

General

The Chatterbox


Volume II

Number I



OCTOBER, 1907

LITTLETON COLLEGE LITTLETON, N. C.



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The Chatterbox.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 1.

Literary Department.

Matthew Arnold—His twofold service to English Literature.

CLEE REEL, '08.

“Is it for this because the sound
Is fraught too deep with pain,
That Obermann! the world around
So little loves thy strain?”

So writes Matthew Arnold, and is it not applicable to the poet himself? Yet, I say, that if he is not loved by the world at large, by those who understand him he is loved devotedly. In studying him we find that his is a twofold service to English literature and thought; that is, as a critic and as a poet.

As a critic his merit is already recognized by those who are capable of judging and appreciating such. There is little that stands in the way of his promotion in that line. Of course, there are some slight imperfections in his great “Essays in Criticism,” chief among which is repetition. Even this is regarded by some as not an imperfection, but rather as one of Arnold’s excellent devices by which he so indelibly stamps a thing on one’s mind. We learn that his criticisms are steeped in culture; that he turned over and over his Greek models and brought everything to the classic touchstone. You may say, but what’s the need of all that—does it not tend toward another Classic Age? And that you’d rather have the

simple, spontaneous writings from the writer not under the restraint of such laws of culture, etc. Yet, you would have your literature rank with the best, would you not? Then follow the guidance of the one who would have you know the best which is thought and known in the world.

Besides, how can you help appreciating this criticism when you remember how much easier it is for a poet to express noble thought in fitting words when good models and good usage are already established and he does not have to exhaust his energy in trying to find some appreciable way of expressing himself? And because Matthew Arnold spent so much of his time in the cause of education, and stood for culture and classic qualities in literature, he did not demand that a poet should follow this course in so far as it should in the least interfere with the expression of noble and beautiful thought and deep emotion. For who loved Wordsworth and Browning more than he did? Surely there is no one who can not see the benefit of a good criticism; for while it is not, perhaps, prompted by as noble thought and deep feeling, yet how necessary it is for the bringing about of an age wherein a poet may easily express noble thought in fitting language and style. And I say that such is Matthew Arnold's criticism. It is clear, penetrating, to the point, yet sympathetic and just. Indeed, he was the first to bring it to its true significance.

Very likely you will say, "Oh, yes, we recognize all this, but (as many have said) the critics are only those who have failed in literature and art, and Matthew Arnold is no exception to the rule. He only strove to make up for his inability to write poetry by criticising others." I say, he is an incarnate contradiction to the false epigram. I know there are reasons why his poetry should not be classed as the very highest. One of these is his theology and view of life, which, while they are the honest convictions of an intelligent, spiritual-minded man, can not be the benefit and blessing to all classes that Browning's optimism is. Another is the imper-

fection of his ear for rhythm. Granting these, I say, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, "Enough of his faults; he was a very great man." Even tho his poetry has not always an entirely perfect rhythm, it has a clearness of thought and depth of sincerity which is lacking in that of many who enjoy a temporary popularity. As he showed in his criticisms the importance of knowing the best which is known and thought in the world, his poetry shows that he followed the standard. And he wrote things which will be of interest to coming generations—poetry which may be enjoyed not only by English, but by French, German, Italian, or Greek. For instance, his "Sohrab and Rustum," "Tristram and Iseult," "Alaric at Rome," and others. "Rugby Chapel" is a beautiful poem, and one which may not be easily forgotten. In his best poetry he shows great imaginative power, vividness of portrayal, beauty of thought, and a true conception of the emotions of life. Why, then, should they not stand the test? "He is all fault who has no fault at all," and even if we can not agree with him when he says

"Leave then the cross as ye have left carved gods,
But guard the fire within"

there are plenty of things to make up for this seeming lack of religion. For instance, his tribute to all religions

"Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on dry hearts like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man,
Thou must be born again?"

And while some of his verses, like the waves of which he speaks in "Dover Beach" "bring the eternal note of sadness in," he portrayed life as he found it. Is it not so that

"Most men eddy about,
Here and there, eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft; are hurled in the dust
Striving blindly, achieving nothing"?

or, as he, on the other hand, pictures the long, steep journey of those who

“Not with the crowd to be spent
In an eddy of purposeless dust.”

