

*Clara Keare*

Volume One

Number Two

# The Chatterbox

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May, 1907

Littleton College, Littleton, North Carolina





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LITTLETON, N. C., MAY, 1907.

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to Ina B. Massey, Editor-in-Chief, Littleton College, Littleton, N. C.

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## Literary Department

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### L. E. C.—A Retrospect.

One Saturday afternoon early in January of '82, some children who were visiting their cousins a few miles from Littleton, saw through the almost blinding snowstorm, some one coming in a buggy.

Of course all was excitement when their father said, "You must go home with me, children, a new teacher has come to town and you must begin school Monday."

Then when we asked his name, we thought "Rhodes" was very funny, for of course we thought it was "Roads."

And where could he teach? The Presbyterian church, the little shop in Mr. Anthony Johnston's yard, and the room over Mr. Myrick's store had been used by the former teacher, but none of these were suitable or comfortable.

Then we learned that Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes were young people living at the "Old 'Oner'y"—such a quiet, shady, dignified place over an hundred years old, with dormer windows, and its tall cedars always standing as sentinels.

There were five small, shabby looking rooms, but they were made attractive by a gentle woman's hand and the sweet influence of that home life which has always been felt, was evidenced from the first hour.

Here, with one faithful and lovely assistant, this courageous couple, sacrificing almost all the pleasures so dear to a young married couple, with few acquaintances and less means, began a work that has proven an untold blessing to this town and community, and sheds abroad an influence for good that will last through time and eternity.

The first day eleven pupils were enrolled; soon after others came in and—presto! a boarder with a big trunk. (This trunk, as we later found out, contained mostly cake—pound cake, snow balls, ginger cakes, tea cakes). Then a second boarder came and we thought "what a fine school—we have two boarders!"

As the weeks passed the ranks were gradually swelled, both girls and boys—little and big—being admitted.

Things progressed so satisfactorily and prospects grew so bright that our principal began to make plans for more spacious grounds and a larger building. In an adjacent body of oak woods south of the S. A. L. Railway an ideal spot was found.

With the aid of a few who could foresee the advantages a good school would bring, a few acres were bought.

On the crest of the elevation which is a "divide"—for the rain falling on the north side runs into the Roanoke, while that on the south finds its way to the Tar—it was decided the building should be placed. A more beautiful location could not have been found.

It was named Central Institute, and late in the fall, while not completed, was ready for use. There were three rooms—chapel, study and recitation rooms combined, and a dining room on the first floor; bed rooms and music rooms on the second and third. We town pupils thought it the most mag-

nificent structure we had ever seen. At the beginning of the second term, nine new teachers and a new music teacher came. And thus the number increased each term.

February 7th, 1885, a tiny, delicate flower blossomed, shedding its beauty and its fragrance for a brief season, for little Louise Rhodes died when she was just two years old.

Her mother, never strong physically, grew perceptibly weaker, and seventeen months later, the light which had so helped to brighten and guide those who were thrown with her, went out and her spirit went back to God who gave it.

Steadily and surely the institution grew. The building was added to, and in the fall of '86 Littleton Female College was chartered.

The teachers, bringing new and helpful ideas, seemed to imbibe enthusiasm from the very college atmosphere. Their influence, too, has been felt in the churches of the town, for they have always been willing and helpful workers.

On the 27th of November, 1889, Mr. Rhodes was married to Miss Lula Hester, of Granville County, a wife and helpmeet indeed, strong and tender and true, whose pure Christian life has in it a purpose.

As one they have planned and worked to make this a school for the betterment of every one who comes within its walls, and through them the thousands over whom they will have some influence.

At times obstacles seemingly unsurmountable have arisen, but with indomitable courage and unwavering faith they have been able to overcome these.

More acres have been bought, many additions made, a handsome science hall completed, and Littleton Female College stands among the foremost of the South.

## Something About Burbank and His Work.

E. L. H.

Americans, especially Californians, are proud of their Burbank, for he is without doubt the foremost practical plant breeder in the world, the most skilful of all the experimenters in the field of the formation of new forms of plant life, by the processes of selection and crossing. With all his knowledge, Burbank is a modest man. He does not work for fame, or honor, or the acquisition of personal wealth. He loves his plants, and is enthusiastic to accomplish something great for his country.

In outward appearance he slightly resembles the savant, but more the plain gardener, full of life and fun, with an appreciative sense of humor. He, his mother and sister, live in a small house at Santa Rosa, California. They have but one servant, as he does most of his own work.

His methods are a practical application of the theories of Darwin and his followers, and the success he has had, naturally gives weight to his opinion in the matter of the creation of new types.

The process of the production of new types may be grouped under four heads: (1) selection, (2) crossing, (3) hybridization, and (4) mutation.

The process of artificial selection is used in all cases, those characteristics which are likely to be useful being preserved and the others destroyed.

The word "crossing" can be used for the mixing of the strains within a species and "hybridization" is the breeding together of different species. The name "mutation" is applied to sudden changes of character for which there is no apparent cause. Very few of Burbank's results are due to unassisted selection, as the processes of crossing and hybridization save time by the increase of the rate or degree of variation. There is no limit to the results that can be ob-



tained by simple selection, even new and permanent species being produced by selection alone. The "Shirley" poppy is an example of this, being blue by selection.

"Crossing" is done to secure a wealth of variation. By this means we get the species into a state of perturbation or "wabble" and take advantage of it to guide the life forces into the desired forces or channels. The first crossing is generally a step in the direction in which we wish the plant to go, and repeated crossing is necessary to produce the desired results. "Hybridization" differs from ordinary crossing only in degree, for a species is only a race which has assumed greater fixity. Thus the purpose and results of crossing within the species and of hybridization of different species are essentially alike.

Bees and other insects, as well as the wind, cross plants, but they work without any purpose in view, and seldom to the advantage of man. Thus, since all evolution and improvement are dependent on crossing, nature has provided these and many other devices for the same.

Often mutations are found without any known causes—forms which are not hybrids. As, for instance, colored roses which yield white forms, these in their turn producing white progeny. These mutations can be produced at will, for new conditions will bring out latent traits. Sometimes a mutation is fixed at once, but generally it requires five or six generations, this depending of course upon hereditary tendencies. When the environment of a species is changed, its fixity is disturbed. Sometimes in rich soil, ancestral states are brought about; sometimes by poor soil. But there is no limit to the products of variation by artificial selection, especially if preceded by crossing. Mutation is not a period, but a state induced by heredity and environment. Heredity is the sum of all past environments, conditions, both latent and apparent, and these latent trails often show themselves when the environment is favorable. Environment of a life time, however, does not usually appear in another lifetime, but

continues in the same direction, striking into the life of the plant in time. Thus selection is "cumulative environment."

Variations from chance occur everywhere and come up in all lines from past environments, past heredity and present environment. No two individuals are alike, and when there are marked characteristics we have a case of persistent effect of environment. Monstrosities are caused by engagements of force. They do not, however, maintain themselves, since heredity tends to pull back their descendants. A wide variance is more easily pulled back than a slight variance, and there are cases where the monstrosity may pull back the species. Tendencies strong in the parent, even though for a time latent, usually come out strong in the descendants. Ordinary hybrids of forms closely related generally form a perfect blend of both parents, and do not as a rule present any new qualities. This is illustrated in the "pitless" prune. Burbank is much interested in prunes and has succeeded in sending all of the forces of the plant to the creation of the edible fruit through the elimination of the stone. These "pitless" prunes are small and as we cut through the green flesh fruit we find the seed, surrounded by a jelly-like mass, in which are some traces of the stone. Burbank was not satisfied with this result, however, and has already some young trees with fruits in which nothing of the stone can be detected.

