

Mrs. W. J. M. Holland, Jr.
see
Helen Winborne
Class of 1916

Franklin, Va

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THE COLUMNS

VOL. II

CHOWAN COLLEGE, JANUARY, 1916

No. 2



Contributions



Long Ago

My mother told me all about it,
Never thought that I would doubt it.
How they flunked, those school girls flunked,
Long ago.

How they skipped their classes, too;
How the teachers never knew
That the girls weren't always sick,
When they played on them that trick.
Long ago.

Oh, the way they did their mocking
And tried the teachers, it was shocking!
Yes, they mocked, those school girls mocked,
Long ago.

Miss Chetta to them was a terror,
Whenever she'd find in work an error.
But there was balm for all their fright
In the good advice of Miss Sallie White.
Long ago.

She told me where the turnips grew,
How they stole and ate them too.
Yes they swiped, those school girls swiped,
Long ago.

Carrie Taylor, Ellen, and Belle
Would stand out as sentinel;
No one knew who held the sack,
The theft was laid on Sallie Mac.
Long ago.

THE COLUMNS

They never let the teacher know,
That they even had a beau.
Yet they did, those school girls did,

Long ago.

Mollie V. was in the lead
With Sylla N. to grace the deed,
When they wrote and flirted, too.
Yet the teachers never knew.

Long ago.

Then the Seniors never ran,
Just promenaded hand in hand.
Yes they walked, but very slow,

Long ago.

It would not be lady-like
To let the world know they could hike.
But those girls could skin the cat,
Play leap-frog and more than that,

Long ago.

Modern ways they are distrusting
And our style of dress disgusting,
Yes, our dressing, the way they dressed,

Long ago.

We are just like them, bless them all,
We are their daughters great and small,
We'll stand by them for they knew,
That they stood by mother, too.

Long ago.

Chowan a Christian College Past and Present

Eunice McDowell, '78.

Nearly three years ago, I received a post-card upon which was written, as well as I can remember, the following: "A catalogue of your school has just fallen into my hands, and I have found your name among the faculty members. I wonder if you are one of the McDowells of Murfreesboro, N. C.? If you are, and are not conscientious and good, you are unworthy of your parentage. If you are not loyal and faithful, you are not a true exponent of your Alma Mater." It was signed A. F. B. I found the writer was a graduate of Chowan College in the early sixties, and still cherished her memory.

This started up a train of thought, and I asked myself the question: suppose, apart from the actual teachings of father and mother, the influences of my college course were eliminated from my life, would that life be much unlike what it now is? Then there passed before me the faces of teachers and some schoolmates, whose lives and teachings I had always remembered as potent factors for me in right thinking and living. Eliminate the teachings and influence of the College from the homes of tide-water Carolina and Virginia, do you not believe that the history of these sections would be vastly different from what it now is?

Again, I began a study, as far as I could secure the material, of the history of our leading colleges, with a view of finding out the fundamental principles for the institutions of colleges in general, but after much reading I finally came to the conclusion that, if in the beginning, there was one basic principle regarding the functions of a college, there was none now, and all that one can do now is to contend as stoutly as may be for what he or she holds to be the purpose of a foundation of learning.

To the founders of Chowan College, the educational scheme of their time appeared to be far from satisfactory.

They had the vision of the spiritual and democratic needs as well as the educational. Just about the time that Emma Willard was forming the audacious plan for a school for the higher education of girls to be endowed by the State of Massachusetts and failed because her proposition was too revolutionary—and almost at the same time that Mary Lyon carried out the more democratic idea by impelling persistence and wonderful initiative in founding Mount Holyoke Seminary—the great-hearted men and women of our own section were laying the corner-stone of Chowan College for the higher education of girls and young women. It is remembered with grateful appreciation that, in the main, the continuity of the high-minded efforts of the successive administrations have made the College a vital force in the State. It was the task of the first to lay the foundation securely, so from the beginning the College won a sure place in public esteem, and through its great work, it has proved its right for existence.

However, for some time there has been a trend of thought which has been gaining ground so rapidly that I might almost be pardoned for saying that a movement was on foot that challenges the life of all of our Christian Colleges. You recall that in 1903, Mr. Rockefeller gave a million dollars to the cause of general education, and especially in the South, irrespective of sex, race, or creed. A Board of Education was formed in order to study the peculiar needs of our secondary schools, colleges and universities, and so distribute the money that it would bring the best returns. From time to time Mr. Rockefeller has added to this gift. Others have also contributed until the gross income from these funds for the years 1913-1914 was nearly two and a half million dollars. Upon investigation it was found that there were seven hundred institutions east of the Mississippi River calling themselves colleges and universities—and all in need of money. Dr. Gates was commissioned to go into the different States and study the situation of the several State schools and report to the

Board. Dr. Butterick was sent to the denominational colleges, and the privately endowed schools were also investigated.

At the meeting of the Southern Educational Conference, April, 1912, which met in Nashville, Tenn., Dr. Gates at a Round Table talk, said that in order to meet the demands for higher education, he saw no way out of the difficulty except to merge all colleges and universities of each State into one large institution for each State and thus reduce the number to a minimum. He also stated that the circle from which a college chiefly obtains its students is rarely over two hundred miles, and usually not over one hundred miles in diameter. He then gave statistics to prove his statement from the various States. He reported that one-half the students of Richmond College live fifty miles or less from the College. Wake Forest, Trinity and Chapel Hill get only thirty-five per cent within the fifty-mile radius, sixty-one per cent within one hundred miles, because they draw from the same area. Dr. Gates strongly advised Government or State control of schools and consolidation for efficient organization. However, he said, "there is no indication that in the near future that either State or National Government will fearlessly endeavor to bring order out of chaos. Our open-door tradition is too deeply rooted. It is not probable that the several States will soon utilize their authority to regulate the founding, development and conduct of colleges and universities."

While there is no probability of this, the denominational college is in danger—because of poor equipment. It has no other source of income except tuition fees, though a few have a meagre endowment. With this they have to compete with well equipped State institutions with handsome annual appropriations from the State.

The last report (1914) of the General Endowment Board has this to say: "Religious bodies have very unwisely over-multiplied colleges and universities, thus scattering students and resources in order to protect their several denomina-

tions, and to secure a competent educated ministry." The oldest college of any kind in the United States is the denominational college. The Church was earliest in the field and demonstrated its appreciation of the value of education. Harvard was founded in 1636 by New England Baptists for the education of young ministers. Yale, in 1701, was built by the Congregationalists, as stated in its charter, "in a sincere regard and zeal for the upholding and propagating the Christian Protestant religion." Princeton was founded by the Presbyterians, and Brown by the Baptists.

But to return to the report of the General Education Board which says, "It would be idle to deny that very great evils have resulted from the foundation of Christian colleges. If only some general conception or purpose could from the outset have controlled the planting and development of these higher institutions of learning, all might have been well. But no such idea has at any time dominated or even influenced the course of events."

It is said that the President of the University of Utah, when recently engaging a professor to teach Ethics and Psychology cautioned him not to mention the word "religion" in the class-room lest discussion follow that might give offense to the community. The editor of the *New York Independent* has the following to say upon the incident:

"This reminds us of the secularization of the French textbooks which was so thoroughly done that even the sentence 'Notre Dame is a church' was struck from the primer. An overzealous minister of education in Australia went quite as far when he changed 'Christian mothers' to 'anxious mothers' in a poem of the reader. The Utah professor must have found his task considerably lightened, for taking out all reference to religion would not leave much of ethics and would make a big gap in psychology."

This case of the President of the University of Utah might be expected in the midst of a heterogeneous population, but it has obtained some currency in the older States, where we might suppose the majority of the people are too cultured to

accept such nonsense. Multitudes of people even in North Carolina are over-estimating mere education, and under-estimating religion which alone furnishes a basis for morality. It is of the greatest importance that more students be drawn into the denominational college, but it cannot be done unless the colleges be made without delay as strong as the strongest of the secular institutions of the State. There is an even greater peril that threatens our Christian colleges. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a member of the original General Education Board, became deeply interested in the situation as revealed by the investigation made by the Committee, so under a separate charter known as "The Carnegie Foundation" he gave an appropriation of nearly \$16,000,000 for the general education of America. No religious organization, however, is eligible to these funds. As a consequence, we have seen one college after another giving up their charters as builders for Christianity in order to secure money for greater (?) efficiency. You are familiar with the history of Vanderbilt, Brown University; and a number of other institutions in the North and Northwest have done the same thing. I am profoundly convinced that the greatest educational need of our time is a fuller appreciation of what human institutions really mean and what tremendous moral issues are involved. It is impossible under present conditions to have institutions that will serve the ends of Christianity unless the Churches endow, own and control such institutions. In this matter the Chowan Churches have peculiar obligations. Their section is pre-eminently the home of evangelical Christianity. The nameless forms of rationalistic religion have never been able to take root and flourish in our midst. Its atmosphere is friendly to the growth of the Christian college. Herein is a great responsibility of our section, which our people cannot proceed to discharge too soon or too earnestly.