What is more pathetic than the picture of these as the storm comes upon them, and

“Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm and
We, we only are left ! and
At nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs .
Holds the lantern to scan
Our stormbeat faces and asks
Whom in our party we bring,
Whom we have left in the snow.

Is not this truth carried into the heart by passion? “But,” you may say, “why all this bringing out of the bad side of life?” I say, this has a good influence. It makes us see the folly of frivolous living and seek to live calm, peaceful lives. But he did not always bring out the bad. What is more beautiful than his tribute to his father?

“So tempered with fire
Fervent, heroic and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind;
Ye like angels appear
Radiant with ardor divine.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march
On, to the bounds of the waste,
On to the City of God.”

Then I say, that this poetry, although it is called the poetry of doubt, is poetry full of truth; that it teaches self-reliance, calmness and true nobleness; shows a desire for knowledge of truth; that it is the rhythmical, imaginative language expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight

of the human soul; and therefore, the best of it deserves to rank *with* the best—I don't claim *as* the best—poetry.

We can not fully estimate his greatness if we separate his poetry from his criticism. Although each by itself is a great work, yet it is as the poet and critic, the man who practised what he preached, that he survives. In this, his two-fold service, he did much to sting the consciences into a much healthier moral state, and by reminding the people of the importance of good criticism and highest qualities in literature, he did for literature almost what Ruskin did for art. "His best works, extracting golden ore from the buried accumulations of the past and handing it down to the future, are," as Mr. Paul says, "enough to make a man a classic and preserve his memory from decay."

A Japanese Idyl—with Apologies to Onto Watanna.

(Which proves that Japan is more than the land of the
 “songless birds, seedless oranges, odorless flowers
 and tailless cats.” It is as well the land of sunlit
 romance, of American navy officers and
 dainty geisha girls!)

’08.

“You no lige those liddle bit cherry blossom shower?”

Dozing lazily on the velvety turf of the grassy slope beneath, canopied overhead by the spreading branches of an old cherry tree, which with its multitudinous blossoms might well appear to the imaginative eye a bank of new-fallen snow, suspended in mid air,—dimly conscious of the delicate fragrance around me, and over all the glorious sunshine that nowhere glints so brightly as in the “land of the rising sun,” I was aroused suddenly from my state of semi-stupor by the descent of a perfect avalanche of the white flakes from the snow bank into my face. With returning consciousness, it did not take me long to surmise the cause of my sudden recall from Dreamland; and even if my mind had lacked certainty in this wise, confirmation was not long wanting. For peeping from behind the stout old trunk of my friend, the cherry tree, twinkled two mischievous black eyes, overtopped by a mass of wondrous hair, wondrously arranged; and lest I should become alarmed at the phantasy of a pair of lustrous eyes and a suit of equally lustrous hair appearing detached and issuing from the trunk of a cherry tree, a gay bit of colored kimono thrust itself out some three feet lower down, while a mocking voice inquired how I “liged those liddle bit cherry blossom shower.”

“Yo San,” said I, sternly, “don’t you know it’s very wrong of you to frighten an invalid that way—a man who has been sick for two months and is now a guest in your father’s house? I shall tell your father!”

Issuing quickly from her hiding place behind the tree, Yo San became all contrition and sank in a disconsolate little heap before me.

"Yaes," she said, raising herself to a sitting posture, the corners of her scarlet mouth descending penitently, "I know it's ver' wrong for play fun on those inv'lid lige that; 'n I nod do those no more, if you nod tell my father. I exspieg' he be ver' angry if I been naughty and he mage me marry Len Fu ride soon. Thad so bad!" The confession ended in a wail of woe.

"Never mind, Yo San," said I, in my turn struck with penitence for the havoc I had wrought. "I was only playing a practical joke on you to pay you back. I won't tell your father; so be comforted, little maid. 'N why don'd you wand marry Len Fu ride soon?" I teased, taking her hand in mine.

"I nod love Len Fu, Ex'lency," she admitted, blushing crimson under my searching gaze. "'N I nod lige marry with him."

"Well, Miss Fastidiousness, I am sure Len Fu is a very worthy young man. Will you graciously condescend to tell me *what* sort of man would suit your highness's fancy?" I pursued.

"I lige 'Merican gendleman—who thad is so brave and handsome," she answered, glancing up at me coquettishly through the long fringe of her black lashes.

