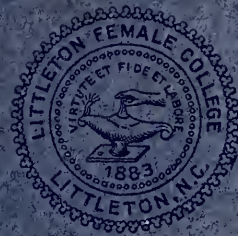


Class Yearbook

The Chatterbox

Volume III

Number 7




APRIL, 1909

LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.

“I Chatter Chatter as I Go”



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The Chatterbox.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1909.

No. 7

Literary Department.

Flowers.

BERTHA THOMPSON KINSLAND, '97.

Beyond the golden glories of the West,
Where fades the light of fast departing day,
There is a place where weary pilgrims rest,
And God shall wipe each sorrowing tear away.

O tired traveler on life's rugged way,
Thy journey here will not, can not be long.
Wouldst thou too reach the land of endless day,
And join the angels in their glorious song?

Then think not of thy weary, aching head,
Nor of the thorns that in thy path are found;
But go and feed the hungry—give them bread,
And bind in love another's bleeding wound.

A cup of water given in His name
Will bring to thee a joy far more complete
Than climbing to the pinnacles of fame,
Or bringing all the world before thy feet.

The little word, and smile, and silent tear
Are fragrant flowers that to us are given;
And if we scatter them around us here
We'll find them blooming by and by in heaven.

And though the way may sometimes lonely be,
And life be filled with sorrow, sin and care,
'Twill cheer the heart if we by faith can see
Those flowers bloom for us over there.

Press onward then with smiles and words of cheer,
That thou mayst reach the home prepared for thee,
Where angels sing and autumn winds ne'er sere
The fragrant flowers that bloom eternally.

Historic Savannah.

MINNIE CARRAWAY HALE, '89.

I reached this lovely forest city of the South on Christmas Eve, and long in my memory will linger that Christmas day in this gentle climate. I basked in sunshine so glorious it seemed to me it must be a May day that had strayed away and been lost in the wilds of winter like the children lost in the woods. Above me were skies as soft and blue as those of Italy, and the air as balmy and caressing as the winds that blow across that tideless sea; but I was soon to learn that Savannah, owing to its peculiar situation, has climatic conditions akin to those of Italy, a land of almost perpetual spring "Where it is bliss to be alive and glorious to be young."

Foliage plays a large part in the harmony of Savannah. Among the trees which predominate are the live oak and the palmetto. I am often reminded of Mark Twain's humorous description of the latter, an inverted feather duster, which surely fits at close range, but they never fail to impart picturesqueness to every vista into which they are brought.

The flowers are more lovely and fragrant than you can imagine. Here, "knee-deep in January," as James Whitcomb Riley might say, we had roses and hyacinths and violets and the beautiful camelia japonica blooming out of doors.

As I stroll through the public squares and watch the children at their play, or listen to the whirl of commerce in the distance, I think often of William Thackeray's impressions recorded in a letter written on the feast of St. Valentine in 1855. The "genial, kindly, gentle Thackeray, the great man with the great heart," wrote of Savannah as a "tranquil city,

wide-streets and tree-planted; no row, no tearing Northern bustle, no crowds." Some one has said his presence lingers in the wide old streets of Savannah like a benediction. While to-day one finds it an interesting combination of the old regime and the new South, yet happy childhood delights to play in its green squares, and world-wearied men find rest in the shade of its venerable trees in which the birds sing, and the squirrels play, and the sunlight comes flickering through, making great spots of gold on the soft green sod.

There are many historic buildings and monuments that have not yielded to the devastating touch of time. One can scarcely realize that where to-day stands Savannah, in the grandeur of a great city, 166 years ago stood the forest primeval, with its flickering lights and shadows, echoing to the tread of the red man. Settled, as it was by Oglethorpe, a man whose greatness alone is attested by the friendship that existed between the Indians and the early settlers, for the amelioration of the deplorable condition of the poor in England and the sufferings of the wretched debtor class. There is probably no other city in the United States which recalls more forcibly the great men of the nation. The streets recall the days of the early settlers, of the Revolutionary days, of the second struggle with Great Britain, of the conflict with Mexico and the bloody strife between the States. Each of these periods had its heroes and its great men whose memory is honored and perpetuated by the public squares and streets of Savannah. Walking amid the memories of a past century strange dreams thrill us when we reach the spot where Oglethorpe pitched his tent and clasped hands with the great Indian chieftain, marked to-day by a seat carved out of granite, and to the place where John Wesley, on a calm and beautiful Sabbath morning, after a long and stormy voyage, lifted up his voice in prayer in the land where to-day his followers are numbered by the mil-

lions. Here tradition shows also the site of his first sermon, and still further adds interest to this settlement by the establishment of the first Sunday School which, started by Wesley, was perpetuated by Whitefield and continued up to the present time, constituting the oldest Sunday School in the world. Here, in Savannah, was the first hymnal written. Here, too, was the birthplace of the first orphan asylum, and to it was the first road in Georgia cut on the 25th of March, 1740. The first brick of the Orphans' Home was laid by Whitefield himself, calling it Bethesda, a house of mercy; and such it has been to the present time, sheltering as it now does ninety orphan boys. At his death the work was carried on by Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon. Born amid the splendor of high rank, beautiful, accomplished and talented, she devoted her life to the carrying on of this good work; and to-day a magnificent painting of this noble woman, by Reynolds, is to be seen in the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences, which stands upon the spot where was once the Royal Governor's Mansion, and near which is an old brick house in which the first Legislature of Georgia met. In this galaxy of religious notables appears a savage bowed with the weight of a century of years, once "erect as the pine trees in his native forest and swift as the arrow that sped from his bow"—To-mo-chi-chi, the leader of the Creek Indians. It was due to this old Indian that the red and the white man dwelt together in harmony 'neath Georgia's sunny sky. It is fitting that Yamacraw, which was the red man's territory, and where was granted this Indian brave a peaceful death, has remained unchanged in name, and that on one of the fair city's most beautiful squares a huge rough block of granite has been placed in memory of this brave son of nature. The first funeral procession recorded in the annals of the town was that of To-mo-chi-chi, carrying out his desire that he be buried among the English. Tradition marks the spot

where were the barracks of the Continental Army, and the eminence from which was fired the first gun in Georgia in defense of American rights.

