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THE

Guilford Collegian.

October, 1899.

▲▲▲ CONTENTS ▲▲▲

I.	Isham Cox.....	Frontispiece.
II.	Two Roses. Lucille Armfield	1
III.	Life of Isham Cox. H.....	2
IV.	The Message of Quakerism. Rufus M. Jones.....	5
V.	To My Mother. H. G.....	10
VI.	Our Chimney Dwellers. T. G. Pearson.....	11
VII.	Sketches. The Seeker—Ephraim—Pass It On—The Universal Decree	14
VIII.	Obituary. M.....	18
IX.	Editorial. Greeting—The Outlook—General Progress—You and The Collegian—Are You a Student.....	19
X.	College Record. A New Department—The Asheville Summer Conference—Address by President Hobbs—Foot-ball	25
XI.	Locals	29
XII.	Personal.....	32
XIII.	Exchanges.....	33
XIV.	Directory	34

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GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

MONTHLY.

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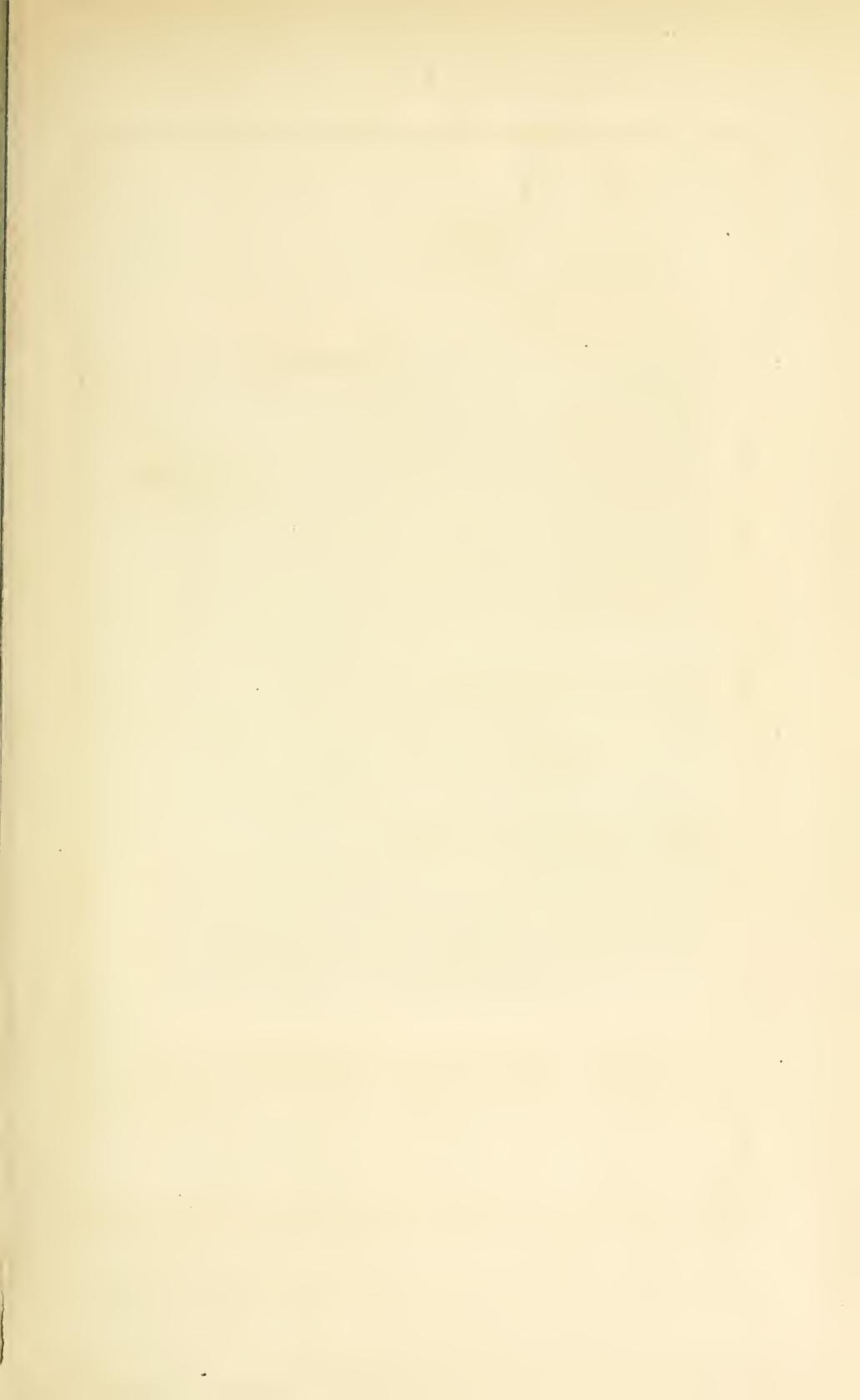


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ISHAM COX.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1899.

NO. 1.

THE TWO ROSES.

Oh! she gave me a rose at the dawn of day,—
At dawn when we had to part—
That its beauty might cheer the weary way,
And shut from my sight the skies of gray
Which threaten the bravest heart.

Now at eve in my hand I hold the flower
All faded and withered and torn;
But its fragrance sweetens the twilight hour,
For it steals o'er my soul with subtler power
Than the beauteous rose of morn.

Ah! she gave me her love in early youth,
Oh, my heart, how fair was she!
In her eyes shining bright I read the truth
And ever it gladdened my heart, in sooth,
To know that they shone for me.

Now the old, faithful love sits by my side
With her hand in mine close-prest;
Far sweeter and dearer than when a bride;
For her soul grew fairer as her beauties died,
'Tis her soul that I love best.

LUCILLE ARMPFIELD, *in Charlotte Observer.*

LIFE OF ISHAM COX.

Isham Cox, son of William and Lydia Cox, was born at Holly Springs, Randolph County, N. C., the 5th of 11th month, 1815. He was the youngest of eight children. His mother and eldest brother died of the "Cold Plague" and were buried in the same grave when Isham was four months old. His mother, by her last words, left the baby to the care of her sister, Rebecca Pugh. Consequently his uncle and aunt, Thomas and Rebecca Pugh adopted him as their son and with them he lived at Rocky River, in Chatham County, until he had grown to manhood. He was converted on his way home from meeting at Rocky River. He said, "I was early instructed to take heed to the manifestations of the Spirit of truth in my own mind and as I yielded thereto I found it to be a swift witness against the evil propensities of my corrupt nature, which developed itself most glaringly in my temper, which was exceedingly quick and high, requiring a constant watch and hard struggling to keep it in proper bounds. I can humbly say without ostentation that I have been in a great measure enabled to overcome this weakness through the effectual working of the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

In 1835 he first became acquainted with Lavina, the daughter of Abraham and Lydia Brower. She was the daughter of a slaveholder and was brought up under different associations and education from his. Their acquaintance ripened into an attachment and after earnest prayer for Divine guidance they mutually agreed to unite their destinies. To this her father readily consented but her mother said to Isham: "I am afraid you will quarrel about your religion. She is a Methodist and you are a Quaker." He replied: "The reason people quarrel about their religion is because they have so little of it." They were married at her father's home in Liberty, 17th of 8th month, 1837. He afterwards said: "We believe it to be our duty to our Heavenly Father to be diligent in the attendance of our religious meetings, it therefore became a settled point with us to go together; as Friends' meetings were regularly held twice each week we were more frequently seen at them, but as occasion offered we attended the meetings of her people, at one of which I was deeply exercised. There being but one man present besides myself, and the preacher failing to come, I said: "Let

us go into the house; we can worship without a preacher,' to which he consented and we went in and took seats. The women stopped talking and a more silent meeting I never sat in. After a reasonable time, under a feeling of great responsibility, I arose and said, 'I hope none will feel themselves disappointed in coming to meeting, although we have been deprived of outward preaching. Yet a minister is here,

' A minister of wondrous skill,
True graces to impart,
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart. '

We then returned to our home feeling amply repaid for my faithfulness."

In 1847 his wife was received into membership, a thoroughly convinced Friend.

The death of his aunt, Lydia Pugh, occurred in 1836, and his uncle, Thomas Pugh, in 1846, leaving their daughter Rachel in his care, which dying request was faithfully complied with.

In 1852 he and his wife were appointed to the station of Elders in the church. From this time he was found faithful in the little and his friends soon found him worthy to be made ruler over more. In 1859-60 he, with others, as a Yearly Meeting committee, visited with a good degree of satisfaction all the meetings constituting it.

In 1857 he was appointed one of the Board of Managers of New Garden Boarding School, and served as an efficient Trustee for many years acting as an agent for the school. Many of the pupils who were attending the school during those years remember with what pleasure they saw Isham Cox driving up, generally the evening previous to the day for the meeting of the Trustees. They were sure of seeing him and of hearing some words of good counsel from him in the evening collection. Many characters have been broadened by coming in contact with Isham Cox.

He was actively engaged for several years in raising the means to liquidate a debt of \$27,000, which was found against the school. It was largely due to his labor and influence that the Institution was saved from the Sheriff's hammer, and the credit of the Society from repudiation.

From this time, 1861, for four long years the cry of blood and battle rang all through our country, during which time our Friend, as a

good soldier of the Prince of Peace, was constantly engaged in his Master's work of relieving the distressed, binding up the wounded, comforting the weary and heavy laden. In this service he made frequent visits to the camps and battlefields of North Carolina and Virginia; to the Governor of this State; to members of the Confederate Congress; Secretary of War; to generals, colonels, captains and enrolling officers. He went to Richmond, Va, eight or ten times, to Raleigh as often, besides to Greensboro, Goldsboro, Ashboro, Statesville, Salisbury and other places. In all of this work Divine Wisdom, with the Spirit of the Prince of Peace was displayed. He saved from the army, according to the record, between seventy-five and one hundred men; thus carrying joy and gladness to mothers, wives, sisters and children in many homes.

He was recorded by his meeting as a minister in 1863, and in the ten years following made more than twenty visits in Gospel service with minutes of unity from his monthly, quarterly and yearly meetings. Among these visits, were many to the meetings of his own State. He also went to New York, New England, twice to Virginia, South Carolina and Tennessee, and twice to Indiana and Ohio.

He was a warm friend of education and his labors as superintendent and examiner of teachers for public schools in Chatham County led him to appoint many educational and religious meetings in nearly or quite every school district in the county. In a similar appointment by the Yearly Meeting he visited and labored one or two years in the Friends' Schools of North Carolina and Tennessee, blending religious and educational instruction.

The first concern of Friends of the Baltimore Association was to relieve the temporal wants of Friends and others in the South, caused by the destructive civil war from which we had just emerged.

Isham Cox suggested that it would be better to provide for the educational and spiritual interests. The Association then changed its plans of work in this field, and with liberal contributions, amounting to thousands of dollars, relaid the foundations and carried forward an educational system, the good results of which eternity alone can show.

Increasing age and the precarious condition of the health of his second wife in later years was such as to somewhat limit the field of his labors to the neighborhood and counties nearer his own

home; however, he made one visit to the meetings of Tennessee with the concurrence of the Yearly Meeting, besides attending, by appointment or otherwise, many religious meetings in his own denomination and in others for the conversion of sinners and the reclaiming of prodigals. During all these years he was often called to attend marriages and funerals, proving himself to be a wise counsellor and a sympathizing friend. We believe it may be truthfully said that no man in our branch of the church has done more to obliterate sectarian and denominational lines and unite men and women on the higher plain of Christian fellowship than Isham Cox.

He peacefully fell asleep in Jesus at his home in Liberty, N. C., on the 13th of 9th month, 1894. Through many long years of Christian service the faith had been kept and more than man's allotted years had been given to our friend. The remembrance of him has been imperishably impressed upon the minds of all those who knew him as one full of good works; truly the good that men do lives after them. He should be an example to us of tenderness, purity, honesty, charity, sympathy, cheerfulness and love.

H.

THE MESSAGE OF QUAKERISM.*

Every great religious movement starts out of some single fundamental religious principle, but if it is to have extension and permanent effect upon human society, it must ultimately ramify and illumine the whole realm of thought and the entire range of life and activity.

Therefore, every great religious movement proves to be in a deep sense a constructive force in history. The rise and growth of new types of religion are historically more important than the movements of armies, or the rise and fall of dynasties. The significant periods of history are those ages when men have caught a new and clearer glimpse of God and have set their lives by new and higher standards.

There is a widely accepted theory that true religion is forever fixed and unchangeable.

It is a rigid system of doctrines, mysteriously communicated,

*Extract from an address by Rev. Rufus M. Jones delivered at Guilford College, May 9th, 1899.

not to be questioned by reason, to be accepted by faith and to be guarded as absolute truth, crystalized into a form suited to every age and every race of men.

A very slight study of history undermines that theory. The moment a religion becomes only a system of thought or a crystalized truth, its service to the world is over, it can no longer feed living souls, for it offers only a stone where bread is asked; and furthermore, such a religion becomes a dangerous hindrance to the advance of truth and a menace to a free access of the individual soul to its living God. On the contrary, religion can never become a fixed and unchangeable thing, set like the Chinese feet in dwarfing limits, for religion is the soul's life in God and its response to Him; and therefore it must be as free as life, and it will have its high tides and its low, its ebbs and its flows, as history shows us has been the fact.

Religion always begins with a manifestation, a revelation of God and the soul's answer to it. Heathen religion springs from a sense of awe awakened in the presence of manifestations of power, in thunder and lightning, in mighty storms, in the sunrise, in the rush of a great river, in the sublimity of the dome of the sky. The Christian religion begins with the revelation of God's *love*, in an Incarnation, in a Personality.

Christianity begins with the appearance of a Being who is so genuinely human that he can speak to human conditions, and genuinely divine that he can reveal God. This revelation through Personality shows the divine thought, i. e., that man was meant to be in the Divine image, to be a son, and it shows the Divine heart beating for us in our errors, our struggles, our sins. Christianity was meant to be a free river of grace and life flowing from God through human lives and making all things new.

It soon crystalizes into a church that was practically paganized by contact with the old world. It shut out all approach to God except through its narrow channels. It claimed that God could speak only through the hierarchy of priests, that grace could come only through certain fixed sacraments, that the truth could be found only in one book. God became a distant being, Christ became a mythical messenger from Him to found an infallible church. The Virgin and the saints became the real intercessor between human hearts and the distant God. The glowing truth given to the world at such tremendous cost and sacrifice hardened

into cold dogmas which had to be accepted on pain of condemnation for heresy and those who thought were forced to agree with the interpretation of the past or stop thinking altogether.

Corruption and immorality were everywhere. Sham and hypocrisy were almost universal. Christianity seemed dying a natural death, and those who dared to think felt that the world would be as well off without it. Then came the great age of awakening and emancipation.

In the Protestant church each man stands in an individual relation to God, and he is responsible directly for his soul and for his faith. Protestantism is the gospel of individuality. Before everything revolved about the church and the hierarchy. Henceforth Christ is the center and each man's orbit is determined by his relation to Christ.

The central note of Quakerism, as it was originally promulgated, is the truth that man's salvation and higher life are personal matters between the individual soul and God and that it is wrought by an immediate working of the living Christ who brings the soul into newness of life in Him and that there is a clear witness of the fact established in the consciousness of the believer and in his changed life and nature.

It is the kind of evidence a man has of light when he opens his eyes and the sunlight streams in. It is the kind of evidence an artist has of beauty when he stands caught by the glory of a sunset; it is the kind of evidence an experimenter has of the power of electricity when the current from the dynamo thrills through him to the ends of his fingers and roots of his hair.

George Fox dates his religious crisis thus: "When all my hope was gone so that I had nothing outward to help me, then, O! then, I heard a voice which said, There is one, even Jesus Christ, that can speak to thy condition; and when I heard it my heart did leap for joy."

Now the message of Quakerism carries men beyond the props and scaffoldings and stands them face to face with a living God. It declares that man was meant for God and that a man can never be his true self until God possesses him.

That his darkness is made, like that of the earth, because he lives in his own shadow. Wheel about and the light confronts you and has been shining all the time.

Life, religion, sonship, begins with the creation of a new man

within a man, and there is no substitute for this. The Christian religion is not a theory, not a plan, not a scheme, but a dynamic force, i. e., the power of God unto salvation.

The Quaker message tells of a Christ who became a part of our very own life—closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.

There, then, the Quaker message comes with sure help to our own agnostic age, to men who have seen the old land marks vanish one by one. It begins by saying put Christianity to a practical test. Try it as you try the great laws of science. How do you know that the law of gravitation is true? You feel it tug upon you. You see every particle of matter in the visible universe obey it. It swings satellites and planets before your eyes. It draws the whole ocean and dashes it up the beach twice each day. You can not doubt it. How do you know there is any spiritual power, any Divine truth, any God of love, any Christ who can redeem from sin? There is only one sure test. Try it. Throw yourself on God as you plant your foot on a rock. Act as though God walked by your side every minute. Turn your face to Christ, follow Him. Obey every gleam of right you get. Set yourself stubbornly against every shadow of a sin that crosses your track and resolve that if there is a God in the universe you will find Him, know Him, love Him.

Quakerism builds upon the demonstration of the spirit, and in so doing it is in harmony with all great leaders of modern philosophy, notably, Des Cartes, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, all of whom build their systems on the immediate testimony of self consciousness. In place of external sacrament, which at best could never be more than outward symbols of some reality and which could only have had a use in the transition period when the church was hampered by its Jew's swaddling clothes, the Quaker message substitutes an efficient *baptism*, a direct incoming of Divine forces for the transformation of the whole man, and a feeding of the soul with spiritual life and an ever increasing spirituality. This means that the Quaker message is a call for a perfected man and a perfected society.

Quakerism does not limit the promulgation of the truth to any single channel. It draws no hard and fast line between clergy and laity. Each person, whether male or female, who receives the demonstration of the Spirit and finds himself joined to the Lord as

a member is a propagator of this holy order, this spiritual society, this city of God, this Kingdom of Heaven, this priesthood of saints. Quakerism from its very principle of spiritual democracy is pledged to the fullest possible education—education of all members. Its whole system is endangered by ignorance. Its ignorant members either cling with narrow bigotry and unthinking conservation to the traditions of the past and so block all advance, or they follow their own impulses and stoutly maintain that their own sweet will is the leading of the Holy Spirit. The two opposite tendencies produce a harvest respectively of “fossils and cranks”, each equally obstructive and dangerous. The remedy is to be found in a broad and constructive education of the whole membership. The judgment and level common sense should be everywhere encouraged and fostered. The ghost that frightens the timid always vanishes when a careful search is made through all the closets and dark corners of the house.

I want you to understand distinctly, my young friends, especially you who are going out from your *Alma Mater* to active life, that you are not called to be *other* worldly but this worldly. Here is your sphere, here is your arena. You are not to stand gazing up into Heaven; you are rather to build in your layer in the walls of a new Jerusalem here on the earth. Your knighthood is not to be spent in searching for some mystical Holy Grail, some sacred cup which would heal disease, and transform society and usher in the new and perfect order, if you could only find it. You are rather called to manifest the power of God in a practical Christian life. Let disease and misery find from your hand a healing and comforting touch. Let the sore tempted and erring learn from your life how sin can be conquered and victory gained. Let your faith burn and glow so that some hesitating and doubting one may kindle his faith from yours.

Religion is not a one-seated chariot, with horses of fire to carry you safely to heaven above and apart from the din and stress of this imperfect world. The palm and robe are worn by the saints who fight the good fight and lift at the real burdens of the world.

It is a part of our business to demonstrate that modern thought and scholarly research do not undermine religion and that Christianity is not out-dated and superseded forevermore; we are not going to suffer shipwreck simply because we are discovering that some of the notions which mediæval church taught us must be

revised. Little by little we have been pushed back from one material outpost to another until at last we find that our faith must ultimately rest upon an invisible and intangible God, an impalpable spirit of Life and Love, who never writes on the sky with His finger, who never shows His face to telescope or microscope, who never lets us catch Him at work, whose dwelling is the light of the setting sun, and the round ocean and living air, and the blue sky and in the mind of man.

A motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things. But who that has seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, who that has felt his own heart drawn by that manifestation of Love, who that has had his own life transformed and made victorious by that spiritual power wants the material sign or feels afraid for his religion because he only has God left? No, dear friends, the foundation stands sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his. Let us correct the portrait by the living face, man's God by God's God in the mind of man.

TO MY MOTHER.

O, dearer far than light and life,
 Thou guardian of my youth,
 Thou who didst teach me ever, aye,
 To love and honor truth;
 Whate'er I am or may become,
 Whate'er of earthly good
 May be in me, I owe it all
 To thy sweet womanhood.

Along the devious path of life,
 Uncertain, yet to me,
 I still can feel thy gentle hand
 That always guided me.

Thy meek and lowly way of life,
 The path that thou hast trod,
 Inspired in me a faith to say,
 "My Father and my God."

'T were good that every humble act
In this career of mine
Had such a pure and noble cause
That I could call it thine.

Thy task was great, a work divine,
The greater be the praise ;
Such work requires a sweeter hymn
Than mortal tongue can raise ;

Then what I fain would write to thee,
The words of fervent love
That's in my heart, I cannot sing,
They're thoughts too deep to move.

Yet this I know beyond all doubt,
There is laid up for thee
A richer crown than earth can give,
For thy humility.

The One who said "blessed are the pure,"
The same will say to thee,
Take thy reward, eternal rest,
For faithfulness to me.

H. G.

OUR CHIMNEY DWELLERS.

One evening late this summer after the sun went down there were observed flying about the campus above the tree-tops a large numbers of black objects. "Bats," somebody said they were, while another pronounced them swallows. But they were neither. The swarms of dusky forms swinging rapidly about the sky was a flock of chimney swifts. They seemed to be more numerous in the neighborhood of Memorial Hall and presently began wheeling over this building in one rushing, revolving, twittering mass of bird life. One side of this living wheel passed directly over the large chimney which leads down to the furnace in the basement.

Suddenly, during those last moments of twilight before the darkness falls, one of the swifts threw up its wings and dropped out of

sight into the chimney. Soon another did the same, then another, and another. They went in by pairs, by fours; almost by dozens. The wheel continued to revolve while a stream of birds as if thrown off sidewise by a sort of centrifugal force continued pouring down into the gapping mouth of darkness. We stood and counted, as best we could, the numbers in this cataract of feathered life. Not for an instant was the scene changed until the play was at an end. "One thousand," I said. "One thousand and twenty-five," answered Mr. Wilson, who had probably counted more carefully. Five or six birds who had hesitated to the last moment to take the plunge and now evidently missing the moral support of the large company gave up the idea of stopping here to-night, and turning, leaped away into the falling darkness, and night closed in upon the great chimney with its sooty walls lined with an army of clinging, drowsy swifts.

It was now seventeen minutes past seven o'clock. Less than twenty minutes had been required for the whole flock to enter. Probably since early morning each bird had been upon the wing threading the endless mazes of the air in quest of suitable insect life upon which to feed. Probably not once during the day had one paused to rest, as the swift never trusts the weight of its body to his weak feet, save at such times as when in the hollow breast of a great tree or down the yawning throat of a chimney he can cling perpendicularly to the wall braced from below with the stiff feathers of his tail.

In the early morning we hastened out to see the swifts tumble out of bed. Over the rim of the chimney we found them coming singly, by twos, by threes, by fours, making long sweeps toward the earth with the first plunge, then mounting high in air with innumerable twitterings they would be off for the day's experiences. At five minutes of six o'clock they ceased to appear. Over eight hundred had been counted within fifteen minutes. The unexpected now happened. Back into the chimney came rushing the swifts. In ten minutes one hundred and sixteen had re-entered. What could it mean? Up from the east a damp looking cloud was moving. The swifts had espied it and all those who by this time were not far afield came scampering back to the chimney of refuge.

For many evenings we watched the swifts. They always went to roost in the same way, going through the same performances. For more than two weeks they continued with us. One day near

the middle of September from our window we saw that on the hillside over beyond the branch the maple leaves were turning yellow and red. "Autumn has come." said my friend. Perhaps the swifts saw the sign too and passed the word that the summer had ended and the air would soon be free from insects. For at the hour of gathering that evening about the chimney less than one hundred appeared. The great flock had taken up its line of march and was now, doubtless, far on its course toward the lands of perpetual summer. The others lingered for some time longer, gathering in stragglers, and also doubtless those families that had been slow in getting their brood upon the wing, and then one day about a month later they too were off to join their fellows beneath the skies of Central America.

We will see no more of the swifts until one day next spring when we may hear falling to us from the air above a joyous twittering, and looking up may catch a view of the first arrival, a black, animated, bow-and-arrow darting about at such a height that it seems to be scratching its back against the sky. The birds usually reach us about the 15th of April, and within a few weeks nest building begins. This structure consists of a light bracket-work of dead twigs, glued together somewhat in the form of a half saucer. It is generally found sticking to the wall on the inside of a chimney. The material thus used for fastening the twigs is a sort of salivary substance secreted by glands in the mouth. The twigs used are broken from trees by the birds who seize them with their feet or bill while on the wing. Before the settlement of this country the swift secured its nest to the inner vertical sides of hollow trees, but when the white man came with his chimneys the swifts left their homes in the forest and came to dwell with him.

The eggs are four or five in number and are white. Nature does not waste any of her coloring matter on the shells of eggs. With few exceptions all those which are deposited in dark places, as in chimneys, or holes in trees or the ground, are white, for these do not need the protection of coloring matter as do those eggs more exposed to natural enemies. Our swift is a representative of a large and widely known family. There are seventy-five species found throughout the world. About one-half this number occur in America, but only four in North America. The summer abode of the chimney swift is confined to the eastern part of the continent from Florida to Labrador.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

SKETCHES.

THE SEEKER.

His every appearance indicated that he was a western farmer. He talked about "Car'linie," and "Beard's Hattershop," and "Dobson's Cross-roads." His boot heels still had Indiana mud sticking to them when he reached the college. "Can I see the old Yearly Meeting records kept in the vault?" was the first thing he said after declaring "My name is Wilson, from Knightstown, what might yours be?"

Yes he could see the records, so all forenoon he sat and eagerly turned the pages and read of marriages, and deaths, and disownments, and the names of persons serving on committees. With disheveled locks he came to dinner, hastily took his victuals and again bent with anxious brow over his work. After supper he pulled off his boots and wiggled his feet comfortably before the fire and read on. His air was exceedingly mysterious and his look extremely knowing. Of course, we marveled greatly and wondered what he could be hunting. But he kept his own counsel until the end of the third day when he marched triumphantly into the hallway and exclaimed, "I've got it all straight now, Phoebe, that's my wife, she'll get a part of that money certain. They said my people back here in Car'linie were Swains, I found it aint so, they were Swaims, I found it here in this New Garden record. Now when we get all this money I want to do a lot for this school here. What do you want worst?" We looked at each other wonderingly. Then spake an old teacher, "If thee wishes to give us something sometime thee might give to the library or endow a chair in science." "Or," eagerly vociferated a tall student standing near, "give a lot to the athletic association to build a grand-stand." "I'll do 'em all," said the Hoosier, pulling his beard emphatically, "if I don't somebody else will."

But the days slip by and the library is not yet full of books, nor the chair of science endowed, and the grand-stand is never builded, save as we dream of it,—a vision and a vapor hung against the midnight sky.

EPHRIAM.

Ephriam was a little black Carolina boy whose father was dead. His mother was crippled and could do but little work, so they were very poor. She had promised him that if he were good until his

birthday she would give him the eggs she was saving up and he might take them to town and trade for some molasses. And he was good, and with the big hoe chopped out the cotton and pulled weeds all the week long in their little patch of ground. At night with his two baby sisters he would lie in bed and talk of the good molasses they were going to have to eat on his birthday, until their mouths would water and he would exclaim: "We is guying ter eat the same as white folks dat day!"

The evening before his birthday his mother gave him her big red handkerchief in which she had carefully placed six eggs, all their scanty poultry yard had produced for a week past, and started him to town. The sisters followed to the door and cried after him "don't stay long!" His heart was filled with a joyous pride. He had carried eggs to town often before now, but then always to buy meal or meat for his mother, but now he was carrying eggs to buy something for himself. O, those were happy moments! Half way to town he met two college students driving rapidly along the road. "Watch me make that little nigger jump," said one of them to his companion. Ephriam standing, at the side of the road as they passed, showing a row of white teeth, was not expecting a blow from the whip aimed at his bare legs. As he jumped to avoid the lash his foot caught throwing him to the ground, the red handkerchief and its contents striking heavily against a log.

"Pick yourself up, Johnnie," shouted back the students in high glee, as they rode away home to their cultivated mother and accomplished sisters, the representatives of an educated and haughty race. By the road in the woods behind them sat a little miserable darky who felt that somehow he was not to blame for the agony of this hour. After a while he also started for home to meet his mother and little sisters, members of a humbler race.

PASS IT ON.

"Well, Jenkins, what's wrong with the fare to-day? It's not a common thing for you to slight your dinner so."

"Nothing special, I guess, Starr, only—" Here Jenkins pushed back his chair and left the room.

"I know," remarked Hoyle. "Remember that notice for 'make ups' that came from the office two weeks ago? Well, you know, Jenkins flunked on his fall math, for some reason or other,

and so he tried it again this trip and made a second failure of it. I guess he's a bit blue."

So he was. He picked his hat from the rack and went out to think over it. Surely, he, Jenkins, was the most unfortunate freshman alive. Never had any man had such hard luck. It had been a pull for him to get into college at all. He had worked and saved and lived close; had studied nights when he should have been asleep; and then at 'mid-years' his eyes went back on him, causing him to flunk his math. Heavy studies kept him from reviewing enough, and his second trial was disastrous as the first.

He had worked. That much was certain. If he only had brains like the other fellows, he might,— and then he couldn't see very well, either, and—not even a chum to cheer him up.

The players were practicing on the diamond, the grass was green, the shade was inviting, but Jenkins noticed none of these. His heart was heavy, his thoughts bitter.

He walked aimlessly across the campus until after awhile the ground seemed unfamiliar. He surely had not been in that direction before. Close by was a stone bench cut out of solid granite. A hard thing to sit on certainly, but a troubled mind thinks little of bodily discomforts. Hard, very hard, but in keeping with his thoughts. Its very hardness made him look at it closely, and as he looked he read: "To those that shall sit here rejoicing; to those who shall sit here sorrowing: sympathy and greeting; so have we done in our time."

An then the inscription seemed to take shape like a strong, gritty, determined face, and it said to Jenkins, "That is rather cold comfort, you probably think, but it is not so bad, after all. I am the spirit of the fellows who put the bench here and who wrote me on it. And you are not the first man who has been here. There have been hundreds, yes, thousands of them. They all came thinking just such things as you think now, but they have gone away leaving with me, for you, the same message that was left for them by the men who carved me here: 'Sympathy, Sympathy, Sympathy and greeting; so have we done in our time.'"

THE UNIVERSAL DECREE.

'T was a bitter cold morning in January that I hurried down to the station to catch the 7:26 for the city. After waiting two or three minutes it came and when comfortably seated in the warm car I took out my paper and began to read.

In a few minutes we reached the next station. The train stopped. I was surprised at the unusual delay, for never before had we stopped at G. for more than forty or fifty seconds. The seconds grew into minutes; I had noticed that a brakeman took our tickets instead of the conductor. Looking back through the long train of cars I could see men crowding around the baggage car. I folded my paper and walked back to the rear of the train. As I entered the car I saw standing there the conductor, brakeman, baggage master, and a few curious passengers. The conductor was saying excitedly, "It would be inhuman to leave him here," then to the brakeman: "Can you take the train?" Then as if changing his mind he added immediately, "We will have to leave here."

I drew nearer and saw an old man lying on the floor of the car. His long white hair was entangled and spread out on the cushion on which his head was resting. A snowy beard partially covered his otherwise naked chest, the clothing having been torn away. His right hand lay folded at his side, the left, thrown out at a right angle to the body, bore the only visible signs of violence—two small gashes. A rough box was suddenly pushed into the car; two or three men gathered the body limp and lifeless and almost dropped it into its narrow bed. The box was quickly removed from the car to the station house; the brakeman shouted "right!"—the conductor pulled the cord, and we were again moving swiftly toward the great city as if nothing unusual had happened.

I went back to my seat in the car and took up my paper. I could not read. I sat looking out of the car window. The sun still glistened on the snow covered hillsides as we passed them rapidly along, but my thoughts were not of these. I had fallen into a deep reverie. Just then the conductor entered the car, stood for a moment in silence, then remarked to the man behind me, "You remember that old gentleman that used to go down on the train every Sunday morning to church at N.? Well, we run over him just this side W. and stopped and took him up, but the poor fellow died a few minutes ago." After a moment's silence the other remarked, rather lightly, "Well, he'll not be apt to go down to N. to church any more, will he?" The conductor replied blankly, "No, I guess not," and looked thoughtfully toward the end of the car.

The porter called — junction and the conductor walked

slowly toward the rear of the car. We were now approaching the last station. Amidst the rifts of smoke that rose from the engines in the yard, and between the cars that passed us by on the tracks one could catch frequent glimpses of dozens of church spires and steeples inviting their respective worshippers. My thoughts immediately reverted to the old man who was not permitted to be one among the number on that beautiful Sabbath morning.

I picked up my paper which had fallen to my feet. I glanced at the Sunday School lesson; my eyes fell on these words: "Ye know not the day nor the hour."

OBITUARY.

Early on the morning of July 4th the spirit of Janie Griffin winged its flight to its Maker.

For days, loving friends and anxious parents had been constant at the bedside. All that medical skill and care could do, was done, but the Heavenly Father saw best to take her to Himself.

The sorrowing parents and sister miss her much, but her last messages to relatives and friends will never be forgotten. Always a thoughtful girl, now at the close of this life, she was mindful of and sent messages of love to all and wanted every one to meet her at "The Cross."

Her place is vacant in the home, the school room, in the Bible school, all miss the cheery and happy words of Janie.

She had been a student in the College for some time and had endeared herself to teachers and students. Our hearts go out in love and sympathy for the bereaved ones, but we bow in submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well. M.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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OCTOBER, 1899.

Greeting.

The reader may notice by reference to the above board of editors that some change has taken place in regard to the management of the COLLEGIAN. By the suggestion of the literary societies the faculty recently elected a faculty editor, and assumed a portion of the financial responsibility. It shall be the policy of the editors to endeavor to make the contents of the COLLEGIAN interesting to its accustomed circle of readers. If you find it meeting this aim in your case we solicit your kind interest in its columns. If, on the other hand, you do not regard the COLLEGIAN of sufficient value for the small subscription fee asked, we do not urge you to subscribe for it. The COLLEGIAN is no missionary concern and does not want the support of any who can say that they take it simply from a sense of duty or because they have been begged to do so.

We believe a college magazine, as well as a literary journal or a newspaper should be so conducted as to commend itself to its readers and cause them to be glad to receive it and willing to pay for it. This is the line along which we shall strive to operate.

The Outlook. Since the first opening of the term there has been a universal feeling on the part of students and faculty that a year of uncommon progress and opportunity for usefulness lay before us. A sort of suppressed enthusiasm of good feeling and sincere endeavor has pervaded the atmosphere. The attendance on the opening day was large and by the close of the first week more students had matriculated than ever before during the same period of time. The number entering the higher classes has been much greater than usual. The excellent manner in which the students have at once taken hold of their studies is shown in the exceedingly creditable reports for the first month's work which are now out. The senior class this year is a large one and is composed of strong representative young men and women drawn from many sections of our commonwealth.

The foot-ball men were early at work. We understand there are more than thirty candidates for the first team and the eager manner in which they have gone into hard training would seem to indicate that a strong ambition rules their hearts. We venture the prophecy that Guilford's rivals on the athletic field this fall will find that they have in her a no mean foeman to reckon with when the day of trysting comes.

General To a Guilford student of no longer ago than two years the improvement in the buildings and equipment must appear quite marked. The excellent system of water works by which water is conveyed to the floors of all the buildings is an exceeding great convenience, one which is enjoyed by the students of few colleges in the State.

The present club system for such students as may not care to board in Founders' Hall or in private families is an outgrowth of the cottage system. It is a marked improvement over the old way as a matron and a cook now have charge of the provisions and the preparation of the food, thus leaving the students time free for their use in study or recreation. It does seem that with the exceedingly low cost at which a student can now pursue a course of study in the most of our institutions that a far greater per cent. of the youth of the State should be gathered into our colleges.

The Biological department which has this year been added to

Guilford's equipment is a move which shows that it is the policy of the College to use every opportunity to improve in the efficiency of its scientific teaching. The Museum of Natural History continues to receive additions. A handsome collection of one hundred forms of marine life preserved in jars of formalin was gathered at the seashore the past summer for our collection. The expense of preparing this excellent display was borne by our friend, Mr. B. G. Worth, of Wilmington, N. C. Since the opening of the term a collection of North Carolina rocks and minerals was received as a gift from the North Carolina Geological Survey.

The art of telegraphy which is now being taught under the competent management of Mr. Charles M. Glen, is receiving much attention by those students who are desirous of becoming proficient in this work.

The steady improvements which are being made in the halls and about the campus are telling wonderfully on the already beautiful surroundings. The other evening we stood on the wide veranda at Founders' Hall with one of the most prominent professors in our State University. As he looked out through the ivy covered trunks of the ancient oaks across the shady campus with its rustic seats and tennis courts alive with young and happy people, he said, "I know of no place in the whole South which I believe to be as well suited for the education of young women as Guilford College, and I have to-day offered some proof that I believe this in that I have brought my sister here and placed her in school." We have never known a stranger to come to Guilford but that he went away impressed with the beauty of its surroundings and the excellent opportunities offered for doing much good and effective work.

**You and the
Collegian.**

The editors of THE COLLEGIAN wish to take this opportunity to remind the students of the College that this is your magazine in every sense. The board of editors are simply the representatives you have chosen to have the immediate management of it, as it is their duty and pleasure to carefully consider all articles for publication which you may wish to submit to them with a view of their publication. It is a fine opportunity you have for literary work and no one should be slow to take advantage of it. As there are now a very large number of students in composition work we would suggest that some of these

prepare compositions with a view of offering them for publication. If the COLLEGIAN cannot use your paper you at least have not lost anything. Try your powers of literary composition, you may astonish yourself. Who knows?

We believe that no student in college can afford to be without its college publication. The COLLEGIAN, besides offering you some pleasure we trust in looking through its pages, is the sort of thing you will want to lay away and keep. The information gathered into the volume before the year is done will be of interest to you in after years. The accounts of various occurrences in connection with your college life are here tableted. Entertainments of all sorts, athletic games, local items of various kinds, in short the archives of the college for the entire year are here preserved and at your fingers' ends. Subscribe for the COLLEGIAN not only for yourself but have it sent home that your parents, and brothers, and sisters may get a better idea of the college life you are experiencing, that they may become more familiar with the inside life of Guilford College, the college of your choice and affection. The subscription price which is one dollar a year, is not a heavy tax to pay. The business managers have decided to make this offer: Any one who will secure a club of three new subscribers may receive for their interest thus displayed one year's subscription free of charge. Think about the matter. Can you afford to be without the COLLEGIAN? Subscribe at once.

**Are You
a Student?**

At the entrance to one of our great American universities is this inscription: "So enter that daily thou mayst become more learned and thoughtful; so depart that daily thou mayst become more useful to thy country and to mankind." Such an inscription ought to be written in the mind and purpose of every boy and girl who enters a college. Many of our students in this country never know, or at least never think of the great purpose of college life. They never think of the possibilities that lie before the man or woman who with an honest heart and an active mind seeks daily and diligently for the truth that shall make them free.

It is interesting to note some of the reasons why students enter college. Some go because its a popular thing to do at their time of life. Some enter because they have nothing particularly to do;

while others,—and woe to the institution who is so unfortunate as to receive them—are in college because their parents want them to have that which they have failed to get at home—discipline.

There are on the other hand quite a number who, with the Philistinism so prevalent in our Nineteenth Century, are toiling—for it takes toil to accomplish much in this day and time—toiling for that place in the world which comes to him alone who has shown himself to be faithful and worthy of preferment among his fellows.

We would like to ask each student who may read these columns, to which class to you belong? or do you belong to any class? Perhaps you are a kind of intellectual monstrosity that cannot be classified. We have seen just such *students*. They seem to take a peculiar delight in making fools of themselves; and some are even so foolish as to believe that in doing this they make fools of somebody else.

Are you in college because it is popular? Then become a student, a toiler, a seeker after nobler things than popularity and you will come into possession of that which is of ten times more value than popularity—strength of character.

Are you in college because you have nothing else to do? Then you are in a place to find one of the most pleasant and most profitable of all occupations, become a student and go to work with diligence and in earnest and you will soon find that there is something for you to do. You do not know what life is. You have never seen any life. You have been an idle dreamer. Labor is life. Do this a year and next year you will enter college with another purpose—a nobler one.

Are you willing to admit that you have been sent to college because your parents could not discipline you at home? Then do a nobler thing and discipline yourself. Show to them and to the world that you are a man and a gentleman in the strictest sense of the word. There are few people in the world who are more to be pitied than you. Sent away from home, from those who are nearest to you in every way, to be disciplined! It may be that some great sacrifice that you know nothing of has been made. It may not be a sacrifice of money. That is more likely to be a minor consideration. Then to you we would say, "Come to yourself," return to your father's house and tell him how foolish you have been and then you will be prepared to enter your school and in it be an honor to yourself, to your home and parents, and to your college. As it

is you are disgracing yourself, bringing your home into public disrepute, and so far as your very small influence may go your very presence is lowering the standard and moral tone of your institution. Do you feel like staying there under such circumstances? To you of this class we have written somewhat at length because you have our sympathy, and because we believe there is in every young man that better part which, if he will only allow it, will assert itself and eventually dominate his life and make of him a man worthy of a place in the world.

And now, lastly, to you, Philistine, toiler, student—to you who have some idea of the purpose of a college course, we have a final word. You have entered college with a proper appreciation of your opportunity. You have recognized that there is something in life that cannot be had without a thorough training, and you believe that your college is the best place in the world for you to get that training. You have entered no doubt with a determined purpose in your soul not to depart without taking with you that which will be continually a source of joy and gladness and an eternal benefit to you and your fellows—a very fountain within you to make you strong and valiant for the heavy duties that will fall upon you.

You are the life of your college. She is looking to you for loyal support. She expects it, she deserves it, and she will get it from you because you appreciate her and you know how to seize the opportunity she offers you. You have entered with the spirit of the inscription written on your heart that you may daily become more learned and thoughtful; and by your persistent effort each day you are preparing yourself so to depart that you may daily become more useful to your country and to mankind—a noble purpose and a noble achievement.

FOOT-BALL.

As we go to press Guilford has just defeated Bingham School by a score of 6-5.

The game was played at this place Oct. 6th.

COLLEGE RECORD.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

The COLLEGIAN is glad to announce another long step forward in the scientific department of our college. This year for the first time a chair of Biology has been established and the trustees have been fortunate in securing T. G. Pearson as professor of Biology. Mr. Pearson having taken a two years' course in biology at the State University in addition to original research which he has carried on for several years, is well fitted for this position. For two summers past studying in the U. S. Marine Biological Laboratory at Beaufort, N. C., he has had excellent opportunities for experimental investigation.

During the summer a laboratory was fitted up opposite the Physics room in Memorial Hall. In the laboratory work each student is furnished with a table and a complete set of dissecting instruments. Frogs, worms, crabs, cats and other animals will probably be dissected during the year. B.

THE ASHEVILLE SUMMER CONFERENCE.

In attempting an article on this conference I feel at loss what to say first.

It is not worth the while to say it is a good thing to be there or that the scenery is grand for the subject of this article suggest all those things. I shall only attempt in this brief sketch to give something of an outline of the work done at one of these conventions.

On arriving at Bingham's Heights where the Southern Students' Conference is held one is met and welcomed by a number of young men from all over the South. He hardly needs an introduction for he feels as though he knows everybody and everybody knows him. The buildings are such as at once to attract attention. Instead of large structures there are two rows of barracks for the accommodation of the school.

At the opening session, of course, comes the address of welcome, then the purposes of the convention are told and explained.

This service is held on the evening before the conference proper begins.

I will give an outline of a day's work and this will apply to each day during the session.

Breakfast was served at 6:30 o'clock. Immediately afterwards came the missionary institute. At this, missionary work was outlined by some person thoroughly acquainted with the work who spoke intending to show the need of young men in the foreign field.

The meeting alternated with a "Presidents' Conference" held exclusively for college Y. M. C. A. presidents, at which men discussed important subjects regarding their work.

The second session is given to the Bible classes taught this year by Mr. Sharman and Mr. Hart.

The third session is given to a "Students' Conference" where various topics relating to association work were taken up and discussed. There were a great many practical suggestions made at these services.

The fourth session was given to a platform address. These were always good. They were given by such men as Dr. Chapman, Dr. Lambeth, Jno. R. Mott, Speare and others. There were many things said that I am sure will never be forgotten by many. The talks on prayer were all good and some one gave this outline for prayer:

- 1st. Have a secret place.
- 2nd. Have a fixed time.
- 3rd. Be alone and pray to God and He will reward thee.

The afternoons were given to recreation. Base ball, tennis and mountain climbing afforded the fellows amusement. Many enjoyable trips were taken.

Immediately after supper there was held a life work meeting on the hillside overlooking the river. At these meetings the different vocations of life were presented and special attention called to those most open for young men now. After this a delegation meeting by states was held when the college representatives discussed how to overcome obstacles in their association work.

I hope every college young man will make a special effort to attend one of these conferences sometime during his period of college life. It will do one good to meet the young men if he sees nothing more of the conference.

The number in attendance of these conferences increases each year.

LACY L. BARBEE, '00.

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT HOBBS.

At the reception for new students held in Memorial Hall, Saturday night, September 9th, President Hobbs spoke as follows :

"A college is a sacred institution. Especially is this true of colleges which have grown out of a concern of the Church,—a concern to train the young people for life, and to give them such preparation as will fit them to discharge the duties that devolve upon members of a religious organization. All education, indeed, is sacred, and is calculated to cultivate the reverential spirit in young people.

"Great questions present themselves in our time for solution, and while our inheritance from the past is rich and full, there are duties to be discharged to the State and to the Church which are peculiar to our time, and call for strength of intellect as well as devotion to a holy purpose.

"Man is three-fold in his constitution. "We are not our bodies," said Cicero, "nor do I who speak to thee speak to thy body."

"We have body, intellect, and will. We seek at Guilford to develop the whole man ; to know and take care of our bodies, and to keep them "from the evil that is in the world," to be strong, athletic, sound. We stand for amateur athletics. We seek to develop manliness and courage and self-control.

"Our intellectual life ought to be high-toned, self-reliant, independent. We make it the aim of the college to teach originality of thought, and the love of learning which is better than learning itself. As Lessing said : "I prefer the pursuit of truth to the possession of truth." The truth is what we want, the whole truth ; "and the truth shall make you free ; and if the truth shall make you free, then shall you be free indeed."

"While we thus seek to open the door, as far as may be, for young people to get a glimpse into the richness of intellectual pursuits, we aim above all things to show by our life at Guilford that spiritual life is above intellectual life ; and while the mind is opening to new and better views of science, literature, and art—while the soul is, at it were, in a "nascent" state, we keenly see and feel the fitness of things in bringing to view the call of God to young people to give themselves to Him as the greatest and wisest act within their power.

"The welcome of this occasion then is most appropriate. In

this way we utter a testimony of our faith in God and his son Jesus Christ; and take a stand for righteousness and truth. The Y. M. C. A. seeks only to do good. The college exists to do the greatest possible good to all young people who come here.

“We stand for broad and deep culture, such as will reach the heart and be fundamental in the building of character; character is above intellect. Yet we need all the knowledge we can get to help us to make the choice in the main business of life, the choice of God, of our eternal good; and to be wise and helpful to our fellow students from day to day. May every one feel at home here at Guilford; feel that he has friends here who pray for his best welfare, who seek to show him the things of God, the things which make for life eternal.”

FOOT-BALL.

Guilford has never opened with better prospects for a strong foot-ball team. Many of the old men are holding the same places, while the new men are making strenuous efforts to gain a coveted position on the first team. Hill and Farlow are back; Worth is on the field, and Cowles is at his old place as quarter-back. Reynolds of last year's Greensboro team is playing a strong half back. Plummer who has received his training as center on the University scrub-team is at present playing center-rush; Lewis, Hammond, Dalton, Mendenhall and many others are doing excellent work. Prof. R. N. Wilson has been acting as temporary captain, but he intends resigning his position to one of the students when the match games begin. We are fortunate to have Mr. H. C. Petty as coach, his extended experience in foot-ball has fitted him in an excellent manner for this work.

The time has come when the tone of a college is to be seen in the college athlete as well as in the student, both of which go hand in hand and are inseparably linked together. It is not always the team that wins the most laurels or triumphs over its adversaries in every conflict that wins the praise and admiration of those present, but that one which is a supporter of athletics of a high standing, the one proving itself to be gentlemanly on all occasions. The tone of athletics means more than victory. Teams all over the United States are known by their characteristics whether good or bad, and as a rule are representatives of their college. The foot-ball teams Guilford has put on the gridiron from year to year have been

marvels of success considering the circumstances with which we are surrounded. From year to year our team has met contending teams and has played with snap and decision and has acquitted herself credibly, and has won the praise of teams with which she contested. Thus we see what is to be gained by amateur athletics of a high standing. Let us continue to hold athletics in such high esteem and help the team in any way we can. Let those men who do not play stand on the side-lines and encourage the players. And we hope the young ladies of the college when present will not fail to show their appreciation when a good play is made.

Do this and with the material at hand we believe that Guilford will have the best team this fall she has had for years.

U. D. C.

LOCALS.

—Just a round dozen in the Senior class this year.

—The new system of "cuts" has given satisfaction so far.

—Printed rules of government appear as a new feature this year.

—A number of Senior privileges have been granted to the Juniors.

—William Henley, Blair Stratford, and Emmett Shepherd spent the summer at the college.

—Mrs. L. N. Blair and Miss Annie Blair spent the summer visiting relatives in the eastern part of the state.

—Calvin and David Cowles spent the first month of vacation in Washington, D. C. They made Guilford their home the remainder of the summer.

—Profs. Hodgin and Wilson attended the Summer School at Cornell this summer. Prof. Hodgin took a special course in English Literature and Prof. Wilson in Chemistry.

—Ada M. Field, '98, on account of her mother's ill health, did not return to Bryn Mawr this year but is at her home here pursuing her studies preparatory to further work at Bryn Mawr.

—During July and August Guilford's far-famed hospitality was

enjoyed by a large number of visitors from various places. As a summer resort Guilford is unsurpassed in this section of the state.

—Blair says chi kens are grouped according to their relative ages.

—Herbert Petty has been on the athletic grounds much of late coaching the foot-ball team.

—Lacy L. Barbee represented the college Y. M. C. A. at the Summer School in Asheville.

—Mrs. Morton, of Florida, *nee* Miss Lola Moore, visited her parents at Guilford College recently.

—Prof. and Mrs. Geo. W. White spent a few days with relatives in Belvidere, N. C., in the month of July.

—Mr. John Parker and family, of Baltimore, recently spent some time with his parents, Joseph and Deborah Parker.

—James P. Parker, '93, came up from Charlotte recently for a short visit to his parents. His many friends were glad to see him.

—Miss Ida Taylor returned last week from Oklahoma where she has been for the past year with her brother.

—The girls have organized an athletic association among themselves. Their tennis court is seldom without players.

—Mrs. Phoebe Davis has bought the house formerly occupied by Mr. J. B. Griffin. Mrs. Mary Nicholson, of Greensboro, occupies the house vacated by Mrs. Davis.

—The windmill has been removed and a new pump has been put in at Founders. The windmill will probably be replaced by a steel aeromotor.

—A very pleasant social was given in West Hall on the evening of September 23rd. It afforded a good opportunity for the students to become better acquainted.

—Prof. White and Miss Henryanna Hackney have been elected respectively superintendent and secretary of the college Sunday school for the ensuing year.

—The Philagorean society is in the most flourishing condition in which it has been for several years. It has more members at present than either of the societies conducted by the young men.

—Miss Mamie F. Jones has charge of the primary school.

—Some one wants to know of Mr. Glenn "if he teaches one to *talk* telegraphy."

—Miss Annie T. Jones left on the 26th of September to take charge of a kindergarten school in Baltimore, Md.

—Miss Annie Blair, '00, represented the college "Y" at the State W. C. T. U. convention held in Greensboro June 2-5. Miss Blair was one of the young lady contestants for the annual prize.

—Foot-ball prospects are very good this year, and since Nicholson and Hendricks have begun to play it is rumored that several colleges are desirous of canceling their games with us.

—Mr. David Kirkpatrick, of Greensboro, and Mr. Cameron, of Charleston, S. C., paid the college a visit a few days since. Mr. Kirkpatrick was formerly one of our *small* boys and we were glad to see him.

—The printed schedule of recitations which appear in the catalog have saved much time in the classification of students and the usual trouble of arranging and rearranging the program has been entirely avoided.

—During the summer numerous improvements have appeared in the neighborhood of the college. Mr. Lee Smith has renovated and put an addition to his house next his store. Prof. Davis has put an addition to the front of his house, and Mr. Barbee has erected a two-story dwelling.

—The reception of new students was held in Memorial Hall on the evening of September 9th. After devotional exercises addresses of welcome were made by L. L. Barbee, representing the Y. M. C. A., and Miss Annie K. Blair, representing the Y. W. C. T. U. Calvin Cowles spoke on behalf of the Senior class, Robert Willis for the Juniors, Ida Millis for the Sophomore class and Joseph Purdie for the Freshman. President Hobbs spoke in behalf of the college. The program was interspersed with selections of music by Messrs. Barbee, Cowles, Parker, and Blair, accompanied by Miss Rosa Few at the piano. After the program was concluded the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in a social way.

—Miss Mendenhall of the State Normal, and Miss Hackney of Guilford College, had a two weeks' "house party" at the "Oaks" on

Deep River the latter part of August. They had a goodly number of their friends from time to time. Misses Mary and Annie Petty spent the two weeks with them. Miss Osborne came from Indiana in time to spend the last week. All seemed to have had a pleasant time and hoped another summer might bring like pleasures.

—On Saturday, September 16th, Prof. Collier Cobb, of the State University, delivered the first lecture of the college year. He spoke on a recent trip to western United States undertaken by a large party of geologists of which he was a member. His vast fund of humorous incidents and the wonderful things he related, of lizards longer than any living animals of today and elephants the size of mice, combined with other geological information, made this one of the most interesting lectures heard here for some time. We hope we may soon have Prof. Cobb with us again.

PERSONALS.

Sue Farlow is Principal of the academy at Corinth, Va.

Mollie Roberts, '96, is teaching at Carbonton, N. C.

Elbert White, '93, is a successful dentist in Norfolk, Va.

Elizabeth Wilson is spending the winter at her home in New Castle, Ind.

Bernice Bradshaw is conducting a private school at Black Creek, Va.

Colbert Blair is at home in Asheboro, and is managing editor of *The Randolph Argus*.

Jesse Armfield is cashier of the bank at Thomasville, N. C. He is the youngest cashier in the state.

Josie Griffin is at home in Woodland, N. C., where she is acting as assistant teacher and also teacher of music in the Academy.

On the 30th of August in the parlor at Founders, Vernon Brown, '98 and Florence Kennedy, were married by Friends' ceremony. *The Collegian* wishes them much happiness.

The Collegian extends its best wishes to Edna Hill in her first attempt at teaching. She is conducting a school at Hill's Store, N. C.

Walter Mendenhall, '95, and Annie Armitage were married on Sept. 20th, at the bride's home in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall will be at home in Greensboro after October 20th. *The Collegian* extends to them its best wishes.

At the home of the bride's parents on the evening of Sept. 7th, Ruth Blair, '94, and Olin Ader were united in marriage. Mr. Ader is a minister of the M. E. Church, South, in Greensboro, where he and his bride are making their home.

Henry A. White, '94, and Elizabeth M. Meader, '93, were married on the evening of July 6th, at the home of the bride's parents in High Point, N. C. A reception was tendered them at the home of the groom's father, Belvidere, N. C., on the evening of the 11th. After spending several days here they left for their home in Union Springs, N. Y., where the groom is Superintendent of Oakwood Seminary. *The Collegian* extends its best wishes.

Will Allen, '99, left Greensboro Saturday, Sept. 23rd, for Haverford College, where he will represent Guilford in the Senior Class. Paul Lindley left on the same train for Ithaca, where he will continue his course at Cornell University.