Today Chowan College, closely allied with all the denominational interests, is entering upon a new era, and with fresh vigor faces the widening opportunities for service,

alert and confident. She has been, and must remain, democratic. She must never lose the ideals with respect to the breadth of service of higher institutions of learning. With Browning, we believe the "best is yet to be." No one denies that it is the duty of the Church to provide for higher education, now that it is the privilege of Christian men and women to avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded for the very best results, educationally, for their children. The Church cannot do without a denominational college; it cannot possibly permit its extinction, and will not. She has ever realized the necessity for higher education that the best type of manhood and womanhood might result. The aim of Chowan College is character—Christian character. Its atmosphere is not less academic than the State schools, but also definitely, distinctly and designedly Christian. The roots of Chowan are stuck deep in North Carolina soil. It is not a State institution, it does not derive its support from the State, nor is it directed by the State. It rejoices that its interests are those of the State, for throughout the land its graduates are today singing its love and exhibiting the results of its training. Many are irradiating her work, and we believe even larger blessing will fill the coming years of Chowan College. The alumnae is its greatest asset. The future growth largely depends upon them. When new conditions arise, they cannot be met by a perversion of the old institution from its original purpose. Compromise means failure—the confession of inability to fully accomplish the result desired. Do you not recall the fact that Chowan College has had to fight for every inch of her growth and that she has come up to the present standard through great tribulations, and all that she has accomplished has been in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties? You cannot pay your debt to your Alma Mater, but you can renew her your obligations, and by devotion to her interests you can aid in the fulfilment of the hope of the founders for her prosperity. Let her daughters attest their loyalty, and her future is secure.

A Portion of the Diary of Fannie Elizabeth Fletcher, 1855

[NOTE.—The following is a copy of the original Diary kept by Fannie Elizabeth Fletcher while a student at Chowan Female Institute (now Chowan College) in 1855. The first few pages of the book have been lost, which accounts for this copy beginning somewhat abruptly.]

Wednesday, March 21st, 1855: I retired last night after study hours, but not with a happy heart I felt as if I had been wandering from true happiness and God. A thought came over my mind and brought with it a bitter pang that almost seemed to render my heart asunder. Yes, it pierced my conscience, and filled my heart with woe. However, when I had read my Bible, bowed before God and besought his forgiveness, and favor, and his kind protection during the night, I was somewhat relieved and went to sleep. I was somehow disturbed for a while in my sleep and seemed to be in trouble. At length I slept soundly and dreamed. Was it a pleasant dream? No, I was sad, desolate and almost broken-hearted. I had a cousin, almost idolized by me, that was sick. I received a letter from home announcing her death. Yes, they said my Sweet Cordelia was laid in the bosom of her mother earth. It was indeed a pain for me to bear, but what was the greatest pain, she was unprepared to meet her God. Oh! the thought almost drove me mad. While I was weeping for the loved one I awoke and happy, yes, rejoiced was I to find it was all a dream. Again I went to sleep and my slumbers were peaceful during the remainder of the night. It is twilight now and I am again with my friend Roxie in a field and surrounded with some little bushes, all green and beautiful. Nature has again put on her most resplendent robe, but it is too dark to write more now and my Roxie is impatient. I now find myself in the study room. The monitress has great difficulty in calling the roll, as the girls keep so much noise. I have let my dearest friend Sue read this much in my

journal. She says she is going to have it after I die if she lives the longest

Thursday Evening, March 22nd: I took cold yesterday on account of being exposed to the damp weather, but I should not make the slightest murmur at my little sickness, but thank God that I haven't been sick before. I do not feel grateful to my Heavenly Master as much as I should, for He has preserved my health, He has given me all I have needed, and has spared my life among so many. Oh! that I were a Christian. That I could be thankful for all things and rejoice even in human nature, how often it forgets God, and all His benefits. The ground has been covered with a deep snow all day, and my French teacher, (Miss Morse) did not come. I recited my other lessons very well. After school I went to Aunt Elen's and she gave me a small piece of molasses. I came back and came in here (the study room) and spent the evening in conversation with two dear friends, Pattie B., and Roxie B. At twilight this was written.

March 23rd, 1855. Friday Evening: I have just come from the tea table, and am in the reception room. As it is Friday we have not any study hours. About fifteen girls are in here, most all writing. Some are talking and laughing. But I am sitting with my darlings, Roxie and Sue. Roxie is writing a composition, Sue says she is writing to her "Sweetheart", (a lady, though).

I feel much better than I did yesterday. I feel very lively this evening, much more than usual. I was in a tight predicament when Mr Garlick dismissed us from the table tonight. Anna had tied my shawl to the chair, and Mollie had pulled my hair down. I was, however, fortunate enough to get loose, and get out with the other girls. I know scarcely anything to write tonight except to tell what is going on now. Sue says, "I must write she is a good girl and Roxie is a good girl, but Fanny is a bad girl." I thought I must do so, as I love her so much. I do anything she wants me to. Anna and Kittie are reading a book, and every now

and then they have to stop and have something to say about it. Then some one says, "She votes for silence". Then all make a similar response. As all this is jolly I will close. Written Friday night in the recitation room about $\frac{1}{2}$ after 7.

Saturday Evening, March 24th, 1855: I arose this morning from very sweet and peaceful slumbers during the night. Immediately after Chapel I went in the music house and wrote my composition. Then I went up in my room and read a little while. Nannie, Louise and Mollie sat with their sewing in their hands listening attentively to me. After dinner Sue and myself took a walk and when I came back I received a letter from dear Maggie B., and a sweet note from Pattie G. I read both with much pleasure and replied very soon to Pattie's. After I took another walk with Sue to the gate and in the piazza, I went to tea and afterwards came in the study room to prepare my lessons for Monday, and here I find myself writing in my journal. I have enjoyed myself very much during the day and tomorrow is the Sabbath. I hope I may spend it doing good, studying God's word and reading good books. I must get my lessons, so I can write no more now.

Tuesday, 27th, 1855: I have delayed writing in my journal Sunday and Monday, and therefore must not delay it now. Sunday morning after Chapel went in the parlor and read in "Aillien's Alarm" until dinner. In the evening, after I had learned my lessons and recited, I went in the wood and sat down under a beautiful green tree, and read in my Bible I was alone, yet I felt as if I was accompanied by something that was Holy. About half an hour before tea, I came home. After tea Roxie and Pattie and myself sat in the Chapel on the sofa and talked of bygone days and happiness. Monday morning I went to school, and knew my lessons tolerably well. After Chapel in the evening I went out and jumped the rope with the girls until supper. Afterwards I went as usual in the study room and learned my lessons. When study hours were over I read

two chapters in the New Testament and went upstairs and retired as usual. My slumbers during the night were very peaceful and undisturbed. I arose this morning and recited my French lesson. Mrs. Jennett is sick and I have had no other lessons today. I made a skirt for Mrs. Hill, and it is in the evening now and I find myself seated in the piazza. The sun has not set yet, but is very near down. His golden rays pierce the thick cluster of trees, and are glittering on the objects around. The trees look very pretty. Their green, tall heads are waving gently to the wind while the birds are gayly sporting from branch to branch. All nature is clothed in beauty and loveliness. Everything shows there is an All-Wise Being. The tea bell is ringing and I must close. Tuesday evening.

Wednesday, 28th: I had read nearly a chapter in "Ail-lien's Alarm" this evening after school when the supper bell rung. I have just come out of prayer meeting. Dr. Hooper made some remarks on the twelfth Chapter of Hebrews. His remarks were very instructive and also interesting. He described the contest between the fruits of the flesh and those of the Spirit. I felt no claim to those of the Spirit at all, but felt burdened by those of the flesh. Oh! that I could be free from sin, and be made Holy and good. Oh! that I could tread in the Savior's footpath. I have been lively all day and thoughtless, but I now feel sad. When I feel overladen with Sin and trouble, a sweet voice utters, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh! what a delightful promise! What would I do without a Savior? Blessed be God for His gift and thanks unto the Lord for His sacrifice! May I live in His service forever.

Sunday Morning, April 1st, 1855: Thursday I was gay and lively during the day and in the evening was out in the yard jumping the rope, and was as happy as anyone out there, when Dr. Hooper came from the village with letters and seated himself on the steps and gave them out to the girls. The first one was to me. I broke it open and read

it and grieved was I to find that one of my cousins was dead. And Oh! I was so sorry to know that he had entered eternity unprepared. I went out in the back piazza and wept for the lost one. I was very sad and comfortless during the night. I went to bed and did not prepare my lessons that night. I arose in the morning, learned my lessons and went to school, but the thought of Cousin Mac's death rung in my ears all the day and made me feel quite sad. Friday night the girls and Mrs. Hooper went in the parlor and some read, some sewed, but I was too much grieved and troubled and was sick beside, that I could do nothing but walk about. I never shall forget that night. I slept but very little and the next day I was but very little better. I sat up all morning and worked on my book mark, in the evening I laid down about half an hour, then arose and finished my book mark. Then I sat down on the bed with Nannie. Mollie and Sarah Thatch and Addie Casey were in there. I arose this morning and feel some better in health, but I feel very uneasy about dear Lizzie Tatem. Her father, sister and brother are here. They seem to be very much grieved for her sickness. Oh, I fear very much that she will die. I wish she was a Christian. Oh! how awful to die unprepared. Today is the ninth day and her disease is not at all changed, but she is so weak she can't talk at all. Oh, I hope she will be better soon and live to God's command hereafter. I am sitting out in the upper piazza writing, but it is the Sabbath and I must go and read in my Bible. I can't go to church because I am sick.