I dropped the child's hand and arose restlessly. What madness was this that I was on the point of committing—I, John Middleton, of the United States Marine Service, now released temporarily from active service to recover from a four weeks' attack of severe illness? Yo San, a perfect child; the daughter of my host, too,—a courteous and honorable Japanese gentleman, with a capacity for loyalty and friendship that might put to shame many an Anglo-Saxon;

a man, moreover, who had done me the kindness to take me into his home and keep me there while I regained my slowly returning strength. Child of sixteen as she was, too, she had been betrothed after the Japanese fashion to a man much older than she was—for the sake of gaining wealthy and influential family connections. And of women and of love—surely I had had enough. The memory of the parting scene with the woman I had hoped one day to call my wife, her cool affirmation of her preference for the other fellow, her continued silence since then—all were too vividly impressed upon my mind for me to forget easily. Could I, who had failed to find constancy in one who seemed the pearl of womanhood, hope to find it in this little Japanese maiden? Beautiful she was undoubtedly, in her quaint, Oriental way, with her large, lustrous, almond-shaped eyes, shining black hair and crimson mouth—an appealing, childish sort of beauty; and with her heroic efforts to learn “Aenglish” for the sake of speaking it with me, she had all but bewitched me. Find faith and loyalty here—why not?

But what if I could? All my antipathy to the Anglo-Japanese marriage in any shape or form came back to me with renewed force; and oblivious to the freshness and fragrance around me, equally blind to the greenness of the gently rolling hills and the whiteness of Fusi-yama’s snow-capped peak in the distance, I stalked moodily off down the slope, leaving Yo San beneath the cherry blossoms with the tears in her eyes.

* * * * *

Returning at the noon hour for my rice and tea (they have perpetual invalid’s diet in Japan, you see!), I entered the dainty morning room and took my accustomed place—on the lacquered floor. Yo San’s father, irreproachably polite as he always was, wore on his face to-day an expression of mingled gravity and importance. My curiosity was mildly excited, and after the usual greetings were over I finally inquired if anything of unusual interest had taken place.

"Business conducts itself very much after the same humble fashion," he returned; "but your Excellency knows it is not every day that one gives away a daughter in marriage."

"What do you mean?" I asked, now vividly alive with interest.

"The father of Len Fu has held an august conference with me to-day, and next week my daughter will go to the home of Len Fu as his wife. Yo San is not pleased, but the wishes of girls are not to be consulted in such a case," he continued in a majestic manner.

"Len Fu—he's been here!—oh, what the—where is Yo San?" I burst out tumultuously. Remembering in a moment with what aversion the child had looked forward to the hated marriage and realizing at the same time my own decided feeling in the matter, I added as I flung out of the room: "Well, sir, if I can have anything to do with it, Yo San will not marry Len Fu this week nor next week, nor any body else any week—except myself!"

I said no more, but made straight for the cherry tree where I knew I should find her. It was always her retreat in time of trouble; and sure enough, there I found her, face downward upon the grassy slope, a pathetic heap of bright color against the dark green.

"Yo San," said I, raising her up and taking the tear-stained face between my hands, "you shall not marry Len Fu—if you will marry me. You little witch, you know I love you. Will you?"

"If you nod playing joge with me—*yaes*," she said.

Browning—A Personal Opinion.

BERNICE HORNADAY '08.

While some may say that Browning's writings are unintelligible, it can not be denied that his place among the Victorian poets is very high. He was a man of great intellect, a deep thinker, and a great poet. He was not one who was guided by the writers who had preceded him; not one who was afraid to venture from the classic school; but on the contrary, he was a leader of his times, compelling others to follow him. His writings are not enjoyed by all because all do not care to put time and thought on them, but those who do enjoy them are generally the ones who care to think—those who are not reading merely for a pastime, but to learn and be benefited. Perhaps he was not so versatile as some others, but his productions are as great, and I think he should be classed among the greatest English poets.

He was a man of deep religious convictions. Though England was in an unsettled condition concerning the views of religion, Browning stood as a firm believer and great religious teacher. He believed in an after-world, and thought that humans were permitted to live on earth to prepare for the world to come. His was not a religious faith to be used only occasionally, but one that was helpful to him at all times; one that he never threw aside. He contributed much towards the uplifting of Christianity and the elevation of man's ideals. I admire a man who, like Browning, stands strong and firm in his convictions and is not swayed by the different passions of his time. And I like a religion like Browning's, one that will not evade, but meet the conflicts of life and conquer them. "To him God, the soul, and personal immortality are the fundamental and all-important facts." He was, indeed, "one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."