Another striking example is furnished by the spineless cactus, one of the novelties of which Burbank expects much. It is a desert plant, one of the opuntias, the fruit of which is eaten and known as Indian figs. Its stem consists of big, slab-sided pieces joined together in the most fantastic manner. It reaches a height of about six feet as it grows wild. The fruit is especially good for cattle, and the whole plant, spines and all, is eaten by them in cases of extreme hunger. It is counted among ranchmen as one of the most valuable of cattle foods, hence a cactus without thorns would transform a desert into a rich pasture. To do this, Burbank brought

together wild opuntias from Mexico, South Africa, and various other places. Among the specimens received was one without spines on the leaves and another without thorns on the young shoots. It was thus that he combined in one plant, by crossing these specimens with the native cactus, those negative characteristics. All that is now left to be done is the crossing with forms known as the most nutritious and watch the root system. So in a few years Burbank's cactus will transform deserts into fertile fields, even without irrigation.

Along the road in front of Burbank's house is a long row of trees whose magnificent foliage attracts the eye. These are Burbank's first hybrids—walnuts that are a combination of the walnuts with an ornamental tree of the same genus. These yield fruit of large size and in enormous quantities. In developing a superior variety of the Persian (often called English) walnut, the shell was made too thin, and the birds broke in. So new selection and crossings had to be made to thicken the shell, and yet secure the remarkable growing qualities of the other.

A hybrid crossing often brings about great vegetative life at the expense of reproductive life or the reverse. The young hybrids of the black and Persian walnuts show a variation in the leaves which are like neither parent.

The hybrids of the Persian and Californian black walnuts are rapidly growing trees and unusually productive. Again, by crossing types already crossed, the original stock, which is lost in cultivation, may reappear, as the hybridization of the Persian and black walnuts. The Persian has five leaflets; the black, fifteen to nineteen. The hybrid has eleven and a fragrance to the leaves that no original walnut has. Besides his work on the food-plants, Burbank is also interested in wild flowers. His idea is to make a large number of garden plants which will be so fertile and consequently so cheap that they will be within the reach of everyone. One of his favorites is a large "Marguerite" which he calls the "Shasta Daisy," after the great California mountain of that name.

It is an improvement on a small perennial flower which grows wild in Shasta county. Its profusion of extremely large and beautiful flowers and its rapid growth will make it one of the commonest, cheapest and most beautiful of all garden plants.

The difference between Burbank's work and that of other plant breeders is in the scale on which the selection is being carried on. He has a special gift from the Carnegie Institution for the undisturbed continuation of his work during ten years.

There is no secret in his methods, since they are the same as those of every plant breeder, and his wonderful success lies in the fact that he is guided by rare judgment, in which he excels all his contemporaries.

Selection is the most important factor of his method, and the results of the variation attained through this are cultivated under environmental conditions which will develop as many differences as possible. We cannot possibly know what dormant qualities are in a plant and therefore are never surprised at any result. The combination may be desirable and propagated at once, or they may reverse and need further crossing before these traits which are not wanted can be eliminated. Unknown atavistic qualities in this way may become evident and become important factors in the development of other generations.

In most cases, crossings are made with a purpose in view, and from these we obtain the quickest and most satisfactory results. If the relationship between the species is not close enough, all attempts to hybridize are unsuccessful—either the crossing is a failure and no seeds are produced, or hybrids are obtained which are infertile. It is thus evident that nature has here drawn a certain limit beyond which man cannot go. Yet this line is not marked and some surprising results can be obtained. It is indeed unfortunate that we cannot see this limit of nature in advance, but have to learn it by experience, which includes an almost incomprehensible amount of labor of which no recognition is made.

**Cousin Jennie's Plan.**

BETSY, '09.

I saw jes' how things wuz before I'd spent a week at my Cousin John's in New York City.

His only chile, and a pretty one et thet, wuz visited almos' daily by Norman Blake, one uv the richest ez well ez shyes' young men I've ever seen.

Now any one, not plum stark blin' in both eyes and dif to boot, cu'd see Norman wuz jes' crazy over Dorothy, and she likewise over him. But speak he *would* not, though Dorothy looked thin an' peaked like and her ma wuz jes' plum worried to death. Ez for me I'd racked my brain for any sky-scrapin' plan under heaven to bring things to a focus, and hed even planned to tell Norman Blake the bigges' po'tion of my—Jennie Gray's—mind. Before I'd carried out this desp'rt plan, howsomever, Providence arranged things for me ez cute ez you please—so thought I.

It wuz April the fust an' Dorothy wuz to give a masked ball thet very night. She hed planned it all cute ez could be an' wuz in high spirits the morning uv the fust. Her ole-timey costume wuz perfectly stunnin' ef I did make it, and she hed gone upstairs to "try the effect," she said.

A minute later an' I heard her call from the top stair, "Cousin Jennie, *do* come see me."

"One minute, dearest," I sez, ez I placed a tall pa'm in a better p'sition near the hall light. I hed turned to go, but saw she hed started to me—her long white robe trailin' behin' her and the mask over her face. I wuz completely lost in admiration. Only for a minute, though, for in an instant her feet had somehow caught, an' she rolled down that high, oaken stairway before I hed time to wink one eye.

"O, Dorothy, my love, are you hurt?" I sez, the tears jes' nater'lly streamin' from my eyes.

"My ankle!" she sez, so low and 'painful like. Then all

at once I got back my presence uv min' ez quick ez the Lord's sunshine ever come from behin' a cloud, an' drew off her white satin slipper an' settled her on the hall couch before I sent for any help, which came soon after an' all wuz quiet an' soberness where all hed been so gay thet morning.

In the twilight as I sat bathin' Dorothy's hot temples she sudd'nly sat up straight in bed an' turned on me sayin', "Cousin Jennie, the ball must not be given up! I won't have it!" Sech determination wuz a little startlin' to say the least, but I answered quietly, "All right, Dorothy, but what kin I do?"

"It's jes' this way," began Dorothy, with one of her sweet smiles, "you take my place as hostess tonight, for we've agreed not to unmask at all, so all will go jes' right!"

Well, you may think I'm an old crank, but I wuz jes' ez full of Dorothy's plan when she finished ez you please, or ruther my own, for a new 'un hed popped into my head jes' then, that pleased me so well thet Dorothy, thinkin' my spirit all for her plan, gave me an affect'nate squeeze an' sent me off to dress.

I cu'd use Dorothy's costume to perfection, bein' we uz the prezactly the same height, size, magnitude, volume, and so on, so I looked so much like the dear child herself when I uz through fixin' and primpin' thet she clapped her han's for gladness when I went back for inspection.

I must admit that my heart felt ruther quakey ez I descended into Cousin John's parlor to receive Dorothy's guests that night. 'Her mother led everything though, an' ez Dorothy never tuck what you might call a rail prominent part, because of her own uaterel quietness an' her mother's nateral loudness, I s'pose, I got along farely well indeed.

Et fust I wuz sum'mat troubled about my backwoodsy speech, but I found thet to disguise the voice wuz the greate' clip uv the evenin'.

Norman hed privately described his costume to me, so ez

I could hev' the fun uv raily knowin' a few, so the minute I seen a tall, likely-lookin' figger in his uncle's war uniform, with a Ku-Klux disguise, which, by the way, my own hands had made in the happy days when Jack Blake loved me, I knowed in a flash, I say, and hurried to speak to him.

From my sly hints az to Dorothy's costume I cu'd see he thought I wuz her, and I felt a bit guilty when he grasped a-holt uv my firm hand, an' his, pore boy, plum shaky. "It's all for Dorothy," sez I to myself to help me up a bit.

"Shall we rest awhile in the c'nservatory then?" asked Norman when I hed refused to dance.

"O yes, indeed," I sez in Dorothy's own tone.