Monday Night, April 2nd, 1855: Yesterday evening after dinner I read a little and then took a walk with Sue B., out in the wood by a stream. We remained down there some-time and the Chapel bell rang while we were gone. We did not hear it. We both were marked absent, but it was taken off. After we came to the house I went in the parlor, laid down on the sofa and read until tea. Afterwards I went to see Mrs. Finch. Several girls were in there and Mrs. Jennett and Mrs. Puckerage. I enjoyed myself very well

about an hour and then went upstairs and went to bed. Lizzie Tatem is worse tonight. I am afraid she will not live. Poor creature! Oh! may she be restored to health. I must read my Bible and retire, so I can write no more now. I will try and write again tomorrow.

April 3rd, '55, Tuesday Evening. I have been to school today, as usual, but felt quite ill. This evening I have read some of my letters and my notes and arranged everything in my portfolio. And now I find myself writing in my journal and have brought into mind all that has occurred during the day. Lizzie Tatem is no worse nor better, but the Doctor says if she don't get better soon she must die. He came this evening and brought another Doctor with him, but can not do her any good.

April 5th, '55, Thursday Evening. I was busy last night and could not take time to write, but I will now tell what I did yesterday. Nothing more than usual occurred in school hours. I knew my lessons tolerably well. I knew my French very well, Miss Morse said. About dinner time Lizzie Tatem's Ma came. Lizzie was some better yesterday. After tea we had prayer meeting for an hour. We always have prayer meeting Wednesday nights. Dr. Hooper made some remarks on the 41st and 42nd verses of the 10th chapter of Luke, particularly on the last verse. "But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, that can never be taken away from her." After study hours I read two chapters in Matthew and then retired. I did not hear either of the study bells this morning and was not in study room soon enough, but I dressed very quickly and came down. I learned my arithmetic lesson and have now written this much in my journal. It is very rainy this morning and I expect Miss Morse will not come. I hope not for I have not prepared my lesson, because I did not hear the bell ring and could not get dressed in time. The breakfast bell is ringing and the monitress is calling the roll, and I must not write more now.

Evening Study Hour: Miss Morse did not come today on account of the rain and I, therefore, did not recite my French lesson. After school I went again in the parlor and met my dear Roxie in here. We sat in the window and talked a short time, when Mary Scott came there and talked with us only a few minutes when Mollie Binum came and joined in the intercourse. We talked of poor Lizzie Tatem. She is much worse this evening and Dr. Hooper has been in the room praying for her. Poor creature! Oh, that she had in the bloom of health prepared to welcome that grim monster, death, as a beloved messenger that brought her news of her eternal glory in Heaven, as one who had come to tell her that her Savior would soon take her to an eternal home of happiness and fold her as a lamb in his bosom. I can say no more about her now for I can not express my feelings for her. I can only pray for her.

April 6th, 1855. Friday Evening: After breakfast this morning I went out in the yard and jumped the rope with the girls, but was tripped up for mistaking my time. It hurt me very much, but however, I recovered shortly. Then I took my journal and am now writing in it. Lizzie Tatem is some better this evening, we hope. Her Ma & Sister have gone home. Pattie and myself are going to sleep with Roxie and before we go to bed we are going to try our fortunes and anticipate some fun. But I must not forget to read my Bible, and the girls have nearly all gone upstairs, they have indeed all gone now but Roxie and myself. The first bell has rung and now I must close and read my Bible.

April 9th, 1855. Monday Evening: Saturday I arose and dressed just time enough for breakfast, and after breakfast I went in Roxie's room with her and Pattie G. I sat down and sewed one breadth on my skirt and then went in Mrs. Jennett's room and asked her for a subject for my composition. She gave me "The Pleasures and Pains of a Student". I went into the chapel and every idea left me. I looked out the window and saw a woman coming and I went down

stairs and saw she came to sell some good things. I bought some candy and went upstairs and gave some to each of my room-mates, then went to Roxie's room and she & Pattie had bought some. We put ours together and I was in there all day. I finished sewing up my skirt and hemmed one width, then I read aloud to R. and P., some pretty stories. After, I learned and recited my Sabbath school lesson, then went in my room to read, but Nannie would not let me. She carried me in the wood, we sat under a little green bush a short time, and returned just time enough for supper. Lizzie Tatem is better today.

April 11th, 1855. Wednesday Evening, Study Hours: Yesterday I went to school as usual and after Chapel I went upstairs in the piazza and wrote a letter to my darling Sue, and as soon as I had finished it I carried it to her and remained in her room until tea, after I came in study hours and learned my lessons. Sue is very sick and her Pa will be here in a few days, I expect, and will carry her home as soon as she is well enough to go. I will be very sorry for her to leave me, for Sue has always been a kind friend to me and I love her dearly. She is one of my favorites. After school I went in the parlor and read in "Aillien's Alarm." I came out when the servant went to sweep, and went in Miss Morse's room and finished reading the chapter and then played on the seraphine awhile and went to see Sue until supper, then took up my journal to write in it. Hattie Eason has just been frightened nearly to death on account of a mouse getting on her. She and all the girls made a loud noise. Dr. Hooper had to come down and settle them again.

Thursday Evening, April 12th. I have been to school today and knew all my lessons, except my French, which I did not know very well. I wrote a letter to Uncle Thomas this evening. After school I came in Miss Morse's recitation room and read in "Aillien's Alarm." I think it is a very good and instructive book. I must get another one and read it. I love to read good books and gain some instruction

from them. I am in here now, and Jane M. & Sallie P. have just come in here. Sally is playing on the seraphine.

Sunday Morning, April 15th: After Chapel Friday evening Mrs. Jennett took we girls to walk down to the river. I walked with my sweet Roxie and gathered flowers; we lost Mrs. Jennett and nearly all the girls, but when we started home we saw them a great way ahead of us and knowing our way home we did not walk fast. When we came home I took some of my flowers and made a bouquet to give to Sue with the emblems. We had a historical lecture after tea and when we came from that we girls went in the recitation room and played. Saturday we (room-mates, M. P., N. B., & T. A.) cleaned up our room nice and dressed it with cedar, which took us until dinner. I arose this morning time enough for Chapel and after Chapel read in Miss Morse's recitation room until breakfast.

Monday, 16th April: After school we took a walk in the village and when we came back I went in my room and read the child's papers until tea. No one was in there but my sweet Nannie. After tea I came in study hours and learned my arithmetic and am now writing in my journal. It is study hours. I have quite hard lessons to get and am obliged to study, so I must not write more now.

Tuesday, April 17th. Study Hours: Dr. Hooper took all of the girls to walk in the wood this evening and I walked with my dear Roxie, and all the girls and the Doctor walked so fast we could not keep up with them. So we walked slow and gathered some beautiful violets. Sue Messenger left today. Ah! it made me feel so sad; I did not think of anything but her. I did not have an opportunity of telling her good-bye either.

Monday, 23rd: Wednesday I wrote a letter to my dear Sue. One of my dear old school-mates came Thursday; it was G. Sanderson. I am very glad to see her. Sunday, went to church and to Sunday school. In the evening my dear Pattie gave me a violet with the emblem, and one of the girls pushed me, which caused me to drop it. I was

very sorry, indeed. It is recess now, but the bell is ringing, so I must not write more now.

Monday, April 30th, 1855: Well, really I have neglected to write in my journal too long, and I must not allow longer delay. A week has past and I have not written any in my journal, but nothing of particular has occurred or I would have certainly written about it. Several of the girls have got the measles and I am afraid I will have them. Lizzie Tatem is well but too weak to leave her room yet. Her father and sister have gone home long ago, but her brother is with her yet. I think she will go home soon when she gets stronger.

Sabbath Eve, May 6th. I am lately so forgetful and fond of amusement that I neglect to write in my journal and henceforth do not relate the circumstances which occurs, but, however, I will try and be more punctual in future. This morning I studied very hard but did not get over my lessons when the bell rung, but happily Miss Morse was detained at home by rain and I prepared my other lessons and recited them very well. After Chapel I went in my room & sewed until tea and after tea walked with my friend Grizzell S. until quite late, then went in the music house & found my sweet friends Nannie & Louise with C. Hunter & Mollie Bynum. I arose Saturday and fixed my room before breakfast, and after breakfast I went to work and finished my dressing gown before night and put it on and went to pay a visit to my friends, Addie & Sarah Thatch. This evening I read in my Bible and went to missionary meeting. Then I went to see Grizzell until tea, and immediately after came in the piazza on the third floor, where I am now sitting and where I have spent both happy and unhappy moments.

To My Mother

By an Alumna.

There is no day with its joy or pain
But the loneliness of my heart is the same.
I long for thee, thou Consoler of mine;
No pleasure for me in life can I find.

Why were you taken when you I need most?
Of riches and pomp I care not to boast;
I would spurn the glory that hallows the shrine
Of honor and fame, for your hand to hold mine.

Oh mother! my heart is broken and rent;
Many afflictions upon me in life have been sent;
But there's not one on earth can compare
To a desolate home with no mother there.

When the world is bright with sunlight or moon,
A current of sorrow steals on very soon
To bitter the joys that nature might give
To even the humblest of us who doth live.

While I am content, life often has past
Roughly with me since I saw thee last.
But you drank to the dregs of all that I drink;
You knew what was sorrow, you thought as I think.

You came out the conqueror of self and of sin,
You draw me to heaven its joys to win,
And then it the gift of living with thee.
Hasten, blest day of ecstasy!

Prominent Women Educated at Chowan College

Elizabeth Pritchard, '98.

