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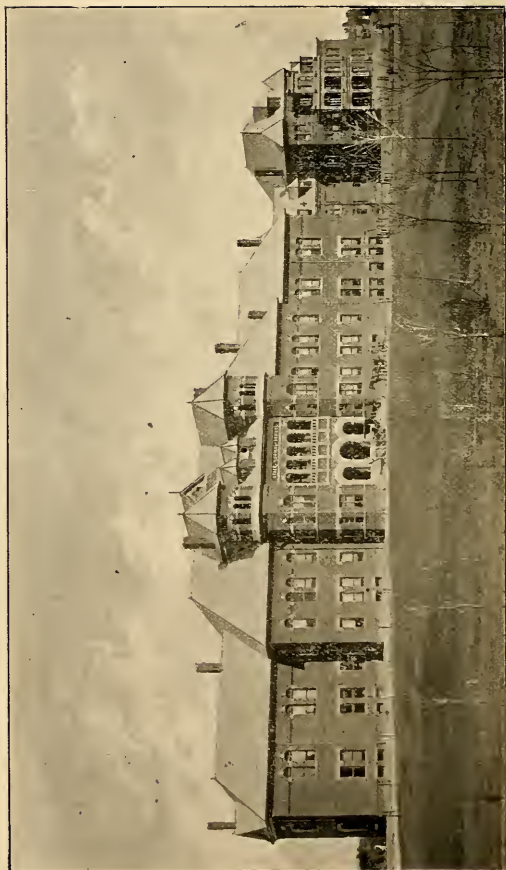
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STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

GREENSBORO N. C., APRIL, 1898.

NO 5

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MARY LANE'S EXPERIMENT.

Mary Lane was a graduate of the State Normal College, where she had taken high rank, particularly in the Science Department.

After leaving college, her work as a teacher began in a country school. Young, enthusiastic, and full of ambitious hopes, she met here disappointments and difficulties which threatened to make it impossible for her to put into practice any of the theories she had imbibed at the Normal.

"If this is to be the field of my life-work," she sighed, "what a woful waste of time was all that which I gave to the study of Geology, Botany, Zoology, etc."

One of the many obstacles she met with was the scarcity of books, particularly of reading matter; some old "Readers," mostly of different makes and grades, constituting her pupils' outfit in this respect.

But of subjects for lessons in nature study there was the abundance and variety

found in all country places and near many of our town schools as well. Determining to make use of the only material of which she had plenty, she began to have every day some lesson in elementary science, such as any thoughtful, wide-awake teacher might have; and soon her thorough study of the sciences, and the training she had received in progressive methods, began to show their value to one who must teach a country school; though Mary Lane had once thought they could serve her only in some city graded school. She found that the daily investigations of their immediate environment helped wonderfully in making the geography lessons practical and animated. She instituted the "Morning Talk" at the opening of the school-day, which time she dared to take for discussing what they had observed during the walks into which she had beguiled most of her pupils at the long mid-day recess. In the talks she got her "oral language lessons," though her pupils were unconscious of anything like a lesson being intended.

The older pupils were pleased to write descriptions of some place or object seen during these walks. These gradually took the place of the old time "compositions."

"Now, if I only had a few story books, and some bright supplementary reading with which to enliven the toil of the little ones over the very necessary 'speller' I should do very well," she said. Then came the thought, "why not make stories and reading lessons, too, from our nature work? Ah, if I only were able to buy a hektograph!" She remembered a recipe for making a copying-pad, or hektograph, which she had copied from a school journal while at the Normal. She could afford four ounces of white glue, twelve ounces of glycerine, a few drops of carbolic acid, and any amount of patience and painstaking.

Having made her copying-pad, she set about her experiment. She did not doubt that Dr. McCook and other naturalists are right in thinking "that the truths of nature are attractive enough in themselves, and need not the seasoning of fiction;" but if that renowned writer and scientist could deign to thus season them, even so mildly as he did, in order to gain for Natural History a wider circulation as popular literature, surely she was justified in putting into the form of a story the facts the children had learned, since, by so doing, she not only impressed these truths, and deepened the interest in such study, but supplied at the same time, the two-fold need of story-book and reading-lessons. Having settled this question to her own satisfaction, she proceeded to study the animal life of the streams and ponds near by, from which were drawn subjects for these "Stories of the Little Pond People."

It was just before Easter that they began on batrachian life and development.

Wide-mouthed glass jars, and an old fashioned glass churn, were contributed by the children to hold the eggs and tadpoles of frogs, toads, and salamanders. A few eggs of each were put into separate vessels, and into others tadpoles of each, showing as many different stages of development as could be found; some "all head and tail" and no legs at all; some with only the back legs, some showing all four of the legs and a long tail into the bargain; and others with only the knobby suspicion of a tail left.

The children discovered that the small, black tadpoles were the young of the land-toad; that the tiny gray ones, which had hatched so quickly, and so soon developed into active little toads, were the off-spring of the tree-toad; that the large, chubby polliwogs were the babies of the bull-frog; and that those very "fishy" looking tad-poles, with bright, dark eyes and feathery gills, developed into newts, or salamanders, which they had been wrongfully taught to call lizards and scorpions. They found out some things which the teacher frankly told them she had not known before, for instance, that the gelatinous covering of the eggs served for the tad-poles' first food.

Following her liking for experimenting, Mary Lane proposed that they keep some of the newly hatched tad-poles in clear water with nothing but the jelly on which they could feed. They lived and thrived, and the jelly gradually disappeared. Then, too, they found that the fore limbs of the salamanders developed before the back legs, the teacher having supposed that all batrachians followed the frogs in showing the back legs first.

The children had but to watch the jars and all that was to be seen of batrachian development was there. A specimen of a full-grown frog, a toad and a salamander were secured and kept long enough to study and compare the form and organs of each, and to decide upon their use. A watch was kept upon those in their natural home to find out all they could of their habits. After all these facts were learned, and *not until then*, the teacher wrote a story which embodied them, and such as she thought best to add. The children were made to feel that they had helped largely in making these stories, and great was Mary Lane's gratification when she saw how eagerly and how well the older pupils read them aloud to the story-starved little ones who, Oliver-like, clamored for "more." Reading lessons for these younger ones, too, were turned out by the copying pad, being made up of their own short, simple sentences, in which they gave their observations of the animal; illustrations, also, for these lessons and stories, the teacher tracing the pictures from her zoology

for the copying-pad; or, when the animal was a very common one, as the frog, and there was no danger of giving incorrect ideas of form. she tried her hand at showing the animal in imaginary attitudes and acts, bringing out whatever of humor there might be in the story, and adding to the pleasure, if not to the actual knowledge of her pupils. They concluded that the first story should be called

EASTER IN THE POND.

Tommy was a little boy, who liked to roam up and down the streams and ponds, and to watch the little people living there.

One warm Easter he was sitting by the pond, when he heard the coarse voice of Mrs. Bull-frog talking to a smaller frog who looked much like her. Mrs. Bull-frog was saying, "Sister Marsh-frog, you are as old as I am, but I know you never, in all your life, saw finer eggs than these, now, did you?" Tommy was greatly surprised to hear that the small frog was as much of a grown up frog as the big one. He had always supposed that all the smaller frogs were young bull-frogs. Now he learned that some of them were of a different kind, the marsh-frogs. He stepped nearer for a good look, and saw that they were sitting near a large, roundish lump of jelly specked all through with little round, black balls. These he knew must be Mrs. Bull-frog's eggs. He heard Mrs. Marsh-frog answer in a fine voice, "Yes, Sister Bull-frog, your eggs are always fine, finer than mine; but you will find it hard to make people believe I am as old as you are. I suppose I *do* look quite young," she simpered, "but I am always dignified I hope. Now, I do not wonder that people take Cousin Tree-toad to be a young person, for she is so dreadfully frisky even now that she is the mother of a family. I wonder how she is getting on with her last eggs. She came down from Tree-top Town some weeks ago, and intends spending the spring with us in Pond Place, as she always does. She told me yesterday that she had found some grass growing in the edge of the water, and was then on her way to place her eggs there. Here she comes back now." Tommy saw a small frog, or toad as the frogs called her, leaping through the water. She jumped upon a mossy stone, and in a twinkling became the color of the moss; then she hopped upon a log, and became as gray as it was. Tommy saw she had a little round knob on the ends of each toe. As soon as she reached the others, she began in a voice finer even than Mrs. Marsh-frog's, "Well, I have just settled my eggs on the under side of some grass stems. They will be hatched in about four days, I think, if the weather is good. Ah, they are not so fine as yours. Cousin Bull-frog, I know, but dear me, yours do take *such* a time to hatch, quite a month I believe.

Well, well, I couldn't put up with that." Mrs. Bull-frog looked very angry. She puffed herself out until Tommy feared she would burst; but before she could say a word a land-toad came hopping to the edge of the bank. "Good-day, Sister Land-toad! Have you put your eggs in the water yet?" called out the lively little lady from Tree-top Town.



"PUTTING THEM INTO PANTS! SEE THEM."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Land-toad, "there they are just beside you. I went down several days ago and put them in the water. Are they not beautiful?"

"Very fine! Very fine, for such *strings*," croaked Mrs. Bull-frog.

"Well, for my part," snapped Mrs. Land-toad angrily, "I prefer them in nice slender strands, and not in great heavy lumps. Don't you, Sister Tree-toad?"

"Well, I don't arrange mine in either way. I just place one, or only a few at a time, on the under side of some water-plant. It is much the best way, I assure you. But do tell me," she cried, "have any of you seen our cousins, the Salamanders, this spring?"

"He, he, he," giggled Mrs. Marsh-frog, looking at Mrs. Bull-frog.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" laughed Mrs. Bull-frog, putting her long fingers up to her eye and winking the biggest wink Tommy had ever seen. "Do you mean Mrs. 'Lizard,' Mrs. 'Ground-puppy,' or Mrs. 'Scorpion?'" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean by all those strange names," said Mrs. Tree-toad.

"Haven't you heard how angry the Salamanders have been made lately, by that little boy Tommie who comes here sometimes?" asked Mrs. Bull-frog grinning until Tommy could almost see her *upper teeth*. "They heard him call Mrs. Water Salamander who is living in the spring a 'spring lizard,' and her sister, Mrs. Land Salamander, who lives in the woods, he spoke of as a 'ground puppy,' while another, who lives on the land, he called a 'scorpion.'"

"It is an insult to us, and to our whole family, that our cousins, the Salamanders, should be called lizards and such names," sang in Mrs. Land-toad turning to look indignantly at Mrs. Bull-frog. "To be sure they are shaped like lizards, but the idea of not knowing a Salamander from a lizard; and I thought everybody knew a real scorpion has eight legs, and is shaped more like a spider than anything else. It's an insult to us, I say, and I see nothing to laugh at."

