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THE COLUMNS

VOL. III

CHOWAN COLLEGE, MAY, 1917

No. 4



Contributions



The Gypsy Maid

RUTH LINEBERRY, '23.

Oh to be a Gypsy Maid!

Roaming free from care and sorrow,
'Neath the heav'n with stars inlaid
Never thinking of to-morrow.

Years may come and go likewise

Pray what are the odds that matter?
Never sorrow makes her cry
And a Gypsy knows not flatter.

Murm'ring pines hum lullabies,

While the Gypsy maiden slumbers,
All her life is free from sighs,
For a Gypsy never grumbles.

The Food Problem

ESTHER SHEARON, '20

The food problem has struck our country with considerable force. People all over the country are realizing to a certain extent the severity of the situation. The more destitute places are, of course, found in the suburbs of our large cities. New York seems to be the most needy one at present—judging from reports the most of which concern affairs in this city. However, we can readily see why this should be; New York is the popular landing place for foreigners from all countries. Upon landing the poorer classes seek positions in the factories and mills, and there settle down. They depend upon their daily earnings for bread. Wages have advanced little during the recent months in comparison with the rise in the prices of food products, and so these people are left in very critical circumstances.

Some foodstuffs have advanced one hundred per cent in price since the beginning of the European War. Flour has sold as high as twelve dollars a barrel, nearly double the normal figure. Potatoes are ten cents a pound, onions twenty cents, cabbages eight and ten cents, butter forty-eight cents, sugar nine cents, and cold storage eggs are forty-eight cents per dozen. One of the East Side mothers said: "There was a time when we could get twenty pounds of potatoes for twenty cents; now for twenty pounds we must pay two dollars. The woman who goes out with maybe twenty-five cents to buy her dinner for her family, gets what? Nothing but a smell of the food she cannot buy." It is extremely discouraging to these women to go out and work hard all day, knowing during the while that they would not be able to buy bread for their families. There is a forceful cartoon in a recent number of the *Independent*. It is the

picture of a woman going out to her garden carrying an empty vegetable basket on her arm. In the garden the vegetables which consist of one carrot, one cabbage, one potato and one onion have grown on the tip top of stalks as high as palm trees. She is aghast at finding the vegetables so "high" that she cannot get them.

The effects of these high prices have been rather serious in some cases. Strikes have occurred during the past winter, all over the country, in general business. The people grew unable to support their families, and so they resorted to this.

Bread-riots have occurred in many large cities. Only last month the Hebrew population of New York petitioned the Mayor and Board of Estimate, and attempted to march up Fifth Avenue to lay their troubles before the Governor. They first began by attacking the peddlers on the streets and saturating their properties with kerosene. The next step was to place a boycott on the groceries of air-planing prices. Finally a delegation was appointed to take their troubles to the Mayor. The committee did as bade and the Mayor promised to present their request of obtaining a million dollars to feed the people. Miss Lillian Wald, a resident of the Henry Street Settlement, came along to testify to the urgency of the situation. This, however, did not satisfy the people. On the following day the procession of women, children and men marched down Twenty-third street, and crept through the back streets until they reached Fifth Avenue. Every where the stories were the same. Starvation had not yet come but they could see its footprints at their doors, and so they were on their way to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel where they would lay their troubles before the Governor. The crowd was shouting, "We want the Governor! Let us in to see the Governor, he will give us food!" The doors and windows were barred and the Governor was

absent, but for one hour they had possession of the street when finally the policemen dispersed the crowd.

There are many causes for this rapid advancement in prices. President Wilson has asked the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Agriculture to co-operate in investigating all phases of the matter in the United States. Although all causes have not as yet come to light we have been able to discover some of them.

During the past two or three years the United States has been the most prosperous country on the face of the globe. Gold has poured in from all sides, and thus it is that the value of gold has decreased in our country. This has caused a general rise in all prices. But there is a particularly marked increase in the prices of foodstuffs at present which is due to several causes. First, since the present war began, foreigners have flocked into the United States from every direction. Thus the urban population has been greatly increased. Second, railroad traffic has been so great that the supply of cars has been inefficient to meet the needs, and so a delay in shipping has hindered greatly in supplying food to the needy districts. Third, there have been heavy exportations to Europe since the beginning of the war. By sending the products to Europe where they are greatly needed the dealers have been able to get more for their stuff, and so they prefer to send it there rather than sell it in the homeland for less profit. And, lastly, the use of cold storage by food speculators has had a great part in raising prices.