When the President of our Alumnae Association asked me to have something to say during our meeting this morning, I said: "No, but I certainly do want to go to Chowan on Home Coming Day. Please say you won't call on me; if you don't promise me, I'm not going."

Well, you see she wouldn't promise not to call on me, and I was so anxious to come back "Home" again, that I came anyhow, and have submitted myself to the embarrassment of trying to talk to this cultured audience, for she said, "You don't need any speech. I just want you to say about five lines."

But after looking into so many familiar faces, I don't feel so bad, after all; for all of us are Chowan College girls, and the common bond of sympathy, love for the dear old College, permeates the very atmosphere and binds us close to each other.

So, dear classmates—for many of you are here—and Alumnae of Chowan College, it is indeed a real pleasure to be here this morning, to look into your faces, to see the light of joy in your eyes, as you think with me of other days; happy days, when our voices mingled with girlish glee as students of dear old C. B. F. Institute.

In the years that have passed, we have not forgotten our Alma Mater, even though adversity has mingled much with her success; and we are here this morning to prove our loyalty in the hour of adversity, to pay homage at the shrine of Christian womanhood.

We hear our mothers tell of the days of Drs. Hooper and McDowell, the golden age of Chowan College; but in the altruistic sense, was that more of the golden age than this? Oh, yes, she was not burdened with the financial problems which confront us today. But has there ever been

a date in the life of Chowan College when she was doing more for the womanhood of this community, the Chowan and West Chowan Associations, yea, our State, than this good year of our Lord 1915?

The subject assigned me by our President is "Prominent Women Educated at Chowan College." My first thought was, "What can I say about that?" (I was just so scared, thinking of standing here before these prominent women educated at Chowan College.) But the second and calmer thought was, "How shall I ever say all that may be said about prominent women educated at Chowan College—so broad the subject?"

We have but to look around us, we see them in every vocation of life—those prominent women educated at Chowan College—filling prominent places at home and abroad, yes, across the waters, unto the uttermost parts of the earth, letting their light so shine that others have seen their good work and are this day glorifying our Father who is in Heaven.

Just let us consider the good town of Murfreesboro. What has so helped to make this a town of culture and refinement as the women educated at Chowan College? I dare say there's not a home in this town that has escaped the influence of both Christian mothers and sisters educated here.

Then let us consider the rural districts around this town. Who, on driving to Murfreesboro, would fail to be impressed with the well cultivated farms and well-kept houses throughout the country? Some one may say: "This is an age of progress, everybody paints his house now, and all the farmers are more progressive than they used to be." That is all true, but this change has not come in the modern history of this community; it has been thus for years. Can we account for this more truthfully than by stating the fact that these are but the results of the influence of educated wives and mothers? Why is it that these Chowan

and West Chowan Associations have the greatest host of Baptists in all this State? Why is it that we have not been troubled with the "isms" which so many other less fortunate sections of our State have been struggling to overcome? Because our homes are presided over by Christian mothers educated at our own Baptist school, Chowan College—and they are instilling into the lives of their children by their daily walk and conversation, the true principles of the life worth living.

See our young people, girls of Chowan College, how active they are in the Master's service in the Churches of their own communities. So different from the girls who come to us from the noise and din of the city, who boast of a better equipped college and a higher curriculum. They boast, too, of the theaters, the places of amusement and the sights of the city. All honor and praise to our sister Colleges who are doing such grand and glorious work. We admit that they are better equipped, that there may be a higher curriculum, but we pause to say, as did Christ to the sick young man who came and would know the way of eternal life—"One thing thou lackest."

When God was preparing Moses and Elijah for the great tasks in life, preparing them for leadership, He did not send them into the great cities of their day, but away into the wilderness, away from the distracting influence of the city—where the birds sang and the whispering winds murmured through the forests—so close to nature that it seemed they were borne aloft in their hours of meditation to a sweet communion and fellowship with God. Here they developed spiritually, here they learned to be deliberate in thought and deed, here they developed the higher life, the life of Service, whose joys do not end here.

Just so it is today. In this age of love for pleasure, our young people need to get away from the distracting influences and pleasures that are dwarfing their lives spiritually. Oh, we would not exchange this Christian influence, these hours of meditation and spiritual development which the

home life, the quietude and beauty of our campus, and all nature itself offers at Chowan College, for the higher curriculum which the better equipped Colleges are offering today. "Let us seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all of these things shall be added unto us."

All over our State, results of the influence of prominent women educated at Chowan College may be clearly seen. In the day schools they are making lasting impressions on the minds and hearts of the youth of our land; sowing the good seed that shall yield its harvest in the advancement of our State, intellectually, socially, politically, morally and spiritually; not only in the public schools but also in our High Schools and Colleges.

But let us come back "Home" to Chowan College. Who, in all this excellent faculty, is doing more efficient work, making the greatest sacrifices, giving liberally of both time and talent; whose hearts are so burdened for the life and best interests of the College, than our own Chowan girls who are now members of the faculty? There are others whose names we need not mention, who are filling prominent places in the life of our State, prominent women educated at Chowan College. Although they have not been immortalized in song and story; although we have not seen their names emblazoned in broad headlines across the pages of our daily newspapers and magazines, they are no less important. In their own quiet homes, preferably away from the busy world, day after day we see them advising, comforting and cheering those whose joys and sorrows they share, rocking, tired, nervous, restless little ones to sleep; settling the question of right against wrong; developing clear consciences into sound minds and bodies—in other words, these women educated at Chowan College are molding and shaping the lives of those who are destined to become the leaders of our Nation.

“The bravest battle that ever was fought!
 Shall I tell you where, and when?
 On the maps of the world you will find it not—
 ’Twas fought by the Mothers of Men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
 With a sword or nobler pen;
 Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
 From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in the walled-up woman’s heart—
 Of a woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently, bore her part—
 Lo—there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam the wave;
 But oh, these battles they last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
 She fights in her walled-up town—
 Fights on and on in endless wars,
 Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
 And soldiers to shout and praise,
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought
 Were fought in the silent ways.”

A Murfreesboro Romance

R. E. G.

Every Chowan girl knows that the atmosphere of Murfreesboro is conducive to lovemaking. As we wander about through the College we half wish that these old walls could disclose some of the secrets which they have been listening to for the last sixty years; and as we walk out under the mighty old trees throughout the campus and the town, that have waved a warning to or nodded approval on lovers for more than a century, we can fancy youths and maidens of all ages strolling beneath them. Several Colonial homes here have associated with them romantic tales that have been handed down (not so much from father to son as from mother to daughter), and are sometimes repeated even now with all the exciting features duly magnified.

The two most interesting of these homes are those now known as the "Col. Vaughan Place," across the street from Wynn Bros. department store, and the "Wynn Home," just back of the store on the next street. Hard as it may be to believe, that factor now so famous in the life of village and town, "Wynn's Store," where everything on earth is either in stock or "coming in on the next boat,"—this necessary institution was then (just after the Revolution) not in existence, and the two old homes stood facing each other. The Vaughan place was the Roberts' home and the Wynn residence was the home of the Murfrees—the family for whom Murfreesboro was named.

As this story deals particularly with two children, Mary Roberts and Mat Murfree, it is not necessary that we say anything concerning the older members of the families further than that they were enemies because of political differences, but too full of the idea of Southern quality to make an outward display of it. Mary and Mat played together when they were allowed, and often when they were not allowed.

"I think that is the beautifulest thing I ever heard you tell yet!" exclaimed Mary one day when Mat had told her for the hundreth time about his father's bravery at Stony Creek.

Mat glowed with pride both at the memory of his father and at his own ability to interest Mary.

"I tell, you, Mary, I want us to hurry up and have another war so I can try **my** luck."

"Oh, Mat! You are just ten—but you could be a drummer boy, like—"

"Oh, but I don't want to be a drummer boy. I guess the war'll hold off for a while anyway, and then maybe I'll be a Major or a General, like Father."

"Mat, I always did know you were the bravest boy I ever saw; I wish—I wish I could be your wife when you get to be a general!"

"Well, I 'spected to ask you all along, but since you are already willin', I guess I needn't do it. Now, Mary Roberts, this is what you call bein' engaged, and it means that you can't even look at Tom Winburne or Sam Carter or any other boy unless I tell you to, and what's more this is a secret; they say girls can't keep 'em, and—" But he noticed Mary's red cheeks just in time and hastened to add: "But, of course, I knew all along that you could, for you are the most sensible girl for seven I ever saw."

Years went by and the friendship remained unbroken. Mary never tired of hearing Mat's wonderful plan for the future, and she was so pleased to find that he always made her a necessary part of them. But one day when Mat came over he did not wear his usual happy face.

"What on earth is wrong Mat?" she asked. "You look as if you had come to my funeral."

"Well, I came over to tell you anyway, and—and—look here, Mary, don't you know I am to go away to university in a month?"

"Oh, how splendid!—only I can't go along."

"That's just it."

“Well, it’s all right, anyway. Did you know that I am going to Miss Prentice’s School for young ladies in Philadelphia?”

“What! Next term?”

“No, but the year after, and won’t it be fine for me to learn how to be the most perfect lady in the world!”

“You are already that.”

Mary’s blushes showed her pleasure, but she replied at once: “Oh, but you know, Mat, I mean to learn how to preside gracefully at all the big dinners and things that we are going to give to our military friends when you are a general.”

They both laughed at the childish idea, since they now considered themselves fully grown up.