"Oh, that Tommy is such an ignorant little fellow," said Mrs. Bull-frog. "Why, I heard him, last year, talking about my babies dropping their tails, as if a tad-pole *ever* did such a thing! He actually looked into the water to find the tails which had been dropped. Haw! Haw! Haw!" They did not know Tommy was there, and so did not see how he was blushing. They were looking at some eggs to which Mrs. Bull-frog had called them. She was saying, "No one, except myself, can show finer eggs than some of the Salamander family. Just look at these."

Tommy looked, too. He saw a lump of clear, yellowish jelly specked all through with beautiful green balls. "They are as pretty as a dish of gellatine and malaga grapes, far prettier than Mrs. Bull-frog's, though I should be afraid to tell her so," thought Tommy.

"To day must be the frogs' easter as well as ours," said Tommy to himself. "They can talk of nothing but eggs. Well, I've learned a great deal to-day about their kind of eggs. I shall come every day and watch them until they hatch."

The story which followed they called

BABIES IN LONG CLOTHES AND SHORT CLOTHES, AND THEIR PARENTS' CLOTHES.

One day Tommy saw Mrs. Land-toad sitting on the bank of the pond talking to the little dark tad-poles which were swimming about in the water. She was saying, "Well, my dears, you can take care of yourselves here in the water. When you get old enough to catch insects, and are able to hop and jump, you may come and live with your papa and me in Gardenville. Our health is such we cannot live long at a time in Pond Place. I hope you will be good children and obey cousin Bull-frog and cousin Marsh-frog. Good-bye," and she went hopping lazily off to

join Mr. Land-toad who had been busy in his room under a stump, pulling off his old coat and pants. After getting the ragged things over his head, he had rolled them into a small bundle and swallowed them.

"I wonder if that's to save his wash bill," thought Tommy laughing at the queer performance. He stooped to hear what Mrs. Bull-frog was saying as she sat gossiping with Mrs. Marsh-frog where they could see everything that went on. "I dare say he is ashamed for any one to see how dirty and ragged those clothes are," she was saying. "I saw him as he went into his room, and his coat was split all down the back, and his trousers looked as if about to drop off. Between you and me, cousin Marsh-frog, I am not only ashamed of him but I am indignant with his wife, if she is my cousin. She is so lazy and so untidy. Her warty fingers quite make me ill."



"SUCH FINE, FAT, HEALTHY DARLINGS."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsh-frog, "she spends the whole day dozing in some darkened room, and when evening comes she does nothing but gad about and eat."

"She pretends," said Mrs. Bull-frog, "that her complexion cannot stand the sunshine, though, goodness knows, it is nothing to be so particular about. It is shameful, too, the way she leaves those babies of hers to get along alone. No wonder they look like so many little black "nigger" tad-poles. Now, just look at mine. Such fine, fat, healthy darlings!"

“So they are,” answered Mrs. Marsh-frog. “Mine are just like them only not so large. But, do you know, I think cousin Tree-toad is quite as bad as cousin Land-toad. She is such a frivolous person. She goes every year to some of those high summer resorts, and spends the entire season. Only look at those young ones



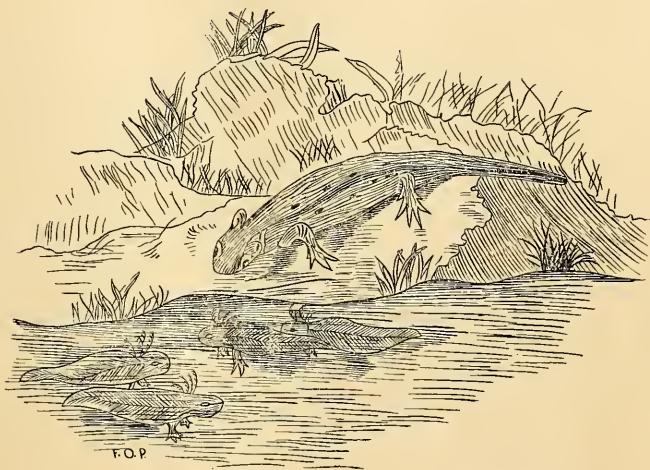
SHE GOES EVERY YEAR TO SOME OF THOSE HIGH TREES TO SPEND THE SUMMER,

of hers playing leap-frog in pants so soon!”

“I am a very careful mother myself,” answered Mrs. Bull-frog. “I am very slow about *shortening* my babies clothes much less putting them into pants at that age. I let them kick their feet out, so as to get used to the air, before I make their dresses much shorter. My babies *cut teeth* so very slowly I need to be careful.”

“You are very wise, cousin Bull-frog, I do just do as you do,” said Mrs. Marsh-frog. “Now, just think of cousin Salamander allowing her babies to go *bare armed* before she allows them to stick their feet out the least bit. It is no wonder they are such puny, delicate things, with hands and arms like those of a skelet-

on. I fear the Salamanders are not only vain themselves, but are teaching their children to be so. Look over there at Mrs. Land Salamander on the bank and her babies in the water. The idea of letting them wear feathers in their caps! They



MRS. LAND SALAMANDER AND HER BABIES IN THE WATER.

look like so many little Indians. And that red and black dress of hers is in poorer taste even than Mrs. Water Salamander's olive and orange, or cousin Tree-toad's changeable silks. Now, your costume is so suitable to the climate of Pond Place; and though your husband has to go into the mud so much, you always manage that his green coat is spotless and his white vest and trousers also."

"How they do gossip about their neighbors, their clothes and their babies!" said Tommy to himself, as he stepped over to see Mrs. Land Salamander's babies. "Why, these are little fish, surely," he exclaimed aloud; for their gills looked much like the fins of fish.

"Now that is too much!" said a voice close by. "That boy called me a 'ground puppy,' my sisters 'lizards' and 'scorpions,' and now he takes my babies for fish."

Tommy gave a start and saw a red salamander at his feet. Her back was spotted with black, and he knew this was the frog's cousin whose dress they thought too gay. He saw she was deeply insulted and hastened to say, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Land Salamander. They look so much like fish, and they have fins."

"Those are not fins," she snapped, "they are gills, and they help my babies to breathe while they are young and delicate. Fins indeed! Do my babies need fins? They will soon have four legs apiece and can get about on land by and by as well as you. And I should just like to ask you if you see anything like *scales* on my babies?"

"No," said Tommy, "they have soft, sleek skins. I'll never take your babies for fish again."

"I hope you won't," she answered. "The fish are a very old family, in fact about the oldest I know of. We salamanders are said to be very distantly related to them, but it is so far off we do not care to claim the relationship. You see, though they are so very exclusive, they are quite poor. Why, I have never heard of more than one or two of the name who could afford to put jelly around their eggs, something invariably done by all of our family, the Frogs, the Toads, and the Salamanders, thus providing our babies' first food."

"And don't you ever call me a lizard again, boy," called Mrs. Water Salamander, popping her head out as Tommy passed the spring. "I would as soon be called a turtle, or a snake. *They* are first cousins to the lizards, but I am not. We, Salamanders and the Frogs and Toads belong to a much older family than they, as any one who has studied such things can tell you."

"Thank you for telling me," said Tommy, "I didn't know that, and I don't see how I ever could have found it out for myself," and then Tommy went home.

THE LAST FRENCH LESSON.

A LITTLE ALSATIAN'S STORY.

TRANSLATED BY ANNA FOLSOM, '98. FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDEL.

That morning I was very late starting to school, and I was very much afraid of being scolded, especially as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he would question us about participles and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment the thought came to me to skip school and go for a walk in the field.

The weather was so warm, so clear! I could hear blackbirds whistling in the edge of the woods and the Prussians drilling in Rippert's meadow behind the saw mill. All this was much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist and I ran quickly toward the school.

Passing the town-hall I saw that every one had stopped near the bulletin-board. For two years we had gotten all our bad news from there—lost battles, requisitions, orders from the commander, and I thought without stopping, "What now?"

Then, as I was rapidly crossing the square, the blacksmith Wachter, who, with his apprentice was on his way to read the bulletin, called to me: "Don't be in such a hurry, little one, you will reach school soon enough?"

I thought he was making fun of me, and I entered Monsieur Hamel's little yard quite out of breath.

Ordinarily at the beginning of school, there was a great racket that could be heard even out in the street, desks opened and shut, lessons recited aloud altogether with stopped ears that they might be the better learned, and the master's large ruler rapping on the tables: "Less noise!"

I counted on this noise to gain my seat without being seen; but that day all was quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window, I saw my companions already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel passing and repassing with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I must open the door and enter in the midst of that great calm. You can imagine whether I blushed, and whether or not I was frightened!

Well, no. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger and said very gently, "Go to your place quickly, little Frantz; we were about to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench and sat down immediately at my desk. Then only,

somewhat recovered from my fright, I noticed that our master had on his beautiful green frock-coat, his finely plaited frill, and the embroidered black silk cap which he wore only on inspection days or at the distribution of prizes. However, about the whole school there was something extraordinary and solemn looking. What surprised me most, was to see in the rear of the room, on benches usually vacant, the village people seated and as silent as ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat; the ex-mayor, the old letter-carrier and still others besides. All these people looked sad; and Hauser had brought an old ragged primer which he held wide open on his knees, with his great spectacles laid across the pages.

While I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel mounted the platform and in the same sweet and grave voice with which he had received me, said to us: "Children, this is the last time that I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin to teach henceforth only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master comes to-morrow. This is your last French lesson. I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words overwhelmed me.

Ah, the wretches! That was what they had posted at the town-hall.

My last lesson in French!

And I scarcely knew how to write!

Then I could never learn! I must stop there! How I blamed myself now for lost time; recitations skipped in order to ramble in search of birds' nests, or to have a slide on the river Saar! My books that even a few moments ago I found so tiresome, so heavy to carry; my grammar, my sacred history, seemed to me old friends with whom to part would grieve me. And so I felt toward Monsieur Hamel. The thought that he was going to leave, that I should see him no more made me forget punishments, the great ruler.

Poor man! It was in honor of that last lesson that he had put on his beautiful Sunday clothes, and now I understood why those old village people had come to sit at the back of the room. It meant that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It was also a way of thanking our master for his forty years of good service and of paying their respects to *la patrie* which was to be no more ours.

I had reached this point in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from beginning to end the famous rule for participle, loudly, distinctly, without a mistake! But I became confused at the first word and remained standing balancing myself on

my bench, my heart heavy, not daring to raise my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel speaking to me:

"I will not scold you, my little Frantz, you must be sufficiently punished. This is the way it is. Every day one says to himself, 'Bah! I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.'" And now you see what has happened. Oh, it has been he great misfortune of our Alsace to put off learning until the morrow! Now these people have a right to say to us: "What! You claimed to be French, and you can neither speak nor write your language!"

