when they see the Juniors in sight  
 They stop that stuff and run in flight.

\* \* \*

Wanted: To know if the Seniors will ever understand  
 Why the Juniors are such a noble band.

\* \* \*

Wanted: Some *new* ideas for another party.—Seniors.

\* \* \*

Wild March winds are howling near;  
 Do our bodies writhe in fear?  
 The roaring winds cease not a day—  
 But 'tis our wits that go astray.

## COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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

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### Eunomian Literary Society

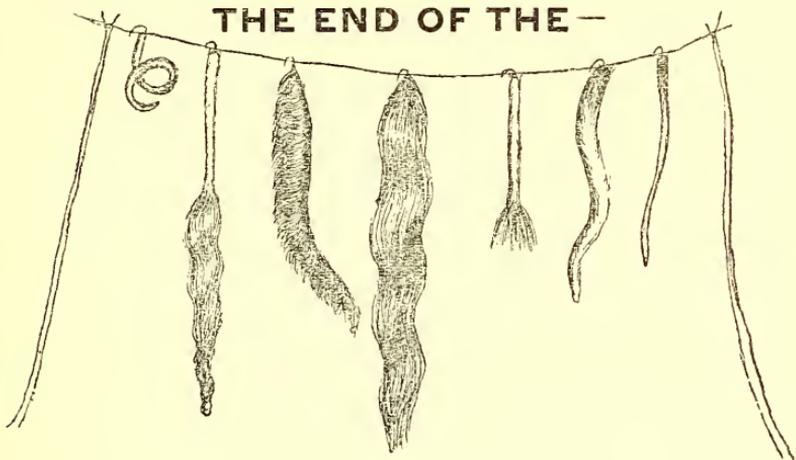
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