A moment later, ez we seated ourselves in a quiet corner of the c'nservatory, Norman began his tale of love. Uv all grand pleadin', thet pore boy did it "at my old stiff knees," ez I said to myself. My little deceivin' seemed pretty nigh a crime ez I set there tryin' to think what Dorothy ud say. I jes' wuz not goin' to let my plan fail when it wuz so nigh a success though, an' I answered, "Yes," as sweet and low ez my pretty young cousin, I'll be bound. Then, afeered matters ud leak out, I proposed to return to the parlor, ez our meetin' wuz pretty p'tracted already. He seemed williner then I shu'd uv expected, but begged to call the next day, which I wuz happy to allow him, knowin' things ud hev to be straightened out somehow sooner or later.

Et one o'clock thet night we'd said "good-bye" to the last guest, for which I wuz glad.

Even et thet late hour I went to Dorothy's room to tell what I hed done. She wuz awake, waitin' for me.

"The ball, Cousin Jennie, tell about it!"

"O, twuz all ez fine ez silk, chile," I sez, then said quick like, "and Norman Blake has asked you to be his wife."

"Asked *me*, cousin Jennie, but I wasn't there," and the child's face was red ez a poppy.

"But *I* wuz," sez I, positive-like, then I follered with the

whole story from beginnin' to end. All the while Dorothy wuz hidin' her blushin' face in the pillar, but I thought I cu'd see she wuz pleased, so when I finished I rose real quiet, kissed her an' went out without either uv us a-speakin' one word.

Well, you need'n' hev struck your sympathizin' chord for me a-tellin' Norman the story the nex' mornin', for my plan hed succeeded so far, an' ez I ain't one to allers be a-lookin' for cats' paws aroun' corners, I went to meet him in my lavender morning gown an' a perfectly serene mind.

"How is Miss Dorothy?" sed Norman, before I'd time to settle myself.

I cleared my throat (not because I wuz at all nervous, but hoarse) an' set out to make a clean breast uv the whole thing in a jiffy. But I shell never forget how que'r Norman acted ez I wuz tryin' to make things smooth. I raily didn' know how to proceed.

"She—she raily loves you, Norman," sez I. Then his queerness all lef' him and he stood up like the noble boy he is.

"You are right, Miss Gray," sez he, "Dorothy told me so her own dear self jes' one week ago."

While he stood there with his great eyes a shinin' like two stars, I felt myself ready to faint. "What—what are you sayin', Mr. Blake?" sez I, my knees ez weak ez water. "Do you mean to tell me those words of love last night were all a joke on me?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything, you dear, but Uncle Jack is waitin' to tell you all!"

Then in a flash I saw my dear old gray-haired Jack walk in. He wore the gray soldier's uniform, and my min' sped back to the happy ole days before foolish words hed parted our true hearts, and when Jack told me—but I mus' leave off here, for the old shy, happily flutter rises from my heart



and chokes me jes' ez it us' to when I wuz a young girl and Jack a handsome lad.

My little plan hed succeeded anyway, though Providence hed planned a surprise for me in a way I hed little expected.

Ez for Dorothy and Norman—sly children—they were so pleased thet it wuz decided to celebrate a double weddin' at my cousin John's house in New York the nex' October.

An' there, the good Lord willin', four uv us are to be made happy in sacred unity and we brides in white satin with real lace!

## Music Teaching---Aims of the Profession.

CLARISSA BELLE EVANS, '05.

"True souls, from work, all strength may gain,  
High manliness may win."

One of the chief sources of contentment and real joy in life is found in work; and any one following a profession, provided, of course, that he is in sympathy with, and is educated to follow that profession, is happy if anything "worth while" is to be his source of happiness. Since it is a pleasure to follow a profession, what inspiration there must come to one who, thoroughly capable, is following a musical profession, for—

"Of all the arts beneath the heaven,  
That man has found, or God has given,  
None draws the soul so sweet away,  
As music's melting, mystic lay."

Everyone has aims; every profession points out aims, high among which are the aims of the musical profession. I am aware that aims may be low as well as high; I am also reminded that Lowell said:

"Not failure, but *low* aim, is crime."

Remembering this, I feel that my readers are already persuaded that it is high aims with which I am to deal—aims that are ennobling, elevating—especially as it is aims of the musical profession with which I am concerned. In one word the aim of the musical profession is "development." This development in music implies a three-fold development—a development of the hands, head, and heart. Percy Goetschins, in writing on "The Basis of True Interpretation," implies that to be a true interpreter, one must be skilled technically, intellectually, and artistically. True interpretation, then, necessarily implies thorough development. Since, in one word, the aim of musical instructors is to develop; and,

since thorough development is implied in true interpretation, then it follows that the three great aims of the profession—music teaching—are to develop the hands, head, and heart.

While studying the aims of musical instructors, we will first consider the work of hand development—an almost entirely physical or mechanical development it is. One needs only to see a person whose fingers continuously disjoint while playing, or one whose wrists are almost too stiff to bend, to say nothing of the stiffness of the fingers; or, again, perhaps, one who cannot play the simplest passage legato, to realize the need of this mechanical development. I do not mean to say that all cases are as bad as the above mentioned ones, but, really, there are some worse even than those mentioned. The teacher aims to make the pupil understand how difficulties are to be overcome, and then the hope for the removal of these difficulties is to be sought by a continuous and patient practice on the part of the pupil. The teacher realizes that technic is no trifle, and that there are some things in technic which may be acquired, perhaps, in no other way than by imitation, but the teacher must be very watchful to see that the pupil does not get into the bad habit of copying or imitating. While pupils are working to get the necessary mechanical or hand development—yea, while they are being taught how to gain independence in their hands and fingers by exercises in technic for the equal development of all fingers of both hands, while being taught to make a noticeable difference in staccato and demi-staccato passages, while being taught the various ways in which to secure a legato effect, etc., they are, more or less, inclined to become impatient. They forget that great things are not the outcome of a moment's labor, but are, instead, often the result of many years of persistent, patient and regular toil. Oh, it means work for the student, but "the student whose music nowadays is considered anything is the student who thinks, and feels, and is patient." What strange ideas we do have about art anyway—does it not deserve hard

and patient work? Mannstein said the truth in these words: "A mechanic is given three or four years to learn, and an artist is supposed to be ready in a month." As is most generally the way, the teacher aims at quality, as a result to be derived from work—not quantity—of hand development. The teacher never stresses too much the need of daily, regular practice, but must be careful never to hurry unduly or push a pupil in his work. Approval must be shown when work has been conscientiously and creditably performed by a pupil. "There can be no finish if the foundation is not right"—the aim of the instructor is, by securing patient, earnest, continued effort on the part of the pupil, to develop a strong, yet elastic and thoroughly limber hand. Knowing that the under-structure is of the utmost importance in musical study, as it is in character building and all other great undertakings, the teacher will be sure to try to aid the student in securing good hand development—good technic: in other words, the teacher aims to see that his pupil is not building upon a "sand basis," but upon the "rock basis"—the only basis which is solid, sure, and capable of combating all difficulties in musical technic—this "rock basis" of technic.