“But, Mat, you know we can write to each other, and when vacation time comes, won’t it be fine to come back again!”

Mat would not agree that he felt so pleased at the idea of leaving, but he made the best of it; and he went away determined to win distinction for himself and for Mary. Letters were frequent for that day, and when vacation time came there was a happy reunion and a long summer spent in much the same carefree way. In October, however, there was an exciting time when not only Mat, but Mary herself was really going away to see a bit of the outside world. She was so full of pride at the idea that Mat dare not show his lack of enthusiasm. He left three days earlier than she, bade her a cheerful goodbye, then as the stage rattled away he mumbled a doubt that she would ever come back again half so sweet.

In her first letters Mary gave a full account of herself and her surroundings in that same simple, childlike way. Everything was perfectly “elegant,” and she was too happy to live. Soon Miss Prentice began her wonderful lectures on propriety, and those upon which she dwelt longest and most emphatically dealt with the treatment of young gentlemen. Mary was much troubled one evening

after one of those lectures and hurried up to her room to ponder over it.

“Poor, dear Mat, he that has had such wise teachers always and now has been a whole year and more in university, what on earth can he have thought of me for being so very, very improper—and he was so good and kind about it and didn’t even show that he noticed it, dear, good Mat! Yes, the stage goes tomorrow. I’ll write him a letter this minute and show him how I have improved. Won’t he be proud of me when he gets this!”

Miss Prentice, in looking over the outgoing mail next day, scrutinized rather disapprovingly the second letter written within the last month addressed to Mr. Matthias Murfree. Mary had anticipated this and was present to defend herself. Running up to Miss Prentice she explained:

“Oh, but Miss Prentice, I know you would be pleased at this one; it is a very proper one, really—I went exactly by the directions you gave last evening!” Whereupon Miss Prentice smiled quite amiably and took Mary forevermore into special favor.

It was such a long time before his reply could come, and then such a long time before it really did come, Mary grew impatient. When it finally arrived she could not decide whether Mat was pleased or displeased, and it was hard to persuade herself that she liked any of the letters which passed between them after that. “Oh, but it’s perfectly right and proper,” she would tell herself, “and when I see him—Oh, won’t Mother and Mat and everybody be so pleased to find when I go home that Miss Prentice has taken special pains to have me act just right!”

And what was Mat thinking? When that first cold note reached him, he dashed it into the fire and muttered, “Just what I thought. Now the next thing I know she’ll be engaged to some old Tory!” He was not successful in his attempt to reply in his same old way, and when her next letter came it was too much for him. “Well, Mary Rob-

erts," he said, "if that is the way you wish to treat Mat Murfree, he has backbone enough to show you that he does not care," and with that he wrote as formal and stiff a letter as Mary's had been. "What can the vacation-time bring forth? I only wish I had made her marry me last summer. Well, I'll know the minute I see her if anybody has come between us."

The stage was on its way from Norfolk to Murfreesboro and it was bringing pretty Mary Roberts home again. She had expected that Mat would be coming home on the same day, but the driver informed her that he "went up on the last trip." But who were the old lady and the handsome young officer who were evidently also coming to Murfreesboro, Mary wondered. When the stage was just coming into town the old lady said:

"Felton, they may not be looking for us so soon, but we may be sure there will always be a welcome for the Moores at Lindsay Roberts'."

Mary started. Yes, it was her distant cousin, Lieutenant Felton Moore, and his mother, and they were really going to visit in her own home. She could not make up her mind to introduce herself until they stopped at the Roberts mansion.

Over on the verandah of the Murfree home, half concealed by the shrubbery, sat Mat pretending to read. His real occupation, however, was watching for Mary's arrival that not the slightest detail might escape him. A few months before he would have been the first to greet her. He had seen Mrs. Roberts and several of the negroes come out from time to time and gaze in the direction from which the stage came—she must be nearing—his eyes were wide—how much longer—yes, there she was, and who could that man be! Mat, sprang to his feet. "Confound him! who is he? I won't believe she's married—no, or that old lady would not have been needed to chaperone—but that's the man in the case anyway, and here I've got to sit by and

watch a thing like that." Mat walked the floor. How he longed to see Mary, but pride kept him away until the third day after her arrival, when he accepted an invitation to dinner in honor of Mary and Lieutenant Felton Moore.

A number of guests were already in the parlor when Mat entered. His eye immediately went over to Mary, who was evidently just at that minute very much interested in something which Sam Carter was telling her; so he turned at once to Cornelia Taylor and began such an animated flow of conversation that he was apparently oblivious of everything else. All this was very tantalizing to Mary, who had been watching him through the corner of one eye. Ah! there was her chance—he glanced toward her; she bowed, and he came over and made his courtliest bow, as he kissed her outstretched hand.

"Mr. Murfree, have you met Lieutenant Moore?"

Could he believe his own ears? "Mr. Murfree"—and then the question which followed. How often did he repeat it to himself in the next few weeks, when he saw Mary and the Lieutenant so constantly together—and then on through the months and even years!

* * * * *

Five years passed by. Mary was sitting on the veranda with her mother. Mrs. Roberts was speaking.

"Mary, I want you to know how happy you are making your father and me by marrying Lieutenant Moore. Of course I knew all the time that your little affair with Mat Murfree was just a childish fancy, but I believe your father was foolish enough to think it a serious matter. I am sure he would rather see you dead than married to a son of Hardy Murfree! And I am not sure but that I myself would. Now, rest all you can this morning; the girls will be in this afternoon, and I want you to appear at your best through the evening." Mrs. Roberts left her, and Mary soliloquized:

"Oh, Mary Roberts, are you perfectly sure you are doing right? Why not? Did I not tell him that my heart belonged

to another—another who does not want it—and has he not understood for these years that I do not love him? Oh, but he is so good and kind and he feels so sure he can win my heart, I don't see why not—I mean to try ever so—”

The gate clicked and she looked up to see the Lieutenant walking toward her and with him—Mat—now Major Matthias Murfree!

“Well, my dear, I am bringing your childhood friend; I have promised him one hour this morning for old time's sake,” and with a laugh Moore waved Mat to a seat beside Mary and disappeared into the house.

“Mary,” began Mat, “for mercy's sake don't be an icicle when I have only one hour.”

The sound of his voice thrilled her, but she replied coldly: “Well, what have you to say?”

“Only this: I heard that you were to be married tomorrow and I came home that I might do even the least thing to make yours the happiest marriage on earth. Do not be afraid of me, I beg you, for I am not come to force my love upon you—”

“I am not afraid that you have.”

“Mary, do you still love the little Tucker lady?” Without waiting for her reply he took from his pocket, as he so often had done when a small boy, a little bunch of those tiny blue flowers which they gathered on the wooded river hills.

She reached out for the dainty little blossoms, and Mat noticed that a tear was just ready to fall.

“Is the memory dear to you also, or are you so full of pity for me? Don't even think about me, Mary. I want you to be happy, indeed I do, and I am so glad that you are marrying a fine man as I find Moore to be. I know I was not over-courteous to him when I first found him stealing your heart from me, but I am older now, and although I have not changed in my affection for you—”

“Mat Murfree, are you crazy to run on like that! Do

you think I am simple enough to believe that you have loved me when you would not come near me, and wouldn't write to me, and went out with Cornelia Taylor every time you had a chance?"

Then came frank confession from both sides. As the truth of the situation dawned upon Mat he was dazed and then alarmed.

"For Heaven's sake, Mary! are you going to marry this man whom you do not love and never will love?"

Mary shuddered and then exclaimed, "Oh, Mat, save me!"

He started toward her, but just then the merry laugh of Moore in the hall warned him that he must be gone if he would save her embarrassment. "Don't be afraid," he whispered, and hurried away.

Mary was allowed to stay in her room the remainder of the day. The house was filled with guests; the evening was to be one of merriment. The girls who thronged her room insisted that she did not look happy enough for a bride, but she explained that she was ill and that if they would leave her for awhile, she would take a nap and feel refreshed for the evening. Hardly had they left her when black Mammy Susan came in stealthily and handed her a tightly folded note.

"My, but it mus' be powerful weighty matters. De injuncti'ns wuz to give it ter yo' when dere wan't no livin' sol' in hearin' distunce."

Mary unfolded it and read: "Slip away tonight during excitement—come down back stairway—carriage will be waiting. Watch little window in our balcony for signal light.—M."

Mammy Susan was trusted with the secret. She did not like to be a partner in such "disgraceful doin's," but upon being promised that she might come and live in the new home with her "blessed chillun" she consented to do what she could. She watched faithfully that night for the light

in the balcony window, and when at last it appeared she hurried to the parlor door, poked in one knot of her red bandanna and called "Mis' Mary" to come take a "dost o' medein'."

Mary obeyed reluctantly enough, but once the parlor door was closed on her she rushed to her room where Mammy had coat, bonnet and bag ready. She left notes for her mother and the Lieutenant, then tiptoed down the back steps. Suddenly everything was confusion, then came a faint idea of the rumbling of wheels and the sound of Mat's voice—Yes, he was telling her that they were safe and on their way to Tennessee!

Work of Alumnae Clubs

Windsor Alumnae.

The reception and meeting of the Windsor Alumnae of Chowan College at the beautiful colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Matthews, on Main Street, the night of December 30th, was the most striking social event in the holiday life of that ancient and hospitable town. The visitor to Windsor is a fortunate individual.