John J. Dillon, the Food Commissioner of New York, tells us that there is an enormous amount of needless waste. First, there is waste on the farms. The farmer is unable to market a small amount of food for enough to pay the costs of transportation and selling, and so it goes to waste. There is waste in transit because of the lack of proper grading and packing as it leaves the farms. There is waste in the

cities due to delay in delivering while passing through the hands of speculators. The speculators in compliance with their law condemn whole packages of stuff because a little of it is damaged, when the damaged could easily be removed and the rest would be sound and wholesome. Lastly, there is waste in the present methods of distribution. A drummer usually goes to the country and buys up the food products for some dealer. He has heavy expense and generally a good salary both of which have to come out of the food. It is shipped in small lots to city commissioners. They in turn let it out to several wholesalers and jobbers, often as many as seven. The food increases in expense at every turn, and when the housewife buys her daily supply she pays her share of wastes, commissions, extravagance and profits.

It is the duty of the people of means to look into this matter and reduce the prices, because they are the ones who can influence legislation. Instead of this they are concerned little about it. Their grocery bill comes in at the end of the month; they growl a little at its size, pay the bill, and then go on and give no more attention to it. Those who do devote their energy and influence on legislation on this subject or any other subject, do so in order that it may affect their business interests or their gross income. Some of them, however, sympathize with their dependent workers somewhat but do not have the time to exert their influence for the benefit of the world generally. There is no reason why we should not be able to supply a sufficient amount of food for everybody, for statistics have shown that the quantity of all food products except in meats and cereals have increased according to the increase in population.

In the first place we must prevent car shortage. Prospects are that the present situation of high cost of food will unravel itself gradually as the shortage of freight cars dimin-

ish. The authorities have promised to remove this condition as soon as possible.

We must supply the method of direct distribution. The plan of the New York State Department of Roads and Markets is to establish rooms for food at the local producing centers throughout the State, to which the vegetables can be carried direct from the farms. The local town can be supplied from this lot and the balance shipped to a wholesale house in New York operated under the supervision of the State. The city retailer could then buy his supplies direct from the agent of the producer. This would save all that expense incurred on the goods by speculators and middlemen. The prices would be made public. The Commissioner of the Department would have the duty of seeing that no retailer demanded an excessive profit for his goods. This would be a protection to the housewife. If the farmers had a good market handy where they could dispose of their produce without the leakage due to the commission, the jobber and the retailer—in other words, three profits—there would be a much larger production of crops, and intensive gardening would be followed because it would pay; whereas at present the farmer is apt to leave his crops rotting on the ground on account of the small net returns he receives after immediate profits and expenses have been deducted.

Then there is this one last thing which we all can do. We can plant vegetables on every small vacant plot of earth. But no matter how small it may be it should be worked by a plan. The vegetable efficiency-chart published in the *Literary Digest* is a good guide. It is a board with horizontal lines equally distant cut across it and numbered to represent the rows in the garden. Perpendicular lines are made upon it, the spaces between bearing the names of the months. These spaces differ in width according to the activities of the months. Strips of card board, each bearing the name of

a vegetable and cut into the length that fits the board in accordance with the duration of the crop, are placed upon their respective rows. The purpose of its author, Mr. Garwood Hodges, is to give practical guidance to inexperienced gardeners. Using this chart one would be amazed to know how much a back yard vegetable garden would yield. Its purpose is: to tell the gardener at a glimpse just when and where the different vegetables should be planted, and to aid him in making two vegetables where one grew before thereby making him double his income.

If we continue the present system of managing food products there will be little use to talk longer about reducing the cost of living. It now costs the farmer sixty-five per cent of the price paid by the consumer to distribute his product. Therefore he must be content with thirty-five per cent of the consumer's dollar. The purpose has been to reduce this cost twenty-five or thirty per cent so that the farmer will be able to get more pay, and the consumer pay less. We can do this if we all will only do our part.