EXCHANGES.

The editor of the exchange department in the beginning of this new collegiate year feels more than ever the necessity of a good exchange department and also the value of the exchanges on our table. There is no possible means for the colleges and universities keeping in touch with one another unless it be through the columns of their college publications. There is no one place on our periodical table that is frequented more than is that of the exchanges. I will take the opportunity to here ask that all of our exchanges make it a point to see that their magazine is sent us. It is with disappointment that we note the absence of one of our exchanges even for one issue. I also wish to say a word in defence

of myself. Though feeling my insignificance in the critical world it will be my endeavor to criticise all from an unprejudiced stand point of view. The commencement numbers of the exchanges are at present the only ones on the table but which needless to say, a e each one in its commencement attire of the highest order.

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GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE

Guilford Collegian.

November, 1899.

▲▲▲ CONTENTS ▲▲▲

I.	Friends Yearly Meeting Building at New Garden..	Frontispiece	
II.	The Old Yearly Meeting House.	Priscilla B. Hackney.....	1
III.	A Visit to Lancaster Castle.	James R. Jones.....	2
IV.	A Glimpse of Mexican Life.	Jos. Moore Purdie, '03.....	5
V.	Autumn.	Charles W. Davis, '02.....	10
VI.	Shall We Have a Trophy Room?	H. C. Petty, '98.....	11
VII.	Sketches.	Lover's Leap—The Sleepy Sophomore—The Black Valise —Alethea and Her Son.....	14
VIII.	Editorial.	Historical Sketches—A Word on Going to College—Con- centration—Reading.....	18
IX.	College Record.	Class Organization—Class Game—Foot Ball—Y. W. C. T. U. Notes.....	25
X.	The Public Lecture Course.....		25
XI.	Locals.....		29
XII.	Personal.....		32
XIII.	Exchanges.....		33
XIV.	Directory.....		34

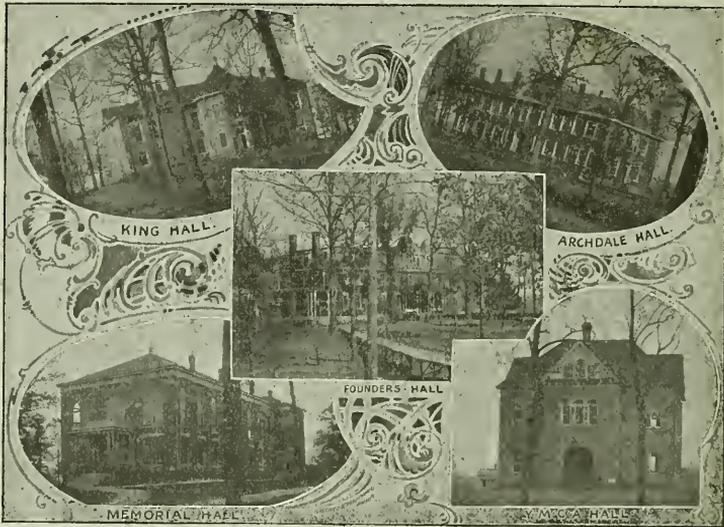
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GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

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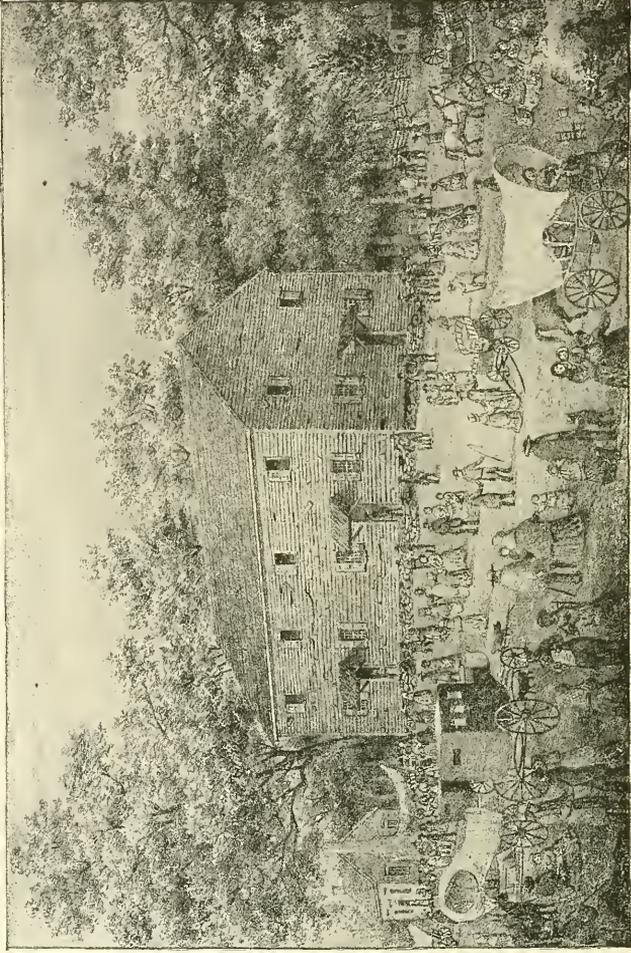


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FRIENDS' YEARLY MEETING BUILDING AT NEW GARDEN.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

THE OLD YEARLY MEETING HOUSE.

The frontispiece represents The Old Yearly Meeting House at New Garden, which was built soon after the Revolutionary War. Tradition has it that the lumber was on the ground during the war and after the battle fought near Martinsville, now known as the Guilford Battle Ground, many of the British and American wounded were brought to the Old Meeting House and laid upon benches made by spreading the new lumber. Hence many spots were often shown that marked the ceiling and said to be blood stains made by the wounded soldiers. Some of them had the appearance of being the mark of a whole hand or foot, while others seemed to be finger marks. There is a traditional record given by Addison Coffin that three Nantucket Friends came to North Carolina between 1734 and 1737 in search of a place to settle the surplus population of that island and coming up the river to the new colony of Cane Creek they spent some time exploring. That section was called the garden spot of the whole province. These men had been sea captains and were natural rovers and adventurers and determined to see more of the wonderful country. They started northward, passed the scattered settlers about Centre and pushed on into the great forests until they reached the vicinity of where Guilford College now stands. They were so charmed with the beautiful rolling country, covered with an open park-like forest and a fine growth of wild pea vine that they determined to locate and called it New Garden. The next year several families came out from Nantucket and settled. These were the Swains, Starbucks, Gardiners, Coffins, Macys and Worths.

Dr. Weeks says the first settlement at New Garden was about 1750. Records show that in 1751 a meeting for worship was granted

by Cane Creek monthly meeting, and in 1754 New Garden monthly meeting was established. From 1751 to 1754 the monthly meeting circulated between Cane Creek and New Garden.

The yearly meeting appears to have first been held at New Garden in 1791, having been held in the eastern part of the state previous to that, except in the years 1787 and 1789, when it was held at Centre. It alternated between the eastern and western part until 1813, when it was permanently located at New Garden. A date cut on one of the old door latches (which is now in the museum) indicates that the house was built in 1791, in which the yearly meeting was held for so many years. In about 1870 a new brick house was built for the use of the yearly meeting, which was given up for the use of the school in 1882, and was remodeled for the class rooms and boys' dormitory, and known as King Hall, but it was destroyed by fire in 1885.

The old wooden house was left standing for several years, but was finally sold to Albert Peele, who pulled it down and used such of the lumber as had not decayed in building his house and barn.

PRISCILLA B. HACKNEY.

A VISIT TO LANCASTER CASTLE.

Lancaster Castle is situated in the town of Lancaster in the shire of the same name. It is of Roman origin, having been erected by Agricola A. D. 79. In history a Roman castrum is mentioned as having been on the site of the present castle.

In form the camp was an ellipse with a double wall and a mote around the summit of the hill. From the foundations which have been discovered and from two round towers still standing, it is evident that the building was in shape a polygon. The two towers were situated about twenty seven paces apart and were joined by an open gallery. It is supposed to have remained in this state until about the year 440. The tower to the south-west angle was built in the time of Emperor Adrian, about A. D. 124. The lower portion was used as a mill in which grain was ground for the Roman garrison.

This circular tower is the oldest remaining edifice of the Castle. The square tower on the east side, called the well-tower according to some historians, was built by Constantine's father about A. D.

305. It is of considerable strength, having walls seven feet in thickness, which are apparently in as good a state of preservation as they were at the time of their construction.

Beneath the towers are several dungeons. One of these, which has iron rings fastened in the granite floor, is supposed to have been the condemned cell. Another one even more dismal extends under the governor's house. The first is sufficiently gruesome for any ordinary mind, but it is difficult to picture the awful despair which a prisoner must have experienced as he found himself thrust down the narrow steps into this second dungeon. The walls are just high enough to permit one's standing erect. The light of day never penetrated its interior, and the only sounds which could reach the prisoners' ears were the dripping of the well in one corner or the shrieks of other prisoners, driven mad by their awful confinement.

How many unfortunates have spent the last days of their existence in this miserable hole will never be known for no record was kept.

We can well imagine that the horrors of such confinement were quiet sufficient to crush the life out of the poor old women charged with witch-craft who, without a trial, died in this place.

The large square keep called the Lungess Tower has walls ten feet thick. It is partly of Saxon and partly of Norman structure. The foundations, which are of immense strength, are Saxon; the superstructure is Norman, built by Roger de Poicton shortly after the Norman conquest. This tower is seventy-eight feet high. The turret called "John Ognants Chair" is ten feet higher and commands an extensive view of the Irish Sea, the Cumberland and Westmoreland Hills, Morecambe Bay and the surrounding country.

The gate-way tower, which faces the South-east, never fails to strike the stranger with its appearance on his first approach to this ancient and noble structure. It was built by John, Earl of Morton and Lancaster, who afterwards became King, about seven hundred years ago. Grown gray with years it seems to frown with gloomy majesty on the visitor as he toils up the steep acclivity leading to the entrance. The gate, huge and strong, terminates a series of converging arches, which, projecting wreath over wreath, evince the amazing substance of the wall that covers the expanding archivolt. The curtain containing the gate connects two octagonal towers over sixty feet high.

Around the towers and over the curtain are overhanging bat-

lements supported by three rows of corbels, perforated in a perpendicular direction. Upon these battlements have been placed the remains of many a man whose only crime was his loyalty to the faith or the throne of his fathers. Between two of these battlements remains the base of the spike on which was placed the head of Father Arrowsmith in 1628. This Roman Catholic priest was guilty of believing the faith of his forefathers and was condemned to be hanged and then cut into pieces. By order of the judge his head was then placed on the highest pinnacle of the gateway that it might be more prominently seen. On the east side of the terrace steps will be observed a semicircular projecting portion in the corner with dark fatal "death doors" through which many criminals have passed to pay the penalty of their guilt on the black scaffold which, when executions were conducted in public, was erected in this corner. And many are the stories told, which have been handed down from one official to another, of these days of bloodshed, cruelty, and wrong. Here is a description of a hanging as it came to me from one of the old officers of the place. It is four o'clock on Monday morning. The sky is intensely black, and the raw, damp air seems to penetrate to the very bones. All is coldness, dreariness and desolation, but with all animation. The road up Church street and Castle Hill streams with people; boys and men and women. Some with infants in their arms pass lightly on, laughing and talking as if on a holiday excursion. Each available space is rapidly filling with a motley crowd, all eager to get in good positions that they may see a number of their fellowmen swing into eternity. The trees that overhang the churchyard are swaying and creaking with their load of men and boys who have climbed among the limbs to get a better view of the awful tragedy. Since midnight the workmen have been busy by the dim light of miserable lanterns fixing together the "national platform." The sound of their hammers mingling with the noise of the crowd, rings jarringly on the ear. Four long hours yet before the ceremony begins, and the noise increases with the crowd. Amid the din of the multitude, the yelling, the hooting, and the singing may now and then be heard the voices of the local preachers, each striving with all his eloquence to improve the occasion by enforcing a timely warning from the example soon to appear. But hark! It is eight by the church clock. The hour has come. Hats off down there, you with the big hat! Silence is commanded. The fatal door swings open.

Oh! there is the parson, one—two—three. "How lovely he looks, dressed as if for a wedding," sobs a woman. "Why there are only four," remarks a spectator, with a whining tone of disappointment. "There must be six," says another. Six was the number promised. "Then two have been reprieved." "There are only strings for four." "He's shaking their hands. How Tom stands, like a rock; what pluck! Doesn't shake a finger. Keep up, Tom!" "He's gone below!" cries a woman, her voice suddenly husky, and fixing her nails like a beast of prey in the arm of her companion, "he's gone to draw the bolt." A jarring sound, a fall, a long sounding groan of hate and a hurrah from a thousand throats. Now come the shrieks and screams of the women, and now the silence of the tomb. The gallows is again empty. Justice or "injustice" is satisfied, the last dread sentence of the law has been carried out, and the crowd gradually disappears.

In the room in which the prisoners stood at their trial is exhibited the hold-fast and branding iron, the latter stamped with the letter *M*. The prisoner was seized by the left hand and it was thrust into the hold-fast, and the iron after being made red hot was pressed against the brawn of the thumb. The prisoner was thus branded for life as a malefactor and effectually prevented from earning an honest living, however desirous he might be of doing so. Yet all this was intended to reform him. This barbarous form of punishment has been inflicted on this very spot within the present century. Our boasted civilization is evidently not of so ancient a date as some would have us believe. But happily this form of punishment together with public executions are things of the past in England.

JAMES R. JONES.

A GLIMPSE OF MEXICAN LIFE.

The state of Tamaulipas, in the north-eastern part of the Republic of Mexico, is situated along the Sierra Madre range of mountains. Its eastern shores are washed by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. On the West, the beautiful land stretches away to the Pacific Ocean; while to the south lies the wonder of the land of *manana* (to-morrow).

The people who inhabit this land may be classified into two groups: the native Aztecs, and the mixed race. Through the

former flows the pure blood of those people who dwelt here before Cortez arrived upon these shores; in the later, the blood of the Aztec is mingled with that of the unruly *Espanol*. While this class largely controls the government, there are many men of influence to be found among those who possess the pure Indian blood.

The leading characteristic of all these people we would say is their subjection to superstition, and this is nowhere more noticeable than in their methods of worship.

Superstition abounds from the most humble hut of the peasant, to the costly houses of those who rank highest in the state. In past times there could be seen women in white apparel walking on their knees through muddy streets, making *penitencia* in order that they might gain heaven. If one wishes to compliment the appearance of a person, it is regarded as necessary that he touch the part admired as he speaks of it, otherwise the complimented party is supposed to be in danger of losing the charm to which reference is made. In like manner a baby must not be addressed, unless at the same time it be touched. There are many well known instances where some one has complimented a baby and it became sick, then, of course, according to the custom, the mischief maker must return, and, taking water into his mouth, sprinkle the face of the baby in such a manner that some of the water may fall upon its mouth and thus both be saved from death. Another incident which shows the superstition existing in the minds of these people occurred in a little village of Llera in the year 1880. During the days of Lent, a notice was spread abroad that in a little *rancho* near the village, the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe had appeared in the shade of a lemon tree. The Virgin had for a precursor a little girl of some fifteen years of age, who announced to the people that God had seen the evil they had done, and that He required penitence, which if refused all mankind would be punished. This news rapidly spread, and from far and near the people came to do the required penance. On the trunk of the lemon tree, it was said, could be found a small stone surrounded by artificial flowers, on which was engraved the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe. This stone, however, was nothing but a beautiful rock marked by the rushing waters of the stream.

On this occasion men and women, many of whom were considered quite learned, approached the lemon tree with the greatest reverence, carrying lighted candles and repeating prayers and

singing hymns to the Virgin. The pious people would gaze earnestly at the stone, but failing to see the image said to be carved there, many would wipe their weeping eyes and look again. Some declared they saw it, but the greater part went away as they came, seeing nothing but a water-worn stone. "Your sins may prevent you seeing it," said a man whose fanaticism made it possible for him to see whatever he chose. "It may be so," some replied in tears, as they continued to gaze, and at the same time hoping that the sharp stones cutting their knees would cause God to look in pity upon them, and forgive them of their sins.

It is a common belief that there exists a *purgatorio*, from which, by the prayers of the priests, sinners may escape and pass to that high and glorious home of the soul. A little boy who was sent each year to the priest with money to be used for praying his grandmother out of purgatory, one day asked his mother this very logical question: "If grandma likes that place so well that she returns there every year, why do you not leave her there?"

One night while my father was preaching, the spectacles which he held in his hand caught the rays of the lamp on the stand and threw a two-spotted spectacle upon the wall, whereupon one of the frightened natives cried out, "*¡O Dios, allí está el diablo; él mismo!*" "O God, there is the devil himself."

JOS. MOORE PURDIE, '93.

AUTUMN.

Autumn, or Fall, as it is commonly called with us, begins on the twenty-second day of September and ends a little after the middle of November. September, October and November are called the Autumn months. It is that time of year between summer and winter in which we have all kinds of weather, namely: hot, cold, wet, dry, windy, calm, cool, warm, cloudy, fair, and every other kind. But there is generally plenty of good calm, mild weather, not too hot and not too cold, which makes you feel like life were really worth living, and which you enjoy better than any other kind.

There is also Indian summer with its hazy atmosphere. The sky has a red smoky glare, as if it were on fire, and the sun shines through it with a soft dull light. It is too hot in the sun and too cold in the shade. A feeling dreamy, lonely and of sadness comes

over you, with forebodings of evils, and you meditate over your doings of the past and have a vague expectation of some great calamity; as an earthquake, or the end of the world, Well did the poet say:—

“The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.”

But of all the seasons Fall is the best, and although the water in the pond is too cold to swim in, and the melon under the grass that the frost has not found makes you shiver like a yearling in a March rain, still the nuts in the woods, the apples in the cellar, the pumpkins in the barn, and many other things which I am going to tell you about, fill to overflowing the vacancy caused by the loss of these pleasures.

After the apples are gathered and the pumpkins are put away for winter use, then the time comes when corn shuckings are in order. Most boys like to go to corn shuckings, but they do not like to shuck corn. They prefer to stay in the house where the girls are, for shucking corn is pretty hard work, and since the time of the poet, the girls have learned to stay away from the corn pile and are now teaching the boys to do the same. This suits the boys and girls well enough but not the “old man.” When a red ear is found it means a glass of cider instead of a kiss, but a fellow can get both if he will just step to the house. This is a striking example of improvement since the time of the poet.

About this time of year peanuts are dug; or, for the benefit of some people who do not know the meaning of the word “peanuts,” I will say, goobers, ground peas, or pindars. There are two kinds of peanuts, raw and roasted. The raw ones we get out the ground, the roasted ones out of the ashes.

Now who ever heard of a composition on Autumn without a description of the trees? The leaves change color from green to yellow, golden or brown according to the kind of tree. As the season advances the trees shed their leaves, to hide the nuts for the squirrels; the wind whistles through the branches; the possum has begun his nightly visits to the persimmon tree, where Sambo lies in wait with axe and dog plotting his destruction; and the farmer makes winter quarters for his pigs.

On some fine morning in November Mr. Turkey Gobbler finds his late dwelling turned into a prison, and for a week or two he

lives on the fat of the land. But the day before Thanksgiving as the sun is sinking in the west, the yellow rays fall on Mr. Gobbler, as he is led forth to execution. As the axe falls that forever ends his royal reign in the barnyard, Mr. Cock sees him in his last struggle, and now, feeling his own superiority, and exulting over the downfall of his rival he perches himself over the topmost rail of the fence, and exclaims in a mighty voice "*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" Thus ends the drama of autumn.

CHARLES W. DAVIS, '02.

A TROPHY ROOM AT GUILFORD COLLEGE.

There has been some talk among the alumni of Guilford in regard to the need for a Trophy Room at our college, and this article is written with the hope of arousing some interest among the alumni and old students on this subject. While the movement may have started among the graduates, yet it is to be hoped that the undergraduates also will show their zeal for good deeds by lending us their organized efforts.

It is useless to go into a lengthy discussion as to why we should have a Trophy Room. Anything that tends to the fostering of the college spirit, to the forming of college traditions, to the encouragement of athletics at our college should be heartily supported by every student, past and present, of the institution, and in the inception of that movement, especially, should all aid be rendered.

Southern colleges *in general* have no established traditions which are incentives to their students to do honor to their *alma mater* in all things, and especially in athletics. The result of some great contest in the college's history is soon forgotten. Succeeding classes have no achievements before them which they should and would emulate.

Of course it takes time for a college to surround itself with such traditions,—traditions which will be a strong factor in the college life of its students.

Seeing what "college spirit" does for our northern colleges surely ought to be sufficient reason why we should strive to establish it at our own. Why is it that the athletic teams which represent Yale are never counted beaten till the game is finished? It is the "Yale spirit," the "do or die" spirit; which has time and

again won games for her that seemed hopelessly lost. The memories of past defenders of the Yale blue have been preserved and handed down from year to year. The achievements of her teams and of the individuals composing those teams have been made permanent as historical events.

It is the spirit generated by these things that makes a wearer of the *blue* surrender the last bit of his strength to win the necessary ten yards for a touch down, or fight as if for his life, to stop an opposing rush line when failure in doing so means defeat.

Now the spirit which makes men do this is not made in a day, a month, or a year, and would not be lasting if it were. It takes time, favorable circumstances, and a fostering care.

It is needless to say that the conditions at Guilford are not as favorable as they should be. The recognition that it is a privilege (for it is a privilege) to represent the crimson and the gray in athletic contests should be more firmly established and along with this recognition, also the fact that the college expects of her representatives that they do their best,—and best after long and careful training.

It may be asked what has a College Trophy Room to do with college spirit. Without attempting to show the close connection, it will suffice to claim that it is a factor in starting and fostering such a spirit.

There has been no place at Guilford for anything in the nature of a trophy. Balls that have been won in closely contested games have been lost, not even the pictures of the baseball and football teams have been preserved. In a few years after the members of any team leave college, they and their achievements are forgotten. One year's team practically have no predecessors to emulate. How few of those now in college know anything of Guilford's first football team, that of '93! And this is because of neglect on the part of those who should be interested in preserving our college's record.

It is very probable that some part of the college museum could be obtained as a Trophy Room. And if all alumni, and all students, who can, will lend their aid, a start can soon be made that will so commend itself to the undergraduates that they will carry it on and add to it year by year.

The pictures of the old teams with their records are quite proper things for this room. They should be suitably framed and hung on the walls. A glass case should be provided as soon as

possible for trophies proper, i. e., baseballs and footballs which are prizes for the memories they recall, and prizes won in other athletic contests.

I would like to hear from others of the alumni or old students in regard to the Trophy Room. Meanwhile let all who have any pictures of former teams look them up and also the scores made by those teams. Be prepared to assist if you are called upon.

I believe this matter cannot be urged too strongly and hope that others may be interested enough to give the subject some thought.

H. C. PETTY, '98.

[Since writing the above we have had a talk with Mr. Petty and at the suggestion of some of the alumni and various members of the Guilford Athletic Association, he has consented to take the subject of the Trophy Room in hand and make every effort to gather such pictures and trophies as it may now be possible to secure. We believe the Faculty will be willing to allow space for these collections in the Museum which is a large room and excellently adapted for such a purpose, being nicely furnished and well lighted. Now, as lovers of all things good for Guilford let us hold ourselves in readiness to assist Mr. Petty in any way he may ask us.—ED.]

SKETCHES.

LOVER'S LEAP.

"Did you ever notice," observed my seat-mate, "how every section of the country has its 'Lover's Leap?' If there is a particularly high bank or a cliff in any neighborhood, why, the people will tell you a lover once jumped off at that spot. You'll find one wherever you go. Just up the road ahead there is such a place. Of course there is a pathetic incident connected with it. It was an Indian, so the story goes, who made the spot immortal. Seeing the long quill on that girl's hat over there caused me to think of it, I suppose. Like to hear the tale?" "Sure," said I.

"Well, Yow-yow was a sweet little Indian Miss who was quite stylish and when all the other girls in the village got to wearing black-hawk feathers in their hair she threw away her buzzard and duck trimmings and with many tears begged for the plume of the black-hawk with which to adorn her raven tresses. But her father, old Grunt-grunt, said 'no,' and her brother, big Eat-'em-up, said he had no time for such monkey business. Now when her lover,

Mr. Pow-wow, heard of her wish he vowed he would get his little duckling some black-hawk feathers, yes he would, or give up conubial anticipations until he did.

So Miss Yow-yow dried her tears and together they went to the cliff overlooking the river to hunt for the black-hawk which had its nest somewhere down on a ledge. Soon Pow-wow's bowstring twanged and the black-hawk lay sobbing its life out on a little shelf of rock thirty feet down the precipice. Over the cliff went the archer, got his bird, climbed up again to the edge and handed it to the maiden with the glad light of victory in his eye. Then he slipped and fell but caught many feet down the cliff and looked up with gravel in his eyes and called to Yow-yow to run and bring a rope. While she was away his hold failed and the rocks in the river caught him two hundred feet below.

"Yow-yow was struck with horror on her return to find her lover gone. She put the black-hawk feathers in her hair and wept aloud. 'O now, now, Pow-wow has gone to the bow-wows and I am sad,' moaned Yow-yow. 'Yow-yow go too.' She sprang from the cliff and the watchers saw her tumble and turn as she fell through the air, a bunch of dainty heels, delicate buckskin petticoats, raven hair and black-hawk feathers. And yonder," continued the drummer, pointing out of the window through the cinders, "is the cliff, that one standing on the other side of the Swannoa with its feet in the water."

THE SLEEPY SOPHOMORE.

The bell has rung and the classes have gone down, leaving only a few students in the big study room. The afternoon sun shines warm through the west windows making long bright streaks across the floor. The wasps buzz around outside, and the Autumn wind lazily lifts the dying oak leaves and lets them fall again. All this makes the big room seem easy and comfortable, and full of a good natural drowsiness.

In a few moments the tired sophomore has grasped the situation and has resolutely set himself to the preparation of his —, which comes at —, without fail. Then he wonders how much more time there is, and looks up at the big, round, open face of the clock hanging on the wall at his left. There are only thirty minutes more and the stuff in to-day's lesson is hard. There is no time to lose, to be sure, but how long will it take those slow hands to move

around to a quarter past four, when he shall get out and go to the woods for a jolly good tramp, and hickory nuts, and an appetite for supper?

That is a funny clock. It makes things look queer, and after he has looked at it a while, the lines of his book run all zigzag and in circles. The sophomore traces them with his pencil on the desk top. He lets the pencil fall, picks it up with a start and slowly traces again. "The specific gravity of a — chestnut — tree, — is — found — by — dividing — old — Livy's — turnip — patch, — in — the — mid —"

His head falls on his arm and he dreams of woods and fields, and chestnuts as big as biscuits all over the ground and giant squirrels disputing the right to them. Suddenly the bell has rung again and the sophomore goes out with the others to his recitation.

THE BLACK VALISE.

Verily there is much superstition yet in the world. At Beaufort, North Carolina, about three years ago the captain of a schooner was noticed at the wharf with a black valise in his hand. A colored man standing near said, "Capt'n, better not took dat along, you'll habe bad luck certain." But the captain sailed away with the black valise in his cabin. He lost his vessel and came near losing his crew on Frying-pan shoals. Since then few natives of Beaufort will willingly have anything to do with a black valise. If one is seen about the streets a great cry is set up from all sides until the unlucky object passes from sight. None of the colored boatmen will knowingly take a passenger who has with him a black valise.

People who possess such articles often wrap their valises in paper and carry them under their arms in order to get them into the town unobserved. Some young ladies visiting the town last summer won a number of pounds of candy on a wager by carrying between them a black valise down the street for a distance of four blocks and back amid the shouts and cries of remonstrance from all sides. A gentleman who was not aware of the ill repute in which a black valise is held by the good people of Beaufort thus related to me his experience:—

"When the naphtha launch which conveys passengers from Morehead City neared the wharf at Beaufort a youngster peering down into the cabin spied me and my black valise. He at once

shouted with all his might, 'He's come.' 'He's come,' called another, then forty people on the wharf seemed to shout at once, 'He's come, he's come.' Others cried, 'He's come to stay, he's in the city, he's come, he's come.' I looked about endeavoring to discover whose coming it was that had occasioned such an outburst, but a lady and a baby were the only other passengers. When I landed and started up the street the noisy crowd followed me and shouted. They ran by my side and hit the valise with sticks and oyster shells; they danced before me and screamed. Two boys on bicycles accompanied me constantly sounding their bells. Others had whistles and horns. Some beat pans. They beset me with shoutings and the sounding of cymbals, yea, the loud sounding cymbals. There was not a smile anywhere, but the members of the frenzied crowd did their work as though it was the business of their lives.

"As an owl before a swarm of tormenting jaybirds I fled up the street. I imagined I must have something of the same feeling as a man-eating tiger experiences when the population of an Indian village turns out to run him off by shouting, and blowing conches, and clanking the temple bells. 'He's come,' observed the clerks from the store doors to each other.

"The crowd, composed mostly of boys and young men, followed me all the way to the Russel House, with never an instant's lull in their noisy ovation. I was indignant at such dreadful treatment and am glad to relate that at least one of the rude members of this self-appointed reception committee suffered for his pains, as the mayor fined him the next day to the extent of ninety cents."

ALETHEA AND HER SON.

The exodus was a very general one. Friends as well as many others were leaving the country for the great West which was now opening up so wide and productive and free. Up from among the foot-hills slowly winding toward the mountains each year moved the long white-covered wagon trains.

Alethea from her door-step watched the emigrants go by and knew that many of them were her friends and neighbors. Her strong young sons had caught the spirit of those days and leaped like hounds in the leash, impatient to quit the poor old farm of their father and follow westward the trail of the moving throng. But Alethea did not wish to go. "I feel that I cannot leave the home

of all my people," she would say, "to go to the West and there be buried in that strange black earth." Smaller and smaller grew the numbers at the Friends' meeting for worship, tempting and more glorious came the letters from the West, eager and more earnest were the pleadings of her sons, until one day Alethea called her strong young men about her and said, "Promise me faithfully to regard one great wish of mine, and I shall consent on your account to leave the farm and move away." They promised, and the promise was this: when she died they would bring her body, clad in her wedding dress, back to the land of her nativity and place it beside that of her husband.

So when winter was over and the snow-birds were gone from the shrubbery in the yard, and the blood-roots were showing their pure white faces along the borders of the woodland, the family drove away one day and Alethea never again saw the old home place. The years and the West brought success to the young men, and their children grew up and became men, and one by one laid their fathers to rest. But Alethea lived on, an example of how far the life stream of our youth may flow into the arid desert of our lives where little else than life itself is left. One son survives and he is now an old man. He has seen much, and lived much, and rejoiced greatly and suffered greatly, and the years have silvered his hair.

A long cherished hope is in his breast and it is that his life may be spared to fulfil the vow made to his mother in the days of his youth. "I believe it is this hope," he once said, "that has kept me strong so long. God has granted my mother long life and I believe He will allow me to live to fulfil this last duty to her." One autumn a train came from the West bringing to us an old man and his aged mother, but only one of them greeted us. In the New Garden meeting house we assembled reverently in the presence of the dead.

Soon the last sad rites were performed and mother Alethea was buried in the soil of her early home, by the side of her youthful love. "I might stay here and be buried by my mother," said the faithful son, "for I have nothing to live for now that I have laid her to rest; my course also is well nigh ended." We all loved the old man as a father and wished that we might stretch a hand to keep him in our midst, but his children called him again into the West.

Again the snow-birds came to spend the winter in the shrubbery about the yards as they had been doing all the years and again they departed in the spring, when the blood-roots showed their faces along the border of the woodland; then one day a message came and some one whispered, "he is gone." And another said, "he lived for years that he might serve his mother at the last and now he too has gone. Dear, faithful, old Uncle Addison is dead."

Freshman Year.

In the golden autumn, a great fleet sails,
Far over the heaving sea,
To the richer waters, where fishers bold
May seek for the ocean's wealth untold
Afar from the sheltering lee.

Their hearts are light and courage firm,
As the breezes merrily blow;
No task is irksome; nor is there heard
Complaint of hardship; the only word
Is a hearty ye he ho.

Sophomore Year.

There are some who strive with man-
hood zeal
For the ocean's hidden spoil,
And secure their portion, while others
near
Sit idle and sigh with many a tear
O'er the fate so fraught with toil.

Less eager now are many hearts,
As duties multiply;
Some, empty-handed, sail for home,
And over the ocean, flecked with foam,
Draw a fisher's dying cry.

Junior Year.

About their craft the damp fog rolls,
By the blast of the east wind brought;
The many voices of ocean speak,
In shriller tones; and the storm-wind
shriek,
With fearful menace fraught.

And ye he ho is a different cry
In a tempest far from the lee;
No change of course will now avail;
The anchor must hold, or with tattered
sail
They are lost in the angry sea.

Senior Class.

The season ends and the fisher folk
Sail away for home on the main;
But a storm-tried few have weathered
the gales
Which have tested the strength of hull
and sails
In the struggle with death for gain.

Of the sun-lit fleet which gathered anon
Where the nameless currents flow
Not all have equal profit, but he [sea
Who has toiled may say farewell to the
With a happy ye he ho!

—*The University Hellenian* 1899.

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NOVEMBER, 1899.

**Historical
Sketches**

Following the sketch of Isham Cox in the October number of the COLLEGIAN we present to our readers with this issue a picture of the old Yearly Meeting Building of Friends which once stood near the college campus. The cut will be found to be accompanied by a short sketch of this interesting and historical structure, which has long since been removed and its site is now occupied by the furrows and dead standing stalks of a last summer's cornfield.

This is the second of a series of biographies and historical sketches of subjects connected with early life at New Garden and Guilford College which we hope to be able to present to our readers during the year. THE COLLEGIAN wishes to express its indebtedness to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the kind loan of the cut used as a frontispiece in this number. It is taken from "Southern Heroes," written and published by Mr. F. G. Cartland.

**A Word on
Going to
College.** Every year the question, shall I go to college? is asked by hundreds of young men and women and each year it is answered by hundreds of them either in the affirmative or negative. It is generally taken for granted that those engaged in college work strongly urge that all young people everywhere ought to go to college. But this is not the case. It is not practical that all young persons should go to college, and no one knows this better than the college man.

It seems a pity that there is not an *opportunity* for all who are mentally able to take a college course to do so. If, however the full measure of one's culture and attainment be reached before suitable preparation has been made to enter college, then the wisdom of such a course may be considered a debatable point. True, much may be said in favor of spending some time at college even if the student is not well prepared for his work or if he is not disposed to engage in industrious study. There are many things about college life which he can learn and enjoy. President Dwight, of Yale, is quoted as saying, "It is better to have come and loafed than not to have come at all." But for the average young person of the country there is little reason why he may not lay claims to earnest hopes for a considerable amount of literary and scientific attainment, if he has the opportunity of attending college. The youth of our commonwealth should be given every inducement to secure a higher education. College bred men and women are literally taking the country, judging from the very large number which today are occupying eminent places of trust and distinction.

Every practical effort, we believe, should be made by persons who find that they are succeeding in their courses, to continue their work to the end of the four years. Each year will be worth more to the student than the one previous and the senior year is nearly, if not quite as valuable as the first two combined. Take the entire course if possible, and so round out more fully. Build yourself more noble by the full training offered. It is said that a young man recently asked the President of Oberlin College whether he could not prepare for the business of life in two years, as well as in four. The President is quoted as answering, "Well, when God wants to make a squash He takes about six weeks, but when He wants to make an oak He takes one hundred years."

The other night a young man dropped into our **Concentration.** room and remarked, "I have been studying all evening but have not accomplished much. Somehow I keep thinking about one thing and another, and stopping to talk to my room-mate, and glancing at papers and other books until the whole evening had passed and I have learned nothing." There are many students in college like this young man, who are more or less content to just fool away their time and call it study. It is quite possible to read and reread a page, at the same time allowing one's mind to go wandering about the country. One can not retain much of what is read in such a manner, but this is the procedure some are often pleased to call study. Then they go to class and tell the teacher they have studied the lesson over two or three times, and the injured tone of their voice seems to indicate that they somehow hold the teacher responsible for their inability to answer his questions.

This sort of study not only fails to accomplish any good, but you can count pretty well on its accomplishing permanent evils in your life. For instance, it is literally a waste of your time to be thus engaged, for, "Time is wasted which might be better spent," President Hobbs once said to us at morning collection. The excellent opportunity which you have for honest study is being criminally neglected. At the time of life while your mind is yet pliable and in good condition to receive truth and retain it, you fail to use your will power in bringing your mind actively to bear upon those things which you should regard as your most sacred duty. The money you have saved, or possibly worse still, the money of which your parents are denying themselves that it may be yours, is being put to ill use. Your life here ought to mean more than that you are simply boarding in college and loafing your time away.

Then too you are doing yourself a great injury in that you are acquiring a habit of carelessly going over what you are pretending to read. After all, one of the very greatest advantages to be gained from education is the habit of a *student*. The educated man is the man whose mind is trained. He has acquired mastery of it. He has learned its powers and its limitations. When he wants to study a subject he directs his mind on that subject and keeps it there. And you, my fellow school-mate, will never become an educated man until you acquire this power. You have no right to

call yourself a student until you have gained studious habits. Hard work and unremitting earnest endeavor are the only things which will win for you this power over yourself.

Reading. We feel that we want to say a few words to students about reading. We all recognize the fact that the main object of our being here is to study the courses laid down in the college curriculum. It is our duty first and foremost to study these and to study them well. We do not believe, however, that there is a young man or woman in the institution so covered up with college duties but that they have the time to do some outside reading. One cannot study always. Besides exercising the muscles the mind needs an occasional rest from its accustomed duties. One of the best ways to have a mental rest is to give the mind a change of work. Now let us suggest a plan.

Get some book out of the library and keep it lying on your study table. Get a book like Kipling's "Jungle Book," or some of Scott's novels, Tennyson's or Longfellow's poems,—some book which contains rather light, interesting matter. There will be times, many times, in the course of a month that you will become tired of studying and throw your books aside. Perhaps at such times you talk to your room-mate and disturb that worthy friend of yours from his work or you tumble over on the bed and lie there worrying about your studies or nothing, and half an hour later again try to study with a troubled heart. But now you have adopted a new plan. Your brain wearies of studies and you reach over and pick up the "Jungle Book," and you are soon racing along through the jungle with Mowgli and Father Wolf. You are interested, there is a smile on your face, you have forgotten your troubles. A little later you turn with renewed interest to your studies, having forgotten for a little time your discouragements.

Again, it may be a few minutes before dinner is ready and you are not in a condition to study just then. Pick up your story or book of poems and read until the bell rings. Adopt some such plan as this. Get a good book and have it lying around close at hand. When you feel that you have a little time to spare read in it. You will be surprised to find that before the end of the year has come you have carefully and thoughtfully read several good

standard works of literature which everybody reads who claims much literary culture and many who do not. There is an inexhaustible supply of books for you in the college library. The noblest, the most thoughtful and the most artistic thoughts of men of all ages are standing bound on those shelves, and they beckon us with their gilded letters to come and take them down and see what they contain. There are many of us who never have such opportunities at home for reading. Come, brother, sister, let us away to the alcoves and see what the great brains of the world have to say to us.

DIED.

Mrs. John W. Cook, the daughter of Addison and Mary Boren, died at her home near Greensboro, N. C., on October 7th. The funeral services were held at New Garden, October 8th. Adna Cook was a woman of strong Christian character. She was widely known and greatly beloved, and her loss is keenly felt by the entire community.

As we go to press the Guilford foot-ball team has just played a tie game with the team of A. & M. College in Raleigh, score 0 to 0. The next day, Nov. 11th, Guilford defeated Bingham School on their own ground by a score of 6 to 0.

COLLEGE RECORD.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

Class spirit is manifesting itself this term in something like its usual ways. Chief among these are the class meetings. Near the opening of the year the faculty granted permission to the students of holding their meetings in the parlor at Founders, as often as one each fortnight. The classes were not slow to take advantage of their privilege and as a result several enjoyable, and we believe profitable, evenings have been spent by the students in company with their fellow class-mates. Light literary exercises and social features characterize the meetings. The classes, with the exception of the Freshman, have all organized. The class officers are as follows:

Senior Class—President, Annie K. Blair. Secretary, Nellie L. Jones.

Junior Class—President, Richard Cox. Secretary, Emma King.

Sophomore Class—President, Homer Ragan. Secretary, Belle White.

CLASS GAME.

The Sophomore and Freshman foot-ball players said they could defeat any team the Seniors and Juniors might bring out. On October 24th they tried it. A good crowd was out to see the game, and under the eyes of their fair class-mates the men played as no game has been played here this year. Everybody worked hard. The two teams zig-zagged up and down the field all of the first half of the game, but neither could get across the coveted goal line. The Seniors would send big Newton through the line and Hill would go bobbing round the end for gains, but presently somehow the other side would have the ball. Then Lewis or Dalton or Daniels would

walk straight through the crowd for eight and ten yards gains. It was pretty playing. The game closed as it began—no score.

The line up was as follows:

SENIOR-JUNIOR.

Plummer

Farlow

Cox

Hinton

Grantham

Cowles

Hill

Groom

Hammond-Barbee Full back

Pearson, referee; Wilson, umpire.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMEN.

Ragan

Patterson

Mendenhall

Sharp

Millican

Leak

Daniels

Lewis

Dalton .

 FOOT-BALL.

Guilford, 6 ; Bingham School, 5.

On October 6th Guilford played her first game of the season, on the home grounds, winning from Bingham School by a narrow margin. Captain Winston of Bingham won the toss and chose to defend the upper goal. Guilford kicked off, and Bingham, by steady, consistent line bucking, forced the play to Guilford's 25-yard line. Here the ball changed hands, and Guilford carried it back to the center of the field. During the remainder of the first half, neither goal was in danger, and when time was called the score was as at first, 0 to 0.

At the opening of the second half, Bingham kicked off, and Guilford rushed the ball toward the middle of the field, losing it there on downs. Bingham set to work at once and by hard play pushed Legrande over the line. The try at goal failed.

Guilford kicked off again, and, after a few minutes' play, held Bingham for downs on their 25-yard line. Then Dalton went through the line for a touchdown. Cowles kicked the goal.

Bingham kicked off, the ball going over the goal line. Guilford

brought it in for a kick out, but Bingham lost on downs, and the game closed with the play moving in Guilford's favor. The features of the game were the plunging game of the Bingham backs and the end running of Hill and Reynolds.

Guilford's play was slow and the defense weak, the team not playing aggressively at any point in the game.

The line up:

GUILFORD.	POSITIONS.	BINGHAM.
Dalton	F B	Winston
Reynolds	L H B	Johnson
Hill	R H B	Legrande
Cowles	Q B	Mangum
Plummer	C	Suggs
Landreth	L G	Albright
Farlow	R G	Jones
Patterson	L T	Peden
Mendenhall	R T	Long
Wilson	L E	Clay
Worth	R E	Faison

Time of Halves, 20 and 15 minutes. Touchdowns, Legrande, Dalton. Goal, Cowles. Referee, Mr. Petty. Umpire, Mr. Daniels. Timers, Mr. Hodgkin, Mr. Wright. Linesmen, Love and Brenizer.

GUILFORD, 0; CHAPEL HILL, 45.

Guilford's second game was played October 14 against the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill. The game began with a kick off to Guilford. At first the Guilford team played hard, snappy foot-ball, making ground when it was needed and several times holding Carolina for downs. After the first ten minutes, however, the game degenerated into a repeated procession across the field toward Guilford's goal. The score stood 45-0 in Carolina's favor when final time was called.

While Guilford's offensive play was fairly good, the defense was weak, especially in the handling of punts, and in stopping rushes from kick off. These defects added to the aggressive playing of the officials account for the size of the score.

The line up :

GUILFORD.		U. N. C.
Daniels	R E	Osborne
Mendenhall	R T	McKeever
Farlow	R G	Rankin
Plummer (Capt)	C	Cunningham
Landreth	L G	Phifer
Patterson	L T	Shull, Capt.
Wilson	L E	Simpson
Hill	R H B	Coxe
Reynolds	L H B	Koehler
Cowles, Love, Worth	Q B	Martin
Dalton	F B	Graves

Referee, Dr. Baskerville. Umpire, Mr. Howell.

Time of halves, twenty minutes.

Y. W. C. T. U. NOTES.

On the evening of October 28th a public Y. W. C. T. U. meeting was held in Memorial Hall.

Annie Blair, President of the Union, read a selection from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and was followed by prayer by Mrs. Hackney. The President then introduced to the audience the State President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Mary Cartland, and also Mrs. Cozart, State Superintendent of Y. work. Mrs. Cartland gave a very inspiring address. In regard to the views taken toward this great evil of intemperance, she said: "All people may be classed under one of three heads—(1) Those who approve of the liquor traffic; (2) those in a state of apathy; (3) those who antagonize it. There are three hundred thousand of the first class, who are giving out this evil. Approval is certainly fiendish, and those who do approve have the spirit of the evil one in their breasts. By far the greater class are those who are apathetic. Christ always fought the wrong. Henry Clay, whom some of you delight to honor, said, 'I'd rather be right than be President.' I praise God to-night for the great number who are antagonizing this evil.

"There are five great lines of the work," continued Mrs. Cart-

land, "(1) Organization. The continuance of the work depends upon this. (2) Education. It is folly to educate unless you evangelize too. (3) Agitation; we should agitate, agitate, agitate, until we make people think, whether they want to or not. The life and question of this great work depend upon agitation. (4) Legislation; as we are the wives, mothers, daughters of the men of our land, though we cannot vote, we can ask what laws we want. We are not asking for the ballot, but that the men make righteous laws. (5) Evangelization, which embraces all the others. 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

Mrs. Cozart made a few remarks, saying that she came to us as her "first love," for she is just beginning in this work. We are glad to be known as her "first love," and hope she may come to us again soon.

The program was interspersed with music by the Y. girls. An urgent plea was made for all to sign the pledge, and six active and twenty honorary members were received. A subscription was taken up for the cause, and the evening closed with an informal social.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Cozart met the active members in an informal meeting, and gave an interesting and helpful interview on Association. We feel much helped and strengthened by her visit.

LYDIA WHITE, '01.

THE PUBLIC LECTURE COURSE.

The free public lectures offered to the people of Guilford College are this term given generally one each fortnight.

Prof. Collier Cobb's Lecture.—As announced in the last issue of the COLLEGIAN the first of the series was a most interesting one, given on the night of September 16th, by Prof. Cobb, of the State University, on the subject of his recent trip to the western part of the United States.

Prof. Franklin Davis' Lecture.—Delivered September 30th, on "The Relationship between the English and the German Languages," was the second in the series. In the first part of the lecture he impressed the fact that language is a living reality; that the study of language is concerned with the *viva voce* utterances of the people and not with their orthography. Especially is this to be borne in mind in the case of the English language where the orthography has not kept pace with the phonetic changes. Even in

a dead language, it is the living processes that we study. The history of the life, growth and death of a word, is the history of the life, growth and death of an idea. The answer to the question, we are told, which is the nobler department of science, Linguistics or Natural History, depends upon whether one considers the intellectual life of the human race superior or inferior to the physical life of trilobites and beetles, or even of dinosans, if they did have tails one hundred feet long.

The definition and purpose of language then followed. The relationship and differences of the two languages were given somewhat in detail. The illustrations were arranged under three heads:

1. Grammatical differences, showing that what grammar the English still has is Teutonic, and hence identical with German; that the difference here is due to loss in English of so much of its grammatical apparatus, and that these losses were due to social and political conditions. It is important to know the history of the people whose language we study, but on the other hand much may be known of a people who have left no history of themselves except in their language, by studying their language.

2. Lexical differences. These were due to the same historical conditions which caused the loss of so much of the grammar. The gain in words under this head was proportionate to the loss under the other. The two do not take place, however, at the same time. The social condition of a people which is most favorable to grammatical changes requires least addition to the vocabulary. On the other hand, when the increase of knowledge is so general as to call for a large increase to the vocabulary, the grammar is least variable.

3. Phonetic differences. The illustrations in this part of the lecture were limited to a statement and application of Grimm's Law.

PRESIDENT HOBBS LECTURES ON "ATTENTION."

The third lecture of the term was by President Hobbs, on October 14. He said in substance:

"Attention is at the basis of all success in mind culture; and is, moreover, an important element in character forming. One attends to what he wills, and passes by what he wills. There is, therefore, a large volitional element in attention, when attention is considered from a psychological basis. The difference in the two schools of philosophy—empiricism and intuitionism or spiritism—may be best seen under the consideration of the subject of attention. Does the

mind stand passive, ready to follow all outward stimuli alike ; or is there an inward spirit or force—the essential characteristic of the mind—which determines of itself upon such stimuli as may be judged adapted to promote the end in view? It is apparent that the battle is to be fought under attention. While Locke, Hume, and Mill, and Spencer, will have experience account for everything in our psychic life, it is clear that such writers as James, and Dewey, especially the former, whose admirable treatise on Psychology is thoroughly imbued with the most recent spirit of mental science, and builds on the physiological basis—give the weight of their judgment to the doctrine that voluntary attention is not “a resultant, but a force.” Says James :

“When I symbolized the ideational preparation element in attention by a brain cell played upon from within by other brain cells, or by some spiritual force, I did not say which. The question ‘which?’ is one of those central psychologic mysteries which part the schools. When we reflect that the turnings of our attention form the nucleus of our inner self; when we see that volition is nothing but attention; when we believe that our autonomy in the midst of nature depends on our not being effect, but a cause, we must admit that the question whether attention involve such a principle of spiritual activity or not is metaphysical as well as psychological, and is well worthy of all the pains we can bestow on its solution. It is in fact the pivotal question of metaphysics, the very hinge on which our picture of the world shall swing from materialism, fatalism, Monism, towards spiritualism, freedom, pluralism—or else the other way.”

PROF. GEO. WHITE'S LECTURE.—Saturday evening, October 21, Prof. White spoke on the subject, “Meteoric Theory.” This was quite an interesting subject for a lecture, coming as it did just at this time, in view of the anticipated meteoric shower near the middle of this month. The speaker gave a brief history of past showers of meteors, and told of the beliefs of the ancients in regard to the stars. In reference to the probable cause of meteors, Proctor's Meteor Theory was explained and compared with La Place's Nebular Hypothesis. “The location of the November shower,” said Prof. White, “will appear to be in the constellation of Leo. We may look for this display in the heavens probably on the morning of November 16, or 17.” The lecture was accompanied by a large diagrammatic chart of the northern constellations, and suspended loops of wire showing the relative positions of the earth's orbit and the path of the sun.

LOCALS.

—Have you seen those “specs” on Gainey’s nose?

—Joseph Blair, ’97, spent several days at the college early in October.

—Among the new papers on the library tables we notice the Literary Digest.

—We were all entertained recently by a visit from the monkey and the hand organ.

—Several of the students visited the annual Fair at Winston the latter part of October.

—Rev. James R. Jones conducted chapel exercises on the morning of October 19th.

—Mr. W. N. Nicholson, of Belvidere, N. C., paid friends at the college a visit recently.

—Will some one please inform Bulla if there is any difference between Latin and Mathematics.

—Jones in debate—“Great Britain has more right to the Transvaal than England and I can prove it.”

—Harry Daniels and William McCulloch, otherwise known as “Josh Billings,” have returned to school.

—Miss Emma Hammond paid the college a visit on the 14th of October. Miss Mary Petty was also with us a few days later.

—Mr. Lee S. Smith has moved into his large dwelling house near his store and Mrs. Warner is now occupying the rooms vacated by Mr. Smith’s family.

—Two new prizes are offered to the students of the college this year: one for the best essay on capital punishment, the other for the best essay on peace.

—Many old students came up to the Mebane game Oct. 7th. Among them we noticed John and Jim Fox, Chas. and Repheleus Kerner, Chas. Thomas, John Benbow and others.

—Wade Apple and John Henley have been compelled to leave school on account of their eyes, and John Lindsay on account of

home duties. We hope to see them back amongst us again quite soon.

—There was a very enjoyable social in Founders on the evening of Oct. 7th. Though the weather was damp the spirits of the students were not. The football victory of the afternoon made every one “love his neighbor as himself.”

—A scholarship is now offered from Guilford to the Baltimore Medical College for women, to the young lady of the senior class making the highest record. This is a good opportunity for Guilford's medically inclined girls.

—A translation of Vondel's *Lucifer* by Mr. Leonard Charles Van Noppen has been placed in the library. Mr. Van Noppen is an alumnus of Guilford and *The Collegian* is glad to extend congratulations to the author for his merited success.

—Some well meaning person or persons were so kind as to send a box of fruit to two young ladies of Founders. The recipients appreciate the fruit very much, but as it was a small, frost-bitten watermelon they doubtless have remembered that it is “more blessed to give than to receive.”

—President Hobbs recently spent some days in Raleigh meeting with other members of the “State Board of Examiners.” It is the duty of this Board among other things to grant lifetime certificates for public school teachers; to prescribe a course of reading recommended for teachers; and they are also held responsible for the courses of study in all the colored normal schools of the State.

—The Y. M. C. A. has organized two Bible classes. The first year class comprises six young men studying *The Life of Christ*. The second class, numbering seven, is studying the *Life of Paul and the Epistles*.

—The Christian Endeavor meetings held each Sunday evening in King Hall are very helpful and interesting to all who attend. The interest in these gatherings is manifest in the fact that the room is always full.

PERSONALS.

John Van Noppen is in Atlanta, Ga., studying dentistry.

Ocia Redding is conducting a school at Hooverhill, N. C.

Mary Davis is spending the winter at her home in Westminster.

Pearl Idol, here in '99, is spending the winter at her home in Jamestown.

Leslie Cartland has entered the tailor business with his father in Greensboro.

Oscar Redding, '98, is in business with Mr. J. Elwood Cox, of High Point, N. C.

Ed. C. Blair was married to Annie Meredith, of Washington, D. C., October 4th, 1899.

Alpheus Barker, a student of Guilford in '89, is with Rhodes Belting Co., Wilmington, Del.

Rush King is Assistant Civil Engineer of Greensboro and is, we understand, doing a good business.

S. Halstead Tomlinson, '98, is traveling in the interests of the Home Furniture Co. of High Point, N. C.

Maie Sampson, we understand, has recently gone to Baltimore, where she expects to spend the winter visiting.

Rosa Thornton, who was here in school a few years ago, was recently married to W. Fleming Smith, at High Point.

Emma L. White, '92, is at her home in Belvidere, N. C., where she expects to have charge of a school during the winter.

Elizabeth Coffin, '99, who was honored by receiving the Bryn Mawr scholarship, is pursuing a course in that institution.

We miss very much from our midst Estelle English, Minnie Williams, and Rosa Moffitt, all of whom are now at their respective homes.

Archie Worth, an old Guilford student and recently in the employ of the government in Cuba, has returned home, to the delight of his many friends.

Lola Stanley, '89, left her home at Guilford College several

weeks ago, to resume her work as Principal of the Aurora High School, near Rich Square, N. C.

Mr. Herbert Cartland, a former student at Guilford College, and Miss Bessie Hargrave of Lexington, N. C., were married Oct. 17th. *The Collegian* wishes them much happiness.

The past year a scholarship was offered a graduate of Guilford from the Baltimore Medical College. This has been awarded to Laura D. Worth, '92, for the present year. She has recently entered upon her new field of work.

Nellie Riddick, a student at Guilford the Fall term of '98, was married on the first of November to Mr. John Reed McMullan. The bride and groom will make their home in Hertford, N. C., where the latter is in business. *The Collegian* extends good wishes.

By mistake in the last issue of *The Collegian* a statement was made that "Walter Mendenhall, '98," was married. We hasten to make the correction. It is Walter W. Mendenhall, '92, who has recently married. We trust that this blunder of ours will not set a report afloat which will have a tendency to frustrate any connubial anticipations of Mr. Mendenhall, '95.

EXCHANGES.

As we go to press there are about thirty-five or forty exchanges on the table which have reached us from various colleges and universities this term. Many of these are up to their standard of past issues, while others, as might be expected, show crudities and lack of experience resulting from new and inexperienced management.

The October number of the *Georgetown College Journal* maintains its high standard of excellence. Any one reading of the noble life of John Vinton Dahlgren can hardly help being inspired to higher things. He was a graduate and benefactor of Georgetown College, and died very young, having given promises for an extremely bright career.