As Schumann says: "One will not become musical by being confined to mere mechanical studies"—so we all agree. It is a gift to be musical, and this gift consists chiefly of a "fine ear and quick conception," which may be improved by intellectual development. To develop a student just mechanically, as one puts it, would mean to leave the student a mere "machine," and the proficient teacher, knowing this, does not stop here, but seeks to secure a higher form of development in the student, which is intellectual development—the head development. One has to be taught not only *how* to execute, but, also, how to execute intelligently. As the "hand" implies mechanical, so the "head" implies intellectual development. We here reach the thinking process. We long to see the day in musical history when people, every-

where, will realize, as they heretofore have not, that it takes more than hands, yes, even well developed hands, to make a musician. Why is it that the mass of people do not appreciate "classical" music (as they take great delight in calling it)? It is simply this—they have not that intellectual development necessary to an appreciative understanding of classical music. For the same reason that all people cannot read with admiration Goethe's "The Erl-King" or Shakespeare's "Who is Sylvia?" they do not admire Schubert's musical settings to these words. To the intellect there is always a fascination about what is intellectual, and when persons are intellectually trained they will be able to listen to Bach's "Two-Part and Three-Part Inventions," and listen with a sense of real pleasure, because they have learned to look, not merely for what we call sensuous beauty, but for intellectual beauty as well. After all, there is a science in music—and it has been said that "it is the science and system of music that constitutes its first charm." In this part of musical development the instructor can realize such great pleasure from his work. His aim is to make the pupil realize that "there is a delicate pleasure in the process of thinking," and his work lies, not in thinking for the pupil, but in making the pupil think for himself. Here are a few illustrations of thoughtlessness commonly found in pupils: an exercise may be written in B flat major—the pupil, not thinking, may, quite likely, play it in B minor; or, again, it may be written in D minor and the pupil may, unconsciously, play it in the key of D major. Perhaps the teacher, on asking for the descriptive name of A sharp may be greeted with the *news* that it is the seventh black key, when the pupil, had he only thought, would know that there is no such a thing as the seventh black key in all musical knowledge. It is no new task for the teacher to have to inform the student that the number of different white keys is limited to seven, while in the case of the black keys, it is five. He aims to secure the intellectual development of his

pupil by teaching him to understand thoroughly all kinds of rhythm, the keyboard, major and minor scales—their construction, etc., the staff, chords, embellishments and other lines of study which belong in the intellectual division. Knowing that the “spirit” of music will not be understood until the forms of composition are understood, the instructor endeavors to inform the pupil concerning the various forms of music, letting the work in both solos and studies aid in this instruction. The reason we stress the importance of the teacher’s instructing the pupil how to think is that he may develop the individuality of the pupil, as well as to develop the thinking faculty. One may have a pupil, who, if taught how to think, may finally be capable of thinking more intelligently, more satisfactorily, than his instructor thought. This is no discredit (as we might at first be tempted to call it), but rather an honor, if a teacher is capable of so guiding the thinking faculty of a pupil as to make of him a great thinker—yes, probably to convert the pupil into a greater thinker than he, the instructor, is. Schubert’s first musical instructor who was, by the way, his first schoolmaster, said of Schubert: “He somehow mastered the rudiments for himself.” This is the aim of the teacher—to make pupils think for themselves. In seeking to develop the student intellectually, the teacher aims, not at a cramming in of his knowledge, but at a drawing out of what is in the pupil. It may be better expressed in the words of another, thus: He aims to “lead out the immature mind.”

Knowledge is of real value only as it is put into practical use. The teacher develops the hand and head in order to be able to put the heart, or what constitutes the artistic in music, in the right attitude toward work in musical lines. It is a psychological fact that, as a natural result, the cultivation of the intellect promotes the growth of all the higher and more refined feelings. If one has heard Chopin’s “Valse,” op. 64, No. 1, or No. 11 of Schumann’s “Papillons” played almost

like dirges, or again, heard Schumann's "Nocturne," op. 23, and, perhaps, Rubenstein's "Kamennoi-Ostrow" played in the "two-steppy" way—if such a thing is possible, and it is true that music is mercilessly murdered, sometimes—one can realize how much it will mean to the pupil to have—yes, I say it—at the hands of his musical instructor a thorough heart development, for the heart is the source of true musical feeling. Not so bad, but certainly bad enough, is it to hear a selection played through, so far as technical and intellectual understanding are concerned, quite accurately, yet without the least feeling. Could you expect Chopin's "Nocturne," op. 9, No. 2 in E flat major, to appeal to you if it were rendered by one who is out of tune with its divine harmonies, out of tune with the feeling it contains? I believe it was Joaquin Miller who said: "If what I write is to live, I must live what I write." Just so, if what I play is to appeal to others, I must feel what I am playing. Save us from sickly sentimentality in our playing, and give pure, healthful, natural feeling to what we play. As the instructor endeavors to develop in his pupil the faculty of thinking, so he aims to develop the pupil's feeling or artistic sensibility. Music is a language, the words of which one must learn before he can express himself. We think of the student as learning the words when he secured the hand and head development. He is now ready to express himself. "Every true artist says something of his own which it is the part of the student to discover, and then, repeat in a voice of his own"—to give his ideal interpretation of it. Since we believe that "music is the universal language of mankind," and since no two individuals in the world are alike, then it seems, naturally, to follow that individuals have their own peculiar musical utterances as well as other peculiar characteristics. The teacher, then, will seek, continually, to draw out this individual musical feeling by all means possible. The teacher seeks to give all needful explanation, then leaves it to the pupil to feel the spirit in the

passage to be rendered. If the piece under consideration is a "Slumber Song," the instructor aims to make the pupil realize that the piece is to be thought of as something which has a calming, soothing, restful effect; yea, verily, that it *is* a slumber song. It is to be thought of as having the quieting effect that sleep has—the sleep of which Macbeth speaks:

. . . "The innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Here is another illustration of how the teacher aims to develop the artistic feeling. A pupil may be studying Leschitzky's "Deux Alouettes" (Two Larks) and the teacher may remind him of how the "lark"

"Poureth the full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Or, again, in Shelley's words, the pupil may be reminded of the "bird on the wing:"

"Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

In this way the pupil may fall into the spirit of the bird's flight—he feels the larks go so far away as to be lost to sight, and almost to sound—then, suddenly, he *feels* them rush swiftly and unexpectedly to view, as well as hearing, again. The teacher aims, by causing the pupil to get ideas concerning the piece, to develop within the pupil the power of expressing himself. No real teacher wants his own expressions or feelings reproduced by his pupil, but, rather, the ideas of the pupil himself. It is for this reason, and quite an adequate one it is, that teachers refuse to play over pieces for pupils when they begin the study of new pieces. This playing over



for pupils their *new* pieces cannot be too heartily condemned. The teacher does not want his pupil to give his interpretation of a selection, but he aims at developing the pupil in such a way as will enable the pupil to give a true interpretation of a piece—yet, an interpretation that is strictly that of the pupil. The musical profession longs for individuality to be developed. We have no patience with the kind of human nature that is parasitical—yet, so long as one looks to others to interpret for him, so long as one strives to play just as somebody else does, he is, in the degree that he relies on others, correspondingly parasitical. In all musical development the instructor aims to make the development such as shall tend to give independence of expression.

No doubt Mozart was right when he said: “Three factors are necessary for a good player on the pianoforte: fingers, head, and heart.” It is a development of these three factors, and a development by the “drawing out” rather than “pouring in” process that teachers who stand high in the profession of music teaching, aim at. Yes, these are the aims of the teacher, and while the responsibility rests mainly on the teacher, and while the teacher has very important work to do, still, to accomplish much, the teacher must have the hearty co-operation of the student. Indeed, as some philosopher has told us: “There are really only two things which the teacher can do. These are:

1. To inspire in the pupil a desire for knowledge.
2. To teach the pupil how to study.”

The first thing implies that the teacher shall be adequately supplied with knowledge along the lines in which he wishes to inspire. No one can, by poor playing, inspire in another an ardent desire for a musical knowledge. It is only when people see and feel the power of the beautiful that the beautiful has attraction for them. The second has already been dealt with, and I just reaffirm that only can a teacher impart to others the art of studying as he aims to secure mental devel-

opment in his pupils. After having been taught how to study, the pupil is to a great extent responsible for the results; so, a pupil having been taught how to practice, is responsible largely for the results, whether the world sees it thus or no—man's disbelief would not, necessarily, render the fact untrue. It is not true that "the easiest way is always the best way"—oftentimes the easiest way would be to think for a student, to declare to him that thus and so is the case, and proceed with the work. People remember best what they strive hardest to learn, and it is those things which seem hardest for pupils to grasp that, in the end, does them most good. No one doubts, then, the value of the high aim which music teachers have—the aim to draw out the knowledge one has. Even though the work before an instructor is not always easy, the conscientious instructor does not shirk work,—he knows that "from the first lesson to the last he is to blame for all that he has not taught, and all the faults which he has not corrected." It seems that the people who really accomplish most are the ones who feel that they have accomplished very little, so, as a word of encouragement to those, who in the profession of music teaching feel that the results obtained from this three-fold development of hand, head and heart, are not all they aimed them to be, I give this little message from the genius of Browning:

"Oh, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp  
Or what's a heaven for?"