There has been much stuff shipped to Europe in the past few months. I believe it is all right to do that, for if there are any people on earth who need help now it certainly must be those who are in the turmoil and strife. They have been there long, their food products are scarce and some of them are dying from hunger. But charity should begin at home, so let us not neglect our home people too severely while administering to the needs of others.

“A child's kiss

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense

Of service which thou renderest.”

—E. B. Browning.

Mother's Love

LOTTIE HARRELL, '20.

If life should set before me
The gifts sent from above,
And tell me then to take my choice,
I'd choose a mother's love.

For a mother's love is a priceless gem
And one that will stand the test,
No matter how rough or what it is,
Of all others it will prove the best.

It's a gem we can carry with us,
Whether Fortune smile or frown,
Tho' all the others we may lose,
This one will ever abound.

So we, with truly grateful hearts,
Give thanks to Him above,
For making a fairer and holier world
By this perfect gift, a mother's love.

Cupid a la Blocks

FRANCES VIVIAN BENTHALL, '17.

"Wha' did you say, Auntie?"

"Nothin', honey, play with your dolls."

Maisie played with her dolls, but she was a puzzled little girl. Auntie did say something 'cause she heard her and why did she say she didn't—such were the thoughts in her five-year-old mind. Soon, however, the puzzled look was gone, and she was busy dressing Sophronia Anne, her oldest doll-child, for a party.

Maisie was right. Miss Ann, or Auntie, as she was known to all the children of the village, did say something and if Maisie had been a little older and had caught the words she would have considered it a very big something.

The sleepy little village of Burnsville had long since ceased to wonder why Miss Ann still lived alone in the large mansion. She and her mother were the sole heirs of the immense estate, and at the death of Mrs. Preston, Miss Ann had remained in the old home with one servant, Aunt Lucy. Now Aunt Lucy was dead and Miss Ann lived alone. All that the village folk knew of Miss Ann was that she had an overpowering love for children and was ever ready to minister to them in any way that she could. It was only through the children who came to see her that she learned anything of the happenings of the village for she was quiet and unassuming like her mother. This, with the poise and dignity which she had inherited from her father kept her from mingling with the people. But the old mansion was no hermitage as one might think. It was a veritable haven for the children of the village—the worn path made by baby feet leading to her back door testified to that. Miss Ann's cookies and fairy tales, of which she always had a supply,

were the best to be had any where, the children told their mothers.

Today her visitor was Maisie Roberts, her next-door neighbor, whom she loved dearly. The little girl had begged for a story, but Miss Ann had hardly noticed her. Maisie did not know what to think of this indifference. She had never seen Miss Ann in this mood and even her baby mind knew something was wrong. She was getting tired of playing alone and was gathering up her dolls, ready to leave, when Miss Ann spoke again. She heard the words "twenty years ago today," but could not understand their meaning. She cautiously approached the large morris chair, in which Miss Ann sat, and peeped around the side to see what its occupant was doing. Nothing happened, so Maisie moved nearer until she stood directly beside her.

"Look at Sophronia Anne, Auntie."

Miss Ann did not even glance up from her knitting, but Maisie saw her lips move again. She bent her head to listen and heard the word "tomorrow." Determined to be heard she laid her chubby hand on Miss Ann's cheek and whispered, "Tomorrow's Friday and mother's goin' to the club meeting, and let's me and you have a party, Auntie."

This time Miss Ann looked at her and dreamily answered:

"All right, honey, what time?"

"Soon as mother leaves," Maisie quickly responded.

Satisfied at last Maisie returned to her dolls and soon forgot the strange words she had heard. But if an onlooker could have seen Miss Ann he would have noticed a shadow that flitted across her face every few minutes followed by a wan smile. All day she had felt that something was going to happen. She had begun her simple tasks with that thought and it had grown as the day lengthened until now it loomed up in large proportions before her eyes.