In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the most guilty. We all are to blame. Your parents have not cared enough about your education. They preferred to send you to till the soil or work in the spinning-mills to gain a few more pennies. And I, have I nothing for which to reproach myself? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of studying? And, when I wished to go fishing, did I mind giving you a holiday?

Then from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to speak of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the strongest, that we must keep it among us and never forget it, for when a people fall into slavery, so long as they remember their language it is as though they held the key to their prison.

Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was astonished to see how I understood it. All that he said seemed to me easy, quite easy. I believe, too, that I had never listened so well and that he had never been so patient in his explanations. It seemed as though before going away the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge, force it into our heads all at once.

That lesson finished, we went to the writing lesson. For that day Monsieur Hamel had prepared entirely new copies on which was written in a beautiful, round hand: *France, Alsace, France, Alsace*. They were like little flags floating around the school-room, hung from the rods of our desks. You should have seen how every one worked, and such silence! Only the scratching of pens on paper could be heard. Once some May-bugs flew in, but no one paid any attention to them, not even the very little ones who worked away at tracing their strokes as bravely, as conscientiously as if that too were French. On the roof of the house pigeons were softly cooing and I said to myself while listening to them: "Are they to be forced to coo in German?"

From time to time when I raised my eyes from the page I saw Monsieur Hamel

motionless behind his desk and staring at the objects around him as if he wished to carry away in his mind the whole little school house. Just think ! For forty years he had been there with the yard in front and his school just the same.* Only the benches and desks were worn and polished by use ; the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine that he himself had planted had encircled the windows and climbed to the roof. How heart-breaking it must be for the poor man to leave all these things and to hear h's sister coming and going in the room above packing their trunks ! For they must leave the next day, go away from the country forever.

Nevertheless he had the courage to teach to the last. After the writing lesson we had the history lesson; then the little ones chanted their Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his glasses and, holding his primer with both hands, was spelling the letters with them. One could see that he too was working ; his voice trembled with emotion and it was so droll to hear him that we felt like laughing and crying at the same time. Oh, I shall remember that last day at school !

Suddenly the church clock struck mid-day, then the Angelus. At that moment the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drill sounded at our very windows. M. Hamel arose from his chair very pale.

Never had he seemed so tall !

"My friends," said he, "my friends, I—I—. But something choked him. He could not finish.

Then he turned toward the black-board, took a piece of chalk, and with all his strength he wrote as large as he could : "Vive La France !"

He remained there, his head leaning against the wall and, without speaking, made a sign with his hand : "It is over—go."

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The intelligence of the world has been anxiously directed to the effort and want of effort, to construct a great oceanic waterway across the isthmus of Panama, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The completion of this work would revolutionize trade and open up to Europe and America, as never before, the South American country.

The honor of projecting and carrying forward this enterprise belongs to De

Lesseps, of France, who began work on the canal in 1882. Bold and farsighted as was the conception, yet during the last days of this great man's life his name and fame was blackened by an indictment and conviction of frauds connected with it. However, he died in ignorance of the final termination of the trial. France, forgiving and fickle, shortly after his death built monuments to his memory and now holds his name in sacred recollection.

Along the route from Colon to Panama, a distance of forty-five miles, there is a wonderful amount of expensive and unused machinery, estimated to have cost more than a hundred million dollars. Fourteen miles on the Atlantic and seven on the Pacific side are practically completed. The main and most expensive work is through Culebra ridge. There are at work now on the Canal something like three thousand laborers. The Company hopes to place, in the near future, a sufficient body of men to push the work to an early completion. This, however, is problematic. Indeed, but few here believe it will be done.

Vessels by this route sailing from New York or Europe would reach San Francisco or the Orient saving thousands of miles travel and avoiding the dangers and storms of the Cape.

The Company from first to last has had much to contend with. Laborers had to be imported who were unused to the climate, exposed to the tropical sun, to the rains, and this together with living in rude huts and working in the marshes caused disease which produced deaths by the thousands.

At Monkey Hill on the line, in the little cemetery, sleep the bones of more than fifty thousand human beings. For the size of the town this is the largest city of the dead on the face of the globe.

Again depression and worry did much to end the lives of the people. At a small village about midway on the Panama Railroad line called Matachin, which means "death to Chinamen" there was a regular *epidemic* of suicide among this race of people. In this place in one day more than fifteen hundred Chinamen took their own lives. It is heart rending to hear the tales of suffering and death which occurred during these frightful canal days. It has been stated authoritatively that in the building of the Panama Railroad which parallels the canal route a life was lost for each cross tie.

No wonder that the very name of Panama is associated with disease and death. Yet in justice to the place it must be stated that conditions have greatly changed and while it may not be considered by any means a health resort yet it is not nearly so bad as most people think.

H. A. GUDGER.

Panama, Feb. 12, 1898.

APRIL.

" April laughed and threw a kiss,
 Then afraid it seemed amiss,
 Quick she dropped a shining tear,
 And it straightway blossomed here ;
 Seeing this she then threw more,
 Crying harder than before.
 A tear for every kiss she threw ;
 From every tear a blossom grew ;
 Till she, laughing, ran away
 And left her flowers all to May."
 —*Anna J. Granniss.*

ODE X. BOOK II.—HORACE.

Licinius, it will be thy gain,
 To neither seek the seething deep
 Nor, shunning now the stormy main,
 So near the perilous shore to keep.
 Who cherishes the golden mean,
 From sordid care shall dwell apart,
 Nor feasts in palace halls serene,
 Shall ne'er create an envious heart.
 More oft it is the pine which cowers,
 And shaken is in stormy blast ;
 With greater ruins fall high towers,
 And lightnings rend the mountains vast.
 The true heart hopes when all seems lost,
 And fears the other fate in joy ;
 'Tis Jupiter sends blighting frost,
 The same god will its force destroy.
 If now an ill fate thee o'ertakes,
 Fear not 'twill be forever so ;
 Apollo's silent lyre awakes,
 He does not always bend his bow.
 In circumstances hard to bear,
 Let strength and bravery prevail,
 Yet, wisely, when the wind is fair,
 Contract thy much-distended sail.

THE STAR AND THE COMET.

There was once a beautiful Star that shone nightly in the sky. So clear, so bright, so steadfast was its light, that many people on the earth below knew and loved it above all the stars of heaven. Mariners upon the open sea steered their vessels by its position, and the shepherds upon the plains folded their flocks by its course.

A sick child into whose room it shone, fancied that the Star was an angel's smile and was content, grieving no more for its play-mates; and when the brief life was ended, the Star shone upon the lonely mother like the soul of her departed child, and she was comforted.

A prisoner who watched nightly for the Star through the bars of his dungeon, remembered the story of Bethlehem, and out of the darkness of a life of sin and shame his soul was drawn back to God.

And there was one who claimed the Star as his own, for each evening when he returned weary and worn from his day's work, it shone just above his home, and when he saw it, all the labors and the cares of the day were as nothing, and his soul was filled with joy and gladness as he laid himself down to rest in the light of his watchful Star.

But one night there appeared in the heavens a new and wonderful light. Its form was white and shining like the moon, and a splendid mantle trailed from its shoulders as it moved across the sky. All the people upon the earth came out to gaze in wonder and delight upon this strange and beautiful light, and the Star grew pale with envy.

"Who is this wonderful stranger?" she cried aloud to her sister stars.

"Oh, it is just a wandering star," they chorused in reply, "and her splendid train is only a trail of light such as we too would make if we moved across the night."

"Then come, let us follow," cried the Star, and glowing with ambition, she swung from her place, and plunged downward through the sky.

Of all the people who were watching the Comet's flight, not one marked the flight of the Star. But the mariner who had steered his bark by its light, was shipwrecked on a hidden reef; the shepherd who waited its rising, found his flock scattered and devoured by the wolves; the mother, groping for the soul of her lost child cried in vain to the empty heavens; the weary laborer lifting his eyes at the close of day and missing his Star from the sky, lay down joyless and despairing in the darkness of his lonely home; and the soul of the prisoner, climbing God-ward through his dungeon's night, turned its course and followed the flight of the falling Star.

DORA DUTY JONES.

MY AUNT KATHARINE.

A STUDY IN GRAY AND MAUVE.

ADELAIDE GARDNER.

The things that befell my aunt Katharine have happened to many other women; but just as two plants drink in sunshine and moisture alike and in accordance to the laws of their being convert them, the one into the resplendent beauty of the rose, the other to the prosaic perfection of the cabbage, so the experiences of my aunt were seized upon by the fine essences of her soul and were transmuted into something more subtle and fragrant.

You were never conscious of her dress though you always had an indefinable feeling that she was well-clad. With what grace did she wear her gowns! They were so merged into her personality that you never thought of them apart from her. Gray or delicate shades of mauve were her colors and right well did they harmonize with the transparency of her complexion which was equally devoid of color or pallor. Yet it shone with a radiance indescribable.

I remember well how one day after I had read to her the story of Christ's transfiguration I observed, "Auntie, you look as if you too had been on the mount and the glory still shone in your face."

Years after I wondered at the wisdom of that childish speech; for the radiance that illumined her face was lit from within. In very truth she had attained the mount of Transfiguration and with others who have climbed those heights looked with eye serene and countenance tranquil upon the storm swept plains beneath.

I often thought and still think that no one was more adapted to achieve social distinction than she.

She possessed the rarest tact, a graciousness as enchanting as it was unconscious. A ready wit and sparkling vivacity was tempered by the gentlest consideration of others. Withal there was sheathed beneath this soft exterior a will inflexible, a constancy immovable.

Left motherless at the age of sixteen, she, an only daughter, had taken upon herself the care of an invalid father. The fondest love may often prove tyrannical and her father, though passionately devoted to his daughter, tyrannized over her most unmercifully. She had few associates. The people among whom they lived were for

the most part uncultured. His peculiar ailment confined him to his home and she perforce never found her way into that larger life for which she was so well fitted.

Her father was her teacher and companion and carefully directed her studies. Indeed the delicacy and correctness of her literary tastes was beyond question. If her father held high ideas as to family and descent he believed equally in the doctrine, "Noblesse oblige," and trained his daughter up with the nicest and most exalted standard of honor and womanly virtue.

So it happened that she whose heart was full of the divinest impulses of tenderness had never colored under the ardent gaze of a lover, had never felt the tremulous happiness of a woman who rejoices that she is beloved. In the quiet colorless web of her life threads of scarlet and gold were never interwoven, yet there was a suggestion, in the texture, of coolness, of restfulness and serenity.

There came a time when aunt Katharine's father no longer needed her and she was freed from the restraint of his imperious will. She courageously set herself to win the love of the simple honest folk about. Gradually she drew about her a coterie of warm supporters and admirers. Mothers asked her to name their babies, she chose speeches and recitations for the children, she distributed flowers over the village. Was there a girl tempted to throw aside what she deemed the trammels of parents and society the soft influence of aunt Katharine sought her and gave her new ideals.