Where to-day stands the Odd Fellows Hall was the old-time inn, where men as famous as Washington and Lafayette supped, and all over the city stand buildings which have received the city's honored guests—Washington, Lafayette, Lee and Davis. The most interesting historical ruins are the remains of the “tabby” fortifications to be seen at Wormsloe, a beautiful ancestral home. They were thrown up about 1743 and are well preserved. Just off the coast at Tybee Island is the Martello tower. It is supposed to be the work of the Spaniards who visited the island before Oglethorpe's time, and is therefore the oldest historic monument in Georgia.

As we stroll along these streets the Revolutionary days will arise, for the signboards are full of meaning, and many monuments rear their heads heavenward in commemoration of that early struggle. One to Sergeant William Jasper, who in the memorable siege of Savannah in 1779, in the thickest of the fight, met his death with sublime courage, while trying for the fourth time to plant his colors on the ramparts. Tread lightly, O womanhood, on this spot which commemorates the heroic struggle of this “sturdy son of toil with whom the spring of a noble action was the tear from a woman's eye.” Still another monument to Casimir Pulaski, the young Polish Count, who in the same awful siege wrote his name in glittering letters in Georgia's history. To-day, in this commercial work-a-day century, a depot of the great Central Railroad system marks the spot of that awful carnage, “Where the blood of many nations mingled their streams in the sandy soil of Savannah.” As one stands in the midst of the busy traffic, little he thinks of that warm

October morning when those heroic and gallant men poured out their life blood for their country's glory.

After the war Nathaniel Greene, who stands in our hearts next to Washington, preferring a home in the land of his triumphs, was given a beautiful country place a few miles up the river, and the old house was standing until destroyed by General Sherman's army. In this home Lafayette visited and "Light Horse Harry Lee" passed away. Eli Whitney was on a visit to this home when he invented the cotton gin. Here Greene died, having spent the happiest years of his life on Savannah's peaceful shore. Like Pulaski a monument stands to his memory, the corner stone of both having been laid by Lafayette, their comrade in arms. Both heroes lying in unknown graves, the one torn from his resting place and consigned we know not where, and the other left undisturbed in the sandy soil of Georgia or under the restless roll of the sea.

Chippewa and Orleans squares commemorate the moral heroes and victorious battles of the War of 1812. Savannah saw the first service of Robert E. Lee, the young Lieutenant of Engineers, upon his graduation at West Point; and in 1870 he again visited the city in a fruitless search for health. General Sherman's headquarters are pointed out to the tourist, and he is told of that night of terror, of the great fire on 27th January, 1865, when the city was in possession of the Federal army.

Savannah has the distinction of having one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world. Across the avenues of Bonadventure, as it is called, the magnificent live oaks form a canopy from which hang long streamers of gray moss. It was at first a private home, but the grove was afterwards converted to the sacred use of the dead. The trees were planted in 1761, in the form of a monogram, M and T, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary Mulryne, the daughter

of the house, to Tattnall, of South Carolina. Beneath the "solemn shadows of the live oaks," which sheltered his boyhood's play, he sleeps with two illustrious sons who carried the name of Tattnall to foreign lands and waters. The character of the foliage gives this cemetery a melancholy beauty, draped as it is with weeping festoons of moss, making a shade so dense the sunlight can hardly penetrate. Savannah has another feature that perhaps no other city in the world possesses—a cemetery that is a park. It was an old Colonial burying ground, but to-day the happy laughter of light-hearted childhood sounds on the balmy air as the little ones shout at their play, and the little birds sing among the loyal old trees that stand as sentinels over the memories of a by-gone age, while hundreds of feet pass through the beautiful Palmetto avenue on their way to business or pleasure. The theater which, although burned and rebuilt, remains on the exterior much the same as in 1818, is said to be the oldest house of histrionic art in use in the United States. Here was projected and owned the first steamship ever built in the United States. The First African Baptist Church of Savannah is the oldest negro church in the world. In 1888 it celebrated its century of existence.

Military ideas have always had a strong hold on the people of Savannah. In 1886 the Chatham Artillery celebrated their hundredth anniversary, having as their guest Jefferson Davis. They have in their possession a gift from Washington on his memorable visit to Savannah.

The city is very beautifully laid off with green squares adorned with fountains and monuments dotting it in every direction. In the heart of the city is Forsyth Park, and in the center of the park is a beautiful fountain modeled after the one in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The Savannahians have been very wise to adhere to the first plan of the master hand, Oglethorpe. As the years have marched by

they have broadened and beautified their city without changing the first plan. You find many examples of Colonial mansions; one, on the outskirts of the city, with the slave cabins adjacent: illustrative of life in ante-bellum days when peace and plenty reigned in Dixie. There are picturesque wooded roads nearly shaded by giant oaks, centuries old, and the most beautiful auto course in the world. Bull street, which is the boulevard of the city, presents a very interesting scene about the time the myriad lights begin to twinkle. It is alive with a surging mass of humanity, the pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking people of Savannah, and automobiles and carriages thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.

On this street stands old Christ Church, established in 1743; the church to which Wesley came as a priest of the Church of England before he began the greatest religious movement of the eighteenth century. It stands amid the city's busy traffic and looks down upon the kaleidoscopic tide of human life as it goes on its way of struggle. Upon the front is engraved this inscription, "Come up and rest a while and pray," and God only knows how many hearts have found refuge from the whirl and twirl of life or how many hearts, breaking with their woes, have found peace at last.