**Remembrance.**C. H., '08. *Elaine Pearce*

Sometimes to my memory comes a silent thought,  
'Tis a fond remembrance of things that have passed,  
For I sigh not for the things that then I sought,  
But seek now the things that shall always last.  
Some things have been forgotten long ago,  
But faithful friends are those I can't forget;  
And in their absence a tear will sometimes flow,  
The unkind words once spoken I soon regret.  
The days are cold, clouded and oft-times dreary,  
The hours of the night seem long and weary,  
The scenes of the past come before my eyes  
And I cannot hide them by many sighs,  
But in thinking at last of thee, dear friend,  
Lost hope is brightened and sorrows end.

### The Woman Question in The Princess.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

The lesson that is brought out in "The Princess" was needed more when it was written than now, but still it can be a help to any of us who would like to take such a stand as Princess Ida took, in showing us the wrongs of such an attitude.

In the time when "The Princess" was written the women were looked upon as being man's inferiors, both physically and intellectually. The men said that woman's place was at home, and not gadding about; and they kept them at home most of the time. They kept telling this to them and acting in such a superior way towards them that at last they persuaded most of the women to believe this absurd idea.

We, who live in this intellectual age, can scarcely blame Princess Ida for making such a brave fight for woman's rights. For what woman wants to be called man's inferior! Yet she had not the right idea of making a woman man's equal. Princess Ida thought that women were wrongly treated in being made to stay at home and slave, drudge and toil forever, in not being allowed to have the education—meagre as it was—that the boys and men had, in not being able to cope with men, in being looked down upon and sneered at by those that called themselves their superiors, but who, in truth, were not always their superiors. We know this is true, yet she did not start in the right direction to help the cause of woman-kind. Her idea of putting woman on an equal footing with man was to separate completely man and woman, to let there be no communication whatever between them, to take the women to some castle or college far from the home of any man and there let her drink deep of the cup of knowledge that has been withheld so long, to teach them to hate mankind, even their own kin. We see how wrong all

this was, yet we cannot help agreeing with the Prince, for he says:

. . . "True she errs,  
But in her own grand way being herself  
Three times more noble than three score of men,  
She sees herself in every woman else,  
And so she wears her error like a crown  
To blind the truth and me."

We know her motives, though wrong, were good and noble, for in her talk to the girls, she says:

"O lift your natures up:  
Embrace our aims: work out your freedom. Girls,  
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:  
Drink deep until the habits of the slave,  
The sin of emptiness, gossip and spite  
And slander die. Better not be at all  
Than not be noble."

Princess Ida had the wrong idea of the woman question, but the circumstances under which she was thrown did much to influence this haughty specimen of womankind. In the first place she was a self-willed girl, naturally haughty and domineering, and when her father tried to compel her to marry the Prince, she stubbornly refused to comply with his request. Perhaps if he had used the gentle art of persuasion she would have yielded. But who could blame her for not wanting to marry a man she had never seen and who seemed bent on making her his bride? She did not know how well he loved her, or she would have been more lenient with him. Again, she had bad companions. Lady Blanche was no fit associate for the Princess, for she was not a true lady; she allowed herself to be bribed to keep secret that which she knew ought to have been told the Princess. The Princess' father was a very weak man; he never tried to control the wilful Princess except to do his own harsh biddings. So we must not judge her too severely for her shortcomings.

I think that it is foolish for a woman to try to elevate her-

self by shutting herself away from man, for God must have intended for man and woman to go through this world together, or he would never have placed Eve by Adam's side. I think that woman is man's equal, and is his superior in some ways—for instance, intuition. Man is not endowed with the keen insight which woman possesses. And, too, I think man is woman's superior in some things. A woman could not go through with the hardships that men do, for their physical strength would not allow it. The way for woman to become man's equal, if really she is inferior to man, is not by shutting herself away from him, but by co-operating with him—doing together whatever their tasks may be, and being a help instead of a hindrance to each other.

The ideal position of woman in this world is not merely being a mother of a large family, and the manager of a handsome home. These help to establish that ideal place, but there are other things, to be first in her husband's affection, to be his best companion, and to do all in her power for the uplifting and upbuilding of humanity, and last, but not least, to be a perfect lady in every sense of the word.

### All's Well That Ends Well.

CLEE REEL, '08.

"I say, Bea, look at that spiteful horse! He looks like he is laughing at us because we are walking in this hot sunshine. That's all right, old fellow, we'll fix you, see if we don't!" We had just returned, warm and tired, from a game of tennis, and the thought of a spin behind a wild horse seemed right tempting to us just then.

"I don't think it's fair for a boy to have a horse that isn't gentle enough for his sister to drive sometimes. I don't believe he's dangerous, anyway."

"Neither do I," said Bea, "but how are we to try it if they are not willing for us to drive him?"

"O, that's easily enough managed. Look at that coon lying asleep on that box. How much better it would be for him to be up earning a dime." So, moved by this benevolent impulse, we sent the coon to get our horse ready, and *we*, as we assured each other, were not the least bit afraid, either of the horse, or his owner, so I suppose mere curiosity accounts for our peering through the cracks of the ponderous stock-yard gate towards the house. Meanwhile, I'll satisfy my reader's curiosity (if I may flatter myself by thinking you are interested enough to have any) by saying that I live, not in any place famed for any historical relations, for the grandeur of its architecture, or for the wealth, pride or great wisdom of its inhabitants; but in the free, open country, in a place where life is as real, true pleasure, as great as in any place in the universe. And this friend of whom I have been speaking was my dearest chum from a nearby town with whom I believed my brother was beginning to fall in love, but being a bit bashful and believing that her heart was given to another, I think he had made up his mind somewhat like the fox did concerning the grapes. Well, after what seemed an age to us, Sambo brought forth the prancing horse and with

a last glance toward the house we jumped into the buggy and drove gaily away.

“My! wouldn’t George be mad if he could see us now? Get up, Gyp, we can ride as fast as you can take us, and the faster the better, to make up for lost time.” And perhaps it would have been if Gyp had taken it into his head that it was Sunday, and turned in at the church just then. You see there was no ditch in front of the church, but we were going at such a rapid rate that before the new driver could turn our course toward the road, we were not in front of the church, and found to our sorrow there was a ditch to be crossed, but there was no stopping until—yes, we did stop—the axle struck a stump, which threw Gyp upon his knees in the ditch, and whether there was any praying done either by horse or girls, I have my doubts; but I am very thankful to know, that instead of becoming frightened and trying to kill himself and us, he seemed rather sorry for us. I also doubt, however, whether we saw if he laughed or cried, for when he went down we very beautifully illustrated the law of inertia—my head struck Gyp so hard that I must have gone to sleep. I was awakened, however, by the cry, “Clee! Clee! Run get some water!” and opening my eyes I beheld myself riding off astride the singletree, and noticed the broken shaft on which I knew my companion had first taken up her abode, but that not being strong enough she had resumed her downward course. A realization of the ludicrous state of affairs brought forth a fit of my most boisterous laughter, which was interrupted by another command from my frightened brother, “Get down from there, you heartless girl, and bring me the water, quick!”

