

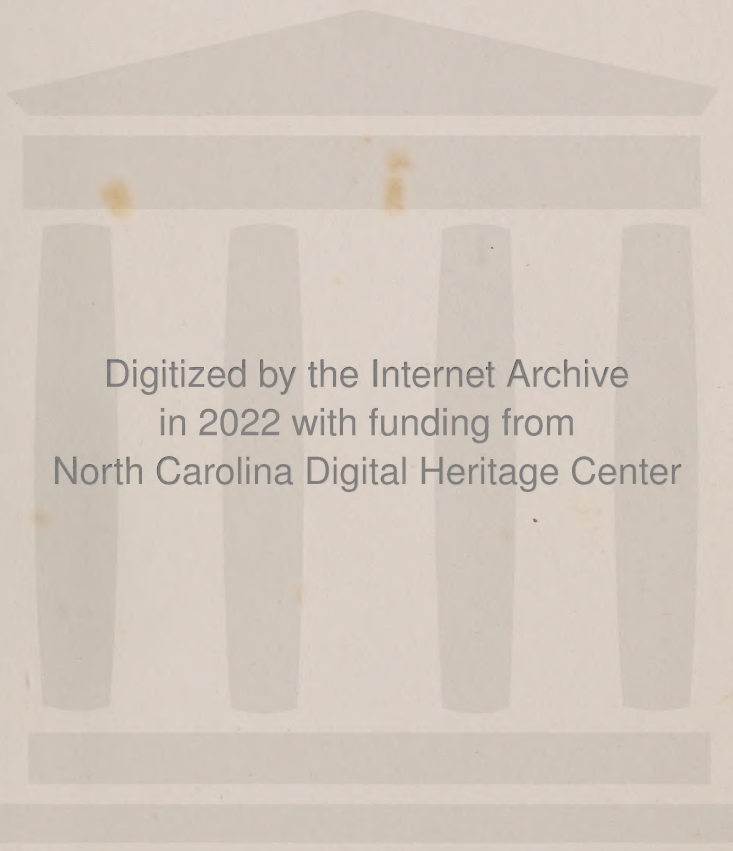
Blanche Pritchard

The Columns



March
1916

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THE COLUMNS

VOL. II

CHOWAN COLLEGE, MARCH, 1916

No. 3

The Coming of Spring

G. Ballentine, '19.

Everything is happy now:
The birds chirp sweetly on the bough;
The dreary winter days have fled,
The little flower lifts its head.

Now is the high-tide of the year;
The call of spring time now we hear.
Only thee we wish to see—
For we have learned to worship thee.

We welcome thee with hearts all light;
Each eye with gladness now is bright.
From every walk glad voices singing
Tell of the joy that Spring is bringing.

We greet thee, gracious Springtime, dear,
With thoughts of love and thoughts of cheer.
To keep thee we will all be striving
You, who have been so long arriving.

The Pianomobile

Bennie Baker.

Thump! bang! crash! went Liszt's "Paraphrase of Rigoletto" and ding-a-ling-a-ling! went the telephone. The young man at the piano allowed one hand to fly off the keys—to frantically pull at the great bush of hair that hung over his forehead—off for a moment while his heretofore serene brow wrinkled with annoyance. Then back on the keys the lithe fingers crept slowly into "Murmuring Zephyrs." The leaves were quivering in the breeze; and it was Indian Summer. With a jerk his hands dropped from the keys. He sat bolt upright, and with a muttered d—— he jerked down the receiver.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, petulantly. Instantly his brow cleared.

"Why, Lucile, I had no idea it was you."

"Yes, yes, I heard the 'phone before, but it is so hard to leave, Liszt's, especially when it is his "Paraphrase of Rigoletto."

"Yes, dear, but can't you love it, too?"

"Yes, I love you, you know that."

"No, no better than I do you."

"What? Choose you or the music?"

With a groan, he dropped in a chair. He sat with his fingers in his hair for a long time. He thought over his past with Lucile. He thought of his future in music; then he thought of the struggle he had had between music and Lucile. He thought of the place that she filled in his life and how empty it would be without her. He thought of life with her without his music, and then he asked himself, "What would music be without her"?

"By George, I'll try it," he said, as he walked over to the piano and dropped his hand lovingly on the keys as he kept his eyes on the telephone. His hand ran over the piano as a mother would lovingly pet her child.

Early one morning in late summer a few weeks after his

decision between music and Lucile, Jack rushed down the steps and out to the street, his lips parted and his eyes glowing. He pushed his way through the gaping crowd, and sprang into the Pianomobile. As he slid into the only seat the vehicle possessed, he put his foot on the right pedal, and left behind a trail of dust and a wondering crowd. As he neared the corner his mind grew blank, then confused, for two more pedals were before him. One would send him around the corner, the other back up the street. Luckily, he selected the middle one and made the turn in safety. Before him lay a long stretch of road, and he smiled as he thought of the cool shade, absolute solitude and his piano.

"Gee whiz! This is a cracking good place," he said, as he slowed down under the shade of an elm tree. After glancing behind and peeping in front, he found he was practically cut off from humanity. He smiled as he thought of the telephone, squalling babies, and the cries of fruit venders under his window. Happy, yes, he was happy, and for just a moment he tried to compare his feeling with the feeling he would have had if he had given up his piano for Lucile and her life. With a smile he turned to his music and with a dash he plunged into "Die Lorelei." The maiden was combing her golden hair, while the waters rippled and gurgled at her feet. To be caught an instant later.

"Whoa! hold on, I say. Tain't nothing but a man. Don't you know you can't stop this here road?"

"Whoa! Ain't ye got no sense," called out an irate old farmer as he held his two mules in the road.