On this same street stands another historic church that has witnessed some of the most memorable events in Georgia's history, the Independent Presbyterian Church, established in 1755. Independent it was in the beginning, and independent it has remained. It was of Scottish origin, and the outward signs of this ancestry remain in the black gown and white bands worn by the pastors, and long tables spread in the aisles for use in administering the Lord's Supper. Built of beautiful granite, with its high Dutch pulpit of mahogany, its historic baptismal font and its handsome furnishings, it appeals to me as the most elegant church in which I have ever had the pleasure of worshipping. The missionary hymn,

“From Greenland’s Icy Mountains,” was composed by the organist of this church, and sung for the first time within its walls. With all the changing years the old church has remained and the old bell still rings forth its melody, “echoing over the city and across the mighty river to notify the people that a loving Christ still calls to them to come to Him and rest.” Besides its history and beauty Savannah can boast of its commerce. It is the largest naval store market in the world, the third great cotton port and one of the greatest lumber markets in America, and yet it has an air of elegant refinement, of peace and quiet. Where once only the Indian canoe ruffled the placid waters there are to-day vessels from every clime, furnaces and factories, and a great population plying the “tireless fingers of industry” in creating wealth. There are luxurious mansions and gardens beautiful with flowers and shrubs and the air resounding with sounds of life and joy. It is a great highway of commerce and is doing its part in developing this great Southland of ours; and yet, with all these attractive and progressive surroundings I find myself repeating Father Ryan’s words, which some one has said were so appropriate to fair Savannah by the Sea, “A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without liberty; a land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land it becomes lovely in its consecrated sorrow and wins the sympathy of the heart and of history.”

A Christmas in Mexico.

NENA THORNE, '00.

At Christmas I accepted the invitation of a friend to spend the holidays with her in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. It was with feelings somewhat of awe that I boarded the train at San Antonio, realizing that in a few hours I'd be in a foreign land. When I awoke the first morning en route I found that we'd left behind us the beautiful mountains around Monterey and were passing over an arid plateau with foothills on either side. There were very few trees of any size, but an abundance of pepper and cactus trees and maguay—the plant from which pulque, the chief alcoholic drink of Mexico, is made. Every now and then we'd pass a Mexican village, entirely fenced in. The houses are so tiny I'm sure a Texan could never stand up in one. If I had a running start I could easily jump up on the roof. Quite a number of these huts are made of the leaves of the maguay, others are of adobe, and nearly all are thatched and without chimneys. The cows and pigs, dogs and chickens all live together under one roof with the human inhabitants.

When I reached San Luis Potosi my friend was at the station and we drove right up to the *College Inglis*. They have some lovely girls there; one can not but be surprised to know that many of these come from the peon, or lowest class; this only goes to show what Christ can do for a life so steeped in ignorance and superstition—Catholicism in its worst form. At the college on my arrival Christmas entertainments were in full sway; these were all different from anything I'd seen. One especially novel feature was the breaking of the *pinate*, a large water jar fixed up in fancy papers, and filled with fruit, candy and nuts. The *pinates*

are suspended in the *patio*, a large open court in the interior of the building. Each person is blindfolded and given a club with which to strike the *pinate*. As soon as the jar breaks every one scrambles for the goodies.

Christmas day was unlike any I had ever spent. Two of the teachers in the college served dinner to twenty-seven Mexicans and myself. The other guests looked so sorry for me because I couldn't talk; but the novelty of the occasion fully repaid me for this temporary deprivation. In the meantime I was acquiring a relish for *tortillas* and *frejoles*.

During my visit we took a most delightful trip up the mountains on burros. We found a Methodist minister's family encamped on the side of the mountain and we spent such a pleasant day with them.

One is struck with the fact that San Luis is built on the defensive. Everything is surrounded with walls several feet thick. The houses are nearly all built right on the street. The roofs are flat and are studded around the top with broken glass to prevent any one from scaling them. The windows are all barred. You can readily understand why a sweetheart in Mexico is called a "bear" when you see the young fellows all doing their courting on the sidewalk. It isn't an uncommon thing to see a paw thrust through the bars to grasp a small brown one on the inside. But when the maiden appears at an upper window one sees a Romeo and Juliet affair played in real earnest. It must be very awkward for the "bear"; it's certainly very amusing to the onlookers to see the ardent adorer gesticulating feelingly, and earnestly pleading his case. In the several plazas of the city the young and old meet somewhat as they do in our parks. Their only amusement is strolling about the plazas and listening to the music. One remarkable feature is that the boys all go in one direction and the girls in the other.

It was especially interesting to me to see the water-carriers

taking their water-bottles to be filled. I could almost imagine I saw the Rebekah of Bible times in some of these women at the well.

We visited all the largest Catholic churches—there are about thirty-five in the city. The cathedral is grand, almost as beautiful as the Congressional Library at Washington. On Christmas Eve night we went to the special services of several of these. Their crude and grotesque representations of Mary, Joseph and the babe in the manger, their idolatrous worship of these and the numerous other saints with which their churches and chapels are filled, make one long to see the light of the gospel shining that way.

One morning we went to the cemetery. A permanent grave costs a good deal, so most of the poor people rent graves for their dead. If the rent for a grave is unpaid the bodies are dug up and thrown into a large stone pit. This is cleaned out occasionally and the ground bones used in paving the streets. While there we saw a woman crawling on her knees toward the church near by. In the chapel papers were posted telling of the wonderful cures made by Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico. In one of the magnificent vaults was an image of this saint draped with gems valued at a million and a half dollars.

The band of Christian workers in San Luis is doing great things for the Master. When we think of the power of Catholicism—of how a poor wretch will go without a crust and pay his last *centavo* to his father confessor—does it not seem strange that we are doing so little for Mexico, our next-door neighbor, a country so full of beautiful possibilities?

The Hearing Ear.

CLARISSA BELLE EVANS, '05.

When Shakespeare put it into the mouth of Pyramus to say "I see a voice" he was just as truly the wonderful por-trayer of human nature, showing knowledge of individuals, as when he called Pyramus and Thisbe lovers, showing knowledge of human nature in general. *The Hearing Ear* is not a redundant expression, as one might want to think; it is saved from this on account of the literal truth of what it implies, which is this: that there are also *nonhearing ears*. And, although it is the ear, in its relationship to music, which is chiefly to be considered, the title is not incongruous, for the ear will be studied from a physical as well as a musical standpoint. It is the physical ear which has to be trained to hear intelligently musical sounds, and it has to hear un-musical ones as well. Only when one *hears* a voice will he be normal.

In the study of the development of *the hearing ear* there is first of all this question to be answered, what is the distinction between the *nonhearing* and the *hearing* ear?