“O, yes, certainly. But do tell me how you happened to be here,” I muttered, as I slowly dismounted. “I suppose you would have let me ride on to the happy hunting ground if—but moved by his look of exasperation I hurried on, got the water, and arrived just in time to hear something like this:



“O, my only love, do open your eyes once more!” O, what shall I do if you die? My life will be nothing but darkness! Do open those eyes once more and tell me you love me!” And the eyes opened, gazed fondly into his, and as he repeated the question the pale (as he thought) lips whispered “yes.” And I, why as soon as I saw that she was not seriously hurt, I turned to Gyp (who, by the way, was peacefully grazing by the roadside) for sympathy, and, out of sight behind him, I resumed my enthusiastic enjoyment of the situation—why of course she was not dead—just because she did not wake up as soon as I did, and who, with any common sense, would have expected her to, under the circumstances? For, besides the fact that she is naturally hard-headed and therefore harder to rouse from sleep or unconsciousness than most people, was she not lying on the soft grass with an ardent lover bending over her? While I, poor neglected creature, was left to journey on, but not on flowery beds of ease. But they, poor deluded mortals, still believe that she was nearly dead, and that it was a most romantic rescue. Well, I’m glad they thought so, for I enjoyed very much a certain feast and big doings we had at our house a few months later. And if we had not stolen that horse and let him turn us out just as my brother went into the church (I never have found out what took him there), who knows whether things would have turned out so happily?

**A College Girl's "Psalm of Life."**

C. F. W.

Tell me not in idle laughter,  
College life is naught but fun,  
For after a few years' labor  
You'll think different when done.

School is awful! School is trying!  
Commencement comes but once a year,  
Three months, only, for vacation,  
Then a dreary return here.

Not in bluffing, nor in "skipping,"  
Do diplomas come our way;  
But by constant digging, digging,  
Always work and never play.

Days are long, and nights are fleeting,  
And our brains though young and bright  
Feel the need of rest and sleeping  
Long, long, after it is light.

In this busy world around us  
We must jump with "Rising Bell,"  
Although up, we are still sleeping,  
Pitching things around pell-mell!

Trust no 10's won by past merit  
Only by hard work each day  
Working ever! Ever working!  
In the final end does pay!

Lives of graduates remind us  
    We can get diplomas, too,  
By our never-tiring efforts—  
    Learning things we never knew.

Things that perhaps as Juniors  
    We scarce had as e'en a dream,  
But when Senior's life is finished  
    Bold realities they seem.

Let us then arise tomorrow  
    At the very first break of day,  
And by digging, digging, digging,  
    Learn to work, and not to play.

### The Handkerchief and the Ring.

LIDA MAY SAWYER.

It was near the closing of a lovely day in June—such a time as one is inclined to abandon the house and take a stroll out in the open air. The sun was just sinking below the tree tops, and his golden rays, intermingled with the clouds, were loath to depart. The birds were fitting about in the trees, twittering their “good-nights” to all their little friends. And the crickets and grasshoppers were searching for a secluded spot in which to conceal themselves from all intruders. The lawn in front of the Pollard home was very green, and was a chosen spot, about this time of day, for two young people to occupy the lawn-chair and talk for hours.

Just now the happy two were in their accustomed place, but not talking as fluently as usual. Now and then a word might be heard, and from these it was evident that a quarrel had ensued—such a quarrel as most young lovers are familiar with.

“Do you intend letting that New York fellow continue to call two and three times a week?” said the boy in angry tones of jealousy.

“I shall make no promises,” was the girl’s reply.

“Well, then, here is your handkerchief,” was all that he said in response to her firm words.

“And here is your ring,” came her reply.

From the few words that were heard, it was certain that he had returned her handkerchief which he had cherished, held dear and sacred, and which, at any other time, he would not have taken the world for. And in return, he got back the ring which he had long before placed on a tiny, slender finger, and which so many times had made him thrill with gladness as it glittered in the moonlight. And thus all the ties of their sweet friendship were severed in a moment by the sharp and severe pangs of jealousy. In another moment the latch

on the gate was heard to click and the figure of the boy was soon lost sight of in the growing darkness, and his footsteps grew fainter, till no sound at all was heard. The girl crept safely to her room and buried her face in the pillows and, after hours of sobs and heartaches, fell asleep to dream of her lost treasure.

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Ten years passed and the last day of June found Elizabeth Pollard at the railroad station of her own little town. She had received a telegram summoning her to the bedside of her only brother, who was very ill in another town two hundred miles away. She was restless and impatient, and the busy din of the streets, the drays and transfer wagons only increased her anxiety. But she had to wait only a few minutes before the train arrived. There were not many good-byes to make, for she had to leave so suddenly that not many knew of her departure. When she had taken her seat in the car she re-read the telegram, and then holding it tightly in her hand gazed through the window, not looking at any special thing, nor turning her head either way. She was not aware of the eyes in the rear of the car that were fixed on her, nor the mind that was racked by trying to recognize that hair which could be but slightly seen through the thick veil. They had passed many stations since she came on the train, and now the whistle gave two long blows and they pulled up at a junction where she would have to wait two hours.

Elizabeth found herself, with several other passengers, making her way for the waiting room, and deposited her bundles in a vacant place, while the conductor's "All aboard!" was heard, and the train, puffing and groaning, pulled out and was soon lost in a fog of smoke. Growing tired of the waiting room and the other passengers whom she did not know, she stepped out on the platform and began to walk to and fro in front of the waiting room door, not noticing any thing or anybody. She was pale and careworn, her large

brown eyes did not show their usual brightness, the pink had left her cheeks and she was changed entirely. Not any traces of that brightness and cheerfulness of a few hours ago were seen in her face now. Her handkerchief fell from her hand as she lowered it from her eyes, and although she did not see it, someone else did, and picked it up immediately. And as he read the name which was written in one corner, a smile flashed across his face and his eyes brightened.

It was quite interesting to watch the man who had picked up the handkerchief. From the expressions on his face, it was evident that he recognized the name. He looked as if he wanted to speak to her at once, but then another thought came to him and he stood still. Not for long, though, for when she was turning the corner of the platform at the side of the waiting room where no lookers on were visible, he could keep silent no longer, and coming up to her, holding out something in his fingers, said: "Elizabeth, I have found you at last. Forgive me, but I have the *handkerchief* once more, won't you take back the *ring*?" She stopped, and looking down, saw before her the same ring she had worn ten years ago, and there stood Phillip Marlow, the same face which she remembered so distinctly. He was the same Phillip Marlow, except that he had developed into a more manly form. His brow had taken on a wrinkle, his eyes were sunken deeper in his head, he was tall and erect and his square shoulders completed all that was lacking in making his quite a handsome figure, indeed. She was noticing all these changes, and her minute's pause seemed an hour to him. "What will she say?" ran through his mind a dozen times and his impatience was getting the best of him. But if he really expected a reply, he was mistaken, for she said not a word, but taking the ring in her own fingers she gently smiled and dropped her head.

The time of waiting passed very quickly after this, and Elizabeth soon found herself on the train once more. But

she was not sitting alone this time. They soon reached the town to which they were going, for it happened that they were both going to the same place, and finding her brother much better, the careworn look vanished from her face and the rose again came to her cheeks. She was happy now, for instead of having one loved one restored to her, the blessing was two-fold.