The shadow that flitted across her face followed by the

feeble smile was symbolical of her life. Twenty years ago tonight she told David Walton goodbye, for he was to leave early the following morning for the battle-front. He assured her over and over that he would return, and left her with the words: "Ann, the key-words of my life are God, country and you. I've been true to my God; now I go to help free my country and I believe by God's help I am going to come back to you, a stronger, braver, better man than I leave you. Be true to me and wait is all I ask."

And she had waited. There were times when she had despaired, but had she not scanned the war news—in vain? She had inquired and his parents, who lived near her home, had searched for him, but no trace could be found. When thoughts like these would come to dishearten her she recalled his last words and then the smile would chase away the shadows. At first five years had been her goal, then ten years passed and fifteen; and now the twentieth year was approaching. She had almost given him up for dead—or, she tried to make herself think "he has forgotten me." But today she could not rid her mind of the premonition that something was going to happen.

"And tomorrow is — —"

"Yes, Auntie, tomorrow is Friday and we're certainly going to have our party, aren't we?"

Miss Ann came out of her reverie with a start.

"Why Maisie, I thought you had gone. Your mother asked me to send you home at five o'clock and its almost six. Get your dolls and Auntie will go with you."

Soon they had started and Maisie plied Miss Ann with so many questions that her thoughts had no chance to wander back into her yesterdays. As they reached Maisie's home Mrs. Roberts came out and thanked her for bringing her little girl home, and invited her to stay for supper, but she declined whereupon Maisie exclaimed breathlessly:

"She coming tomorrow though, and we're going to have a party."

"Well, won't that be fine!" her mother added.

"And mother let me play with my new blocks. Auntie will show me how to read 'em, won't you, Auntie?"

"Yes dear, we'll learn how to spell," absently answered Miss Ann. Mrs. Roberts noticed her indifference and hurried to explain:

"Now Maisie, you mustn't insist if Miss Ann doesn't want to."

"Oh, I'll be glad to come—indeed I will, if Maisie wants me to."

"Oh, I do, I do," Maisie shouted. Miss Ann turned and walked slowly toward her home through the gathering darkness determined to go to sleep early and rid her mind of its foolish fancies and wake up prepared to enjoy Maisie and her party.

But her mind was no more at rest when she awoke than it had been the day before. She hummed as she dusted and replaced the things, that did not need replacing, in her effort to forget. When dinner was over she went to see Maisie and found Mrs. Roberts ready to leave.

"Oh, Auntie we're going to play with the new blocks and then we're going to have some of the best jel—" Maisie slapped her hand over her mouth as she remembered what her mother had said about the surprise.

"Yes, Maisie has some new blocks with pictures on one side and the letters of the alphabet on the other. She will not be any trouble, because she will be so interested in her blocks," her mother explained to Miss Ann.

"Maisie is never any trouble to me. We get on fine, don't we, Maisie?"

"Best of anybody, but let's be playing, Auntie."

Mrs. Roberts left Maisie and Miss Ann seated on the

floor deeply interested in the word "cat." Maisie's father had recited the letters of the alphabet to her and her bright little mind had grasped a few of the easiest ones; so Miss Ann did not find it hard to teach her the simplest words. They were making rapid progress when someone entered the room unannounced. Miss Ann's back was toward the door and before she could see who had entered Maisie said:

"You're not my daddy—go 'way."

Miss Ann turned, and in an instant was advancing to meet the tall, handsome man who had just entered. He was well past middle age and patches of grey showed in his hair, but he was strong and robust. He reached out his hand and said one word:

"Anne."

They stood staring into each other's eyes as if expecting to find there all they wanted to know. Maisie had left the man entirely to Miss Ann and was busy with her blocks.

"Auntie, what does g-t-c say?"

"Auntie," the man repeated, and relaxed at once into a muscular moving creature. He placed a chair for her and seated himself not far distant. Miss Ann, too, had recovered from her first shock and confident that it was really David asked: "Where have you been?"

"I had quite a time locating you. First I went to your old home and finding no one there I ventured here to inquire of your whereabouts. On reaching the door I heard your voice and dared to follow it, as I have trusted that voice to lead ——"

"But I mean before you reached Burnsville."