It is not meant, when speaking of the *nonhearing* ear, that it is absolutely deaf to all sound whatsoever, but by comparing with the three kinds of volcanoes—extinct, dormant and active—the *nonhearing* ear is the dormant one. The possibilities lie there undeveloped. One reason for such a state of affairs is what may be termed the misappropriation of faculties. With Pyramus the *nonhearing* ear sees voices; sees the pianist play, or else says the recital was a failure! Because the special senses tend to work together for the good of all, the individual is apt to take advantage of this fact, and thereby abuse some special faculty. The two senses

that suffer the most confusion are the ear and the eye. A second reason, and it is a result of the first, is insufficient appreciation of the ear in comparison with the eye. If testimony from those who are without sight and those who are without hearing amounts to anything one must be convinced that of the two hearing is more to be desired. Kitto, one of the few deaf persons who did accomplish something, said: "Strangers to all that passes around them the deaf mutes, who see everything, enjoy nothing." On the other hand their work is sufficient testimony to prove that the blind were not so totally dependent upon their eyesight, for "musicians and poets the world has ever furnished from the ranks of the blind." So many more people have been famous in spite of blindness than have in spite of deafness that we are led to the conclusion that hearing—the development of a good ear—is almost essential to greatness. But so long as a person has ears that are susceptible to abuse he can not seem to fully appreciate his gift of hearing. These are the two principal causes of the *nonhearing* ear, while the *hearing ear* is the result of the very opposite conditions. The live volcano and the *hearing ear* are synonymous in that they are active. The *hearing ear* has heard the song of the bird while the eye was left to see its beautiful plumage; the ear has heard the rustling of the breezes in the treetop, and the eye has seen that this tree, with its new green foliage, means to show that winter did not come to stay. Byron realized how lavish nature is in giving us sounds to hear because he said:

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears:
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Of course it was *hearing ears* that Byron referred to. Nature not only gives things to be heard, but also endows man with the exceedingly delicate instrument, the ear, which con-

nects the mental with the physical world so that "mere gentle waves of intangible air strike the wondrous structure" and we hear! With every added gift there is increased responsibility; so man, with the gift of hearing, is responsible for the development of that sense which should reach the highest stage of development in a musical education.

The second and most important question to be answered is this: By what means will the *nonhearing ear* be developed into the *hearing ear*?

Acuteness in hearing and distinguishing sounds varies with individuals, and, taking ability to reproduce as best evidence of hearing, there are people in all classes from the one who is "organically incapable of a tune" to the Mozart, who at three years of age learned to play, or to the Saint-Saens who, when three or four years old, could tell the difference in the vibrations and imitate them with his voice when his great aunt would set all the clocks in the house to striking. All except the totally deaf ears, which are analogous to the extinct volcano, are capable of further development; and when it comes to the musical education too much attention can not be given to the possibilities of the ear. In the introduction to his "One Hundred Ear-training Exercises," Mr. Reinhold Faelten says: "Even the gift of nature (talent) needs systematic training or it is in danger of withering or growing disproportionately."

Helmholtz, by making a careful study of acoustics, was the one who brought together musical art and exact science, and he distinguishes musical sounds by three ways:

1. By dynamics; that is, whether soft or loud.
2. By pitch; that is, whether high or low.
3. By timbre; that is, whether produced from one kind of instrument or another.

These *broad* differences can be distinguished by any person with ordinary capabilities; but the aspiring musician must

have his ear developed to the extent that he can distinguish *how* soft or loud, *how* high or low the tone is, and whether it is produced on an ordinary violin or a Stradivarius. In other words he must grasp minute details. All education and experience naturally develop the ear one way or another. The well-rounded musician knows from experience that a systematic course of ear-training is essential; there should be a systematic development of (1) the sense of rhythm; (2) the sense of pitch relationship and natural agreement or disagreement of tones; (3) the sense of artistic interpretation.

Rhythm is the propelling power in music, and for a person rhythmically deaf the impossible has been attempted when he tries to play the Schumann "Novelette in F Major," as much so as when a person color-blind attempts to reproduce the bed of pansies, with all their different colorings, on canvas.

Fortunately there are only a very few persons who are entirely devoid of this sense of rhythm. For all other persons, however faint the sense of rhythm may be, systematic ear-training will accomplish wonders toward gaining concise consciousness of rhythm. It is, therefore, not without reason that the poet speaks of the "harmony of the waves," for most certainly there is rhythmic harmony to be heard.

The sense of pitch relationship of tones and their natural agreement or disagreement is acquired very readily in the case of many persons. The ability of the *hearing ear* in this particular is the foundation of what is commonly called "playing by ear." Having the privilege of hearing good music is a wonderful asset toward this part of a musical training. No wonder that Germany is the home of the thorough musicians! German youths have the opportunity of having their ears trained by hearing good music. Bands as good as Sousa's are within the reach of all. The child who is ac-

customed to hearing his mother sing will most likely imbibe musical tendencies accordingly. For a sound to be musical it must be agreeable to the ear, and there are certain musical habits that have always appealed to the ear; there is a tendency to hold to certain tonalities when once a start has been made. This is the basis for the relationship of keys, and a development of the ear such as will force it to extreme sensitiveness at this point is necessary. It will then be easy for the individual to hear unusual modulations and recognize them as such. Playing in different keys is a strong exercise for cultivating the habit of listening acutely.

As touching the point of musical interpretation the ear—"the vestibule of the soul"—is a most important factor. Judgment as to how a tone should sound must govern the manner of production, both with reference to using the pedals and striking the keys. Lack of intelligent listening is one of the main defects in sight reading because, therefore, the person is incapable of judging if what was heard was identical with what was seen on the printed sheet of music. As one well-known teacher puts it, "He can not describe a circle between the audible and visible in music." As the ear is trained to distinguish relationship of tones by *hearing* music, so also is this most beneficial in order to gain artistic interpretation. "Tone-color production comes by imitation and tone-color understanding by ear."

It is well here to repeat the advice of one teacher who said, "Some instrument other than the human voice should be used as the medium of ear-training. To use the human voice would presuppose infallibility on the part of that organ, and such is not the case. Take instead the piano, with its ready-made tones; it is mechanically accurate."

Systematic ear-training is one of the most important things to be considered in a musical education. "Blind Tom" was a musical freak, not because he had the abnormal individu-

ality of hearing, but because he lacked the education essential to guide that sense of hearing.