Browning had a cheerful, hopeful, happy disposition. He was strong and healthy and as a result he did not take the dark view of life which many do. He found beauty and happiness in the world about him. I enjoy being in the company of one who is happy and is not continually complaining about those things which are unavoidable. Browning was a man like that. His home was the center of a lively, cultured class who loved to be with Browning and hear him talk. Of course, I think there are many unpleasant things in life which one daily meets with, but, like Browning, I think the best way to meet these is to be as hopeful and cheerful as possible. As a man, Browning was very popular with all, simply because of his happy, genial disposition. He had a hearty pleasure not only in physical, but in intellectual activity. Life is certainly, to a degree, what one makes it, and I especially like the view of life that Browning took. Even when wrong seemed to triumph over right he did not think that was the final end, but believed "though right were worsted," wrong would not in the end be conqueror. In many of his writings the happy side of his life is clearly shown, and this makes me like him and his writings all the more.

His style is rather rugged and abrupt, but while many censure it I like it, for it seems to me that it makes the thought more impressive. I will admit that sometimes his style is not so good and is obscure, and that it might have been better had he been more careful and not so original, but it does contain strength and vigor. Perhaps the reason Browning's style is not considered good by many is because he did not try to hit their mark, but wrote in the way he considered best. Some say his writings are obscure because of his intellectual vanity, and that he loved to write that which others could not understand, but I do not at all agree with them in this, for if it were so he would have written only simple things, realizing his superiority to the common lot of man. I think

some of Browning's poems are as musical and as full of melody as the writings of any other poet. It is certainly not always like that which we have been accustomed to, but that is one thing that makes me appreciate it more. I like it not only because it is well suited to the sense but because it is a departure from the style which has gone before.

Then Browning is capable of revealing many different kinds of characters to us. I think from reading his works one would judge that he knew much about all classes of humanity, for he can so well portray them to us that we feel as if they are before us. Generally the dramatic monologue, a work in which Browning was most efficient, was employed when he wanted to make the character especially clear to us. In revealing characters I agree with the one who said about him "He shows a wide range of knowledge and sympathy."

The thought in Browning's works is truly deep—so deep at times that it is with difficulty we are able to understand the true meaning. He meant to have "strength and suggestiveness rather than beauty" in his writings, and often the cause of the rugged style is due to his negligence of it in his earnest desire to have strong thought. He had a great love for art and music. In music he thought things could be expressed, when elsewhere they could not. I think he must have felt that music draws one nearer God, for as often he employs songs and music when expressing some of his greatest thoughts. Is it not enough proof that Browning did love art to read the lines:

"We'er made so that we love
 First when we see them printed, things we
 have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.
 Art was given for that;
 God uses us to help each other so,
 Lending our minds out."

But the thing that struck me most forcibly in his writings is the religious element which runs through all his works. In nearly all of his writings lessons are taught that would be

helpful and uplifting to any that may care to take and use them. In "Pippa Passes" he clearly shows that all could be happy if they would only trust and have faith in God. Browning's were lofty aspirations and noble ideals. He teaches that we should set our ideals high and come as near grasping them as possible, and not give up simply because we can not attain the heights to which we aspire. I like the way in which he looks at the work of mortals here below. He thinks we should so improve our earthly opportunities that we may well be prepared for the happier ones awaiting the faithful. All this is brought out in his different poems. In one of his poems he clearly expresses what I most emphatically believe—that the mixture of good and evil "is a marvel and a curse." When one is really wicked all know it and are not led by him, but when good and bad are mixed, we are often deceived into doing wrong before we realize that the one influencing us is really not good. Browning truly believed that the soul was the supreme interest of life, and that it was well worth study.

Thus, I think, that many who censure Browning as a poet would fully realize his worth if they would only spend some time in trying to learn more about him, and that it is often the case that the reason he is not so well appreciated as some other poets is because people have not tried to understand him.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lillian Bridges Stewart.

ANNIE CREWS, '08.