One of our best southern college exchanges is the *Wahe Forest Student*. All departments in the number before us are well conducted. "The Appeal to Nature," by Prof. W. S. Poteat, is quite a

scholarly and well written article, and is worthy of the attention of any who enjoy literary gems.

Many of us have had the pleasure of hearing Professor Poteat, and know he is a man of deep thought.

The sketch entitled "Scrubs" is very interesting as well as true to life. The character is a scrub in a large university whose sole ambition is to make the team. Finally a day comes when he is to play in the varsity and decide his fate. When the game is nearly finished he is called with the ball. Realizing it the moment of his life he plunges forward to place the ball behind the goal, but loses it, and the time is called. Of course, he remained a scrub.

Two copies of the *Penn Chronicle* are on our exchange table. This is a twelve-page paper, now in its fourteenth volume, published by the students of Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. The content of this periodical is of slight interest to any but those who have a personal acquaintance with that institution. With the exception of a single short article in one of the numbers every word in the two copies before us relates to local matters. It is evidently the aim of the editors to simply chronicle the events occurring at Penn College.

At a time when nearly every college in the country which makes pretensions of any rank whatever is endeavoring to publish a magazine, throwing open its columns to the students and thus encouraging them in a development of their literary tastes and ability to write, we are a little surprised that the students of Penn College should not conceive the idea of endeavoring to do something of a similar nature. Their policy seems to be not to give the readers of their paper any articles of history, travel, stories, verses, or essays even. Possibly they think the literary magazines of the country are the sources which we should seek for such literature. Granted that there is where we would naturally expect the best material of this kind, yet very creditable articles can sometimes be prepared by students if they are given a chance to show what they can do, and you may be doing them a great injury by withholding from them such a privilege.

An exchange department would bring you in closer touch with the other college publications. Why sit in a circle and see nobody but yourselves and chatter local gossip twice a month throughout the year?

The October issue of *The Erskinian*, published by the Literary Societies of Erskine College, Due West, S. C., is before us. The exchange editor of that journal invites criticism and we will essay to review this number.

It contains first a short editorial of greeting which chants in the usual strain the song of the incoming editor, to the effect that he is unworthy to follow so brainy a man as his predecessor, but will venture to outline his policy and earnestly plead for the support of the students. Then comes an article entitled "Tekel," which is a sort of poetic wail on the follies of man and the shortness of human life. Following this is another contribution written in a similar style. This is a mournful apostrophe to Spain, and the title of the article refers to her "Departed Glory." At the close the writer hurls this awful prophecy into the teeth of that trembling nation: "Thy fate has been sealed."

"Dangers of Territorial Expansion," is a production which contains some sensible ideas on the subject of expansion. "The Success of American Arms" is another oratorical flight which is quite well written and contains one or more misstatements. "Southern Patriotism" is a short, rather well knit paper which holds the interest of the reader and at the same time appeals to one's Southern pride. The editorial department appears to us to be rather the best edited of any part of the magazine. In one of his compositions the editor strikes a good note on the subject of cheating on examination when he says in reference to this evil: "The only remedy is among the students themselves." The "Alumni Department" and "College Notes" are prepared, of course, for a limited circle of readers and are not supposed to interest greatly the general public.

Mr. Kerr, the exchange editor, has not in this issue had the opportunity of showing his powers as a critic. His few introductory remarks indicate a familiarity with good English. On the whole we have quite enjoyed looking through the *Erskinian*. Its main defects as a college publication are, we would say, the absence of fiction, of verse, of any solid article which really shows thoughtful research, and coupled with this a strong tendency to encourage a flighty, superficial manner of writing and speaking. Perhaps like some of the rest of us, however, the editors experience some difficulty in securing suitable verse and fiction. When this is the case, all that can be expected of an editor is to make the most out of the available material.

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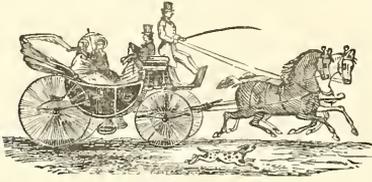
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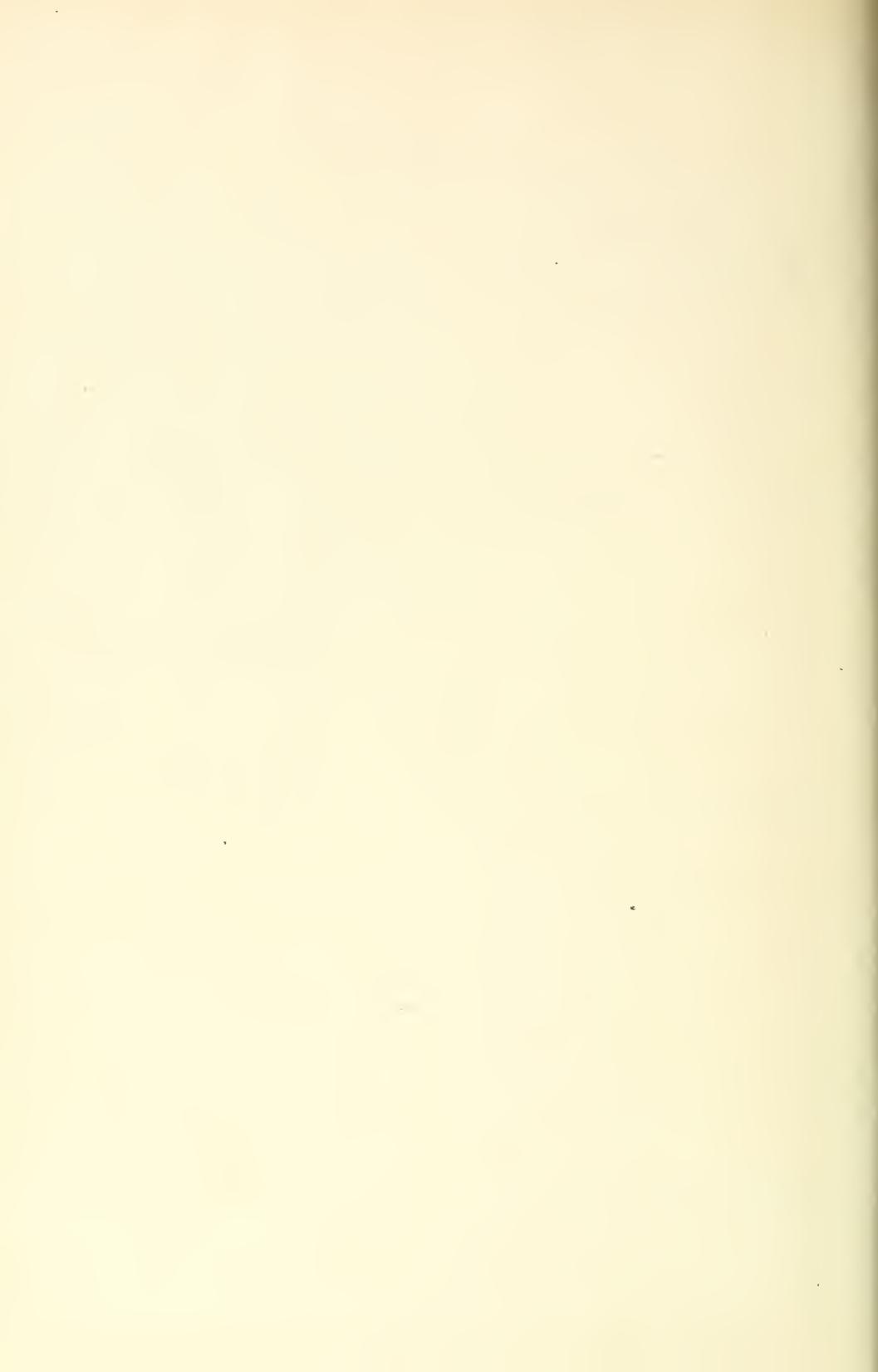
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THE

Guilford Collegian.

December, 1899.

▲▲▲ CONTENTS ▲▲▲

I. Professionalism in College Athletics. J. W. Lewis, '99.....	75
II. Aesthetics for the Blind. Anna T. Jones.....	78
III. Over Cuts. Wm. McCulloch, '01.....	80
IV. The Quest for the Cormorant's Nest. T. G. Pearson.....	81
V. Sketches. Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of—Lost and Won—The Botanist.....	84
VI. Poem—A Rose.....	89
VII. Editorial. The Laugh on A. and M—Donations—Educate the Girls— Professional College Athletes—Guilford's Attitude To- ward Athletics.—A Letter of Interest.—Small-pox.....	90
VIII. College Record. A Donation of Minerals—Lecture by Prof. Hodgkin —Foot Ball—Philagorean Entertainment.....	97
IX. Poem.—Captured.....	102
X. Locals.....	103
XI. Personal.....	105
XII. Exchanges.....	107
XIII Directory.....	108

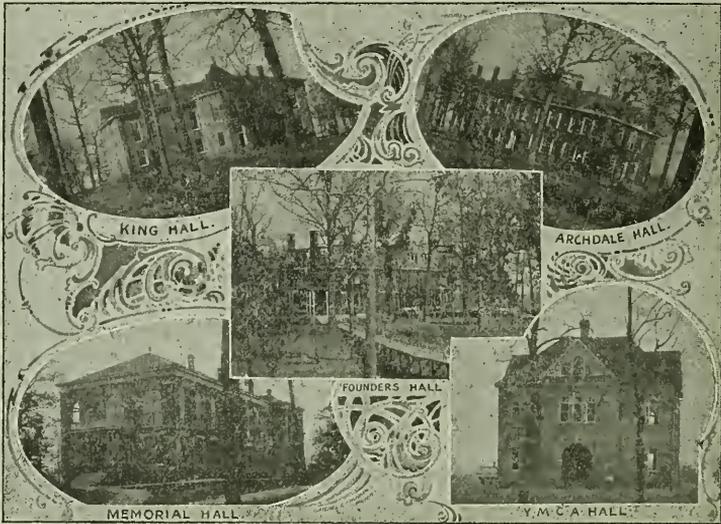
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DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 3.

PROFESSIONALISM IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

“Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer if you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.”

There is something vitally wrong with the athletics of the colleges and schools in North Carolina which engage in intercollegiate contests. The evil should be sought out and eliminated before the college sports lose their reputation. The management of athletics in the various institutions has lost sight of their real purpose in the college and the true sport to be gotten out of them. Indeed, in some instances it would seem that they have not yet had a faint glimpse of the true object. In many cases in those institutions between which formerly there was a friendly rivalry in athletics, the spirit has degenerated into a bitter hatred, and then most properly to a final breaking off of all such relations whatever. Now the question is: What is the cause of this action? Every result must have a cause. The supporters of athletics in any of our institutions condemn every other one with the same thing, namely, professionalism in their athletics. It does not matter whether you try to modify this term or not, it finally amounts to the same thing; for it is a well-known fact that certain individuals would not be at certain institutions were it not for their athletic abilities. The individual in turn for his abilities gets remuneration in board, tuition, or money, directly or indirectly. Frequently the privilege of simple registration as a student is sufficient inducement. Those who use the word *student* in this connection had better acquaint themselves with its etymology.

Hearsay is not always without foundation, though it may generally be unreliable; but laying aside all hearsay, the writer can

point out specific cases of the above named things. From hearsay one would conclude that the athletics in the institutions in this state which are prominent in intercollegiate sports are rotten with the element of professionalism, and the results would necessarily indicate such a hypothesis. An effect can be attributed to a number of causes, and in the case in question the cause in every one may not have been the same. But why has Carolina discontinued all athletic relations with Virginia? Why does Guilford not play Oak Ridge Institute any more? Why did Bingham school of Mebane refuse to play a game of foot-ball with Horner school on October 14th last, after the latter's team had reached Mebane? Why did Guilford refuse a game with Horner for October 28th? Why did Carolina not play Trinity last spring in base-ball? These are questions which the public generally cannot answer correctly and to their own satisfaction, because they are not acquainted with the inner side of the athletic life of the different institutions in the State.

The element of professionalism is detrimental to the athletic spirit in the college as well as to the intercollegiate relations. To bring a person, whose primary business it is to be prominent in the athletic life, and who does not have the best interest of himself and college at heart, into a college community puts a damper on the proper spirit that should exist. The idea that is uppermost in the mind of the student body then is, that we must defeat our opponents now, fair or foul; because we have one man or two men who have a reputation in athletics, and we have paid them for their services, and they must repay us as manifold as possible. The object in securing such a person was not to enthuse the student body with a proper amount of true athletic zeal, but that they might defeat as many opposing teams as possible, and especially their hated rivals. One thing leads to another. The result is seen when two opposing teams which are supported by such a spirit meet. The supporters of one team are often ungentlemanly and indecent in their conduct toward the other, and then the second endeavors to return the same treatment. The players also are ever ready to take an unfair advantage if they think perchance it will be a step to victory in the end. Thus it is demoralizing.

In addition to this it discourages amateurism. The appearance of every illegitimate comer at once makes apparent one position less on the team to be filled from the amateur class; and in many instances causes the amateur to cease all efforts to develop himself

into a decent player; and the result is that there is a constant dearth of newly developed material to take the place of the graduate player and the *transient* professional. If the raw material which yearly comes to our colleges were properly encouraged and trained, it would not be necessary to wear out the professional on the college field. A large per cent. of the best athletic material in our institutions is not developed at all from year to year. Every institution should stand for and encourage amateur athletics if it wants to obtain the best results and those which will be permanent. Is one's vision to be so limited that he can see nothing in college sports more than simple victory?

Then there is a class of individuals who have no connection at all with the institution who are glad of an opportunity to engage in the college sports for the love of it and readily accept the proposition to "play just in this game." The influence of this class is generally as bad if not worse than the other. They have no right to be a member of a college team and call themselves college men, though they may happen to spend the season in a college community. It is almost impossible to find a college team, especially in foot-ball and base-ball, which is composed strictly of *college students*, and to have a clean, straight game, because of the taint which this element of professionalism has given the athletic spirit of the different institutions.

Now this element that is working in the athletic life of our colleges and schools is having a deadly effect. It is growing, and judging from the results already in evidence, will soon put an end to intercollegiate contests, for they will eventually fall into disrepute; and when that occurs the college authorities will step in and put a stop to intercollegiate games. Then college life will be less attractive to the majority of students. Athletics in college are a good thing and, I contend, a necessary institution; and without proving the latter statement here, the fact that college authorities encourage and tolerate them is sufficient argument for the first. Their primary purpose is to develop strong, healthy physical bodies among the students, and the contests permitted are simply encouragements. The students should engage in the contests for the sport, and win if they can. If they win, all right; but if they are defeated honestly and fairly by honest fellows it is no disgrace. Somebody must win and somebody must lose; in every case follow out the spirit of the quotation at the beginning of the article.

To eradicate the thing in question co-operation is necessary. One association cannot say to every other one, we shall not have any dealings with you unless you conform to certain rules which we have laid down; unless the majority adopt the same rules by general agreement. Such a policy would be detrimental to the athletic life of the association endeavoring to carry it out, because it would be a case of one against many, any one of which singly is just as strong as the first. An association of the colleges and schools of the State to govern their athletic relations, is not an impracticable idea, even though it may not meet with general approval. Clean, honest athletics is what we want and the only hope is to root out this professionalism which is destroying the true spirit, and this can be done only by the co-operation of all, or at least a majority.

J. W. LEWIS, '99.

AESTHETICS FOR THE BLIND.

In the education of the blind the love of the beautiful, the harmony of movement, of thought, of sound are too often lost sight of in the idea of utility, of means for mere physical existence.

It is a much mistaken thought that conceives for them only memory cramming, mechanical hand training and mental illustrations.

The three fold activity of man should be fully met and satisfied, the æsthetic tastes appealed to through the beauties of color and form.

Color to the blind is a real pleasure, though a fancied one. They have no direct knowledge but by means of comparison, derive much delight from the study of prismatic colors, their shades and tints. Red is known as warm-like the fire, inviting, glorious; yellow, dancing, mirthful, golden as the sunbeams; blue, cool, pure and pleasant. They can know well the proportionate value of these required for the formations of compound or secondary colors, though the actual sight results are wanting. And this knowledge, vague as it may seem, discovers for them new beauties in nature and her children. To know, by name, the color of the fragrant flower, of the rock, with its many faces, of the bird of warbling sweetness, makes more delightful the perfume, more beautiful the symmetry, more melodious the bird song.

With this use and understanding of color names, they are brought into nearer relationship with their environments, into closer sympathy with the sighted.

The beauty of grace and symmetry, hidden in angles, lines and faces of geometrical and life figures, is best known to their delicate sense of touch. The knowledge thus acquired enables them, not only to acquaint themselves with all tangible objects, but to draw, in the mind, the figures of higher mathematics, and to invent patterns of symmetry and architectural plans.

Psychologists generally believe the feeling of pleasure for music to be second of the æsthetic sentiments ; hence, deprived of the first color in the true sense, the average blind child possesses an unusual desire, and often an unusual talent for music. It is a mistake to claim sight as a pre-eminent aid to memory. What a child does is more lasting than that which is shown or told.

And, as with seeing children, the music should be given in forms of games and movement plays. It is even more essential with the blind, accustomed as they too often are, to a sedentary, listless life. Aristotle says, that children, through play accustomed to use motion, avoid indolent habits of body. And by means of these, the blind child loses the peculiar habits so often his, acquires force and ease of body and a sight knowledge, as it were, of the things symbolized and trades imitated—pleasing word pictures, giving him an insight into the activities of men, very needful and often unknown.

What a stimulus to memory these gesture-pictures become ! Deprived of these, the sightless child loses the best foundation for sense-development, for strength and proper use of muscle, for rightly directed motions, for early culture of intellect.

As the harmony of music may lead to highest thoughts and aspirations, so the beauties of form, size, and dimension seen only by touch-sight, the colors known but in name and symbol may lead them to contemplate God, to divine harmony of thought and purpose.

ANNA T. JONES.

OVER CUTS.

Once upon a time, a little boy whose name was John, was sent to New Garden Boarding School. He was fond of study and soon learned to love all the boys and girls, and was the favorite of the teachers. He was always obedient and punctual until the beginning of the wonderful incident which I am about to relate.

One day the grammar class was told that each member must write a composition and read it before the class. In vain our little hero tried to write something. At last he gave up in despair, and decided to take a "cut." So when the others went in to read compositions, John went to the turnip patch. Taking a few turnips he walked down into the woods, crawled into a hollow log to eat the turnips and to meditate. Soon he fell asleep. The teacher was surprised to find John absent from recitation. Night came; still no one had seen him. Next day search was made in vain. His friends and relatives mourned him as dead.

Many years afterward John awoke. His clothes seemed very old and close-fitting; the hollow of the log seemed smaller than when he entered it. He felt as if he had slept a very long time, yet he thought it must be the same Friday afternoon on which he had walked away from the school building. He went to the edge of the woods, but was so surprised at the changed appearance of the fields that he could not believe his eyes. He walked on until he came in sight of what he was sure must be the school building he had left. But near it were several large fine buildings. All around these were fine new dwellings. The trees were twice as large as when he left. He thought he must be dreaming, or else the magicians of Arabian Nights had been at work again.

As he approached the building that he was sure he had left a short time before, he saw many men and women; all strangers, and dressed differently from anything he had ever seen. Everybody looked at him curiously; no one knew him. After a time a short, stout, pleasant-faced little man, with the dignity and bearing of a professor, walked up to him and extending his hand said, "I see you are a stranger within our gates. Is there any one whom you wish to see?" Poor John replied that he didn't know what he wanted or where he was. That he had left school a few hours before, had fallen asleep in the woods near Boren's Pond; that since

awaking, he had found himself and all his surroundings changed. He asked the little professor if that place was New Garden. The important little man said, "No, this is Guilford College. Perhaps once long ago it may have been called New Garden. This building is Founders' Hall, there is the gymnasium, yonder is Archdale Hall (where the boys stay), this is King Hall, here in front of us you see Memorial Hall (a gift of our friends and former students), farther off is the Y. M. C. A. building. We have new, modern, substantial buildings, a strong faculty of scholarly men and women, a well cultivated farm of 300 acres of fertile land, an excellent barn, plenty of fine cattle. Our athletic team has always sustained an enviable reputation."

Here a restless youngster rushed up and asked the stranger whether he was going to take classical or scientific course. A tall young man asked him if he were a foot-ball player; another asked him if he expected to play on first base-ball nine. One of the young ladies bashfully asked whether he would be a Sophomore or a Junior. Poor John could only weep and groan. He asked about some of his old school mates. He was told that all his old teachers were dead—their gravestones could be seen in the cemetery. One of his schoolmates was now president of the college; others were professors; some were members of Congress; still others were poets, writers and ministers.

At this point the supper bell rang. John declined to go in, saying he had been eating turnips and didn't wish any supper—that, while endeavoring to collect his thoughts, he preferred to be alone for a short time. So the crowd went to supper leaving him alone in the fading twilight. One of the Freshmen, calling attention to the great number of recitations that had been missed during the long years of sleep, explained that John would not pass his subjects on account of his "over-cuts."

WM. McCULLOCH, '01.

THE QUEST FOR THE CORMORANT'S NEST.

A long black line appeared upon the horizon and bore down upon us, a pulsating waving battalion of three hundred great birds flying abreast. Over the waves of Pamlico Sound they came, their long wings almost touching the water with every stroke. From the deck of our vessel we watched them cross our bows and wing

their way far into the glare of the sinking sun to a spot where a low-lying island of shells reared its back above the water. Here among hundreds of their fellows they alighted and drawing their sable wings about them, sought the rest and sleep which the night should bring. This island was the general roosting place not only of the cormorants which fed in Yesocking Bay, but also for those which mustered from all the region lying between Roanoke Island on the north and Hatteras Inlet on the south-east.

About these waters they lived, singly or in flocks and procured their living by diving and capturing their prey from the abundant schools of shad, herring and manhaden which swarmed in the Sound. In the spring they are supposed to leave for the north, and standard works on Ornithology say that the summer home of the cormorant does not extend to the Southern States, that its nest is never built south of the lakes of Illinois. There is one exception given to this however, a small southern race being known to live and breed in Florida.

A few weeks later when we again approached the island as the sun went down and no cormorants were seen gathering there, we might be led to suppose that they had all departed for the north not to return until the autumn. Otherwise was, however found to be the case. Here and there on a channel stake or buoy would be seen perched a great black bird, with short stout legs and webbed feet, rearing its head on a long slender neck nearly three feet in the air. Now and then a bird rising from the water would lead straight away for the mainland and disappear against the forests on the shore. They were especially numerous in the neighborhood of Beaufort where the people from long familiarity with the birds have named them "Nigger Geese," or "Bogue Sound Lawyers." About the inland lakes or in some of the fresh-water swamps these birds must rear their young, was the thought which came again and again and would not down. Into the swamps we went and about the lakes we searched from the upper end of Albemarle Sound southward along the coast one hundred miles and more to Old Topsail Inlet. For eight weeks the search was in vain, the secret breeding place of the cormorants was still unknown.

One morning late in May our expedition moved away from the railway station of Havlock and headed southward through the pine forests of Craven county. Our outfit consisted of a wagon, a canvas canoe, and us three—the mule, the native and me. After ten miles

of travel through a barren country with scarce a human inhabitant a halt was made near an old plantation. Our light canoe was launched in a large ditch dug by negro hands in the days of slavery for draining the land. Sitting flat in the bottom of the canoe we presently emerged from the shadows of the cypress swamp and passed out upon the shallow waters of Lake Ellis. Then for three miles we paddled while black-birds and gallinules called to us from the reeds along the shores and the islands, and great white egrets floated like fragments of snowy clouds across the sky above or viewed us from some far standing cypress top. On the west side of the lake the canoe was taken from the water, inverted over the guide's head, and we pushed on another mile, first over a marsh, then through a tangled jungle of vines and forest trees.

Again the canoe was launched and now we found ourselves floating upon the body of water known as Big Lake. For seven miles it spread before us a beautiful rippling sheet. For two-thirds the distance the shore is lined by a dense cypress swamp, the remaining portion being clothed with a barren pine pocosin. The timber everywhere grows down to the water's edge, and many cypress trees and stumps stand well out from shore like giant forest monarchs who have waded knee deep into the cooling lake. Often these are capped with the immense nests of the osprey, the fierce fish eagle of the coast. Herons of different species had also built the nests for their young here and there on the boughs of the overhanging trees. Probably not more than once a year does a boat of any kind ever float on this secluded lake. There are no dwelling houses for miles around and the wild things here are seldom disturbed. A doe and her fawn coming down to the water to drink eyed us from a distance for many minutes before taking fright. Two large alligators floated quietly in our course making no effort to keep from sight at our approach until the double discharge of my gun awoke the long silent echoes on either shore.

In this region, my guide had said we would surely find the nests of the nigger geese, and I could but feel that surely at last we must be approaching the summer haunts of the cormorant. And we found them! Along the northern shore of the lake they had their breeding place. Low spreading cypress trees, their tops reaching as a rule not more than twelve or fifteen feet above the water, were the sites chosen for the nests. Eighteen trees, scattered along the shore for a mile and a half, were thus used. A few trees contained

only one nest each, some were occupied by two, while in several others six, eight, ten, and twelve nests were noted. One tree held thirty-eight which were occupied. The number of occupants to the nest, either eggs or young birds, was in all cases two or three. One hundred and fifty inhabited nests were counted. In color the eggs are a pale bluish white overlaid with a more or less soft calcareous coating, and measure about two and a half inches in length by one and a half in width. The nests were made entirely of dead sticks and twigs, with often a few green leaves on the top. The structures were usually about one foot across. The food of the cormorants at this season of the year must consist largely of the common eel. In nearly every nest signs of eel's remains were seen. The young birds upon becoming excited would disgorge fragments of eels. The old birds which were taken usually had the slime of eels about their heads, necks and bills. The young birds were covered with blackdown, and many of them were large enough to leave their nests and climb about on the branches of the trees. In doing this they would often lose their balance on the limbs while endeavoring to escape, but instead of falling into the water the hook at the point of their bills would invariably catch on the perch and by dint of much scratching the birds would soon regain their former position. Queer fellows were these baby nigger geese, who were being raised here amid the wild surroundings of a Carolina lake.

The old birds upon our approach left their nests and after flying wildly about for some time settled on the water several hundred yards away. Here they remained until as we passed on around the lake they left the water in a body and rising gradually, went winging rapidly back to their ancient breeding grounds, back to their hungry, clamoring young.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

SKETCHES.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

Worn out with study for my "quarterly" examinations, I fell asleep last night in my chair, and wandered off into the land of dreams. A very strange land it seemed to me, and yet a very beautiful and a very real one; one where the streams of childhood ran for awhile between grassy banks of memory and then widen-

this direction, things dim, uncertain and strange came before me, but as I looked intently, they stood out full and clear. It seemed that by the touch of some magic wand, I had gained great learning, and had become the recognized authority on all branches of study taught at Guilford College. I fancied I saw the faculty coming to me day after day to take lectures on many subjects and to learn my opinions on many things. On the morrow I was to give an examination on things in general, and this examination all of them must stand. How rejoiced I was at the thought of taking vengeance on each teacher for all the hardships he had imposed upon me, and for all the unanswerable questions with which he had plied me. As the nine o'clock bell rang, I could see them coming into the room, some by one door, some by another, each trying to appear composed, yet each one, in some characteristic way, showing evidence of suppressed excitement. Some of them apparently, had been through similar ordeals before, but to some it was a new experience. These caught my attention especially. One came up the stairs two steps at a time, and appeared in the room; one hand in a trousers pocket; a note book and yard stick under that arm, and a cap and a nose-guard in the other hand; searching from side to side for a convenient seat in which to slip. A second, armed with a bird skin, a pair of tree climbers and a GUILFORD COLLEGIAN, sat down ready for work; while a third, with shoulders squared, head erect and eyes looking straight through the glasses set on his nose, marched with becoming dignity toward the front of the room. Yes the hour had come; the instructors were taking their seats; in silent anxiety they were awaiting the first knotty perplexing question; when the clang of the retiring bell aroused me from my dream, which as I think of it, seems not altogether a dream.

LOST AND WON.

"I feel so bad," he groaned, "but I can't help it, I love her so. O Edith, Edith! And the great athlete turned in his bed with a despairing kick and sobbed on in the darkness until the chickens crowed for morning. Now the remarks of a certain little woman the evening before who was now peacefully dreaming a few blocks down the street had effectively served to upset this man's cup of slumber. "No George," she had said to him about 11 p. m., "I ing, lost itself on the misty plains of the future. As I went on in

shall never kiss you until I love you. You say we cannot be just friends, we must be lovers or nothing. As I have already told you I do not believe that I really love you, so I think we had better say good-bye and be just nothing to each other."

He had been telling her for the thousandth time how much he loved her and how he could not live without her. Her remark threw him into perfect paroxysms of agony. He wriggled and squirmed and fawned and sobbed, but she was weary of his continued wooing and finally bidding him good night she went in, while he hurried off to his room to fast and weep the hours away. His thoughts were bitter. He did not abuse her. He did not call her cruel and heartless for he knew she was a good and sensible girl. But he abused his bad luck and wondered why he was the only fellow in the world who had such a tough time with his love affairs.

At three in the afternoon he came on the athletic field with his college foot-ball team to play an eleven, the captain of which had been his most formidable rival. How he despised the handsome rascal as he saw him chatting gaily with Edith before the game. He did not feel like playing with his usual snap and he said to himself, "Edith will be sorry for me because I play so poorly. She will know it is because I am all broken up over her and she will love me again and the world will be gay once more." Poor fellow, he did not know girls well. He played miserably. Near the close of the first half the hated captain skirted the end and came flying down the field towards George who was playing well back towards the goal line. For the first time he felt his pluck rise. He would down that rascal—kill him if he could. He ran swiftly, tackled low, received the captain's "stiff arm" with three or four fingers in his eyes and rolled over in the dust groaning with pain and kicking with despair as he had done twelve hours before.

The first half was over. The opposing team had scored. As George arose from the dust a new set of thoughts seemed to take possession of his mind, which grew and shaped themselves into a plan of action during the ten minutes' interval before the game recommenced. A strong manly resolve had come into his life and now he played like a tiger. His friends had never seen him charge through the line so furiously. Before the game had ended he had helped his side carry the ball over for the two touch downs, and the hated captain was beaten. He went over to the grand stand, passed near Edith without bowing and received the congratula-

tions of Elizabeth Roberson, a young woman whom Edith knew had long been a warm and true friend of his. That night he was with Elizabeth at the foot ball reception and they sat much apart enjoying each other's company. Edith saw Elizabeth pin a rose on his coat and noted the happy smile George gave in return. As they were leaving some one handed him a tiny note. He glanced at its contents. It was from Edith asking him to stop in a moment on his way up street as she had something for him. "It's my letters he muttered."

. When he had seen Elizabeth home he went to his room, gathered up all of Edith's letters and a dozen odds and ends she had given him and started down the street. A servant showed him into the drawing room. He piled the letters on the centre table and was standing looking at a picture on the wall when the door opened and Edith entered. He turned with a stiff bow. She came straight up to him, put her hands behind her and said in a very low and gentle tone, "George, does one ever have a right to change their mind?" His stiffness vanished. The rose on his coat was broken and as she lifted her face to his he knew what it was she had to give him.

THE BOTANIST.

A few years ago a young Harvard student came down to North Carolina to spend a portion of his summer vacation in observing and collecting certain forms of summer flowers known to grow in the western part of the state. Up in the Unicoi mountains he went and there found a boarding place with "Old Windy Williams," an ex-moonshiner, an ex-revenue officer, and an ex-county sheriff. Old Windy had a daughter named Bell who had been off to school for two sessions, she could play an organ, wore shoes all summer long, and withal enjoyed the reputation of being "the toniest and most stuck-up gal hereabouts." She liked the Harvard student and he found her not altogether uninteresting. There were but few people in the region congenial to them, so as the summer wore on these young people came to enjoy each other's company more and more. Each probably had a little scheme up their sleeve, she to make a nice catch, he to pass the time with a pleasant flirtation.

Now there was one man who objected to all this "carrying on." This was John Saunders, who objected because he was jealous.

"Wolf Saunders" he was usually called, for he was a bear trapper of renown and it was supposed that he had caught the last wolf in the whole country a few years before. He had also tried preaching for awhile but had gone back again to distilling and trapping for a living. He had been Bell's favorite suitor for a time, but since the young botanist had come into the mountains it was plain to all that John's chances were slim. But he of the bear traps had his own plans. One early autumn morning the botanist went out for a last collecting trip before starting north. He never came back to old Windy's and poor Miss Bell mourned for him early and late all the fall and winter.

No one knows exactly what happened. But as the botanist was making his way along a narrow ledge far back among the crags where he had often trod before a great steel bear trap closed upon his leg. Heavy chains bound it to the rocks on one side and to a fallen tree on the other. There was no escape unless help came. After two hours of shouting he heard some one coming along the rocks, and around the corner strode Wolf Saunders. "Whose gal has ye been messen with, eh?" inquired big John of the mountains as he advanced waving a heavy club. Failing to heed his steps he stumbled and fell over the cliff. Fifty feet down he caught in the boughs of a stunted pine which grew out from the face of the rock and soon the shoutings of John, the preacher, the distiller and the trapper were mingled with those of the unlucky botanist. All day they called. They shouted singly and by volleys and made many unpleasant remarks to each other. The botanist peeped over the edge of the cliff and threw pebbles at the distiller, and the distiller swore in reply and asked him how he liked the grip of his bear trap.

Nobody came. All night they called at times. Next day the whiskey man bound himself to the tree with parts of his clothing and called and swore up the sides of the cliff. The student looked at a little photograph he carried of a young woman who lived a long, long way from the Unicoi mountains. Then he took his note book and pencil and wrote, and wrote a great many pages, pausing as he tore off each sheet to shout "help" a time or two. After a long while he pinned all the sheets together and put an address on the back of the little package. This and the photograph he put in his note book, wrapped his coat about them and placed the bundle in his tin collecting can. There on the rocks

through the hours he lay while the great pain bit at his wounded ankle, and the sun shone on his unprotected face, and a great hunger gnawed at his life, and the eager ravens watched from the crags above.

The next spring after the snows had gone from the mountains some revenue officers found far back among the crags two human skeletons. One of these lay with a leg held fast in a great steel-trap, the other was bound to a small pine tree down the side of the cliff. As they read the note which they took from the collecting can, one of the party remarked, "That's what comes of flirten with wimmen folks."

A ROSE.

So white and silent she lay that night,
 And her breath came fast through the darkened room,
 The blue eyes moved, but the fading light
 Of the lingering soul could not pierce the gloom.

She died;—a child who had gone to rest;
 The woman I loved with the golden hair;
 And I plucked a flower from the pulseless breast,
 And arose and fled through the death-dumb air.

* * * * *

Long years have gone; by the solemn shore
 Of that silent ocean which men call death,
 I walked at last with the rose of yore
 Held where it was fanned by the wave's deep breath.

I know not where on that lonesome night,
 Fled my sweetheart's soul through the trembling air,
 Nor in what safe spot she is hid from sight;
 But wherever she is I will find her there.

For the wild rose wears in its faded face,
 A lesson of truth from the skies above,
 To guide me safe to some pure sweet place;
 And there I know I will find my love.

—*University Cynic.*

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DECEMBER, 1899.

The Laugh on A. & M. The *Red and White*, the organ of the Athletic Association of A. & M. College, anticipated their game with Guilford in the following editorial which caused a good deal of merriment among the foot-ball men.

"To-day at 4 o'clock, we have our annual contest with Guilford College, and our team is confident of victory. Last Thanksgiving day we easily defeated Guilford by a score of 21 to 0; we see no reason why we should not beat them at least 30 to 0, for never before in the history of our College have we had such a strong team."

Everyone who knew anything about the game on the 10th was conscious that A. & M. expected to wipe the life out of the Guilford team, for they openly talked their expectations on all sides. It would seem, however, that the editor of their college paper would have a little more discretion than to print such as this before the game and thereby lay himself open to much good-natured jollying by the members of the opposing team.

A few weeks ago President Hobbs received a **Donations.** check for \$100 from Susan B. Hadley of Indiana, which money was to be placed in the general endowment fund of the college. Contributions for such a purpose are of course always gladly welcomed. Donations to Southern colleges in general usually come in by hundreds, or at most by thousands of dollars. It is only the most fortunate and generally the more northern institutions which receive their gifts by the tens of thousands or millions. The largest amount given to any one college during the present year was \$15,000,000 which was received by the Leland-Stanford University. In a note on the subject of donations to colleges and universities in a late issue of the *North Carolina Journal of Education*, the following statement is made:

“Since the beginning of the present year about \$30,000,000 have been donated by private individuals to American colleges and universities of which less than \$1,000,000 have fallen to Southern institutions.”

Educate the Girls. To morally elevate the people of a country there is no surer nor quicker way than by educating the young women who will be the mothers of the men of the next generation. The influence of the mother over the mind of her child is so paramount during the early pliable years of its life that the ideals which the mother possesses are bound to be in a measure the ideals of the son when grown. Far more than we sometimes think is it true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. In a recent number of the *Westonian* a lady writing on the subject of college training for women closes her article with these remarks:

“We send our young men to college to get some acquaintance with and love for the ideal before they are overwhelmed in the bustle of the market place. Suppose, however, that each child, boy or girl, had from the earliest youth daily contact with the ideal in the person of a broadly trained mother, would not the lesson be learned in a way impossible otherwise? Would it not be printed in characters that no after-influence could wholly efface? The college-trained mother will teach her son that there are higher ends in life than money-making; she will teach her daughters that there are other sources of interest than dress and show, and other occupations besides hunting for a husband. She can give them per-

sonal guidance in following out these higher interests. Her well-stocked mind is a never failing storehouse of resource for occupying, amusing, and instructing them, so that they need never fall into that deadly vacancy, which causes most of the mischief, vice, and crime committed in the world. A child constantly provided with something wholesome and interesting to do, is with the greater difficulty tempted into coarse and foolish employments."

In the South no set of people has ever stood stronger for the education of both the boys and the girls than has the Religious Society of Friends. Their records show that at a date early in this century there was not a single Friend's child in North Carolina that was not "in the way of receiving some instruction in school." For over sixty years Guilford College, as now named, has stood for co-education, granting to the young women students the same privileges and exacting the same demands from them as from the young men. And the friends and supporters of this college who have had the opportunity of seeing the blessed result of her labors and training in hundreds of the best houses of our commonwealth and elsewhere rejoice deeply and sincerely in the movement which is at last taking hold of other colleges in our State and causing them to open their doors to the sisters of the young men whom alone it was first intended to educate.

Professional College Athletes. On another page will be found Mr. Lewis' timely and excellent article on "Professionalism in College Athletics." While we know that this is an attack on the set policy of a very large number of our institutions we believe the writer is striking a true note when he pleads for an organized effort among our schools to suppress the growing tendency of professionalism. The habit is rampant in our institutions of learning. We doubt very seriously if there has been a single school or college foot-ball team in North Carolina the past year but that contained one or more men who had been given inducements in one form or another to enter school for the purpose of playing ball. We know it is the case with many.

To our mind one of the most serious evils which result from this state of affairs is that it gives undue prominence in the college community to a man who is often a questionable character and is generally a poor student, simply because he is a skilled and hired

athlete. The industrious student, the hard-working student, the literary student is lost sight of in the mad rush to pay devotion to the professional athlete. He is the one whose praises are chanted both in songs and shoutings and by the college press. While a public debate or an oratorical contest may occupy half a page of printed matter the doings of a few athletes will in the course of the season occupy many pages. The effect on the young student is simply this: he is taught to regard the hireling as the greatest man in college; he becomes a worshiper of the foot-ball hero and is naturally inclined to exemplify his actions and manners of life, and as a result the whole moral tone of the institution is in danger of being determined by the moral tone of this employed hero of gigantic influence.

Do you want to know why it is that our institutions are so eager for the aid of professional athletes? It is because they want their teams to win. Why are they so very, very anxious to have them win? Read this answer, O ye college foot-ball enthusiast, and admit the truthfulness of the statement! *For the advertisement it gives the institution.* A good athletic team is an advertisement to the school it represents. People anxious to increase the number at their schools consider that they can afford to use some of their advertising money in employing men to come and matriculate and play ball. They are anxious to defeat their opponents and lose sight of the moral effect such a course taken to accomplish the end may have on the minds of the young with whose education they are intrusted. The plan has been so generally adopted that in schools containing about the same number of students the one which makes the greatest expenditure in money and employs the most strenuous efforts to hire skilled athletes is the usual victor.

This is not all; we wish that it were. Some institutions even go so far as to employ teachers (men who are to train and mould the delicate minds of the young), not because they are scholarly, not because they are teachers of experience, not because they are fine moral and religious examples, but because they are *athletes*. This statement is as positively true as the one that certain schools employ men to come as students and play, although there is more of an effort made to conceal the fact. Many people doubtless do not know that this is the case. Let us give a little evidence which has come to hand of a single example. In a letter which is now before me from the manager of the foot-ball team in a well-

known preparatory school in North Carolina this statement is made: "I will be honest with you and not deny that Mr. D—'s foot-ball ability was one of the primary considerations in engaging him as a teacher; without D— the team would not be strong enough to give you an interesting game." What a dreary state of affairs this suggests! Are we to allow all this to continue? Where will be the end?

**Guilford's At-
titude
Towards
Athletics.**

It has long been the set policy of the authorities of Guilford College to encourage athletics in every way they could. But they have had their own notions in regard to how far they could go. They like to see the boys play tennis, base-ball, and foot-ball; they like to see them engage in track athletics or in other sports. Class games are encouraged, and contests with other teams have always been permitted. But here they feel that their duty ends. They believe that the college athletic teams should be composed only of those men who happen at that time to be students. So far as we have been able to learn never, with possibly one or two exceptions, has a cent of money ever gone out of the college treasury to aid a student to come here simply to play ball. Ball players have ever had to pay their tuition the same as other students.

Now and then friends of the college have criticized this policy, saying that such ideas are "Old Fogy Quaker notions." But a high order of Christian life and activity, the Faculty have believed, is a greater point to be striven for than a long list of athletic victories. Knowing of the baneful effects on the minds of the young which many of the hired athletes exert, they have endeavored to guard against any movement which might bring men of careless character into our midst. "You will never have the standing among the other colleges which you deserve until you hire some athletes and work up some fine ball teams," once said a well-meaning friend. "Better never be known in athletics at all," replied an old Friend, "if in so doing we are to lose sight of the real purpose of our college life here."

This is one of the many ways in which the students here have been hedged about with careful protection and an earnest Christian spirit for sincere study cultivated. As a result Guilford College in her quiet, unassuming way, has been yearly sending out strong

young men and women who have ever been faithful examples of carefully trained Christian students. This is the reason that wherever Guilford College is known men speak well of her name. She has no graduate to whom she cannot to-day point with pride and say, "That young man is my son," or, "that young woman is my daughter." And they honor her and reverence her as their strong *alma mater* who seeks for the right and follows it regardless of how the world may move.

At times the Athletic Association has endeavored to furnish some financial assistance to players in order to strengthen the college team, and thus perhaps be better fitted to hold their own against their friendly rivals. But such a course has not met with general approval. No help has been tendered to any player the past season, and such movements never have the support of the college authorities.

**A Letter
of Interest.**

Of the seventy-three pupils who were in school here at New Garden the first year of its opening in 1837 only about a dozen are now living. One of these is Mrs. E. H. Wilson, of Richmond, Indiana. The following from a letter recently received from her, we believe will be of interest to our readers :

"I wanted also to say a few words about the article in last COLLEGIAN in relation to the old meeting house and the battle of Guilford Court House. I do not know that it is correct history but my impression is that the battle commenced somewhere near the old New Garden meeting house and the wounded there were taken to that place and the lumber that was piled about to be used in repairing the house was made into temporary scaffolding on which to lay the wounded soldiers. The spots on the ceiling were pointed out to us as having been made by the blood of the wounded men. There was a mound in the old grave yard where we were told six soldiers were buried in one grave. We were also told they fought and retreated to Martinsville where they made a stand and the main battle was fought there. In crossing the old battleground some sixty or seventy years afterwards as a little school girl I often found bullets, mashed balls, &c., after a rain had washed the soil from them.

But what I wished mainly to say was about a sermon I heard

Nathan Hunt preach not later than 1837 or 1838, perhaps, but it made a deep impression on my mind and I have wondered if any one else remembered it.

He spoke of the battle at that place where he then was in the old meeting house and enlarged on the awful horrors of war and went on to say there were those who heard him speak who would live to see a repetition of such scenes in that land. In time of profound peace in our country it seemed a strange prophecy to make, but such of you as lived then can bear testimony to the truthfulness of its fulfillment. I remember well how, with a child's profound faith in everything "Uncle Nathan" said, I fully expected war in the near future, but days and years in the great cycles of events are not counted as a child would count them, but in fullness of time they came all the same. I thought thee might be interested in this little item that perhaps no other person remembers."

Late in November Cecil Boren, '95, living at **Small-pox.** Pomona, was taken ill, and later it developed that his sickness was a case of small-pox. Before this identification was made a number of persons called to see him and were thus exposed to the disease. Early in December several cases developed among these persons. One was Archie Worth, living a mile and a half east of Guilford. Mrs. McNairy, also living near the college, was taken ill and the disease being complicated with other things caused her death on December 10th.

But little fear was felt at the college that small-pox would break out in our midst. Some students living in the nearby towns, however, fearing to be quarantined away from home during the holidays, were granted permission by the faculty to stand their examinations after Christmas, and went home. The college work as a whole was uninterrupted and but slightly affected.

COLLEGE RECORD.

A DONATION OF MINERALS.

While spending the past summer in Colorado and Arizona, Mr. Richard P. Mendenhall, who is now living at Deep River, N. C., secured by purchase and collecting some interesting mineralogical specimens. Mr. Mendenhall's deep love for the study of minerals has ever been a great passion of his life, and wherever he has gone he has never failed to bring away from the regions visited trophies which speak of his investigations there made. Many of these collections have been given by Mr. Mendenhall to the Guilford College Museum of Natural History. The specimens taken the past summer in the far west have also been placed here. They arrived a short time ago from Deep River and were immediately placed on exhibition.

The package contained seventy carefully labelled rocks and minerals. Some of the most attractive of these are the Amazon stone and the Pink Gypsum from Colorado, the latter being from the "Garden of the Gods." Other rocks show plainly the marking of ferns and moss which grew many centuries ago during the very dawn of life. From Arizona there are a number of samples of silver, copper and gold ore. There are some very beautiful specimens of Crystallized Onyx, the brilliant rose quartz, and the oddly formed crystals of Aragonite. Of the interesting things which the collection contains, however, none are so striking, so splendid, or so gorgeous as the great pieces of agatized wood from the ancient fossil forests of Arizona.

In that region where no trees are found the earth once teamed with great forest giants. These have long since fallen and now lie burned at varying depths beneath the surface of the prairie. But a great change has come over them, for, while the form and pattern of the trees is still preserved, every particle of wood has been replaced by silicious material, and what were once logs of wood are now logs of stone. Many shades of red and orange and black are here intermingled with a most beautiful and astonishing effect.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR HODGIN.

On the evening of November 18th, Professor Samuel H. Hodgin delivered a lecture to the students and faculty of Guilford College on the subject, "The Importance of the Study of English Literature and Composition in our Schools." This, as was expected, proved to be of a most interesting character. Hardly have we listened to so pleasing a lecture this year and all who heard it agree that it was well worthy the expressions of high praise heard on all sides. During the course of his discussion the following theses were maintained:

English Composition is a study co-ordinate with English Literature. The study of Composition is important as an aid in the study and appreciation of Literature. The continual practice of writing is the only way to obtain clearness, force, and elegance of expression.

Into all art enter two sorts of powers, communicable and incommunicable. It is for us to learn the communicable power—the technique of composition. An aid to good composition is a careful reading of the English Classics. Learn from the masterpieces what is good use in diction, in construction, in arrangement.

It is important to see the work as a whole—a unit; then a microscopic examination of the composition for any thing that will injure the effect. The place of English Literature in the curriculum is along with the ancient classics and mathematics.

Literature is a study of thought, and a study in the expression of thought. Literature is a reflection of a nation's life—political, social, economic, moral. The importance of a thorough course in English is greater to-day than ever before in our history. The English novel as a force for good or evil depends upon our previous training in Literature. It is the duty of the school and college to create a desire for a book whose content is pure, noble and elevating.

FOOT-BALL.

GUILFORD, O; A. & M. COLLEGE, O.

After being walked over by Carolina to the tune of 45 to 0, the team came home and proceeded to get in some hard practice for the A. & M. game. The fact that the Agricultural and Mechanical

boys had just tied the University in a hard game did not seem to leave any doubt as to the result; but the way in which the A. & M. team took Guilford into camp on last Thanksgiving day made our men doubly determined to make them work for what they got.

That they did this and a little to spare, is shown by the following from the *Raleigh News and Observer* for November 10th:

"Guilford College and the A. & M. elevens played the most evenly contested game of the season on the fair grounds gridiron yesterday afternoon. The Quakers were a distinct surprise both in offensive and defensive playing, and it was manifest from the first that the easy victory the Farmers had been promising themselves would not come their way. The fashion after which Guilford proceeded to "get in the game" from the start was a caution and throughout the first half A. & M. was kept on the defensive and several times it looked like Guilford would score, but each time failed. During the whole of the first half the ball was never in the territory of Guilford after the kick-off, once it was brought to the Farmers' 5-yard line and much of the time it hovered about the 20-yard line, the half ending with the ball only 12 yards from their goal.

"In the second half the A. & M. played better ball and almost reversed the first half, keeping the ball all the time in Guilford's territory and carrying it up several lines to the 20-yard line. Each time, however, the visitors responded to the call of their captain and held the A. & M. for downs, gaining the ball. Twice in succession with only one yard to gain the A. & M. failed on Guilford's line when the goal of the latter was in danger. At the end of the half the ball was on Guilford's 25-yard line.

"Guilford had a stout line, her backs were of good weight and reasonably fast and seldom failed to gain on rushes, though they made little around the ends save twice on a double pass. A. & M. made some good gains around the left end but could find no opening in the line. Both sides played with considerable snap but repeated slight injuries to players greatly delayed the game, requiring an hour and a quarter to play two 20-minute halves. The A. & M. also displayed a rather unbecoming tendency to kick, though the game throughout was clean and good-humored as between the teams.

Neither side scored.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

A. AND M.	GUILFORD.
McNeill.....	Center.....Plummer (c).
Paschall.....	Right Guard.....Farlow.
Fields.....	Left Guard.....Landreth.
Newton.....	Right Tackle.....Mendenhall.
Bunn.....	Left Tackle.....Patterson.
McKinonn.....	Right End.....Daniels.
Welch.....	Left End.....Wilson.
Morson.....	Quarter Back.....Cowles.
Caserley (c)	Right Half.....Hill.
Whitley.....	Left Half.....Reynolds.
Lougee.....	Full Back.....Dalton.

Substitutes.—A. and M.: Person, Turner, Ramsey, Bowden, Nichols, Sadler, Brown. Bowden was put in at guard and Ramsey at end for the last half. Guilford: Love, Milliken, Worth, Lewis, Ragan.

Umpire: H. C. Petty, of Greensboro; Referee, Perrin Busbee, of Raleigh.

The star playing for Guilford was done by Cowles, Farlow, Daniels and Wilson.

For the A. and M. Caserley played his usual excellent game, Morson was cool at quarter, Paschal stopped dangerous rushes and Welch tackled well.

GUILFORD 6; BINGHAM SCHOOL 0.

The Guilford team was feeling the effects of the previous day's game when it lined up against Bingham School on November 10th. Guilford did not play with the snap and dash that was shown in the A. & M. game, stiff legs and shoulders being somewhat in the way.

The first half was characterized by hard play, in which neither side had much advantage, although the ball stayed in Guilford's territory.

In the second half, Guilford secured the ball about midfield and set to work driving the guards and backs through the Bingham line until a touch-down was made. Goal. Score 6 to 0.

Bingham immediately braced, and for a while made all sorts of gains, end runs sometimes netting six, eight and ten yards. Time was called with the ball in Guilford's possession, dangerously near her own goal.

Farlow, Dalton, and Cowles played well, the work of Reynolds and Landreth was especially good, and Daniels' defensive game

was probably the best ever put up by a Guilford player. For Bingham: Johnson, Le Grande, Albright and Peden did the best work.

The line up:—

GUILFORD.	POSITION.	BINGHAM SCHOOL
Plummer (c).....	C.....	Suggs.
Landreth.....	L. G.....	Albright.
Farlow.....	R. G.....	
Patterson.....	L. T.....	Peden.
Mendenhall.....	R. T.....	Long.
Wilson.....	L. E.....	Clay.
Daniels.....	R. E.....	Faison.
Cowles.....	Q. B.....	
Reynolds.....	L. H. B.....	Johnson.
Hill.....	R. H. B.....	Legrande.
Dalton.....	P. B.....	Winston.

Time of halves 20 and 15 minutes. Touchdown, Hill. Goal, Cowles. Referee, Mr. Petty. Umpire, Mr. Mangum.

GUILFORD 2ND VS. HIGH POINT.

Saturday November 25, saw a game on the Guilford field between the "Scrubs" and a team of Juniors from High Point. The visitors were clearly outclassed both in size and team work, and the surprising thing about the score is that it was not 75 to 0 instead of 52 to 0. Referee, Wilson. Umpire, Parker. Time-keeper, Plummer.

PHILAGOREAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The young ladies of the Philagorean Society gave Guilford the treat of an excellent entertainment on the evening of December 2nd. Good acting, beautiful costumes, a large audience, and a pleasant night all combined to produce a joyful occasion. A play, entitled "Visions of Freedom," occupied the first part of the program. The characters in this were as follows:

Queen Mab of Dreamland,	- - - - -	Nellie Jones.
Dream Spirits.		
Gloria, Goddess of Freedom,	- - - - -	Annie Blair.
Rubina, her Counsellor of War,	- - - - -	Emma King.
Attendants.		
Serena, Counsellor of Peace,	- - - - -	Ada Field.
Attendants.		

In costume and manner Gloria, Queen Mab and Rubina were very striking. Serena's part was splendidly played. The tableau at the close in which Gloria crowns Serena was beautiful.

"The Open Secret," a farce, was given with the following cast:

Mrs. Wilkinson,	- - - - -	Lilly White.
Her Daughter,	- - - - -	Cornelia Wilkinson.
Little Daughter,	- . - - -	Rosa Few.
Cornelia's Friend,	- - - - -	Pearl Lindley.
Other college friends of Cornelia.		

In this local hits and witticisms kept the house in a roar of merriment. The star performers in this were Mrs. Wilkinson's daughter, Cornelia, her little daughter, Rosa Few, and a college friend, Miss Penelope Cobb. Both play and farce were well executed and won much applause.

A chorus of sixteen voices opened the program and piano duets by Mrs. Albright and Rosa Few were given between the plays and at the close. The chief marshal for the occasion was Miss Linnie Raiford. The sub-marshals were Misses Lilly White, Pearl Lindley, and Beatrice Wilson. Later in the evening refreshments were served, the receipts from which together with the admission fees at the door go towards furnishing the new hall of the Philagorean Society. Among the visitors present were noted, Misses Mary Petty, Gertrude Mendenhall and Dixie Lee Bryant, teachers from the Statè Normal; Dr. Thames and wife, Leslie Cartland and Herbert Petty from Greensboro; and Lena Freeman, Annie Tomlinson and Rufus King, from Archdale, N. C.

CAPTURED.

My name is Admiral Dewey,
 I'm a fighter, sir, by trade
 And many a luckless Spaniard
 In his ocean bed I've laid;
 No armament that now exists
 Could ever capture me,
 I'm a lion on the continents,
 A whale upon the sea.
 But a little blue eyed widow
 In her simple artless way

Sent her forces out to conquer me
 Down in Manila Bay;
 And in spite of all my bravery,
 My pomp and boasted pride,,
 I've surrendered to the fairy
 Who has now become my bride,
 For when this lovely creature
 Turned her azure glance on me
 And said, "Dewey, you're a goner,"
 I acknowledged it, you see.

The University Cynic.

LOCALS.

—Mr. Hole and family, of Ohio, have moved into the David White house.

—On Saturday night, Nov. 18th, Prof. Hodgkin delivered a lecture on "The Study of English."

—A certain Senior is very modest, he does not want the girls to know that he has had his picture taken.