"Who be ye, and what in the landsakes ye got?"

With a jerk that almost unseated him, Jack came back to his present surroundings. Looking back he saw the farmer swinging desperately to the "off" mule. With a grunt of disgust, Jack sped away leaving the farmer and his plunging mules in a cloud of dust. For many miles Jack thoughtfully rode ahead wondering if there was peace to be found anywhere on earth. Just then he saw the road divided.

"Which shall it be?" pondered he. "I'll take the right,—no, there are too many tracks on it."

He backed into the main road, and looked first at one then at the other, then his face brightened.

"Mene-mene-mine-mo. I knew it would be this one."

The tracks disturbed him, so he decided to play and run at the same time. This time he entered lightly into "Elfin Dance;" over hills and through valleys he sped. The stillness of the small towns was broken as this queer monster came rolling through their streets, and the light staccato notes penetrated the air. On it came while dogs and chickens with heads erect scurried out of the way, and mothers with babes on their arms, old men and red-and-blue-calico-clad children hurried down the hillside and waved this strange apparition out of sight.

For miles he sped on playing "Barcarolle," when suddenly with a zip! bing! bang! he ran into a post.

After several weeks he opened his eyes to see Lucile by his side, and to hear her whisper as she lent over him, "Jack, dear, can't you have another seat made in the Piano-mobile?"

A Day Up Stairs

Annie R. C. Barnes.

Sometimes I'm sick and spend the day up-stairs,
Then mother brings her work and sits with me,
And I just love it when I'm well enough
To play around, or p'rhaps peep out to see

What Towser's barking at in our back yard
Or what the neighbor-girl is playing at,
Way down there by the cross-fence digging hard
And stooping low, without her cloak and hat.

I wonder just a minute then run back
To where the firelight's dancing on the shelf
And listen, while I watch it bob about,
To mother singing softly to herself.

Then I sit down to play with all my dolls,
Or Noah's ark, or make my soldiers fight,
Or read my picture book, or just "cut out",
Or "think up" some more stories that I write.

But when I'm tired of every single thing
I've done all day, I climb in mother's lap,
And think maybe I'll not disturb her if
I cuddle down to take a little nap;

But she just holds me close and smooths my hair,
And kisses me a hundred times, I guess,
And calls me "sugar-lump" and "pig-a-pie,"
And "Mother's curly-locks," and all the res'

Of the funny, curious names she seems to know,
Until you'd think, unless you saw 'twas *me*,
That she'd forgotten and was talking to
The *tiny baby* that I *used* to be.

Of course 'twould never do when I'm down-stairs
Where Rachel and the Hunter boys might see,
But somehow I don't seem to mind a bit
When Mother spends the day up-stairs with me.

Shakespeare's Ideal King—Henry V

Bettie Williams Tayloe, '16.

In Henry Monmouth, Shakespeare reaches his ideal king. He begins his portrait of English kings with Henry VI., to whom has been applied the title, "a sorry plaything of circumstance." Throughout his reign he allows himself to be controlled by the nobles and prelates of his realm. As a matter of fact, he cares nothing for being king, but regards it merely an imposition. He is very discontented with his kingship and says of himself:

"No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject."

Shakespeare's next study of a king followed soon after and portrayed Henry VI.'s successor. This Richard III. is an ideal villain. His villainy is presented fully developed and complete. His choice is always between different modes of villainy; never between villainy and honesty. In his first soliloquy there is announced a completed process of his character in the line:

"I am determined to be a villain."

The early group of kings closes with Richard II., who interests us more as a man than as a king. We feel neither respect nor love for the deposed monarch, for he is lacking in energy as well as principle. He is, however, human in his distresses and the sufferings of the man make us forget that he was ever king.

After a long interval in which Shakespeare was engaged with other things he returned to history in *King John*. There are few characters in the whole of Shakespeare's plays that give us more disgust than King John. He has no strength of character and no intellectual judgment.

After he portrays so many of the diseases which kings may

be heir to, it is a relief when Shakespeare gives us Henry IV. He was a man of much experience and ability. We may infer this from the manner in which he had demanded and held the crown. His weakness was that he kept himself aloof from his subjects, not entering into their life and getting their viewpoint. But Shakespeare's chief interest in this play is not the strength and weakness of Henry IV., but in the youth who is to become Henry V.

Shakespeare paints in the young prince the gradual development of the ideas of kingly service, judgment and patriotism. The earliest scenes give us a picture of his riotous youth. Here we find Falstaff, his faithful companion and intimate friend. They are engaging in revels at the low tavern in Eastcheap, and in the frolics at Gadshill. Prince Hal is the grief of his father's heart, the prodigal son of the court. He is fond of low company and seems to take no interest in the affairs of the kingdom. No one ever expected this harum-scarum fellow to become a great king. Still, he is not altogether bad. He loves fun and is full of spirit, but throughout all his reckless procedures there is a note of seriousness. At Falstaff's first suggestion of the robbery he does not like it particularly, and by no means does he prove to be the ring-leader of his gang in this outrage. He accepts a share in the fun on the condition that it shall become only an innocent sport in robbing the robbers. After it is all over he suggests that Falstaff return the money. Falstaff, who is working from an entirely different point of view, says that there would be no fun if they were required to return the money, to which Prince Hal replies that the fun is not in the keeping of the money, but in the taking of it. He is steady in his purpose of being in gay life, but does not go too far in it. With easy superiority he stands aloof from his companions. Henry is often rebuked by his father for his conduct; he apologizes, but soon returns to his former associates.

Hotspur is, however, the ideal youth of Bolingbroke. In Act I., Scene I., of *Henry IV.*, he says:

“In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor’s tongue;
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor strain the brow of my young Harry.”