‘Twas thine curb the passions’ madd’ning sway,
 And wipe the mourner’s bitter tears away ;
 Twas thine to soothe, when hope itself had fled,
 And cheer with angels’ smile the sufferer’s bed ;
 To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
 One only task—to be bless and to be blest.”

In the fall of 1904, Littleton College was highly honored by having Lillian Estelle Bridges a member of its faculty. She had been with us but a very short time when every one in the building recognized that she was God’s child, and that she had religion pure and undefiled. So filled was she with the Holy Spirit that she was enabled to perform life’s duties, both temporal and spiritual, with courage, comfort and delight.

No girl, who was under her influence, even in the classroom, could fail to see the spirit of the Christ beaming in her every act, her every word. At all times she was led by God; and because of her beautiful character, her noble, helpful life in our College Home, its influence here will never die, but will continue to live and bless others.

It had been, since childhood, her one desire to become a missionary, and in the fall of 1906, God called her to be co-worker with Rev. S. A. Stewart in Kobe, Japan. It afforded Littleton College much pleasure to assume Mrs. Stewart’s salary, and we felt that she was our representative in the foreign field. But God, in His wisdom, saw fit to take this beloved, useful one from us after she had served only eight months in the missionary work.

Little Lillian was left to be trained and fitted, we hope, to carry out the mother's great ambition—that of winning souls to Christ.

In honor of Mrs. Stewart, there is to be erected in Kobe, Japan, just opposite the house once occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth, since occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, a "Lillian Stewart Memorial Hall." This building is to be used for teaching the Japanese business men English. One-fourth of the time is to be given to the study of the Bible, and in this way many will hear of the Christ who gave Himself for the redemption of mankind. The College inmates and former pupils who knew Mrs. Stewart, are glad to contribute to the erection of this building which will stand through ages as a monument of the noble work begun by her.

To Mr. Stewart the College extends a heartfelt sympathy, and we pray God's blessing upon this great work.

Autumn.

CLARA HEARNE, '08.

Autumn! why dost thou make us feel so sad?
Thou makest the whole earth seem to die.
Couldst thou not make each heart be glad,
And drive from each the frown and sigh?

We were not made to sigh and grieve
O'er scenes that quickly pass away,
Yet, when the trees their bright robes leave
It turns to sadness the once bright day.

Earth changes and puts down a carpet of brown
That makes her lonely and drear.
The nuts from the trees come dropping down,
Sound lonesome to all save the squirrel's ear.

The gay little birds all go to their home,
Keeping their songs for a bright spring day,
When the buds and leaves again shall come
And the fields with flowers are gay.

The woods look solemn, the winds all sigh,
Seeming to grieve for a newly lost friend.
Awake and brighten thy dull gray sky
And bring this sadness all to an end!

Gwendolin's Love.

M. B. H. '09.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country making love to first one girl and then another, nothing was more pleasant to me than to sit in some quiet, secluded spot away off in the meadow with the one I loved best and talk about—well, first of all, the beautiful environments.

The song of the bird, the hum of the bee, the murmur of stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft luxuriousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with her mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep, tender blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with exquisite delight and we revel in the pleasures of mere sensation.

However, this conversation does not last long; it is soon changed into—what lovers would say—a more unique one. So I said to her: “Oh, dear, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings and fly away from me thou wouldst also do the same.”

“Nay, Mr. Wright,” said Gwendolin softly, “I love not thy dollars, but thee alone.”

Then drawing her head down upon my shoulder, and folding my arms about her slender form, I said: “Gwendolin, wilt thou be true?”

Quick as a flash, she separated herself from me, saying, “If thou doubtest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the Jamestown Exposition. Give it to the President of Littleton College for the erection of a fountain on the campus. Give it to any one who is suffering.”

“No,” I straightway made answer unto her, “I could not do that, dear.”

“Then give it to your son,” said Gwendolin, “if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow pennies and silver dollars.”

I then drew myself up to my full height. She flew to my

arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm white arms about my neck, she sobbed until the tears fell down and soiled her dainty white dress, and I gave my fortune to my son.

Faithful Gwendolin then married the son and went on about her business. I sometimes think a woman has a right to change her mind, anyway.

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.

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BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Editorial.

The purpose of every college magazine, most of all, is to increase college spirit among the student body. It is that which lends enthusiasm and inspiration to college life and makes it, work and all, a pleasure instead of drudgery. We find, I am very sorry to say, entirely too little of this spirit existing in the minds and hearts of our girls. This should not be so.