The most attractive home in Windsor is the splendid one of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, colonial in design, symmetrical in outline, roomy and attractive inside, just such a home as will rear the right sort of men and women for this Chowan section, consecrated and Godly.

The meeting of the Alumnae there was most timely; Mr. Matthews is one of the most active trustees of Chowan College and his charming daughter, Miss Inez Matthews, is a popular student there. So the Alumnae were much at home.

The purpose of the Alumnae Association here is to enroll every one who ever attended the College and Institute from this part of the County. The organization here is a real live working body. The gathering on Thursday night

brought together students of the Institute of many years past and those now in attendance; the old and the new blending in beautiful harmony to advance the great work of Alma Mater. The Alumnae present were, Mesdames Lizzie Gillam Rascoe, Mattie Mizell Dunstan, Bessie Taylor Dunstan, Rachael Tayloe Copeland, Amanda Nowell Askew, Ella Morris Gatling, Magnolia Rice Mitchell, Eva Gaskins Banks, Mollie Tadlock Sewell, Annie Cherry Bridger, Lettie Rice Dempsey, Maggie Morris White, and Sallie Rice, and Misses Minne Gaskins, Tulie Speight, Maggie Speight, Irma Ward, Mamie Ward, Eloise Horton, Ola Kirk, Magnolia Mitchell, Rosebud Nowell, Bettie Sue Sewell, Edna Sewell, Erma Mizell, Willie Perkins Mizell and Inez Matthews.

A very pleasing incident was the presence of Mrs. Minnie Smallwood Bond and Mrs. Bettie Read Holley, who attended the old Wesleyan Female College at Murfreesboro. That noble institution was burned and rebuilt and again burned somewhere in the seventies. It is doubtful if any other gathering of Chowan Alumnae was so fortunate.

At half-past eight Mr. Matthews called the audience to order and presented Governor Francis D. Winston as a "staunch friend of the College, ready with voice, purse, pen and heart at any and all times and places to stand by our great College." Judge Winston was most felicitous in his remarks. He reviewed and contrasted the work of the old Institute and new College, and pointed out how beautifully both combined to make the fine womanhood we now have in the great Chowan Associations and Eastern Carolina. He urged closer organization of the Alumnae and that they have in view some definite, well defined plans. It was a charming half-hour's talk, helpful and inspiring. Mr. Matthews supplemented the remarks of his law partner and made an excellent address. He always talks well when he talks about Chowan College.

The chief attraction of the evening was the program of music, song and reading arranged by Miss Willie Perkins Mizell, the President. The numbers were well received and

each person taking part gave evidence of the very highest training. No College in any State can point to a better list of high grade performers than these. The program was:

1. Solo, Chopin's "Valse" (Instrumental)
Miss Willie Perkins Mizell
2. Song, "The Spring Has Come."-----Miss Edna Sewell
3. Reading, Kipling's "If."-----Miss Rosebud Nowell
4. Song, "Fair Rose" -----Miss Magnolia Mitchell
5. Solo, "Sparks" (Instrumental)-----Miss Inez Matthews
6. Song, "How Beautiful the Days of Spring"
Miss Mamie Ward
7. Solo, Instrumental -----Miss Irma Ward
8. Reading, "I Wish I Could See You Again"
Miss Rosebud Nowell

The numbers were greeted with hearty applause. And encores were in order and generally responded to.

The supper in the handsome dining-room was delicate and palatable. It was Christmas cheer in abundance.

The Alumnae remained until a late hour and pleasant reminiscences were indulged in. The elder Alumnae were slow to tell of the pranks they played, but the real hearty laughs they gave when some of the younger ones told of some well known pranks, showed that they were recognizing some real old and dear friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews were assisted in the genuine hospitality by their daughter, Miss Inez Matthews, now a student at Chowan.

It is the purpose of the Windsor Alumnae to have an annual meeting during the Christmas holidays. This meeting and those to come after this are commended to the Alumnae of Chowan. We give this account in full so others may follow Windsor's fine example of devotion to our dear Alma Mater.

Raleigh Club.

The Chowan College Club of Raleigh held its annual meeting at the home of Mrs. W. S. Penny, Tuesday, November 18.

After the regular business was completed plans were suggested and enthusiastically adopted to entertain the Alumnae and former students of Chowan College during the Teachers' Assembly.

After considering various plans it was unanimously decided to give a tea at the Raleigh High School during the regular time assigned from the General Assembly for College get-togethers.

The tea furnished a delightful occasion for renewing all friendships and acquaintances. The occasion being purely social there is very little to report, for its real significance lies in the delightful personal renewal of old ties of friendship.

Those present were: G. E. Lineberry, President Chowan; Miss Lydia Mitchell, Aulander, N. C.; Miss Jessie Barker, Potecasi, N. C.; Miss Bessie Bean Hayes, Washington, N. C.; Miss Rosaline Howard, High Point, N. C.; Miss Carrie M. Parker, Poplar Branch, N. C.; Miss Eliza Parker, Hillsboro, N. C.; Miss Annie Sue Winbourne, Como, N. C.; Miss Georgia Piland, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mrs. J. H. Dempsey, Windsor, N. C.; Mrs. Wallace C. Riddick, West Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. L. F. Alford, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. C. E. Brewer, Meredith; Mrs. Nat Dunn, Raleigh; Mrs. H. C. Moore, Raleigh; Mrs. J. M. Barbee, Raleigh; Mrs. J. D. Briggs, Raleigh; Mrs. C. P. Blalock, Fuquay Springs, N. C.; Mrs. W. S. Penny, Raleigh; Mrs. W. H. Gilbert, Raleigh; Mrs. L. R. Gilbert, Raleigh; Mrs. J. S. Griffin, Raleigh; Miss Mary Hasseltine Vann, Meredith.

Refreshments were served by Misses Dorothy Vann, Agnes Baker, Narcissa D. and Anna Riddick, daughters of former Chowan students.

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MRS. ANNA ELLDREGE SCARBOROUGH

DEVOUT CHRISTIAN

LOYAL FRIEND

IDEAL WIFE

DIED IN MURFREESBORO, N. C., JANUARY 13, 1916

William Patrick Taylor

The subject of this sketch was the son of Hilary Taylor and wife, Nancy Taylor, and was born in Mill Neck, Hertford County, N. C., on the 10th day of March, 1843, and died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Va., July 13, 1915. In February, 1866 he married Miss Sallie Mitchell, a daughter of William W. Mitchell and wife, Martha Mitchell. His wife preceded him by nearly four years, having died July 21st, 1911. He left the following children: Mrs. Stella Clark, Messrs. Arthur and Henry Taylor.

The first years of his mature youth found him in the wake of a desolating and impoverishing war. In September, 1861, he enlisted in Company G., 31st Regiment of North Carolina Troops, and was Corporal of that Company. For the first two years of the war, most of his service was in North Carolina, but in the spring and summer of 1863 he was in active service at and near Charleston, S. C. In September, 1863, he was elected Second Lieutenant of Company A, 68th Regiment, and on the 18th of May, 1864, he was advanced to the position of First Lieutenant. He was in the battles of Kinston and Bentonsville. As a soldier he was faithful to every duty, strict in obedience to discipline, and as an officer he inspired the confidence of his men by his hearty co-operation with them in making their army life more bearable. In 1865, along with the other soldiers of the South, he resumed the peaceful walks of life and took his place in the ranks of the people in their great work of rehabilitating their fortunes and restoring their State to her historic greatness. With but little else than his own character and ability he began the career which made the man whose name and memory we honor and revere. He had faith in the people and they had faith in him. From his earliest associations he mingled with them and was one of them. His heart beat in sympathy with them, and they knew it and felt it. What concerned them concerned him. He was in accord with their best interests, and it was this sense of his fidelity

to their interests and of genuine sympathy and at-onement with themselves that more than anything else gave him his hold upon the confidence of the people; so that, in 1893, when the State was politically disrupted, and the people of his native County saw the need of a safe, wise and fearless leader, they unanimously turned to him as their candidate for the Legislature. For eight years he represented his County in the State Legislature, and in this body he took high rank as a wise legislator, especially in dealing with matters relating to taxation and business, and all of his political record disclosed his earnest, honest purpose to secure equal rights for all under the law and the Government.

“Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy face
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing when we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou are just.”

For many years he was a Trustee of Chowan College, prompt in attendance upon all of its meetings and wise in the conduct of the affairs of that noble institution. Here, his heart was touched by noble endeavor for young women and he remembered the institution with a gift of \$4,000.

As a citizen, Mr. Taylor was patriotic and progressive, always closely identified with every enterprise which had for its object the development of his town and community. He was a generous, liberal man, giving to all worthy, needy causes. No worthy financially distressed human being ever turned away from “Pat” Taylor empty handed, and in his will, written shortly before his death, he donated \$1,000 to the Thomasville Orphanage, so that when he could no

longer give, the labors of his hands might be used in ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity.

If I were to attempt to sum up in one term the quality which lay at the foundation of the character of "Pat" Taylor, I could find no better term than the single word Faithful—faithful to social obligations, to political obligations, to public obligations, to private obligations, to family obligations, and back of all, faithful to his obligations to God. In this last consisted the secret of his power, as it has constituted the secret of all true power, of highest power, in all ages.