Hotspur is a medieval knight brought down to modern times. Richard T. Moulton, in his *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker*, says: “Viewed from any other point than feudalism Hotspur appears to be only a fighting animal, with riotous eloquence to mouthe his riotous thoughts.” He is hot-tempered, brave, passionate, ambitious and desirous of praise. Nothing is too great for him to conquer. The following lines give us an insight of his idea of himself:

“Methinks it were an easy leap to
Pluck pale honor from the moon.”

He respects no type of life but his own, and takes advice from no one, but plunges into great undertakings without the proper consideration. Battle seems an irresponsible thing to him. He pours contempt upon the “sword and buckler” Prince of Wales. He is unmoved by the generous praise of Henry and thinks only of the bloody battle. Prince Henry has a larger nature. He has not had the experience in war of Hotspur, but when the call comes he proves the more efficient. He keeps his father from a faint-hearted retreat and is as far superior to his military comrades as he had been to Falstaff and his companions at Gadshill. At the end of the duel with Hotspur he reveals his noble qualities as a great warrior and a generous foe.

For a while Henry still went to this low tavern and back to his old companions, but he did not get the same fun and pleasure out of it. It had become more or less a habit to him. He had realized that there were other things upon which he must be spending his time to more advantage. In Act II., Scene II. of the second part of *Henry IV.* he says to Poins: “Doth it not show vile in me to desire small beer?” Again in Act III., Scene I.:

“By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time.”

When Henry takes the crown from his father's pillow (believing him to be dead) and goes out with it upon his own head, the deed is not done through eagerness for power. His heart is full of tenderness for his old father, to whose happiness he has contributed so little. He is little impressed by the glitter of royalty, but now that the crown has come to him by “lineal honor”, he takes it from a sense of duty, saying:

“My due from thee is this imperial crown.”

After the crown has been returned to Bolingbroke and Henry is forgiven by him, he shows us his intention of preserving it by these lines:

“My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it to me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
While I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.”

The play *Henry V.* represents the moral hero in the new life of responsibility. At the very beginning of the play we cannot fail to notice the great change which has come over him. Professor G. L. Kittridge points out that Prince Hal and Henry V. have entirely different minds. Responsibility might have made him more serious and developed his powers, but it could not have changed him from the brilliant-minded prince to the solid-minded king. Shakespeare has to depend upon his supreme art to produce the illusion that it is the same man. The complete change in character took place before his father's death, although apparently, it was not until he had resumed the responsibility of ruling. The sinful nature is driven out of him by reflection and the current of reformation has swept away his old faults. As Ely says of him:

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality,"

so his experience in lower life matured him in those qualities which the court surroundings could never have produced in him and which make of him an ideal king. In the last scene of Henry IV. we have his total rejection of Falstaff. Perhaps at the first thought we may condemn Henry for this and we sympathize with Falstaff; because heretofore he has been treated kindly by the king; in fact, they were constant companions in the king's youth. It does look hard that he should come to him now with these words, "God save you, my sweet boy!" and receive only in return, "I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers." But we know that it is necessary for Henry to do this, if he is to be a king of dignity.

We are shown that he is still a lover of fun by his actions in the camp with his soldiers. He has shaken off his old companions, but we are constantly reminded of his intercourse with them. He is still inclined to rove about with the common man in his army. The old familiarity and love of innocent jest still exist in him, but do not detract in the least from his kingly dignity.

In studying closely the life of Henry, as king, we find religion the keynote of his character. *Hollinshed's Chronicles* from which Shakespeare wrote *Henry V.*, praises his piety at home and in every stage of his campaign. He is especially praised by the clergy. The Bishop of Ely speaks of him as

"A true lover of the Holy Church,"

and Canterbury calls him

"A king full of grace and fair regard."

He says further:

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate."

Henry is a thoughtful and wise statesman. Canterbury says:

“Hear him debate of Commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in his study.”

He accepts Canterbury as his legal adviser and has great confidence in him. He consults him about the Salic law. When in answer Canterbury has made his exposition of the law, Henry still forces his council to consider the question to the furthest consequence of action. Not until the rights of the question have been debated and calmly settled does he admit the embassy from the Dauphin which may result in war. He exercises great self-control in responding to this insulting message and is not even indignant toward the French king. But he meets the jester on his own ground and outjests him. Especially good is his reply to the gift of tennis balls:

“When we have matched our rackets to these balls
We will in France, by God’s grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father’s crown to the hazard.”

When he is occupied with the plan of war with France, he makes an oath to the Archbishop to take heed to his advice. He says he will “believe in heart” that what he believes to be right is in his “conscience washed as pure as sin with baptism.” Henry is thoroughly convinced by both Canterbury and Ely that to begin the war is the right thing. He goes forth to war with the firm belief that it is God’s will and the assurance that God will give him victory. His last words to his soldiers are: “God be with you,” and during the battle he prays:

“O God of battles, steel my soldiers’ hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.”

Neither does he forget to give God the praise. His first words upon hearing of the victory are:

“Praised be God and not our strength for it!”

Again, thinking of the great victory, he says:

"Take it God, for it is only Thine!"

At his triumphal entry into London, he will not allow his soldiers to bear the sword and helm, and trophies of war like deeds before him, which shows us that he was not ambitious for self-glory and pride. His soldiers greatly admire and respect him. Through the whole of the terrible crisis the force of the army is the spirit of the king.