It is with this motive in view that we, the Staff of 1907-8, put before our readers the first number of THE CHATTERBOX, and we hope that you will not criticize us too harshly, as we have labored under many difficulties.

We need, to make our magazine a success this year, the hearty co-operation of all the students and former students of the institution, for without their help we fail in making the magazine a true index to our college work.

We are very grateful to those who have already supported us so heartily, and we hope at an early date to add many new subscriptions to our list.

D. W. C. A.

MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON, '09.

On reaching here in September and learning that neither our President, Miss Cassie Griggs nor our Vice-President, Miss Annie Shotwell, were with us, we felt that the Association had received a wound which would be very hard to heal. But new officers were soon elected, Miss Lottie Lee being wisely chosen as President, under whose direction the work is progressing beautifully. The new officers are: Miss Lottie Lee, President; Miss Vela Walker, Vice-President; Miss Mary Mayo, Secretary; and Miss Mollie Stephenson, Treasurer.

There is already a larger number enrolled than every before. It is hoped that every girl in the Institution will soon become a member. We have many reasons for believing that this will be the most successful year of the Association thus far.

Miss Annie Crews—one of our delegates to Asheville last June—has given to the Association a very brilliant and impressive report of the Convention.

Owing to the vacant offices at the beginning of the scholastic year, we were later than usual in giving the reception to the new girls. This took place on the evening of October the 7th. Six monkey shows added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Refreshments were served on the front veranda.

We are very glad to have among us as Bible teacher Miss Nutt, of Texas. The Association is very proud to have her as a member, she is entering upon the work so enthusiastically. Since she has been with us she has won the love of everyone, has been instrumental in leading a number of unsaved souls to Christ, and, in fact, has shown herself in every way to be worthy of the great work committed to her charge.

Surely no sadder news ever reached us than that from

Kobe, Japan, last July—the death of Mrs. Lillian Bridges Stewart. Mrs. Stewart was a member of Littleton College faculty two years ago, and was loved and admired by all who knew her; and her death was keenly felt by all. Yet we know our loss was her gain. We are praying that some one of our number will fill the vacancy of Mrs. Stewart.

We greatly enjoyed a visit last week from the former Principal of Palmore Institute, of Kobe, Japan, Rev. W. E. Towson, who told us many interesting things concerning the Japanese. He also gave us a very clear insight into the work of the Institute and the part that Mrs. Stewart played in it. Mr. Towson is traveling in behalf of the Lillian Bridges Stewart Memorial Hall, that is to be erected in Kobe, Japan. Littleton College and Central Academy have subscribed a donation of five hundred dollars (\$500) for this cause.

Nothing has given our Association more joy than the short visit of Miss Garrison, the Traveling Secretary of the Association of the Carolinas. We know that her conferences with the individual committees and the cabinet can not be in vain; inspiring the Association to do greater work and be a greater force in the College seemed to be her heart's desire. We hope Miss Garrison will visit us again soon. She won many warm friends while here, and it was with sad hearts we said "Good-bye."

Exchange Department.

HELEN A. EARNHARDT, Editor.

We hope to make the work of this department two-fold: First, to direct our readers to the best articles in the school and college magazines; and secondly, to point out to the different magazines their defects and delinquencies, in order that they may profit thereby.

As for ourselves, we cordially invite criticism—sound, legitimate criticism, given in a friendly manner—criticism that will help us make each number of our CHATTERBOX better, nobler and purer than the preceding number. And we assure our exchanges that each criticism will be received in the spirit in which it is intended. A certain amount of the right kind of criticism is a great help.

In our criticisms we will attempt to point out, to the best of our ability, the strong as well as the weak points in the magazines which we review; and we wish to assure our exchanges that the adverse as well as the favorable criticism will be given in the best spirit.

This being our first issue for the present scholastic year, we have as yet received only a few magazines. We acknowledge the receipt of the *Red and White*. It is a good number for the first. Especially is its fiction good, and we await with interest the remainder of "The Broken Engagement." However, we think there is room for improvement in the poetry.

Abroad.

EDITH B. SIMMONS, '09.

Waterway Transportation. Improvement of our great waterways is now a subject of much interest. For this purpose President Roosevelt has recently made a tour of investigation down the Mississippi River. Plans are being made for the construction of canals that will greatly facilitate commerce.