—Charles Bradshaw paid the college a short visit on Nov. 18th. "Aspen Grove" intends to be with us again after Christmas.

—Dr. J. H. Pratt, the State Mineralogist, will deliver a lecture on "The Mineral Resources of North Carolina" on Dec. 13th.

—The Freshman class has organized. James Lewis was elected president and Miss Jennie Few secretary. Preps, "Go thou and do likewise!"

—The Junior class was given holiday for the week November 13th to 18th in which to prepare their orations, which are to be delivered December 16th.

—In accordance with the petition from the student body, the Board of Trustees have given the field back of the Y. M. C. A. hall for an athletic field.

—The Philagorean Society has been given half of the West Hall of Founders for a new society hall. This room is soon to be elegantly furnished by the society.

—Several of the Guilford boys living in Greensboro took part in a game of foot ball in that place between North Greensboro and South Greensboro on Thanksgiving day.

—The week of prayer of the Y. M. C. A., Nov. 13th-19th, was observed by prayer meetings each evening after supper in West Hall, Founders. Much interest was manifested, the room being full at every meeting.

—On Thanksgiving day according to a time halowed precedent the boys visited the girls' rooms in Founders and the young ladies in return visited the rooms in Archdale and the Y. M. C. A. There was much enjoyment for great pleasure comes with turkey-day.

—Nov. 12th, Christian Endeavor State Day, was observed by the college society in King hall. This meeting took the place of the regular Sunday evening prayer meeting. An interesting, instructive and helpful program was carried out, after which a collection was taken up for the missionary work of the society.

—Mr. Jos. M. Purdie, '03, addressed the students and teachers of the missionary training school known as Elhana Institute, located at Marion, N. C., on December 2nd and 3rd. He spoke on the subject of the mission fields of Central America. Mr. Purdie, from his extended acquaintance with the social and religious conditions by reason of his long residence there, was doubtless able to greatly interest his hearers.

—There was much good feeling about the college when it was learned that the foot ball team had defeated Bingham School and played A. & M. College to a stand still on the recent trip to Raleigh. A torch light procession met the team at the station on their return and conducted them to the college. After supper a great crowd gathered about the front porch of Founders, where speeches were made by each member of the team in response to the clamorous shoutings of the crowd. Later a monster bon-fire was lighted which lit the skies for miles around. About this the girls marched and the lads circled and danced. The music of horns, tin pans, college yells and the roaring of anvils gave a martial air to the occasion.

—On Friday night, Nov. 3rd, the members of the Websterian society visited the regular meeting of the Philagorean society. On account of the large attendance and the lack of space in the Phi. hall the exercises were held in the west hall of Founders. Music recitations and a debate on the Transvaal question followed with a short social made this a memorable evening, and one long to be looked back to as a rare treat.

—On Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 4th and 5th, Mr. Knebel, the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. paid a visit to the college association. On Saturday night he addressed the student body on the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the state. Sunday afternoon he conducted a service for the young men in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Sunday night he conducted the usual prayer meeting at 7:30, where he discussed the Lord's Prayer, dwelling forcibly on each sentence. We hope to have Mr. Knebel with us again soon.

—A rare bird was received at the college some weeks ago. This was a specimen of the American Coot. Although a common fowl in many of the northern states in summer and an abundant resident in the waters of Florida in winter it is never seen in this region save as some chance individual during migration is driven to earth by a storm, or strikes against the lantern of some light house, or dashes itself against some other obstacle, The one in question struck heavily against a telegraph wire in Greensboro, N. C., on the night of November 18th, and was killed. Mr. Joseph Blair secured the dead bird and forwarded the same to the college museum. It is about the size of a two-thirds grown chicken, with a long neck, and with feet and legs made for wading or swimming. Its plumage is of a dull bluish slate color and its bill is white. We know of only two previous records of recent years of the bird's occurrence in Guilford county.

PERSONALS.

John Benbow, '90, is a successful lawyer in Winston.

Frank English, '98, is pursuing a course in pharmacy in Baltimore, Md.

Robert C. Root, '89, is now connected with the school of Corona, Cal.

A. Whitt Barbee is employed in Cones' Finishing Mills at Greensboro, N. C.

Charles Hauser, '95, is assistant cashier of The Commercial Bank of High Point, N. C.

J. O'Neill Ragsdale, '95, is cashier of a bank recently established in Madison, N. C.

Will Cowles, a member of the Junior class of '99, is at the Military Academy at West Point.

Charles Holton, a member of the Junior class in '97-'98, is conducting a school at New Providence, Iowa.

Vernon L. Brown, '97, is employed in a lumber factory in High Point, which position he has been holding for some months.

Will Wheeler is traveling for a Winston tobacco firm.

Notre Johnson is teaching a private school in Kernersville, N. C.

Alvah Lamb has entered Randolph Macon College, Richmond, Va.

Walter Blair, '98, is assistant clerk of the Federal Court in Greensboro.

Lena Freeman, '98, is spending the winter at her home in Archdale, N. C.

Sallie W. Stockard, '97, is studying for a Master's degree at the State University this year.

Margaret Holmes was married on the 9th of October to Oliver T. Hall, at Collinsville, Ala.

Eunice M. Darden, '95, is Principal of Augusta Academy, and is doing prosperous work.

S. Addison Hodgin, '91, and Mrs. Laura P. Field, of Greensboro, were married at the bride's home, on Nov. 15th. Soon after the ceremony the bride and groom left for Raleigh, where the latter is in business. The COLLEGIAN extends to them its congratulations and best wishes.

The graded schools of Winston, N. C., are at the present time in a most prosperous condition under the superintendency of Mr. Charles F. Tomlinson, '93. For four years past Mr. Tomlinson has been teacher of the ninth grade in the city schools, and so satisfactory were his services that upon the removal of the last superintendent Mr. Tomlinson was at once chosen to fill the vacancy.

John Feree was married on Dec. 2nd to Miss Annie Woolen of Randleman, N. C.

James P. Parker, '93, is foreman in the carding room of the Mountain Island Cotton Mill. Near three years ago Mr. Parker entered the mill with a view of learning the business. In order to master every detail he employed as a common hand and until within the past few weeks has continued in this capacity, being transferred from time to time to the various departments of the mill. Strong in body, in mind, and in character, Mr. Parker has before him a wide career of usefulness, and we have the strongest faith that in the business world success of a very high order awaits him.

EXCHANGES.

We note with pleasure the appearance of the *Elon College Weekly*, published by the faculty and students of Elon College. We hope to see the paper assume greater proportions in the near future, and we wish it much success.

The Davidson College Monthly for November contains some very good fiction, and the exchanges are well written, but there is a lack of poetry and solid matter, without which a college magazine is incomplete.

While our eastern magazines are constantly improving, our exchanges from the west do not seem to have had a great amount of effort put forth in them. As college magazines, many of them would not reflect credit on an academy or high school, much less a college. The greater part of them are filled with purely local occurrences that interest comparatively no one and give no evidence of the deep thought and scholarly research that is supposed to be going on within their walls. We do not say that the locals and personals are not necessary, for they are in their right place, but that is in connection with the other departments of the magazine.

The *Silver and Gold* is utterly devoid of a literary department, as it is also of an exchange department. We hope to see productions of a more general interest in its pages.

The *Southern University Monthly* is a very neat magazine both in appearance and in the manner in which it is edited. The management seems to be in sympathy with the following words to quote from the ex-editor: "There seems to be a tendency to get out the monthlies with the least possible expense. Now this is perfectly legitimate, but it should not be done at the sacrifice of style and quality. At any rate care should be taken to send out a paper worthy of the college and that it may not be mistaken for an almanac."

Among the exchanges on the table are: *The Earlhamite*, *The University Cynic*, *The Messenger*, *The Carolinian*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The Ursinus College Monthly*, *The Westonian*, *The Maryville College Monthly*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Central Ray*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Red and White*, *The Converse Con-*

cept, The Central Collegian, The Penn Chronicle, The University Courant.

A graduate wishing to be pathetic at parting, said, "Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know." "Don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Ex.

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January, 1900.

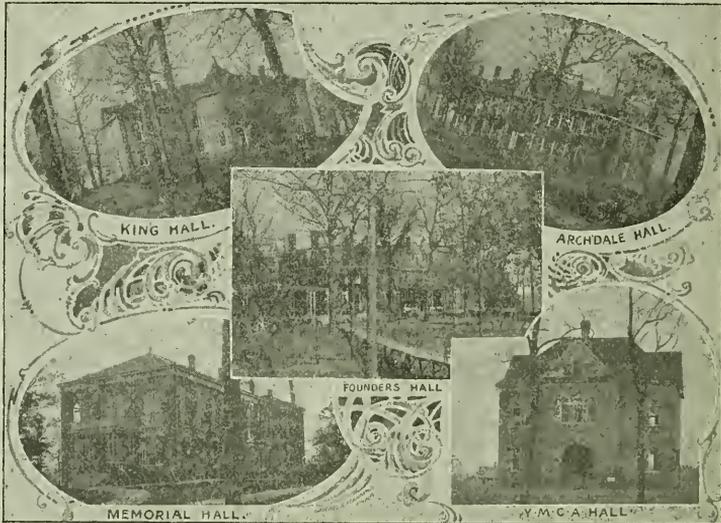
▲▲▲ CONTENTS ▲▲▲

I.	Guilford Foot-Ball Team, '99	Frontispiece.
II.	North Carolina Friends and the Vault at New Garden. J. Carl Hill, '01	115
III.	Resume of the Foot-Ball Season. H. C. Petty, '98, (Coach)...	118
IV.	The Old Man of the Mountains. Clara I. Cox, '02	122
V.	Students and Daily Papers. W. J. Grantham, '02.....	126
VI.	Daily Papers and Students. K. E. Hendricks, '00.....	127
VII.	The Keystone of English Liberty. Thos. B. Hinton, '02.....	128
VIII.	Sketches. The Mote in Thy Brother's Eye—Always Old but Ever New—The Suicide—The White Man's Medicine.....	131
IX.	Editorials. Back Collegians Wanted—Honor to President Hobbs— Ex-Editor, E. K. Stone—The Music Recital—English Composition.....	137
X.	Locals	141
XI.	Personals.....	142
XII.	Exchanges	144
XIII	Directory	146

BY THE

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CAROLINA FRIENDS AND THE VAULT AT GUILFORD COLLEGE.

In the year 1672 Quakerism, which has been called the last wave of the Reformation, reached North Carolina in the person of William Edmunds. Edmunds was an Englishman, one of Cromwell's veterans, but having embraced Quakerism he settled in Ireland and there speedily became a leader among Friends. His missionary spirit forbade him tarrying where the light already shone. Early in the year above mentioned, in company with George Fox, he set sail for America. By the first of May they were in Virginia and Edmunds pushed ahead through the wilderness to Albemarle.

After facing many dangers and undergoing many privations he reached the home of Henry Philipps, who was then the only Quaker in North Carolina. It is said that Philipps wept with joy at the arrival of Edmunds, for he had not seen a Friend since leaving New England seven years before. Edmunds arrived at the home of Philipps on Sunday morning and his zeal is shown in the fact that a meeting was called about noon of the same day. This account of the meeting is found in the diary of Edmunds.

"Several people attended the service, but they had little or no religion, for they came and sat down in the meeting smoking their pipes, but the power of God was among us; some of their hearts were softened and they received the testimony." Edmunds held a meeting next day with great success. The following day he set out for Virginia. This ended the first missionary journey to North Carolina. It lasted only three days; only two sermons were preached; but here is the beginning of the religious life of a great State; and here was laid the foundation for the many Friends' meetings which are now found in North Carolina.

The work begun by Edmunds has since received a great mi-

pulse by the waves of Quaker migration from New Jersey, Nantucket Island and Pennsylvania. In 1771 Libni Coffin, a Friend from Nantucket Island, settled at New Garden. This name being taken from a settlement of Friends in Pennsylvania. Many others followed from Nantucket and a meeting was granted by Cane Creek monthly meeting the same year. The growth of New Garden meeting was rapid and this soon became a prolific mother of meetings. From New Garden as a centre most meetings of this section of the state took their rise. The Friends were the first Christian body to organize in Carolina and the first church building in the State was erected by them in 1703. Their membership increased very rapidly. Friends, disdaining the use of the sword, have made good use of their only weapon, the pen. They have kept a complete record of their acts pertaining to their meetings. Their zeal and activity in maintaining a church record is shown by the scrupulous manner in which they have preserved their minutes. These records, which were begun in 1751, have been carefully kept.

Friends, in some places, having lost their minutes by fire and in other ways, conceived the idea of building a vault for the safe keeping of their minutes. The concern of the Yearly Meeting finally took up the subject of preparing a safe receptacle for old and now little used records.

In 1885 a minute in North Carolina Yearly Meeting was made to the effect that a fire proof vault be built at New Garden, or Guilford College, in which the records could be deposited and kept with safety. All Monthly and Quarterly meetings were invited to place their records here. A brick vault was accordingly built. Some of the monthly meetings placed here at least a portion of their records. These are as follows:

Contentene Monthly Meeting: Men's meeting minutes, 1814-1843. Dover Monthly Meeting: Women's Minutes, 1815-1877, Men's and Women's 1826-1886. Deep River Monthly Meeting Minutes, 1778-1890. Hopewell Monthly Meeting: Women's and Men's Minutes, 1824-1849. One volume of births and deaths, and one volume of marriage certificates. New Garden Monthly Meeting: Men's Meeting Minutes, 1854-1891. Women's, 1790-1867. Westfield Monthly Meeting: Men's Meeting records, 1784-1823. Sutton's Creek Monthly Meeting: records from 1807-1854. Springfield Monthly Meeting: Men's and Women's Minutes, 1790-1886, also records of births and deaths.

The several Quarterly meetings have placed their records here as follows: Contentene Quarterly Meeting: Men's Minutes, 1793-1840; Women's Minutes, 1850-1880. Deep River Quarterly Meeting, Men's and Women's Minutes covering a period from 1819-1870 Eastern Quarterly Meeting: Minutes from 1708-1892. New Garden Quarterly meeting: ten volumes of minutes, 1754-1867. Westfield Quarterly Meeting: Men's and Women's Minutes from 1804-1832.

A librarian was chosen in the person of Mrs. Priscilla B. Hackney, whose duty it is to keep the keys of the vault and have a care of the books. Here they may be seen by any who may wish to look through any of them. Often people come and request to be allowed to look through one or more of the volumes in order to assist them in tracing their genealogy. In looking through these old books one often meets with minutes which appear quite odd to one not familiar with the ways of Friends a century ago. Thus among the records of Friends in Eastern Carolina may be found this statement in regard to raising funds to meet the expenses of the meeting:

"At a Monthly Meeting held in the county of Pasquotank at Symons Creek ye 1st day of ye 10th month, 1743.

At this meeting Friends think proper to come to some method of raising a bank to defray such necessary charges as may happen amongst them in any case that the truth may require, and in order thereunto Friends concluded to bring in what each member liberally contributes to the Monthly Meeting held the third month annually. Also Friends appoint Aaron Morris to receive (as Treasurer) what each member according to his ability or liberality is disposed to contribute to that purpose and to be accountable to this meeting for the same when thereunto required. 4th of 8 mo. 1744. Friends persuant to the collection of money to raise a bank to defray such charges as may happen amongst them do appoint Thomas Nicholson and Phineas Nixon to take account of the weight of the money delivered Aaron Morris as Treasurer or keeper of the aforesaid Bank given by friends for that purpose."

There are scores and hundreds of records of requests for permission of the meeting to marry. These requests were generally recorded in about the manner in which the following appears:

"At a Monthly Meeting of women Friends held at Simon's Creek the 6 day of the 12 month, 1764, Friends met in order to put discipline of the Church in practice. * * * William Wilson and

Elizabeth Mundin published their intentions of Marriage, it being the first time. Mary Nixon and Sarah Barron are appointed to make inquiry into the clearance of Elizabeth Mundin in the relation of marriage and bring a report to the next monthly meeting."

That people in those days did not marry everytime they thought they would, even as to-day, certain minutes serve to show.

In the records of Pasquotank Monthly Meeting:

"2 of 9 mo. 1749.

Some time past Benj. Prichard and Miriam Trueblood appeared before the Monthly Meeting and declared that they did intend to take each other in marriage if the Lord permitted or to this effect, and upon further deliberation upon the affair they appeared, viz. Ye s'd Benj. and Miriam and ye said Benj. acquaints Friends that he was forced to decline ye farther prosecution of the affair for want of love and ye said Miriam notifies Friends by writing that she was no wise desirous of proceeding any further and that she should no wise object against his marrying any other person. It being a rare and uncommon thing and which ought not to be made a precedent of and therefore he ye said Benj. acknowledges that he is sorry for what is past in ye affair and acknowledges his sorrow and trouble on that account, which acknowledgment Friends think proper to accept."

Births and deaths have ever been carefully recorded. For example one volume in the vault is "A Register of Births and Deaths Belonging to Friends of the Meeting of Pasquotank and Little River, 1698." On "Page 37, U," this entry is made: "Here followth the Bearth of Jehosephat and Lydia Symon's children. Sarah Symons was borne ye 14th of ye 8th month in the year - - - 1736." The records of the births of nine other children follow in order directly after this, the last one occurring in 1759.

J. CARL HILL, '01

RESUME OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

In a review of the football season just passed at Guilford, one is limited by the small number of games played; yet as these were fairly well distributed through the season we can judge as to the progress made by the team with sufficient accuracy.

At the opening of the season there were scarcely six men who were sure of making the first team, yet there was enough of the

previous year's scrub team and of new material to make a good team possible if it were handled properly.

As there was no captain elected by the previous year's team Wilson was chosen as acting captain. Not much preliminary practice was taken in tackling, handling punts, and returning the ball from the kick-off, as it was thought sufficient practice in these particulars would be obtained in the daily games against the second team. Later this was shown to be a mistake. This was especially evident in the U. N. C. game. If our back field had received more practice in the handling of punts and the whole team in tackling, the history of the game might have been different. This is one lesson we would do well to remember at the beginning of next season. Not only new signals, but new formations were given the Varsity and this in part accounted for the slowness and stiffness of the plays in the early part of the season. One year's experience with these new formations will mean a great deal when next season's team starts its practice.

On October 6th the first game of the season was played at Guilford with the Bingham School team—a team that had a strong trio of backs who ran with a low plunging run. Their most successful plays were over our tackles and close end runs. Guilford lined up with Plummer, centre; Farlow and Landreth, guards; Mendenhall and Patterson, tackles; Daniels and Wilson, ends; Cowles, quarter Hill and Reynolds, half backs, and Dalton, full. This was practically the first team of the season. The line must be criticised for playing too high on the defensive, and for their slowness in getting into the plays, resulting in the Bingham backs making steady gains through the Guilford line. When on the offensive the Guilford interference was often jammed back into the man with the ball. While the score was 6 to 5 in favor of the home team, Bingham played equally as good ball and that with a lighter line. While the game was not as satisfactory as was expected, still it was not discouraging since the weaknesses were easily seen and, the next game being two weeks hence, it seemed that the team could be rounded into shape for it.

During that interval special attention was paid to the defense—stopping plays aimed at the line. The three centre men had a strong tendency to raise up just as the ball was snapped. This was not overcome till about the middle of the season. This running of guards from back of the line as interferers caused slowness in the

plays getting off, as the big guards could not get out of the way of the faster backs.

On October 14 the strong State University team was played at Chapel Hill. The faults and weakness that were merely suggested by the success Bingham had against us were laid bare and emphasized in this game. Possibly some might want to forget that game on account of the score but it served as much as anything to make the following games as successful as they were.

An inability to handle punts, poor attempts at tackling, and a general inability to stop tackle plays were faults mostly in evidence, although the latter was more in evidence on account of the hurdling runs of Koehler, a U. N. C. half back (a noted player who first won his reputation as a member of the team of the Orange Athletic Club of Orange, N. J.).

As a result of this game, a general shaking up of the defensive formation was made. Cowles, who was by far the best of the back field in tackling and handling punts, was taken from immediately behind the line and put back where he could be of more service—in the full back position. Daniels, who played end on the offensive, was put in the quarter back position in the defensive to back up the line. Hill was put at end, his old position. Dalton, as half back, backed up the tackle position. Farlow, who possessed great stopping ability and quickness, was pulled out to tackle and Mendenhall put up to guard position.

With these changes the defense of the team was increased fifty per cent. and with good hard practice for several days, for which the scrubs with Love as captain deserve much credit, the team was in good shape for the A. & M. game on November 10 and a second game with Bingham on the following day. The physical condition of the team was good, with the possible exception of Hill, who had a lame knee resulting from a sprain. Knowing that they were to meet a team that had played the University a tie game, yet there was a determination to make it interesting and better the score of the previous year.

Immediately from the sound of the referee's whistle they got into the game and for the first half out played their opponents at every point and carried the ball within four yards of the coveted goal only to lose it by a desperate stand of the A. & M. line.

The second half was distinguished by a fiercer attack by the home team and a more determined defense of the visiting team

The A. & M. backs played into the line only to run into their own men and be pushed back. Daniels' backing up of the line was only equalled by Wilson's fierce tackling at end. Only once was a gain made around his end and then the runner was left without any interference and should have been thrown for a loss.

The centre men had overcome that tendency to raise up at the snapping of the ball. At one time three successive attempts were not able to net one yard gain over this line. A few times a good gain was made around Hill's end, but we must not forget his lamed condition which detracted from his usually good game. Cowles at Quarter ran the team with good judgment, using line plays in preference to end runs. Possibly if he had used himself more in punting, more ground might have been gained, as he excelled his opponents in kicking ability and would have gained many yards on an exchange of punts. The score 0 to 0 was a very fair indication of the relative strength of the two teams.

Sore and stiff from this hard game, the team played Bingham on the following day and lucky it was for the Bingham men that they were not the opponents of the day before. The score 6 to 0 showed how close the game was. At one time the visiting team found it necessary to show their strong defense when one yard gain by Bingham meant a touch down.

This game ended the season as far as the first team was concerned and while it might have been better, still it may well be considered a successful one.

Our standing in favor of pure amateur athletics has been maintained; our rivals (friendly rivals), the A. & M., have been met on their own grounds and outplayed; good material for next year's team has been developed; and a feeling of having done well buoys us up for renewed efforts next fall.

This year's graduating class will take three valuable men away from college—Farlow, right guard, Cowles, quarter, and Plummer, captain and centre. Not only will they be missed on account of their playing ability but their experience would mean much to next year's team.

May next year's captain have the backing of every fellow in college to make 1900 team a winning one.

H. C. PETTY, '99, *Coach.*

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

It was in the summer of '62. The war between the states was raging fiercely. On a road leading out of the little village of Linville in Western North Carolina a man, clad in a torn and dusty grey uniform, was walking wearily along. Tho' young his appearance indicated that he had need of the staff in his right hand. In his left he carried a large handkerchief which contained, no doubt, nearly all his earthly possessions. His face was emaciated and showed that he must have undergone sufferings both of body and mind.

Before entering the town he seated himself on a stump by the roadside, and nervously untying the kerchief carefully examined its contents. If one could have looked over his shoulders, one would have seen a scrap of red, white and blue cloth that might at one time have been a part of a United States flag; a faded photograph of a sweet-faced old woman; a few letters; a short and a dangerous looking knife; and a piece of corn bread which completed the contents of the bundle. After eating the bread and looking again at his treasures, he tied them in the handkerchief, arose and proceeded on his way to the village.

A little grocery store was the place of congregation for the men of the town. Here our traveller went. His appearance excited no special comment for a soldier in grey was a frequent sight. The crowd in the store was composed chiefly of old men, the young ones having joined the army. "Howdy stranger; got any news?" asked a sturdy mountaineer. "None at all," answered James Cramer, for this was the stranger's name. "How did you happen ter git around in these parts?" asked another. "I got sick and they gave me a furlough. I live about sixty miles from here over the Georgia border and am trying to foot my way home." Quite an extended conversation followed; several questions being asked Cramer about the army and his opinion as to the result of the war. It grew toward night. Cramer had no lodging place so one of the men asked him to stay with him. "Yer welcome ter my fare, sich as it is," he said.

As he entered the mountaineer's home he was surprised to meet a very pretty girl with light hair and sparkling blue eyes. "She's my daughter, stranger. Lucy, this is James Cramer, a new one in

these parts." Lucy shook hands with him and said, "Howdy, Mr. Cramer. Come right in. I'll have supper in a little while. I'm allers glad to do anything fer one of our soldiers." After a good meal which Cramer enjoyed the girl retired. The two men sat up till a late hour talking. The mountaineer's name was John Foster. He was a farmer and had acquired a good deal of money and property. His house of four rooms was quite elegant for that part of the country.

In the course of their conversation Cramer perceived that the old man's sympathies were with the north. "Yas," he said, "they took my son off to the army. I didn't much want him to go. I'm a thinking the Yankees are a goin ter beat us anyhow. I ain't a talking it around much but I wouldn't much keer if they did." "What?" "Hold on, stranger, don't tell this. I spoke a leetle bit strong anyway." "I will promise not to tell if you will agree not to reveal what I am about to tell you," replied Cramer. "I'll not; my word's good as gold," said the other. "Well," continued Cramer, "I will tell you the truth about myself."

"I am a Yankee. I was born in Maine. I entered the Union army and was taken prisoner about a month ago and put in the Confederate prison at Salisbury. They treated us shamefully there. The other night the guards were taking some of us prisoners to the railroad to be transferred to another place. On the way one of the guards walked by my side. When we were in a lonely place and a little distance from the others, I quickly sprang on him, choked him and threw him to the ground. Before he could make an outcry I had stabbed him several times in the face and head with a short knife which I kept secreted on my person. I immediately divested myself of my clothing and, taking off his uniform, put it on. Fearing pursuit when my absence was discovered, I quickly set out in a westerly direction thinking to hide in the mountains. I have been travelling now for three days."

The old farmer's sympathies were aroused by this story. "You can stay with me as long as you wish. Suppose you let on like yer sick. Folks won't make any talk then about yer not goin to yer home in Georgy. You'll have to be keerful what you say to my gal tho', fer she's a powerful strong rebel. She's got a feller in the army and, of course, she thinks his side's all right." Cramer thankfully received the old man's hospitable suggestion and agreed to

stay with him till he could see his way clear and felt able to go back to the Union army.

II

A year elapsed. Cramer was still at the house of John Foster. He had passed through a severe illness and had no need to pretend sickness. When he recovered he helped Foster on the farm. Lucy waited on him during his illness and it could be plainly seen that he was very much in love with her. Her former sweetheart had been killed in battle and now she was very favorably inclined to Cramer.

One day in the latter part of August Lucy came in with a letter for Cramer. He had written to his people in Maine telling of his whereabouts and they had answered. "Where's yer letter from?" asked Lucy. "Why do you wish to know?" "Well, you let on like you think so much of me, I jes thought you might tell me." "If you will keep it secret I will tell you," said Cramer. Lucy laughed. "I don't make no promises." "Well, listen," said he, "this letter is from up north and, Lucy, I am a Yankee." Lucy sprang up; her face flushed, her eyes flashing. "What! You a Yankee! The very idea of you a comin here an livin off of us, a pretendin yer something yer not. Yer a coward, a mean, sneakin coward and I've got no more use fer you. You can jes leave here, an' the sooner the better; fer if you don't I'll tell our soldiers where you are. I don't want to ever see you any more," and Lucy left, shutting the door hard as she went out.

Cramer's face was pale and his teeth were clenched. "She gave me no chance to explain and she doesn't know how her father feels. What can I do? What shall I do?. I love her and now she hates me." He took up the letter and hastily opened it. After reading it he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "Oh, my God! my mother, my dear mother is dead. I am left alone, hated by all, with no one to love and no one to love me." Taking up a sheet of paper from the table he wrote a few words to John Foster explaining the situation. Then gathering up his few belongings he left the house.

It was morning and he has the whole day before him. All day he walked and by night he had reached Black Dome Mountain. A more solitary place can scarcely be imagined. No trace of civili-

zation was anywhere to be seen; nothing but mountains, valleys and forests. Cramer pressed far up the mountain side. It grew very dark and a terrible thunderstorm came on. The rain fell in torrents. The fierce lightning flashes were followed by great peals of thunder which shook the very foundations of the mountains. Cramer entered into the spirit of the storm. His soul seemed to rage within him. He cried aloud with uplifted hands, "O, Thou Spirit of the Wind, O Thou Spirit of the Storm, of the mountain, grant me either forgetfulness or death. Hear my prayer, O Thou Creator of these things!" A vivid flash of lightning blazes and seems to fire his brain; then all is dark. And now the man is groping his way, he knows not whither. He makes a mis-step! He falls! His body rolls down a steep incline.

The storm is over. Morning comes. Cramer begins to return to consciousness. He raises and looks about him. "Where am I? Ah, I see, the mountain, the mountain. How came I here and whence am I? I have forgotten. My head feels strange." It was some time before he had the strength to rise. Then he wandered about, calling for help but no help was nigh. He could recall nothing whatever of his previous life and only knew that he was alone upon a mountain. In the course of a few days he built a hut of bushes under an overhanging cliff. He lived on wild fruits and such wild beasts as he could kill. In the meantime John Foster had died. His daughter, Lucy, did not survive him many years. Her brother George, however, who was in the army afterwards married and moved to the enterprising city of Charlotte in central North Carolina.

It was the 23rd of July, 1899. Foster and his wife were eating breakfast in their beautiful home, when the husband looked up and remarked, "Wife, here is a strange account in the "Observer" of a man found dead in a hut in the mountains." Mrs. Foster took the paper and read the following: "Black Dome Mountain, July 22d, 1899.—William Johnson, while hunting deer on a lonely mountain peak near here, discovered, under a cliff, a little bush hut. Entering it he found an old hunchback man lying across the floor dead. This man is thought to be the one sometimes seen by hunters and prospectors. The people living around here called him the old man of the mountain. Nothing of his previous history is known and nothing was found on his person to identify him."

"Strange, isn't it?" remarked Mr. Foster. "My father, Joh"

Foster, lived not very far from Black Dome. He told me once of a stranger who came to our house while I was in the army, but who, after staying about a year suddenly disappeared, never to be found. Wonder if it was this man?" Truth is often stranger than fiction.

CLARA I. COX, '02.

STUDENTS AND DAILY PAPERS.

"Should the college libraries receive the daily papers?" is a question often asked by our college presidents and other leading educators. Many answer in the affirmative, while some of our most able educators are free to say "No."

In considering any question relative to the upbuilding of humanity, we must not only remember, but we must adhere closely to the nature of the individuals whom the question concerns. In connection with this question it might well be asked: What is the function of a college, what is the prime motive for which it exists, and how is it to accomplish this purpose?

We would answer that the function of a college is to educate. By the term *educate* we mean teaching young men and young women to think and act for themselves, as well as to become scholars in the various studies pursued; to cause them to imbibe into their lives that principle of independence which is necessary for future success. The prime motive of a college should be to develop men and women of strength and character. The surest method by which this can be done is the unsettled question.

The contents of the daily papers generally include such matter as does not concern students, viz.: the progress of political parties, the proceedings of courts, the accounts of numerous nameless crimes; all of which are of much interest to the politician and practicing lawyer. They contain the market quotations, the outlook of manufacturing industries and mining, both of which are of great interest to the merchant and capitalists, but not to the student. They contain various advertisements of interest only to those who wish to buy or to sell. Often, too, the editorial columns are devoted to commenting upon some local affair, or to the readjustment of some press dispute.

It requires no deep thought to comprehend the meaning of the language used in the daily papers. Therefore one's intellect is not made stronger by such reading.

Those who form the habit of reading the daily papers are always eager to get them and make no delay in securing them. Hence many students go to their recitations unprepared. By reading the accounts of murders, thefts etc., one's life, according to the law of nature that we are a part of everything with which we come in contact, is made more base.

Therefore the daily papers are very necessary to the lawyers and politicians, merchants and speculators, but they do not advance the cause of education.

It is not my purpose to impress the mind of the reader that we should not keep ourselves informed on the questions of the day. This we should do by all means, if possible. But it is our duty to get the truth, the facts as they are, and this can be done by reading the weekly and monthly magazines.

W. JAY GRANTHAM, '01.

DAILY PAPERS AND STUDENTS.

The time is fast approaching, if it is not already here, when the man, who expects to play an important figure in the affairs of the day, must have a college education. The merchant and the manufacturer, to attain success, must have an education as well as the philosopher and the scientist. A majority of college graduates enter business, politics or some pursuit which leads them into the common affairs of life. It is very important that the student, who expects to lead such a life, should keep posted on the daily events.

Education does not consist in a knowledge of Greek and Latin alone, however they form a very important part, but in a knowledge of those things which will assist us in supplying our wants, in the enjoyment of life, and in being a benefit to the world.

The magazine occupies an important place but its place is altogether different from that of the daily paper. In order to keep up with the times we must have the daily papers.

It may be argued that students read the papers when they should be studying their lessons. It must be admitted that some students do neglect their lessons and waste their time in reading the papers, but because some students do waste their time thus, would it be best to deny the benefits derived from reading them to the

majority? Probably those students would waste their time in some other way.

It does not take more than ten or fifteen minutes to glean the news from a common daily, and where is the student that does not loiter away that much time every day? It is a sad fact that a great many students waste several times that much time every day.

The student who expects to become a teacher or a minister can, by reading the daily papers, realize to some extent the great extent of wickedness and ignorance yet in the world despite our claim to an advanced stage of civilization. He can thus see the responsibility which he is assuming and know better how to prepare for it.

Another thing that goes to prove that the daily papers are beneficial to students is the fact that all of the leading colleges keep them in the libraries. If they were detrimental the ever watchful eye of the faculty would discover the fact and exclude them from the library.

K. E. HENDRICKS, '00.

THE KEYSTONE OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

The opening of the 9th century marked the beginning of a new era in European history. About this time the Northmen, daring and rapacious, penetrated into the northern part of France, where, blending with the French and adopting their language, they became a prosperous and powerful people. A century later, polished and transformed by the infusion of foreign blood, they invaded and subdued England in the single battle of Hastings under Duke William, who is known to us as William the Conqueror. This battle, symbolical as it was in progress and issue, marks a turning point in English history. As William's power as king increased his mood changed from one of show to one of ferocity. He was lenient to men who served God, but oppressive beyond all measure to those who disregarded his wishes.

The Normans were in a hostile country and to maintain themselves they became oppressors. Villages were swept away to make hunting grounds for the Norman nobles.

Here Fuedalism wrought its most effective work. Within twenty years after the coronation of William almost the whole of England's soil was divided among his followers on the conditions of loyalty and homage, while the barons were bound as serfs.

The conquest, and the age immediately following it, introduced many things that were new, both in the way of institutions and conditions. Aside from Feudalism the laws and institutions which the Normans brought with them were Frankish. The thing which had the most decided influence upon the future of the people was the strong character of the King who took the place of a weaker sovereign. This Fuedal system of France was introduced into England, not because it was thought to be the best form of government but because it was the only method of military and financial administration with which the King was familiar. The consequence was that no office of political importance was held by English barons: and this new government took the place of an insufficient national authority. At the loss of Normandy the thread of French connections was clipped, and the Normans began to regard England as their home and her inhabitants as their people. Thus from the very beginning we can trace the progress of the nation and its history.

By the breaking up of the vast empire, the French barons were so situated that they could hope to secure independence. But the English barons, entertaining no such hope and being irritated by the oppressions and exactions of the ambitious King, to whose power they had contributed so much, joined in a general demand for the restoration of the laws of Edward the Confessor. Even so early as Edward's reign there was Royal acknowledgement of liberties, and the charters granted by subsequent kings have been numerous. These barons did not have the same motives prompting them as did the Stuarts in the 17th century.

The entire severance of all connections with the continent was a completion of the great work which had been going on ever since the conquest, that of building a united English nation.

In 1212 an open quarrel began on account of the northern nobility refusing to follow King John into France. While he was vowing vengeance against his vassals, two important councils of the Bishops and Barons were held. During the greater part of the time from this period until 1215 King John was absent. Early in the same year the barons presented their demands to the King, but at his urgent request they permitted him a few months for consideration. During this interval the King did all in his power to break up the combination which had been formed against him. He granted a charter to the church giving special privileges, and at-

tempted to detach the barons by offering them certain favors. The barons were so strengthened by the great councils that when the time had expired, not waiting for an answer from the King they marched against him according to the directions of the holy church.

The King sent to ask their demands which, when submitted, were refused. The small number of barons who had heretofore been so faithful to the king now went over to the confederacy. Deserted by all except a few adherents, utterly incapable of further resistance, King John accepted the articles contained in the Great Charter at Runnymede, June 15, 1215. The signing of this glorious and powerful charter, which was the basis of English freedom, marks a new era in English history.

By it no man was to be deprived of liberty except by the judgment of his equals or by the laws of the land. No tax except the three fuedal aids could be levied without the consent of the Great Council which was to be a representative body. This charter wrested from King John was not of such short duration as he expected. A few years later there was another contest between King Edward I and the barons. This contest closed with a new and full agreement by the king to observe the provisions of the Great Charter. Several times the military victories of the king over the barons were followed by a formal recognition by the king of the points demanded.

Specimens of this charter have been preserved in the cathedrals and elsewhere. It has a conspicuous place in history not only from completeness but because it was exacted from a resisting king by armed men. All that has been obtained since is little more than a confirmation or commentary of this one. Our glorious constitution held sacred by every one within the boundaries of the United States is based on this Great Charter. Tested by the trials of a century the system has been proven to be wise by its practical results. The people are not only satisfied with it but proud of it. It rests, not so much upon the people of the country, as upon the laws. With the lapse of a hundred years our national government has grown to fill its constitutional place. Free from cares of foreign affairs, assured of its position and power, it governs the people wisely and happily.

The circumstances and traditional reverence for the Magna Charta, together with its actual value have caused some mistakes concerning it. The nobles who procured it are often spoken of as

the patriots, and are believed to have contended for the rights of the people. This, however, is not quite true. The Magna Charta was intended mainly to preserve the rights and privileges of the nobles and land owners of England: but it embraced in its terms all freemen. It was admirably contrived, and never lost its force; and, as in succeeding ages villeinage gradually disappeared, and the serfs came into its benefits, there was a constantly increasing class who looked up to it with reverence and with confidence. Its force was never lost by disuse, and its principles were never forgotten. It made possible the *habeas corpus* act and similar securities for personal rights and liberty, and for this reason it may deserve the epithet which Mr. Hallman uses, when he calls it "The Keystone of English Liberty?"

THOS B. HINTON, '02.

SKETCHES.

THE MOTE IN THY BROTHER'S EYE.

Company A, sixteenth North Carolina infantry, was at the front. Fierce fighting had been going on for several days and Company A was tired and worn out.

One evening, Hill's command was to attack the Federal right flank at Ellison's Mill, and Company A, with some others, was sent forward early in the day to do a little skirmishing, and to test the enemy's strength in that direction. The June sun shone down on the backs of Company A as they lay in a broom-sedge field, and almost blinded them with its glare, and cooked them with its heat. The Federal rifle balls singing a merry tune over their heads, made them keep close to the ground and say little.

"Keep cool boys," cautioned Captain Jones from behind his little pine bush. "Keep cool and lie close." "I don't see how in thunder a man is to keep cool in this blamed sage field," growled an old veteran fanning himself with his slouch hat. "And I am tired of keeping close," said the young fire-eater of the Company. "They have stopped firing this way, and I am going to see what's up." He stood up and looked around. "Get down," said several voices together. Hot-head made no reply.

"Ye young rapsCALLION," says Jimmie Coghlan, the only Irish-

man in the Company, "git down, ye'll be shot prisintly, an' thin we'll be troubled wid de buryin' of ye." "Tend to your own business," answered the fire-eater. "Sure an' its me own bizness I'm mindin', ye'll be after attrhactin' attinshun and dhrawin' their fire onto us, sooner'n ye're lookin' fer, an' thin some of us 'll be hurt, an' all through your own foolishness. Git down I say." "Come and make me get down," was the answer.

"That I'll do," said Jimmie, and so saying he grabbed the youngster, and tried to pull him down. But Hot-head was too big and strong for Jimmie. Jimmie used all the trips and turns he knew, but he could not down him. As they wrestled thus swaying backward and forward and kicking up a dust the Yankee balls began to whistle around them. This exasperated Jimmie the more, "Ye fool," he said loosening his hold, "git down or I'll knock the head off ye wid the butt of me gun." He swung his gun back to add force to the blow which he intended to plant on the youngster's head, when a better directed ball than the others struck it about the middle of the barrel and knocked it from his hand. Then it suddenly dawned on Jimmie what he was up to, and dropping flat on the ground said, as he mopped the sweat from his face, "There's two fools in this company instid of one."

ALWAYS OLD BUT EVER NEW.

An old man sits before the hearth listening to the moaning of the winter wind as it passes drearily through the leafless trees and rattles mournfully at the loosened shutters. The fire which once blazed and crackled so merrily no longer gives out its cheering and comforting warmth. Save a few coals, which give a feeble flickering light, all is ashes.

As the old man stirs the dying embers, their momentary glare lights up his face and reveals his features as he sits lost in thought. Thin white hair falls scantily over his delicate temples. His high forehead towering above deep set eyes, his sensitive mouth, and his firm chin show keenness of perception and stability of judgment. But the fire of youth, the flush of expectation are gone. Life is a past experience.

He had started out in life with brightest prospects. Great possibilities as well. For a time his eager energy had seemed to carry everything before it; later, the firm self-reliance gained by varied

experience, carried him over many a rough place; now in his maturest judgment, he recalls the past.

Many are the friends he has won, many the enemies. Many times has he purposed well, but how many times has he performed ill! Often has he struggled for victory, but how often has he met defeat! How great, how strenuous, the endeavor, how small the accomplishment! The great world which he set out to overcome, moves on forgetful of his name, unmindful of his presence. No longer has he friends or enemies, they, all alike, have forgotten him. As the last lingering spark dies and falls to ashes, he turns to the sound of approaching feet, and as the New Year, with its bluster and hurry, enters, bringing a flood of sunshine, Eighteen Ninety-nine passes into the night.

THE SUICIDE.

We happened in a Chicago mission house, for this we found to be Jack's number. "I am very sorry I can give you fellows no better accommodations for to-night," said he, "but to-morrow things will be in better shape. That man you will have to room with will not bother you in the least, however; I have no idea he will even speak to you. He's a queer character." Then he told us in a few words the history of our prospective room-mate.

In the evening Jack and my friend had business down street and I went in to write a letter. It finished, I looked across the room and saw sitting by a window in a low chair, a man of perhaps thirty years. His beard was short and ragged and thin. His hair had long gone unbrushed. Though clean his clothing was scant. But one thing which marked him from all men was his face. On it carved deep apparently by years of agony were the unmistakable lines of utter defeat and hopeless despair. In the quaking knee, in the palsied hand, and on the sorrow-smitten countenance, I read the awful result of a life such as his had been.

Once he was a college student with high ambitions and with proud and confident tread he moved among his fellows. Then a sin fastened upon his life like an evil harpy and day by day it ate its way into his brain, and strength, and manhood. He fought and struggled against it. He made vows and prayed for strength with all the earnestness of his soul. He counselled with friends and temporarily broke away again and again from its power, only to

fall before each fresh onslaught of the terrible enemy. Weaker and weaker became his will power until the bonds of habit wound themselves so tightly that at length he lay a powerless and helpless wreck, a victim of the opium habit. Again and again he had lifted his face to the skies and raised his voice imploring aid, but no strength came from the brazen heavens. Worn in spirit, despairing in heart of the Great Power to save, he became first a skeptic, then an infidel and finally cursing the God who made him fled for refuge from his misery into wilder excesses of sinful gratification.

Friends, means, social position, strength, manhood, faith in God, and hope were gone—all gone. There he sat, a miserable paralytic in a charitable institution, and with dull gray eyes gazed out upon the dull gray sky. Absolutely cut off from every species of enjoyment, did the man wonder what he had to live for? This I know not, but when the morning broke we found him sitting still as we had left him in the evening, save now a phial of poison was by his side. His glassy stare was fixed on the heartless skies to which he had often called in his extemity and which had ever refused him aid and comfort.

We gathered about and gazed at the face no longer distorted with suffering, at the hands no longer trembling with palsy. Calmly the form rested in death, for the agony of living was past. Who knows the depths of unspeakable sorrow and anguish which through the years had been his? Who knows the intense earnestness of his struggles, his cries and his prayers? And knowing not these things whose hand shall raise and judge him? Not mine.

THE WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE.

It happened a very long time ago while the red men were yet masters of the wilderness. All the people who knew of it or ever heard about it died long, long ago, and I learned the story only from the cries of the wild things in the forest and the sighing of the pine trees and the whisper of the ripples on the lake shore. I wrote the story down as I heard it, bit by bit, on pieces of pine bark and on the bleached bones of a turtle's shell. Many a night as I sat listening to the lonely cry of a heron out on the marsh while the dull booming of the alligators came down on the wind from the lake, the breeze which blew between the pines would curl and wrap the camp-fire smoke into fantastic shapes, until in it I could see

again the faces and forms of the long silent people whose lodges once stood where my camp now rests. Amid these changing shapes oftentimes the forms of Piokee, the gentle Indian maiden, and Awaha, her tall young lover, would appear moving, swaying, dancing, their lithe figures ever floating before my vision.

And I would think of their lives, at one time so free and happy and later so full of care and sorrow, and would wonder sometimes what ideas they had of life and if questions of its meaning and its vastness ever occupied their simple thoughts. In my mind I can see them now, a pair of happy young lovers. But an evil spirit threw a mist across the maiden's life and sent his evil into her breast and struck her down with a sickness which the medicine-man could not cure. Many times the moon came and went again but she grew no better. At length she could no longer rise from her couch and her breath came short and fast and ever the dull pain was in her bosom. Awaha sought for her the most delicate foods. He gathered the eggs of the wild mud-hen from their floating nest, and had broth made for her from the tongues of the young fish-hawks. He picked fresh sweet blue-berries which grew across the lake in a barren pocosin, and fished for and caught the small yellow perch which love to hide about the tussocks in the deep water.

Still she grew weaker, and Awaha was in deep dejection. Many hours each day he lay at full length on the warm odorous pine needles and looked up at the green boughs far above and through them away into the blue sky. As he lay he thought much and prayed much to the Great Spirit to bring health and happiness again to his lodge. The Great Spirit seemed to whisper to him that all would be well and he tried hard in his heart to take courage.

One day a hunter brought news that a strange people with pale faces and sticks which threw lightning had come up from the sea and built their lodges on an island in the waters of Pamlico. "There is a medicine-man with them," said the hunter, "who can cure all diseases by medicines which he keeps in shells called bottles." A great thought came to Awaha. Maybe the white medicine-man would cure his Piokee with his magic medicine. Soon he had bade her good-bye and soon his canoe was speeding across the shallow lake. Then he carried its light weight through the forest for a mile and launched it again in a winding creek. This led him by evening to the great river. The moon came up and by

its light he followed the river until the morning found him on the waters of Pamlico Sound.

Two days later his canoe grated upon the shore of Roanoke Island. Here he learned that the pale faced people had gone with the Indians of Croatan. To Croatan he shaped his course. The people told him that they feared the pale faces so they had fallen upon them as they slept and killed all the men. The women had been distributed among the several villages of the region. He saw one of these by a lodge grinding corn and his heart was touched by her sad blue eyes and her pale white face. But the precious medicine was safe and they allowed him to take a bottle. The medicine would cure all diseases they said. He selected a small round bottle easily carried and thrust it into his belt. On the label was the picture of a skull and cross-bones, but he knew not its meaning.

Joyful and light-hearted he turned toward home for soon his Piokee would be restored. Three days later he reached his lodge at the point of exhaustion. "Piokee will soon be well now," he said, and she raised her trustful happy eyes to his as she drank the contents of the phial. But a moment later the sign of a great pain crossed her face. Anxiously he stroked her hair and prayed to the Great Spirit. Then fearful spasms shook and wrenched her frame and the dark eyes moved wildly in their agony. Soon the long, suffering was over and Piokee was dead.

That night Awaha entered his canoe and sped once more across the shallow lake and never again was he seen in the village of his fathers. Only of nights when the large moon was low in the west and the wind blew the lodge smoke about between the pines he would come and dance with the spirit of Piokee. Here and there they would pass in the uncertain light, their figures waving, moving, going, and ever returning through the village of the red men, about the lodges of their people.

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**Back
Collegians
Wanted.**

The Editors of the COLLEGIAN desire at once to secure the following back numbers of the COLLEGIAN: Of Volume I, 1888-'89, all copies but numbers 1 and 5. Of Volume II, 1889-'90, all copies but numbers 7 and 8. The following numbers of Volume V, 1892-'93, are desired, viz: The issues of September, December and January. We are willing to pay twenty-five cents a copy for any or all of the above named numbers. If you have any you are willing to part with, write stating which issues you have.

Parties wishing to secure back numbers of the COLLEGIAN in order to fill out volumes or for other purposes can usually be accommodated by writing to the COLLEGIAN managers. If we do not have them in the office we can often secure the desired issues by correspondence or by publicly advertising for them.

**Honor to
President
Hobbs.**

It is with pleasure that we announce the deserving honor which during the past few weeks has been conferred upon President Hobbs. Mr. F. Stanley Root, General Secretary of the American Social Science Association, has communicated to President Hobbs the information that "in recognition of distinction attained in Education," he has been invited to become a member of that association.

**Ex-Editor
E. K. Stone.** Mr. Eliot K. Stone, of the class of 1900, whom many will recall as being a prominent member of the editorial staff of the COLLEGIAN last year, is now living in Philadelphia. That the muses continue to be kind to Mr. Stone we are sure from the following verses of his which we clipped from a recent number of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*:

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Under the mistletoe—
I kissed her there!
Under the mistletoe—
What did I care?
Others might come and go
Under the mistletoe—
Only one thing I know
I kissed her there!

IT IS ONLY WORKIN', WORKIN'—

It isn't allus genius as is winnin' in the race,
An' a-standin' in the front ranks, an' holdin' the fust place,
Fer though genius is a starter, it hain't good fer half an hour,
Till it gits the reinforcements from ambition's sturdy tower,
So ther feller thet I'm bankin' on to rule the comin' day
Is the feller thet is workin', while the other fellers play.

The kid thet skims his lessons an' puts up a steady bluff,
An' makes his teacher think thet he is made o' sterner stuff,
Will find thet bluff don't help him when he enters in the world,
Where the banner of true merit is the only one unfurled;
He will find thet he hain't in it fer much mor'n half a day
With the feller thet is workin' while the other fellers play.

Would Dewey hev been Admiral ef he'd only knowed the way
To sink the Spanish squadron thet was floatin' in the bay?

and to give expression to thoughts of his own. English literature and composition are great complementary forces that contribute much toward a liberal education.

The degree of ignorance manifested by most of the students in our high schools and colleges along this line is almost appalling. How few even among the educated can write a correct sentence, or at most a correct paragraph. Many college graduates cannot write a decent letter. This was so painfully evident to a small Northern college some years ago that she now requires of every man before graduation that he shall write in good form a certain number of letters of various kinds on subjects announced in class.

Some knowledge of the technique of composition is now an absolute necessity. It is not enough to know *the forms* in polite society; it is not sufficient to be able to write an intelligible letter to a friend; it is not enough to be able to write an article for a newspaper. One has acquired the technique of composition only when one can write a good, clear, forcible, and elegant article on any subject about which he has any considerable knowledge.

But the question remains, How is this technique to be acquired? There is one answer: Learn it by doing it. There is no royal road to English composition. Accuracy, clearness, force and elegance in composition can be acquired only by the most careful and patient labor. Lay aside the idea that the task is an easy one. It is a very difficult one. "The devils of incoherence, obscurity, and incompetency go not out save by untiring striving and watching," says Professor Bates. Be willing then to do a thing simply for the sake of doing it; study your expressions, your sentences, carefully and critically; study them individually and as a whole; be satisfied with nothing short of the best in thought and in expression. Above all, let us remember that the world is calling for educated men and women and that she is ceasing to recognize a man as educated until he can express himself intelligently, forcibly, and elegantly with his pen.

It is certainly to be hoped that our educators will be satisfied with nothing short of the best advantage in the study of the technique of English composition from the primary school to the university.

LOCALS.

—Miss Bernice Bradshaw has returned to school.

—Miss Cornelia Roberson spent the holidays in High Point.

—Grantham, gazing at themometer—"My, its most cold enough to freeze Lucifer."

—The Junior and Senior classes have recently secured very pretty class pins.

—It is reported that Alvin Parker and Richard Cox will be seriously missed at Founders.

—During the holidays and the first week of school skating on the pond has been much enjoyed.

—The orators of the Junior class will not be heard this year, as there will be no Junior exhibition.

—Misses Lily White and Annie Blair spent the holidays visiting at High Point and Archdale, N. C.

—David Lane and wife, Friends from Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending the winter months with Mr. Davis.

—Pinkney Groome had quite a spell of sickness just before the holidays which was caused by vaccination but has entirely recovered.

—"Big" Landreth and "Hardy" Edgerton, two "old-time" students have returned to school much to the delight of their many friends.

It is reported on good authority that all the faculty spent a happy Christmas and that most of the students did fairly well except those who were vaccinated.

—Blanchard, Whitlock, Groome, Davis, Hill and Cowles Brothers spent the holidays at the College, and Misses Pearl and Cammie Lindley spent a portion of their time here.

—It is quietly rumored that while the Juniors were enjoying refreshments served by the ladies of the class on the eve of December 13th, the Sophomore boys were "baching it" alone in the parlor at Founders.

—The Meeting house has received a new coat of paint on the outside and varnish and much needed repairs on the inside.

—THE COLLEGIAN extends a hearty New Year greeting to all students both old and new that are in College. To our subscribers we would say, "May the New Year be happy in inverse proportion to the size of your back subscription still unpaid."

—The new college pond has thus far proven quite a success. During the cold weather of the first part of the month its frozen surface furnished opportunity for much good skating. The supply of water in this new reservoir is believed to be sufficient to furnish the college abundantly at all times.

PERSONALS.

Preston Cummings, Jr., is a student at the University.

Ellen Woody has recently gone to Cuba as a missionary.

John Blair is superintendent of the graded schools in Wilmington, N. C.

Nasseem Simon, '96, is a successful teacher at Yanceyville, N. C.

Mary Kennette is clerking for Sherwood, Higgs & Co., Raleigh, N. C.

Walter H. Mendenhall, '95, is cashier of a bank in Lexington, N. C.

Minerva Chappell, here in '97-'98, was recently married to a Mr. Rountree.

Oscar Moffitt, '97, is operating his father's grocery store in Lexington, N. C.

Eunice M. Darden, '95, is the principal of the Academy at Augusta, N. C.

Annie Ragan is spending the winter at her home near High Point, N. C.

Emma Hammond, '94, is teaching in the graded school in Reidsville, N. C.

Eliot K. Stone, a Junior in '98-'99, is taking a course at the University of Pa.

Alzanon Alexander, '91, is at the head of a mercantile house in High Point, N. C.

Mabel Hall is now making her home with her sister, Mrs. Harry, in Greensboro, N. C.

A. E. and S. N. Baker are now the operators of the Keystone Leather Belting Works of Norristown, Pa.

E. E. Gillespie, '93, is superintendent of synodical missions for the Presbyterian church in North Carolina.

Edgar B. Darden is a travelling agent for Wm. H. Terry, wholesale druggist, Norfolk, Va. He is doing a successful business.

Charles Cude and Edward Parker are in the hardware business in Greensboro, N. C. Their store is situated on main street just south of the depot.

Alvin S. Parker, of the Junior class, did not return after Christmas, but has accepted a position with the Snow Lumber Co., of High Point, N. C.

John M. Greenfield, '98, is pursuing a course of law at the State University. We wish for him the greatest of success in the undertaking of this preparation for his life work.

Gertrude and Ethel Diffie have moved from their home in Central Falls to High Point, N. C. Miss Gertrude is stenographer for the Globe Furniture Factory of High Point.

Miss Amy Stephens, '96, is teaching this year at Zeb, N. C. Her sister, Miss Sallie K. Stephens, is still living in Goldsboro and is teaching in the graded schools in that city.

Mary Saunders, who was once a student at Guilford, and who has been a teacher in Woodland, N. C., is soon to be married to John Peele, of Northampton County. The COLLEGIAN extends to them its best wishes.