In his love-making Henry is as business-like as in planning the war with France. He is as plain in his courtship as if he had "sold his farm to buy his crown," and may truly be called "the bluntest wooer in all Christendom." He is not at all romantic: Katherine is unmistakably the prize of the war. Henry goes to the French court for the purpose of winning Katharine and regards it as a business affair. It may seem strange that Katharine should have so readily consented after the awkward manner of wooing, but according to the custom of the times the courtship is properly motivated. The princesses of that day were naturally supposed to fall in love with the right one, and we must remember that it was no small honor to marry the king of England.

Thus we see how carelessness developed into seriousness; unconcern for religion into deep religious fervor; apparent disregard of country into patriotism, and a desire for low things into a higher and nobler life. So did the wayward and reckless Prince of Wales develop into the great and patriotic King Henry V., the grand hero of the Shakesperean world.

The Ghost in the West Wing

Pauline Eley, '16.

"Girls! girls! Just think! I have an invitation for the Christmas holidays. For years I have longed to go into a room in my aunt's home that's supposed to be haunted. But I've never been allowed to. My aunt has promised me that I might spend one night in that room when I was eighteen. Christmas is my birthday and here's the invitation! And, oh! girls, she says I can bring along a crowd of you. So Gwendolyn, Geraldine, Clara, Mabel and Thelma I want you all to go. Each one of you write one of your boy friends and we will have a house party of our own. I can scarcely wait for December the twenty-fourth to come. It all seems so strange. Just think of the adventures in store for me!"

The morning of December twenty-fourth at last dawned. A deep snow had fallen the day before and it glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. Evelyn and her friends were all excitement getting ready to leave on the morning train. The air was spicy and keen and everything from Evelyn's point of view seemed to bespeak adventure. The trip seemed very short and yet it was eight o'clock when the girls reached their destination. Time passed very pleasantly until someone suggested that it was time to retire.

With a grim smile Evelyn's aunt handed her a candle saying: "You are eighteen years old, dear."

"Am I at last granted this wonderful privilege? Girls, I would invite each one of you to spend the night with me but I am afraid you would keep the ghost from appearing. Do not be surprised if you do not see me in the morning. Perhaps Harry will arrive on the late train and if he should inquire about me in the morning, tell him that my long-desired wish has been granted. Why, you all look serious, as if you thought I meant it all."

"Good night and good luck to you in your new adventure," said Geraldine.

Evelyn felt very strange as she heard the creaking of the rusty hinges. The candle cast shadows like long fingers across the floor. There was a bright fire in the grate, yet this did not dispel the gloomy appearance of the room. It was cold and damp and Evelyn began to wish she had not entered it. She had never known nervous, girlish fear, yet strange to say her whole body shook and even the reflection of her face in the mirror frightened her. She tried to attribute it to the cold night, in vain, for the room was considerably warm. She began to undress and she could hardly control her fingers. Finally, however, she managed to get in bed. She had been lying there as it seemed to her many hours when she heard a peculiar tapping against the window pane. This continued and she grew more frightened every minute. She wrapped herself closely in the covers. After a long while she ventured to put her head out and listen more attentively. She found this to be only the branches of a nearby tree knocking against the window. How relieved she felt? After an interminable length of time sleep came to her and her dreams were a strange mixture of ghosts, hobgoblins and fairies.

Suddenly Evelyn awoke. There were soft, muffled footsteps in the hall. Horror of horrors! It was coming toward the door. Slowly the door opened and a long, white figure appeared. It made its way to the mantle and looked down at the embers in the grate. Evelyn grew cold and it seemed that her heart would stop. Finally the white figure made its way over to the bed, took hold of the cover and slowly dragged it off. Evelyn's fingers closed mechanically over it but she caught only the sheet. The figure made its way to the door, with the cover dragging behind it. Evelyn by this time was breathing very heavily, and her whole body was shaking. There was no more sleep for her that night. Her imagination ran riot and in every corner of the room white figures seemed to stand staring at her.

It was morning and everybody except Harry and Evelyn were standing in the dining room ready for breakfast. They

were eagerly awaiting Evelyn's report of the night's happenings. At length Harry came sauntering in.

"Well, I slept like a top last night. I Where is Evelyn?"

"Why, Evelyn!" they all exclaimed as a pale, haggard ghost of the enthusiastic Evelyn of the night before appeared in the doorway. Wearily she dropped in a nearby chair as she said:

"Girls, I never spent such a miserable night! I began to have creepy feelings as soon as I entered that room. Finally I went to sleep. Suddenly I awoke. Footsteps were nearing my room. The door opened and a long white figure glided in, came to——"

"Why, Evelyn, were you in that room?" exclaimed Harry. "I am sorry, but I went in there for more cover."

In Memory of a Rosebud

Lucille Britton,

Just the dry, faded remnants
Of a sweet blushing rose;
But it warms our cold hearts
Chilled with life's winter snows,

For it brings back the memory
Of open heart talks
When we drifted together
Down Chowan's lovely walks.

This rosebud, then laden
With sweetness untold,
Fair emblem of love
That could never grow old,

Was fragrant when gathered
Midst youth's merry talks
When we drifted together
Down Chowan's lovely walks.

This rosebud, though faded
By long, weary years,
Though soiled by caresses
And moistened with tears,

Is still dear to the memory
Of youth's gladsome ways
When we drifted together
Thru' dear College days.

A Trip to Fairyland in the Moon

Elon Byrd, 1923.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! chimed little bells, and the air was filled with sweet music, bits of song and other merry sounds. From the leafy bowers that shaded this fantastic scene a strange figure with eyes like stars and pale gold hair whispered, "Come take a ride with me?"—a whisper so delicate that it was like a breath of rose leaves, and violets; so faint that not even an Elf could hear.