Our Navy. A cruise of the greater part of our navy is to be begun about the middle of December. Sixteen battleships, under Rear-Admiral Evans, and a flotilla of six destroyers, will steam around South America and, after making friendly visits at intervening ports, will reach San Francisco early in April.

Bridge Gives Way. On the 29th of August the new bridge across the St. Lawrence River collapsed, killing more than fifty men. This bridge was begun last autumn and was only partly completed. It was designed to afford space for four lines of railroad, a road for vehicles, and also a walkway. The work is now being pushed forward to completion.

Brazilian Independence. Brazil has refused to be ranked as a minor power of the world. By a new classification of powers she is now permitted to assume among the nations that free and equal station to which she is, by the laws of nature, entitled.

Changes in the Postal Service. Improvements in the postal service are being undertaken by Postmaster-General Meyers, which will far better adapt the postal machinery to our necessities.

Increase in Travel, During the first half of this year more persons went from New York to Europe than during the same period last year, the total number of passengers being nearly three hundred thousand. This increase in travelers must be a result of the prosperity of the people.

A Swift Voyage. The first five-day Atlantic voyage has recently been made by Great Britain's new steamship, "Lusitania," which ran from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in five days and fifty-four minutes. The furnishings of the "Lusitania" are the most luxurious, and she has a passenger capacity of four thousand.

Short Paragraphs. On the 22d of August a sharp earthquake shock was felt in the West Indian Islands.

On August 28th, Prince Wilhelm of Sweden visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.

On September 5th, the McKinley monument was dedicated at Canton, O.

Among Us.

PAULINE HERRING, '08.

—We are glad to see so many new faces among us this year, and we hope that they will soon catch on to our college spirit and feel at home.

—After two years absence, Misses Rebie Morris and Pauline Herring have returned to the College to resume their studies in the Senior class.

—We are indeed glad to have the former faculty back, and we heartily welcome the new members. Misses Roe and Morris are added to the Music Department; Miss Nutt to the Bible; Miss Hayden to the Science, and Miss Rone to the Preparatory.

—Miss Lanham, teacher of English, made a business trip to Weldon, N. C., October 7. She was accompanied by Misses Mary Mayo and Bernice Hornaday.

—Rev. W. S. Hester—Mrs. Rhodes's father—spent several days at the College recently. We are always glad to have him with us.

—Miss Emma Thornton, Secretary of the College, recently made a short visit to her home in Macon, N. C.

—Misses Carson Farrar and Lizzie Perry spent Sunday and Monday with their parents at Macon, N. C.

—Mr. R. J. Aiken, of Oxford, N. C., stopped over here on his way from Jamestown, to see his daughter, Miss Alberta.

—Miss Sallie Palmer recently spent a few days at her home in Warrenton, N. C.

—Misses Lucile Edwards and Garnet Crocker, accompanied by Misses Lottie Lee and Vela Walker, went to their homes at Seaboard, October 12, to be present at the dedication of the new Methodist church, by Dr. J. C. Kilgo, of Trinity College.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sledge, of Weldon, N. C., were here some time ago to see their daughter, Miss Mary.

—Mrs. Milliken, Mrs. Rhodes's aunt, spent several days at the College recently.

—Misses Stanfield and Roe, of the Music Department, went to Norfolk, Va., October 21, to hear Madame Sembrich. They also took in the Exposition while there.

—Miss Ola Stevenson visited her parents at Wise, N. C., several days ago. Miss Annie Pollard went home with her.

—President Rhodes, who has been away several days on business, returned last night.

—Misses May Spence, of Norfolk, and Mary Sledge, of Weldon, N. C., visited their parents recently.

—Rev. W. E. Towson, a returned missionary from Japan, was here for several days not long ago, in the interests of the "Lillian Stewart Memorial Hall," to be erected at Kobe, Japan. The deceased Mrs. Stewart was formerly well known and loved here as teacher of English.

—A concert will be given in the College Auditorum on the night of November 2d, to which we look forward with much pleasure.

—The inmates of the College were aroused from their slumbers on the night of October 31st by a "Spooks Parade," the result of which was much weeping and screaming and holding of breath.

—With the departure of Hallowe'en, November dawns upon us. Our thoughts naturally turn to the fact that Thanksgiving will soon be here.