At first the young people shrank from mentioning affairs of the heart before her, but she showed herself so interested, so sympathetic, so wise that straightway it became the fashion to confide in her. Her solitary life had not frozen the genial currents of the soul—there was a dewy freshness about her that captivated all who came to know her—what was the secret of it?

She had a cousin with whom she corresponded for years. Some time ago on looking over those letters I was struck by certain expressions of his and endeavored to obtain her letters to him. By rare chance I succeeded in finding her reply to that letter. It read: "You say I must love. What? Whom? A stick, a stone? Shall I mount my charger and go in quest of a knight? Thank you, dear, for your interest in my happiness. Shall I for once show you a bit of my heart? I do not flatter myself that I am a violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye or a rare gem hiding its serene rays in the depths of ocean's caves but this one thing I know. I will never violate the innermost sanctuary of my heart by admitting to it a sentiment for one to whom I can not give the deepest homage. I do not expect the

mingled bliss of joy and suffering of which you write so eloquently, indeed I have learned not to desire it. Think, dear, I keep my cherished illusions. The hero I have worshipped doesn't disappoint me. He even enlarges to meet my expanding views of truth and right. He is always chivalrous, always gentle, always faithful. Gaze at my sun long as I may, I see no spots. It glows in the white heat of purest passion.

"Then my children, those dream-children, that flit to and from the chambers of my fancy. They are so tender towards me, they return to the full the love I have lavished upon them. I never go heart hungry. Am I to be most pitied of women? Ah, no! Am I not right to cherish my ideals? Though to the outward eye I go lonely here, yet somewhere my free spirit shall find its mate and then through the æons of eternity we shall go sweeping together to the music of the spheres."

There are some flowers that remind us of human beings. I never see a lilac bloom but I associate it with my Aunt. There is about them the suggestion of a pain so near akin to joy, a sweetness so tinged with bitter, an elusiveness so attractive, a mystery so divine that but to breathe their fragrance is to transport one into an ecstasy of enjoyment.

She lived in the town, they received her sweet beneficences, they gave her their confidence, yet ever felt that she walked in paths where they could not follow, and saw lights which they were unable to discern. There was about her an aloofness, a shyness, that made her reticent of her own feelings. A subtle fragrance stole out from her life sweetening and enriching in its influence. When we sought to find its source it was gone.

Death, that kind old man, came early for her. She was forty-five when she died. I was glad she left while the lilacs were in bloom. As she lay among them so still, so tranquil, older people remarked the girlishness of her features.

I have sometimes fancied since I have known more of her inner life, that the quiet smile which hovered over her still features was a recognition of that life and love to which she had aspired and to which she had been so true.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

A CLASS STUDY.

LUCY GLENN.

In this poem Tennyson gives us a very touching story of a great love followed by a great disappointment. First we have the bright picture of youthful love and its transforming power:

“ Love took up the glass of Time and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling past in music out of sight.”

Then, in striking contrast, follows the dark picture of the blighting power of disappointed love,

“ O my cousin, shallow hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore.”

When the man realizes that the object of his love is unworthy of such depth of devotion, his life is, for the moment, blighted, his very manhood shaken. The struggle is fierce. Love, sorrow, satire, pity, contempt, each in turn rages in his stormful heart. He is soured, embittered, and we find him railing at the conventionalities of society, that he conceives to have placed barriers between two loving hearts and to have brought about such heart-disgrace :

“ Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool !”

When he comes to himself his heart is filled with sorrow, perhaps the deepest that ever fills the youthful heart,

“ Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.”

However great his grief may be, he resolves to pluck it from his bosom, but realizing the impossibility of this, with a heart wail, he exclaims, “ Where is comfort ?” Can he divide the records of the mind, and so remember her only as his fond love painted her ? Can he think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?

"No she never loved me truly, love is love forever more,"

In these things would be no comfort, for

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Next action, civil or military, is suggested as a possible means of comfort and relief from the heart's bitter memories. But—

"Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." * * *

"The jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels
And the nations do but murmur snarling at each other's heels."

Now he turns to "Mother Age" for consolation, and prays that his wounded heart at her gentle magic touch may feel again the stirrings of youthful hopes and ambitions. He now takes a more healthful view of life, he sees things as they are, and looks into the future with brighter hopes for a broader and better life.

We tremble for him as we see him pass through this terrible struggle, and when at last it is ended, we feel a thrill of joy as we hear him say :

"So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with a palsied heart, left me with a jaundiced eye."

He now looks upon himself with contempt for having been wroth with the weakness of a woman. But the same sad thoughts rush into his mind again, he has found everything in the world so false, so far from the ideal of life which he has cherished in his better moments, that he longs for some retreat from all this march of mind. Then comes the desire to burst the bonds of civilization, to find some Lotus Land where he may hide himself from all intellectual problems and live only in his physical nature. But the spirit of the man asserts itself, the ambition of youth arises, and the will prevails. He resolves to forget the past, so full of pain and sorrow, to launch himself anew upon the sea of life. At the bugle call of duty his better nature springs forth triumphant, and his heart echoes the sentiment that,

"Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall.
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the rooi-tree fall,
Comes a vapor from the margin blackening over heath and holt
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt,
Let it fall on Locksley Hall with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;
For the mighty wind arises roaring seaward and I go."

To show the effect of a great disappointment upon the life of man, Tennyson uses narration very skilfully. At first the poem seems merely the love story of some

individual, but upon observing it more closely we find that the story is used as a type of the greater disappointment of youth. The poet seeks to teach how this disappointment should be borne, and he accomplishes his aim—by interesting the reader in the particular struggle he is setting forth. So we see how much more forceful is the narration of the individual struggle, and the individual victory, than would be the abstract statement of a great truth.

SHALL NORTH CAROLINA HAVE PUBLIC LIBRARIES?

“There are no great libraries in the State, nor do the people yet read, nor have the publishing houses ever yet reckoned them as their patrons, except the publishers of school books.”

“On their way home from school my children may stop at a magnificent public library and take from it any book they want, free of charge, or spend the day in the large reading rooms, investigating any subject they may be interested in. So may any man or woman or child in the whole city, free of charge. The library building was a gift of a wealthy citizen. The books are paid for by my taxes and the taxes of other men there. Every town in Massachusetts, but about a dozen small and remote towns, has such a free library—the direct growth of a public school system.”

These two quotations from Mr. Page's speech at our last commencement present in strong contrast two pictures; the one of our own State, the other of Massachusetts. The cause of this marked difference is also indicated. The public libraries of Massachusetts, of all New England, and the North and Northwest, are “the direct out-growth of the public school system.” The public library is the supplement of the public school, and both are maintained in any community, or should be, on the same general principles—that general education is necessary to the highest welfare of any people, and that it is cheaper and better in the long run to educate a community than to support prisons, alms-houses and reformatories, or to live an ignorant man among an ignorant people.

Just as the States to the north of us have gone ahead of us in adopting and developing a public school system, so they are at least a generation in advance of us in the building of libraries. There are to-day more books in the libraries of Massachusetts, with its 2,500,000 people, than in all the states south of the Potomac and

the Ohio, with their 16,000,000—and this, counting the “round number” estimates of all our schools and colleges.

As yet North Carolina has no public library except the State library at Raleigh and the one recently opened at Durham. The small libraries at Asheville, Waynesville, Winston, Charlotte, Wilmington and other towns are all supported by private subscription, and none of them are open free to the public. But a score of our towns have good common schools, and for ten or fifteen years the masses of the children have been taught to read and have been given at least the elements of an education. In these towns there is now a demand for the public library—the library filled with books suitable to all, but especially to these young people, and free to all alike. Such libraries, when once we have them, will be valuable helps to our teachers and the children still in schools and to those who have been so fortunate as to have remained in school until the course was finished, but most valuable of all will they be to the many who have quit school at the end of the third, fourth, fifth or sixth school-year. These have gained the power to read, but have not learned what to read, nor have they safe guides in their homes. By chance, printed matter enough may come into their hands, but of real books few or none. The public library in charge of some one knowing their needs is their only hope.

And how shall we get these libraries? Shall we wait for gifts and endowments? A century of such waiting has brought forth no result. There is only one way—the way of the public school and of all public improvements, the way of taxation. They are for the good of all; they must be paid for by all.

At its last session the legislature of North Carolina passed the Scales bill enabling the council of any town of one thousand or more inhabitants to set apart annually a sum not exceeding two per cent. of all the revenues of the town or the sum total of the fines of the police court, for the support of a public library. In some of our towns this law, when put into effect, will give more than \$1,000.00 a year to their libraries; and in many it will give more than \$500.00. This amount alone will not create a library at once, but it will pay all running expenses, and make a substantial annual addition to the supply of books when the library has once been established.

In all our towns let those interested in this matter join themselves together and, by private subscription or otherwise, raise a sufficient amount to erect a library building or rent suitable rooms and to purchase the first supply of books—from one

thousand to five, according to the size of the town. If there is a subscription library already in existence, let this be used as a nucleus. Then let them go before their town council and show this council that it will be good economy to put the law into operation at once.

In this way many of our towns may yet have good public libraries before the close of the century. Let us not enter upon the twentieth century a state without libraries. We will only add the hope that some towns may find in them large-hearted men or women of wealth who will build and endow libraries for them—with the liberality that the cause, the spirit of the times, and our needs demand.

A SENIOR'S VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Twenty members of the Senior class, accompanied by several of the Post Graduates, Dr. Gove, Dr. McIver, and Miss Turner, left the college a week or two ago for a four days visit to the National Capital. Even in the rush of sight seeing one of the members of the class found time to jot down a few notes in her diary. After much persuasion we have obtained her permission to publish these notes exactly as she took them, and we hope that they will be of interest not only to those who were, but also to those who were not so fortunate as to participate in the pleasures of the trip.

As the members of the class of '99 anticipate the same good fortune next year, we would suggest that these notes might save them the expenditure of twenty five cents for a Washington guide book.

ELSMERE HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

11:30 P. M., Wednesday night, March 9.

Well, here I am, and I can hardly realize that our long-talked-of trip is at last a reality. We left Greensboro 12:45 this P. M. and after a very pleasant, though fatiguing journey via the Southern Railway, we reached our destination about two hours ago. Were met at the depot by Judge J. C. L. Gudger, of Waynesville, and Miss Rachel Brown, '94, of the Normal. They, together with Mr. Pannill (Florence's father) who had joined us at Reidsville, came down to our hotel with us. The girls at school said that we wouldn't be noticed at all in Washington, but we certainly created a sensation as we walked, two by two, down Pennsylvania avenue,

and when we filed into the hotel, grimy and travel-stained, the excitement that we created was intense. After we had waited in the parlors so long that some of the girls were simply nodding, the rooms were at last assigned, and the porter who showed us to ours must have thought that we were rather green, as well as sleepy, for he insisted on giving us the most explicit directions as to which bell to ring for water and which for "kiver," etc. But speaking of "kiver" reminds me that I had better be seeking my share of it, ere my four room-mates seize it all.