Instantly the scene changed. No pale cold lights and shadowy forms with flowing hair, but warm greens and reds and soft browns flitted in and out and lingered long in the towering trees. The figure that first was so strange changed to a maiden with star-bright eyes and a crown of pearls. Her silvery voice spoke:

"Come off to Fairy Land with me."

Immediately I arose and with knees that shook stood before her.

"I have come from afar. I have gathered the Elf Folk into an egg-shell, and I've sailed through space. For once did you say there was no Fairy Land. Come and I'll take you to the place where the Elves stay, because their home into Fairy Land has turned."

My fear fled and I saw only her beautiful hair and her kind face. Falling at her feet, I said:

"Into Fairy Land for you."

In an instant a pale silver moon swung low at her feet. Into this we stepped and off through blue space we sped. Off to a planet where the sun shines and no clouds darken the day. Everything was happy. Little people skipped and danced for joy. Sunbeams darted here and there and flowers bloomed everywhere. As we glided into their midst the little people clapped their hands and cried,

"Hail! the Queen!"

While I was listening to them the maiden suddenly disappeared. I could see by the rays of their tiny sun that we were

in a clearing and that paths ran in every direction. The paths were so narrow that the fat men had to hold up their coat-tails as they walked.

I was startled by what I thought was raindrops, so faint the sound. I turned my face skyward. It grew louder and nearer and my eyes told me the truth. Down the widest path I saw a great procession of tiny Elves riding snails. The leader motioned to me and I got down on my knees. He asked in a squeaky voice, "What are you doing here?"

At my first words the whole band clapped their hands over their ears and crouched low on their snails. I whispered my answer and the leader told me that they were going to have a moonlight feast and invited me to join them. Soon they dismounted and each one selected a toad stool for himself. Some gathered dew-drops from the violets and but-tercups.

The moon came out, the rays of which were made more bright by a number of lightning bugs tied to sticks by long grass ropes. One little fairy came up riding a bat and carrying a long grass rope. The leader told me that he was going to lasso a frog for the feast.

Just as he came riding back dragging a frog behind him the rattle of a rattle-snake was heard. They all assembled and each one hopped on his stool. Just then a large rabbit jumped into their midst overturning Elves, toad stools and all. I caught at the one nearest me, but he slipped through my fingers and darted into the crowd that was galloping pell-mell away. A great, great squeak filled the air. I awoke suddenly to find Mamma calling, "Breakfast is ready."

Sketches

A Railway Station at Train Time

I. D., '18.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and there was an unusual stir about the small station. The train for Washington and way-stations had just arrived. The engineer was busy oiling his engine; the baggage men were unloading the few trunks and express packages; and the conductor went into the telegraph office for his train orders.

There were two or three aged men in the barren waiting-room, who were going to town to spend Thanksgiving, and they came tottering gaily out on the platform. Most of them had been there some time, talking of the war, their trip to the city, or cracking jokes, while walking up and down the room in order to keep warm. They hurried to get on the waiting train, and sought the warmth of the smoking-car, before the train should leave them. The two small girls, who were going along to see their grandmother, had never ridden on the train; and it was with a dazed look that they kissed their father and hurriedly ascended the steps of the train. The uncouth boy of twelve, with his tray of sandwiches, paced from coach to coach yelling with a shrill voice, "Ha-a-m san'wiches! E-gg san'wiches! Five cents!"

The driver of the rickety hotel carriage pulled his cap over his ears and rubbed his hands together as he waited for the one passenger who must see about his baggage. An old man who had come to meet his daughter and children, drove up to the platform as carefully as if his twenty-year-old mare would try to run away. Just then some women and children who had gone into the waiting-room to wrap themselves in coats, muffs and veils, came forth chattering and drove off with their waiting relatives.

In a short while, the conductor had received his orders, and then he pulled the cord, which was the signal to depart. The train sped on its course, and when the sound of the

rumbling wheels had died in the distance, there was not a sound to be heard about the small station.

A Mischievous Boy

F. B., '17.

He tip-toed into the room where his mother sat, and caught her head tight between his chubby hands. He said she must guess who it was before he released her. She guessed, "It is a little fellow, six years old, who ran away about an hour ago to play with a certain little boy on a forbidden street. They have played in the water, and his suit is wet and dirty." With a chuckle he took his hands away, and she faced the exact boy she had described. His once spotless suit was streaked and spattered with dirty water. His tiny trousers were rolled under at the bottom to hide the wet edges. He stroked his mother's cheek, and then sat down very penitently on the stool at her feet. He watched her face carefully, but found no clue there. Presently she looked at him, and their eyes met. She had intended to look daggers at him, but at the sight of his down-cast, cherub-like face, she laughed instead; and he seeing he had won the victory celebrated by turning a somersault on the best rug in the room.

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Editorials



Treatment of Books Books, one of the most valuable of man's possessions, should be treated with respect as other prized objects are treated. But how careless and thoughtless we are in caring for them! Abusing books is detrimental to both the books and the abuser. One of the most frequent offenses is bending them, especially if they are new and stiff. Bending open a new book in the middle the first time it is opened will cause the mucilage which holds the leaves to the lids to crack and the leaves to become loose. After very little use the leaves will come out and it will be a source of constant trouble to keep the pages together. When you bend wide a new book it always has its pages unbalanced and the next person who reads this would have been very grateful to you if you had not abused it so, for he cannot read com-

fortably and with pleasure, because of the tendency of its pages to open at a certain place.