The account lately read of the little New England boy who, although only three years old, has only to hear an air once in order to whistle it, no matter how difficult the tune, and can whistle over two hundred airs, proves that he is endowed with an unusually musical ear, which if systematically developed will be wonderful; and, if not, will be abused.

Wherever the *musician* goes he uses his *hearing ear*. In an audience as a listener he has his duty to perform, because a musical education, conducted along right lines, ultimately places a pupil in the audience as an intelligent listener. It is intelligent listening that warrants a reliable critic. February 12th Paderewski played for the first time his new Symphony in B Minor—the one inspired by the 40th anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1863-64, and written as a tribute to his native land. One Boston musical critic said, after having heard him play it, “Mr. Paderewski was far more creative in his playing than with his pen.” Only when one has developed his ear to hear minute details—when he is sure that he has the *hearing ear*—can he afford to make such a statement. Every time an individual goes to a recital and “takes in” music by ear, refusing the aid of the eye, he advances the development of his hearing faculty.

The cause for the dreadful neglect in systematic ear-training is explained by the fact that there are so many unqualified teachers. Teaching, as is usually conducted, gives the music student so many things to “see” that he can not take time to “hear.” It is alarming how few music teachers there are who, upon correcting pupils, say, “Play again and *listen*.” Yes, *listen!* that is the thing which will eradicate wrongs. As a result of systematic ear-training “the attentive and practical ear distinguishes determinate sounds and finds a musical meaning.” In its final analysis the well-trained

ear means alertness, concentration! To grasp, distinguish and classify rhythms and tone relations is the province of the *hearing ear*, which reached such a high point of development in the case of Beethoven that when his physical ear was no longer awake to musical sounds he still heard mentally and spiritually. As a proof of this we have the Ninth Symphony, written in 1822, after Beethoven had been deaf many years. It stands as a monument of the very highest expression of Beethoven's genius, and of the very highest type of the *hearing ear*, which signifies intellectual hearing; its prototype being found in the person who is able to form judgments from a *silent* reading of literature.

Woman's Work in Education in North Carolina.

DORA ALICE HORNADAY, '03.

So much has been said and written about "Woman's Sphere" that the subject has been worn quite threadbare, and a long-suffering public has become "weary oftenwhiles." That term shall not again appear in this writing, but a few thoughts concerning woman's great and important work in the education of the boys and girls of "the dear Old North State" will be set forth. That woman's part in the work of education is great is conceded by all; that her influence is potent through life is known by all, and that her aims and ideals may be high is desired by all. This article is written, not to express new thoughts, but to strengthen old ones, "lest we forget, lest we forget."

Education is the result of training, as determined by the knowledge, skill or discipline of character acquired. In its true sense education has a threefold mission: the training of the physical, the mental and the moral being. In the mental and the moral development woman's influence is most potent. Man is associational in his nature, and he deals with the scientific and business principles of life; woman is introspective in her nature, and she draws out and develops individuality with a gentleness all her own.

In the home the foundation for mental training and moral development is laid. It has been well said, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Woman's influence in training the thoughts and ideals of children is almost supreme in the home, for to her is largely left the care of the little ones. It was the mother of Alfred the Great who first taught him a fondness for learning, and who gave him the first prize for mental labor. Catholics claim that if a child is entrusted

to them until he is twelve years old he is theirs in sympathy always. Right in the home lies the real foundation for character building—the end and aim of education, and the mother's words and actions are as seed that must germinate and bring "forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold." Could North Carolina have produced such men as Nathaniel Macon, Zebulon B. Vance and Thomas J. Jarvis without a noble motherhood? A North Carolinian recently received a great political honor; his first words concerning it were, "I want my mother to know. It is all due to her training." How can any mother be indifferent concerning her influence and responsibilities and irresponsive to the calls made on her? When William McKinley was inaugurated President of the United States, and thousands and tens of thousands of people were gathered in the nation's capital to witness the ceremonies, some one asked Mr. McKinley's mother if she was not proud of her son. In reply she said, "Yes, but I had hoped that my boy would become a Methodist bishop." Is it any wonder that our last martyred President possessed the true Christian spirit and was able to say when dying, "God's way is best; let God's will be done?" It was an Ohio woman who moulded the young life of Mr. McKinley, but Carolina's women have like privileges and powers.

Woman's contribution to education in its technical sense is greatest in the schoolroom. Statistics show that almost three-fourths of the white teachers in North Carolina are women. Last year in our State were employed 7,775 white teachers; of these, 5,534—almost 72 per cent—were women. Thus it is seen that to woman is given, in large measure, to shape and fashion the minds and hearts of the next generation. George Crabbe thus describes a Dame School of the last part of the eighteenth century:

Where a poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits.
Her room is small, they can not widely stray;
Her threshold high, they can not run away.
Though deaf, she sees the rebel-hearers shout;
Though lame, her white rod nimbly walks about.
With band of yarn she keeps offenders in,
And to her gown the sturdiest rogue can pin.
Aided by these, and spells, and tell-tale birds,
Her power they dread and reverence her words.

Now the flower of young womanhood is giving its best efforts exclusively to school work. No longer are small schoolrooms and high thresholds needed to restrain restless crowds of pupils, for a teacher's personality, vivacity and intellect are serving; love has usurped the power of the rod; and true sympathetic force commands from willing subjects due reverence and love.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to speak here of the great work that such institutions as the Normal and Industrial College, the Baptist University, Greensboro Female College, St. Mary's School, and Littleton Female College are doing in preparing young women for their life's work. The light of these institutions is being reflected by their daughters in North Carolina, and, from the mountains to the sea, the light is shining in the dark recesses and corners and illumining our State as it has never been illumined before. Such seats of learning are setting in motion influences that must bring North Carolina nearer the head of the list of the States of the Union in educational matters.

In the home and the school, the two great arenas for mental and moral development, woman's power is supreme. From the cradle to maturity woman's eyes are watching, woman's thought is guiding, woman's work is training, woman's care is sustaining, woman's love is elevating, the movements, the thoughts, the actions, the aspirations, the

ideals, of the youth of our State. To her is largely entrusted the greatest mission on earth, and it is in her power to "raise a soul to heaven" or "draw an angel down." With hearts aglow with love for God and mankind she may perform the greatest work of all great works, and may win the simply grand and grandly sublime commendation, "She hath done what she could."