I have every reason to believe that the full faith in God which inspired and sustained fidelity to all duty and trust inspired and sustained him in his last earthly moments. It could not be otherwise. The faith that had illumined the pathway of duty in public station and in private walk must also have illumined his pathway through the dark valley into the bright plains of celestial immortality. The same creative hand that implanted that faith in his breast and filled his breast with immortal aspiration still reigns, and He is just. The existence of the faith, the abiding presence of the hope, is the highest guaranty of the fulfillment of that hope.

Sadly we bore him through the town of Winton, his home town, "beautiful for situation," like the city of Zion, attended by hundreds of friends of his youth and of his mature years, assembled from far and near, to attest their love and esteem to his resting place under the familiar trees that seem to bend tenderly over him, with the beautiful Chowan singing its eternal requiem near his sleeping form. There he sleeps.

Mr. J. T. Williams

The announcement of Mr. J. T. Williams' death will be received with deep grief by his relatives and many friends throughout the State. His death occurred after many months of suffering. During January, 1915, he took his

bed, which he never left, but patiently waited to let time solve the mysteries of the vast beyond. During the month of May he was taken to the Sarah Leigh Hospital, Norfolk, and finding cancer to be his trouble, he soon returned to Ahoskie where he might be with his people, though he never was able to get out of his lovely country home, in Harrellsville.

Surely no physicians nor friends ever visited a more cheerful sick room than that of this dear man. All during his illness, even though suffering, he greeted his visitors with a smile. And it was smiling that he spoke of leaving this world and going home to his God. He often asked, "Why do people kick when Death knocks at the door? God has put us here and let us enjoy the pleasures of this world and when we have fulfilled our mission, why should we hate to go back to the One who sent us?" Never was a man so submissive and so willing to meet his Savior Face to Face. That lovely old song, "Crossing the Bar," was one of his favorites, and many times he sang it on his death bed. On July 30, 1915, God's chariot swung low and lifted the soul of this beloved man to heaven to be with God eternally.

Mr. Williams was a staunch member of the Harrellsville Baptist Church for many years, during which his interest never failed and for his Church he was always ready to do his duty. He was also a trustee of Chowan College for many years. He was ever enthusiastic and eager over the welfare of the College.

When the Father called his child home he left his memory green forever, and the following ones are left to mourn for their loss: His wife, Mrs. J. T. Williams, and five daughters, Mrs. P. B. Lassiter, Charlotte; Mrs. Green, Ahoskie; Mrs. Hallie Baker, Ahoskie; Mrs. J. G. Raby, Tarboro; Miss Lucile Williams, Harrellsville; two brothers, Mr. B. F. Williams, Harrellsville, and Mr. J. A. Williams, Ahoskie.

An Album Leaf

Fields all green; sky so blue;
 Lips a-smilin'!
 Flowers bloom fair; perfume flying;
 Heart a-twirlie-whirlie!
 Melody—so sweet 'most brings a hurt—
 In my soul a-ringin'!
 Day is perfect 'cause you come
 Into the life o' me.

Hours flit by, light with joy;
 Cares a-sleepin'!
 Dreams ne'er reached to this before,
 Hopes a-passin'!
 Bliss that wraps the inner soul,
 Life a-keepin'!
 Shadows come, but quickly pass—
 Tears—in the eyes o' you.

Memory 'wakes, fraught with fear;
 Grief a-makin'!
 Thoughts—too sad—will come again—
 Song a-stoppin'!
 Eyes no longer radiant gleam,
 Heart a-achin'!
 Day is gone 'cause you went
 Out of the life o' me.

B.

“Roanoke Bonnet”

Rose Nowell, '16.

Lotus the Nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus lawless love she flew
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant which still preserves her name.

—Ovid.

Who would associate this flower with the one loved and admired by all North Carolinians who know it as “The Bonnet Lily” or “Roanoke Bonnet,” yet they are one and the same.

The Lotus flower has been associated with Egyptian history since the dim ages of the past, but how it was transplanted from the Nile River to the Roanoke River, N. C., no one knows. This mythologically famed flower was called the rose of ancient Egypt and was used for making garlands and wreaths and was worn by fair women. These Uylotic water flowers were greatly honored everywhere, for down through the centuries has been handed many myths concerning them. There is a Hindoo fable which accounts for its origin. Vishru, the beginning of all things, was about to create the world, he, swimming in an ocean of milk, produced the lotus flower from his body. As it unfolded its petals it displayed Brama, the first result of creature energy.

The Lotus flower as we have it in our country, grows on what we call mud flats. To each flower, there is a large green leaf about thirty inches in diameter, which lies flat on the water. These leaves are of a beautiful dark green color, with a small spot of a paler shade in the center. The flowers grow on a stem which shoots up almost two feet out of the water. The petals of the blossom are white merging into a delicate golden hue inside. These are in full bloom the latter part of August and the first of September. Later, when the petals fall off, there is a cup-shaped pod which is

found at the top of the stem, which is deep yellow at first and gradually becomes a dark green. In these cups are found what is called the "Bonnet Acorns," about fifteen in each cup. They are round, quite hard, and have a very delicate flavor.

This flower garden of Eastern North America begins just above Hyman's Ferry on the Roanoke River and extends to about two miles east toward Plymouth, and on an average of about seventy-five yards wide.

It is impossible to make this flower grow elsewhere, for it has been tried; but there is nothing that will grow it in this country but the old Roanoke River mud. These magnificent flowers are only found on the Nile River in Egypt by the Roanoke River, N. C. Probably this fact as well as the annual overflow of the Roanoke River, accounts for it being called "The Nile of America."

THE COLUMNS

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No. 2



Editorials



The Relation of the Alumnae to College. The duty of the Alumnae to the College is three-fold. You should be loyal to your College no matter what your circumstances or environment is, no matter in what position in life you are placed. Fortune might have favored you and placed you in a field of life that is broader in its social and intellectual outlook than your Alma Mater, but you are never as big as it is, for it was the College that gave birth to your education, which has enabled you to attain the heights upon which you now stand.

Secondly, it is your duty to patronize it in every way possible. Should your home be blessed with children, it is your duty as an Alumnae to instil in the minds and hearts of them that your Alma Mater is to be their Alma Mater. You should not only train your children in the love of

Chowan but impress upon all the youth about a reverence for your College, and a desire to make its heritage theirs, that her ranks may be full in the future as it has been in the past with those worthy to carry on her traditions. There is sometimes in the history of every college a financial crisis when a heavy debt is impending. Then, if ever, your Alma Mater needs your most loyal support. Oh, Alumnae, your Alma Mater needs you and your assistance.

Seize the golden opportunity which chance has given you. Time in its rapid flight has brought about many changes and today the woman who is not doing something to make her presence felt in her Alma Mater is indolent, and needs to be awakened to take her place in the niche left in her College life for her to fill.

In the world of today the real elite or aristocracy are those who have achieved something. The elite of a College are those who give of their means in loyal support, and give somebody else the same chance which fortune so generously gave them, since forwarding civilization is the true sense of the word an achievement.

The opportunity of the women of Chowan College is here. What are you going to do?

Master of human destinies am I!
 Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait;
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
 Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
 I knock unbidden once at every gate.
 If sleeping, awake—if feasting, rise before
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
 And they who follow me reach every state
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
 Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
 Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;
 I answer not, and I return no more.

Is personality a matter of heredity, environment, or personal choice? Do they each affect the individual in an equally important manner? No, a human being is born a man, and heredity determines that he is a man and that he belongs to a particular race and social group. Environment and type act and react upon each other in the form of every new generation. Environment, however defined, cannot account for the variation in human character. Children born of the same parents, reared under the same circumstances, differ greatly in character and conduct; so much so that heredity and environment combined are inadequate to give a complete explanation of the history of the individual.

With personal choice individuality appears, and then wise choice is not between things which appeal to everybody as good or bad, great or small, but what does, and what does not appeal to the individual with his tastes, capacities and preferences.

There are a great many things which people can do for us, but we must make our own personality. Though probably influenced by heredity, personality is capable of cultivation to a vast extent, and is developed by collecting and making into an expression of itself, material which at first was foreign to it. Stability of character is erected on a foundation of definite thought and will. A person in order to secure this does not have to confine himself for life to a single idea or subject; but he must study carefully whatever he takes up until he has firmly grasped its relations to other subjects. Fickleness is the greatest enemy of thought culture and of a knowledge of self. The ideas in the mind of many change so often that those persons have no consecutive and determinate self; under such conditions no true personality exists. Character demands that any certain desirable line of ideas should be kept before the mind until they dominate it. A person can have individuality only along some given line, which implies long-continued study and much mental concentration. The self is a bundle

of such mental states as persist and recur again and again. Where there is a capacity for continuous and continually recurring mental states, there can be no individuality, no persistent self, no fixed character. The human being is a coin the metal of which has been dug from the mines of his intellectual and moral factors by the will power. If these are properly worked enough metal may be found to justify a stamp of very high value. Circumstances stamp us to a certain extent, but it is also true that the way in which we use them stamp us indelibly.

It has been said that man is completely at the association of his ideas. Every new object is seen in the light of its associated ideas. Ordinarily a person conforms to his social environment and imitates social customs. Every person with whom we come in contact, every thought which we entertain in our mind, every act which we do, whether good or bad, leaves an everlasting impression upon our character; for "As a man thinketh, so he is." Above all other developments develop a charming personality and thereby become a center around which your associates will esteem it an honor to revolve.

Alumnae Notes

Inez Benthall, '17.