"It's too long a tale to tell now with all the important things there are to be said. I'll just give you an outline and we'll fill it in some other time. I was made a prisoner at the close of the war and taken to Brazil. There I was kept in prison for twelve years. After I was released I

began working for myself, but having never done any real work I had to begin at the start on a very meagre salary and make my way. I continued at this for a year and then I had the offer of a position in Italy that paid well. Perhaps you wonder why I did not write in the meantime. I did not know whether you were living or not and if you were whether you were true to me, and too, I knew that I could not come home until I made some money for the long trip. Fortunately my position proved a great success. I have lived and worked for this one hour. Now tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to be told except that I've been living at my old home, and alone for the past eight years. My little friends have helped me wonderfully, and this little girl is Maisie Roberts, who is entertaining today."

Maisie soon made friends with him and as she inspected his watch chain ventured to say:

"You can stay to my party, too, if Auntie, don't care."

When they had become thoroughly acquainted she went back to her blocks and paid no attention whatever to her guests.

"What has become of my old home?" David asked.

"Your father and mother died the year after the war closed. They told me many things to tell you when you returned. No one has lived in your home since they died, but it has been kept in good condition all the while."

"And who saw to that?"

"Auntie, what does m-o-g say?" Maisie interrupted.

Miss Ann was frustrated and failed to answer Maisie's question, but soon the blocks were spread out on her lap and Maisie demanded a hearing. Then followed a recital of all Maisie's newly acquired knowledge and a shower of congratulations from Miss Ann and David. Resolved to learn

more Maisie went back to her blocks, but asked a question occasionally about some new combination she had made.

During this time Miss Ann and David were racing to see which could talk the most. They gossiped and laughed like two school-girls, and many of Maisie's questions fell on deaf ears. They talked of all their old friends, their school-days, the life of the town and even their faithful servants, but always the conversation came back to their homes as if something inevitable rested in that topic. Finally David said:

"Anne, you've been living in your home alone for these long years. In it are memories of the past with its heart-aches and disappointments. You are through with those. My home is filled with memories of my parents whose fondest dream was the happiness of their only child. You are absolutely essential to the fulfillment of that dream. Will you go with me and make it real?"

There was a brief silence and Maisie took this opportunity to ask, "What does y-e-s say, Auntie?"

"Yes," she answered, but she looked—at David.



Sketches



From Two Points of View

HELEN LEARY, '17.

"Oh, mamma, I don't want you to wash my ears. Jim says his ma don't make him wash his, and I don't know what I got to have mine washed so much for. Ouch! That hurts. Oh, you got soap in my eyes! Boo hoo! Get it out quick," Walter cried, dancing on first one foot and then the other, and all the while rubbing in more soap with a dirty little fist.

"I don't see what folks have to wash so much for any way. O-o-o-o, you hurt, and that water is hot. Aren't you most through; I want to go make mud-pies." Then with a quieter sob, "Jim and me can make the nicest ones you ever saw."

He finally comes forth fresh and clean but very resentful. "When I grow up I'm *never* goin' to wash, I don't care how black I get!"

* * * * *

"Be still, Walter. You are a very naughty little boy. Mother doesn't want to see her boy dirty. It isn't nice."

"Son, don't do that; you will get soap in your eyes and that will hurt you. There now, you see. Be still and let me get it out. I can't do it if you jump about like that. Be a brave little boy and stand it just a minute. Son, I told you to be still and I meant it." Smack went the mother's hand. "If you had been still as I told you at first it would have been out sooner. Now be patient a little longer and I will be through, then you will feel and look—there now, mother's little boy is all ready and how much nicer he looks. Don't go out and get yourself dirty the first thing."