An Old Fashioned Flower.

—
K. M. H.
—

At the big white church the road turns to the left and leads through a beautiful thick wood. The serpentine path covered with the long slender needles that had fallen from the tall pines that formed a canopy above, emerges into a dark, narrow vista which leads through a clump of thick low pines. The soothing odor of the sweet smelling cones and the softly sighing breezes, moaningly calling, holds the sympathetic soul to inquire the mystery and secret of these whispering boughs. Faint traces of what seems to have been furrows convinces one that this had been a field, long ago abandoned and untilled. But through the dark alley of pines at a short distance, gleams an opening. Where it had been dark with only the faintest gleam of bright sunshine penetrating here and there the dark green of the pines, now it is clear brightness and the day appears a full new dawn.

This little field, the only cleared spot in the woods for miles around, holds one with peculiar interest. There is something mystical but yet alluring in its atmosphere. In the center is a group of green swaying trees, elms, perhaps, bordered on the outskirts by fruit trees that are bent and gnarly from age. One enters by letting down one by one the slender bars, and after placing each in its socket, is led by a neatly trimmed walk to the vine-covered gate. On one side is a close-clipped row of Indigo which the sole owner of the place had been accustomed to raise for dyeing purposes. On the other a row of sweet-scented herbs and simples with here and there beds of favorite flowers. Some thirty yards on the left of the walk, under one of the largest

and oldest apple trees, is a strange-looking little house, which puzzles the strangers by its remoteness from the other buildings as well as its odd appearance. Its roofs are low and overhanging and the timbers so evenly matched that not a crevice is left for the idle, curious boy to peep in; but what is more the curiosity connected with it, is that at neither end nor side is there any door, nor any visible means of opening. Vines having taken it for a well-arranged trellis have almost covered it and the birds have taken it as the best place of all for their parliaments. But leaving this odd little building without knowing when and why it was so built, as many have done before, we return to the walk and keep on our way to the house. A high rose-covered, elongated wall holds within its enclosure a narrow space, but one made beautiful with all that industrious and careful hands could make; so like the soul of the woman whose home and world this little space is. Simple, oh, so simple and artless; but beautiful! This one being has lived here alone for twenty years, discharging with energy and hope the duties of her gardens and home, dealing out love and tenderness, of which her heart is ever full, to the smallest animal, and to the most insignificant flower. About twenty yards apart in this oval-shaped enclosure in opposite corners of the yard repose the only two buildings. The larger is the main house and consists of one large hall with a tiny porch on the front and two small dark rooms on the rear. The other which serves as a kitchen is one large room, the floor of which is the solid earth and the fireplace large enough for several chairs and a small table, besides all of the cooking utensils. There is always room and welcome to many pets who have distinct individualities and tastes that are perceived only through the eyes of their mistress, and her own peaceful temperament. In the summer evening twilights, several big bouncing frogs are

seen hopping about the hearth with no timidity in search of their evening meal.

Cleanliness furnishes only the abstract idea in comparison to the utmost extreme to which this quality is insisted upon and order is only a mockery to the regular plans and methods by which everything is invariably done. Even the making of a bed requires the useless folding of sheets and spreads only to be unfolded a few moments later in the same process of making. The preparation of the simplest dinner requires the most fastidious care and as much time as the modern five-course dinner. No pan, pail or dish ever dares leave its mistress's hands without going through the third rinsing water, and so numerous are the changes and processes toward cleanliness in the dressing of a fowl that the most assured finds himself becoming doubtful.

At the rear of the two houses are the vegetable gardens, each of which contains the most varied collection and is cared for with the greatest childlike love. The little rusty hoe can be heard at odd moments of the day scratch, scratching, while never a word is spoken unless to an idle cat that comes purring about her feet. The space between the houses is given to grass, flowers and the well. This is the most inviting spot that sprite ever knew. It suggests every idea of refreshing with its tall waving chamomile, tansy, mint and catnip filling the air with a delightful aroma and its water lilies and green velvet grass, receiving a fresh baptism each time the moss-covered bucket rises dripping from the well. It is just the place where a youthful pair like to linger, and over the curb search for the secret that lies as deep in their own heart-wells as the water below into which they gaze.

Along the narrow walks, wide borders of rich old-fashioned flowers make a most gorgeous display but the effect is

Japanese and rather pleasing. Intermingled are bachelor buttons, larkspur, hollyhocks, four-o'clocks, touch-me-nots, blue-bells and buttercups, with here and there a monthly blooming single-petal rose bush. What this world of flowers means to its owner, only the cultivated and keenly sensitive flower lover can know. Though cold and lonely her life seems to be, there's a genial warmth of love and tenderness that has found its way into her otherwise dark and cheerless soul, from that close companionship with flowers. She has talked face to face and heart to heart with them and in return for her care and love, they have given her the secret of their golden hearts.

The neatness of her household is only surpassed by the neatness of her person, and her mannerism of speech only adds to her eccentric personality. No garment she wears comes but from the chest of her own early weavings, even her slatted straight bonnets and her tiny aprons. Her capes are of different sizes and as she wears as many as three, the shortest comes on top. Her skirts in order to escape the morning dew are neatly tucked about her waist but even at full length never touch her shoe tops. But beneath the homespun bonnet and handwoven cape gleams an eye that is true and beats a heart that is faithful. That her lot is this we see by stepping back twenty years.

William Curtis never had the serenity of soul and gentleness of spirit that so characterized Nancy Curtis, his faithful and enduring wife. In fact his life had not been exemplary or what would to-day be considered as passing well. He is now in middle age and since the death of his only son, William Gilbert Curtis, he has been enveloped in leaded skies.

As the vigor of manhood begins to flow downward and age and helplessness to show signs of approach, he grieves more genuinely the loss of his son. William Curtis was the last

of a grand old name and now that no deed nor heir of his should keep his name alive, how could he endure it! The star of his future led on but he could not follow far, the clouds and the voice of life called but were only dimly heard. But it was not to continue long thus, but was to bring a happy change in the little golden-haired Nellie, who like a stray evening beam, lost from the sunset, tinged this dark home with a golden glow. Nellie was one of those rare gifts in the form of an orphan babe and had found her way here while in the prattling age, the one time of babyhood that most appeals to an old man. But William Curtis remained more or less neutral in feeling toward his little ward till one day in a cheerful mood he lifted her in his arms and feeling her tiny baby hands upon his face heard her call "Daddy." An impulsive thrill shot through his breast and by degrees the terrible shadow began to leave him. For William Curtis a new day had dawned, the horizon of the future was brighter but by no means clear. His love and tenderness increased more and more for Nellie until the two became dependent upon each other. All went well in this little household and as Nellie grew from childhood to girlhood, several happy years were added to the experience of this old couple.