## Editorial Department

Editor-in-Chief.....	Ina Massey, '07
Business Manager.....	Estelle Daniel, '07
Literary Editors.....	{ Annie Crews, '08
	{ Lucy Ross, '08
Y. W. C. A. Department.....	Evelyn Matthews, '07
Current Comment.....	Mary F. Mayo, '08
Among Us.....	Lessie Fisher, '07
Have You Heard the Latest?.....	Amelia Meares, '07

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To those of us who have just entered upon the work as editors of THE CHATTERBOX it is almost with sadness that we give up our place at the desk. This we would regret much more to do did we not know that those who will take our places will push the work forward. We wish for the new staff all possible success in carrying out the work we have so gladly begun.

As the week of commencement approaches it is useless for us to attempt an expression of our regret to say farewell to our alma mater forever, but with hearts ever turned toward the future, we look forward to the time when we shall enter schools of higher learning—or enter upon whatever our life's work may be.

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As the April number of THE CHATTERBOX was necessarily delayed in going to press, we have found it impossible to get in an Exchange Department. However, this will be added to the departments next year, and promises to be one of great interest and help.



## Y. W. C. A. Department

EVELYN MATTHEWS, '07.

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As this is the last number of THE CHATTERBOX to appear this year it seems quite fitting that we should give a general survey of the ground covered by the Association.

In the beginning of this year Mrs. A. W. Wilson, wife of Bishop Wilson and a returned missionary from China, visited our Association and lectured to us on the missionary work of that field. It was a great pleasure to have her spend several days with us, and her talks were interesting and helpful.

Rev. S. L. Morgan, pastor of the Baptist church here, delivered a real gospel sermon to the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday night, April 14. We are always glad to have him with us, and he always has something good for us.

Mrs. T. A. Cozart, President of W. C. T. U. of Winston, N. C., made our Association a most pleasant visit some weeks ago.

The delegates for the Summer Southern Conference at Asheville, N. C., have been chosen. They are: Misses Cassie Griggs, Annie Crews, and Kate Blackney. On account of the heavy debt of the Association, we could not have a large representation this time, as we would have been glad to have, but we hope in the future to increase our delegation greatly. The exhibition committee has been *at* work and we are hoping to prepare an exhibit that will do our Association justice and honor.

In many ways this has been the most hopeful year of our Association life. The methods of work have been improved upon and the interest in committee work is growing. Let us try to make our Association a live, moving, growing organization that shall mean much to the spiritual life of the students of the college.

## Current Comment

MARY F. MAYO, '08.

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### **Weighing the Soul.**

The experiment of weighing the soul has been tried many times, but with no definite results. It has recently been reported that certain physicians of Boston have really found the human soul to weigh from half an ounce to an ounce. The question cannot be settled by weighing the soul in any particular locality because of the change in gravity. In weighing a dog just before it dies, and weighing the body again right after death, the weight of the body has been found to be the same; this is not so with a human being; the difference in weight before and after the death varies from a half ounce to an ounce. This statement has certainly caused people to study carefully the mysteries of life, and there is room for thought even though the statement may not be true.

### **Thomas Bailey Aldrich.**

An event of general interest and a cause of universal regret is the recent death of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, one of the most prominent men in contemporary American letters. After living a long and useful life, Mr. Aldrich died at the age of seventy. He lived surrounded by a host of friends and also by the books which he loved so dearly. This great man has often been compared to Wordsworth and Tennyson; it is almost impossible to associate death with so great a man. The simple wreath on the door of the home from which he had gone was the only symbol of his escape out of mortality.

### **Dust and Dresses.**

This is an article that will no doubt be interesting to all American women, even to our Littleton girls. We often hear the people in our own towns remark on the fact that women wear such long dresses; they sweep the ground, taking up the dust

of the streets. A law in Prague, Bohemia, has recently been passed forbidding all women to wear long dresses. This is a very good thing if carried out, but a writer of the British Medical Journal seems to think that it will be a difficult task to carry out this law.

If all the women of America could be made to wear dresses that would not sweep the ground and that would not necessitate "holding up," we feel that a great good will have been accomplished. I would like to say to all the young women readers of THE CHATTERBOX, take the good advice of all physicians, and if for no other reason than to improve your own health, do not wear sweeping dresses.

**Abolition of the Oath.** The question has been much discussed of late whether or not it is just the right thing to have the oath in the law courts.

The Monitor says that "the substance of religion has gone from the hearts of the multitude" and that "the sacred acts of religion should not remain as an empty mockery and an occasion of sin." This is true to a certain extent; it is apparent to all who attend the courts in the different states that there is a great deal of perjury in our country. Should this continue? Where there is no religion there can be no reverence for an oath; an oath is essentially an act of religion. A Catholic contemporary has said, that "God will be more honored and society equally protected" if it were omitted. As it is, a man takes an oath with no conception of the sin he is committing when he breaks this oath. This should be considered in even a more serious light than it now is.

**Our Next President.** The next presidential election to be held in 1908 is naturally an event looked forward to, not only with national, but with world-wide interest. Just who will figure in the campaign it is yet difficult to say. To William Jennings Bryan the Democratic party looks with confidence—and this is as it should be. Mr. Bryan is not only the ablest representative

of Democracy, a man of whom his chosen party may justly be proud, but a citizen whom the whole united country should be glad to honor—being, as he is, a strong, intelligent, capable man, and what is more, a thoroughly honest, honorable, straightforward, upright man—a man of sterling worth and real character. This is the sort of man our country needs as officials, not only in the place of the chief executive, but in all places of its dominions. Bryan's popularity and pre-eminence, as particularly exemplified in the cordial reception given him in Europe last year, come then as the reward of merit. With the Republican party, on the other hand, matters are even less well defined than in the case of the Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt, after a somewhat "strenuous" but none the less able and prosperous reign, firmly announces his decision not to run again. If he could be persuaded to do so, indeed, the Republicans would not need to seek further for a candidate; for Roosevelt, as affairs stand, is very nearly invincible. But the President says, "No! no! I *will not* run again," and he means it. He further says: "The wise custom which limits the president to two terms regards the substance and not the form." And so, although besought variously by the most influential men and concerns to offer himself for public service again, Mr. Roosevelt steadfastly abides by his intention to observe the spirit and not the letter of the law. There are several possible nominees—Senator Foraker, of Ohio, is a prominent figure; as is also Secretary Taft. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the venerable but still sprightly speaker of the House, has been suggested, and many take the suggestion favorably. Mr. George B. Cortelyou, the new Secretary of the Treasury, is another presidential possibility; and so, logically, is Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks. But just how it will be, it is impossible to predict two years ahead of time. One cannot say with certainty who the principal figures will be, neither what the main issues of the campaign will be.

## Among Us

LESSIE FISHER, '07.

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Miss Virginia Hale, an august Senior of Halifax, N. C., spent several days at home last week.

Miss Louise Goode, another Senior, of Weldon, N. C., spent a few days at her home last week.

Rev. S. L. Morgan, pastor of the First Baptist church in Littleton, delivered an inspiring and elevating sermon before the Y. W. C. A. of this College on the 17th of April.

The Seniors were very delightfully entertained by their sisters, the Sophomores, on the night of the 22nd. On entering the hall they were warmly welcomed by the president and reception committee of the '09 class, and were at once struck with the beautiful decorations, which were of purple and gold, the Sophomore colors. The flowers in color were in perfect harmony with the other decorations. The refreshments were delicious and we were all inspired and uplifted by the sweet strains from the "Rhodes" band. (The graphophone).

Sophomores, Sophomores, hurrah for the Sophs!

Miss Martha Buffaloe spent last Saturday and Sunday at her home in Jackson, N. C. She was accompanied by Miss Fell, a very popular music teacher of Littleton College.

Master Ernest Aiken, Miss Aiken's brother, is spending a few weeks at the College.

April 23—We all enjoyed the bear dance today. At one o'clock we heard a bugle call at our front gate and all rushed forth, prepared for battle. Greatly to our surprise, we saw two grizzly bears, "just from the Rockies," and they entertained us for a short while by dancing and with other performances.