Mrs. J. M. Forehand, nee Bessie M. Adkins, '75-'76, is living at Tyner, N. C. Her husband is now one of the Trustees of this College and her two daughters, Corinne and Lillian, are Alumnae of Chowan.

Mrs. Ellie Baker, nee, Annie M. Danaway, who is now a widow, lives in Fredericksburg, Va.

Ellie M. Gibbs, '75-'76, of Norfolk, Va., married a prominent farmer of Northampton County, N. C. She is now living in Eastville, Va.

Mary T. Mitchell, '76, now the wife of Dr. R. P. Thomas, who is one of the Trustees of this College, lives at Cofield, N. C. She has two daughters, Mary and Ruth. The former graduated at this institution in 1902. The latter is now a student here.

Julia Moore, '78, Hertford County, N. C., married Mr. W. T. Yeates, Curator of Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., and later State Chemist of Georgia, until his death. She is now living in Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. G. C. Briggs, nee Rosa Hines, '78, Murfreesboro, N. C., is now living in Waynesville, N. C., where her husband is an editor.

Florence H. Lord, '76, King and Queen County, Va., daughter of Rev. R. H. Lord, a prominent former professor at Chowan College, is now the wife of Mr. Harry L. Meyers, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Meyers is not only a prominent business man well known in Baptist circles.

Lonnie F. Larkin, '76, formerly of Riverton, N. C., is now living in Wilmington, N. C. She is a "shut-in," having been stricken with paralysis.

Mrs. Truitt, nee Beulah Majette, '76, is now living in Portsmouth, Va.

Eunice McDowell, '76, taught at Scotland Neck, N. C.;

was Principal of the Academy of Franklin, Va., ten years; Principal of the Seminary at that place eight years; Lady Principal of Meredith College one year; Professor of Latin at Bessie Tift College, Forsythe, Ga., four years. Her present home is at Murfreesboro, N. C.

Mrs. Walter Beamon, nee Annie Powell, '75-'76, is now living in Franklin, Va.

Bettie Maninng, '75-'76, married Mr. Chas. Dunn. They are living at the Kennedy Home, Kinston, N. C., where she is matron.

Mrs. Leroy Savage, nee Ella Winborne, is now living at Brambleton, Va.

Lizzie M. Britt, '76, is now living at White Plains, Florida, with her sister, Mrs. Frank Camp, nee Annie Britt.

Ada Barker is married and living in Baltimore, Md.

Ruth Cobb is married, living in Tarboro, N. C.

Laura Crumpler, '75-'76, of Franklin, Va., who married Mr. Pate, President of Boscobel College, Nashville, Tenn., is now living in Shreveport, La.

Nettie A. Gwathney, '76, married Mr. Ryland.

Florence N. Hayes is now living in South Boston.

Lillie Taylor, '76, married Mr. S. Beaton. She is now living in Boykins, Va.

Lila W. Jeffress is now Mrs. John Finch, Chicago, Ill.

Lucy B. Hoskins, '76, now married, is living at West Point, Va.

Zoa L. McCumbers, '76, has her artist's studio in New York.

Nannie C. Vann is living in Winton, N. C.

Claudia M. Powell, formerly of Murfreesboro, N. C., is now Mrs. Robt. Butler, Suffolk, Va.

Bessie Newsome, '75-'76, is now Mrs. Will Boone, of Winton, N. C.

Mrs. Bonner, nee Bettie F. Wright, is living in Edenton, N. C.

Among the Alumnae of 1875-'76 who are deceased are Malissa L. Gregory, '77, Camden County, N. C.

Alice L. Griffith, '76, Hertford County, N. C.

Mrs. Pruden, nee T. R. Hoggard, '76, Severn, N. C.

Mrs. Joe Stevenson, nee Fannie Hoggard, '76-'78.

Martha A. Powell, Conoconari, N. C.

Mollie E. Riddick, '76.

Mrs. K. R. Wise, nee Emma Spencer, of Murfreesboro,
N. C.

Mary J. Spencer.

Lizzie Warren.

Mollie E. Warren.

Lizzie Tayloe.

Mrs. Chas. Fleetwood, nee Anna M. Powell, Woodland,
N. C.

Florence J. Mansfield.

Mrs. Stallings, nee Sarah E. Powell.

Mrs. Hayes, nee Sarah Speight.

Eulah Wise, Raleigh, N. C.

Alice F. Burt.

Exchange Department

Bettie Williams Tayloe, '16.

Nothing so benefits any magazine as an extensive Exchange Department. It is only by this means that we are able to see ourselves as others see us. Adverse criticisms should cause no more offence than ought the favorable to cause overweening pride. Even if the criticism is unmerited, allowances should be made on the ground that we editors are never infallible in our work. We only hope that our criticisms, in some slight degree, may be helpful to the editors of the magazines reviewed. Although we may not send bouquets every time, we never mean them for brickbats.



The Messenger comes to us with a full table of contents. One of the most noticeable and commendable things about the magazine is the varied subject-matter of its contributions. The stories are especially good and of high order. "A Child of the Northwest" is probably the best, the plot of which is exceedingly interesting and is well developed. It gives a clear insight into the western life. The story, "And Bruce Did It," is also fine. The writer shows great skill in managing his plot. We also wish to commend the magazine on its numbers of poems, as well as the quality of them. "The Call of the World" is especially good, and is the kind of poem that always appeals to the reader. We agree with the author, that the world is looking to the college men for its leaders. On the whole the various departments of the magazine are well arranged and well edited and give us a good impression of the college life.

The November issue of *The College Message* is an attractive, well balanced number, altogether another poem would not have been objectionable. The two given **The College Message** are good. "The Feast" is especially interesting to college girls. "The Ball Game" is a good, wide-awake story, and "The Finding," although an old plot, it is still interesting. "Keats, a Study of Words," is a lengthy article, but on the whole, is well written. There are several sentence paragraphs that might have been combined with the preceding or succeeding ones, giving a less scrappy appearance. The introduction of quotations is awkward, and sometimes technically inaccurate. Nevertheless, the writer is well informed on his subject and the article would be interesting to a student of Keats, but would not appeal so much to the general reader. The editorials are good and well written, but the exchange department is lacking. Notwithstanding these few criticisms, the magazine is one of the best that has reached our table this month and we hope the editors and students will continue to keep it up to its present high standard.



Upon opening this magazine, we first make the acquaintance of the pleasing bit of verse, "Mother's Boy," the rhyme and meter of which are both good. **The Bessie Tift Journal.** This number contains some worthy contributions, but it is deficient in poems. The first story, "A Little Fish Tale," is certainly a clever one. The author shows ability for writing short stories and we would suggest that she develop her talent. The plot of "The Little Teacher" is somewhat rambling and the story is not consistent. "Three Are a Company and Four Are a Crowd" is a simple little story, with no developed plot, but it is interesting. The reader cannot fail to sympathize with the poor girl under the bench, who is suffering such tortures with a bug in her ear, and who cannot move for fear of being seen by the couple sitting on the bench above, who are enjoying the summer evening. We

think your magazine would be greatly improved, if you would use longer stories, but we find no ground for adverse criticism until we reach the editorial department. In the first place, there is only one editorial, in which there are several violations of good English. College spirit, we agree, should come before society spirit; this is a good subject, but the editor seems to be very careless about her English. We were disappointed to find no exchange department. The Alumnae department is good, and we think it a great honor to Bessie Tift to have six of her faculty to claim her as their mother college.

The Funny Bone

Vesta Benthall, '18.

Miss Lette (on class and expecting a very fluent answer on the barrenness of the earth)—“What would be the condition of the earth if there was not water upon it?”

Frances (quickly)—“Dry.”

Rosebud—“Are you ill this morning?”

Cornie—“No, I am not ill, but I have an ill disposition.”

'Twas the week after Christmas
When Pendergraph came
And since, such heat we've never had
Since Chowan got its name.

Steaming, and gurgling, and puffing,
Through the building it goes.
From when to whither we care not
So long as Pendergraph knows.

Here's to you, Oh Wonder Man,
May your art ever last—
May you furnish us with better heat
Than we've e'er had in the past.

Miss Olive (discussing violinists)—“Why, yes, this violinist ranks with the world's greatest violinists, such as Paderewski.”

On Education II, when a discussion arose as to the correct pronunciation of *dance*, Miss Wynne exclaimed: “One of you run to the Bible and find out how to pronounce it.”

Lucille received a box of crystalized fruit a few days ago. One of the Newishes was heard to say: “Wonder what Bill sent her those old preserves for.”

Rosebud—"Miss Wynne, where did you study art?"

Miss Wynne—"Under a private constructor in Virginia."

Sing a song of College days—
 Exams. at the door,
 Eight and twenty doubting girls
 Cramming, on the fourth floor.

BULLETIN BOARD.

For Sale: One 1854 model door bell, as good as new.
 Reason for selling—have just installed a 1917 model. Pros-
 pective buyers will please write or see Chowan College.

—Per Physics Class.

FOUND.

Time—Examination.

Place—Chowan College.

Act I, Scene 1.

Discovered—One hundred girls bordering on insanity.

Wanted—Someone who will forget to ring the rising bell.

For Sale: All beautifying paraphernalia, such as powder,
 rouge, cream of roses and face lotions. Reason for selling—
 they are no longer necessary since its Leap Year. Apply to
 Belle of Chowan College.

Remember now thy school days
 In the days of thy teaching
 Let the hard questions come not
 And not many of them
 Lest the Chemistry Class says I have
 No answers for you.

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