Thursday night, March 10.—Have just gotten back from the Lafayette Square Theatre, where I saw Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shanon in "The Moth and the Flame." All five of us, in this room, are suffering acutely from mental indigestion, such a huge meal of sight-seeing have we been required to swallow this day. The beauties and wonders of the new Congressional Library, to which the entire morning was devoted, struck us all dumb. It is useless, I think, for anyone to attempt to describe it, for it is so stupendous and magnificent that it must be actually seen before one can obtain anything like a true conception of what it is. Though it was already drizzling, before entering the building we all had our "beauties struck," standing on the steps of the main entrance. About one o'clock we proceeded, by means of the elevator, to the Library Cafe, where we indulged in such a sumptuous (?) repast that the weights of our purses were materially diminished. (They almost charged us rent for the very chairs that we sat in). When we went over to the capitol a little later; Capt. J. B. Lloyd, of Tarboro, N. C., who is door-keeper of the Senate, met us and conducted us over every nook and cranny of the building from cellar to dome. We met Senators Pritchard and Butler, and also a number of our Representatives, who were very kind to us. We were almost afraid to breathe when we went into the Supreme Court Room, the Judges looked so dignified and solemn, and everything was so impressive, but O my! what a difference when we entered the House a few minutes later. Why the order in the practice school is nowhere? But perhaps the reason that we have better discipline is because we have the privilege (?) of cracking our wayward pupils on their craniums or knuckles, while the Speaker of that most august body, appeared to be only able to pound the table with his gavel, while he besought and implored the gentlemen behind the rails to cease conversing, and those in the aisles to take their seats. We were very much disappointed when Senator Butler said that we would be unable to visit the Senate, as that body was in some kind of secret session, executive I think he called it. We had hoped to hear them discuss the Maine disaster.

Saturday night, March 12.—“It certainly was good to me,” to hear May Irwin in “The Swell Miss Fitzwell,” last evening, but we got back to the hotel so late and I was so sleepy that I just couldn’t write anything. Most of the girls have by this time found some relatives or friends in the great city, but alas! I am not so fortunate, so methinks that I shall scratch down a few notes and then court the “kiver.”

Yesterday morning we visited the home of the “Father of Our Country” where the kodak fiends of the party obtained a good many beautiful views. Some of us purchased very unique souvenirs in the shape of small hatchets, which “the last one of the old servants on the place” had whittled out of some of the native wood. We were, of course, especially interested in the North Carolina room in the Mount Vernon Mansion, and one of the handsomest bits of furniture that we saw at all was a quaint old fashioned dresser presented by Mrs. J. S. Carr, of Durham, N. C.

In the afternoon we were most delightfully entertained at the residence of Mrs. Marion Butler, where we had the pleasure of meeting several loyal Tar Heels; among whom were Mrs. Z. B. Vance, Mrs. Marshall Williams of Faison, N. C., and Capt. Lloyd, our friend and guide not only of the capitol, but of all the other places of interest that we visited.

This morning until ten o’clock each one did as she pleased; most of us went shopping, and again our purses suffered. At the appointed time we met at the White House where Senator Pritchard initiated us into the mysteries of a President’s reception. After leaving the Executive Mansion we went through the Treasury, Smithsonian Institute and National Museum.

When we returned to the hotel we found a note from Mrs. Vance saying that she had obtained for us the privilege of a special reception at the White House, where we should have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. McKinley as well as the President. The note had been delayed and we found that we had only about ten minutes to prepare for the great function. However with the exception of two of the girls in our room, whose feet, on account of much walking, had swollen beyond the capacity of their shoes, we were all ready when Mrs. Vance and her son Mr. Harry Martin, with Miss Klutz of Salisbury, N. C. called for us. As soon as the reception was over most of the girls made the ascent of the Washington Monument, but five of us were lucky enough to be invited by Mr. Pannill to take a drive over the principal residence streets of the city. Our driver beat one of Mark Twain’s guides. He

knew and took pleasure in telling us about everything that had and had not happened in, near or about Washington before or since the war.

Monday, 12:30 P. M.—We boarded the train about an hour ago, and are now being whirled rapidly back to our beloved and prospective Alma Mater. Haven't had time to write anything since Saturday night as we have been so on the go. Yesterday morning we visited Arlington Heights, now the National Cemetery. Though no trace of its former owner, Robert E. Lee, was left on the place except his name scratched on a window pane, yet the memory of him was ever present with each of us, and looking at this beautiful old home of which he had been deprived because of his firm adherence to his convictions of right and honor; we felt that though the cause for which he fought was lost, he himself would ever live in the heart of each one of us as the true type of Southern manhood.

Sunday afternoon we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery, but to describe it would require volumes. About four o'clock Mrs. Vance, already so kind to us, took the entire party to visit Mr. Waggaman's private art gallery in Georgetown.

Eight of the girls with Dr. Gove took supper at the National Hotel with Mr. Powell, Mr. Perry, and Mr. J. E. Fowler, the "unmarried member" of our board; the rest of us went with Dr. McIver, Judge Gudger and Miss Rachael Brown to St. Patrick's church to hear Father Stafford, who is considered one of the greatest pulpit orators in the city.

This morning the last of our precious time was spent in visiting the Botanical Gardens with Mr. Pannill and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Penn (Florence's cousin), and in purchasing side-combs, ties, fans, belts, candy and anything else than the limited condition of our purses would allow. But alas, "It's all over now," and instead of another "awfully lovely party" to-morrow, we must look forward to sleepy recitations on Latin, Math., Ped., Crystallography and Zoology not to mention English and the work we must do later, on our Essays.

_____, '98.

EDITORIALS.

We give below extracts from Miss Buie's stenographic report of the interesting, thoughtful, and practical talk of **President Andrews on Education.** President Andrews, of Brown University, to our students at the opening exercises Wednesday, March 16, 1898.

"I think we have come in modern times to exalt character above mere information or learning. I believe that we ought so to do, and that education is good in proportion as it exalts *character*.

"If any young person go to school and reach ever so great attainments and learn any amount of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and everything else that is taught in school, and is not in the end purer and larger-hearted, and destined to be a better man or woman in the family and in society, then that education passes for little. I will lay this down as a fundamental principle that not only we, but all others should get character, virtue, strength, and beauty of life, but first of all we should get character.

"Next after character, I would place *culture*—the ability to comprehend beauty in nature, and in life, and in art, and the power to delight in comprehending it. Character and culture lie very close together. I am glad that in this school you pay as much attention to music as you do, and that you do not lay aside the social side of life, and that you have ideas of a sort that fit with appropriateness into the great conception of art.

"Art is many-sided, but there is more or less mock-art—that you do not want. There is more or less imitation—that you do not want. The actual thing in one's life is moral strength, that is, to see beauty.

"There are one or two things still which I would place before mere general information.

"One of these is *accuracy*. So many people get a great deal of information, but very little accurate information, and frequently there is all the difference in the world—the difference between truth and falsity—all the difference there can be in the world between having a thing exact and having it somewhere nearly exact. In a certain Sunday school, the superintendent one morning called for the recitation of the Golden Text. Like most Sunday schools, few of the pupils could repeat the Golden Text, but one little girl put up her hand indicating that she could say it.

The Golden Text actually was, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day." The little girl had it, "It is awful to be good on the Sabbath-day." This illustrates the difference between having a thing fairly well and having a thing accurate.

"Now, all of us who have taught any length of time know perfectly the pupil who "just disremembers" the main point. He remembers heaps of information that is of no consequence to the main point, but the key to the whole situation, he has a wonderful gift of "disremembering." So that old Cardinal Newman was exactly right when he said that the main part of a good education is accuracy. Don't get somewhere near it, but get *it*.

"I have learned that not infrequently pupils get their first idea of accuracy by doing material things. I find many a boy who would undertake Greek and Latin, and may be a little Choctaw who has not gotten the first notion of accuracy. In our University, we put him into the workshop for two terms, and let the work there count towards his degree. Many a boy shambles along through the freshman year, and when he goes into the workshop, and is placed under a master mechanic who, if he had been trained in another line, would have been an artist, he finds he must work; that if he does not do it right, he must do it all over again. He has to learn to sharpen his tools, his plane, every tool he uses. He has to make a straight edge. It cannot be nearly, but it must be exactly a straight edge. I have known many young men in that school of work to get their first ideas of accuracy in material things, and their first ideas of taste, of artistic perfection and artistic delight. They would come back to their books, to abstract ideas and thoughts, and they would begin to compose well, to spell correctly, to make paragraphs and sentences and to have the ideas of taste and accuracy.

"All this indicates that God Almighty has more than one way of developing the human intelligence. Formerly people thought that God was limited to one way and had only one field for developing character. If a man did not succeed, they gave him up and sent him to intellectual hell. But God does not do that. He has infinite resources.

"Lastly of all you come to *information*. Information is an important part of education every one must admit. It is important that we should know facts. But even when we come to information it is, I think, of importance to observe that it is orderly and regular information.

"What is the difference between a good school and a general intellectual browsing? It is this. There you get your facts in order, you marshal things so that they

come forward one after another, as you want them, and I have never seen a man educated outside of a school, however well he might be educated, who was not lacking in this regard.

“First of all then, cultivate character, and next culture, and next accuracy, and then if you please, information, only even then not jumbled information, not general information, not information shoveled together in great heaps as you shovel corn and wheat, but ordered information, such as a school gives.

“My hope is that you may appreciate your school days and school opportunity and that having obtained all that you can possibly obtain here you will go out and help the world as you teach it to enjoy the same.”

We publish in this issue of our MAGAZINE, a translation of **Alphonse Daudet.** one of Alphonse Daudet's charming sketches: “The Last French Lesson.” The author's name is a household word among the French, and is well-known in America and England besides, for Daudet has had the rare good fortune to be appreciated by his contemporaries. His death, December, 1897, caused real sorrow and mourning among the people, and the leading French reviews have issued Daudet numbers in honor of the beloved author. He was a man of such kindness and sympathy toward all that he won the heart as well as delighted the mind.

He came of Provençal ancestors and possessed their warmth and tenderness of feeling without the drawback of ignorance. He noted characteristic details quickly and accurately, and possessed a vast fund of information, drawn from life about him. His wife, herself a charming writer, was an inspiration to which he owed in great part his success, and he is eager to acknowledge this indebtedness in all his works. He is most pleasing, it is generally conceded, in his short stories, which, although usually suggested by some incident in real life, are endowed with his strong imagination. Some one writes: “Daudet's tragedies are of the simplest kind; they would hardly provide a newspaper with one paragraph; no kidnappings, no murders; and they are only the more real, the more heart-rending, for their simplicity and homeliness.”