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VOL. III

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Editorials



Now, when we are on the verge of war, we can look at the work of the women of Europe during the present war, and profit by their failures and also their successes. Many women have completely sacrificed self and gone forth to meet the needs of their nation. They have not only done great work for the sick and wounded in hospitals, hospital work-rooms and supply depots, but have done splendid work with organizations along social and welfare lines. In England a military hospital was staffed entirely with women, and all prejudice against women practicing medicine has disappeared. Under the social and welfare organizations, almost every kind of work has been done—

including motor drivers for the army, teachers for army cooking schools, business women and many other things. It has reached the point that "class distinction" is based upon "service," and it is what a woman is that counts. In spite of all, the intelligent use of woman power was at first handicapped by lack of any registry of women and women's resources when war was declared. This is one of their mistakes by which we may profit.

Realizing our needs and in face of the above, a program for co-ordinating the work and developing the resources of the Woman Power of America was presented in Congress in January. The program was passed and a woman's session was held. Under this national league of woman's work, there is much that the American women may do in case of war. The responsibilities and interests of women are divided into eleven national divisions and at the head of each division there is an expert known as the captain. Work is even being done in home economics and social life is being aided. For preservation of our people, the laws of health may be made known and encouraged, as well as industrial and agricultural work, by which not only themselves, but others, may be preserved. While men are needed to go to the front, the women may do motor driving, and even signalling and map reading. The women are capable of doing this work, and they are pushing to the front, to do their part. They can co-operate with the Red Cross and other agencies in caring for the families of militiamen. And then there are many lines of general service where the woman is needed and the work is not such that will tax her too much. By some previous training, the women may take up the work, and with system great service may be rendered.

Perhaps the women may say that they are not prepared for service, but for thirty dollars, a girl may go to Chevy Chase, Maryland, for six weeks, and take a course in "First

Aid to the Injured" which will put her in direct line for active work. They teach every detail of camp life, as well as drills to prepare for endurance. A great number of Southern women are already taking such training. Let us hope that in the present crisis, when our country sends out its call, the Southern women shall not be lacking.

Along with other modern ideas of sanitation, why has not the habit of kissing passed out? For surely it is a habit, and a very disgusting one. A generation or two ago, kissing was considered quite the thing—everybody kissed everybody else. Even men kissed each other.

Women and Kissing

But now women alone can be criticised for this habit of perfunctory kissing. Who has not seen women meet in the home, church, on the street, or in some public building and exchange this form of greeting? And who has not likewise been filled with mortification at the sight? When is a kiss permissible? It is an intimate, sacred thing; something to be given only to one whom one loves, honors, and reveres, and then only when some spontaneous and joyous impulse craves expression in that way.

Aside from the sense of disgust it creates, the results are not to be disregarded. Colds are spread, if no worse disease is caught. Surely, we, who believe that woman is man's equal, will not allow this custom, which man has abandoned, to longer exist.

There is a tendency among people to-day who do not live in large cities to patronize mail order houses instead of their local department stores. It is strange that they do their shopping through catalogues when they
Our Local Stores can get better goods at a lower price in their own town. They pay enough postage and express to make up for the difference in price if there is any. Besides, they run the risk of misfits, damaged or delayed goods. Patrons of mail order houses have been known to receive goods as late as two months from the date of ordering and have often been forced to buy at home because they could not wait.

There are many advantages in patronizing home dealers. It is a good deal better to see what you are buying and have it fitted, if necessary, than to pay for it without knowing anything about its looks or quality and have to spend time, trouble and money in returning it. By patronizing local stores you are benefiting the public as well as taking advantage of the personal benefits. The more our home dealers sell, the more money is made and put into circulation. People are taxed according to their wealth and if we patronize home dealers we will have more tax money in our respective counties, to be used for the good of the public schools, libraries, roads, etc. It is a mistake to send thousands of dollars out of the State every year for goods that we can get at the same price at home. Keep your money at home and buy from your local dealers when they can furnish you goods at mail order prices.

The Editor's Diamond Cutter

Many a wise man has passed for a fool by keeping his mouth shut.—Miss Lette.

Public opinion is a king to whom the world pays homage.—Alma Freeman.

Be not in haste to become angry at petty criticisms; dry mud brushes off and leaves no stain.—Frances Benthall.

It is better to be the horse and carry out your own wishes, than to sit calmly by wishing for the horse to come along.—Ina Dunlap.

From the tiny seed of one evil thought may spring up a wilderness of evil actions.—Helen Leary.

Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.—Janie Parker.

Those who would know, first must seek to know.—Katherine Taylor.

Better be slow and succeed than hasten to failure.—Lottie Harrell.

Alumnae Notes

JANIE H. PARKER, '19.

The Chowan Club of Rich Square has invited our double quartette to give a concert there April 16th.

Miss Lennie Stephenson, '11, was married to Mr. Lenwood Hoggard on April 4th and is now at home in Windsor, N. C.

Miss Ada Hamilton, '13-'14, whose home is in Marshville, is teaching at Indian Trail, N. C.

Miss Bruce Vann, '16, is teaching at Mapleton, N. C.

Miss Nell Ward, '16, whose home is in Belvidere, is teaching at Como, N. C.

Mrs. R. B. Sewell, nee Nettie Brett, is at her home in Union, N. C.

Mrs. A. J. Harrell, nee Nannie Brett, '98, is living in Potecasi, N. C.

Miss Bernice Howell, '11, was married March 27th to Mr. Archie Pruden, and is now at home in Margarettsville, N. C.

Mrs. C. R. Brinkley, nee Annie White, is at home in Colerain, N. C.

Miss Fannie Gary, '05, is at her home in Murfreesboro, N. C.

Mrs. J. I. Griffin, nee Maurice Outland, '06-'07, is living in Murfreesboro, N. C.

Miss Emma Long, '13, is in charge of the Primary Department of Severn High School.

Mrs. John Darden, nee May Tyler, is living in Branchville, Va.

Mrs. J. Whitley, nee Mary Waff, '10, is now living near Winton, N. C.

Miss Lillian Brite, '16, whose home is in Elizabeth City, is teaching at Creswell, N. C.

Mrs. Leslie Armstrong, nee Mayo Williams, '14-'15, is now living in Elizabeth City.

Miss Bettie Williams Tayloe, '16, is spending the winter at her home in Union, N. C.

Miss Lucille Williams, '15, is now in the hospital under treatment for the appendicitis.

Mrs. Graham Pruett, nee Lula Smith, '09, is at her home in Lawrenceville, Va.

Mrs. W. T. Hodge, nee Matilda Finch, '54-'56, is at her home in Raleigh.

Mrs. W. G. Griffin, nee Gertrude Chitty, '08, is living in Woodland, N. C.

Mrs. W. B. Perry, nee Lillian Mitchell, '92, is at her home in Youngsville, N. C. Mrs. Perry takes an active part in the missionary work there.

Mrs. C. E. Reitzel, nee Zeula Holmes, '98, whose home is in High Point, is spending a few weeks in New York.

Mrs. C. Garner, nee Jennie Sewell, '09, is at her home in Murfreesboro, N. C.

Miss Fannie Newbold, '07-'08, has been in charge of the Primary Department of Hertford High School for the past three years.

Mrs. S. Ives, nee Gladys Sharpe, '08, is living in Harrellsville, N. C.

Prof. Cobb, of North Carolina University has asked permission to furnish a room in memory of his mother, who was a former graduate of Chowan.

Exchange Department

FRANCES BENTHALL, EDITOR.

We are highly pleased with *The Signal*. It has splendid material and is well arranged. The story "A Complicated Situation" deserves special mention. The element of suspense which is carefully worked out adds much to its interest. We would suggest more poems, and a heavy number or two would make your magazine better balanced. Your joke and athletic departments are very good and show that enthusiastic work is being done.

We are always glad to receive a copy of the *College Message*, and we consider the April number one of the best we have yet received. The articles on Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" are splendid, and give good points on the minor parts of this play. "The Spirit Bear" is an Indian story with an unusual plot which is quite good. We would suggest more stories. A few more editorials would add to the appearance of your magazine.

The *Yellow Jacket* is a very creditable magazine. It is neat, attractive and the material is well-arranged. Its brevity is our only criticism. More stories, poems and a heavy article or two would improve it. Your departments are better represented than the strictly literary division. "The Rose of Azalion" is good, especially its description and diction.