Junius Marsh is travelling for the Globe Crockery Company of East Liverpool. Mr. Marsh has been married for nearly two years and with the experience gained by travel appears with all to be quite a man of the world.

William G. Frasier, of Gulf, N. C., graduated in '98 from the Julius King Optical School of Baltimore. He is now a resident optical expert in the city of Greensboro, N. C. His place of business is with W. B. Farrar's Son, Jeweler and Watchmaker.

Julia S. White, '91, for some years Governess at Guilford, is a member of the faculty of Pacific College, Oregon.

Lorena Reynolds has moved to Greensboro and is going to work as a city missionary under the auspices of the South Greensboro W. C. T. U.

One of Guilford's old students, Gurney Parker, and Ibbey Outland, both residents of Woodland, were married on December 27th. The bride is a sister of Miss Outland, dining room matron at Guilford College. Miss Outland went home to attend the ceremony.

Prof. Caswell Grave, whom many will recall as teacher of Natural Science in Guilford, during the year '93-'94, received his Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University in June, 1899, after having spent four years there in the study of Biology. He is at the Hopkins again this year on the Bruce fellowship. Recently he has been appointed naturalist to the United States Fish Commission, and as such has been spending a portion of this winter aboard the Commission steamer *Fish Hawk* with a party who have been investigating the oyster beds of the North Carolina coast. Later the party will go to Florida to study the sponge industry. Dr. Grave is a most industrious character and a thorough student. His success as a prominent naturalist in this country is assured and is now all but a reality.

EXCHANGES.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not—he is a Freshman; shun him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not—he is a Sophomore; honor him. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is a Junior; pity him. He who knows, and knows he knows—he is Senior; reverence him.—*Ex.*

The first college in Alaska has begun in a small way at Skaaguay. Funds were collected for the purpose last spring, and in October ground was broken for the building, which will be a substantial structure of granite. The college is co-educational, and opened with an enrollment of fifty pupils. Mrs. Sarah McCome, the preceptress, is a graduate of the University of Michigan. Dr. LaMotty Gordon, the President of the college, is a graduate of Oxford.—*Ex.*

The Exchange Department of a magazine may be interesting reading or not, just as the editor may make it. Many exchange columns are filled with clippings of lighter vein, whereas others give such brief criticisms that the readers of the magazine derive no profit thereby, and soon learn to pass the department over without notice. There is no reason why the exchange department should not be one of the most interesting parts of the magazine. One of the main objects of the maintenance of this department is to inform the readers what the other colleges of the United States are doing. Though this is difficult as a whole, a magazine read for a time will soon introduce the whole college world to the reader. With this thought in view we will labor for its accomplishment.

The *Southern University Monthly* for December is a good issue. "The College and the College Course," is an excellent treatise on the college and its proper course. The article is very scholarly written and the writer proves himself equal to his subject. He enters a plea for a college course for a degree that would produce the full man. He says, further, that any one course fails to produce this end.

"Consolidated Capital," is another good article exhibiting some of the evils of our great moneyed combines. "Henry Timrod" is the subject of an editorial. Timrod was one of our southern poets and the writer remarks, "The South probably has never produced a poet of more delicate imagination, of greater rhythmic sweetness, of purer sentiment and more tender emotion than this young man who passed away before he had time to attain the excellence which his genius undoubtedly fitted him to reach."

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THE

Guilford Collegian.

February, 1900.

▲▲▲ CONTENTS ▲▲▲

I.	Hugh W. Dixon	Frontispiece.
II.	Sketch of the Life of Hugh W. Dixon, E.	151
III.	Review of South African History. Chas. L. Van Noppen.	154
IV.	The Reception at the White House. James B. Lloyd.....	126
V.	A Southern Story. Ida Millis, '02.....	168
VI.	Sketches. Long Time Ago—Did You Ever See One?.....	170
VII.	Editorials. To Our Subscribers.—Senseless Criticism. Work of the Audubon Society.. A Carolina National Park.....	174
VIII.	College Record. Mr. Van Noppin on the Boers.—Prof. Pearson on Birds.—Y. M. C. Notes.....	184
IX.	Locals.	183
X.	Personals	186
XI.	Directory	187

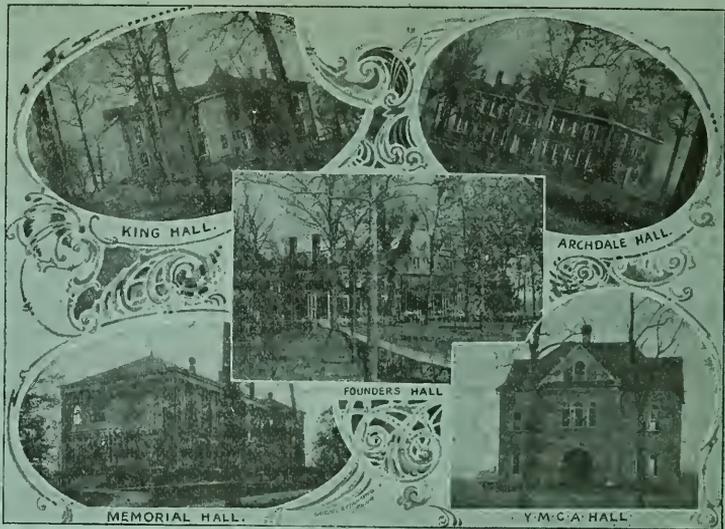
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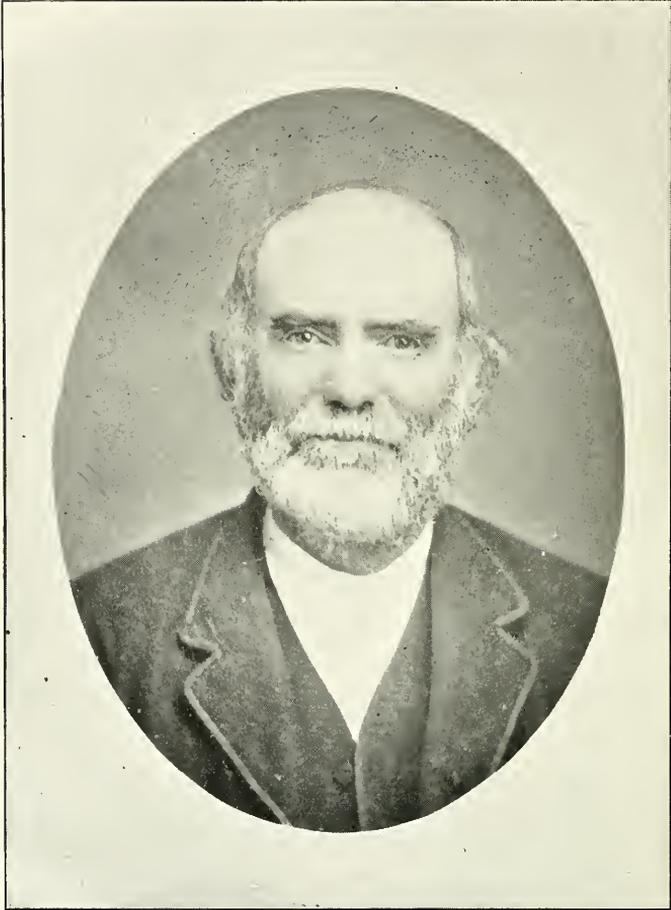
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HUGH W. DIXON.

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No. 5.

HUGH W. DIXON.

The subject of this sketch was born July 3rd, 1825, at Snow Camp, N. C., the first born of an intelligent, conscientious father, and a mother of unusual piety, Joseph and Mary Woody Dixon. For twelve years he experienced the joys and sorrows common to the average farmer boy uninterrupted by any happening of an extraordinary nature. If anyone had been asked to describe him they would probably have said little more than that he was a plain visaged, red haired boy, rather frail and rather studious. In 1838 his parents, though called upon to meet the needs of a large and growing family, managed to send the boy to New Garden Boarding School for a term. Their sacrifice was not regretted either on account of conduct or mental diligence, and certainly not because of moral training. Here the boy associated with Addison Coffin, Darius H. Starbuck, Dougan Clark, Nathan H. Clark, Elihu Mendenhall, Alfred Lindley and others—boys who combined elements of character in embryo which have since developed making their names a credit to the old institution. Here he knew the kindly direction of the elder Dougan Clark, who, with his wife, Asenath, were responsible for the moral direction of the young lives under their care. Here, too, visited often the venerable Nathan Hunt, all of which influences were uplifting.

His return home was a return to farm work but not the work of a boy. For the next three years he presented the too common picture of a child trying to measure up to the requirements of an adult.

In the winter of his sixteenth year he was disabled for three months with inflammatory rheumatism, for the last six weeks almost helpless. All was done for him that it seemed possible to do but without benefit. Finally he lost hope and gave up to die.

With that submission came strength of body, and ere a day and night had passed he walked about the house and yard, and within a week was entirely well. He has always spoken of his recovery as miraculous. "When my life was given to my Lord," he says, "the world seemed like a new world." Since that date his life has shown a strong religious tendency. Of Quaker ancestry for several generations and brought up amid strong Quaker influences, he very naturally fell into that way of thinking, and early forecasted his subsequent strong adherence to the spirit of the Quaker faith. That he was no formalist has been demonstrated many times.

In 1841 he entered New Garden Boarding School a second time, remaining one term. The winters of the next three years were spent in teaching, at the end of which time he went to work near his home in the foundry of Unthank and Dixon, remaining there until 1857, with the exception of two years spent in the employ of the Gulf and Graham Plank Road Co., as operator of a saw mill.

In 1855, November 29th, he was united in marriage to a neighbor girl, Flora Adaline Murchison, of a different religious faith, an alliance contrary to Friends discipline, for which error (then so-called) he was urged by overseers to make public acknowledgement. Accordingly he expressed his regrets not for his choice, but that the rules of his church were such that he was compelled to disregard them in obedience to the dictates of his heart.

Early in 1858 he gave up foundry work and moved to the neighborhood of Ore Hill. By industry and economy he in a few years surrounded himself with a comfortable living, bought land, about seven hundred acres, and two mill sites, erected two grist mills and a steam saw mill, and was interested in a small way in the Chatham Ore Hill Company, of which he was one year secretary and treasurer.

When the war between the States was declared he had no uneasiness, for as miller and postmaster, without mention of his Quaker principles, he was exempt from military service. Under the conscript law, however, which gave no right to exemption as a Friend he chose to pay the five hundred dollar fine rather than be placed on duty. All through those long weary years of bloodshed naught came to destroy the peace of his home. His work prospered and blessings material and spiritual were abundantly multiplied.

One by one he had connected himself with local interests, ex-

pecting to remain in Chatham for life. By and by, the educational needs of his family appealed to him so strongly that he decided to leave, and in March, 1866, acted accordingly, not, however, without considerable financial sacrifice. The then superior school advantages of the neighborhood of his birthplace caused him to return thereto. He settled on a farm adjoining his father and without delay proceeded to engraft himself into the business, educational and religious interests of the community, with all of which he has ever since been prominently identified. Industrially he has made milling and foundry work a specialty until 1888 he gave up the latter to some extent and was influential in organizing a company which built and still controls the Snow Camp Woollen Mill.

He has been, since boyhood, a staunch friend of education, giving liberally of time and means for the advancement of the cause. When scarcely more than a boy he organized a class of young women employees of Cane Creek cotton factory which met each Sabbath, and he instructed them not only in the Scriptures but in geography and physiology, furnishing all with text books at his own expense. Many of them have lived to fully appreciate that work and have not failed to so express themselves. For twelve years he was a trustee of N. G. B. S. and for six years a member of the college board, his last term expiring in 1895. Three years ago he was instrumental in securing money from the Tripp fund for school purposes in Western Quarter, which resulted in the school at Cane Creek. But none have greater cause for thankfulness for his sacrifices in the line of education than his children, four of whom and an adopted son live to bear witness of his wisdom in fortifying them with knowledge instead of dollars,—Mary, wife of Zeno H. Dixon, of Yadkinville, Roxie, wife of Alpheus White, of Brunswick, Joseph M., of Missoula, Montana, Nora K., at home, the comfort of her parents in their declining years, and A. Headen Hinson, of Kansas City, Mo.

Most worthy of mention also is his work for temperance. December, 1837, he joined the Pleasant Hill Temperance Society, and his loyalty has ever been, beyond question. For several years he was a leading member of a local division of the order of Sons of Temperance. He endorsed the Prohibition Party from the date of its organization and was once named on the ticket for State Treasurer. In season and out of season he has preached the gospel of sobriety.

No member of Cane Creek church has done more to build up the meeting than our aged brother. During the thirty-four years since his return to Snow Camp, he has been a regular attendant at Sunday School, serving continuously in the capacity of superintendent or teacher. Much of the machinery of the church has come under his personal direction. After the destruction of the meeting house by fire in the winter of 1879 he was made chairman of the building committee and within a year the money was collected and the congregation comfortably housed. It is but just to say that in all this work he has had the sympathy and co-operation of his wife, who a few years after their marriage entered into membership with Friends.

Now in his seventy-fifth year he is keenly alive to the questions of the day, his zeal for the cause of Christ the most pronounced. Years ago he acknowledged the indwelling of the Comforter. Rarely absent from religious services he is often heard in exhortation, especially to the young. Ere long when a bent figure with head silvery crowned shall be missed from its accustomed place, memory will seal upon many hearts the truth he so often voices of the fate of "him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not." And the mention of his name will call to mind a character not faultless to be sure but virtuous beyond the common bound.

E.

REVIEW OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY.

A DISCUSSION OF THE CAUSES AND THE PROBABLE OUTCOME OF THE WAR.

I have been requested to contribute a short account of the history of the Boers in South Africa, and the causes which have led to the present Boer-English conflict.

South Africa was discovered by Portuguese mariners as far back as 1486, but no settlement worth recording was ever founded by them, and it was not until 1652 that a colony was founded by the Dutch at Cape Town.

These Dutch pioneers were some few years afterwards augmented by bodies of French Huguenots, who were expelled from their own soil by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These Huguenots resided first

in Holland, the refuge ground for the oppressed, and from thence some migrated to America and some to South Africa. Thus ultimately the proportion of these two sterling races was three-fourths Dutch and one-fourth French. Certainly not a bad combination for a strong citizenship.

In 1795 the Napoleonic wars in Europe forced the Prince of Orange to flee for safety from Holland to England.

To prevent his South African colonies from falling into the hands of Napoleon, he gave them in trust to England to be returned by her at the conclusion of the war.

In 1806, when Holland demanded the return of her colonies, she found that England had determined to hold them by military occupancy, and the smaller Power was forced to submit to this betrayal of a sacred trust by that Great Power, whose one creed has always been, "might makes right."

However in 1814, to partly atone for the bad feeling which had been engendered between the two nations, England paid Holland 30,000,000 dollars as an indemnity. Thus we may say that Cape Colony, after a century and half of Dutch rule, became in 1806 British territory.

The British Government, instead of seeking to gain the good will of her 30,000 newly acquired colonists, by establishing a representative government, and yielding to the expediency of local conditions, took just the opposite course and laid the foundations then and there for her long South African mis-rule. She established a military post at Cape Town with a military governor at its head, who issued edicts, decrees and rulings in an arbitrary insolent manner, pitiful to read about, and enforced tyrannical laws, issued from England by law-makers totally ignorant of local conditions and of the needs of the colonists. It must be galling indeed for a brave and independent people, after enjoying the fullest freedom for 150 years, to have to pass under another government with conditions so absolutely reversed.

It must also be borne in mind that the colonists were constantly beset by vast hordes of natives, Kaffirs, Hottentots, and Bushmen, who outnumbered them many times over, and who would steal the Boers' cattle, crops, household goods and whatever they could seize. The Boer would often recover his stolen property, but then the military arm of Great Britain would step in, take possession of the property, and put it up at auction to the highest bidder. Arms and ammunitions ordered by the Boers were often confiscated while the native savages were freely supplied with the deadly instruments by the same military arm. Naturally there was much discontent manifested, and instead of seeking to allay it, the British only added insult to injury by policing large bodies of Hottentots and sent

them among the colonists. It was at this point, 1815, that open rebellion occurred but the colonists were easily overcome by the military and six of the ring-leaders were publicly executed.

In 1825 another hardship was ruthlessly enforced. The Dutch Language, the mother tongue of the colonists, and the use of which had been guaranteed to them, was instantly taken away. All contracts, petitions, deeds, and trials had to be conducted in a language known and understood by only a fraction of the people. It is needless to picture the injustice and inconvenience of such a summary edict, yet it had to be obeyed.

In 1834 even a worse calamity befell them. The Boers had interpreted the old testament as giving them the right to own slaves, and at this time they owned about 40,000, but England decided to liberate the slaves, so she sent a British commission to determine their value. This commission reported that 15,000,000 dollars, or 75 dollars apiece, would be a proper compensation. The British Government, instead of allowing even this ridiculously small claim, set apart only 6,500,000 dollars, or 17 dollars for each slave, made payable only in London, thus attaching a condition which could not be carried out, as London was over 7,000 miles away, and it took months to make the journey. Therefore only a fraction of even this paltry sum was ever redeemed. Persons who had been wealthy were by this one fell stroke reduced to poverty, widows and orphans were deprived of their property, and the greatest suffering entailed on all.

But their cup of misery was not yet full. In the fall of 1834, the same year the slaves were liberated, 12,000 armed Kaffirs raided the Boers, and it was only after the severest fighting that the Boers succeeded in beating the natives back and driving them beyond the Kei river. The British Military Governor, to allay the constant strife and friction between the Boers and natives, established Kei river as the natural boundary between them; but when this reached the Colonial Secretary in London, he reversed the decision and ordered all the territory of the natives to be restored to them. The colonists were thus deprived of the fruits of a dearly bought victory, while the natives were only emboldened to further outrages.

It was at this point that a large body, about 10,000, decided to go beyond the British rule, and establish their own independence. Before venturing out, however, they sought to know from the leading British officials if their independence would be respected if they went beyond the pale of British influence. They were assured that it would be, and so in 1835 the first "Trek" was made. The word "Trek" means migrate or literally to make tracks.

In this first "Trek" about 10,000 of the colonists moved in several large bodies, and in 1838 settled in Natal, which is about 1,000 miles north-east of Cape Town. The suffering that this three years journey entailed is almost unparalleled. Vast hordes of native savages, innumerable wild beasts, the scourges of unknown diseases and the darkness of unexplored forests was ever before them and had to be overcome. Large parties of the Boers were either lost or massacred, and those who survived had at one time 500 of their number massacred by the savages in a single night.

After they had subdued the savage tribes around them and driven the wild beasts deeper into the forests and a sense of security was taking possession of these hardy pioneers in their newly found independence, a new danger presented itself. The British had heard of the successful founding of a new colony, and so sent a military force to take possession in the name of their government. The Boers resisted in several bitterly fought conflicts, resolved not to again submit to England, but the Britisher armed the natives and incited them against the Boer, and between them they so menaced his existence that he again resolved to "Trek."

Thus in 1842 we see him again going into the unexplored wilderness of Africa this time moving North-westward into the "Orange Free State."

Here after they thought that they were again secure and independent, the same persistent Britisher followed with all his presumptuous arrogance and demanded the Boers' country and his allegiance to England. Again armed conflicts took place, if anything more bitter than before.

In 1848 a large body of the more independent and determined of the Boers "treked" across the Vaal river and settled in what is now known as "The Transvaal."

These two bodies of Boers waged their warfare for their independence so obstinately, that finally Great Britain, believing that the territory they were then in was not worth this continual strife, drew up a treaty in 1852 recognizing the Orange Free State as free and independent, and in 1854 likewise recognizing the Transvaal. These two treaties are known as the "Zand River Convention Treaties," and if we went no further back than this to support the justice of the Boer's claim to this territory, we find it here, recognized by England without a single reservation, except that the Boers should not hold slaves on the one hand, and on the other the British agreed not to supply arms to the natives or interfere with them in any way North of the Orange river, the Southern boundary of the Orange Free State.

For a dozen years or so these two governments enjoyed peace except for the occasional strifes with the natives, and though they did not pros-

per in our modern sense, yet they were becoming a more cohesive people, engaging largely in pastoral and agricultural pursuits.

In the early sixties a powerful native tribe, the Basutos, adjacent to the Orange Free State territory arose in arms against the new settlers and for four years the strife was bloody and incessant, at times the very existence of the colony being seriously threatened. The colonists won, but at what odds, the very forbidding clause about supplying the natives with arms and ammunitions, was totally disregarded by the British and they not only sold arms in large abundance to the natives, but held in detention on some trivial technicality, shipments of arms to the colonists, until the whole war was decided.

In 1867 the Kimberley diamond mines were discovered near the Western boundary of the Orange Free State territory. As soon as England learned of the value of these mines, she instantly claimed that the Boer had trespassed beyond his Western boundary line and that the Kimberley mines belonged to a certain negro chieftain. So England for the sake of justice made common cause with the chieftain against the Orange Free State and for her trouble retained nine-tenths of the chieftain's territory, not failing to include the diamond mines. Afterwards England offered to pay the Orange Free State \$450,000 indemnity, although the weekly output exceeds that sum.

In 1877 the Transvaal government was threatened by a native uprising and although this danger was no more serious than others which the Boers had overcome, yet England was so exceedingly solicitous for the welfare of this government, fearing lest the natives might prevail over them, and thereby endanger her own rule in South Africa that she sent a commissioner to the Transvaal with instructions that if, in his judgment, the Boers needed England's assistance, he should place it under her protection. So true to his instructions, this Mr. Shepstone after a three months residence in the Transvaal, came to the conclusion that the government could not possibly last without England's protecting arm and so he raised the British flag and posted a proclamation that the territory was England's.

Indignation knew no bounds, and instead of committing some overt act of war and thereby possibly justifying England's armed intervention, they sought to have their independence restored by peaceful methods. Long petitions were drawn up and signed by every citizen protesting against this outrage and sent to London, delegation after delegation journeyed to London, yet all fell on deaf ears, and it was not until three years afterwards, December, 1880, that arms were appealed to. In three months, four battles were fought, the English sending against the Boers

about 2,000 men. Result: 700 of 2,000 killed and wounded, while the Boers only lost 23 in killed and wounded. The last conflict being "Majaba Hill." The war resulted in giving the Boers the 1881 treaty. A treaty which declared the Transvaal government as a Suzerainty of England. It gave them an autonomous form of government, but only under the control and direct supervision of England. This treaty was the best thing that England would give, and it was so unsatisfactory to the Transvaal that it was never signed by that government or ratified by the Volksraad, the national assembly.

The agitation for a new treaty giving them complete independence was continued, and Great Britain realizing that another war with these unconquerable people would certainly follow if she failed to heed their cry, granted a new treaty in 1884.

To this treaty both parties became signers and the only clause short of absolute independence in it, is where England retained to herself the power to veto any foreign treaty the Transvaal might make with any foreign power except the Orange Free State, and it is on the strength of that solitary clause that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is seeking to build up his claim, that the Transvaal is not an independent government but a suzerainty or vassal colony of England's, and that therefore he has a right to interfere in her internal affairs, making the so-called grievances of the Uitlanders, or foreigners the pretext for interference.

Now let us see to what extent the 1884 treaty gave the Transvaal independence and how that independence has been recognized?

In the first place the name "Transvaal" was changed to "South African Republic."

Secondly, The British "Resident" was recalled and a Consul sent in his place. Now a "Resident" is the representative of a Sovereign Power to look after its interests in a vassal or dependent colony, while a Consul is the representative of one independent court to another.

Third, The right of diplomatic representation at foreign courts. And so we have sent our consuls to represent us, and likewise the South African Republic has been recognized by us and by other foreign powers.

Fourth—The South African Republic is a member of the Postal Union, a congregation of independent powers.

Fifth—She is also a member of the Geneva Convention, which has for its purpose the promotion of "Red Cross" principles.

None of these five privileges could be enjoyed by a dependent colony and yet the South African Republic had never had her right to exercise these as well as numerous other Sovereign privileges questioned until Mr. Joseph Chamberlain resurrected the dead issue of suzerainty last summer.

A claim held by the ablest constitutional lawyers of the civilized world as ridiculously absurd. In England alone, such men, as Hon. James Bryce, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir William Harcourt, Morley, Labouchere, Stead and many others have raised their voices against this strange contention. But some plausible excuse must be found for interfering and seizing the territory of a friendly power and so the Uitlander grievances are fastened onto the dead horse suzerainty and thereby justifies this cause of war.

Now what were these grievances? Were they real or imaginary and if real, could they have been relieved by peaceful methods?

To revert a moment—in 1885, the year after the 1884 treaty was signed, gold was discovered in the Transvaal, the richness of which is already well known.

Immediately thousands of adventurers flocked thither from all parts of the world, just as we have observed them going to the Klondike. Many were honest workers but the majority were the riff-raff mining element.

Soon these new-comers or Uitlanders outnumbered the colonists two to one and it was then that the Boer became concerned about his own rights, and the thought of self-preservation. Up to this time a two-years' residence was sufficient to acquire citizenship anywhere in South Africa. But here in the Transvaal an absolutely new condition presented itself, viz., the sudden arrival of a large foreign element which had no interest in the government and which only sought to free itself from all restraint, get rich and return home. Now to permit these people to become citizens ere their sincerity for or interest in the government had been tested was a most menacing danger. And so the franchise laws were changed from two to fourteen years.

Agitation afterwards reduced this from fourteen to twelve years, then later to nine, and last summer the government agreed to accede to Great Britain's demand of five years rather than have war. It is a noteworthy fact that last spring ere correspondence was begun, over 5,000 Englishmen were entitled to full citizenship owing to their period of residence, yet none availed themselves of it. Certainly bearing out the contention that these Uitlanders did not wish to forswear their home allegiance. Yet Great Britain wanted these men to become citizens of the Transvaal and still retain their British allegiance, an anomaly in politics—to be a citizen of two different countries at the same time. "Ye cannot serve two masters."

Taxation without representation is the cry, yet those persons who raise it forget that for more than half a century the colonists in South Africa

had no franchise rights nor representation and likewise when Great Britain assumed control of the Transvaal from 1877 to 1881 she forced the colonists to submit to her arbitrary dictation.

However the cry is untrue, since representation is acquired on a nine years' residence and that period even the Transvaal agreed to reduce to five years rather than have war. Yet no cry is raised, however much property one may hold, when we observe that a person must dwell in England twelve years and in the United States five years before he has a right to citizenship.

The excessive taxation, and that the Uitlander pays eight-tenths of the taxes, is also an argument used to catch the sympathy of an unthinking world. When gold was first discovered capitalists, mainly British, rushed in and bought up large leases of territory for trivial sums, as the Boer, who was a farmer, did not realize the value of his holdings. And thus to share in the richness of his own country, his only recourse was to tax those rich interests which had been acquired so cheaply by the shrewd speculator. Yet this taxation is not excessive for it is only two and a half per cent. of the profits and it is imposed on Boer and Uitlander alike where they are engaged in the same pursuits. That the Uitlander pays eight-tenths of the taxes is due to the fact that he owns and controls eight-tenths of the mining interests of the country and so his taxation is only in proportion to his holdings. Yet this same capitalist who holds up his hands in holy horror at a two and a half per cent. taxation by the government on interest that yields from 100 to 600 per cent. dividends annually, charges his fellow Uitlander, to whom he sub-lets part of his leases, 50 per cent. of the profits of his workings. Certainly a strange consistency.

In regard to the omission of the English language from the public schools, even though the English element is so large, finds its parallel in Cape Colony (British territory) where the Cape Colony Dutch are in the majority, yet the Dutch language is not permitted in the schools. However, to effect a peaceful settlement of these differences the Boers last summer agreed to place the two languages on an equal footing in the schools and courts of justice. The statement that English parents are not allowed to have their own children taught English at their own expense is untrue, likewise the statement in reference to restrictions on religious beliefs and forms of worship.

Much has been said by the Britisher in regard to the governmental monopolies, chief of which was dynamite, since \$75.00 is charged for what a British firm will only ask \$37.00. Yet it is forgotten that Great Britain has a monopoly of the opium trade, buying it for 85 cents per

pound in India and selling it for \$2.65 per pound to Englishman and natives alike, and imports it into China, debauching the manhood of that nation despite the many protestations of the Christian world and the Chinese government. Yet the Transvaal agreed to put away even these monopolies rather than have war.

As to the corruption of the officials, Kruger and others, this charge has never found credence in the minds of the well-informed, nor has it ever gone beyond the bare unsupported statement.

Now finally, to gain redress from these so-called grievances, the chief of which are franchise, taxation, language and monopoly, a list of 21,000 signatures of Uitlanders was presented to the British cabinet last March praying for relief from their oppressors, the Boer government. It has been clearly proven that this list was a monumental forgery inspired by Rhodes & Co., not more than a few thousand being genuine signatures. That canvassers employed by the capitalists were paid so much a sheet for names and that it was made up largely of the names of persons long dead, and of women and children and others who had no knowledge of the list. However, to offset the effect of this, a genuine list of 23,000 names of Uitlanders was sent to England, saying that Great Britain's interference was not desired, &c. Yet this genuine list was utterly ignored.

Was there an understanding between Rhodes and his associates on the one hand and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his associates on the other? It certainly seems so, and it becomes more apparent when during the summer's correspondence the Boers yielded to all of Chamberlain's demands rather than have war. So if the relief of these grievances had been the object, that purpose was accomplished without war, but when the Boer asked what next, Chamberlain's cruel reply was that "The Republic" was a "vassal colony in revolt" and it would have to submit to whatever treatment Great Britain might see fit to extend to her. In the meantime England had increased her troops in South Africa from 3,000 in June when the correspondence between the two governments began, to 25,000 in September and had sent these troops to the border line of the Republic. She had other troops in transport and was mobilizing her forces in England and yet all the time conducting a correspondence looking to a peaceful adjustment of their differences. In fact it was England's purpose from the beginning to seize the Boers' territory, and so she was trying to keep his hands tied by diplomatic correspondence until she had massed her forces around him, but he was too shrewd to be caught napping.

Therefore on Oct. 9th Mr. Kruger sent the following ultimatum, viz.,

that if England desired a continuance of the negotiations looking toward a peaceful settlement, she must withdraw all troops sent into South Africa since June 1st, and also stop the dispatching of more troops. Failure to reply favorably by October 11th would be a declaration of hostility. And thus England's failure to reply forced the Boers to begin hostilities. It must also be borne in mind that all through the negotiations the Boers repeatedly offered to submit the whole question to arbitration, but it was ignored.

Now a few words in regard to the Boer and his territory. The Orange Free State and the South African Republic comprise 210,000 square miles, which is about the size of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and North Carolina put together. In population there are about 100,000 in the Orange Free State and only a few Uitlanders, while in the Republic there are 75,000 Boers and 200,000 Uitlanders, two-thirds of whom are British.

It is a significant fact that thousands of Uitlanders of other nationalities than English and many of the latter who are not under the control of capitalists are strongly with the Boers and are fighting with them to day.

Ever since 1893 public opinion has been manufactured by Rhodes & Co. against the sterling qualities of the Boers by the most libelous articles in order to justify the contemplated Jameson raid and the future forcible seizure of their territory.

The Jameson raid, which took place the latter part of 1895, was simply the up-rising of a body of conspirators, instigated by Rhodes, acquiesced in by Chamberlain and led by Dr. Jameson. Their object was to cross the western boundary line from British territory in the Transvaal, ride rapidly to Johannesburg, there to be re-inforced by others, and then to attack the Boer government ere it had time to prepare for a defence, overturn the government and proclaim the territory British. The Boer, however, defeated the whole scheme by capturing the entire body before Dr. Jameson reached Johannesburg.

The entire civilized world denounced this disgraceful attempt, the British themselves as a nation crying out against it. However, when the Boers, at England's request, turned Dr. Jameson and the other leaders over to her for trial and punishment, is it to be wondered at, that the Boer became suspicious when after a farcical trial of these arch conspirators, instead of the death penalty or long imprisonment being imposed, they escaped with only a three months imprisonment, and were then hailed as British heroes. It was then that the Boers began to prepare for that inevitable conflict which the finger of fate so clearly pointed out, and which is now in progress.

Who are the Boers? The word Boer means farmer and the official and commercial classes cannot in justice be called Boers any more than you may call our merchants farmers. However, since they are an agricultural people, the term has been applied to designate them as a class. They are double-first cousins of the British, being if anything a purer branch of the Caucasian race. The Hollanders are the original Saxons, part of whom crossed the English Channel and overcame the Angles, The French Huguenots, who form about one-fourth strain Boer blood. were the most sterling part of France's manhood which she so foolishly expelled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

That the isolated Boer of South Africa is narrow, bigoted, jealous of his independence and not over cleanly in his habits cannot be denied, but beneath it all is the sterling quality of a higher manhood. To find the Boer counterpart you have only to study the early history of this country, and even to-day, go back fifty miles from the railroad in mountain sections of North Carolina and Virginia and Tennessee and you can soon find him. From many slanderous articles one would almost judge them to be degenerates, yet when we witness the character of the war they are conducting, their diplomatic correspondence with superior powers and furthermore the high-grade character of their institutions of learning one is forced to a decidedly different conclusion. Graduates of the University of Bloemfontain, the capital city of the Orange Free State, which has less than a 5 per cent. Uitlander population, enter the universities of Europe, Leipsic, &c., for post-graduate work without standing entrance examinations. Besides the architectural beauty of all their public buildings, schools and official, compare favorably with those of our Southern capitals.

Will the Boer win in his battle for freedom? I sincerely believe he will, because the stubborn resistance he has thus far exhibited will be continued to the end. To defeat him will require such enormous forces, that the sounder consciousness of England will be awakened to the injustice of the war and she will so cry out against such a slaughter of her armies and the depletion of her resources, that some compromise will be effected, which will be a practical victory for the Boers.

Should foreign complications arise, and it will be a miracle if they do not, England will not only lose the two Republics but she may have to give up all of South Africa. If, however, she should win, it would only be an empty victory as the temper of the Boers is such that she will be compelled to give them an autonomous form of government, similar to that of Canada, besides should she tax the Republic for a war indemnity if she wins, she will be taxing her own subjects, since seven-tenths of the wealth is already in British hands.

The whole war is without doubt the result of capitalistic greed and stupidly blundering statesmanship which can in no way whatever ever compensate for the cost of getting this territory.

Will civilization be advanced by the Boers winning? I believe that it will because of the moral effect it will have on the world in enforcing the rights of the weaker powers, and because of the assimilating qualities of the Dutch, who absorb readily the best traits of the other branches of the Caucasian race, and allows equality and justice to be his motto. The result of this will be a United States of South Africa which will be very similar to our own republic and the composite qualities of whose population will be, as we are in this country to-day a combination, Dutch and French and English and Scotch and Irish and German manhood.

The Britisher has never been able to thoroughly assimilate with other branches of the Caucasian race and he who thinks that this nation apart from its language and literature relationship, is more like English in temperamental qualities, will have a very difficult proposition to establish. Furthermore for any one nation to gain such an ascendancy in wealth and power as to seriously menace the welfare of other nations cannot prove any more beneficial to the progress of the world as a whole than that the wealth of a community when held in the hands of a single individual can prove to be to the best interest and development of the majority of its inhabitants.

CHARLES L. VAN NOPPEN.

Greensboro, N. C., February 1st, 1900.

A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

It is a long-established custom, at the beginning of each year for the President of this great American Republic to give a series of receptions in honor of the distinguished personages in this city. Following this precedent the President usually gives four receptions by invitation, and one to the general public.

As everything is largely governed by precedent here, these receptions are given in the following order:

To the Representatives of Foreign Governments.

To the Supreme Court of the United States.

To the Army and Navy of the United States.

To the Senators and Representatives in Congress of the United States.

And to the General Public.

These functions are always very interesting, impressive, and invariably

attract vast throngs of people of distinction in the social, political, official and scientific world; for this city is noted for eminent people in all the professions and callings of life.

The reception given by the President on the 10th instant was the most brilliant of any I have ever attended. The great American Republic, through its Chief Executive, extended a warm and cordial greeting to the distinguished representatives of all the civilized nations of earth who are located in this Capital City to look after the interests of their respective Governments.

Invitations to attend this elegant function are beautifully engraved, with the name of the invited guests written therein. As you enter the White House these invitations are presented to the ushers.

Immediately the "line of march" is formed and slowly the vast concourse file by and greet the President, who receives them in the most cordial fashion.

Each visitor is personally presented to the President, Mrs. McKinley and the members of the receiving party. Behind the "receiving line" there are usually scores of people of distinction who eagerly watch the vast "uncounted throng" as they pass the line in "single file."

At times the crowd is so large that it takes an hour after the formation of the line before one passes the President and the receiving party, but everybody is in good humor, for the scene is so brilliant, magnificent, impressive and inspiring that the harsh side of one's nature would not manifest itself.

After you have been Presented to the president you are at liberty to stroll about the House and see all the beautiful and gorgeous decorations, floral and otherwise; and having completed the "rounds" you are profoundly impressed with the grandeur and magnitude of the White House, and the strength and splendor of American Institutions.

Having witnessed such a scene, where the genius of America is displayed and the glory of a Republican form of government is revealed; and vividly recalling some of the grand and momentous achievements of this great century, in the "march toward a diviner civilization" one's pride and patriotism is increased, and an abiding faith in the security, perpetuity, and stability of our unequalled institutions, is inspired and permanently established.

On this notable occasion about which I write, there were assembled the representatives who typify all that is good and great in the distant lands across the seas.

No doubt they were impressed with the magnitude, the grandeur and the glory of America when they met face to face the highest types of

American citizens who were drawn thither to unite with the president in paying tribute of honor and respect to them.

At this reception the Diplomatic Corps in their splendid regulation uniforms presented a magnificent spectacle. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Ambassador, always takes precedence in the line, as England is the foremost of the foreign nations here represented. His uniform of gorgeous, glittering gold lace and trimmings is indescribably beautiful.

Indeed, it would require the vivid imagination of a poet like Byron, who so graphically described the famous "Battle of Waterloo," to give a pen-picture of such a scene of superb beauty and rare splendor. I shall not attempt it. For nearly two hours the President was busy shaking hands with his guests, who numbered more than two thousand. It must be a trying and tiresome ordeal to grasp the hand of two thousand people; but some discomforts of this sort the President has to submit to calmly and without complaint. This is the penalty he has to pay for the enjoyment of the honorable and eminent distinction, as Chief Executive of the world's greatest nation.

Few of us, however, would decline the Presidency on account of the tiresome social feature of frequent and at times, continuous hand-shaking. I would not.

After the welcoming of the guests was concluded, President and Mrs. McKinley and the members of the Cabinet, with their wives, who constitute the receiving party, marched through the beautiful East Room, and then through the long passage-way, amid the admiring gaze of the multitude, retiring from the scene of splendor and gayety.

At frequent intervals during the evening the Marine Band discoursed grand and inspiring airs. These musical concerts are a very enjoyable feature of the reception.

Attend a reception at the White House and it will make a profound and indelible impression on you, evincing the loftiness of our ideals and the rapid march of our civilization. Probably even surpassing in beauty and brilliance this reception, will be the one given to the Army and Navy. Admiral Dewey—the world's greatest naval hero, will be there, also. other heroes of the Spanish-American war and many prominent Army and Navy officers.

The ladies who attend these receptions are usually very handsome, charming and attractive. Arrayed in gowns of exquisite elegance and rich beauty they lend a grace, dignity and charm to the occasion that will always make it a sweet and precious memory to those who have witnessed it.

A SOUTHERN STORY.

On a spot which is now one of the busiest portions of a city, but which was, in the year 1840, located on one of the richest rice plantations in the south, stood an old mansion. The building was of wood and was quite elegant for that day. Beneath the floor a chamber had been made of stone slabs cemented together. This had been fitted up by the eccentric old chemist who once had lived here and used it as a laboratory. It had never been used for any other purpose and the boxes and bottles which he had left were still there. At the time of which I write only two people lived in the house, Mr. Carter, the master, and old Joe, his faithful attendant.

One evening Mr. Carter felt restless and while wandering about the house concluded to go down to this old room which was now forgotten by all save old Joe and himself. He began looking through an old chest which contained a number of bottles each filled with liquid. While taking them out, one by one, he found a small package wrapped in paper. Removing the wrappings he found a small case in which were two bottles. Wondering what they contained that they should be so carefully protected he attempted to uncork one of them, but in doing so it slipped from his hands, and falling on the stone floor, broke into fragments. The bottle contained a peculiar odor which caused a drowsy feeling almost immediately. Mr. Carter strove to resist this spirit but seemed powerless to do so, so leaning his head against the back of the chair he fell asleep.

Fifty years passed by. One day as some workmen were digging for the foundation of a large building they came to what at first appeared to be a large flat stone. In trying to remove it they found it was not a single stone but a number of stone slabs cemented together and forming the roof of an underground chamber. It seemed to have been connected with a house which had been destroyed by fire, judging from the charred remains found about the place. Digging further they found a huge iron door in one side. Dr. Lawrence, the owner of the place, was called and by the time he reached the spot the workmen had forced open the door.

At first they saw nothing in the interior of the chamber but when their vision grew accustomed to the dim light an astonishing sight met their eyes. Sitting in a chair near an open chest, with fragments of glass scattered about his feet, was a man. His head was turned to one side and the light from the doorway falling upon the face showed the features to be those

of a man about thirty-five or forty years of age. As it was impossible for any one to have entered the chamber they naturally supposed the man to be dead. But the wonderful state of preservation of the body astonished Dr. Lawrence. Seeing a small package lying upon the floor he picked it up and found it contained a bottle, and a piece of paper which was covered with faded written characters. He soon deciphered the writing to be a description of the contents of that bottle, and another which he quickly guessed was the one which had been broken.

It told that a person could be put to sleep by inhaling the odor of the liquid in the missing bottle and all efforts to arouse him would be useless until he was brought under the influence of the liquid in the other. This seemed too much like a fairy tale to be true but Dr. Lawrence decided to try it. So carefully uncorking the bottle he began bathing the face of the man before him with the liquid. At first there was no change; then there was a faint sigh and the man slowly opened his eyes. Seeing the strangers about him he started up, demanding who they were. As no one replied at first he called aloud for Joe.

"I do not know about Joe," said Dr. Lawrence, "You were alone when we found you." "How did you happen to find me if Joe did not tell you where I was? No one else knows of the existence of this room, said Mr. Carter. "I came down here a little while ago and must have fallen asleep," he continued. "but I think it is strange that you could have entered without seeing my slave Joe."

"Your nap must have been quite a long one I think," said Dr. Lawrence, "because your house and slaves are all gone and must have been gone for nearly half of a century."

Mr. Carter looked around the room and then again at the face of Dr. Lawrence. "I do not understand you," he said, "this is the same room and it was here I came just after supper because I felt sad and wanted to be alone. Are you trying to play a joke on me just because you found me asleep? If so your attempt will be vain, because I know the date, it is June 17th."

"Of what year?" said Dr. Lawrence. "1840," replied the sleeper.

"What I said at first, then, is true, you have been here nearly half a century. If you will follow me I can soon show you that I am correct."

Dr. Lawrence then led the way from the room and when well out he stopped and asked Mr. Carter to look about and see if everything looked as it did when he saw it last.

Mr. Carter looked in wonder and amazement. Where there had once been broad fields covered with rice, he now saw houses and streets. Where he had once heard only the voice of his slaves as they sang at their work he

now heard the hum of machinery. He looked for a long time, and when he again turned his face toward the Doctor there was a sad expression in his eyes. "My old home and my old slaves are gone; everything is changed; I cannot understand it," he said.

Briefly Dr. Lawrence told him as well as he could the causes of the changes. The house which had once stood there had been burned down one night and the master and an old slave were supposed to have perished in the flames; then came the civil war and the slaves were all freed. Then he told him of the wonderful inventions which had caused so many changes.

Dr. Lawrence took Mr. Carter to his own home and treated him with the greatest kindness, but he was always sad and silent. The modern rush and noise seemed to make him restless. He would wander around as a man walking in a dream. The most of the time he spent about the place that had been the dearest spot on earth to him—his home.

He watched the workmen as they went rapidly on with the new building and day by day his steps grew slower and his face more sad. One morning just before the building was completed he said: "The old things are all changed, my old friends are gone and I am ignorant of the new people and their ways. It is not like it would have been if I had lived all this time and kept step with progress. I find myself an old man who is as ignorant as a child and the lessons are too hard, I can never learn them." A few hours later Dr. Lawrence found him sitting under a huge oak near his old home,—dead.

IDA MILLIS, '02.

SKETCHES.

LONG TIME AGO.

Spring had just come around again, and Willie was a four-year-old now—quite a man, according to his idea. All before that time there had been in his head a great big buzzing confusion. There had been nothing clear except that he was Mamma's boy, that Grandpa was a great old chap, and that his Sunday School teacher told lovely stories. But gradually out of this roaring chaos three things stood clear. He was four, his hair was cut short and he had his first pants. Surely he must be a man. To prove it, he did not curl over on the bench and go to sleep as soon as the congregation had finished singing the second hymn, but sat straight and listened to the preacher. The preacher was a new one

and he interested Willie very much. He shouted and pounded the desk and was very amusing generally. One thing that he said and kept on saying over and over again was, "Then came John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness." This was great. Willie thought that he must be a preacher, too, some time, so he kept on thinking about it all that day.

The next morning he asked if he mightn't go with Sim and Jerry down to the big ditch where they were cleaning off the banks. He didn't like to wear "that old dress," he said, but his hair was short—they couldn't put that stuff back on his head, and he still had yesterday's sermon on his mind. He found Sim and Jerry at work on the ditch just where neighbor Montgomery's fence came across. Right under the fence was a big hole where the big bull frogs sang "fry bacon, fry bacon," every night, and the little green backed frogs said "tea table, tea table," and jumped "ke chick" into the water whenever any one came near.

Willie climbed up on the fence and began his sermon. Sim and Jerry stopped to listen. Willie had his audience with him now, so he warmed up to his work and fairly hummed along. But just as he was repeating for the twentieth time, "Then came John the Baptist," and Jerry was saying to Sim, "Jess listen at 'im tell it," Willie lost his balance and fell *kersplash* into the frog puddle. Jerry jumped in and pulled him out, and as he did so Willie heard Sim say, "Da, now. What'd I tell you? Ess done turn Baptis already."

I. V.

DID YOU EVER SEE ONE?

The sermon was about half over, the listeners were attentive and the sleepers were at their regular business, snoring softly and enjoying the service. The door opened quietly and the sheriff walked in. He went up and spoke a word to the preacher, then stepped forward and read his summons. Every able bodied man was to report at the court house mounted and armed before ten o'clock. Outside the door they learned the facts. Dave Jenkins the revenue marshall had been shot while trying to arrest Jim James, horse thief and murderer. Dave was now lying at home with a big hole in his side.

Jim James must be caught dead or alive. There was no time for particulars. The search was not to be delayed an instant. Promptly at ten the men met and the sheriff outlined his plan. Reports said that James had gone toward Kimpton. No matter. If he went that way a telegram would head him off. One squad was to move down the county line road

to keep him from getting to the railroad. Another, under command of the sheriff himself, went towards Wilkes. The outlaw had lived in the Brushy Mountains at one time, and once there he could never be found. A third company went straight up through the Piney woods toward Jonas Ridge. This was the great highway of all offenders fleeing from the law, and as there were no places to stop along the road, the men pushed rapidly ahead, hoping to overtake their man before he should escape into the rhododendron thickets on the Ridge. There was only one route left now, and that was the turnpike toward the Tennessee line. The man might possibly try to escape in that direction. This was not considered probable, however, so the posse was made up only of boys who were out for a lark. The sheriff had appointed them no leader, so as they rode along in the darkness they discussed the situation and planned their campaign. One boy counselled that they go home and go to bed, but he was promptly voted a coward and silenced. They decided to hurry on to where the road from down the river came into the turnpike, stretch along the pike for half a mile or more, and wait until daylight. If the man did not come by that time they would push on up the mountain, making inquiries as they went along to find out if he had passed that way. No one appeared, however, and soon after sunrise the boys moved on. After having ridden an hour or more, they learned that a stranger had stopped at a roadside house a short while before and had bought something to eat. Two miles further on a wood cutter had seen a man pass, and while they were questioning the wood cutter a man with an ox team drove up. He said he had seen a man of the right description turn out of the road into a neck of woods only about a half mile back. He could show them the place. The boys said nothing but followed their guide. Now was the time of all their lives to make themselves famous, but they didn't look at it that way. They had come for fun, and not for an armed desperado. They wished they had taken Tim's advice and gone back home the night before. Arrived at the place they tied the horses and left them in charge of Tim, who was thus punished for his cowardice. Tim immediately hid between two logs and waited. Half of the squad went over the ridge and surrounded the narrow valley below on three sides. The others moved up the small stream which ran down from the head of the hollow. Listening carefully they heard, just in the bed of the stream, the tread of a man crashing through the laurel. Every one of them cocked his gun and wished he were at home. Eyes strained to see through the ivy, fingers were laid on trigger and they advanced from tree to tree. The outlaw seemed to stop and then take a step, stop again and wait as if listening. Suddenly the squad came out into a clear place, and there was—

not a desperado ready to kill or be killed—but a water run hominy beater. They unloaded their guns into it and the lead is there to this day. * * * When they came back to the road they were not a little astonished to find the murderer sitting on a stump and Tim standing guard over him.

I. V.

IN MEETING—A REVERIE.

He sits in meeting, a little child ;
 His face to the window turns,
 His thoughts go back to his far-off home,
 For it his whole soul yearns.
 The crows fly by, and on the pane
 He hears the tap of the autumn rain.

He sits in meeting, a college man,
 He looks far back, the dark aisles through,
 And he sees again the little child
 As he sat nine years ago ;
 The dead leaves whirl, and he hears again
 The tinkle and beat of the autumn rain.

An old man sits in the corner dark
 And muses o'er faded years ;
 The good old days are past and gone,
 His eyes are bright with tears,
 And through the silence comes again
 The soft sweet murmur of autumn rain.

The fight has been fought, the race is run,
 The goal seems nearing fast ;
 He will know if the fight be good or ill
 When he meets his God—at last.
 The crows fly by, and on the pane
 Still sounds the patter of autumn rain.

—*Phoenix.*

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FEBRUARY, 1900.

We trust that what we are about to say will cause no offense to any one. If you are an unpaid subscriber and **To Our** have begun to read this editorial we trust you will also **Subscribers.** have the kindness both to yourself and us to read it to the end. Without stopping to moralize on the duties of subscribers to the publications they take we will go straight to the point and say that there are a number of subscribers to the COLLEGIAN who are very much behind in their payments. Unfortunately it costs money to print this journal and the government is so unkind as to charge us for carrying it to you.

To you we wish to say that we have been glad to indulge you in the past in regard to the payment of your bill and would willingly continue to do so if it were not that our bills must be met, and many of them met now. It would be a surprise to many of our readers to see the names of a few of our subscribers who have neglected this simple duty so long.

Bills have been sent to them time after time and yet they ignore them as if they were so much meaningless paper. In defense of the COLLEGIAN, ourselves, and the general propriety of things we have been forced to decide upon the following course of action:

With this issue we will send all delinquents a bill for their indebtedness. If the bill fails to reach you or is in any way incorrect you had best write us at once. In this number of the COLLEGIAN sent you this editorial will be marked to call your attention to the fact that we wish a settlement. We wish to have an answer from you by the 15th of March. That gives you about thirty days in which to attend to the matter. Furthermore, if by the 15th of March we have heard no word from you regarding your bill, if it amounts to two dollars or more, your name will be struck off the mailing list as one from whom we never expect to get what is rightly due the magazine. From that date we shall also no longer withhold from the public the names of such delinquents.

If this seems harsh and you think we have no right to speak so, that you have intended all along to pay up but have just neglected it, we will say that if you will settle at once no further thought will be given the matter other than sending you a receipted bill. If you could be in our places a short time you would think this action not a harsh one at all. We have tried simply sending bills time after time, now we give you a chance to pay up or let it be understood at Guilford College that you are forgetful in business matters. Beware the Ides of March.

Senseless Criticism. It sometimes occurs that the exchange editor of a college magazine shows no more capability of properly performing his duties as critic of other college publications than a child would of criticising the literary journals of our country. An editor like this will pick up one magazine with a view of finding material for pleasant comment. While in such a mood he is sure to find it. Then in order that his little essays may vary in their manner of treatment he picks up another with a view of finding all the fault possible with it.

Such a character evidently is to be found in the verdent exchange editor of the *Carolinian*, the publication of the students of South Carolina College. In a recent number of that publication he pretends to review the COLLEGIAN. His comments are the senseless drippings from an ill-guided pen.

"In reviewing this magazine," he says, "we find nothing worthy of commendation other than the editorials." Pray, young man, do you read it,

or do you not know what is commendable when you do read, or is it that the editors of the COLLEGIAN and the exchange men of many other magazines have no judgment of literary merit? The article on "Autumn" in the COLLEGIAN this self-contained critic also essays to loot in great fashion. It is a "mystery" to him "how it found its way into the magazine." "The writer," he continues, "surely must have written it while quite a school-boy, long before entering college." He concludes his review by remarking in a patronizing way, "The editors should not have allowed space in their magazine for such a trifling production as this one."

We have nothing to say in defense of the sketch "Autumn." It needs none. It was not intended as a serious article, but simply as a little humorous sketch which any one could easily tell if he took the trouble to read it carefully through. We would suggest that before attempting to review many more magazines this critic would administer to his head a good soaking of several hours duration. The probabilities are, however, that he will continue in his blind conceit as a critic and only be pleased that he has succeeded in drawing to himself the attention of another magazine.

**Work of the
Audubon
Society.**

On account of the tremendous slaughter of birds in this country from many causes, but especially their killing for millinery purposes in such a wholesale manner, the attention of the bird-loving portion of our population has been attracted. The American Ornithologists' Union has for years been active in striving to bring to the attention of our people the facts regarding the great inroads annually made into the numbers of the birds and the harmful effects which result from such action.

In the year 1896 the committee on bird protection appointed by the American Ornithologists' Union began to bring prominently before women's clubs and similar organizations the cause for which they were laboring. The object was to arouse general interest and a sentiment in favor of the birds. Their efforts were attended with great success. Audubon Societies organized for the purpose of bird protection and to encourage bird study have sprung up in great numbers on every hand. Almost every person now in touch with the public press is to-day acquainted with the worthy movement which has for its object the protection of our wild birds.

The extent of the fashion of wearing feathers and birds on hats and the manner of securing some of these is thus referred to in the recent annual report of the committee on bird protection published in the January number of the *Auk*:

“Probably at no time since the organization of the Audubon Societies has there been such a general use of birds in millinery as during the present winter, which is another evidence of the difficulty of common sense producing any effect upon fashion. Nevertheless the protest against birds in millinery was never so strong, especially among the rising generation, and the growing feeling on all sides that it is vulgar and in bad taste to wear birds, will inevitably make the present fashion one of short duration. Notwithstanding this, however, efforts are being constantly made by dealers to obtain birds from various parts of this country, especially where it can be done without breaking the laws.

“Information has reached your committee of large quantities of Grebe-breasts collected in western America, and of offers which have been made to fishermen along the New England coast to enlist their services in collecting Terns.

“The recent demand for single quills has resulted in the slaughter of innumerable hawks, owls, eagles and pelicans, and now the demand is largely supplied by the turkey vulture, one of the most useful and at the same time most disgusting birds that we have.

“Mr. Wm. Palmer, of our committee, writes me that numbers of these birds are trapped not far from Washington, D. C. They are decoyed with the carcasses of dead animals, and caught in a barrel arranged in such a way that when a vulture alights on the side he is precipitated into it. The quills are then pulled out and the bird allowed to run. In many cases so many feathers are taken that the bird is unable to fly and probably dies.

“The old stories that plume hunters do not use guns, but collect Egret plumes which have been cast off by the birds, and that in certain remote parts of the world Egrets are actually farmed (?) has been recently revised and published in journals where they have attracted widespread attention, and seriously hindered the work of the Audubon Societies. We need only say that there is no foundation for either statement. Any ornithologist who knows the habits of the Egret or any person who has visited their haunts will testify to the absurdity of these stories.”

A Carolina National Park. The beautiful mountain region of western North Carolina has for many years attracted the attention of tourists as one of the most interesting and picturesque regions on the entire face of the globe. Surely no place in eastern North America can anywhere compare with this section in natural beauty, scenery, and general relief. The towns

and cities of our mountains are annually the resorts of tens of thousands of health and pleasure seekers.