His first great success came in his thirty-fourth year, and in ten years he began to suffer from the disease which was fatal to him, yet he lived a happy life, because he sought for contentment “within himself, in action and wise effort.”

“From Cliff and Scaur,” by Professor Sledd of Wake Forest College, is a little book we very cordially welcome to a place in our library. It is welcome not only because it is the work of a professor in one of our own colleges but because the poems are so musical and fresh that they win affection for themselves.

Many of the subjects selected are old but all the dearer on that account. Many long-accepted truths are again declared but so charmingly that not one whit of beauty is lost from the fact that other poets have before expressed the same sentiment.

The story of a maiden wooed and won in spite of her father's wishes finds expression in “A Ballad of Otter Hill.” Where is there a stanza filled with more brightness and sweetness than this:

“What though love's plea her sir denied,
 And claimed another the maid as bride?
 For mountain streams in the valley unite
 Though many a barrier lies between,
 And many a cruel shattering height;
 And two young hearts and love can defeat
 The wiles of a score of sires, I ween.
 Where vine and branch in a bower grew,
 With murmur of waters low and sweet,
 Nightly would youth and maiden meet
 And fondly their secret vows renew;
 With none to behold save night's dim eye
 And none to betray save the blind wind's sigh,
 Or the voice of the brook that murmured by.”

“Fame's Votary” is thus described:

“To come, with weary, bleeding feet,
 And vainly at fame's portal beat—
 Better the day of sweat and dust,
 With evening's gain of cup and crust!”

That Mr. Sledd has, since childhood, possessed a vivid imagination the ghostly forms in the middle of the night, the childhood dreams, and the story of the fateful mirror as described in his poems afford abundant evidence.

Very beautiful is the little poem entitled “The Mystery of The Woods,” which tells the story of the little child who found the grave in the wood and learned from it, “the first of earth's dark secrets.” To the eager inquiry:

"Death, what is it, mother?
 Sadly she made reply,
 Claspng her arms about me :
 "Thou'lt find out by and by."

As ever after t'iv remembrance of that mound cast a shadow over the delights of childhood so the mystery of the hereafter darkens our brightest day:

"And when I sadly question
 What way beyond may lie
 A silent voice makes answer
 "Thou'lt know all by and by."

Many others are there quite as musical as these. May Mr. Sledd continue to tune his lyre, "Lifting better up to best," is THE MAGAZINE'S sincere hope and desire.

In the death of Frances E. Willard, February 17, 1898, the **Frances E. Willard.** Women's Christian Temperance Union lost its most efficient and honored leader, and the whole American people one of the most remarkable women and greatest social reformers that this age has produced.

Miss Willard was born at Churchville, New York, in 1839. When she was just two years of age her family moved West, and she passed most of her childhood and girlhood amid the free and happy environment of farm life, first in Ohio and later in Wisconsin. It was during these years, as she herself tells us, that she stored up electricity for the years to come, and a wonderful amount of electric energy it was for one person. About 1860 she graduated from the Women's College at Evanston, Illinois, and after teaching a few years in the public schools, she became first a professor in the Northwestern University and later the president of her alma mater. She gave up this position in order to take a more active part in the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which association she was made president in 1879. In behalf of this cause she visited every State and Territory in the Union, one or two Canadian provinces and several European countries.

At one time she filled with ability the office of editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, and in connection with her temperance work she was, at the time of her death, editor-in-chief of the *Union Signal*. She also wrote several books well worthy of mention; among which are "How to Win," "Glimpses of Fifty Years," and "Nineteen Beautiful Years."

The work that she undertook was too prodigious to have been accomplished during her own life time, but her efforts have given it such a strong and firm foundation, that her fellow laborers can now look forward hopefully to its ultimate success.

Those of us who were here in the Fall of '96 remember with a great deal of pleasure the visit that Miss Willard made to this institution, and the delightful address that she made to the student body.

The Spanish Situation. The reports of the courts of inquiry into the destruction of the United States battleship, Maine, have at length reached their respective governments. They do not, however, render a solution of the difficulty, between Spain and America; and the world is still awaiting the outcome.

Spain is unwilling to believe that the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a mine sunk in the harbor. To America it seems equally unlikely that the explosion should have taken place within the vessel. And the only way suggested to reconcile their varying opinions is to make new observations of the wreck in company with some disinterested power, with a view to arbitration.

Official members of both governments are of the opinion that the war could be averted by such arbitration. It is also said on good authority that Spain, although disclaiming all knowledge of a plot to destroy the Maine, would accept the final decision of the arbitrating court. It is stated as a fact that "European mediation between Spain and America has been undertaken."

The statesmen of this and other countries, irrespective of political opinions, have expressed their approbation of the judicious and dignified course which the President has maintained throughout this unfortunate controversy.

Prominent senators have assured Mr. McKinley that the Senate will not act hastily in the matter, but approves his efforts to preserve peace under conditions not derogatory to America honor. On the other hand the President allowed them to understand that should peaceful measures prove of no avail, war would not find him unprepared.

The President also said that, at present at least, no indemnity for the loss of the warship, Maine, would be demanded from Spain. The arrangement of that matter being reserved for a more peaceful time. It is evident, therefore, that war or peace depends upon the Spanish reception of America's demand for an end of the war in Cuba.

In the meantime defensive preparations are progressing steadily. The promptness with which the various demands for the preservation of the country's safety have been met by the President, by Congress, and by the different executive-departments and private citizens, as well as the dignified position of the nation during this controversy, cannot fail to make true American hearts swell with pride and gratitude. The noble spirit of our fathers who bought this fair land with their blood is not dead, but lives, to be kindled into action by any suggestion of indignity offered to the country's honor.

Care of Our Own Property. It is with much regret that we find so little care is being taken of much of our school property, and we feel that it is our duty to call attention to the fact. We are forced to believe that the students have forgotten the clause in the contract they signed, which reads thus : " I agree not to deface or injure by writing or otherwise any of the school's furniture, books and property."

Last summer the walls of our college were tinted and the wood work stained, so that when we returned in the fall we were greeted by an almost spotless building. It remained so until Christmas, but since the holidays a great change has been noticed, and in many places the walls are found defaced by pencil marks and pin scratches. Perhaps the students do not realize that when they write on these walls they are injuring their own property; if they had realized this, our buildings would present a very different appearance.

Not only are the walls being abused, but the books and magazines in the reading room show that they have been handled very carelessly, and in several of them pencil marks have been found. Of course the books are much read, but they show that they have been unnecessarily abused. Every year when the Societies order their new books, many old ones, which have been destroyed, have to be replaced. This would not be so, and we would have more money for other books, if better care were taken of those we have. The magazines are also much abused, and we would suggest that they be placed carefully on the table instead of being pitched or thrown on it.

Now that attention has been called to these facts, we hope and feel assured that next month's record will show a marked improvement on the last.

AMONG OURSELVES.

On the night of February 21st, the Max Karger Concert Company gave the third number of our course of entertainments.

This musical was one of the most pleasant events of the year, and we hope at some future time, again to enjoy the art of these talented people.

Major Bingham, of Bingham School, addressed the Y. W. C. A., Sunday evening, February 26th. He spoke to us in an earnest, practical way of the opportunities of our lives, giving us the watchword of a soldier of the world standing brave and staunch in the battle against its evils.

Major Bingham was with us again on Monday, and made an interesting and instructive address on "The Origin of Our Language."

Since our last issue the Senior Class spent a week in Washington, accompanied by Dr. Gove and Dr. McIver. They were courteously entertained by the President, Mesdames Vance, Butler, and others. The class speak in glowing terms of their short stay at the Capitol.

Mr. Brown has increased the pleasures of the walking period very much by opening new roads through the park and the surrounding unexplored domain; to say nothing of the artistic walks near the buildings, and the promise of innumerable flower beds.

The College celebrated the anniversary of Washington's birth by that thing unprecedented in its annals—a holiday. We enjoyed the day very much and hope that such a thing may happen again.

Not long since the College enjoyed the pleasure of a visit from Bishop Rondthaler of Salem. He conducted the Sabbath evening service, and was with us also, on Monday morning. Dr. Rondthaler spoke in his own inimitable way words of encouragement and good counsel. We were glad to have him with us and hope he will come again.

The MAGAZINE appreciates the monetary contributions, placed in the contribution box, but in this instance, strange to say, less substantial donations are more in demand.

The Juniors are wearing very attractive Class hats, and evidently think themselves extremely enterprising.

The Eagle Hose Dramatic Club of Greensboro gave a representative of "Cherry," lately complimentary to the State Normal. The acting was very creditable, and the occasion was replete with enjoyment for those of us who were so fortunate as to be present.

The members of the Junior English Class have begun their critical reading; and it is an unwonted pleasure, for more than one of them, to be able to read a *novel* without fear of a rebuking conscience.

On the evening of March 15th, President Andrews, of Brown University, gave his lecture on Gen. Robert E. Lee, the fourth of our entertainment course, before a large audience.

What more fitting can be said than that a noble Northerner spoke enthusiastically and well in honor of our beloved Southern Hero.

President Andrews was with us again at chapel exercises on the following morning, and spoke in an impressive and practical way of the importance of character building in education.

This was Dr. Andrews first visit to North Carolina; but we hope that the coming years will bring him to us again many times.

Rev. Mr. Bruce, missionary to Brazil, gave an address before the Y. W. C. A. on the 18th., which was much enjoyed by those present. Mr. Bruce also led the Sunday evening service, speaking on the same subject.

At the January meeting of the Freshman class a very unique game called "Old Chestnuts," was engaged in. Mr. E. J. Forney, having been invited to attend, led the game by giving several of his best jokes. Each member of the class followed his example, and a prize for the best joke was awarded to Miss Ruth Grubbs. In this way a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Friday, March 25th, the Freshman were allowed the privilege of holding their meeting in the chapel. After the regular proceedings, a very pleasant entertainment was given, consisting of music, recitations, and tableaux.

A memorial service in honor of Frances E. Willard was held in the college, not

long since. The service, which was a very interesting one, was conducted by Mrs. Cartland, state president of the Y. W. C. T. U.

Miss McVea, of St. Mary's, visited the college, lately, much to the delight of her many friends among us. A pleasant reception was given in her honor by Misses Bynum, Purnell, and Lewis, formerly pupils at St. Mary's.

The class of '01, the "naughty ones," will not fail to remember their meeting of March 25, nor the *impromptu*, but spirited debate on the question, "Which class is in greater need of salting, Freshman or Sophomore?" The Sophomores won the debate (very actively).

Mrs. Brooks, of Greensboro, made a delightful talk before the Y. W. C. A. last Sunday afternoon, giving us examples and precepts to help us shape our lives to be the sweet fair lives which make the world a pleasant place.