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

MARTHA SIZEMORE.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

The spirit of our Y. W. A. work at Chowan has been good. The girls seem to have gotten real spiritual help from it, and most of them have responded well when called upon to take part.

The Sunday night programs have recently consisted of talks by members of the faculty and one by President Lineberry. Miss Abernathy talked to us about China, illustrating her discourse with a number of Chinese gods that her sister secured while a missionary in China. Miss Olive talked on "Church Building." Miss Horne's subject was "Pest." She showed us that we must have a clear conscience. Mr. Lineberry talked from Luke 15, showing us the futility of ostentatious appearances and the inevitable result of it.

Never before have we realized so fully that real joy comes through service to others. We go regularly to see a sick lady of the town taking her papers, love bags including poems, quotations and booklets. A number of girls have accompanied Miss Williams to sing for a shut-in.

We felt that we would like a closer touch with the workers on the field, so Miss Williams' mission study class wrote to different missionaries. One girl has heard from Miss Pearl Johnson, who is in China, another from Mrs. Deter of Brazil, and still another from Miss Edens of Africa. Others are eagerly expecting their letters. These letters have given us a more real interest in the work and in those who have given their lives to it. We have also heard from

Miss Alda Grayson one of our North Carolina girls at the Training School. She expresses a sincere hope that some of us will go there; we hope so, too.

We have presented the Training School Episode at Murfreesboro, Meherrin, and Como churches and realized \$55.00 for the new building.

The new Y. W. A. officers have been elected for next year. They have taken up their respective duties so as to get in line for work. Rebecca Long, our new president, went as a delegate to the W. M. U. at Greensboro, and brought back a good report.

Our work has progressed this year. Our offerings have been free will. Last year we gave \$46.85, this year we have given \$69.12 so far. Of course we have one more quarter. But we hope to do more next year. Miss Williams has certainly given us an example of perseverance and we know that we have developed spiritually. May we be faithful stewards of Jesus Christ and not bury our talents. And may we make this our prayer:

“More like the Master I would ever be—
More of His meekness, more humility;
More zeal to labor, more courage to be true,
More consecration for work He bids me do.”

As We Hear It

LOTTIE HARRELL, '20.

Miss Goodwin, in Norfolk, just before she went to hear John MacCormick sing—"Miss Parker, the girls will get to the lobby before we will because I sent them down on the radiator."

Martha White while down at the boat heard the telephone ring and exclaimed, "Girls, that clock must be wrong! It's only one o'clock by my time."

Beatrice Futrell—Miss Lette, who wrote Milton's Paradise Lost?

Louise—What is the capital of Arkansas?"

Louise Baker—Arkansaw.

Louise Holland—One of the men is a socialist.

Janie Parker—Well, Louise, you have more religion at your home than anyone I ever knew.

Nettie Evans announcing the decision of the judges at the debate Saturday night: The judges have rendered their discussion in favor of the negative.

THE DAY OF RECKONING

'Twas the gayest bunch at Chowan
That left for the holiday,
Sympathizing with those who were left behind
They went happily on their way.

They spent the time in joy sublime,
Never thinking of forsaken Chowan,

Little dreaming of a coming time,
When laughter would turn to tears.

But lo! a change came in their lives,
When before the Faculty they were summoned
Where joy once reigned, now piercing knives
Seemed to penetrate their inmost souls.

They pled for mercy but all in vain,
They'd cut a class, oh horrors!
Their holiday thoughts are mixed with pain,
For they remember that Reckoning Day.

Mary Lineberry was asked the day after faculty meeting what was wrong with her foot. She said: "It's sore. The faculty stepped on my toes yesterday."

Did Fussleigh take his misfortune like a man?
Precisely. He blamed it on his wife.

TO THE WEATHER BUREAU

We have heard of your doubtful questionings
Regarding the source of rainfall,
That's so abundantly flooded our homeland,
And caused us on you to call.

To us belongs the honor
Of having discovered the source,
'Tis the fourth-floor Cry Babies,
Who caused the sun's divorce.

And now that commencement is nearing,
And the Cry Babies 'll go home—little dears!
We prophesy a period of sunshine
Unmixed with Chowan tears.

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