Books also lose their attractiveness and usefulness by having the corners of the leaves turned down. Be not so unkind as to bestow upon books the gift of "dog ears". They do not enjoy wearing them. Often after a corner has been creased down tight for a while it will tear off, thus spoiling the whole page for the readers. In an important part of a story a bit torn from a page might contain some facts which would leave the reader in mystery after reading the book, to say nothing of the annoyance it causes in any case. Books should never be marked when read, especially if they do not belong to the marker. Underscored words causes the reader to forget the thought for which he is seeking. Do not overrate the value of your book by thinking everything contained is important or underrate by thinking it a pencil pad. Remember that some one else may read it and might not enjoy so well your markings.

Mistreating is not only very bad to the book but is a reflection on the abuser's character and reputation. If one is seen marking a book the opinion is likely to be formed that he is lazy or ignorant to the extent that he cannot take notes without marking what he wants to use or what appeals to him. It shows that his mind has not been trained to see and retain what he needs. He will also be considered careless and indifferent, selfish and thoughtless of other people if he is seen abusing and mistreating objects that are unable to speak for themselves. Treat your books squarely and as you would your friends, for they are truly the most faithful ones you have.

Athletics in Student Life One of the greatest signs of progress is the fact that people are beginning to realize the important place that physical development has in modern education. Yet there are many colleges that have not awakened to the realization of its great importance. Fifty years ago physical development

was not thought of nor were athletics encouraged in the majority of colleges. As a result college graduates were often physical wrecks. This condition exists to a large degree today in many colleges in the South, though not in as pronounced a degree as then. Our colleges place mental development first and physical second. This ought not to be. Physical development is as essential to a symmetrical character as mental and it should be emphasized equally as much. This, however, does not necessarily mean the students should spend as much time playing tennis as they should reading Livy.

The partial recognition by school authorities of physical education as a legitimate branch of study and practice is shown in the provisions made for competent direction, and by students in their co-operation and enthusiasm. In many colleges soon after the opening of the fall term the tennis clubs and basketball teams are organized as usual. These games are played with spirit every afternoon. This first lively interest is often increased, especially in basketball, by the encouragement of classes and literary societies. One class or society challenges another to a match game. The interest and excitement in the preliminary games runs high. The trouble heretofore and in many schools from the side of the student is that this interest is not lasting. It is like the sudden and transient bubbling up of a spring when there is some unseen pressure, but this lasts for only a few days. The school duties increase, lessons become burdensome and one by one the girls cease to go out to practice until there are only one or two on the field each day when the hour to practice arrives. The efforts of societies, classes, and directors of physical culture to arouse enthusiasm become futile. With various excuses each girl withdraws from the team until practically no basketball team exists.

There are several reasons why these conditions exist. One of the main reasons is that many college girls carry so much work that they do not have time to play. It is impossible for a girl of average intelligence and scholarship who carries

eighteen hours of work to do it well and have an hour every day to spend playing basketball. The colleges are partly responsible for the existence of such a condition; however, there are not as many who belong to this overworked class as to another. If an X-ray could be invented for revealing secret reasons for not doing things and applied to a great many college girls, there would be found clear symptoms of pure, unadulterated laziness. They care so much for loafing ease and gossiping that they seek these things instead of engaging in the active sports of college life. The difficulty of arousing this lazy class of girls lies in the fact that they are indifferent. They have no concern for athletics or anything else. Such conditions as these are a drawback to the activities of any college. The removal of these furnishes a field of service in which one may show her loyalty to her college.

Alumnae Notes

Inez Benthall, Editor.

Miss Blanch Vann, '97, is at her home in Ahoskie, N. C.

Misses Mary and Elizabeth Pritchard, '98, are living in Aulander, N. C.

Minda Chamblee Hawkins, '90, is living in Winston-Salem, N. C. Other members of this class are: Mrs. J. B. Penny, Youngsville, N. C.; Miss Eliza Parker, Garner, N. C.; Miss Annie Abernathy, a member of the Chowan College Faculty; Miss Amanda Knight, Franklin, Va.

Mrs. L. W. Norman, nee Josie Elliott, '95-'96, is living in Hertford, N. C.

Mr. T. E. Vann announces the marriage of his daughter, Lois, to Mr. Thomas Buckner Wynn on Thursday, the tenth of February, nineteen hundred and sixteen, Como, North Carolina.

Mrs. Wynn graduated at this College in the Class of '07 and for several years was at the head of the Oratory Department here. She is a most loyal member of the Chowan Club at Como, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Wynn will reside at Murfreesboro, N. C.

Mrs. J. I. Griffin, nee Mayme Outland, '07, is living in Murfreesboro, N. C.

Belle Vann, '06, is at the head of the Music Department in the High School at Clio, S. C.

Mrs. R. D. Harrell, nee Emma Morris, '06, is residing in Woodland, N. C.

Mrs. J. E. Story, nee Helen Wynn, '06-'07, is living in Oceana, Va.

Annie Futrell, '06, is spending the winter at her home in Woodland, N. C.

Mrs. Reuben Lewis, nee Minnie Beaton, '08, is living in Jacksonville, Fla.

Louise Deloatch, '10, is teaching at Jackson, N. C.

Lennie Stephenson, '11, is at her home in Pendleton, N. C. Mayme and Irma Ward are at their home, "Pike's Hill", near Windsor, N. C.

Rennie Spivey is a member of the faculty of the Aulander High School, Aulander, N. C.

Mary Alston, '14, is teaching near Shelby, N. C.

Ola Morehead, '13, is spending this year at her home in Weldon, N. C.

Mary Lawrence, '14-'15, is teaching in Thelma, N. C.

From one of Chowan's alumnae comes these interesting words:

"I wish you would give me Miss Zoa L. McCumber's New York studio number. We live in a colony of artists here and I know stacks of them in the city. Mr. Horne is a favorite lecturer to the various studio clubs on art subjects.