Just as we go to press, the institution is enjoying a visit from Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer of the Philadelphia Cooking School. Mrs. Rorer is giving a series of lectures before the Domestic Science department. These lectures are proving exceedingly interesting and helpful not only to the students, but also to the many ladies from town who are attending the course.

'99 TO '98.

In little things what power! 'Twas only a small card from the Juniors, but for the Seniors what wonders it wrought! By its simple announcement spring fever was checked, surprise and delight called forth, imagination quickened, and eager expectancy so awakened that before the day appointed came, "It seemed a thousand years."

During that time fancy's eyes, ears, and palate were so busy, such beautiful things were seen, such pleasing words heard, such delicious viands tasted, that only genii such as catered to Aladdin could hope to make the actual, the real, satisfactory.

The Juniors, however, on the evening of March the twenty-fifth, showed the Seniors a thing or two, namely, that their powers were in no sense inferior to those of genii of the past, their resources no less wonderful. When their guests were ushered into the parlors of the Brick Dormitory, they, for once in their lives, fully,

may more than realized their expectations. Everywhere were lovely sights, from all sides charming words of welcome penetrated the ear, in nooks here and there, waiting to be found, were novel agents of amusement, while something lurking somewhere seemed to whisper of delights yet unrevealed.

The rooms were artistically decorated. In one the white and green of the Seniors graced the walls ; in another the colors of the Juniors, red and white, which from association have become symbolical of strength and grace, hung in graceful festoons, while in all, flowers and ferns prevailed in delightful profusion.

Mysterious numbers were discovered in one of these rooms, and beneath them something enigmatical. Questions disclosed the fact that one might, if one wished, enter a contest which would afford opportunity for a modest exhibition of literary knowledge. Dainty cards, with pencils attached, were distributed, and each guest immediately resolved to surpass the other in a display of knowledge.

An innocent looking blackboard placed in a corner attracted the attention of the faculty, who, too late for retreat, were caught in the act of gazing, and asked for a display of their artistic talent. The only favor shown was the privilege of an appeal to chance. *She* might, by guiding the hand, help the unfortunate ones choose an "easy animal," the name of which was written on a slip of paper. Fate was then sealed, and the animal named must be pictured for the benefit of the oftentimes astonished onlookers.

In the hall, parlor quoits were ready, and waiting for young women who could not throw such a big thing as a bean bag through a hole just a few feet away. Skill, however, is not always thought a necessary preparation for a contest, so soon the Juniors were ranged on one side of the hall, the Seniors on the other, and the match was begun. Peal after peal of laughter was called forth as the members of the two classes showed what remarkable things they could do with bean bags, what targets were possible, even though the *one* was impossible. Neither side made a large score, but the Juniors were unkind enough to win the game, declaring when upbraided, that not they were to blame but the *age* of the Seniors.

When many moments had thus been filled with pleasure, bits of paper were circulated, and in a twinkling the company had changed. Paris appeared, looking for Helen, Guinivere was asking for Lancelot, Dido was seen proposing to sacrifice herself for Aeneas, Cupid, by the side of Psyche, was fingering his bow, and even Jonah, after all his trouble, was observed searching for the Whale.

Queries answered, searches ended, hand in hand, these happy couples wandered

to a banquet hall where bright-faced maidens waited to enhance the joys of the evening by setting before them a feast truly suited to the gods.

It seemed then that nothing more could be necessary or could be conceived of to increase the happiness of the occasion, but, the delicacies prepared having delighted the palate, the attention of all was attracted to Mr. Joyner, who rose and in graceful language declared that Miss McCaull alone had succeeded in outshining her sisters in the literary contest, and presented to her as the reward of her superior attainments, a copy of Mrs. Browning's poems. Miss Bryant only had succeeded in outwitting her captors on mischief intent by producing a picture which could be recognized, therefore she justly deserved the copy of Bodenhausen's Madonna which he next gave to her. Dr. McIver was so unskilled in the use of the crayon that not even the wildest guesser could hit the name of the animal which he had attempted to draw. To him then, with a mild injunction, was committed the booby.

These rewards of genuine merit being bestowed, numerous toasts made, and the fortunes of each masquerading Senior found concealed in a nutshell, the charmed guests were conducted again to the parlors, where in much merriment, the remaining moments passed all too swiftly. At last there came the one saying "go," and each Senior, with a lingering look behind, to fasten indelibly upon her mind the scene of such joyful hours, bade a fond "goodnight" to the class of '99. Their best wishes they left with them, and one of them was that the class of '00 would find it in their hearts to treat them as royally as they had treated '98.

M. I. T. '98.

COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS—SENIOR CLASS.

President—Margaret McCaull.
 Vice-President—Clee Winstead.
 Secretary—Winnie Redfern.
 Treasurer—Minnie Huffman.
 Prophet—Florence Pannill.
 Poet—Elsie Gwyn.
 Historian—Lina Wiggins.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President—Maude Miller.
 Vice-President—Lewis Dull.
 Secretary—Isabel Brown.
 Treasurer—Bulus Bagby.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President—Bradford Hyman.

Vice-President—Irene Bass.

Secretary and Treasurer—Effie Reade.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President—Miriam Stamps.

Vice-President—Phebe Sutton.

Secretary—Pearl Clarkson.

Treasurer—Rhett Leach

MARSHALS.

ADELPHIAN.

Frances Suttle, chief,
Margaret Pierce,
Lucy Coffin,
Bulus Bagby,
Marina Whitley.
Sudie Middleton.

CORNELIAN.

Mamie Parker,
Virginia Thorpe,
Ethel Foust,
Bessie Moody,
Flora Patterson,

 ABOUT FORMER STUDENTS.

Miss Pattie Carter, '95, has charge of a school near Louisburg.

Miss Bessie Wyatt, of Raleigh, is spending the winter at home and is taking vocal music at Peace Institute.

Misses Ruth and Bessie Sutton, of Kinston, are North on a pleasure trip. Miss Ruth was one of the class of '95.

Miss Hattie Arrington is slowly recovering from a severe attack of fever. We hope to have her with us again next year.

Miss Sethelle Boyd, after spending two months at the Normal doing advanced work in Pedagogy, has returned to her home, Barium Springs, N. C.

Miss Rebecca Freeman is teaching in Dobson, N. C.

Miss Carrie Broughton, of Raleigh, is attending Peace Institute this year.

Miss Carrie Welborn is at her home, Wilkesboro, N. C., enjoying home life.

Miss Harriet Weir, of Raleigh, now holds a position in the graded schools of that city.

Miss Mabel Wooten, '95, officiates both as principal and as one of the teachers in the public schools of La Grange, N. C.

Miss Velna McCulloch has resigned her position at Pinehurst in order to accept one with the editor of "Our Church Record."

Miss Gertrude Royster, formerly not only one of our girls but also one of our faculty, has been spending the winter at home, Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Elizabeth Gibson, of Concord, who has been under treatment at a hospital in Richmond, is slowly but surely regaining her health.

Miss Rosa Rowe has gone to Lexington to take a position in the school there. We rejoice in her good fortune but regret to lose her from school.

Miss Irma Carraway, '97, is now at the Normal taking advanced work in Pedagogy. The public school in which she taught has just closed.

Miss Mary Carter, of Raleigh, has been attending a school in West Virginia. She has been compelled to give up her work on account of her eyes.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss Mary De Vane has been compelled to give up her position in the Mooresville school on account of an attack of nervous prostration.

Miss Bertha McClees has been engaged during the past winter in teaching a public school in Currituck county. As her school has now closed she has returned to her home, Durham, N. C.

Miss Grace Smallbones, '97, spent a few days recently in Greensboro with friends in the College and city. We are always glad to have our old girls back with us, and in this particular instance, especially so. Miss Smallbones is now returning home after a successful year in the Mt. Airy Graded School.

Miss Lizzie Dail is at her home, Snow Hill, N. C.

Miss Lola Yates, '95, is teaching a public school near Raleigh.

Miss Annie Vaughn has charge of a school at Chocowinity, N. C.

Miss Eva Farmer has been spending the winter at her home, Wilson, N. C.

Miss Mattie Moore, of Williamston, is now in Baltimore studying elocution.

Miss Blanche Ferguson has been teaching a successful school near Kendal, N. C.

Miss Nellie Blair, of North Wilkesboro, has been spending the winter at her home.

Miss Mattie Griffin, of Salisbury, paid the Normal a very welcome visit not long since.

Miss Margaret Broughton, of Raleigh, now teaches a private music class in that city.

Miss Mamie Neill Gray has been engaged in teaching a very successful school near her home during the past winter.

We are glad to announce that Miss Annie Williams, '95, has so far regained her usual health as to be able to resume her work in the Reidsville Graded School.

Miss Annie Lee Rose, '94, has been forced to resign her position as principal of the Wilmington High School on account of ill health. We sincerely hope for her a speedy recovery.

Miss Mary Speight, of Tarboro, formerly a member of the class of '98, spent several days recently with her sister and friends in the College. She accompanied the Seniors on their delightful trip to Washington.

MARRIAGES.

SPEER-THOMSON—Married on the 16th of March, 1898, at Low Gap, N. C., Miss Mattie Cleveland Thomson to Mr. Aaron S. Speer.

SAWYER-SPRULL—Early in February Miss Cora Spruill, of Pamlico county, was united in marriage to Mr. Jesse Sawyer. The MAGAZINE extends its best wishes.

GREER-DEAL—On the evening of the 23rd of March, at her home in Lenoir, N. C., Miss Mamie Deal was married to Mr. Greer of the same place. May their married life be one of continual brightness and happiness.

GOODWIN-STEINHILPER—In Beaufort, N. C., September 22nd, 1897, Miss Jane Steinhilper was united in marriage to Mr. Fred Chapman Goodwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, after spending two months in Canada on their wedding tour, came to Biddeford, Maine, where they will make their home.

CLARK-FERGUSON—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Ferguson to Mr. Edwin Lacy Clarke, in St. Andrew's Episcopal church, Greensboro, N. C., on Thursday morning, April 14th.

The MAGAZINE offers congratulations and best wishes in advance. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke will make their home in Greensboro.

COLLINS-WOOTEN—One of the former students of the Normal has decided that school-teaching is not woman's highest estate, and as a grand final to the closing exercises of her school was changed from a spinister school-teacher to a happy bride.

This event, which was a great surprise to all, took place on the evening of the 23rd of February in Kinston, and Miss Ethel Wooten and Mr. Plato Collins were the contracting parties. Mr. Collins is a young lawyer of the above named town.

Long life and happiness to them.

LITERARY NOTES.

The March Century contains two very interesting articles on the Klondike. The first is entitled, "River Trip to the Klondyke" and was written by John Sidney Webb; the second, by E. S. Curtis, is entitled, "The Rush to the Klondyke Over the Mountain Pass." Other readable articles are, "Songs of American Birds" by John Burroughs, and "Women Composers" by Rupert Hughes.