As there are here to be found great territories which are practically undeveloped and which are but in a very limited measure capable of cultivation, the question has, at times, been raised why not turn this exquisite region into a national park. The wanton denudation of the timbered mountains could then be stopped, the game preserved, and one of the most attractive places of the world thrown open in a way that it could be utilized and enjoyed by the public.

A public spirited organization with headquarters at Asheville, N. C., calling itself the "Appalachian National Park Association," is now seeking to interest Congress in this matter. Among the members of this organization are found many of the most prominent men of this and other Southern States. Geo. S. Powell is president of the Association. On the board of directors we find such well-known names as Dr. C. A. Schenck, of Biltmore; Prof. J. A. Holmes, State Geologist, A. M. Wadell and Josephus Daniels.

In a booklet just issued by the authority of the Association which has for its title, "A Few Reasons in Favor of the Establishment of a National Park in the Mountains of North Carolina," we find some interesting statements and quotations. Says the editor of the pamphlet:

"The most experienced travelers and those whose interest in the lumber trade gives them a wide knowledge of our forestry and of the great scenic beauties of America have uttered warnings time and again against the denudation of our forest lands, and the defacement of the grand scenery of the mountain ranges of the Southern Appalachians that bids fair to result therefrom in the near future."

The following is a quotation from the *Scientific American*:

"Within about a day's travel from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and most of the Atlantic seaboard, and quite as accessible to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis, there are vast stretches of virgin forests—along the line of the great Smoky mountains, on the border between Tennessee and North Carolina—that are thoroughly suited to the purposes of a great game and forest preserve. Going up from the lowlands of Walhalla, S. C., to the high plateau surrounding Highlands, N. C., a stage trip of about thirty miles, the late Prof. Gray, the eminent botanist of Harvard, tells us that he encountered a greater number of species of indigenous trees than could be observed in a trip from Turkey to England through Europe, or from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountain plateau. The region surrounding that described by Prof. Gray, especially to the west, with the headwaters

of the Tennessee, the French Broad, and the Savannah rivers, all within a few miles of each other, with fertile valleys and mountain elevations of 5,000 feet or more and a density of verdure unapproached elsewhere, is an ideal spot for a preserve, where every sort of North American animal or fish would thrive and where almost every tree or plant found within our borders from the Atlantic to the Pacific would grow uncared for."

Says the Hon. Locke Craig:

"Here is a great country of undulating table lands and mighty mountain ranges whose soil is as productive as the prairies of Illinois. Here are peaks where Vulcan might forge his thunderbolts and where the Gods of Olympus might sit in council above the clouds; here are fertile valleys sleeping peacefully beneath the giant cliffs of mountains that rise in majestic grandeur above the storms, watered by crystal streams that break in everlasting melody fresh from the granite of eternal hills; here is a region where winter lingers not; the mountains swell with life at the breath of early spring and clothe themselves in garments of emerald leaf and many tinted flowers; summer sunshine wraps the earth in lustrous woodland, changing to royal robes of autumn splendors of purple and crimson and cloth of gold: transparent waters of creeks and rivers glide and dance and foam over their rocky beds, above them as an arch the arms of giants of the forest, on their banks the honeysuckle, the violet, the tiger-lily, the ivy and the laurel breathe perfume as sweet as the odors of the 'lilies of eternal peace.'"

MARRIED.

Miss Maie Brown was married at the Friends' church at Deep River, N. C., on the 15th of this month to Mr. Giles Franklyn Sullivan, of the same place.

DIED.

Miss Minerva Mendenhall, one of Jamestown's oldest citizens, died at her home on the morning of February 8th. The remains were interred at Deep River burying ground. She was the last but one of one of Guilford county's most illustrious families. A brother, Richard J. Mendenhall, of Minneapolis, was one of the first students who ever matriculated here.

COLLEGE RECORD.

MR. VAN NOPPEN ON THE BOERS.

Just at this time when our attention has been so constantly called by the stirring events attending the war in South Africa, interest regarding the lives and the history of the Boers has been thoroughly aroused. Mr. Chas. L. Van Noppen's lecture on "South Africa" was given on the evening of January 13th.

In clear, forcible language he spoke in detail of the history of the Boers (or farmers, as the word means) from the days when they first landed in South Africa, over two centuries ago, until the present time. He told of their social customs, political difficulties and hopes, and of their predominating national idea of independence and complete self-government. By the aid of a large chalk map drawn on the black-board in the chapel he indicated the boundaries of their territory and their cities. He reviewed the present political trouble with England—their traditional oppressor—and explained the military situation to date.

Himself a fine specimen of the refined class of Boers, being a native of Holland, and with both the Dutch and the French blood in his veins, an enthusiastic student of history, and a fluent and gifted speaker, Mr. Van Noppen is well fitted for the interesting discussion of such a subject. His sentiments are strongly pro-Boer.

A large audience was present and the attention given the speaker during the hour and half which he occupied evinced the deep interest which he was able to arouse in his hearers. Mr. Van Noppen recently lectured in Greensboro on the same subject and he will doubtless find time to accept other invitations to give his lecture elsewhere.

On another page we are glad to give some of Mr. Van Noppen's views on the present war.

PROF. PEARSON ON BIRDS.

The second public lecture given this term was by Prof. Gilbert Pearson on the subject, "Birds of North Carolina." The speaker made a plea for the study of birds, holding that there is sufficient ground for such a position because of the value which birds are to the human race. Their usefulness to man he enlarged upon under the following heads: As de-

stroyers of noxious forms of animal and vegetable life, as scavengers, as messengers and heralds, and their value to us from an æsthetic standpoint.

He discussed the subjects of color protection of birds and their eggs, their nesting and feeding habits and their struggle for existence. He told of their numbers in the world, in America and in North Carolina. The birds of our state he grouped as residents, summer residents, winter visitors and transients. Arranged in a semi-circle about the stage were seventy-five mounted specimens representing these four classes of birds. He told the life histories and habits of many of these.

The subject of the destruction of birds was discussed, showing that while natural causes tend to keep the numbers of individuals of any one species about the same, when man comes in and lends a hand the balance is liable to be upset. The extirpation in this section of the country of the wild pigeon, paroquet and the ivory-billed woodpecker were referred to. The subject of the destruction of birds for millinery purposes was touched upon and specimens exhibited of those species which suffer most from the inroads of fashion.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Before this article reaches the readers of the COLLEGIAN my term of office as president of the Y. M. C. A. will have expired, and another shall take the place and continue the work. With the expiration of my term of office I wish the Association more success than it has ever had. There has been a great deal of interest in the weekly meetings the past year but not so much as we should like to have seen. I wish some plans could be devised to get new men *more* interested in the work. The committees were aroused to a sense of their duty by a visit to our college in November by Mr. Kneebel, our state secretary. He made some interesting as well as helpful addresses to the young men. We hope to have him visit us again in February, just in time to start the officers and committees on their new duties. We also expect to have Mr. Stewart, of Trinity College, the assistant secretary, to visit us some time shortly. This will bring our college work in closer touch.

The week of prayer was observed by holding services each evening, and considerable interest manifested. We have had two Bible classes during the past year which have been doing some very thorough work. One studying "The Life of Christ," the other "The Records and Letters of the Apostolic Age." These number about six each. The classes are not so large as we would like, but we hope to have more next year.

We will speak a word about our State Convention to be held in Greensboro in March. We hope this convention will be attended by large delegations from all the associations in the State. It is not only our duty but a grand privilege to attend one of these conventions. We hope a large delegation may go from here that they may be aroused to do much for their association next year. It is an inspiration to hear what other associations are doing and we ought to be more encouraged to do something for our own.

About the Asheville conference a word ought to be said. This association, I am sure, will do its very best to send all the delegates there it can. I hope at least two or three may go. May next year close and find our Y. M. C. A. in a very prosperous condition.

LACY L. BARBEE,
President Y. M. C. A.

REV. JAMES JONES ON ROME.

Rev. James Jones lectured Saturday night, February 3rd, on his travels in Rome. He told first of his passage across the Atlantic, briefly mentioned touching at various points in England and on the Continent and then he gave descriptions of some of the things which he saw in the great Eternal City upon its seven hills. He spoke of visiting Milan and spoke of the grandeur and splendor of the Milan cathedral.

His description of a visit to the catacombs was very vivid. He told of the wonderful discoveries made in the excavations of the buried city of ancient Pompeii. He took us on a journey up Mt. Vesuvius, showed us the hot running lava, and with him we ran from the shower of ashes and cinders which shot up.

Many amusing incidents showing the social customs of certain of the classes of the inhabitants, especially the Italian beggars, were told. A large audience had assembled in King Hall to hear "our traveled parson," and all were well pleased with his address.

LOCALS.

—Mr. Rush King has returned to college.

—Miss Annie Petty recently spent some days at the college, the guest of Miss Hackney.

Mrs. Florence Kennedy Brown, of High Point, was at the college visiting friends recently.

—The interest in class meetings is very marked this term. Each of the classes are organized and meetings held every two weeks.

—We understand that the Biological Laboratory will probably soon be supplied in part with a much felt want; viz, some excellent microscopes.

—Miss Clara Cox, one evening a short time since, gave a reception to the young women in the cottage club. The occasion was a most enjoyable one to all present.

—During the long vacation at the State Normal, Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, after visiting friends in Philadelphia, spent the time with President and Mrs. Hobbs.

—A handsome birthday surprise party was given by many of the young women to Miss Annie Blair on the evening of January 31st.

—Farmer Knight is rejoicing over the prospects of the crops this spring and the advent of certain fine Jersey calves. "Really full-blood Jerseys," says he.

—We are fortunate in often having Rev. James Jones at the religious meetings at the college this winter. The most of the time, however, he is traveling in other sections of the State.

—Mrs. Emma Spencer Townsend, a minister from Ohio, who has been holding a series of meetings in High Point, attended monthly meeting here and was also at the 11 o'clock First day meeting.

—Cornelius Copeland and family of Northampton county have lately moved into the neighborhood that the young people may have the advantages of the college. They are occupying the Parker residence.

—Much interest is shown by the students in the meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society. An effort will be made to send a strong delegation to the State Convention to be held in Raleigh this spring.

—Mr. Wm. Parker dropped in to see us recently and to pay his subscription to the COLLEGIAN. He was on his way to Durham, N. C., where he has accepted a position with the Carolina Furniture Co.

—The Websterian Society have been discussing the plan of inaugurating the office of Chaplain; the duty of this officer being to conduct religious exercises at the opening of each evening's program.

—Miss Ruth Worth is the secretary and treasurer of the State Association of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor. Her many friends at the college were much rejoiced by a recent visit of several days from her.

—The editors of the COLLEGIAN want at once the following back numbers. Will pay twenty-five cents each for them, viz., Vol. I, No. 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 6, 9, and 10; and of Vol. V, No. 5. Write at once stating which ones you have to dispose of.

—The Philagorean Society have elected the contestants for their Oratorical Contest, to be held May 11th. Those who were chosen from the many candidates were, Misses Linnie Raiford, Bernice Bradshaw, Flora Harding, Ida Millis, Belle White, Mary Futrell and Clara Cox.

—Hardly has the Philagorean Society ever been so strong in numbers and interest as at the present time. A few days ago it was remarked that every young woman rooming in Founders' Hall is a member. The new hall is being rapidly fitted up and will soon be occupied by the society.

—Miss Louisa Osborne and Miss Henryanna Hackney gave a reception to the Senior Class on the evening of January 25th. The reception was in every particular a great success and, needless to say, was greatly enjoyed by the Seniors.

—On Saturday, January 27th, Lee L. White, was tried for his life, for the murder of James Young, cousin of C. W. Davis. The trial took place in "Register of Deeds and Misdeeds" Hodgin's office in King Hall. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and "Judge" Wilson sentenced the prisoner to hang on Saturday, January 27th, 2601, at 5:15 p. m.

—There are no cases of small-pox now known to exist anywhere in the neighborhood of the college. Nearly every one has been vaccinated in this section of the county. The attendance of students is practically the same as it was last year for the small-pox scare seems to have been forgotten.

—The plan suggested by Mr. Petty in the November COLLEGIAN that a trophy room at Guilford should be established has met with much ap-

proval. Mr. Petty tells us that he has heard from numbers of the old students and alumnae, all of whom favor the project and several have also sent in photographs of Guilford athletic teams of years gone by. Nine of these Mr. Petty has already had framed in a very attractive manner. The framing used is black and the college colors, crimson and gray, are shown in the mats used. These are as follows:

Baseball team '92, Football team '93, Baseball team '96, Football team '96, Football team '95, Football team '97, Baseball team '88, Baseball team '98, Football team '99.

—A sophomore whose loyalty for his college paper burns strong with in him recently burst into poetic song as follows:

Some men I know are mighty free
 A spendin' of ther money,
 The way they make the dollars roll
 Is kinder sorter funny.
 They fling 'em right, they fling 'em left,
 They cut up quite a caper,
 But nary a cint uz I ever see
 Goes ter ther College Paper.

Some other men are extra spry
 In the Y. M. C. Association,
 They'll give un beg un talk un preach
 Fur the distant heathen nation.
 Ther prayers may sometime shake the roof,
 Un trimble every slaper,
 But nary cint uz I ever see,
 Goes ter ther College Paper.

Then there are others in the upper class,
 That sets down on the dollar
 So hard that when they're spied by one
 You can hear the old jay-bird holler.
 Fur the gittin' of blessin's they open ther arms,
 Fur the givin' they whittle 'em down to a taper,
 And nary cint uz I ever see,
 Goes to the College Paper.

PERSONALS.

Mary Cornelius is teaching at Clio, N. C.

Pattie Spencer is at her home in Edgar, N. C.

Anna Hare is at her home at Box Elder, Va.

Marion Lynch is Postmaster at Goldsboro, N. C.

Dora Bulla is conducting a school at Plainfield, N. C.

Anna Copeland is teaching in Perquimans county, N. C.

Lee Briles is book-keeper for A. A. Spencer, at Starr, N. C.

Herbert Reynolds has a position on the Southern Railway.

Ed. Mendenhall has a position with the Greensboro Lumber Co.

Dennis Cox, here in '98, is assisting Dr. Robert Smith as druggist in Hertford, N. C.

Isadore Schiffman, a Guilford student of '99, is in his uncle's bargain store in Greensboro, N. C.

Estelle and Lillian Williams are at their home near Deep River, and Rosa Hayworth is at High Point, N. C.

Valeria White, a student last term, has had a protracted illness of typhoid fever, and is now at her home at Westminster.

Mrs. Alexander Rankin, nee Lena Maie Blair, is, with her husband and daughter, Margaret, spending the winter at her old home in Asheboro.

Ora Medina Cox has charge of a school at Whitehouse, N. C. Ida and Ada Vuncannon, students at Guilford in '98, are at their home at the same place.

Mr. Abram Mendenhall, a student in the earlier days of the college, and later at the Providence School, R. I., is in business in Providence. He has come south for the winter and is now at Guilford College.

Mr. William J. Armfield, '95, and Miss Sallie Millis, the latter of High Point, were married on February 14th. Mr. Armfield is now cashier of the bank of Asheboro, N. C. The COLLEGIAN extends them good wishes.

Richard Cox, last term the president of the Junior class of Guilford, after making a delightful visit with relatives in Kansas City, Mo., has returned to his home at Dizzell, N. C., where he and his brother Herbert are spending the winter. We are sorry he could not again be with us.

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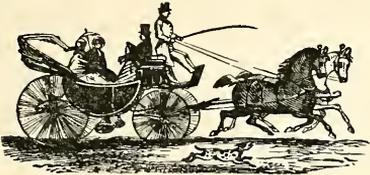
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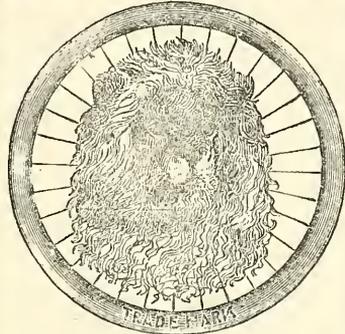
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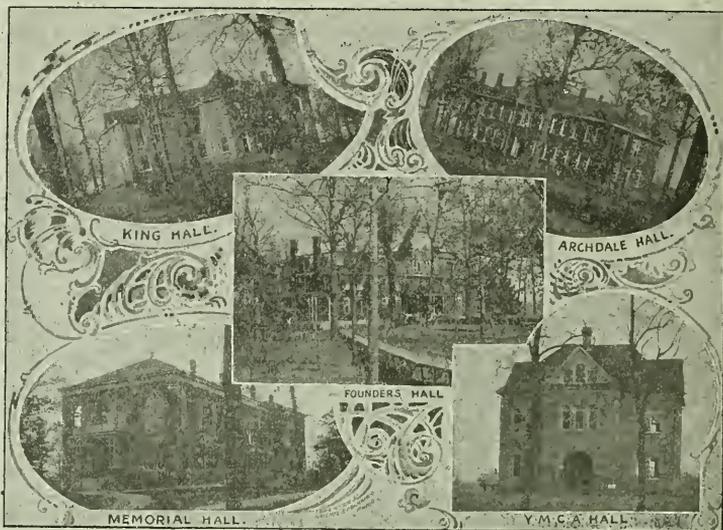
◆◆◆ CONTENTS ◆◆◆

I.	A Romance of the Twentieth Century.	Lucille Armfield....	193
II.	The Origin and Development of the Land Grant Colleges of the United States.	A. W. Blair.	199
III.	An Old Temperance Record.	H.....	205
IV.	New Garden Reminiscenses.	Mrs. E. H. Wilson.....	206
V.	The City of the Longlegs.	T. Gilbert Pearson.....	208
VI.	Editorials. Abram Fisher Writes. The North Carolina Friend— Athletic Notes.—College Traditions.....		214
VII.	Locals.....		217
VIII.	Personals.....		219
IX.	Directory.....		220

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GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

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No. 5.

A ROMANCE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

London lay bathed in the clear, bright light of an early morning in June, 1919. Like a fair dream-city she appeared to those who had assembled upon the lofty tower in the western suburbs, which is known as Langley station, named in honor of that scientific giant who has accomplished such wonders for the benefit of the human race. The air-ship *Atalanta*, which was scheduled to leave at 8 a. m. for the Republic of America, rested lightly on the platform. She was due to alight at the station on Pilot Mountain, in the State of North Carolina at 12 o'clock the next day.

The passengers with many laughing good-byes to their friends were rapidly boarding the aerial car. There were no traces of sadness on any of the faces there; for the coming separation would not be a long one, and besides the majority of them were of that great army of jolly tourists who annually flock from the Republic of Europe to see the sights in the greater Republic of America. The large white cigar-shaped balloon above was inflated to its utmost extent and the ship was all a-tremble, as if eager to be going. Finally amidst much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and shrill cries of "Come back again soon," "I'll join you Monday. Bon Voyage," etc., etc., the huge-like vessel gracefully floated off, all her fastenings having been loosened; and struck out for the vast blue empyrean. It was certainly a glorious sight to the lookers-on that fair, fresh morning in June; but how much more glorious and exhilarating it was for the fifty passengers who stood out on deck and waved farewell to the little needle of a tower, that rapidly faded from their sight, as their vessel rushed on toward the West at the rate of a hundred miles an hour!

Among the passengers one young girl was particularly noticeable. To look at her was a delight; for she might have posed as the goddess of health and immortal youth. She had a rather tall and very erect figure, which was moulded in beautiful proportions. Her father had been an Englishman, a Duke under the old regime when kings and nobles lorded it over common clods. From him she had inherited the fresh pink and

white English complexion, and she also had his light-brown hair, which fell in thick waves almost to the bottom of her short skirt. But her features and the contour of her face were like her mother's, who was the great American beauty and heiress, Frances Duane. And no one ever saw Frances Duane's cheek where it curved downward into her throat, who did not want to caress it, so beautifully moulded and so fair it was. Like her mother's, too, were her eyes, very large and dark, while the long lashes and eye-brows were many shades darker than her hair. She wore coats and short skirt of heavy dark-blue material, the coat opening in front to display a beautiful white vest. Her boots which reached to the knee were of fine dark-red leather. Her hair was tied once at the back of her head with a light-blue ribbon, while a cap of the same color crowned her locks.

Louise Lynnewoode seemed to be in love with all that life gave her. Joy and gladness beamed in every feature. It was good and wholesome to look at her; for she was the very incarnation of health and youth and beauty and strength. Every movement was easy and graceful, the expression of health and of strength that never tires.

Of all the people on board she was the most perfectly unconscious of herself, for she was enraptured with the sights around, the swift-flying motion, the delicious rush of wind, and the wild free spirit of the air of which she was drinking deep. Everything was so lovely that she could not decide whether to look at the beauty above, the beauty below, or that on all sides. So at last she shut her eyes, rested her head on the railing, and merely felt the glorious beauty of it all.

From this reverie she was awakened by a low, melodious voice at her side. Looking up quickly and brightly she saw a fair young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, standing by her side with cap in hand, He was very tall, but so finely-proportioned that he did not seem so tall as he was. He had a shock of the sunniest curls imaginable; for his mother had been a perfect type of the fair-haired Saxon that is almost extinct now. His father was an American, and had met his wife in Germany, while studying at the University of Heidleburg, once world-famous as a seat of learning, now an athletic training school. With this fair hair Frederic Adams had the eyes that harmonized so well—clear blue eyes that are so much better than dark eyes that you cannot see into.

He was on the point of asking what distressed his fair fellow-voyager, when she turned toward him such a bright, happy face that the question died on his lips. "Oh! I thought that you were in trouble," he said in explanation, "and I wanted to offer to help you."

What a merry, rippling laugh it was that greeted him, like the mingled sounds of many waters flowing over rocks. "Oh! wish for me," she replied gaily, yet earnestly, "that trouble may ever be as far from me as now. I was simply lost in enjoyment of this perfect scene. How beautiful it all is!"

"Beautiful indeed!" he echoed still looking into her face. She sat gazing out into vast infinite space, as if she were looking out into eternity, while he stood and gazed upon her face as if he might have found his eternity there."

Lightly they talked and gaily they laughed as their ship sped on over beautiful old Erin, whose peculiar bright-green is utterly any other color in the world. A charming panorama of farms and houses and towns in miniature floated by beneath them. Looking downward the world appeared indeed to be sailing away toward the East, as many old-time people were taught and still believe, while the ship alone seemed stationary. With their eyes half shut these two looked upon the fair picture with great delight and half-way believed that it was all a splendid pageant arranged only for their pleasure.

When the land had faded quite away, then came the ocean, looking like another sky, but deeper blue, over which were dotted the heavy freight-boats that creep along like snails over the surface of the deep. All morning these two sat out on deck together and talked of many things. They soon found out that they were strangely congenial; for on board an air-ship is the best of all places to become well acquainted in a brief time. There is a certain feeling of comradeship there and a lack of restraint, that are not to be found anywhere else.

That afternoon he read to her a long time from a delightful book in the wonderful new Universal language which both of them had learned and which will soon supersede all other tongues. Never was language so rich and full and fine as is this, for it is a compound of all that is best in all the languages of the world. All the beauty and melody and pathos and wit and sparkle of all other tongues are summed up in this wondrous masterpiece. They were both electrified by the sublime thought and matchless sound. It was a new book and this was their first reading. It was an inspiration; it was like wine.

Then when their spirits were raised to the highest pitch, they threw the book aside and began to promenade. Up and down the deck they paced, oblivious of everybody and everything save only themselves. Their conversation easily fell into a personal and confidential strain. They talked of themselves, their plans, their past, etc. Frederic Adams had lately graduated from a fine University in Baltimore, America, and was

now returning to America from a short visit to his father, who lived alone in Germany. In Baltimore he expected to join Dr. Wegmann the great electrician and accompany him on a trip to the North Pole. There they intended to make a series of electrical experiments in the hope of modifying the extreme cold of that desolate and barren region. Louise was fascinated with the account of his work. She was merely a tourist to America. Having been in school the greater part of her life of nineteen years, it happened that this was her first trip across the Atlantic. She had left her mother, who was a widow, at their home in England.

Soon it was seven o'clock and everybody retired to his tiny little state-rooms to partake of dinner and to dress for the evening. The meal consisted of six little tablets, all very delicious and refreshing, and the most delightful of nectars, five different brands.

Frederic lay down for his customary siesta, but could not rest long. He hurried out on deck. Soon Louise appeared. She was not long in finding him. She went up to him and sat down by his side in the full light of the full moon. Her gown was some soft fleecy pink thing that reached almost to the floor. Frederic wore a rich garnet robe embroidered with gold.

If the scene was fine by day, how much grander was it by night. Above them stretched the deep solemn sky dotted with a thousand stars and beneath them the wondrous shimmer of the deep, mysterious sea flooded with the gentle radiance of the moon. There was something so solemn and almost sacred about their utter isolation and the swift, trustful gliding-on through space. Often ships passed them, sometimes near; again far away, almost out of sight. Above, below, and on both sides they shot past with their peculiar whizzing sound. Light laughter sometimes stole to their ears and again sweet strains of music; but always that strange inimitable sound as of some huge insect buzzing by.

After a pause of a few minutes in their talk, Frederic exclaimed: "How strange life is! We meet to-day, to-morrow we part—forever, perhaps. We are indeed as

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another—
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

"How beautiful and true these words are!" she replied. "Where did you find them?"

"I saw them in an old album of my father's. The name Longfellow was written just after them. I fancy that he was one of the many minor

poets of the last century. The words were written in a large, square hand with the name, 'Frances Duane' underneath."

"Oh! that was my mother," cried Louise, "Then they must have known each other long ago. How very strange and interesting! How true those verses are," she went on, sighing deeply and trembling a little. 'My mother once told me a pathetic little story, how her life and another's came so near that they almost became one, and how they sailed apart into unknown seas. She said that then a woman did not dare to tell her love first, for then it was considered very improper and unmaidenly, and so the man went away without telling her of his love. I shall never forget the effect this little tale made upon me. It was the night my father died and I was crying broken-heartedly, not only for my own loss, but also for her sake. She took me out on our balcony which over-looked the lovely peaceful Bay of Naples and fierce unquiet Mt. Versuvius."

There was a long silence and then he said: "We have become good good friends. I grieve to think of parting to-morrow."

"Suppose we do not think of it," she said earnestly, "Let's play that to-night will go on forever. Does it not seem so? I should be happy to be by your side forever. Would it be happiness enough for you? At school I have studied much about Love and Congeniality, and I have felt from the first that you are my other self. In a few short hours I have grown to love you strangely well. I shall hope to have your love in return until you tell me that there is no longer any hope."

Frederic looked dazed for a moment or two. Slowly the truth began to dawn upon his duller spirit. "Oh! I feel that I shall love you. Indeed, I do love you," he cried out passionately. "What a fool I should have been to let you go out of my life without making an effort to keep you. A year from to-day we will be married. By that time we two together will have saved enough to build our own little home. It will give me double strength to know that I am working for you."

"And I," she said quite simply, "will be far, far happier working for you than I ever could be otherwise."

So these two looked into each others' eyes and read life's meaning written there.

* * * * *

It is June 4th, 1920, and it is Commencement Day at a famous old College in Guilford County, N. C., a great crowd has assembled because it is a great occasion. Now two flying carriages are seen to approach from opposite directions. From one there steps a handsome woman, seemingly in her prime, together with her handsomer daughter; from the other a tall, middle-aged man and his young son. Frederic and Louise have

made all their arrangements over the International Telephone. And so perfectly have they timed themselves that though the father has been in Germany, the son in Baltimore, and the mother and daughter in England, yet they arrived within a few minutes of each other. Mr. Adams and Mrs. Lynnewoode recognize each other at once.

Now at last the man and woman meet on the old ground and look into each other's faces through the changes of 25 years. They renew their old love. For here Frances Duane had gone to school before her father scooped his millions out of wheat. Here also George Adams had loved her with all his boyish heart, but had never told her so.

The next morning just as the first rays of the sun kissed the lovely campus, Frederic and Louise walk out upon the lawn and repeat the beautiful ceremony which unites their lives forever. Both are dressed in long, flowing robes of white, fit emblems of the purity of each fresh young life. And behind them came two figures, clad in gray—the color of suffering and age. They take the same vows of faithfulness and love at the old place. “And the lips of the man at last have told the silent love of the lad.”

Together they all go honey mooning to Patagonia, and for a month lead an idyllic, pastoral sort of life, riding in the old-fashioned cable-cars to the beautiful parks and taking long trips out into the country in the horseless carriages, which are still very much used in that quaint, provincial land.

This is the tale of Frederic Adams and Louise Lynnewoode. They met and loved! It is a common story, you say. Yes, it is common, and only romantic on account of its connection with a love-story of the olden time. And so in this age of cold-blooded science, opportunities for romance are not lost but multiplied. And Love and Sentiment are as much appreciated now as ever; for amidst the rush and whirl of countless changes the human heart alone remains the same.

LUCILLE ARMFELD, '94.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE LAND
GRANT COLLEGES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The history of the "Land-Grant," or "Agricultural Colleges," as they are popularly called, dates back to 1857, when Hon. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, introduced in the House a bill granting public lands for the establishment of agricultural colleges. The bill passed but was vetoed by President Buchanan.

In December, 1861, Mr. Morrill introduced his bill again, but on May 2, 1862, Senator Wade of Ohio, offered a similar bill in the Senate, and on the 19th of June, it passed both houses. It was approved by President Lincoln and became a law on the 2nd day of July following. It is noteworthy in passing that this act, together with the act passed in 1887, through the efforts of Hon. William Hatch of Massachusetts (establishing the agricultural experiment stations) and the Morrill law of 1890, (endowing the agricultural colleges) constitute the largest government aid to education in the history of this country.

According to the terms of the act of 1862, each State was to be granted an amount of public land equal to 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress to which the States were respectively entitled by the apportionment of 1860, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining "at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including Military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agricultural and the mechanical arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life."

In States where there were public lands subject to sale at private entry at \$1.25 per acre, the quantity to which each State was entitled, was to be selected from these lands. To provide for those States not having the quantity of public lands subject to sale, the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to issue to each of such States *land scrip* to the amount in acres for the deficiency of its distributive share; this scrip was to be sold by the States and proceeds applied to the establishment of a college as prescribed in the act and for no other uses or purposes whatsoever. The States receiving the land or scrip were to pay, from their own treasuries

* In the preparation of this article the following publications of the United States Department of Agriculture have been freely consulted. Bulletins 64 and 65, Office of Experiment Stations, and 3 revised edition, Division of Publications; Report Secretary of Agriculture for 1899; and "Education and Research in Agriculture in the United States," by Dr. A. C. True.

all expenses incurred in connection with the management of the land and the disbursement of the moneys received therefrom, and the entire proceeds of the land without any diminution whatever were to be invested in stocks of the United States or of the State, or some other safe stocks, yielding not less than five per cent. upon the par value of the stocks. This investment was to constitute a perpetual fund, the interest from which must be inviolably applied to the endowment, support, and maintenance of the college.

If any portion of the invested fund should be diminished or lost in any way it was to be replaced by the State to which it belonged. A provision was made by which an amount not exceeding ten per cent. of the fund could be expended "for the purchase of lands for sites or experimental farms," whenever authorized by the legislatures of the respective States, but no portion of the fund or the interest could under any pretense, be applied directly or indirectly to the purchase, erection, preservation, or repair of any building or buildings. "The Federal Government intended the grant should form a nucleus in each of the several States around which buildings, libraries, laboratories, workshops, gymnasiums, military halls, and other educational appliances should be grouped by means of public munificence and State bounty. It was to prove a stimulus to the generosity of the people and the liberality of the States. To this test the people, through private gifts and municipal and State governments, have responded, with few exceptions, in a liberal way."*

The success which has attended the establishment and development of these colleges is ample proof that the bill was wisely drawn and that the provisions have been earnestly and carefully complied with.

As the organization of the land-grant colleges proceeded and the demand for men thoroughly trained in the various branches of science became greater, Mr. Morrill and other friends of industrial education, realized that the income derived from the land-grant lands, even when supplemented by liberal appropriations from the states and other sources would not make of these institutions what it was desired and intended that they should be. He therefore began to formulate plans by which additional aid could be secured from the national treasury, and as a result he introduced a bill in Congress to provide for their further endowment. This bill was passed and became a law by the approval of President Harrison August 30, 1890.

This second Morrill act provides that there shall be annually appropriated to each state and territory, out of the funds arising from the sale

* Blackmar, "History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education."

of public lands, for the more complete endowment and maintenance of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts, established under the act of 1862, the sum of \$15,000 for the year ending June 30, 1890, and an annual increase of the amount of this appropriation for ten years thereafter by an additional sum of \$1,000 over the preceeding year, and that the amount shall continue at \$25,000. This money can be applied "only to instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, the English language, and the various branches of mathematical, physical, natural, and economic science, with special reference to their applications in the industries of life and to facilities for such instruction."

Provision is made for separate instructions for white and colored students where such an arrangement is desirable. When such separation is made the money is divided.

In several of the states the grant was made over to universities or colleges already in existence and has served to establish or augment the funds of courses, departments or schools of agriculture and mechanic arts in the same. In the other states the fund has served as the chief source of endowment for new institutions, or as the nucleus around which have collected additional funds, which in some cases far exceed the amount derived from the national grant.

Some of the colleges have developed particularly in one direction, and some in another. In states where mining constitutes one of the great industries, schools of mines, and mining engineering, have been given special prominence, while in other states the colleges are more truly agricultural colleges and have developed strong courses in agriculture, dairying, and stock raising. The number of courses of study offered by the land-grant colleges and universities varies from one to more than twenty.* The majority, however offer from three to seven courses. Sixty-one of the sixty-four, maintain courses in agriculture. Nearly all of these courses require four years for completion and with the exception of the course of engineering, lead to the degrees of B.S. and B. A. Many of the colleges offer facilities for graduate work also. It is thus evident that the "agricultural colleges" are much more than the name implies, and that the courses are sufficiently broad and varied to meet the demands of not only the industrial classes, but of all classes.

The act of establishing these colleges includes military tactics among the branches to be taught, and all male students, except those physically

* The Ohio State University which includes the College of Agriculture offers twenty-eight courses, and the Pennsylvania State College offers eighteen, which are as follows: Classical, general science, Latin scientific, agriculture, electrical engineering, mathematics, mechanical engineering, mining engineering, physics and philosophy; special courses in chemistry and mining engineering; short courses in agriculture and mining, and a course in dairying and creamery work.

disabled, are required to take this work, though it is probable that those who are opposed to all war, and who for that reason cannot engage in any military service, would be excused from this duty by the proper authorities of any of the colleges. In the catalogue of the Pennsylvania State College, special provision is made for excusing such persons.

In a few of the States tuition is free, while in many of the others, free scholarships amounting to the charges for tuition, are awarded to a large number of meritorious students. In many of the colleges students also receive wages for labor performed on the farm, and in the gardens and green-houses. The doors of a large number of these colleges have already been opened to women, and it is only a matter of time when others will follow.

Educational institutions receiving the benefits of the Morrill laws of 1862 and 1800, are now in operation in all the states and territories except Alaska, there being a total of sixty-four. The total number of acres of land granted to the states was over nine and one-half millions, of which more than one million acres are still unsold. The shares of the several states ranged from 24,000 acres for Alabama, to 990,000 acres for New York.

The aggregate value of the permanent funds of the land-grant colleges and universities in 1898, was estimated to be \$53,632,852.25, with an income of over \$6,000,000.00 exclusive of \$730,000.00 annually received for the Experiment Stations. The number of persons in the faculties of these institutions for the same year was 2611 and the total number of students was 31,658. More students take the course in agricultural than any other, the number in 1898 being 4181; mechanical engineering with 2797, electrical engineering with 1698, civil engineering with 1504, household economy with 1298, and mining engineering with 554 follow in the order named. Since the organization these institutions have graduated 34,168 students.

The scope and purpose of the land-grant colleges are clearly set forth in that part of the act which says that it shall be "a college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts in such manner as the legislatures of the States may prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life." The limitations are broad and general and as a result institutions have been developed which are entirely adequate to the demands of the age. Mr. Morrill wisely left the details to be developed by the respective States and institutions. He saw that educational insti-

tutions are the growth of long years of experience and labor and he only indicated the direction in which this growth should take place. They were to be colleges and universities of science rather than literature, not alone for the teaching of science, but schools where students should be taught to apply this science to agriculture and the arts, and thus "promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and profession in life."

Mr. Morrill saw that the day had passed when only those who intend to enter upon one of the learned professions should have a college education; recognized the dignity of labor and the fact that the educated man is always best equipped to meet the problems of life, and with prophetic vision, hardly equalled by any educator before or since, he was instrumental in securing the enactment of a law which has instituted a new educational regime; a law which in its workings has met, and is meeting the pressing requirements of the industrial classes, by opening to them the doors of colleges and universities where they can receive scientific and technical training which will enable them to take a leading part in the development of the country's resources.

These institutions are gradually becoming centres of learning, and their influences are being felt by thousands of people throughout the length and breadth of every State and territory. From there go out every year, classes of young men whose thorough scientific training eminently qualifies them to become leading factors in the great industrial development of the country. Through them agriculture is fast becoming a science, instead of the mere drudgery that it once was, and farming from a scientific and profitable standpoint is no longer a theory. Skilled engineers, mechanics and chemists go out each year from them to take their places in the development of the great coal and iron fields, the phosphate works, gold, silver and copper mines, government surveys, irrigation surveys of the arid West, and the many other industries that go to make a great and growing nation.

Although the land-grant colleges receive much of their support and endowment from the United States government, yet they are strictly speaking, State institutions.

The governing boards are appointed by the various State legislatures or by the governors, and the authorities who have general supervision in the name of the government have shown a very decided disposition to recognize State control as final, so far as is consistent with a very liberal interpretation of the law.

The Agricultural Experiment Stations which were established by act of Congress in 1887, (known as the Hatch Act,) and which are now in ope-

ration in every State and Territory, are in most instances conducted in connection with the land-grant colleges. These experiment stations receive annually from the United States government the sum of \$720,000 for the purpose of carrying on scientific investigations; and while this money cannot be used directly by the colleges, yet it is of great advantage to them, for in many instances the scientific men on the station staff fill similar position in the college faculty, and thus the college secures the services of trained scientists for much less money than would be acquired under ordinary circumstances.

That the agricultural colleges are coming to be more and more recognized as an important factor in the education of the industrial classes, and that their sphere of influence is rapidly widening, is clearly indicated by extracts from the last annual report of the Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture. For some time past this Department has experienced considerable difficulty in securing trained scientists to successfully carry on the work of certain of the Divisions. They have in some instances been obliged to secure the men and train them under the direction of their own scientists, before they could proceed with the work in hand.

In order that this may not be the case in the future the Secretary of Agriculture has arranged with the Civil Service Commission to make a register of the graduates of the land-grant colleges. From this registration the scientific Divisions of the Department will select young men who will assist the division scientists in their work, and in addition to this they will have opportunity for graduate work, and can thus better equip themselves along the lines of applied science. The pay for such work is no more than the Department pays an ordinary laborer, but the advantages to be derived from thus being associated with the foremost scientists of the country can scarcely be estimated. The Department of Agriculture at Washington thus becomes a sort of university for the land-grant colleges where the best equipped young men from these colleges may pursue their studies under the most favorable circumstances.

On this subject Secretary Wilson says:* "By this new departure the Department is merely arranging to meet the imperative demands of the producers of the country for help to solve the problems that are beyond their education and their means. The Congress of the United States in providing for the endowment of agricultural colleges and experiment stations, did more for the agriculture of the country than has been done by governmental agency for the people of any other nation.

Congress could not endow these institutions with teachers trained in

* Report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1899.

the applied sciences relating to the farm, but Congress has built up the Department of Agriculture and encouraged the development of the foremost scientists known in their several specialties. The step we have taken towards bringing the brightest students of the agricultural colleges to prosecute their studies under the supervision of scientists in this Department is one step necessary to complete the educational system. * * * The great unexplored field for the educator is along agricultural lines. Half the people of the United States are interested in it. The prosperity of our country as a nation among nations depends upon it."

These words, coming as they do from the Secretary of Agriculture, whose thorough training and wide experience qualify him to speak with authority on this subject, carry with them much weight, and should receive the thoughtful consideration of all who are interested in the educational uplifting of the Nation. It yet remains for the common and high schools to take up elementary instruction in the sciences that relate to agriculture and industrial economy and thus prepares the student for the advanced courses of the college and university. When this is done the step from the common and high schools to the college will be an easy one, and those who thus graduate from the college or university will not be under the necessity of working for salaries such as are paid to railroad brakemen and street car conductors, but, as Secretary Wilson says, will be demanded by the producers of the country to help "solve the problems that are beyond their education and means"

A. W. BLAIR, '90

Florida Agricultural College, Lake City.

AND OLD TEMPERANCE RECORD.

We find in the college library an interesting book, the record of the "Benjamin Franklin Temperance Society." This association was organized August 29th, 1835, while the present "Founders Hall" was in process of erection. The Minutes continue until 6 mo. 29, 1851. There is a long list of members who signed the following pledge:

"As the use of ardent spirits and everything that will intoxicate has been found by experience to be not only unnecessary but injurious, as it tends to poverty, crime, and wretchedness, to hinder the efficacy of all means for the intellectual and moral benefit of society, and also to endanger the purity and permanency of our moral and religious institutions, and as of the best means for counteracting its deleterious effects, is the influence of united example.

“Therefore, we, the subscribers, recognizing the principles of total abstinence from the use of ardent spirits and wine (cases of necessity excepted) and from the distilling and traffic in them as the basis of our Union do hereby agree to form ourselves into a society.”

The constitution following itemizes the object and government.

These subscribers represent a large per cent. of the women and men who then resided in this part of Guilford county. In 1837 when “New Garden Boarding School” was opened we find the names of the teachers and many of the pupils. Among the members we see the names of the father of President Hobbs, the mother of Mary E. M. Davis, the grandfathers, mothers, uncles and aunts of our present Matron. Coffins, Clarks, Macys, Worths, Edwards, Fosters, Hiatts, and many others amounting in a few years to 421.

In 1841 the following resolution was introduced by C. D. Coffin and after some debate adopted:

Resolved: That the members of the New Garden Temperance Society consider themselves under obligation not to give their support to any candidate who will treat for the sake of office or any other consideration. This society affiliated with the Guilford County Temperance Society and held meetings at many places in surrounding neighborhoods, spreading its influence and adding to its membership. In 1847 the list of members was revised by an actual re-signing of the pledge. As we review this former list we find that most of them have crossed over to the other shore. Only a few linger on this side and we trust they are still keeping that pledge. The book is neatly covered with embroidered broadcloth with the initials N. G. B. F. T. S. “A note in the book says this was done by Sarah Kennedy and others.” Sarah Kennedy was a pupil here in school at that time.

H.

NEW GARDEN REMINISCENCES.

The extract you printed from my letter, in a recent number of the COLLEGIAN, had a small typographical error. Instead of *mashed* balls as your types had it, I picked up *musket* balls from the old battle ground of Guilford Court House. I might add, however, that I did often see flattened balls cut from the trunks of old dead trees, which stood on the edge of my father’s farm, or plantation as you would call it. When my brother wanted lead for arrow heads or other purposes he would take a hatchet and go to some old tree whose trunk was pitted with small holes

and he never failed to find bullets, often much battered. We had been told that a soldier was buried at a certain spot near the edge of the woods, and so close to the road that the wheels almost past over the unmarked grave. Some boys thought they would decide the matter, and by digging only a few feet found the human skeleton, the skull with the teeth well preserved. That dim old wood with its depth of shade had for us children a sort of fascination because of its associations with the battle. The ghost stories told so vividly by the negroes filled our youthful imaginations with much that was weird and supernatural. To them the forest was peopled with the ghosts of the dead, and it was with fear and trembling they went through it, especially after dark. Even the old sedge field adjoining had possibilities of visions of witches riding on broomsticks. The road that led to my first school lay through these woods and skirted the old field, and I always had some misgivings when alone, especially when passing an immense old tree trunk, the resort of a number of big owls during the day. Their great round eyes gazed at me so fixedly and fierce that it was a relief when I was safely past it. Several cannon balls were picked up by members of my father's family, and years afterwards in a distant state and amid widely different surroundings my own children played with them, finding especial pleasure in rolling them down stairs. Some buttons were found with U. S. A. on them, and were evidently from some soldier's uniform; also several grape shot, ramrods, and bayonets. The latter were in our possession for many years, and one has only recently been presented to the museum of battle relics there, by one of my daughters. To my childish comprehension, the Revolution meant simply the affair at Guilford Court House in March, 1781, and I was, so to speak, nourished upon its traditions. About the year 1836 my brother with several other boys while wandering through the woods found a wooden clock, still in good repair, in an old hollow tree. It was supposed to have been hidden away in order to conceal it from the British soldiers, who plundered the neighboring houses, and often wantonly destroyed property which they could not carry off. My great grandfather's family suffered in this respect.

Some seventy years later when on the occasion of moving to Indiana, my father offered his household goods for sale, he created some merriment among his friends by saying he could guarantee that the feathers in the beds were fresh, for during the Revolution all the beds were taken by the British or Hessians, the feathers emptied out and the ticks used to carry away corn, oats, etc., to feed their horses, as if feathers sixty or seventy years old would be counted fresh. As late as 1840 there was a corn crib standing, the door of which showed many bullet holes,

said to have been made by some soldiers that used it as a target. The old house was used as a temporary hospital, a number of the wounded being brought there to be cared for. My grandfather assisted in burying a number of the dead.

Richmond, Ind.

(MRS.) E. H. WILSON.

THE CITY OF THE LONGLEGS.

There is a river in the South on whose banks a few miles from the sea may be found a large rice plantation with its broad fields extending along the bottom lands. Half a mile from the river is a bluff which at some remote date may have served as the bank of a much larger stream. There, on the high ground, surrounded by magnificent live oaks, stands the large house of the planter. Behind the mansion is a garden, and behind the garden are more rice fields, while beyond these stretch away for miles the unbroken forests of pine and cypress.

One summer while visiting here I noticed about the rice fields numerous large birds wading in the shallow water. All seemed stilted on long, slender legs. Occasionally one would thrust out its slim, snakelike neck and strike at something in the water with its sharp beak. Evidently they were feeding on the small fish which were so abundant here. Three species of birds could be seen. One which stood about twenty inches high, was dark, slatey blue in color. This was the little blue heron. Another variety, about the same size, had varying shades of brown and gray above with white throat and breast. This was the Louisiana heron, the bird which on account of its rare beauty and elegance of movement is sometimes called "lady-of-the-waters." The largest of all were nearly four feet tall. These the people of the plantation called "blue cranes," but they were really great blue herons.

Now and then one of the birds would rise from the feeding grounds, fold its long neck on its back, stretch its legs out behind, and come flying in from the river high overhead, making straight for the forest. Sometimes also one would come from the opposite direction and drop down into the rice fields. It seemed odd that so many should be coming and going in the same manner and upon inquiring the cause, my host explained that back in the woods there was a place where the birds in great numbers had their nests. "These you see flying over," he continued, "are old ones carrying food to their young."

One day he took me to visit the interesting region. On the rear side

of the plantation is a pond formed by a stream which was dammed to furnish water for flooding the rice fields. It reaches for a mile or more into the woods. At the upper end it branches into two or three divisions, which, like long arms, reach back into the wilderness for considerable distance. At the far end of one of these arms the herons had their city.

In a growth of young cypress trees covering an area of about two acres their nests were built. As we approached the birds could be seen in numbers flying from place to place. Many were resting on the branches of the trees while others were feeding their young. Two inquisitive fellows, sentinels possibly, came out for a better view of us and our boat, but soon flew hurriedly back, squawking loudly as they went. Their sounds of alarm could hardly have attracted the notice of the other birds amid all the squeak-squawking of these hundreds of noisy tenants and their young.

At any rate the colony as a whole took no heed of our arrival in their midst. Only those nearest which we passed took fright. The nests of the little blue and Louisiana herons were simply slight platforms of dead twigs placed together on the horizontal limbs of the cypress trees, from four to eight feet above the water. Usually they were not over eight or ten inches across, and often were so frail that the four or five blue eggs they contained could be counted from beneath.

In some cases the eggs had hatched. The young little blues, covered with white down, were quite pretty creatures if viewed from a safe distance. When grown their feathers are also white, and not until the summer of the second year does the coat of blue feathers appear. In some cases the young are said never to acquire the blue coverings, but go on through life as white birds. The young Louisianas resembled in color their parents, only, of course, they wore a suit of down instead of white feathers.

In some tall trees at one side of the heronry the great blue herons had built their large platforms of nests high in air, and their great babies in a dozen or more places were seen standing gazing silently off through the forest as though absorbed in thought. So large and fine looking are the great blues that my friend called them "the kings of the city." The splendid plumes of their heads and backs, together with their dignity of bearing, in a measure, surely bore out the comparison.

In one place two pairs of quite different herons, together with their nests, were found. They were between the little blues and the great blues in size, but the special feature of their appearance was their snowy feathers. These birds were egrets. Long white plumes growing on their

backs and extending far behind their bodies added much to their beauty. I like to think of these graceful creatures as the queens of that city.

Wishing to get a peep into the private life of the heronry, we concealed our boat among some low trees and covered our bodies with long gray moss and cypress boughs. Scarcely were we hidden from view when the herons returned to their homes. While watching the birds a crow flew up and alighted near a nest containing eggs. After a wicked glance around he thrust his beak into a egg, and flying but a short distance, perched, and began deliberately to eat its contents. Soon the rogue returned for another egg and the distressed heron, whose nest was being robbed, only squawked a timid resentment and moved away as the intruder approached. That day we saw five or six crows thus engaged in pilfering the homes of the defenseless herons.

It was meal-time with each brood of longlegs whenever a parent arrived from the rice fields. The curious manner in which the young were fed was one of the most interesting things we witnessed. An old bird, upon coming home, would alight on the edge of the nest or a limb near by. With a peculiar pumping motion of its throat it seemed to bring the food up its long neck and hold it in its mouth ready for the little ones to feed upon. One at a time they would reach up and thrust their bills into the open mouth of their parent to receive their portion.

Their diet at this time must have consisted largely of small fish, for when we attempted to row our boat among the tree trunks beneath the nests, the young, possibly in their efforts to drive us away, or, perhaps, because of their great uneasiness, would disgorge large quantities of partially digested minnows. In fitful streams these would descend upon us, falling in the boat, in our laps, our pockets or down our necks. Our journey through the city of the longlegs was fraught with much anxiety and watchfulness as well as some degree of peril to the appearance of our garments. I believe there to have been fully one thousand occupied nests in this place.

Probably there are other enemies to the eggs and young birds beside crows. In one nest we saw a large water snake lying coiled about an egg sunning itself. We were unable to learn, however, if snakes eat the eggs of the heron. The eyes and snout of an alligator were seen protruding from the water in a little open place among the tree trunks. Possibly this monster lived about here and was ever ready to snap up any unfortunate nestling which might fall from its platform of twigs.

The feathers of herons are much sought for decorating women's bonnets. Whole colonies of nesting birds are sometimes destroyed for this purpose. It is to be hoped that no plume hunter will find this heronry

and for this reason I refrain from mentioning its location. There are many of such cities of longlegs in the South, although their number is becoming less each year before the onslaughts of the plume hunters.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

PROF. WILSON'S LECTURE.

On the evening of March 3d, Professor Wilson gave a thoughtful and interesting lecture on Problems for Students. He began by saying that convention binds us in every department of life, and that it is hard for us to break from what is established. We are limited or inspired socially religiously, legally, politically and as individuals by "Old King Custom."

Even in this busy day, when changes seem to come in with every hour, we are still governed, in a large measure, by precedent. It lies with us as students to step boldly out and free ourselves from what is outgrown, and unessential, always distinguishing between the good and the evil which the past has brought us and holding fast to that only which is wholly good. The past has not been wholly evil. It is the basis of the present, and whatever value there may be in the present, is only a more complete development of something that was basic and true in the past.

We owe the past a great debt, but it can be only a debt of gratitude. Our duty lies toward the present. Since we stand on the greatest world that has ever been, and have the widest view that ever was, our responsibility is increased. Every student has industrial, social, moral, educational, and religious obligations which he cannot honestly fail to meet, and the world will be elevated in just so far as students work toward an ideal life themselves, and help others to see and attain it.

LECTURE BY PROF. DAVIS.

On the night of February 17th, we had from Professor Davis a lecture, such as he sometimes gives, in the form of familiar talks on some phase of Biblical criticism. This was chiefly concerned with the genealogy of our New Testament. He first showed how different and how much more difficult a task it is to make a translation, for example, of the New Testament now from what it was three hundred years ago. Then there was practically only one text, the Standard Text, technically called

the *Textus Receptus*. Now there is nothing like the uniformity among the critical editions of the Greek text that existed when King James had our Authorized Version made. Antequarian research has brought to light hundreds of manuscripts of the New Testament writings which were not known then to be in existence; and among these are the oldest, the most complete and most trustworthy sources of our New Testament Scriptures. A critical comparison of these manuscripts reveals the fact that they differ from one another in many particulars. Indeed, the whole number of various readings that have been observed amounts to many thousands.

The authors of our Revised Version, consequently, before translating the Greek into English, had often the more difficult task of deciding what they were to translate, i. e., to decide upon the conflicting claims of different readings. No set of scholars could now agree among themselves to sit down to translate any given text, even among the great critical editions that we now have, and feel confident that they were offering to the world the genuine New Testament at every point. Textual Criticism is a new and important science. Its methods must be followed and its results made available before any trust-worthy work in translation can be done.

The Professor then gave, with some detail, the history of the *Textus Receptus*. By this term is meant that form of Greek text of the New Testament which gained currency during the Reformation period and held sway in England and on the continent down to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The first edition of the Greek New Testament published was that of Erasmus, 1516 at Basle, Switzerland. For the Gospels, Acts, and the Epistles, Erasmus used chiefly one manuscript, although he had two or three others with which to compare it, all of the 14th and 15th centuries. For the Apocalypse he had only one manuscript of the 12th century, and that a defective one. The defects he supplied by translating the Latin of the Vulgate into Greek. In many other places also, he preferred the reading of the Vulgate to the Greek of his manuscript. As a result there are more than twenty places in his edition based upon no Greek source whatever. Moreover, the work of preparing the edition was done in great haste, in less than six months, that it might be out before Complutensian Polyglot.

The second edition of Erasmus, 1519, was the basis of Luther's translation, and a number of uncorrected errors in it affected the latter work. His third edition, 1522, was chiefly interesting because it first contained the spurious passage, 1 John, 5:7, about the three heavenly witnesses. This was inserted out of policy, though it had never been in any Greek

manuscript previous to that date. A fourth edition, 1527, and a fifth, 1535, were much improved by comparison with the Complutensian Polyglot.

The editions of Stephens, of Geza, and of the Elzevirs were all described, but they agreed in the main with the last two of Erasmus, from which the *Textus Receptus* was ultimately derived. The third edition of Stephens, known as the "Royal edition," 1550, became the standard text of England, that of 1551 was the first to contain the division into chapters and verses. It was from these that our Authorized Version was made.

The remainder of the lecture was occupied with the differences of reading between this text and the text of a modern critical edition, such as that of Tischendorf or of Westcott and Hort. These variations, amounting to many thousands in all, were spoken of under five heads, and some illustrations given. The lecturer will probably give another lecture later on, taking up the most noted variations, some of which are recognized in the Revision and some of which are not.

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MARCH, 1900.

We are in receipt of some newspaper clippings and tracts concerning cigarette smoking from Abram **Fisher** **Writes.** He writes us to prove whether we have "grit enough or interest enough in the boys to insert them."

We have some interest in young boys perhaps, but, although the cause is a worthy one, we have not grit enough to fill several pages of the COLLEGIAN with second hand matter.

If our friend will prepare an original article on the subject, the editors will be glad to examine it from a literary standpoint and if it comes up to our requirements will be pleased to publish the same as a contributed article.

The *North Carolina Friend* seems to have had a close call and to have come near discontinuing publication. It is with much pleasure that we see it continuing in its excellent work, however, without missing a number. We sincerely hope that Friends will rally to its sup-

port. Spend a little money on it. It will not hurt you to part with the small amount of its subscription if you are interested at all in its publication. Mead A. Kelsey, High Point, N. C., the editor, will gladly receive your subscriptions or correspondence concerning it. If you have not seen the publication the editor will gladly furnish you with a sample copy. It has for its object the interests of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends and the principles for which Friends stand.