"I get rather home-sick when I read of Alumnae Associations. Though years before my day, this daughter of Chowan and I could have some jolly good times together, probably, and I want to look her up.

"Kindly find \$1.00 for the 'Columns.'

"Very cordially yours,

MRS. ELIZABETH HORNE,

"341 Summit Ave.,

"Leonina, N. J."

Editor's Note:—We would appreciate information from any alumna who knows of Miss McCumber.

The College appreciates the contribution of the following Chowan Clubs toward the chair fund:

Belcross	\$ 7.00
Aulander	16.65
Ahoskie	40.00
Winton	13.00
Como	46.00
Woodland	20.00

Rich Square	3.50
Murfreesboro	34.00
Coleraine	32.00
Windsor	10.00
Other sources.	
Mrs. C. W. Scarborough	\$ 1.00
Mrs. J. R. Peterson	35.00
Home Coming Recital	30.00
Alumnae Luncheon	27.00

Woodland and Winton are preparing to make further contribution toward this fund.

Misses Bettie Williams Tayloe, '16, Helen Winborne, '16, and Miss Maude Sawyer, '16, are planning to give a series of recitals this spring, the proceeds of which will be added to the chair fund.

Exchange Department

Bettie Williams Tayloe, Editor.

Our exchanges have decreased considerably in the last month. Upon searching through the pile of school magazines we find very few new ones on which to comment. We wish to thank the colleges that have been kind enough to favor us with their magazines heretofore, and we shall be very glad to exchange with any others.

The *University of North Carolina Magazine* for February is an excellent edition and contains some delightful reading matter. "The Letter of a Freshman—No. 3", is very interesting and full of humor. "Caps and Caps" is a good detective story and keeps our interest alive until the end. Your poems are also fine, "Appreciation" being worthy of special mention. May we say, however, by way of friendly criticism, that we think one-half of your magazine is too much to be devoted to fraternities? While this, no doubt, will prove of interest to the alumni, it may become boring to the general reader. "International Pride and Mutual Understanding" is a very appropriate article and is well discussed. Why are your Alumni and Exchange departments lacking?

The February number of the *Portsmouth High School Student* is a very attractive little magazine. We feel that there is enthusiasm behind it. The editors, as well as the other contributors, deserve a great deal of credit for the publication of so worthy a number. Your stories are alive and interesting. "The Road to Yesterday" is a pathetic little story and is exceptionally good to have been written by a high school sophomore. It arouses a deep feeling of sympathy for the little fellow of only six summers, who is so earnestly searching for the "road to yesterday." Your one poem entitled "Evening" is well written and the thought

is well expressed. Let us suggest that you add to your number of poems next time, in order to have a better balanced magazine. We were glad to find all the various departments present and edited with ability.

In and About the College

Pauline Eley, Editor.

Dr. B. W. Spilman and Mr. E. L. Middleton were here for three days, January 20th to 23rd. Dr. Spilman delivered lectures on Sunday School work and Mr. Middleton gave lectures on "The Seven Laws of Teaching." Both courses of lectures were very instructive.

As it happened, Dr. Spilman's birthday occurred while he was here and the girls gave him a birthday celebration on Saturday evening, January 22nd. The tables for the girls were arranged in a hollow square in the middle of which was the table for the guests of honor. On this was placed the birthday cake. At intervals during the meal the girls sang clever songs and gave calls, prepared for the occasion. Upon request Dr. Spilman replied with an Uncle Remus story.

President G. E. Lineberry attended the teachers' meeting at Rich Square in February.

Miss Una White spent a few days with Miss Stephenson some time ago.

On the evening of February 10th Miss Durkee, teacher of expression, gave a recital in the College Auditorium. She read the four-act play, "The Bachelor's Romance." The proceeds were for the Chowan Club.

Miss Nell Ward attended the annual society celebration of Wake Forest College, February 13.

Misses Janie Sharp and Lucile Williams spent the night at College on February 10th. It seems good to have the old girls come back once in a while.

The program of the Carpa Diem Club on the night of the twelfth consisted of a Negro Minstrel, cleverly rendered by several of the students.

The biggest attraction of the college year took place on Friday evening, February 18th, when Madame Rheihildaffer, soprano, Mr. Skibblinsky, violinist, and Mr. Loring, pianist, of the Alkahest Lyceum Bureau, gave a recital in the college auditorium. A large crowd, considering the inclement weather, was present to enjoy the musical treat. The program was made up of the heavy classics interspersed with enough of the romantic to insure enjoyment to all present. Madame Rheihildaffer, the star of the company, was especially pleasing in the *Swiss Echo Song* and the ever-popular *Comin' Thro' the Rye*. Mr. Skibblinsky, who was making his second visit to us, held his audience throughout all of his numbers, two of which were his own composition. The pianist showed great skill as accompanist and also proved to be a soloist of unusual ability. Altogether the evening was a great success and will long be remembered as such by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

Miss Minnie Middleton, who is to leave for the foreign field next summer, spent a few days with her sister, Miss Lucy Middleton, some time ago.

Mr. J. D. Moore, of Raleigh, N. C., was at Chowan, February 24th. He gave two very interesting lectures on B. Y. P. U. work.

On Tuesday evening, February 29th, the Sociology class gave a musical scenic. Sixteen well-known songs were sung, illustrated by living pictures, which appeared in a large gilt frame. The most noteworthy of the pictures was "The Leap Year Special," an old maid, who gazed at the audience in a most imploring manner, while "Just Someone" was sung.

Miss Paschal, Lady Principal of Meredith College, has been the guest of Miss Herring for the past few days.