The old thought of his name's dying with him had almost passed out of the memory of William Curtis till one day he was taken suddenly ill. The shadow again began to settle down upon him. He had been a chronic sufferer for several years but never before had he been confined to his room and his own idle thoughts for amusement. During these days, Nellie was indispensable to the old man, the deeds of her little hands were always pleasing. But having grown weaker, he suddenly succumbed under a great physical and mental depression. The good old family physician, Dr. Benson, of

the near-by village, was called. He toiled patiently and long to relieve him but it was a question of only a few days. Throughout his life, the old man had had utmost faith in his doctor but now his appeal must be made higher. He had lapsed into a subconscious state reviving only at intervals. Nellie had gone out of his life and now he broods over the old grief that was to haunt his last days. In his wild moments, his groans changed to lamentations and what was only the idea before now becomes a grim monster. His terrors grow real and his imagination runs wild.

However, the last hour brings a peaceful calm. His mental poise returns and with it a seeming bodily composure. Though rational, his gaze seems visionary and his thoughts are directed far away. There seems to be yet another word before his agitated mind sinks into its last rest. Fixing his gaze upon the old physician, he said: "Doctor, Nellie is yours, take her, educate her and never let her forget her Daddy Curtis." Then to his wife, "Nancy, all else is yours and these be my last words:

"I go as must my name.
Conceal my unhonored grave,
Or my spirit returns to wreak my vengeance on
Whoever treads upon
Or looks upon
My nameless grave."

Nellie's little world now changes into a great fairy world. She is taken into the doctor's home and knows no want. But she never forgets the good mother who so reluctantly and grievously gave her up at the request of her husband and who faithfully heeded and guarded the gruesome request of concealing his grave. Thus the little vine-covered house under the apple tree, and the full bloom of an old-fashioned flower.

L. F. C. Forever!

L. E. L.

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 Hurrah! Hurrah! Our college so great!

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 Let her name be upheld by her love-loyal daughters;
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 God's blessing be with her and the blessings of Heaven!

To the hope of the land and to womanhood's glory,
 Let her daughters together proclaim the glad story!
 Where knowledge and freedom and truth smile before us,
 Raise aloud, raise together the heart-thrilling chorus!

The Chatterbox.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$1.00: Single Copy, 15 Cents.

For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

Entered as second-class matter, November 20, 1908, at the post-office at Littleton, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

CHATTERBOX STAFF.

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ANNIE GRIGGS, '10. Y. W. C. A.	ELIZABETH HARRISS, '09 . Exchanges
	MATTIE MOORE, '10. Joke Editor.

Editorial.

When the vast machinery of a year's work flies steadily on and on, the victims invariably feel that either a pause or a *break-down* must finally ensue. The mechanism is propelled by nature, and can not attain perpetual motion.

Just at such a critical moment a welcome change checked the progress of the "grind" of the editorial staff this month. What a privilege it is to have had worthy predecessors! Those kindly, sympathetic souls who know just where the burdens press heaviest, and just when their assistance is most gratefully received. Their generous contributions, in this issue, have meant much to us, and are destined to mean even more to our readers.

And so we edit this issue of the *JOURNAL*, with a pardonable degree of pride in our College family tree. Its massive trunk, having stood the storms of passing years, is a comforting assurance of our future strength. May this, the April number of the *CHATTERBOX*, shed the exhilarating fragrance of spring-time blossoms on the widely-spreading branches of the ancient tree! May the memories forgotten during the oblivion of winter, bloom once more in the hearts of our former graduates, as they are brought in touch with the fond associations of their Alma Mater, in the spring time of remembrance!

Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE GRIGGS, '10.

Miss Thorne led the Y. W. C. A. service Sunday evening, March the seventh. It being the evening for the devotional service, Miss Thorne brought before us some of the many responsibilities which rest upon each girl. The service was enjoyed by all.

The delegates, Misses Reade Pittman, Cora Womble and Iola Massey, who were sent to Raleigh, made their reports Saturday evening, which were much enjoyed by all.

We were delighted to have Miss Garrison, the traveling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Association of the Y. W. C. A. with us a few days. Miss Garrison spoke to us Sunday evening, March the fourteenth. She took for her subject, "Let the manner of your life so shine that you may be worthy of the Gospel of Christ."

The third Sunday evening, March the twenty-first, was the missionary meeting. After Miss Kate Blakeney made a very impressive talk on this subject, Miss Bradshaw told us some of the many ways mission study benefits us. The following Monday several mission study classes were organized. We are sure that we shall take more interest in missions after we learn more about the work.

The fourth Sunday Miss Davidson gave us a most interesting talk on the ways in which we are benefited by the Y. W. C. A., and Miss Herring told us all about the financial affairs. After this Miss Reade Pittman made an appeal to the girls, in behalf of the Asheville delegation, to pledge themselves to give any amount of money they wished to. In a short time she had the promise of seventy-five dollars. The cabinet felt so thankful for this that they met with the former cabinet and the Advisory Board in a thanksgiving meeting.

Alumnae Notes.

Viola Boddie, Class of 1886, and also an alumna of Peabody Normal, Nashville, Tennessee, has been a prominent member of the Faculty of State Normal, Greensboro, N. C., since the founding of that institution.

Mary Wyche, Class of 1889, is head nurse at Watts Hospital, Durham, N. C.

Nena Thorne, Class of 1900, is teaching in Port Arthur, Texas.

Kate Herring, '02, also '06, of Trinity, is teaching English and German at Louisburg College.

The girls of '03 will be interested to know that Beatrice Jenkins, after graduating at the Bible Training School, Nashville, Tenn., married Rev. Mr. Gamble. They sailed last fall as missionaries to Korea.