—Much interest is being taken in athletics this year. The girls are doing baseball stunts as well as tennis and basketball. More than usual interest has been manifested in basketball this year, and a game is being planned for Thanksgiving. The new croquet grounds are quite an addition to the Association property.

Have You Heard the Latest?

BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Bible Teacher—"Miss C——, which one of the disciples was closest to Jesus?"

Bright '07 Junior—"Judas, when he kissed Christ."

* * *

Dignified Senior to Prep.—"Please hand me that pitcher."

"What do you want with it?"

"To drink."

* * *

Ruth to Maude—"Don't you think the radiator would look better on the other side of the room? I have been trying to move it for the last hour, but it is too heavy."

* * *

Soph.—"I am on the Temperance Committee."

Prep.—"Is that the only study in the Sophomore class you have?"

* * *

Miss Hayden, in Astronomy—"Miss Stanfield, into what groups are the heavenly bodies divided?"

Miss Stanfield—"The major and minor prophets."
(planets.)

* * *

New Girl, gazing at an electric globe—"Tell me, is that a telephone?"

* * *

TWENTIETH CENTURY IDEAS OF ENGLISH!

ECHOES FROM FRESHMAN ENTRANCE EXAMS.

A comma is used to let your voice fall long enough to count too (two).

An adverb is a how, when and where word.

Dependent clause is one that has to have help. Independent clause—I don't reckon it needs any help.

A phrase is a word having neither subject nor predicate.

A phrase connects neither subject nor predicate.

The use of a participle is to show that more than one thing is mentioned.

Epigram is a word used on monuments, but is used also for the best proverbs.

The comma is used after every word that denotes something.

An imperative sentence is one that denies something.

Compound sentence: Forget-me-not.

* * *

Science Teacher—"The rain falls to the earth and forms springs, and springs flow into rivers, and what becomes of the rivers?"

Pupil—"Why, the rivers stay where they are, but the water flows on."

* * *

The President of the Senior class would like to know in what part of North Carolina Cuba is.

* * *

Miss Lanhan (in English)—"Tell me the meaning of the word *cherubim*."

Miss Ross (enthusiastically)—"Oh, I know; that means angels with a whole lot of wings."

* * *

Soon after the Juniors got their new class hats a gay young member of the class lost hers. She said she would get in the closet while the crowd was out walking, to see if it would come back. I guess she thought it would want to take some exercise; so it would, but it was shut up in the bureau drawer.

* * *

New Girl, in great consternation—"Well, well, these little hanging lamps don't hold any oil at all hardly. I shall have to fill mine, the oil is out. The light went out before I got through studying last night."

English Teacher—"What does *dowager* mean?"

Miss Mayo (mournfully)—"It means an old maid."

* * *

Junior (studying Bible lesson)—, to Prep.—"Can you tell me where Amos is?"

Sub-Fresh.—"No'm, I dunno where he is; I aint seen him since I been here."

* * *

While out on a "spooks" parade Hallowe'en, Miss Cogdell, an august Senior, happened to the misfortune of breaking her toe(?).

* * *

Miss Lanham (discussing English pronunciation)—"Only the poorer class of people sound the *h*."

Miss Ross—"Yes'm, I know a M. E. preacher who uses that pronunciation.

* * *

English Teacher (after calling roll)—"Where is Miss _____?"

Pupil—"I think they took her to the infirmity."

* * *

Wanted:—To know why some girls, while playing basketball, prefer standing on their heads(?).

Wanted:—To see Miss Nutt run.

Wanted:—A place to keep the "White Rabbit" (L. V. M.).

Wanted:—More Ham and Lamb-chops.

Wanted:—To know why Mr. Newsom kept Miss Nutt's trunk.

Wanted:—To know Miss McFarland's object in keeping her eyebrows shaved off.

Wanted:—To know if Miss Gertrude Stanfield has learned the difference between a fiddle and a violin.

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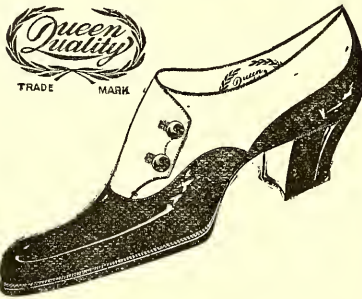
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