Saturday evening, March 4th, Miss Lucille Britton entertained a number of friends in honor of Miss Rosa Nowell of the Class of 1916. The Carpe Diem Club room was pre-

pared in party array for the occasion by the use of gold and blue, the senior colors. The lights cast a soft, yellow glow through their festive shades, and vases of daffodils served the double purpose of carrying out the color scheme and reminding the guests that spring is here and graduation time not far in the future.

Four tables had been prepared for a contest in which couples showed the thoroughness of their acquaintance with the names of animals, cities, musicians, and poets for the privilege of progressing, the records being kept on score cards painted in gold with the initials of the honor guest. The prize, two dainty handkerchiefs, having been won by Miss Olive, was presented by her to Miss Nowell, who accepted them in a happy little speech. Miss Elsie Benthall was consoled with a miniature college girl in cap and gown. A second guessing contest occupied the company for a time and then each guest was awarded a diploma. These business-like roles "certified" that many astounding things were to happen in the future of the recipient. Hand-painted place cards were then distributed, indicating the approach of refreshments, which consisted of ices moulded in four-leaf clovers, and clover blossoms, cake, chocolates and bon bons, and accompanied by a dainty flavor for each guest.

Those present were Misses Rose Nowell, Inez Benthall, Elsie Benthall, Ruth Norwood, Helen Winborne, Helen Williams, Lillian Brite, Nell Ward, Gladys Ballentine, Ruth Sawyer, Bettie Williams Tayloe, Cornelia Cheek, Pauline Eley, Lucile Britton, and Misses Herring, Abernathy and Olive.

A large audience in the college auditorium Friday night, March 10th, listened to choruses, quartettes, solos, and orchestra numbers by the Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra. From the *Stein Song*, which was the opening number of the program, to the rousing college yell, which marked

the concert's close, there was enthusiastic applause for each number and frequently a second encore.

The ease of manner and the evident good feeling of the college boys made the program especially attractive.

Anne Hasseltine Circle (Y. W. A.) Notes

Frances Benthal, '17.

On December the thirteenth, the Anne Hasseltine Circle held its regular monthly meeting. The subject was: Medical Missions in China. The program was made more interesting and helpful by the Mary Hill collection of pictures from China, which were distributed among the girls who were sitting around in a circle on the floor in true Chinese fashion. After this, one of the members reviewed for us the life and work of Dr. Eleanor Chestnut, a martyr missionary to China.

It was a great pleasure to have Miss Minnie Middleton visit our College in January. Although her stay with us was brief she gave us many new ideas, and created more enthusiasm among the girls. On Saturday night of her visit the Anne Hasseltine Circle entertained in her honor. Besides the help she gave us in our religious work, it was a real inspiration to come in touch with such a charming personality. Her radiant joy was contagious, and many were the words of regret when she left, but she promised to come again on her first furlough from China.

Instead of the regular program in February the Anne Hasseltine Circle gave the play, "In Brazil", by Dr. T. B. Ray. The girls were dressed in native costume and each rendered her part well to an interested and attentive audience. This little play showed us vividly the power of the Gospel over Catholicism.

In connection with our Anne Hasseltine Circle we have Mission Study Classes twice each week, taught by eight students. The books used are: *Comrades in Service*, *Brazilian Sketches* and *The Child in the Midst*. The majority of the students are taking this work, and they leave their classes wishing the periods were twice as long.

The officers and chairmen of the committees of the Anne Hasseltine Circle meet each Sunday afternoon with the counsellor to talk over and pray about the work. In these meet-

ings we have reports from the various committees and discuss different phases of our work. We feel that these meetings have strengthened us and that our plans for Y. W. A. are God's plans since we come to Him for guidance.

As to Evening Watch work—at our first meetings the girls came willingly; but not as prayerfully as we wished. There were only a few who would lead in prayer. Now nearly every girl who is called upon responds. For the past month we have given the different college classes a week in which they were responsible for planning and conducting the meetings. This helped in many ways, and more interest has been shown than ever before.

The Funny Bone

Vesta Benthall.

Miss Olive (on Domestic Science)—“Bessie, what mineral does this food contain?”

Bessie—“Water.”

“I am going to paint a tapestry from one of Mr. Mosaic’s greatest paintings,” said Lillian in speaking of a Mosaic picture.

“Where is Rosa?” (a maid) asked someone.

Pauline replied—“Taking a music lesson.”

One of the newish learned that the photographer was coming soon. She was heard to ask her senior crush: “Do you want me to have my pictures made in sepal?”

“Who said that there is nothing new under the sun?” asked Miss Abernathy,

“Shakespeare,” quickly responded Elsie.

“Isn’t Frances any better yet?”

Freshie—“No, she has gone to the confernary.”

While planning a reception for the Glee Club, Nell said, “We will have it at 10:00 p. m.” Newish Vinson asked, “Is that in the afternoon or morning?”

Professor—“What three words are most commonly used by college students?”

Student—“I don’t know.”

Professor—“Correct.’—Exchange.

Wanted—To know what Gladys’s favorite fish is.

Once a noble singing band,
Went a-tourin' through the land.
Old Chowan they set awirl,
Fixin' each boy and girl.
Banners hung from every wall,
Echoes rang throughout the hall,
Gala day was in full swing—
And they made the welkin ring.
Invites, too, in colors gay,
Said, "We'll greet you twice Friday."

After we had made our plans
Came this note from haughty hand,
"Little girls who are so slow,
Ne'er go out, and things don't know,
Party give, for that's polite,
After concert ends that night."

"Cheer up cheer up! might be worse,"
Cried the girls with silent curse,
"One invite we will not send
To those idiotic men.
With a feast our time we'll spend—
Just a welcome we will lend,
For we know what is polite,
And we know they are not right
When they thought we could not do
Proper things unless asked to."

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