The prospects for a good base ball team this spring seem promising. The men in college are thoroughly interested in playing and every suitable evening sees numbers of them on the athletic grounds. The financial backing bids fair to be adequate to the needs of the Athletic Association. New goods for the season have been secured and there is a general feeling of base-ball spirit in the air. The COLLEGIAN still maintains the stand it took last fall against professionalism in college athletics. It sincerely hopes the Guilford Athletic Association will stand firm against the temptation though not a game be won with contending teams. Principle, and strong unswerving adherence to it, are things which will stand long after the glories of college professional athletic contests have perished and their memory is forgotten.

At a meeting of the association this term the following officers were elected: President, T. B. Hinton; secretary and treasurer, William McCulloch; manager of base-ball team, W. C. Hammond; manager of foot-ball team, J. C. Hill.

The schedule of games which is being arranged is not yet complete as we go to press. The following, however, is probably correct for a portion of them:

With Whitsett Institute, at Whitsett, March 17th.

“ Elon College, at Elon College, April 7th.

“ Wake Forest at Wake Forest, April 7th.

“ “ “ at “ “ April 12th.

“ A. & M. College, at Raleigh, April 13th.

“ Univ. Tenn., at Guilford, April 19th.

Engagements have been made with some other teams to play but the dates have not been settled.

We were glad to hear the reference Prof. Wilson made in his lecture to the subject of college traditions and customs. In all the larger institutions of learning certain annual occasions are observed by the students with pro-

College

Traditions.

found ceremonies. Often they do not commemorate anything in particular. They are simply the anniversaries of certain times at which it has long been the custom to engage in some sport or series of sports which frequently are peculiar to that particular college or university. These customs become a vital part of the college life. They endear the institution to the student and make up one of the elements which give it a distinctive personality.

The Freshman pitcher race at the Pennsylvania University; the spoon given to the Freshmen by the Sophomores of Haverford College, and its subsequent history; the planting of the ivy and the class day exercises of Harvard; the Washington's birth-day exercises of other institutions, are but examples of the numerous traditional customs which go to make up a college and college life.

Is there need of more of this sort of thing at Guilford? We believe most emphatically that there is a need. What are our reasons for thinking so? First, because there is practically nothing of this kind of thing here. Second, college traditions tend to build up a pride and love for the institution just as national commemorations and observances tend to build up a pride and love for one's country. Third, it gives more opportunity for young men to come noticeably to the front, thus developing leaders. Fourth, it gives students something to talk about and furnishes good healthy gymnastics for the mind, for men cannot study all the time and their minds will have recreation of some kind. And, fifth, every college of any importance in the country has them.

We will essay to mention a thing or two which it appears to us could be inaugurated and maintained to advantage. For instance, Washington's birth-day, which is a national holiday, might be made an occasion for a very fitting demonstration of orations and national songs on the part of representatives of the literary societies. This would give valuable practice to some of the students and furnish a pleasant entertainment.

By the way, we might remark in passing that we do not have any too much opportunity at Guilford now for young speakers to address public audiences. As the Junior exhibition was omitted before Christmas, with the slight exception of the speeches of welcome at the new students' receptions, no young man nor woman has appeared in a public address before the college this school year. That is not all, there probably will be no opportunity between now and time for the society contests just before commencement. Is this fair to the young man soon to be out in the world perhaps struggling for recognition as an orator and debater at the bar?

Why not the senior class have class day exercises? The graduating

classes are large enough for members to prepare for this day besides those who are to speak on commencement morning.

Let the class elect an orator, a historian, a prophet, and a poet perhaps. Let these productions be given to the world with suitable exercises the day before commencement day. Let the class have its exercises on the lawn, let them plant the ivy, cheer the buildings, give the college yells for the last time, formally drink their last cup of water from the college well in a body.

Do these or other things which to some people might appear more or less foolish, and the gay and joyous occasion will linger in your minds as one of your most cherished memories, and in days to come will bring to you pleasant reflections, as similar events bring pleasure to the memory of thousands of the noblest men and women of America.

LOCALS.

—A birthday party was given in honor of Miss Nellie Jones on the evening of February 28th.

—Joseph R. Parker, with some of his family and friends, celebrated his eightieth birthday February 22nd.

—President Hobbs has been confined to his home by sickness for a week, but is attending his classes.

—A new desk has been put in the chemical laboratory for the accommodation of the Sophomore chemistry class.

—The Henry Clay Society has decided to award a Standard Dictionary in place of a gold medal as the orator's prize in their annual contest this spring.

—The following young men have been elected to speak in the Websterian contest, May 5, 1900: Messrs. Hill, McCulloch, Grantham, Ragan, Daniels and Willis.

—The Henry Clay contest will be held May 11, 1900. The contestants elected from the Society are: Messrs. Ashcraft, Shephard, King, Leak, Plummer and Farlow.

—The honorary members of the Y. W. C. T. U. attended a meeting of that union a few weeks ago. After the meeting was over the young ladies served chocolate.

—On the evening of February 9th, the members of the Faculty attended the regular meeting of the Websterian Literary Society. They seemed pleased with the work being done by the society.

—We were pleased to have Mary C. Woody again in our midst. She attended Monthly Meeting in last month and on Sunday preached an excellent sermon. Her home is now in Winston, where Prof. Woody is connected with the Slater Institute

—The Board of Trustees at their last meeting gave the Websterian and Henry Clay Societies permission to extend their hall at such a time as they see fit by removing the partions lying north and south of the respective society halls. These halls as enlarged will fill a long apparent need.

The Juniors did honor to the Senior Class on the evening of February 21st, in the way of a reception which was given in West Hall at Founders. The reception room was prettily decorated and the receiving party made everything pleasant for the guests. After a little intellectual contest and the awarding of prizes and booby prizes with appropriate speeches, a daintily prepared menu was served. The affair was in every way a success.

—The base ball team met the team of Whitsett Institute at Whitsett, on Saturday, March 17th, and deated that team by a score of 12 to 3. The team was composed as follows: Catch, Hammond; pitch, John Fox; first base, Chas. Fox; second base, Landreth; third base, Jim Fox; right field, Love; centre field Daniels; left field, Cummings; short stop, Dalton. The main feature of the game was the pitching by Fox who struck out fifteen men.

—At Chapel exercises on the morning of Washington's birthday, Professor Hodgkin presented to the school a large picture of George Washington, at the same time reading the following note: "I have shipped you, express prepaid, a picture of George Washington, to be presented to your college in accordance with card on back thereof.

(Signed) MRS. L. M. WALKER, Vice-Regent,
Spray, N. C."

The card on the back of the picture ran thus: "Rufus L. Patterson, New York, a contributor to the Washington portrait fund, requests Mrs. L. Morehead Walker, Vice-Regent of Mt. Vernon Association, for North Carolina, to present this picture to this institution."

PERSONALS.

Ida Moore is teaching at Dudley.

G. P. Scott is in a store near Bowers, Va.

Elvira Lowe is conducting a school in Asheboro.

Ella Hendricks is at her home in Asheboro, N. C.

Beatrice Wilson is at her home at Woodville, N. C.

Eva Scott is principal of a school near Franklin, Va.

Carrie Lowe is attending the high school at Farmers.

Willie Moore is a successful merchant at Genoa, N. C.

Alva Lamb is clerking for Walter White & Co., Belvidere, N. C.

Lester Jones is clerking in his father's store at Brown Summit.

Benj. Millikan is a clerk in Randleman Store, Randleman, N. C.

Robert Hollingsworth is a practicing physician in Mt. Airy, N. C.

Ernest Spencer, with his father, has charge of a saw-mill at Edgar.

Vance Fulp is principal of a school at Piney Grove, Forsyth county.

Fleetwood Rankin has a position in the broom factory at Brown Summit.

Henry Hankins, at Guilford, in '97, with his wife, *nee* Miss Pearl Spencer, is living near Edgar, where he is farming.

Janie Chapin did not return this term, much to the sorrow of her many friends. She is at her home in Aurora, N. C.

After the close of her school at Hoover Hill, Ocia Redding became principal of the school at Carraway, with Daisy Elder acting as assistant.

One of Guilford's old students, Hunter Raiford, will soon be married to Miss Annie May Joyner. They will live at Conly, Va. The COLLEGIAN extends its best wishes.

John M. Greenfield, '98, has finished his course in law, and recently received his license by the Supreme Court to practice. The COLLEGIAN extends its wishes for his success.

His friends will hear with sorrow of the death of Elihu A. White, at his home in Belvidere, N. C. After a severe and prolonged illness he left this life on the 7th of February. He was a loyal supporter, by word and

deed, of Guilford College, and it has lost a good patron. His daughter, Emma White, has been the principal of a school near her home, but closed it at her father's death. She will probably resume her duties soon.

Miss Lily Barnwell is now in Columbia, S. C. Her many friends who are readers of the COLLEGIAN will be glad to learn of her marked success in the line of her chosen profession. For two years she served in a hospital training school in Jacksonville, Florida, learning the life of a trained nurse. At the end of this time she was graduated with a diploma and as she afterward remarked, "started out to conquer the world." From what we learn of her popularity as a trained nurse she seems in a fair way to subdue her share of it.

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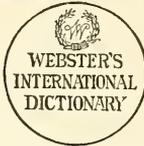
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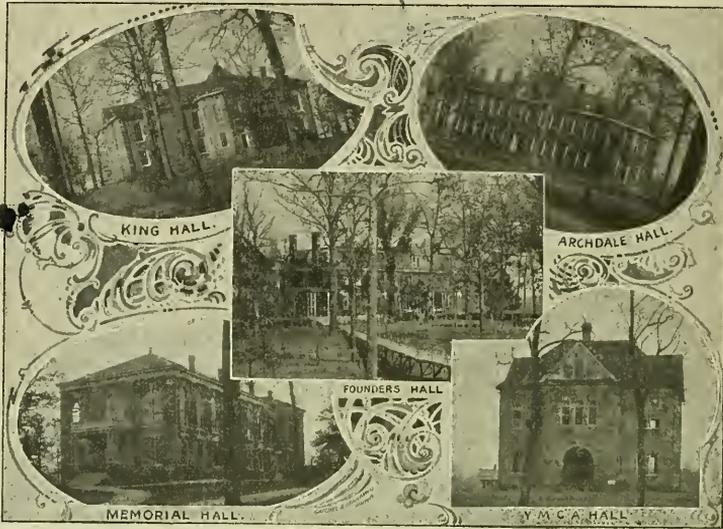
▲▲▲CONTENTS▲▲▲

I.	Annie V. Edgerton	Frontispiece.
II.	Annie V. Edgerton. Joseph H. Peele.....	227
III.	E. L. Godkin. Pres. L. L. Hobbs.....	231
IV.	The History of a Great Movement. Mary C. Woody.....	232
V.	Sketches. A Friend of Mine—Sophomores Will Please Answer.....	235
VI.	The Ten Tribes of Israel. James R. Jones.....	237
VII.	Editorials. Collegian Wanted—For Pure Athletics—Dr. Pratt's Lecture	242
VIII.	College Record. Websterian Reunion—Philagorean Reunion— Base Ball	246
IX.	Locals	248
X.	Personals.....	249
XI.	Directory.....	251

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ANNIE V. EDGERTON.

The Guilford Collegian.

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APRIL, 1900.

No. 6.

ANNIE V. EDGERTION.

One of the beauties of Christian character is helpful modesty. Annie V. Edgerton will take no pleasure in this sketch of herself, but rather regret, unless it exalts the Master and serves a blessing to some heart.

The brief biographical articles appearing in the COLLEGIAN have told of those who have run their race or are in the older walks of life; our friend is yet one of the young people and her principal life-work seems still before her. She is the daughter of John H. and Sarah E. Edgerton. Her grandfather was the late L. J. Moore, a prominent minister of Friends in Contentnea Quarterly Meeting. Her early home was in the limits of this meeting at Woodland, in Wayne county, North Carolina.

The girl was mother to the woman. As a child she was industrious, assisting her mother in household cares beyond one of her years. Always energetic, she sought to accomplish much and would finish her tasks quickly. It was evident that she would be a worker, not a drone, in the important fields of life. Look where we will, none can be found who do not need the pardoning and regenerating grace of God to make them capable of living at all for His glory. "All we like sheep have gone astray." "The fine linen, clean and white," is Christ's righteousness "granted" unto the saints. She, too, had need of "a change of heart," which she confesses to have received when eight years of age.

Her primary and-academic education was received at the Woodland Quarterly Meeting school. The first year spent at Guilford was while it still bore its quaint, historic name. Being a girl of decided opinions she was soon discovered. Her Christian character manifested itself in her application to study, in vocal testimony in the various religious meetings, in her deportment and social conduct. Lessons had to be studied. She held her own with the average and was one of a host of people whose talents find expression in the practical and kindly ministries of life rather than in learning. If they have not extraordinary gifts they do possess a sterling conscience to conserve in right ways and voice the worth of life. Solid sense is the well-tempered blade which experi-

ence sharpens. Life was not without its struggles. Who has them not lacks the courage to face difficulties. Where there is a battle, there is a hero in making. In her was a good deal of that commendable self-reliance which has faith in one's own honest endeavor. Those who knew her remember her as one who was determined to make much of life. More than this, she had the happy faculty of inspiring in others the like purpose. It is this spirit of helpfulness that has made her useful.

" True greatness consists in being not seeming,
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good, not in dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by."

He who is the Truth hath said: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." It was to the duty that apparently lay next that she devoted herself. When the opportunity came to do active Christian work she received it as her "call." School teaching and religious work were combined. The New Garden Monthly Meeting school was the first taught. Then the school at Woodland. Afterwards she taught at White Plains, in Surry county, and at Brannons, in Yadkin. In each place many friends were won and labor has already seen its reward. Successful school teaching did not lessen longing for the salvation of souls and in time it became an evident duty to give most of her energy to direct Gospel work. Evangelistic labors have been abundantly rewarded. Kind and courteous, easily adapting herself to surroundings, causing all to feel at home in her presence, yet demanding the highest respect, she is esteemed wherever she has gone. A marked feature of her character is consecration, being one whom God can trust.

Desiring to more thoroughly prepare for the work, an opportunity was accepted to attend the Christian Workers' Training School at Cleveland, Ohio. It was while at this school, in August, 1897, that the call came to go as missionary to India. That year, at the close of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, our Missionary Board engaged in earnest supplication that some one might be led to go as our representative to the foreign field. There was assurance that the prayer would be answered. At almost the same time she was made conscious of the fact that her work was to be in India, and without any previous correspondence between herself and the Board wrote to them of her convictions and desiring to be sent out by North Carolina Yearly Meeting if they would accept her. It was God above who required this at her hands. Having been faithful at home, completed the work assigned her and proved worthy of so honorable a trust, the Master of the vineyard promoted her from the home to the foreign field. We say promoted, for the hard places are His thrones of honor. He never sends a weakling to occupy

an important post in the battle. He puts great trusts in the hands of tried servants. Responsibility is the mark of esteem which is put upon reliability. The cross is still the symbol of the Gospel. As of old Christ's disciples rejoice to be counted worthy of suffering shame for His name. Only to true hearts is given the ineffable privilege of the fellowship of His sufferings and conformity to His death. "The altar sanctifieth the gift." And when God calls a soul to go to the foreign field it is a token of His highest approval. While at Guilford she had consecrated herself to Christ and He had sealed the covenant with the baptism of the Spirit. Trained and tried, He proved to her His promise: "If any man serve me, him will My Father honor."

Time was given that it might be known more assuredly that God had called her to go on this mission and that nothing might be done hurriedly. More than a year elapsed from this date to that of sailing. Much of the time was spent in the limits of Western Yearly Meeting, where she labored with good results. Some time also was occupied in our own Yearly Meeting. On the 14th of December, 1898, in company with Delia Fisher, who was returning to her field in India, and as her fellow-laborer, she sailed from New York, enroute to Bombay by way of Liverpool, London and the Suez Canal. On arriving at Bombay the country seemed familiar, its appearance having occurred to her before leaving home. They arrived at their mission station at Nowgong, Bundelkhand, Central India, on January the 16th, 1899. At the station were Esther Baerd, of Ohio Yearly Meeting, and Eliza Franklin, an English Friend. Her first letter says: "The voyage was a remarkable one for the time of year, so every one said. We had no rough sea, and were seasick very little. There was not a day that we failed going on deck and very few meals that we did not relish. We were on water four weeks and two days." The voyage usually occupies six weeks. The study of Hindi was begun three days after arrival. The Indian dishes were relished, which is not common to newcomers. She expresses herself as being happy in the work, of which there was enough to do in helping to care for the twenty-five orphans in the home. The following from a letter of later date will show something of the people among whom she labors: "The people, financially, are either wealthy or very poor. One is astonished at the number of poor people to be seen in a single day. Of course many have never recovered the loss caused by the famine. Wealth does not mark caste distinction. Often the very highest castes are beggars. The wealthy live in good houses built of stone, brick and mortar, with thatch or tile roofs. They live in grand style according to their conception of grandeur. The poor people live in houses, the walls of which are built of mud with thatch or tile roofs. They have a way of preparing the

mud to harden. These are very good for the hot dry season, but when the rains come they simply dissolve and the poor suffer very much.

"You wonder why wood is not used for building? There is very little timber in easy access that the white ants do not destroy and this is very expensive. These ants eat the inside of the wood until it falls to pieces.

"Farming is the occupation of the masses in this section. The farming implements are very primitive, indeed. Wooden plows are used and everything to be moved in the way of earth is carried in baskets on the head.

"The people are not strong physically. This can easily be accounted for when we know the social customs. Almost every human being is the victim of the most awful diseases. The sins of the parents are visited upon the children and it is pitiable to see the suffering among the children. Many children, as well as grown people, are blind, the result of disease.

"As a rule, the native Indian's supreme desire is to get money and they do not consider any means, it matters not how dishonest, against their religion to accomplish this aim. They have no conscience about it and there is no public sentiment among them against it. I have thought since I have been here that many eager for money at home would do the same way if public sentiment did not condemn. They are dishonest, untruthful and immoral to the extreme. As a rule, they listen to the Gospel attentively.

"Now, this is a very dark picture and some may think it a loss of time to labor with such people. But it is only because they are in the blackness of darkness that such is their condition. It takes love as Christ loved to reach them. This is a new mission and I have had no opportunity to see the results of mission work, but those who have tell of encouraging results."

We might add in this connection that Henry Stanley Newman, a leading minister of London Yearly Meeting, having visited the missions of India, gives a very encouraging account of the work accomplished, as will be seen by a perusal of his book, "What I Saw in India." Bishop Thoburn says that according to the number of workers engaged there are more conversions in India than in the United States.

Annie V. Edgerton has often asked the prayers of her friends and in no other way may we aid her in her mission so much as by prevailing prayer.

Guilford is a denominational college. Her calling is to train young people for usefulness in the Church. The evangelization of the world is the cause which lies nearest the heart of Christ. It was His last com-

mand. It is the greatest work in the world and the prime duty of the Church. May Guilford have the high honor of seeing many of her students in missionary lands. Thus will they fulfill the purpose for which she was founded.

JOSEPH H. PEELE.

E. L. GODKIN.

The retirement of Mr. E. L. Godkin from the editorship of the *New York Evening Post* is an event of no little importance in contemporary journalism, for many of our most scholarly men had, for many years, looked to him as a leader of the best thought in America.

For eighteen years Mr. Godkin had been editor of the *Post*, and since 1882 *The Nation* was essentially the weekly edition of the daily *Post*.

Mr. Godkin became editor of *The Nation* in 1865, a critical period in our history. From that day to this he has been one of the ablest editors in America, and *The Nation* has stood for all that is best in our National life.

Mr. Godkin is an Irishman by birth; received his early education at a grammar school near Wakefield, a town in England, and graduated at Queen's College, Ireland, in 1851. His intellectual life was largely influenced by John Stuart Mill, Grote and Bentham; and he has himself stated that America was his "promised land."

He seems to have been a born editor, as well as one by long training and the most profound study of all questions that have marked the progress of civilization. He began newspaper work as foreign war correspondent of the *London News* in the Crimean War. He came to America in 1856, studied law, and, in the meantime, served as correspondent of the *London Daily News*, and was engaged as an editorial writer on the *New York Times*.

One who has been a reader of *The Nation* and the *Evening Post* may justly have some fear that he will not soon again see the marks of such genius and learning and courage as Mr. Godkin has exhibited in some of his matchless editorials.

It is safe to say in many of these he has risen in dialectics and moral force quite beyond the highest water-mark attained by any *religious journal* in America. The learning, courage and intellectual vigor with which he has supported the reform of the Civil Service, sound financial legislation, and all the leading principles of human freedom have made Mr. Godkin a veritable pillar in American institutions.

The editorials in opposition to war which appeared in the *Post* just

previous to the breaking out of our war with Spain have seldom, if ever, been equalled in peace literature. They were the utterances of a master in political and religious philosophy, pleading for the cause of enlightened reason. His position is as impregnable as the solid rock; and was stated and maintained with perfect clearness and absolute fearlessness.

The same courage and intellectual grasp and the same opposition to war were shown in his criticism of President Cleveland for issuing the well known Venezuela proclamation. Mr. Godkin was a warm supporter of President Cleveland in both his administrations. But there was no lack of condemnation for any course that looked toward a war between our country and England.

In the thirty-five years during which Mr. Godkin has been connected with *The Nation*, many grave questions have come to the front that demanded settlement, and it is not too much to say that in the discussion of all these he has displayed a knowledge of history, literature and philosophy so comprehensive and so profound as to place him on a height from which it was almost possible to look down on the hate of those below, in accordance with Byron's lines:

"He who ascends to mountain tops
Must wade through clouds and snow;
And he who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

This may, with a good degree of propriety, be assigned as explanatory of much of the criticism of Mr. Godkin which has appeared in many places, both North and South.

He was among the first men in the North to see and appreciate the Southern aspect of our national life. He gave Southern men a respectful hearing, and as a result avoided that narrowness and prejudice which have blinded the eyes of many a Northern editor.

L. L. HOBBS.

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT MOVEMENT.

God copes with the evil of the world in manifold ways, always applying the most potent corrective force at the moment. The United States Civil War left, among other legacies, the drink habit and the liquor syndicate—the demand and the organized supply.

Before the war there was the despised "doggerly," which the irate citizens have been known to loot or to lasso to a struggling freight train and drag from its moorings, but after the war government complice

ity with the manufacture of intoxicants, and the tipplers coming home from the army, made the gilded saloon a place of resort and the boys just grasping after manhood watched these war heroes, who seemed to them emblazoned in glory, guzzle the beer and "tarry at the wine," and easily followed in their footsteps.

Places of honor and preferment—government appointments—were at the choice of the returned soldiers and the thought that one who imitates his ideal hero is more likely to copy the vices than the virtues became a fact in thousands who took up the drink habit. "War and intemperance, twin evils," is a trite saying, but too bitterly true. The Brewer's Congress and the appetite for drink planted the respectable (?) saloon on every street corner. License was law and this "sale of indulgences" soon shattered thousands of characters and home. Now and then there was a wail of despair as one after another of the precious home-folks fell into a drunkard's grave; but, for the disgrace to the family and to the poor victim, the chasm was covered over and sobs were covered under crape and sable garments.

But the storm-cloud of opposition to the legalized saloon was gathering. Whatever may be said of intensity of feeling, the feminine nature when thoroughly aroused, whether human or beast, has no bounds. The camera of a tourist has this in a picture of a woman on the plains of Africa. The kidnappers have siezed her child and are fleeing with it in the distance. The whole being of the mother is aroused to pursue, and then overcome by anguish and despair, she falls headlong, but instantly raising and supporting her storm-tossed body by her left hand, her face toward heaven, her right hand reaching in utter helplessness its farthest limit to the skies, she calls for vengeance. The pleading of that form and face and finger-tip wrings the heart and seem imperative to command the vengeance of heaven.

In America it was not one lone woman with bursting heart because she was robbed of her children, it was thousands of prostrate forms stretching helpless hands to heaven in secret. No wonder the storm-cloud gathered. When these pleading voices came together in the church at Hillsboro, and in unison lifted up their cry, the storm-cloud burst with a flash of lightning that ran from East to West across the continent. A new crusade had begun. The women visited the saloons daily, and where now and then one had begged and prayed, there were groups of women pleading with the dealer to quit his business. Hundreds of saloons were closed. Revivals broke out in many of the churches. Church-going became popular, and the saloon doors rusted on their hinges.

However, the licenses were not revoked and when the revivals were over the people began again to frequent the saloons. It was then the

women were convinced that organization was necessary to compete with the great organized liquor system; that there must be set over against the avarice of the saloon-keeper the organized mother-love of the home." Thus came the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The liquor Oligarchy and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—the two antipodes.

Thus began the unequal conflict between the home and the saloon—Rizpah all through the harvest by day and by night furiously driving away the vultures and the wild beasts from the forms of her best beloved.

At what odds the battle has been waged! The liquor system, with streams of gold and silver flowing into its coffers continually, with the government as a partner, and the W. C. T. U. alone with a few pennies, but with its mighty weapons of prayer and work, it has kept the Octopus outwitted, or ere this it would have drawn the ship of state under the sea of drunkenness.

A permanent organization was effected in North Carolina in 1883. Frances E. Willard had previously visited the State in two of her Southern tours, calling at Raleigh, Greensboro and Asheville, and organizing at Raleigh, but the women were so unaccustomed to organizations of their own that the effort soon failed.

A union was organized at Guilford College in Founders' Hall in 1881, and continued a few weeks, but could not well exist alone and so became inactive. After the first State Convention in Greensboro the work went steadily forward.

The best speakers were brought into the State to present the cause; much sentiment was aroused in favor of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But opposition to this innovation was intense. The ludicrous ruse of some terrified ecclesiastical officials to prevent "*that woman*" from speaking is better forgotten than told. The newspaper attacks which the anxious editor thought would call forth replies and thus make capital for his paper fell flat when there was not a syllable in response, for no interest is taken in a one-sided debate. But the work won its way steadily. The real hindrances were the closely drawn political lines and the fear of woman on the platform and in the pulpit. The least agitation, the politicians said, would make votes for the prohibitionists and thus weaken their cause. But there were brave, fearless women in every union and men true to their own convictions who would not be silent.

Perhaps the greatest victory won was in securing our excellent Scientific Temperance Instruction law.

The first Y. W. C. T. U. in North Carolina was organized at Guilford College, and has, throughout these years, continued true to its duty as a

Christian temperance factor in that institution. Any reference to young women's work calls to mind the resolute, gifted Anna C. Aston, the first Y. superintendent, whose new-made grave is beside the Swannanoa. In one sense the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was an emancipator to the women of North Carolina. From various churches they were brought into active service, and thus rendered more efficient for the Church itself. As a type of these women, one noted for piety, alertness, quick at repartee, with ready mind and sound logic was Phebe J. Ecton, who has passed from mortal vision. Among many others, two characters shine in the memory of the early days. The one wielded her pen and the other her purse and both gave the wealth of brain and heart and the two were firm friends, united in progressive work and wise counsel, and now in the serenity of the seventies they look upon the W. C. T. U. as it is steadily rallying the clans under the able leadership of its devoted president.

MARY C. WOODY.

SKETCHES.

A FRIEND OF MINE.

There is a new goddess come into my world, and she smiles at me every night across my table piled with books, pens, matches, paper, ink and such like. You must see at once, when you come into the room, that daily homage is paid to her as she sits, or rather stands, on her pedestal. She is rather shy and not a bit talkative. In fact, she never has, so far as anybody knows, spoken a word. Yet she is always the same; always has the same cheery smile, always the same bright eyes, always the same rich brown hair, with the two blue ribbons tied above the temples.

There isn't much more to tell. She must be seen to be appreciated. That is what makes me sorry for you, and that's why I tell you about her. When I am hard at work she nods encouragement; her curly head seems to have a decided shake when I am loafing; when I am pleased she is happy, in my disappointments she is sad; and when, in pondering over life in all its earnestness, I ask her many questions, there is a depth of wisdom and thoughtfulness in her serious eyes, though she answers me never a word. The pedestal she stands on is only a block of wood, three inches wide, and was once used as a paper weight. I can't tell you her name, for I don't know myself. All I know is this: She is a paper fairy and came in a box of soap.

I. V.

SOPHOMORES WILL PLEASE ANSWER.

I am sitting under one of the big oaks on the campus, rubbing my eyes and wondering how long I have been asleep.

Along after supper, awhile, I went up to the auditorium to practice my contest oration. Oh, these contests! they certainly are a nuisance. They take so much time. You have to write and write, and then memorize and drill and drill and drill, while the other fellows are out loafing around having a good time. All this work must be the best part of it after all, for work brings a reward, even it does not give a victory.

No matter, when I had finished I took a notion to come down here and rest. It is very pleasant just now. The air is fresh and spring-like, the grass is smooth and green, and this big oak fits my back to perfection. Well, after the lights in the dormitories had gone out one by one, I sat and looked up at the sky and asked the stars how they were; asked if it was spring-time where they lived; told them I was glad to see them, and hoped they would come down to see me the time of the next meteoric shower. Soon a lot more came out and stood in the sky. They apologized for being late. They would have come sooner, they said, but had been busy putting his lordship, the young moon, to bed. As I was about to ask them where they put him, I felt a tap on my elbow. I turned about and asked, "What do you want?"

"I'll tell you that," said a queer little voice, "when you answer me a thing or two: In the first place, who are you?"

I didn't know what else to answer so I said, "I am an upper classman."

A jolly laugh came from under a big leaf. "Oh, you are! You are out of bounds."

"I know it."

"But don't go now, because I want to talk to you. I have been here a long time. In fact, I am bounded in by two roads and a plank walk, so I can't very well get away. Of course, I don't mind that much, but I like to be let alone, unless I can invite my own company. People had a fashion of tramping about over me until I got a law passed making me out of bounds for everybody. Since then I have been getting along all right except one time in the year. Along in the spring, about the time the grass begins to show green, there comes a gang that tramps back and forth over me almost every day. It is never the same crowd from year to year; there is always a new set, yet they always do the same thing. They start at one corner, drive a stake into the ground and fasten a piece of paper to it. Then they take a machine that is fastened to three sharp

sticks, and after they have worked with this machine awhile, one of them sights through it and makes motions to another who carries a red and white pole. Two of them carry a joined clothes line, and measure and stretch and fuss at one another. Finally, they all get around the three-legged machine, make marks in a blank book, and talk all the time. That thing has been going on ever since I can remember. I guess it will always be so; but what I want to know is, what does it all mean?

I looked for my questioner for a minute, but, since I could not see him and since I couldn't answer the question, I shook my head and said, "I'm sure I don't know."

I. V.

THE TEN TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

There has been great effort in past years to prove that the Anglo-Saxons are the ten lost tribes of Israel, but I have not been able to find the proof of this claim, either from history or from the prophecy of the Scriptures. The claim is mostly founded on tradition, with an effort to prove the correctness of the tradition by Scripture. There is an old story that Zed Zephi, a daughter of Zedekiah, came to Ireland and was married at Tara to Heremon, and that Queen Victoria is a lineal descendant of Zed Jephi. However, there seems to be no proof for this. In England they have the stone on which Jacob is said to have laid his head on his journey to Paden-aram, and over this stone the kings and queens are crowned. The proof of that being the stone on which Jacob rested his head is about on a par with the story that the boards they showed us in *RoLe* were the remains of the cradle in which the infant Savior was rocked. We want to state briefly some reasons why we believe the Anglo-Saxons are not the ten tribes.

In Numbers 23:9 we read, "Lo, the people shall dwell alone and shall not be reckoned among the nations." Now, these words were spoken of the whole *twelve tribes* in the wilderness and are true today of the Jewish people. But, are they true of the Anglo-Saxons? Do they dwell alone? Are we not reckoned among the nations? This passage as closely fits the Jews as it misfits the Anglo-Saxon. Then read III. Hosea 4:5, "And, the children of Israel shall remain many days without a king, and without a prince. Afterward shall the children of Israel return, and shall seek Jehovah, their God." When were the Anglo-Saxons without national rulers and without a knowledge of the true God? The threatenings in Deuteronomy were uttered in 1451 B. C. and the whole twelve tribes divided into two kingdoms about 975 B. C., and because these threaten-

ings do not fit the Anglo-Saxons they have been placed to Judah's account exclusively, when Judah did not exist until several hundred years afterward.

Now, with what chastisements were the twelve tribes threatened? They were to be scattered among the nations and become few in number. Now, notice Jeremiah writing, about the time of the Babylonish captivity. He says, "These were the words spoken by the Lord concerning Israel and concerning Judah, the whole *twelve tribes*." Many of us would like to take to ourselves all the blessings promised to Israel but put all the curses off on to Judah. That is human nature. The ten tribes have been looked for in many places and among many people. Some Welsh people have told us that they must be the ten tribes, because some Welsh words are like some Hebrew words. Some Irish people have told us they were the ten tribes, because they have never persecuted the Jews. Some others have found some Israelitish features and customs among the North American Indians and have concluded that they are the ten tribes.

It would be strange, indeed, while possessing a common human nature, if they had no features or customs in common. If, then, the Anglo-Saxons are not the ten tribes, where are they? We answer, the Nestorians in the mountains of Kurdistan and by the Lake Aroomiah in Persia, as shown by a most interesting book written by the late Dr. Asahel Grant. This gentleman was for many years a medical missionary, having been first sent out by the American Board to that people in 1835. In his researches, the principle he adopted is the most simple and natural. "Search for a thing where it was lost." Conforming ourselves to the guidance of Dr. Grant, we submit a brief summary of the strong evidence he adduces.

Let us notice what we would term the sacred historical evidence. In the Scripture account of the deportation, Pul and Tiglath-Pileser first carried away the trans-Jordanic Israelites, Reuben Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh. About nineteen years later Shalmaneser carried away the remaining seven and a half tribes of the cis-Jordanic Israelites. The whole ten tribes, however, were placed in the same district of Assyria proper and the adjoining country of Media. The region, then, into which the ten tribes were carried was that which the Greeks commonly called Adiabene. It lies northwest of Nineveh, southeast of Lake Van, west of the Lake Aroomiah, and answers to the original Assyria proper, as contradistinguished from the more widely extended Assyrian empire. Sannacherib's boast was that the Assyrian kings had destroyed the inhabitants of this region; thus, the country being partially depopulated, was ready for the captive Israelites.

Now, notice the evidence of prophecy, "The Lord shall set again His hand the second time to recover the remnant of His people which shall be left from Assyria. They shall assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth; and there shall be a highway for the remnant of His people which shall be left from Assyria, like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt."

History says the ten tribes were taken into Assyria. Prophecy says they are to be taken out of Assyria. The plain inference is *they are there*. Now, let us take evidence of secular history. Josephus having given an account of the friendly relations of Xerxes, the son of Darius, towards the Jews, and having expressed those intentions in a letter to Ezra, says, "So he (Ezra) read the epistle at Babylon to those Jews that were there, but he kept the epistle itself and sent a copy of it to all those of his own nation that were in Media; and when these Jews had understood what piety the king had towards God and what kindness he had for Ezra, they were all greatly pleased. Nay, many of them took their effects with them and came to Babylon as very desirous of going to Jerusalem, but the entire body of the people of Israel remained in that country, wherefore there are but two tribes in Asia and Europe subject to the Romans, while the ten tribes are beyond Euphrates till now and are an immense multitude."

And, again in Josephus we have the magnificent speech of Agrippa, in which he sets forth the overwhelming power of Rome in order to discourage Jewish resistance to that power. Agrippa says, "Where, then, are those people whom you are to have for your auxiliaries? Must they come from the parts of the world that are uninhabited? for all that are in the habitable world are under the Romans, unless any of you extend his hopes as far as beyond the Euphrates, and suppose that those of your own nation that dwell in Abiabene will come to your assistance, but certainly these will not embarrass themselves with an unjustifiable war; nor, if they should follow such ill-advice, will the Parthians permit them so to do." It is plainly evident from secular history that down to the first century of the Christian era the ten tribes were considered to be still in the same district into which they were first taken.

Now, let us come down to the fifth century, in which Jerome, the author of the "Vulgate," in his notes on Hosea, says, "Unto this day the ten tribes are subjected to the kings of the Persians, nor has their captivity ever been loosed." Again he says, "The ten tribes inhabit at this day the cities and mountains of the Medes." Thus we have historic evidence down to the fifth century that the ten tribes apart from those portions not already mixed with Judah were still in the place to which they

were first taken. But history, says Dr Grant, is silent upon the subject. The native historians—Persian, Turkish and Arabic—who are numerous, say nothing about the removal of the captive Israelites from this country and tradition is equally silent on the subject.

Since the fifth century no reliable history or tradition gives any account of their removal. Unfulfilled prophecy says they are to be restored from Assyria. The plain inference is, *they are still there*. Language is another kind of evidence of the Israelitish origin of the Nestorians of Kurdistan. The ten-tribed kingdom bordering on Syria and subject to incursions from these Syrians naturally learned the Syriac tongue and took a knowledge of that tongue with them to the fastnesses of Kurdistan. John Wilkinson, the founder of the "Mild May Mission to the Jews in Jordan," in which building I had the privilege of preaching while in London in 1898, says, "About the year 1860 my morning paper announced the arrival in London of two representatives of this ancient people, and that they were located at the Home for Asiatics at Limehouse. I immediately went over to see them. I made myself understood through the Hebrew, of which the Syriac is a cognate, as well as the Chaldee. I invited them to my house to meet some friends and to spend an evening with us. They told us there is no doubt among themselves of their Israelitish origin. I brought from my study two copies of the Peshito version of the New Testament in Syriac. The elder read a chapter and prayed. Anyone looking into the face of the elder would have no difficulty in perceiving at once the Jewish features."

Among these Nestorians, who are nominal Christians, there are nominal Israelites, called Jews. Both the one and the other trace their origin to the ten tribes. The Nestorians are charged by the Jews with having apostatized from the religion of their fathers. They are not called Nestorians because converted by Nestorius, but because they sympathized with some views held by Nestorius, and for which he was considered a heretic by the Greek Church at Constantinople. The Christianized portion claim to have been brought to the Christian faith by the Apostles sent to them by the Church at Jerusalem. Their traditions state that their forefathers went up to Jerusalem to keep the "Feast of Weeks" (Shevnoth) Pentecost, on the opening of the present dispensation; that they caught Pentecostal fire, carried it back to their people, and that the Church at Jerusalem recognizing the special claim of these their brethren sent out Thomas, Thaddeus and Bartholomew—names still honored among them—as their first missionaries.

Now, let us turn to the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and we shall find gathered at this national festival "Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and in

Cappadocia, in Pontus, and in Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia in Egypt." So, these were the Israelites—Parthians, Medes, Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia—from these very districts into which the ten tribes were taken captive. How wonderfully tradition, history and Scripture agree on this interesting question! In the light of such facts how full of meaning becomes such expressions as "to the strangers scattered," to the "dispersed among the Gentiles" and "to the *twelve tribes* which are scattered abroad, greeting."

Again, "Benai Israel"—children of Israel—is used generally to designate the lineal origin of the Nestorians. Jewish names are also very common among them—as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Elijah, etc. Jewish features are also strongly marked in the faces of this people. They have also among them many modified observances of the Mosaic ritual—as peace offerings, vows, first fruits and tithes, forbidden food, ceremonial impurities, etc. Dr. Grant also gives abundant evidence that their social and domestic customs, their forms of salvation, their hospitality, their regard for the poor, their entertainments, dress, ornaments, marriages and occupations are, with slight modifications, the same as those of ancient Israel. We do not, by any means, consider it necessary to believe these Nestorians and Jews in Aroomiah and Kurdistan constitute the total of the ten-tribed Israelites over and above those mingled with Judah, but we firmly believe that the evidence of their being at least the nucleus of the ten tribes is perfectly satisfactory.

JAMES REED JONES.

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APRIL, 1900.

Collegian We want at once Vol. II, No. 9, of the COLLEGIAN, *N. B.* Before sending the copy write us stating that you have one and we will order it from you. Some time ago we advertised for some back numbers of the COLLEGIAN, asking that if any one had any of the ones desired to write us stating so. Several persons, however, without writing sent on back copies. We could only use one of each number so these extra copies are lying now in our office subject to the orders of the senders. If you sent us any back copies and have not heard from them this is the reason.

For Pure Those of us who are interested in the athletic affairs of the schools and colleges of North Carolina can not **Athletics.** fail to be encouraged by the outcome of a recent meeting held in Greensboro.

It goes without saying, that, for the past several years, the desire to win, and the fascination of winning teams as an advertising medium,

has, in a measure, destroyed the spirit of true sportmanship in our inter-scholastic athletic contests. The right of the regular student to a place on his college team has been ignored, and his place filled, to a large extent, by coach, professional player or some other person brought to the institution solely for athletic purposes. Not only has this tended to cause strained relations between different institutions, and discouraged the bona fide student from strenuous athletic effort, but it has lowered the tone of our athletic contests, and has been a real injury to the morals of the student body.

The final outcome of the meeting is as yet an unknown quantity, so far as real agreement and enactment is concerned; but the desire of the meeting for better athletic conditions was plainly evident.

A convention of schools and colleges was called to meet in Durham on May 5, for the purpose of adopting a constitution and by-laws for an athletic association of the institutions of the State. A committee was appointed to draw up this constitution in accordance with certain instructions which appeared to embody the spirit of the meeting.

Among the advantages derived from the formation of such an association will be the elimination of the professional player from college sports, a better physical development of the genuine student, a reduction of the number of men who go to school merely for athletic considerations, and the disappearance of the man who moves around from one institution to another, led by the magic of the word "inducement." These things accomplished, the matter of officials, arrangement of games, dates and guarantees can be easily disposed of.

Perfectly clean amateur sport is what the public expects of a college, and the sooner our colleges take a decided stand for it the sooner will they win public approval. It is to be earnestly hoped that the constitution adopted by the Durham Convention will not be different from the instructions received, except in matters of detail, and that the different colleges and schools will see their way clear to its immediate ratification.

One of the strongest lectures which has been given at
Dr. Pratt's Guilford during the present year was the one by Dr. J.
Lecture. H. Pratt, Mineralogist to the North Carolina Geological
 Survey, on Saturday night, March 31st. Dr. Pratt
 spoke on the "Mineral Resources of North Carolina." He illustrated
 his lecture with a collection of minerals brought with him. He also dis-
 played a beautiful assortment of gems, which were eagerly examined by
 the audience for an hour after the close of his lecture. Dr. Pratt's visit

was very enjoyable to all at the college and he left having made many friends here. The following is a brief outline of his lecture:

"Many of the best deposits of the ores have been discovered, in response to an increased demand for them; and many minerals that were formerly supposed to be very rare, have, upon a commercial use arising for them, been found in considerable quantity. Thus zircon and monazite have been mined by the ton in our State in response to the demand for them by the incandescent light manufacturing companies; and samarskite by the hundredweight, when needed in chemical research.

"There have been 194 different minerals identified in the State, of which only 68 are of minerals that have an economic importance, and of this number but 38 are known to occur in sufficient quantity to have a commercial value. Of this last number, 23 have been mined during the past few years, and include the gold, silver, copper and iron ores, a series of minor minerals, of which the most important are corundum, mica, talc, and a number of others that are of value as gems.

"There are in the neighborhood of 400 localities that have mined for gold, and at the present time, about fifteen mines are being worked, which are chiefly sulphide ores. They are located principally in Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, Davidson, Stanley, Montgomery and Rowan counties.

"Owing to the great increase in price of iron and copper there has been a wonderful development in the mining of these two minerals and many old and new localities have been prospected and opened up. Copper ores have been found in considerable quantity in a section of country on the border of Person and Granville counties, known as the Blue Wing district, in the vicinity of Gold Hill, Rowan county, and at Ore Hill, Ashe county. The iron ores are very widely distributed all over the State and include the three principal kinds, magnetite, hematite and limonite. There have been over 20 iron properties opened up and worked during the past year.

"Of the minor minerals, corundum and muscovite (mica) are the most important, and they occur in greater quantity in this State than in any other. Corundum, which is used for abrasive purposes, occurs in quantity in Clay, Macon, Jackson and Transylvania counties. The mica has a commercial value when it occurs in blocks that can be split into sheets from 1x1 inches upward, the value of the mineral increasing with the size of the sheets that the blocks will cut. North Carolina mica has always been, and is still, superior to any other in the world. The principal mica mines are in Mitchell, Yancey, Jackson and Macon counties.

"A great deal of interest is being centered in the talc deposits of Swain and Cherokee counties, on account of the rarity of the occurrences of this

mineral of good quality. The talc which occurs in these counties is of exceptional purity.

“There have been many of the gem minerals found in this State, among which are the diamond, corundum (ruby and sapphire), beryl (aquamarine and emerald), garnet (rhodolite, pyrope and almandine), quartz (amethyst), hiddenite, cyanite, rutile and feldspar (moonstone). Of these the hiddenite and rhodolite are peculiar to this State.”

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The base ball team took a pleasant trip to Raleigh and Wake Forest near the middle of the month. A game had been arranged with A. and M. College for the 11th, but a heavy fall of rain prevented. The next day the team went to Wake Forest College and played the team of that institution, the score being 9 to 4 in favor of the Baptists. The next day a second game was played which was also lost by us in a score of 19 to 9. The men speak with high praise of the uniform courtesy which was shown throughout their entire trip.

On the 14th the team met Elon College on their own grounds and defeated for the second time. The score was 32 to 3.

The Athletic Association will give an entertainment in Memorial Hall May 4th. “The Old Fashioned School,” a comic farce, will be given and refreshments served.

COLLEGE RECORD.

WEBSTERIAN REUNION.

The attention of all the members of the Websterian Literary Society is hereby called to a reunion of that organization which will be held in its recently enlarged hall at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Commencement day, Tuesday, May 22. A program of much interest is being prepared and a number of the best speakers which the society has ever enrolled will be present on that occasion and make addresses.

Let every Websterian who reads this announcement make his arrangements to be present if possible and also communicate the call to other members within his reach.

Signed on behalf of society.

K. E. HENDRICKS, President.

PHILAGOREAN REUNION.

A reunion of the former members of the Philagorean Society with the present members has been planned for Monday afternoon, May 21st, the day before commencement.

This meeting will be held in the new hall which has recently been fitted up and will serve as a dedication meeting as well as a reunion.

Many of the old members will remember how for so long a time a new hall has been wished for, and now the longed for hope has been realized, and each "old Phi" is cordially invited to be present at this meeting.

The program, which is not yet complete for publication, will be an interesting one, and the meeting, it is hoped, will be a pleasant one to all—reviving happy memories of the past to old members and inspiring the present ones to further society work.

This meeting will be a worthy climax to one of the most successful years the Philagorean Society has yet known.

BASE BALL.

GUILFORD, 9. MUTES, 8.

Guilford's second game of base ball this spring was also a victory for the crimson and gray. It was played in Greensboro March 24, with the team from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, of Morganton, N. C. The Mutes went to the bat first. Dalton was in the box. The Mutes soon

found his balls. This fact, together with a series of errors, allowed the opponents to score five runs in the first inning. After this, however, Guilford pulled herself together. Fox took the box and pitched such a series of twisting balls that, with the good fielding with which he was backed, the Deaf and Dumb men had hard work to score again.

The game was close and hard fought throughout. Interest was at many times intense. The day was a pleasant one and a large crowd was present. The umpire was Mr. Lucian Smith. The score as made by innings was as follows:

Deaf and Dumb,	5	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—8
Guilford,	2	2	0	0	1	3	0	1	x—9

GUILFORD, 3S. ELON COLLEGE, 3.

The Elon College base ball team came to Guilford and played the Guilford team on March 31. From the first it was evident that the Elon men had no great familiarity with the modern game of base ball. No unpleasant features marred the general enjoyment of the occasion aside from the poor playing evident at times on both sides. Fox and Hammond ran the battery in good shape. Prof. Holleman, of Elon College, accompanied the team. The score by innings was as follows:

Elon,	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—3
Guilford,	4	4	1	7	5	7	0	10	x—38

HORNER, 4. GUILFORD, 3.

April 6th was an ideal day for a ball game at Guilford, and a large crowd gathered to see the college team contend with a nine well known to be of superior strength by reason of the number of acknowledged professional players it had enrolled. The game from start to finish was a good snappy one and the tension at times was severe. Fox pitched a good game for Guilford and Warren did the same for Horner. Lucian Smith umpired the game. Runs by innings:

Horner,	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	x—4
Guilford,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0—3

CONCORD, 3. GUILFORD SECOND TEAM, 8.

This game was played Saturday, April 7th, on the home grounds. The contest was hotly and closely fought throughout, as indicated by the following score given according to innings:

Concord,	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—3
Guilford,	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	4	x—8

LOCALS.

—Tom Roberts, who is traveling, paid the College a visit a few weeks ago.

—Dr. E. A. Alderman will address the graduating class Commencement Day.

—Arthur Jones, janitor of Archdale, was recently married to Miss Dora Royals.

—The halls are beginning to resound with oratory, preparatory to the three contests.

—J. M. Greenfield, '98, spent a few days at the College, the guest of Professor Pearson.

—Since the death of her mother, Miss Ada Field has been rooming and boarding in Founders.

—Nineteen of the students attended the Y. M. C. A. State Convention in Greensboro April 5 to 8.

—Miss Louise Osborne was called home April 11 on account of the serious illness of her grandmother.

—Dougan Clark Cox, of Concord, son of the late Isham Cox, visited his daughters at the College recently.

—The Alumnae banquet will be given in the West Hall at Founders Commencement Night, May 22, at 8 o'clock.

—The new hall of the Philagorean Society has been completed and the Society is now holding its meetings there.

—Mr. A. G. Knebel, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., addressed the students one afternoon recently on Association work.

—Mr. J. E. Brown, who has been confined to his room for several weeks with rheumatism, is out again and attending to his store.

—A conference on the doctrines, principles and church government of Friends was held in the meeting house at New Garden April 13 to 15.

—The alumnae address will be given by O. E. Mendenhall, '95, at 8 o'clock on Monday night, May 21. The Alumnae business meeting will be held at 9 o'clock.

—A Five o'Clock Tea was given the young ladies of the Philagorean Society March 7 in West Hall by Mrs. Hackney, Mrs. Albright, Misses Osborne and Hackney.

—The Websterian Society has removed the partition between their hall and the old Museum and the paperhangers and painters are now fast making their new hall very attractive.

—The dates for the Websterian and Henry Clay contests as they appeared in the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN were incorrect. The Henry Clay contest takes place on May 5 and the Websterian contest on May 11.

—Miss Susan S. Robeson left April 11 for High Falls, N. C., where she is engaged in religious work. Misses Lorena Reynolds and Hattie Mendenhall accompanied her. Miss Kittie Lindley will join them in May.

—A number of new books have been added to the College library, among them "A History of the Sharpless Family"; also "The Phillipines," a historical and critical work on "our new possessions"; "General Pickett and His Men" and several other valuable works.

—On Sunday, April 1, Rev. A. D. Thaeler, of Winston, addressed the College Christian Endeavor Society on the subject of "Missions." He spoke in a very impressive manner of the need of mission work in South Africa and the need of capable missionaries in all parts of the foreign field.

PERSONALS.

Willie Chapin is at Wake Forest this spring.

Elmer White is cashier in the bank at Hertford, N. C.

Anna Gleaves will graduate at Plummer College, Wytheville, Va., in June.

Elizabeth Wilson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chalmers Newsome, at New Albany, Indiana.

Kerr Pepper has a position with the Southern Express Company at Greensboro, N. C.

Bernard Leavitt has charge of the Telephone Exchange at Southern Pines, N. C.

Robert Blair graduates with high honors at Westtown this spring.

Arilla Ballinger is clerking with Rankin & Hodgin, Greensboro.

Ida Taylor is a very successful clerk at Johnson & Dorsett's, in Greensboro.

We notice in the *High Point Enterprise* the marriage of Seborn Perry to Miss Pearle Pitts.

Arthur C. Stanley has the position of mail agent between Charlotte, N. C., and Jacksonville, Fla.

Jennie Moore and Roy Edgerton, both living at Guilford College, were married on the 5th of March.

Joel Blair is traveling for Rhodes Belting Co., Philadelphia. He expects to visit his friends at the college on his return from a trip to S. C. and Ga.

Miss Mary Massey and Mr James Pearson were married on the 21st of March at the home of the bride in Dudley, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson will live at Walter, N. C.

Ellen Woody has recently gone to Havana, Cuba, where she is engaged in missionary work with Francisco Cala. Her sister, Martha Woody, will soon join her in the work.

Jessie Stockard lately called at the College on her way to Lowell, in Gaston county, to take her second school this year, having just closed one at Spring, in Alamance county.

Herbert Petty, '98, left Greensboro on the ninth of March for Lynn, Mass., where he is taking a course in electric engineering at the General Electric Co. Works, of that place.

Annie Lyle Davis has been visiting her Uncle, Dr. Cox, in High Point, for several weeks. We are sorry to hear of her prolonged illness while there, and wish for her a speedy recovery.

Robert Hodgin, '96, who has for some time been engaged in the postal service in Greensboro, N. C., has been promoted to the position of superintendent of carriers. He is also secretary of the civil service board of that city. Mr. Hodgin is most capable and energetic and will always be found worthy of any trust placed in his hands.

Her many friends were glad to see Mrs. Field *nee* Miss Addie Wilson, '96, of Elberton, Georgia, at the College recently. They were sorry of

the occasion which called her here so suddenly, the death of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Field. The COLLEGIAN extends its sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

Mrs. Rebecca Morgan, *nee* Miss Rebecca Beals, of Tennessee, a student of N. G. B. S. in 1854-'55 and 1856, writes from her home in Chicago to a friend here making inquiry after her old school mates and adds, "I hope to visit the dear old State soon and live over again some of the happy days spent at New Garden." The COLLEGIAN tenders her a cordial welcome with the invitation to come to Commencement this year, May 20th to 22nd.

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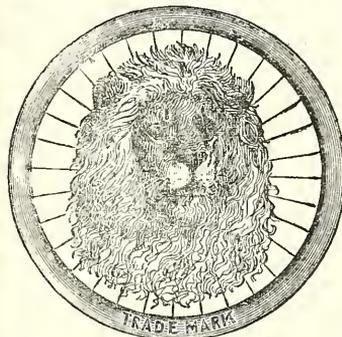
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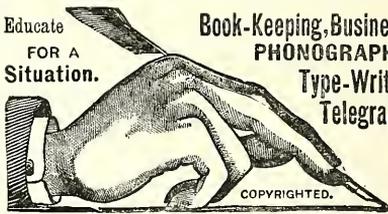
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THE

Guilford Collegian.

Commencement.

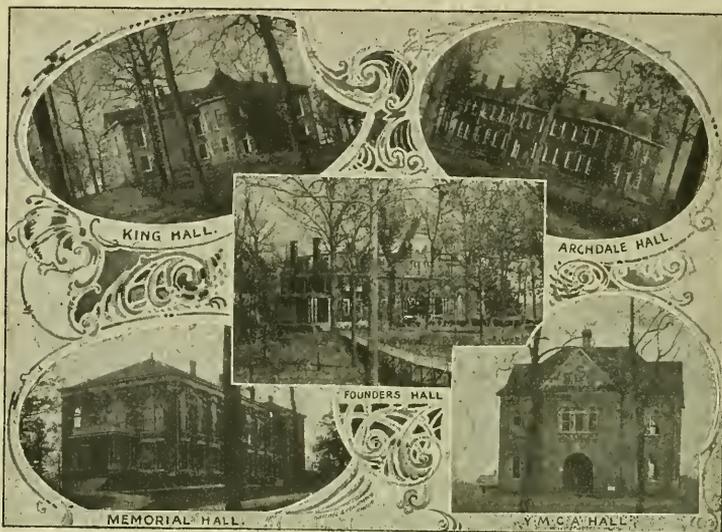
▲▲▲ CONTENTS ▲▲▲

I.	Eclipse of the Sun.	Frontispiece
II.	Poem. Lucille Armfield	257
III.	The Year's Work at Guilford College. Pres. L. L. Hobbs...	259
IV.	The Carleton-Guilford Eclipse Expedition to the Lindley Farm, Near Pinehurst, N. C. Geo. W. White.....	263
V.	The Mocking Bird. T. Gilbert Pearson	266
VI.	America's Debt to the Dutch. Annie King Blair.....	269
VII.	A Letter from Abram Fisher.....	273
VIII.	Sketches. Frater Ave Atque Vale—And I Alone Am Left.....	274
IX.	Editorials. The University Summer School—College Songs—For Pure Athletics—Base Ball.....	276
X.	Oratorical Contests.....	280
XI.	Commencement Notes. Prof. Pearson's Address—Alumni Items—The President's Address to the Class.. ..	283
XII.	Locals and Personals.....	287

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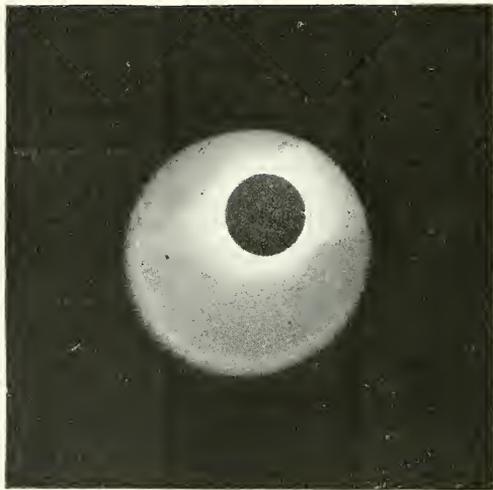
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ECLIPSE OF SUN MAY 28, 1900.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 8.