Sallie Lowder, '03, also a graduate of the Scarritt Bible Training School, Kansas City, is doing work at Roberdel, N. C., as pastor's assistant.

Ellen Gainey, '04, who for the past two years has been doing Mill Settlement work in McColl and Bennettsville, S. C., is now a student at the Bible Training School, Nashville, Tenn.

Belle Evans, '05, and Miriam Best, '06, are studying music at the Faelten Pianoforte School, Boston, Mass.

Hattie Green, '06, is now at B. T. S., Nashville, Tenn., and expects to sail next fall as a missionary to Korea.

The noble band of '08, nineteen in number, are all teaching. Shall we be able to say this next year this time? Ask the two who are teaching in Oklahoma.

Our Alumnae are scattered from Massachusetts to Texas, from Oklahoma to Florida. To one and all we send greetings, and extend a cordial invitation to visit their Alma Mater.

Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

An exchange editor in calling attention to our lack of verse, suggested the using of "cuts." Now we think it is all right to use clever clippings in the joke departments, but when it comes to substituting other folk's talent in the place of our own originality, however poor that be, we think it's six of one and a half-dozen of the other. Can't you think of some other plan?

The Randolph-Macon Monthly has a very full number this issue. The stories are many in number and on the whole are very interesting. There is only one adverse criticism to offer, the stories are too much alike, there is not enough contrast, they all border on the supernatural. Imagination is one of the greatest things a mind can possess, but when that imagination is stretched to its utmost limit it becomes a curse. The verse is not especially good, the thought seems to be too commonplace.

This issue of *The Winthrop College Journal* is published by the Senior Class, and does credit to them. The first story, "An Affair of Love" is told in a charming manner; all the innocence and thoughtlessness of childhood is depicted in well-chosen phrases, as well as childish indignation and wrath. "For the Honor of the Class" is put in a well-condensed form and shows the temptation and resistance in a clear way. *Casilda*, while we know absolutely nothing of the Spanish language, is, as we imagine characteristic of the Spanish tales. Some of the sentences and even the phrases are very strong, which always adds to the beauty and power of a story.

The College Message has by far the best number that they have published. The departments are full and well written, they show both thought and study. The stories are good and the sketches are especially good, they are interesting and instructive.

There is one thing we would like to suggest to the *State Normal Magazine*, and that is that they cut the leaves of their magazine. It's not much fun to an exchange editor to have to stop every two minutes to clip the leaves, when she has only three minutes to spare. However, the suggestion is made with all kindness and love.

We gratefully acknowledge *The Wofford College Journal*, *The Clemson College Chronicle*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Guidon*, *The College Message*, *The Graded School Hustler*, *The Athenian*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *The Tattler*, but where is *The Red and White*?

Current Comments

EMMA WILCOX, '09.

One good editor has summed up the beginning administration as the second "era of good feeling." He might have added a little sympathy for the Africans, since they have gained, for awhile, what we have lost.

* * *

Europe comments favorably on our new President.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt is seeking popularity in Africa.

* * *

Central American States must seek fame from other sources, since the United States and Mexico are prepared to force Nicaragua to observe the terms of the recent Central American Convention.

* * *

Our sympathies are all with China. It is really pathetic to note the struggle for reformation. It must either result in her Europeanization, social, political, and military, or else sink her even deeper into Oriental stagnation. Unless her system of finance management and taxation is improved, the latter condition will surely be the result. What marvelous opportunities there are for China, with her mineral wealth and natural resources! All that is needed is some leader capable of impressing his will upon the natives, and of modernizing her antiquated methods of commercial activity and international trade. Her people stand, bewildered, ready, and waiting, for such a leader.

* * *

Roosevelt's "shadow" is still dealing with two of the domestic quarrels; the tariff and the currency.

Have You Heard the Latest?

“Laugh and the world laughs with you.”

Jokes.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

Oh! that life were filled with smiles and not mopes.

Oh! that life were filled with laughter and not croaks.

Oh! that Littleton College were filled with *facts* and not *jokes*.

* * *

Miss Sturdivent to Miss Blakeney: “Have you found any lines in Ulysses that Matthew Arnold would call stepping stones? (touch stones).”

* * *

Miss Davidson, English teacher: “What was the belief of the Whigs, Miss Tory?”—meaning Miss Culbreth.

* * *

One of the girls in speaking of the science building said: “Well, they call it the “Silent” building, but I don’t see that it is any more quiet out there than it is in the main building.”

* * *

Miss Davidson: “Miss F—, name some other writers of the nineteenth century.”

Miss F—, quickly: Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning and er—

Miss Davidson: Ah! Mrs. Browning has been married—(named).

* * *

Miss McCullen, after giving a brief sketch of Browning’s life, ended up by saying that he died in Westminster Abbey.

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 Virginia Pittman..... Secretary
 Maud Satterthwaite..... Treasurer
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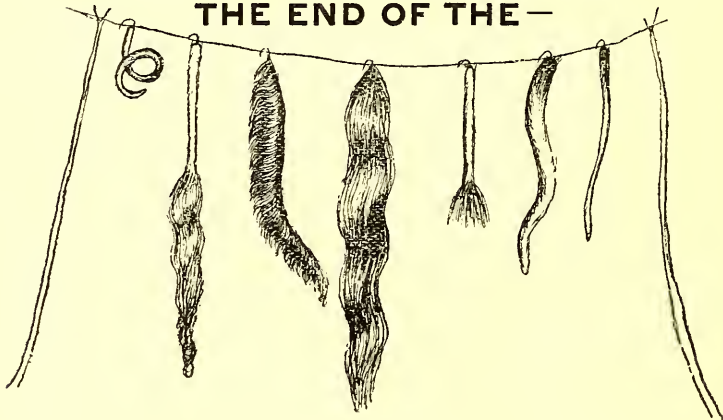
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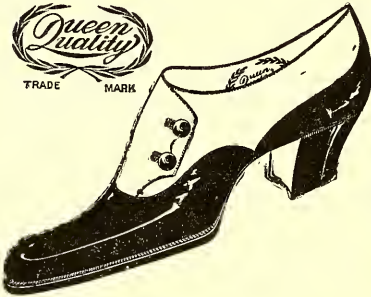
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