The first installment of John R. Proctor's article on "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky" is in this number. Mr. Proctor was formerly State Geologist of Kentucky. Beautiful illustrations lend their attractiveness to these articles.

One of the recent articles in the series entitled, "My Favorite Novelist and His Best Books," which has been running for some while in Munsey, is by Ian Maclaren. The Scotch novelist contrasts "Henry Esmond" and "The Heart of Midlothian," as the highest types of literary art. He says, "The Heart of Midlothian" is Jeanie, who is the strongest woman in the gallery of Scott."

Munsey also gives the interesting information that the author of "Quo Vadis" spent several years of his early life in this country. He was a gold digger in California, and, like Bret Harte, commenced his literary career by writing stories of Western life.

The "Golden Age" by Kenneth Graham is the book we poor weary souls have been looking for. These "prose poems of childhood" have the restful effect we all desire. The book carries us back to the illusions of happy childhood and, "makes you a child again—just for to-night."

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, professor of Mathematics at Oxford, died in England on the fourteenth of January. Under the name of Lewis Carroll he wrote: "Alice in Wonderland," "Phantasmagoria," "Through the Looking Glass," "An Easter," and "Christmas Greetings." Under his real name he published several treatises on Mathematics

"In Red Bridge Neighborhood" is the title of Miss Maria Louise Pool's latest novel. It portrays ordinary rural American life and while not of the highest literary art is deserving of popularity.

"Simon Dale," by Anthony Hope, now appears in book form after running for many weeks as a serial in the "New York Sun."

Says "Book News:" "In Shrewsbury, Mr. Stanley J. Weyman is distinctly dull." England, in the time of William and Mary, is the scene of the incident portrayed.

The "New Astronomy," by Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst College, is a very delightful work. It is a book for class work and the science is explained with much simplicity and illustrated with pictures from fresh photographs.

John Kendrick Bangs' newest book is "Ghosts I Have Met," published by the Harpers, who will issue about the same time "Dreamers of the Ghetto," I. Zangwill's latest novel. They also will soon publish a posthumous book, by the late George Du Maurier, called "Social Pictorial Satire."

A new edition of the poetical and prose works of Lord Byron is announced by the Scribners. It includes a continuation of "Don Juan" and eleven poems not previously published.

"Auld Lang Syne," by The Right Hon. F. Max Miller, contains delightful sketches about many famous people. Tennyson, Jenny Lind, Listz, Kingsley, Carlyle, Ruskin and Darwin are among the list.

Frank Stockton's newest novel will be called "The Girl at Cobhurst" and is a love story. It has the many complications for which Mr. Stockton's books are so notable. The Scribners will be the publishers.

A thrilling article entitled "Ho, For The Klondike" by Hamlin Garland gives many new facts and new pictures of the land of gold. The same number of McClure contains, "Letters From The Andree Party," "An Experiment in Burglary" and "Ottenhansen's Coup." The book company connected with this magazine promises the publication of Henry George's new book and all of his earlier writings. These works will come out in ten volumes including a biography of the author by his son Henry George, Jr.

 IN LIGHTER VEIN.

 ESSAYS MADE TO ORDER.

A Senior at the Normal was plunged in deep despair,
 She bit her pencil thoughtfully, then tore her pretty hair,
 For an essay must be written 'fore another week had passed
 And with streaming eyes she sadly said, "My doom has come at last."

"Tell my mother not to grieve for me, that other Seniors failed,
 That I bore my colors bravely, but before Carlyle I quailed,
 And Adonais cannot charm, when essays I must write
 Which occupy my waking thoughts, and fill my dreams at night."

A footstep swift along the hall was followed by a knock,
 And a letter was delivered which gave her quite a shock;
 But her face was soon transfigured with the lovely light of joy
 "Eureka!—I have found it! Essays no more annoy."

"The almighty dollar conquers, for money we may buy
 Essays and sermons, talks galore," she heaved a thankful sigh,
 "Our money copyrights them, and the thoughts are all our own,
 While the price is regulated by the nature, length and tone."

So she laid aside her sorrow, and her voice once more grew gay,
 And when all essays were required hers wasn't far away.
 Her reputation grew and spread, her learning was immense—
 While she who wrought the miracle, made use of "common cents."

OELAND BARNETT, '98

 EXAMINATION ECHOES.

A Junior coming from her Physiology examination said that she had "crammed" a lot, but that she had not once thought of studying the *elementary* canal.

N. B. A Senior has since been discovered who couldn't see the joke.

How a Freshman revised Physical Geography.—"The difference of length of day and night is caused by the equinox. When the sun hits the equator it has to go slow and the nights are long, but when it hits the equinox it spins around on its axis, and we have light.

A poor, overworked Junior was heard to exclaim in her sleep a few nights since, "O, Lord bless us, and cut us off at equal distances from the foot of the perpendicular.

TO AN INVETERATE SMOKER.

I saw a youth with eyes so gray,
 Who looked a maiden's heart away.
 Was his inflamed? Ah this I doubt,
 For if it was, 'twas soon burnt out.
 His love was like a cigarette,
 And hers? Well—her *Love's* smoking yet.

McC. '98.

GOODNIGHT.

Your eyes still meet mine in sweet dreams,
 Your smile makes dark sleep light,
 And so it merely fancy seems
 To bid you, Love, "Goodnight."

McC. '98.

Teacher—"Miss —, do you pay poll taxes?"

Miss — (innocently) "No, but my father pays them for me."

Teacher.—"Miss —, write x is equal to or less than 19."

Miss H.—"But I don't know how to write it."

Teacher.—"Just write it with chalk."

 A RACE FOR NAUGHT.

“Say Jack, as long as we can't agree we might let our feet decide the question.”

“By Jove what do you mean, Tom? I followed Miss Margaret Hale here, knowing that some of her friends contemplated a tramp in the woods, expressly to get a chance to speak to her alone, and it is my intention to do so.”

“Bravo! It *is* hard luck for both of us, for I find equal difficulty in getting ahead of you where *she* is concerned. I thought surely as I hurried down here, ignorant of your intentions, that I had the inner track,” said Tom discontentedly. “But,” more cheerfully “we'll have to make the best of it. Look! there she is now, sitting on that old log. Although you can't recognize anything for that sun-shade, I know it is she, for I've seen that “blue affair” often, and so I propose a race and the fellow who wins gains the prior claim.”

To this Jack agrees; so with a robin red-breast as witness they are off, but so equally matched are they that Margaret seems about to be doubly besieged. At this critical moment the sun-shade is lowered, its owner alarmed at the rustling leaves and snapping twigs and—alas! one of aunt Chloe's dusky descendants gorgeously arrayed in all the glory of her mistress' cast-off finery is revealed to the astonished young men, who suddenly halt, glued to their tracks faster than “Brer Rabbit” stuck to the tar baby. Finally realizing the awkwardness of the situation, with mumbled apologies and peony faces they retreat like whipped school boys, leaving poor Lily Marie de Lucifer feeling as if fine feathers did not make fine birds after all.

Moral:—Ye society girls beware of pin money gained by cast away finery.

S. P. '98.

 THAT NORMAL BELL.

Normal in name as well as definition
 That bell summons us under every condition.
 Tones always alike, yet never the same—
 Echoes of our hearts give each its name.

Twelve times, daily, it calls us together,
 Rain or snow—no matter the weather ;
 Always busy, no moments for leisure
 E'en extra bells chime just for good measure.
 Small bells vie with the " King of the Hill "

But like other powers succumb to its will,
 For while the rising-bell has no power to wake,
 The old " Prep " makes us tremble and quake.
 Every morning to Chapel, it peals forth a call,
 At noon the dinner clapper merrily doth fall,
 After which diligence seeks intellectual food
 'Till our bell excites within a walking mood.

Oft times more eagerly we answer the call
 When for society, mass-meeting, or gymnasium ball,
 But for examinations it clangs doleful peals
 As its sympathetic heart for each one feels.

But though the dear old bell turns us at will
 We love, cherish and obey her still,
 And may it ever have just such a fate
 To ring out the duties to the girls of the state.

EXCHANGES.

Once more are we plunged into an almost fathomless abyss of despair as we view the College journals and magazines scattered about on our Exchange table, and realize that ours must be the pen to deal with the mysteries hidden beneath their covers.

The feeling of despair, however, quickly changes to one of pleasure as we pick from the chaotic mass before us the last number of the " Erskinian." This issue contains none of the fiction so prominent in many of the other magazines and papers, yet the well-written and entertaining articles with which its Literary Department is filled seem to us a sufficient substitute. "The Southern Young Man of the Present" we especially recommend to all lovers of Dixie, for it is an article full of

thought and expresses well the feelings that should, and we hope do, dwell in the heart of every loyal and true Southerner.

The Davidson College *Magazine* still maintains its enviable reputation and is always one of our most welcome exchanges. "Aunt Miraudy's Joy" well-written and full of genuine pathos, we consider one of the best short stories we have happened on in any of the college magazines of this season.

The Guilford *Collegian* contains a most feeling editorial showing the manner in which the literary department of the college magazine should be conducted, and in view of the fact that the student body and particularly the members of the literary societies do not give the board of editors any support worthy of mention, the question of entirely abolishing the literary department of the *Collegian* is seriously discussed. We can but admire and respect the editors for the open and honest way in which they have dealt with this question, and we most earnestly hope that their appeal will not have been in vain, but that the students, one and all, will realize that the true life of their periodical lies in their own hands, and so endeavor to give it the necessary nourishment.

The University *Magazine* (N. C.) contains quite a clever little poem, "A Touch of Nature," and we take pleasure in noting that it was contributed by Miss Mary S. McRae, one of the three innovations (if we may call them so) who registered as students of the University last fall.

We extend to the *Spectrum* of the North Dakota Agricultural College a most hearty welcome. This is at present our most western exchange, yet after looking through it we are only the more anxious to hear from other schools and colleges in the territory further on.

The College *Message* contains an interesting sketch of "Greensboro Female College Before the War," reprinted from the *Trinity Archive* of November, 1896. Taking this sketch as typical of life in the female colleges of the time, we cannot be sufficiently thankful that we are allowed to pass our school days in this present and more enlightened time, and so escape much of that unnecessary confinement and monotonous routine against which our poor mothers had to contend.

Cupid seems ever busy among the "co-eds." and we print the following from the *Easterner*, written, we presume, by a youth of some experience :

One more unfortunate,
Naughty in class
Shot paper arrows,
Smiled at a lass.
Deal with him gently,
Powers of might.
He's naught but a Freshman
Who TRIES to do right.

We are glad to see on our table this month copies of the Emerson College *Magazine*, *Converse Concept*, *Trinity Archive*, *Vine Hill Cadet*, *Farmville Record*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *The Oak Leaf*, and the *Wake Forest Student*.