ON THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW PHILAGOREAN HALL, MAY 21, 1900.

From far and near we gather in this hall,
From vale, from mountain high,
Our ways, our aims, our lives are varied all ;
We have one common tie.
For we who left this college years ago,
And you now students here,
Rejoice alike to call this room our own,
And hold its precincts dear.

Since other minds will ever changes frame,
These walls are new and strange ;
Our old society is still the same,
Our hearts have known no change.
And on this glad May-day of our desire,
We pause a little while
To see how earth and heaven now conspire
To greet us with a smile.

'Tis sweet once more to see the campus wear
Its old-time garb of green,
What shouts of joy and pride have rent the air !
What pleasures it has seen !
The blue, blue skies our happy eyes delight
As when we went away ;
The earth now seems as fresh, and gay, and bright
As our young hearts that day.

Bright eyes of school-girls who around us throng
Now look with love in ours ;
Clear peals of laughter and melodious song
Ring out the gladsome hours.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

We joy to see sweet hope and strong belief
 Brighten your girlish eyes;
 No cloud of coming failure or of grief
 Threatens your summer skies.

Here earnest women's faces, brave and strong,
 Are seen all unafraid,
 With cheerful faith we have been toiling long,
 And have not been dismayed.
 We filled your places once and played your parts
 And dwelt in Girlhood's land,
 To-day with soberer brows and calmer hearts,
 We take you by the hand.

For some who promised great things and supreme,
 To win praise from far lands,
 Who lay awake all night to plan and dream,
 Return with empty hands.
 But Guilford and our friends, the old and new,
 With faith that true love brings,
 Still welcomes us as if our dreams were true,
 And all our thoughts were things.

Now gazing in these happy faces fair
 We dream the olden dreams;
 Forgot are all our present work and care,
 The world is what it seems.
 With old ambitions high, your faith and trust
 Inspire our hearts this day,
 And strive and gain, and fight and win we must,
 With no fear or delay.

And we who have now walked a longer way
 Upon life's well-worn road,
 Would count ourselves twice blest this happy day
 To help you bear your load.
 The best of all the gifts around you hurled—
 To feel the joy of strife;
 To share with all the burden of the world,
 For this alone is life.

LUCILLE ARMFIELD, '94.

THE YEAR'S WORK AT GUILFORD COLLEGE.

The Commencement exercises from first to last reflected great credit on all the performers.

The Henry Clay Society led off with an oratorical contest which for composition and good speaking has not been surpassed in the fifteen years of its history. The same may be said of the Websterian and the Philagorean: all the speakers showing an enthusiasm in society work that places Guilford in good rank in literary activity, and the cultivation of the art of speaking.

The alumni address given by Ottis E. Mendenhall was among the best ever given, and may be taken as a forecast of what the alumni addresses in the future will be—carefully prepared papers that can only be produced by a special course of reading. Such addresses greatly benefit those who write them and their hearers and reflect credit upon the scholarship that Guilford is seeking to give all her students.

The annual sermon to the graduating class by Mary C. Woody was a strong and touching appeal to young people to set a high value on service; and the occasion was one calculated to impress the claims of spiritual life upon young men and women.

On Monday the 21st, a great address was given on the heroic subject, "The Vitality of Americanism," by Professor A. H. Pearson, of Carleton College, Minn. This address called forth the most earnest attention; and the spirit of it was such as will necessarily inspire all who heard it with more patriotic devotion to our country.

This feature of our commencement was a new one, and it is a plan worthy of continuance; to secure a strong address for the day preceding Commencement, as was done this year, the purpose being to inspire young people to lives of noble activity and to an exalted view of the vast power of knowledge.

The annual music recital was greatly enjoyed, and the work of the Music Department was clearly brought to light by the helpful part performed by all who traipred for the various choruses and piano quartettes rendered during Commencement week. It must be a great pleasure to Mrs. Albright, who has charge of the department, to find her work so much appreciated.

Commencement day was a delightful one. The exercises began about ten o'clock and closed between twelve and one. Three orations were delivered by members of the graduating class and degrees were conferred on the following young men and women: The degree of Bachelor of Arts upon Annie King Blair, Clement Orestés Meredith, Calvin Duvall Cowles, Jr., James Wilson Carroll, Nellie L. Jones, Newton F. Farlow, Pinckney B. Groome, and Harold C. Taylor; and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon Kearney E. Hendricks, R. Lindsey Ellington, and Lacy Lee Barbee.

The Bryn Mawr and Haverford College scholarships were then announced, and also the names of those who received prizes or medals in the literary societies. Then followed the admirable Baccalaureate address by President Edwin A. Alderman, LL. D., of the State University. This address fitted in beautifully with the general educational effect of the various exercises of Commencement, and combining with them, brought up the tone of Commencement to a very high mark of scholarship and literary merit.

After this cursory glance at the closing exercises of the year, one is naturally inclined to view the work in its entirety for the year which ended on the 22nd of May, 1900.

A service is being done for the college by Memorial Hall that cannot be overstated. The excellent arrangement of the first floor gives ample space for chemistry and biology; the latter subject the past year having received special attention under the care of Professor T. Gilbert Pearson. Many standard works on biology have been added to the library, and four microscopes purchased for the department during the year. In chemistry also the capacity for laboratory work was doubled during the year, and the interest in the work was never more marked.

Professor R. N. Wilson has taken noteworthy pains to place the work in chemistry and physics on an equality with the best work done in the State. The strides which the college has taken in these departments have been made possible by the magnificent arrangement of Memorial Hall. The fruit which the Duke donation is thus bearing at Guilford is a forecast of what will be done in the years to come.

One should not forget the splendid Auditorium with a seating capacity of a thousand that renders all public occasions pleasant and more profitable than they could otherwise be.

The very high grade of work done in every department, and the steady progress made by the young men and women have revealed afresh the great work the college is doing both for men and women: and the homelike life and healthful tone of society in which young men and women with devoted instructors who esteem the work as God-given, have all during the year stood forth in clear light and caused a keen sense of the importance of Guilford's place in the State to enter the minds of those who have her care at heart.

The unmistakable advantages to both sexes which come from coeducation as carried on at Guilford will be apparent to any one who will visit the college and see the work which is there done. The tone of life thus maintained with Christian men and women engaged in the work with a holy purpose cannot be reached when either sex is educated separately from the other: and when one knows, as the teacher must know, that the moral atmosphere or *general tone* of life is a factor more potent than any other in moulding young manhood and womanhood, the genuine merit of coeducation is clearly seen and appreciated.

The continued aim of the college to advance the standard of scholarship at Guilford has taken definite shape during the year just closed. Not only has the department of biology assumed definite shape, and the year's work in French found its proper place, but the work in English has made itself felt in all the college classes. This is due largely to the zeal and literary activity of Professor S. H. Hodgkin, who has shown great energy in seeking to build up the department of English Literature. The addition of elective work in the Senior year will bring good fruit in the future.

The desire to strengthen the library has been strong at the college this year, and it will not grow less but greater.

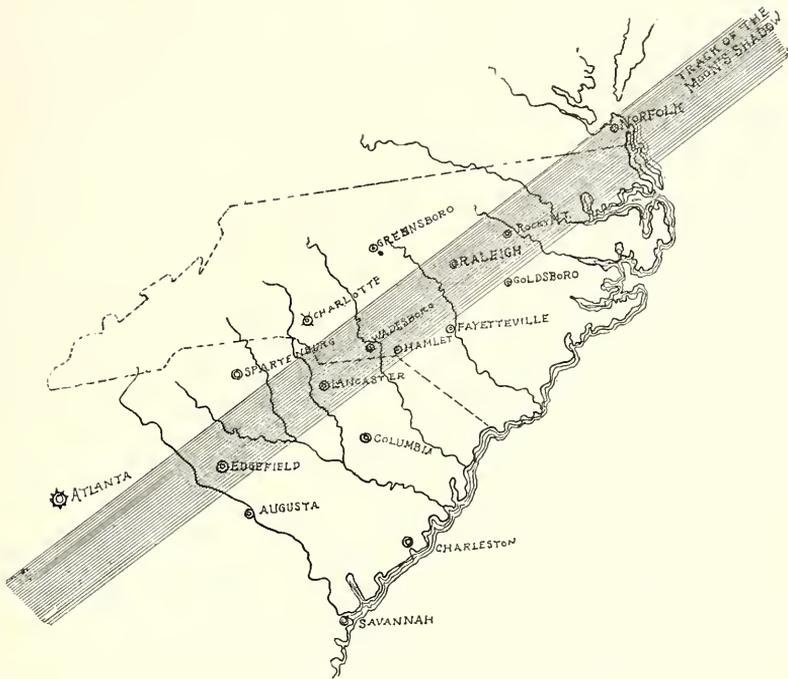
The college has felt during the past year as it never felt before the untold benefits of the co-ordination of all the departments to one general purpose—the healthful growth of scholarship and Christian character. The aim has seemed to assert itself more forcibly than at any previous time. The healthful surroundings have done much. The water supply in all buildings and general excellence of all sanitary arrangements have had a part in the general uplift; and the freedom of the place from any sort of distraction, uniting with the spirit of independent work has made the result of the year's labors more fruitful than they otherwise could have been.

The athletic spirit this year has been a source of strength to the best interests of the college. The college management has sought to encourage pure athletics and to discourage professionalism. The trustees have given more ground for baseball practice; and the result has been the development of one of the best baseball teams that Guilford has ever had.

The college is most favorably situated, and the buildings have been carefully planned for the special needs of college work. There is no effort at display; but everything is arranged for use and health. The original Founders Hall affords a genuine home for the young women under the care of a matron and teachers who from natural fitness and experience direct the household for the strength of character of all its occupants, and give a refined atmosphere to the entire college.

The beauty and quiet of the grass-covered campus with native oaks for shade, and the ample space between the various brick buildings, Founders in the rear and King Hall with its libraries and society halls and class rooms, Memorial Hall furnishing a large auditorium and spacious rooms for work, the Y. M. C. A. Hall furnishing lodging for eighteen young men and a good room for the association meetings, and Archdale for young men—all grouped at convenient distances, give a very ample equipment for the work of all classes, and for a home for those who wish to live in the college buildings. These various equipments exist solely for the good they can do in the education of the young people in our country. The doors of the college are open alike to all, and the great purpose of the college is to co-operate with all the educational influences of the State in moulding the intellects and character of young people and to serve to the extent of its power the interests of parents who have children to educate.

LEWIS LYNDON HOBBS.



MAP SHOWING TRACK OF TOTAL ECLIPSE.

THE CARLETON-GUILFORD ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO THE LINDLEY FARM, NEAR PINEHURST.

Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, sent their 8-inch, 6-inch, 5-inch and 2½-inch telescopes and Spectrum Camera with two Brashear Prisms. Guilford College, North Carolina, contributed a 3-inch telescope with camera attachment.

The Carleton party consisted of Prof. A. H. Pearson and wife, Dr. H. C. Wilson and Mrs. Clement, and Guilford's representatives were: Geo. W. White and wife, Professors R. N. Wilson, S. H. Hodgkin, Miss Ada Field, J. Van Lindley, J. W. Cook and nine students from the college.

The party had splendid success in securing fifteen plates, sketching the corona and recording shadow bands. Exact time was called and record made with precision and there was manifest great enthusiasm and pleasure to the whole party including the club of school boys who came across the country eighty miles to

have the rare experience of seeing the flash of the corona in all its glory and take observation of the heavenly bodies, as well as receive the kindness of Mr. Lindley and examine his 350-acre fruit farm.

The corona shone fan-shaped with two long streamers to the southwest and one to the northeast with shorter projections from other parts of the disk. The darkness came with some mellow light, preceded by the shadow bands swiftly passing over the white sand of the Lindley orchard.

Chickens went to roost and the negro work hands stood in awe, and in fact the scene was awe-inspiring to all, mingled with æsthetic joy at the magnificent display.

The planet Mercury being only $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the sun, was clearly visible with beauty and added much to the curious phenomena. Venus also shone in the east and was distinctly seen for two minutes after totality.

Exactly at 8:46 an order for entire silence among workers and spectators was given. Time warning of three, two, one seconds was then called by Lacy Barbee. Dr. A. H. Wilson, watching through the 5-inch telescope, called "time." Prof. Wilson, of Guilford, counted the seconds up to ninety-four, the entire time of totality. Emmet Shephard, of Guilford, noted the exact time of contact from the chronometer.

Prof. Pearson, of Carleton, exposed four plates in the prismatic camera showing the black Fraunhofer lines change to bright at the reversing layer. Dr. Wilson exposed five telescopic plates and Prof. White exposed four plates in the smaller telescope. Hinson Buchan, of Guilford, aided in exposing plates. Homer Ragan, Thomas Hinton, Walter and Richard Hobbs recorded the shadow bands. Mrs. White, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Ada Field, Prof. Hodgkin and others made systematic sketches of the corona.

Bernard Leavitt had his camera in good use and among the spectators were Miss Couch, Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Buchan, Mr. J. W. Cook, J. Van Lindley. Mr. Kelly and his friend, both from Boston, joined the party a few minutes before totality.

A great deal of interest has been created in the subject of astronomy at Guilford College, and we look forward to the day when an observatory with a large telescope shall stand on Guilford campus. Guilford deserves it!

Prof. A. H. Pearson is at the head of the Biblical department of

Carleton College and teacher of philosophy. Prof. H. C. Wilson is associate director of Goodsell Observatory, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, a man noted for his accurate skill in observation of eclipse in California in 1888, and has the admiration of astronomers for his cool-headed and precise management of all adjustment of his telescopic instrument and pre-arrangement of details in the systematic observations during the ninety-four seconds of totality of eclipse at Lindley farm, near Pinehurst, N. C.

The Lindley farm is situated in the exact middle of the shadow belt, N. Latitude $35^{\circ} 12\text{min.}$, W. Longitude $79^{\circ} 24\text{min.}$, and the exact times of eclipse were: First external contact, 7h 36m 48s a. m. First internal contact, 8h 47m 26s a. m. Second internal contact, 8h 48m 0s a. m. Second external contact, 10h 7m 8s a. m., thus making the entire time of eclipse 2h 30m 20s and entire time of totality 1m 34s.

The plates in the Guilford telescope were exposed at the call of the 10th, 30th, 50th and 70 seconds. These plates have been developed and all found to be good photos for amateur work with a telescope of one and a half inches aperture and lense of three inches which had not been fully tested on star trails for right focus.

The cut printed as frontispiece shows

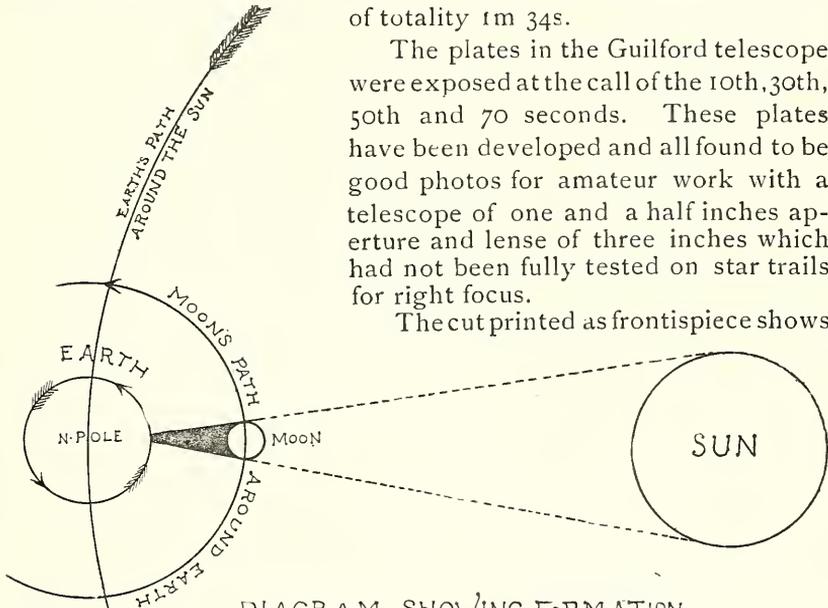


DIAGRAM SHOWING FORMATION OF A SOLAR ECLIPSE

the coronæ streamer as taken from this photo, but as the aperture of telescope is not large the full extent of streamers is not shown, yet the general fan-shaped appearance is clearly shown.

GEO. W. WHITE,

THE MOCKING BIRD.

What the nightingale is to southern Europe, the mockingbird is to our Southern States, the most powerful song bird of the country and the universal favorite of the people. His reputation as a musician is world wide. Who hears his song is deeply impressed, and wherever the story of the birds is told, the power of the mockingbird's voice is recalled. He is one of the first in the spring to sing, indeed I have heard him near the northern border of his range, singing with great force on a clear February morning when ice covered the trees as a blanket.

In those states which border on the Gulf of Mexico the mockingbirds are in full song by March 1st. In that semi-tropical climate they abound, and in many sections are the most abundant species. I have sometimes thought that they must be conscious of the power of their numbers from the bold defiant manner in which the music will often come from a dozen or more throats within hearing at one time, drowning in its volume the notes of all other denizens of the fields and shrubbery. The bird revels in the glory of his vocal strength, and shouts his ringing challenge to the trees the flowers, the very sky itself.

Watch the mockingbird some spring morning as with ruffled feathers and drooping wings he sits on the topmost bough of a neighboring tree and pours out the beautiful story of his love. At times the very intensity of the music within his breast lifts him many feet into the air. With dangling legs and carelessly flopping wings he drops again to his perch, singing the while. Anon he descends to the earth for a moment, a few rapid hops in the grass and bounds again into the air with scarcely an intermission in his song. Music high and low, loud and soft, hilarious and sad, with never a hesitation, never a false note, is what falls to your ears as you hearken to this wonderful, masterful fellow, the music-prince of the southern highways and groves.

However, it is at night that the mockingbird is at his best. If he is the music-prince of the grove by day, he is the song-king of the lawn by night. When all the world is hushed save the faint murmur of distant pines, and the gentle gales are freighted with the odor of orange blossoms the song of the mockingbird, softened by the mellow moon-light, floats to one's ears as a message of exquisite loveliness, like the memory of a beloved voice from the spirit land.

Beside his native song, the mockingbird has the wonderful power of acquiring by practice the notes of many of the feathered forms he is accustomed to hear. He imitates the songs of the robin and wood thrush,

the bluebird and wren. With wonderful distinctness he will give the clear whistle of the cardinal redbird. In regions where the little sparrowhawk is a common resident many mockers can reproduce its cry so perfectly as to deceive the most trained ear. Not all mockingbirds have equal power of imitation. The gift of mocking in different individuals seems to vary quite as much as the range of their natural song. An observer in South Carolina speaks of hearing one mimic notes of no less than thirty-two birds during an interval of ten minutes.

The nest of the mockingbird is variously situated, in small trees, brush heaps, briars, in the corners of rail fences, in the decayed trunks of trees, on stumps, in piles of cord wood and at times in vines growing about the doors and verandas of our houses. Once I found a nest between the wall and the stick-and-clay chimney of a ruined negro cabin. The nesting material consists of twigs, plant stems, dry grasses, pieces of paper, strings, strips of bark, feathers, rags or other suitable articles which can be easily secured. The structure is generally lined with rootlets. The distance from the ground at which the nest is placed varies from three to ten feet. Rarely one may be seen elevated fifty feet in the air on the bough of a large tree.

The eggs have a pale greenish blue ground color and are covered quite uniformly with reddish brown spots. Four is the number generally laid in a nest, sometimes five, and rarely six. The one profession of the male in the spring is singing, and so completely does this engross his mind that to his mate is left the entire responsibility of constructing the nest and hatching the eggs. May is the principal month for nesting, although I have seen mockingbirds incubating their eggs as far north as Ocracoke Inlet by April 10th. In the southern part of its range two broods are reared in a season.

While engaged in incubation or caring for the young, the nest is guarded with the utmost care. The parents will not hesitate to attack any enemy real or imaginary, which may approach their domain, be it crow, or dog, or man. Their cry of alarm at once warns other birds in the vicinity of approaching danger. If the intruder be a hawk the cry is taken up and passed from garden to garden by these self appointed sentinels, and the evil news of its approach is heralded faster than the winged desperado can fly.

If a mockingbird nest be destroyed the mother bird will within a few days begin building a new one. If an accident likewise befalls this, still another will be built. A pair once made their nest among the rails of a fence near my home. The owner of the fence soon afterward while making some repairs about the lot accidently tore the nest from its position

and the eggs were broken. The bird then built in a small oak tree near by, but an animal in the pasture rubbed the tree down and the birds were again without a home.

In their search for a more secure position the distressed mockers essayed the protection of a large orange tree and on a horizontal limb ten feet from the ground built a nest. Here more trouble awaited them for a cat climbed the tree despite the thorns, and ate the young in the nest. If the poor birds were discouraged by this series of disasters they did not show it by their actions. A week after this last catastrophe I saw the female carrying twigs in among the dagger shaped leaves of the Spanish bayonet plant. Here at last she found a sure retreat and reared her young in safety, free alike from the intrusions of man, and ox, and cat.

A friend of mine once picked up a mockingbird which had been injured and kindly cared for it. She placed it in a cage and fed it for a time with ripe berries and a mixture of boiled egg and potato. Later when it was able to fly it was given liberty. Instead of leaving, it followed her about the house hopping and flying along the floor. It would alight on her arm and feed from her hand. If she was out of its sight for as much as an hour it would become uneasy, and entering the house by door or window would seek her from room to room, chirping loudly in a distressed voice the while. For many weeks the bird was quite tame and remained about the house and lawn.

Unfortunately for its preservation, the mockingbird with proper care will thrive in captivity. This power of adaptability to cage life is proving its destruction. Thousands of young are captured each year and placed in cages; of the small per cent of these captives which survive the first few months of their imprisonment large numbers are shipped to the northern cities and sold.

In many localities mockingbirds are rapidly becoming exterminated owing to the treatment which they receive from the hands of the very beings whom they so constantly aid by destroying countless millions of harmful insects. Some short sighted fruit growers shoot the birds because they choose now and then to sample the fruit which they have helped to raise.

The localities which the mockingbird naturally inhabits are the growths of shrub along the borders of forests and swamps. They leave these places as soon as man comes into the wilderness and flock to his gardens and orchards as if to protect his trees from insects and cheer him with their songs. About the dwelling of the few inhabitants of stormy Cape Hatteras they are very abundant. One of the sweetest songs I have ever heard was that of a Cape Hatteras mockingbird singing from

the shelter of a holly bush one day while the wind was blowing half a gale and the ocean rolled in thunder upon the wreck strewn sands of the cape.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

AMERICA'S DEBT TO THE DUTCH.

From their earliest school days Americans have been told that this nation is a transplanted England, and that we must look to the motherland as the home of our institutions.

All American history has been written on that theory, since it has been written mainly by Englishmen, or by men of English descent, and entirely from an English standpoint. Yet it is remarkable that one can find in England no trace of many of the institutions which give to America its distinctive character.

The influence of Holland in the making of America has been an omitted chapter. However, in the last half century great advances have been made in the science of historical investigation. New light has been thrown on the condition of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In various ways the close relations which existed between the English Puritans and their republican brothers in the Netherlands have been shown—relations which were little thought of fifty years ago.

During the sixteenth century, when America was being settled, the Netherland Republic was a great power in Europe. Feudalism, which had sapped the strength of the other European countries, had been successfully resisted there. It possessed a great commerce, a great variety of manufactures, an enterprising population, an intelligent agriculture, banks, hospitals and superb town-halls, and its private dwellings were filled with the choicest paintings.

It was the centre of Biblical scholarship. It gave to the world Erasmus, the greatest scholar of his age, who paved the way for the reformation. There it was that the first complete English Bible was printed.

Its literary men were second to none. From the celebrated poet Vondel, Milton did not disdain to borrow his schemes for "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes."

For nearly two hundred years it had no rival in music and the immortal Rembrandt is a fair example of its painters.

Adding its universal religious toleration, its universal education,

its modern system of taxation, its free press, its charitable work, its freedom from superstition, and the high position of its women, one can appreciate the words of Taine when he says, "In culture and instruction as well as in the arts of organization and government the Dutch were two centuries ahead of the rest of Europe.

The contrast which England presents is striking. The people were exceedingly poor agriculturists, their chief product, wool, had to be sent to the Netherlands to be woven into cloth; learning was confined almost wholly to the court and to the church, while the masses were densely ignorant.

At least two things have kept due credit from the Dutch people. Allusion has already been made to the first, that is, the wholesale monopolizing of all that is good in American history by the English, a people who, as a nation, have, perhaps, the greatest genius for appropriation and assimilation. This characteristic has been evinced throughout the entire history of the English people, the present war against the Boers being an example.

The second thing which has worked against the Dutch in American history has been the burlesque on the early New Yorker by Washington Irving. The fictitious character Diedrich Knickerbocker is a gross caricature, a bold travesty, and such it was admitted to be by the author himself in his later life. It has left a wrong impression of the Dutch people and by some has almost become accepted history.

The influence exerted by Holland on the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers cannot be overestimated. Under the persecution of Philip II and the Duke of Alva thousands of Hollanders crossed the Channel and made their home in the eastern and southern counties of England. "Never," says one historian, "in all the history of the world was there such another missionary movement on such a magnificent scale." They taught England commerce, agriculture, trades, banking, republican ideas, and above all, the true religion.

It was required of these refugees that each one train at least one English apprentice, thus sending thousands of Englishmen to school, and so the revolution of England in commerce and industry was achieved.

It was out of these same counties that the English commonwealth sprang, that Cromwell came forth and that Cromwell's Ironsides were mustered. Above all, it was out of these counties, impressed by Dutch ideas and principles, and filled with Dutch

blood by intermarriage, that the great English exodus to America came—the Puritan exodus which made New England what it has been and what it is.

Persecutions in Holland came to an end when the republic was established at the close of the eighty years struggle with Spain. Thence the Pilgrims fled from England under the persecutions of James I. They went from a monarchy where the power of the crown over many questions of state was unlimited, to a republic where for centuries the people had been accustomed to self-rule. Here they made their home for eleven years, became citizens of the United Netherlands, sent their children to the public schools, used the secret ballot and learned the doctrine of the rights of the individual. They came filled with these lofty republican ideas straight from the shores of Holland to Plymouth Rock.

“It was Holland,” says a modern scholar, “with its republicanism that hewed, and shaped, and gave those granite-blocks which were swung into and solidified into the foundations of our nation, namely, the English Pilgrims and the English Puritans.”

The more direct influence of the Dutch in America was through the colony of the New Netherlands. Holland built up what is now known as the empire state of our union, the great commonwealth of New York. Her own sons and daughters founded it, molded it, and gave it the very institutions which have continued to this day. On Manhattan Island was built the first free church and the first free school in America.

The neighboring colonies were greatly under Dutch influence. William Penn was the son of a Dutch mother and was as familiar with the Dutch language as with the English. He preached in Holland and brought hundreds of his converts to his colony. While writing the constitution of Pennsylvania he was a refugee in Holland.

Our fathers patterned our national institutions more after the institutions of Connecticut than after those of any other colony. But who modeled those of Connecticut? Thomas Hooker, an English refugee direct from Holland.

Roger Williams, a thorough Dutch scholar, was full of Hollandic ideas and thus Dutch institutions were established in Rhode Island.

Our debt to Holland is apparent. Our constitution is written, not unwritten, as in England; this idea we got from Holland as

also the system of the public record of deeds and mortgages, our free school system, the doctrine that government gets its authority from the consent of the governed, the separation of church and state, the freedom of the press, the written ballot, and the reform in the laws concerning the rights of married women. Superior to all these, we received from Holland the principle that "all men are created equal."

Our nation's motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," was derived from the motto of the Dutch Republic, "Unity makes might."

Other distinctively American institutions which were learned from the little republic on the shores of the German ocean were the office of state governor and national president, the state and national senate, the supremacy and independence of the judiciary, the office of district attorney and the right of counsel for defence. All these were practised in the Dutch Republic in the sixteenth century, at that time the only republic existing and recognizing such institutions.

Such are the leading institutions, political and legal, for which the American republic is indebted directly or indirectly to the Netherland republic, itself the heir of all the ages. Some of them have been greatly improved upon; but at the time of their introduction into America, few if any, of them could be found in any country of Europe except the Netherlands. For none of these are we indebted to the example of the mother country. In adopting each of them England has not been the leader, but has followed in the footsteps of America.

English writers like Sir Henry Maine express surprise at the sources from which the expounders of the Federal constitution drew their historical illustrations. "Their writings," says Maine, "display an entire familiarity with the republic of the United Netherlands but there is one fund of political experience upon which they seldom draw, and that is the political experience of Great Britain."

Though the Dutch Republic, the training school of our nation's founders, is dead, crushed out by Napoleon, "who tramped the earth with the iron heel of a cruel despot," yet before it died, it safely handed the torch of liberty to the new republic across the sea.

The United States of America in principle and in national life is the United States of Holland amplified, refined, perpetuated.

ANNIE KING BLAIR, 1900.

A LETTER FROM ABRAM FISHER.

In reply to thy kind notice of a letter received from me in last month's GUILFORD COLLEGIAN, I think we may fearlessly assert, backed up by many authorities worthy of belief, that the use of tobacco in any form is injurious to the human system and that we may successfully challenge disproof to this assertion.

Dr. Richardson, so eminent in his profession in England, says that "it is a poison which cannot be taken into the system without injuring the health of the body and disturbing its various organs. It causes the stomach only partially to digest its food, the heart to labor unnaturally and the blood not to be fully oxydized." If the pupils at Guilford have been taught as required by the laws of our State these vital truths, still, from the magnitude of the evil, and the loss and injury to young life going on by the use of cigarette habit, we should be on the alert to warn against its use. Pupils have passed thro' New Garden School who are now men, who smoke cigars and pay away dollar after dollar therefor, and, tho' estimable men and amiable in their way, yet they are not distinguished by regular attendance at our meetings for divine worship, or fit to be appointed as overseers and elders, or to sit in the minister's gallery to which if faithful they might be called. It is time to speak out faithfully that the plague may be stayed.

If your class of 1900 is like that of '77, which Dr. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins University lately addressed by letter "as once so full of vigor and fine enthusiasm, with a determination to accomplish great things," and is touched by the true spirit of reform by our divine Master, and in unity with the principles for which so many of our predecessors in the Society of Friends have suffered, you will not be unmindful of the cry of suffering humanity in this our day.

We ought to endeavor to reach the young hearts, as prevention is better than cure, and to get them to band together as true reformers against the use of all narcotics and intoxicants. It is hard to get from under debasing habits when once formed. It is to the present and the practical that the talents of your bright young men and women should be directed, if they will tread in the steps of Him who went about doing good, and who came to seek and to save.

I believe if the use of tobacco had attained to such an injurious position when Jesus was on earth as it has now that he would have pronounced war upon its use, like the prophet Habbakkuk did "unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

In the struggles of our race to get from under all debasing habits as true friends of the whole human family, under the leadership of Him who gave Himself for us may we ever be found.

A. FISHER.

Woodland, N. C., 4th Mo. 6, 1900.

SKETCHES.

FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE.

To-night as the clock ticks on toward midnight and I sit with my elbows on the desk and head leaned against my hand, thinking earnestly of nothing in particular, my pen is bringing my year's work in Sophomore composition writing to a close. It has been a faithful pen, never tardy, never stubborn. When topics were posted on the bulletin-board, and my blood ran cold at the poverty of my thought, my pen came nobly to the rescue, bravely grinding out the necessary seventy-five. On two occasions only did it splash and splutter at its task, and then it had reason to do so; it had to stoop to a few lines of doggerel verse, and to a short story based on an incident of the Spanish-American war. At one time it told of happy summer experiences; of the cicada's song; of distant lights flashing through the sifting snow: at another, of curious dreams; of silvery mists veiling sleepy meadows and draping the rugged steeps of dark blue mountains; of starry night, ushered in by the measured cadence of the whippoor-will's song. Yes, early and late has it tailed, and now, with a hasty glance back over its field of labor, with its own peculiar scratch, it says, "behold what I have done."

I. V.

AND I ALONE AM LEFT.

I have just been to the postoffice. There are only a few papers for the college, no box of letters surrounded by an eager crowd of boys crying "mail, mail," as has been the custom.

Everything is so quiet now-a-days. The baseball ground is no

more disturbed in its slumbers by the hurrying feet of striped-stockinged players and the wheezy voices of forward Freshmen on the side lines. It has been the scene of many a glorious victory and many an inglorious defeat. On its face there is a deep gash cut by the iron toe of the pitcher and its poor sides have been torn by the desperate runner in his efforts to steal a base. Now it rests in peace and grass is growing in the diamond.

At night I look toward the dormitories. The doors are closed, no lights are shining in the windows, and the silence is disturbed only by the cricket which even dares to sing his evening song from the front steps. The spring chicken—no more in mortal fear—roams over the campus at ease, and the robin builds its nest on a low hanging branch, fearing no harm for its little ones. The cherries seem to turn their red faces to me and nod as I pass, as if to say, "come, take pity on us, as we can find no one to eat us." The telescope is resting in its red hood; it has been on duty gazing at the heavens for several months and at last has been on a trip. It stood up bravely by the larger ones, viewed the eclipse, did its duty without a murmur and returned tired but happy. The transit lays its weary bones away in its box after many a tramp over the hills, having been jerked, twisted about and sqinted at by a score of Sophomores.

A mouse has taken possession of my bureau drawer and has built a nest out of the compositions that have cost me many hours of toil. His mouseship is in a straight; he now finds no bread and cheese in the clothes press and has no exciting races as he used to.

The sound of the nine o'clock bell has long since died away; books are things of the past; Commencement in all its glory is over; the hurry of feet, the noise of moving trunks, and the boys are gone; and I only am left to keep company with the mouse, and to sit in the cherry tree and watch the woodpecker teach its young to fly.

SKETCHER.

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JUNE, 1900.

The University Summer School.

From the program of work outlined in the pamphlet of the University Summer School, the coming session gives indications of being a most interesting one. The striking fact to us is that practically the entire series of courses offered deal with methods of teaching. These embrace all subjects in all grades of public school work. Some of the most successful teachers of this and other states have been secured to give instruction in the summer school. Among other well-known educators in North Carolina there will be in attendance Superintendent Moses, of Raleigh, Superintendent Graham, of Charlotte, and Superintendent Mangum, of Wilson, Prof. Holmes will take part as will also Prof. Noble and Prof. Wills. The expenses of registration and tuition are \$6.00. We wish to acknowledge the kind invitation of the management of the summer school to the COLLEGIAN staff to attend free of expenses.

In looking back on one's college days there are **College Songs**, few times which linger more sweetly on the mind than those occasions when in groups on the lawn or gathered about the college steps with other fellows we sang college songs.

Light in word and sentiment these songs usually are. Often they are purely nonsensical, yet students stand for hours and sing them with all the seriousness and pathos of a church service. Read this thoughtful threnody entitled, "Two Little Flies:"

"Two little flies, two little flies,
 There were two little flies in a molasses cup,
 In a molasses cup, in a molasses cup,
 But they could not speak they were so stuck up."

That's all there is to the song, and yet on many a moonlight night this song of one verse has been sung over and over for half an hour at a time. One song begins thus:

"My moustache is growing, its genial warmth bestowing,
 Its beauty charms the eye of all Broadway.
 Come forth like a fairy so light and so airy,
 And ramble o'er my upper lip so gay."

Another, surely, touches the deepest chords of a man,—his appetite, perhaps:

"My grandfather had some very fine ducks,
 Some very fine ducks had he,
 With a "quack," "quack" here, and a "quack" there,
 With here a "quack," there a "quack, here and there a "quack."

Not all college songs, however, are idiotic. Some really have true, deep sentiment. Read the first stanza of "Fair Harvard:"

"Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
 By these festal rites from the age that is past
 To the age that is waiting before.
 O, relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
 That has long kept their memory warm.
 First flower of the wilderness, star of the night!
 Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm."

Hines and Noble, publishers in New York city, have recently issued the best book on college songs we have ever seen. It is entitled "Songs of All the Colleges." From the title page of this we can get something of the range of subjects included under this

head. Some of the titles are: "Alma Mater," five different songs, "Bingo," "Bow-wow-wow," "Co-Education," "The College Bell," "Dad," "Dartmouth, Our Dartmouth," "Evening on the Campus," "Foot-ball Song," "Good-night, My Love," " H_2SO_4 ," "Sucking Cider Through a Straw," "The Man Who Has Plenty of Good Peanuts," "Old Nassau," "Polly, My Sweetheart," "The Prof.," "Vassar Chant," and "Zwei Beer."

The formation of an athletic association by the colleges and high schools of North Carolina is certainly a step in the right direction. Any move toward suppressing some of the evils that have heretofore existed in our athletic lack-of-system, cannot fail to meet with the approval of all lovers of clean college sport. The constitution adopted on May 5th is, perhaps, not an ideal one, and may need to be changed somewhat as conditions change, or as new light is thrown on various matters. Yet it is safe to say that this constitution will give us a good basis to begin work on. The professional's status is clearly stated and he is excluded from all amateur contests. This is, of course, the gist of the whole thing, but there are some other provisions which deserve to be noticed and which are none the less valuable because they are secondary. The removal of the teacher, instructor or coach from a team, whatever disadvantages it may work, will certainly leave one or more places to be contested for by students who are the rightful candidates for the team, and furthermore will make it unnecessary for the school to deny that such and such teacher was employed on account of his athletic prowess.

The regulation that no student may change his institution and play during that year, will prevent, in a large measure, a roaming tendency which has been troublesome, and by which Guilford no less than others has often suffered. It is very trying after having picked up a green man and trained him a season, making a fairly good football player out of him, to have him "induced" elsewhere.

The requirements of entrance, class standing, promotion, attendance during the entire year, and the time limit of four years of actual play may prove a hardship in a few cases and to some institutions, but in the long run it will be a benefit to the student himself.

It is gratifying to note that so many of our best schools and colleges are represented in the association, and we sincerely hope that those colleges whose records are excessive for righteousness in athletics and who have no necessity for repentance, will join with us and give their weaker brethren the strength of their moral support.

The 1900 baseball team has played its schedule of **Base Ball.** games and had its picture taken. It won two games each from Whitsett and Elon, and was in turn twice defeated by Wake Forest. We lost a close and well played game to Horner, and won a good victory over Danville Military Institute; beat the deaf and dumb boys nine to seven, and were beaten by A. & M. out of a rain guarantee. Tennessee forfeited 9 to 0. Lack of team work and some ragged fielding weakened the team's defense, although the battery work was generally good. Captain John Fox pitched most of the games and did it well. Hammond held him in good style and, though he showed a tendency once in a while to get nervous and loose the ball over first base, he oftener lost it for a three base hit. Charlie Fox played a good slow game at first. He did no brilliant playing, but made some good hits when hits were needed. It is hardly worth while to comment on the performances of Jim Fox at third base. He always did more than his share of the fielding, and batted better than he did last year. Short and second were played by Morton and Louis Hobbs respectively. Morton covered plenty but was not always sure. Hobbs got up grounders well when not too far from them. He gives promise of a good batter, but so far is unable to get to his base even when he has hit safe. The outfield did its work in good shape. Daniels covers more ground than the others and his batting is excellent. Love in right and Hinton in left showed up well toward the end of the season. Both did some good hitting. The sub pitchers, Dalton and Landreth, are good strong men, and can play anywhere, as well as do their share of the stick work.

Although we loose the Fox brothers next year, we loose none of the others, and in that case we stand a good chance to beat somebody in 1901.

ROBT. N. WILSON.

ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

THE HENRY CLAY CONTESTS.

The first of the society contests was given by the Henry Clays on the evening of May 5th.

The stage was most artistically decorated with the colors of the society (royal purple and white) palms and flowers from Lindley's, and large sprays of dogwood blossoms. The program was given as follows:

- 1—Come Where the Lilies Bloom.....*Thompson.*
Misses Few, Jones, Blair and Raiford; Messrs. Cowles, Ashcraft,
Plummer and Barbee.
- 2—Robert E. Lee
Rush Ninde King.
- 3—Manufacturing Industry of our State.
J. Emmet Shepard.
- 4—Arbitration, an Index to Higher Civilization.
C. Elmer Leak.
- 5—Little Boy Blue.....*Parks.*
Henry Clay Quartette.
- 6—The Youth of Today, the Manhood of the Twentieth Century.
J. Franklin Plummer.
- 7—The East by Way of the West.
Newton F. Farlow.

The first speaker had a good voice and a good delivery. The treatment of the subject matter of the third oration was very fine. "The East by Way of the West" was a well written oration. The contest was a close one. The prize, a Standard Dictionary and stand, was awarded to Emmet Sheperd, '03, in a very eloquent manner by Prof. Geo. H. Crowell, superintendent of the High Point graded schools. Prof. Claxton, with a few remarks, presented the improvement medal to Walter Hobbs. The officers of the contest were, President, L. L. Barbee; Secretary, H. P. Leak; Marshalls, Messrs. Cowles (chief), Ellington, Carroll and Trogdon.

THE REUNION OF THE PHILAGOREANS AND THE DEDICATION OF
THEIR NEW HALL.

At three o'clock on May 21st, the girls of the Philagorean Society with a number of the old members gathered in their new hall

for a special meeting. It was a time full of pleasure to every member present.

The President in a few words gave a cordial greeting to all. Cornelia Wilkinson opened the program with an instrumental solo. Lucille Armfield, '94, read a poem written by her for the occasion and which appears in this number of the COLLEGIAN. Solos were sung by Misses Clara Woodward and Rosa Few. Eunice Darden, '95, in a happy speech presented the improvement prize to Miss Cornelia Wilkinson. Edna Hill, in her original manner, read a paper on "The Future of the Phi Society." Mrs. Bessie Meader White, '93, Laura Worth, '92, and others made short addresses. By these hearty speeches full of encouragement and good cheer each one was made to love her Society more, if possible, than before, and all went away proud that they were numbered with the band of Philagoreans.

WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

On the Friday night following the Henry Clay entertainment the Websterian Society gave its annual contest. Mr. K. E. Hendrix, '00, was the presiding officer, W. P. Henley was secretary. The Marshalls were H. C. Taylor (chief), Hinton, Groome, Hammond and Idol.

The program was opened by a very pretty waltz song which was sung by the following: Misses Few, Jones, Futrell, Lindley, Blair, Raiford, and Messrs. Ragan, Daniels and Hill. The speakers and their subjects were as follows: Democracy *vs.* Imperialism, H. Daniels; Our American Ideals, R. C. Willis; Educational Ideals, R. W. McCulloch; What Is Ours? W. Jay Grantham; Abuses of Democracy, J. C. Hill; Rise of the Dutch Republic, A. H. Ragan. Mr. Daniel spoke in opposition to imperialism. His strong point was his delivery. Mr. Hill had a very strong and original paper on the political dangers which threaten our republican institutions. His delivery was good and his address was well accepted. Mr. Ragan discussed the history of the Dutch people and in a very oratorical manner sketched a most optimistic prophecy of the outcome of the present Boer struggle for liberty.

At the close of the third oration Miss Elsie Weatherly, of Greensboro, to Mrs. Albright's piano accompaniment, gave a

beautiful violin solo, Bartholdy's "Spring Song." As an encore she also played "In Old Madrid."

The judges of the contest were, Rev. J. O. Atkinson, of Elon College, Prof. W. T. Whitsett, of Whitsett Institute, and Mr. Samuel Bradshaw, of Greensboro. In a humorous and thoughtful address, Mr. Atkinson presented the prize, Webster's dictionary and stand, to Mr. Ragan. Mr. Whitsett, in an interesting speech, then delivered the society's medal for improvement to Charles Glenn.

The evening of the contest, May 11th, was a beautiful one and the auditorium in Memorial Hall was well filled.

PHILAGOREAN CONTEST.

The Philagorean Society held its contest on Saturday night, the twelfth. It was an occasion of special pleasure to the audience, since from start to finish it was a perfect success in every detail. Miss Annie Blair, '00, president of the society, presided in a most gracious and beautiful manner and by her address at the outset of the exercises set an an example of ease and high dignity which characterized the proceedings of the entire evening.

PROGRAM.

1. Chorus—To the Dance.....*Denza*
2. Oration—War and Its Evils.
Flora K. Harding.
3. Oration —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
Mary Belle Futrell.
4. Oration—Survival of the Fittest,
Clara Ione Cox.
5. Oration--International Arbitration and the Heroes of Peace.
Emma King.
6. Solo—Good-bye, Robin.....*Frank S. Moir.*
Rosa Few.
7. Oration—John Ruskin.
Belle Parker White.
8. Oration--The Influence of Friendship.
Anna Bernice Bradshaw.
9. Oration—Heroism.
Ida Eleanor Millis.
10. Chorus—Sweet Bells.....*Denza.*

The orations were all carefully written and well delivered, and it would be difficult to say which ones possessed the most merit.

Miss Futrell was quite strong in her distinct pronunciation and easy delivery. Miss Bradshaw had a beautiful production which quickly won and held the interest of the audience. It was well worthy the close attention it was given. The prize, consisting of a set of Holmes's works, was awarded to Miss King.

The judges were Prof. T. A. Smoot, Mr. A. B. Kimball and Miss Mary Petty. Prof. Smoot delivered the orator's prize in a ten minutes' speech.

There were many visitors present from a distance. Among these were a number of members of the society of past years. The marshals of the evening were Miss Pearl Lindley, Chief, and as subs, Misses Nellie Jones, Ada Field and Lilly White.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

PROFESSOR PEARSON'S ADDRESS.

Prof. A. H. Pearson, of Carleton College, Minn., lectured in Memorial Hall Monday morning at 11 o'clock, on the subject, "The Vitality of Americanism." Professor Pearson is thoroughly a scholarly man. His education has been varied, and much travel both at home and abroad has given him an extended experience with men and affairs. He is a man whose views sensible people are usually glad to get.

He began his address by saying that not all the people who live in America are Americans. He spoke of the Irish and Sweed communities where the hearts of the people still cling to their fatherland. Even here, however, American ideas and American institutions are sure to become predominant. As illustration of this he spoke at length of the controversies in the United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America concerning the rules subsequently governing their college at Northfield, Minn.

The speaker defined "Americanism" as "an equality of privilege." All men are not created equal even in America, he said, but all have equally the privilege of becoming persons of worth.

"I believe in peace rather than war," he continued, "but still I see in the Spanish war the occasion upon which the culminating fruitage of American influence of the past two or three generations was shown to the world."

Mr. Pearson declared that the vitality of Americanism would be secured and continued not by our commerce, nor our arms, nor our intelligence. "We will find it," he said, "in that spirit that sees our fellow men through God's eyes. The moral element in Americanism is the hope of the world; the first commandment which gives spirit to the second."

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni business meeting was held in the Websterian hall at six o'clock on the evening of Commencement day. Practically no business was transacted except the election of officers for the coming year. These were declared to be as follows: O. E. Mendenhall, '95, president; Henryanna Hackney, '95, secretary; A. W. Blair, '90, treasurer; and John M. Greenfield, '98, orator.

The Alumni address was given on the night of May 21st by Ottis E. Mendenhall, of the class of '95. We are sorry that we are unable to give a synopsis of it. It was evident that in the preparation there had been much careful historical research. The statements and conclusions had been carefully arranged in the order of their sequence. It was a plain, simple, historical treatise without embellishment, which was well spoken and duly appreciated by the audience. A larger audience was present than is usual at the Alumni addresses.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

You have my very hearty congratulations upon your completion of the course of study at Guilford; and it is a delight to me to welcome you, the class of 1900, among her alumni, and I assure you that the Alumni Association will, with a like warm welcome, receive you among their number.

Your zeal and devotion to duty and kind cooperation with your instructors have won for you our high esteem, and I take this occasion to express to you our friendly and prayerful interest in all that pertains to your future welfare.

It has been our purpose to strengthen in you all the forces that need to be strong for winning victory in your after life over every sort of ill.

These diplomas mean much, but they do not mean everything.

You should guard against thinking your education is finished. Our education is never finished. It is not the purpose or spirit of Guilford College to make students *satisfied* with their attainments, but to open the door and point to a broad and fruitful field in which they may continue the pursuit of truth in every department of learning, of natural science, if you please, or of philosophy, and of history, and literature, that you may become thoughtful and faithful, and able to stand, and "having done all to stand." You need, and I am sure we all need, to take more time for reflection, and be in less haste either to be rich or to be wise; seeking day by day that wisdom which is from above, and setting our affections on the things which are above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God.

We shall miss you when we assemble in the fall to continue our work. Your devotion as Christian young men and women has created an influence for religious life at Guilford and for high moral tone that has contributed much to the delightful atmosphere that has surrounded us during these happy months. The dominance of the Christ-like spirit at a college means more for good than any one by means of words is able to tell. We thank you for your part in maintaining this spirit at Guilford during the years that have past, and especially the one now closing.

We hope your remembrance of the days spent with us may ever be pleasant to you. Our remembrance of you will certainly be so.

We have a work before us at college in which you will be concerned, and in which I trust we shall have your help.

We desire, and as the Lord leads, we may in humility say are determined that the full strength of all the resources of Guilford in the years to come and as they come shall be exerted to promote, in every possible way, the cause of higher, that is better, education in our state. This is our duty. It is our duty to the good men and women who by their means and hard work have erected these buildings, and who at the outset selected this beautiful and healthful spot of earth and consecrated it by prayers and privation and suffering, that young people might have a safe place at which they might be taught and trained in body, mind and spirit, and thus "each become all that he was created capable of being, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature be these what they may." It is our duty as a factor in our state to lessen the evils of ignorance and all the ills that grow out of ignorance so far forth as

is within our power, that we may never be charged with being unjust stewards. It is our duty to the church. The college is expected to be loyal to its mother, and to be helpful to the extent of its power to every interest which the church ought to be promoting.

To do these things we need your help, and we need the help of all who have gone out from us, and we need the help of all the undergraduates who are here to-day and of all friends of education.

Guilford College has no mercenary purpose. She exists solely for the good she can do for the young people of our country. And she is standing here in the providence of God with doors open and extending the invitation to young men and women to come in and share all the privileges, pleasures, duties and struggles that belong to college life.

President Hobbs then made the following announcements:

1. The Bryn Mawr Scholarship of \$400 has been awarded to Annie King Blair.
2. The Haverford College Scholarship of \$300 has been awarded to Clement Orestes Meredith.
3. The Henry Clay Oratorical Prize was awarded to J. Emmett Shepard, and the Improvement Medal to Walter M. Hobbs.
4. The Websterian Oratorical Prize was awarded to A. Homer Ragan, and the Improvement Medal to Charles M. Glenn.
5. The Philagorean Oratorical Prize was awarded to Emma G. King, and the Improvement Prize to Cornelia M. Wilkinson.
6. The prize, \$5.00, for the best essay on "Arbitration as a Method of Settling International Difficulties," was awarded to J. Carson Hill.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Mrs. Cowles visited her sons at the college during Commencement week.

—Rev. James Jones left on May 23rd to attend New York Yearly Meeting.

—Miss Josie Griffin spent Commencement visiting her friends at the college and in the vicinity.

—Fred Watson came home from Winston for a part of the Commencement exercises.

—Miss Clara Woodward, of Wilmington, spent Commencement with her friends and relatives at Guilford.

—Annie Blair, Calvin Cowles, Jr., and Clement Meredith were the Senior speakers Commencement Day.

—Mrs. Watt, of Reidsville, was the guest of her nephew R. Lindsey Ellington during Commencement.

—Mollie Roberts, '96, attended Commencement and was the guest of Henryanna Hackney the week following.

—Mrs. Blair will spend the summer in New York and Canada visiting relatives and the scenes of her childhood.

—Eugene and Marion Woodward, the former of the class of '94, have positions with the Armour Packing Co., of Wilmington, N. C.

—Owing to a protracted illness Dr. Roberson, who has been the college physician for several years, has been compelled to abandon his practice.

—The Henry Clay Society expects to commence the work of enlarging its hall at once and intends to complete the work before school opens in September.

—Miss Laura Worth, after spending the year at the Baltimore Medical College for Women, returned to her home at Guilford in time for Commencement week.

—On Friday, April 20th, the Henry Clay Society visited the Philagorean Society in its new hall. The evening will be remembered by the Clays as an evening of pleasure and instruction.

—The Junior girls at the State Normal gave the Seniors of that college a hayride out to Guilford on the night of the musical.

—Misses Newby, Tomlinson and Howard, of the Normal College, visited friends at the college at the time of the Henry Clay contest.

—Francis C. and Wilfred W. White, of Chicago, visited Mrs. Geo. W. White recently. The former is Mrs. White's brother, the latter her cousin.

—President and Mrs. Hobbs attended the Friends' Conference for Bible study at Haverford College, Pa., in June. She gave an address on "Applied Quakerism."

—The Seniors were entertained by Mrs. Hobbs at the old Mendenhall home in Jamestown. In her charming way the hostess made all the guests feel at home and each one of them enjoyed the day thoroughly.

—Eunice Darden, after the close of her school at Augusta, N. C., made a visit at Guilford, through Commencement. She then left for her home in Belvidere for a short rest before beginning her work as private secretary for Mrs. Cartland.

—Mrs. Alexander M. Rankin, *nee* Lena Maie Blair, has returned to High Point after spending most of the winter months at her father's home in Asheboro. She, with her little daughter Margaret, attended Commencement.

—Mrs. Henry A. White, *nee* Elizabeth Meader, '93, of Union Springs, N. Y., is visiting at her father's, Dr. Cartland, in Greensboro. When his work at Oakwood Seminary is finished her husband will join her and they will make a visit at his father's home in Belvidere.

—On Tuesday evening, the 1st of May, Miss Ella Smith and Mr. Eugene Hodgin were married at Muir's Chapel. After the ceremony a reception was given the bride and groom at her father's home.

—The Philagorean Society attended the regular meeting of the Websterian Society on Friday evening, May 18th. After the exercises of the evening, consisting of a declamation, papers, debate and prize contest, refreshments were served. The Phi's greatly enjoyed this the first meeting in the elegant new hall.

—The Websterian Society elected their quota of COLLEGIAN staff officers for the ensuing year as follows: Editor, R. W. McCulloch; associate editor, C. W. Davis; Business Manager, T. B. Hinton. The Henry Clay Society elected C. E. Leak business manager. Their other officers as well as those of the Philagorean Society are to be chosen in the fall term.

—Prof. and Mrs. White and Profs. Wilson and Hodgkin viewed the eclipse from Southern Pines. The telescope and other astronomical apparatus belonging to the college were used in observing this phenomenon.

—The Athletic Association gave the comic farce, "The Old-Fashioned School," one evening before the close of the term. Mr. Will Hammond played the part of school master, and his management of some thirty restless, mischievous pupils, and their antics was very amusing and called forth repeated laughter and applause. The chanting of the capitals of the States by the whole school was alone worth going a long way to hear. Over forty dollars was realized for the athletic interests of the college.

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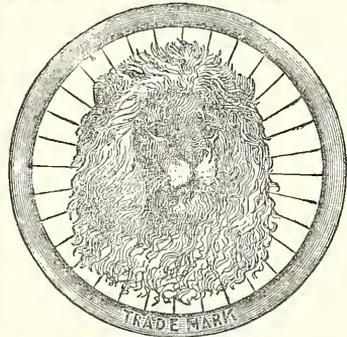
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