Miss Betts, one of our English teachers, and her niece, Maud Betts, spent last Monday with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Davis, of Warren Plains.

The members of the Eunomian Literary Society and the Faculty were very delightfully entertained by those of the Hyperion Society April 28. Music was rendered by some of the most accomplished musicians of the Hyperion Society, among them being Misses Lee, Lowder, Crews, Evans, and Simmons. Delightful refreshments were served, and all reported a good time.

Miss Evelyn Walker is very much distressed on account of the illness of one of her friends. She has our deepest sympathy.

The final private recital of this scholastic year was given in the Chapel April 21, at 8 o'clock. A most interesting program, consisting of vocal and instrumental solos and choice readings, were given by the pupils. We were also favored with a selection by Miss Deitz, the violin teacher, a vocal solo by Miss Auten, the director of music, and an instrumental solo by Miss Evans, teacher of pianoforte. It was the general opinion of all "that it was the last, but not least" of the private recitals.

Mrs. Railey was with us a few days this month on account of the illness of her daughter Julia. We are glad to see that Julia is up again.

Dr. James J. Wolfe, a member of the faculty of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., lectured to the Scientific Club April 19. His theme was "Luther Burbank and Plant Breeding."

We are sorry to know of Miss Maud Betts being called home on account of illness of her mother.

Mr. Irvin Aiken spent a few days with us last week.

Miss Kate Park was a visitor on the campus last week. She was on her way home from Hyde county, where she had been teaching.

Miss Nancie Rose, Class of '05, passed through the city several days ago and visited the College.

The Junior Class in math. was highly entertained on Monday evening at 6 o'clock by their professor, Miss Ellie Lee Hydrick. A five course dinner was served and a recitation in geometry had—other features of pleasure and fun afforded a delightful time for them.

The reception given to the "little folk" of Littleton on the campus Friday, afforded them great fun. The evening was spent in frolic, being occasionally interrupted by a call to refreshments. There were a number present and they owe the delightful occasion to Mrs. Rhodes.

We are glad to note that the members of the Journal and Annual staffs are co-operating so successfully in their work.

Commencement is almost here and all of the girls are smiling. This commencement is being looked forward to as the very best one we have ever had. It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the College and we shall celebrate it by giving a swell banquet. The Senior class is especially delighted with the prospect of such a good time. And now through this department of the Journal we bid you farewell! May you go forward with your work and make each succeeding commencement better. The following is the commencement program:

Class Day Exercises, Tuesday, May 28, 1907, 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

Alumnæ Banquet, Tuesday, 8:30 to 11 p. m.

Annual Sermon, Wednesday, May 29, 1907, 11 a. m., by Rev. G. W. Starr, D. D., Norfolk, Va.

Alumnæ Address, Wednesday, 8:30 p. m., by Miss Viola Boddie, Greensboro, N. C.

Graduating Exercises, Thursday, May 30, 10 a. m.

Literary Address, Thursday, 11:30 a. m., by Hon. F. S. Spruill, Louisburg, N. C.

Commencement Recital, Thursday, 8:30 p. m.

# Have You Heard the Latest

AMELIA MEARES, '07.

## WANTED.

A different section teacher, any other one will do.—Girls who did not get 10 on department.

To do as you please without permission.—Bernice Hornaday.

A feather bed to skate on.—Nolie York.

Room No. 29 to return borrowed property.—Hall No. 33.

A good time.—Lessie Fisher.

Some dignity.—Senior Class.

Someone to help write jokes.—Amelia Meares.

The girls to graze on the clover.—Mr. Rhodes.

To know whose initials L. L. are.—Virginia Hale.

A good square meal.—The School.

To learn to speak *Cuban*.—Zena Vick.

To know why Estelle Daniel will not pass things at the Senior table.

A beau for the banquet.—Ina Massey.

\* \* \*

Jessie had a little Lamb,  
He came to school one day;  
For when Jessie has permish from home  
No one may dare say nay.

\* \* \*

Nolie—"When the Methodist preacher comes, we always kill *fried* chicken."

\* \* \*

First Soph.—"What was the Koran?"

Second Soph. (after a moment's thought)—"It was the holy book of the *Jews*."



Miss Ross, to a member of the Alumnæ—"Are you an aluminium?"

\* \* \*

A would-be zoölogist remarks—"The hind legs of the kangaroo are especially developed in order that, with the tail, they may form a tripod to sit on."

\* \* \*

To the Class of '08, the Class of '07 will say the way to be saved from great embarrassment will be to make special study of the words "assets" and "liabilities" before a visit to the study in regard to the Pansy.

\* \* \*

A "Freshy" informs us that a gasoline engine is run by carbolie acid.

\* \* \*

Dignity of the Juniors reminds us  
 We could imitate that class  
 If we wished to leave behind us  
 Disgust on each face we pass.

—'09.

\* \* \*

The Juniors are struggling to get more light on physics. Let us hope they will be successful.

\* \* \*

English Teacher—"What is lyric poetry?"

Sophomore—"Isn't it the kind that is so hard to understand?"

\* \* \*

A new substitute for *anonymous*:

Vela—"My note was signed Annie."

Susie—"No it wasn't; it was signed *amat*—that word that means nameless."

\* \* \*

Miss Lanham—"What is Tennyson's masterpiece?"

Miss Vick—"The Iliad."

[With due apologies to the author of "My Old Kentucky Home."]

The sun shines bright 'round our dear old College home,  
 'Tis springtime, the pupils are gay.  
 The exams are o'er and commencement day has come,  
 While the girls are singing all the day.  
 You can hear them talk from the third to second floor,  
 All merry, all happy and bright,  
 By'n' by sad times come a knocking at the door  
 Then our dear old College home, good-night.

CHORUS.

Cry no more, little children,  
 A cry no more today;  
 We will sing one song for our dear old College home,  
 For the dear old College home today.  
 They sigh no more for the peaches and the prunes,  
 And the 'lasses they will sop no more.  
 They will steal no 'taters by the glimmer o' the moon  
 ' From the room by the laboratory door.  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sadness where all was delight,  
 The time has come when the pupils have to part,  
 Then our dear old College home, good-night.  
 We will leave you now, but September'll come again,  
 For we know where 'tis best to go;  
 Just a few short weeks and the summer time will end  
 In the place where the purple violets grow.  
 A few short weeks we will bear the weary load—  
 No matter, 'twill never be light,  
 A few more weeks and we'll start upon the road,  
 Then our home, sweet home, good-night.

C. J. H., '08.

\* \* \*

*Clara Keane.*

Miss Meares bought some shoe polish without any "you know what" in it and paid "you know what" for it.

As to the table:

Polly (looking hard at a thin slice of bread)—“Ethel, I can see my hand through this bread.”

Ethel—“Yes, that’s the way you cut it when you feed five thousand and have five basketsful left over.”

\* \* \*

Signs of a possible grammar reform:

“Has the bell rang?” “Have the lights wunk?” “I like to have freezed.”

\* \* \*

Miss Jenkins on Civil Government class was dictating to the pupils the names of the President’s cabinet:

Miss Walker—“Miss J., ain’t you going to give us the names of the officers of Virginia too?”

\* \* \*

One of the high and mighty Seniors—“What kind of math. do you study in colleges after you have taken geometry?”

Another Senior—“Ah, I know! It’s calisthenics! (doubtless meaning conic sections or calculus).”

\* \* \*

Miss Ella S. (listening spellbound to a blood-curdling incident of real life)—“Oh, if it had been me, I would have gone into *ecstacies*.”

\* \* \*

Miss Spence—“I think F. Steele’s father is an Irishman.”

Miss P. Williams—“Why, I thought he was a *preacher*.”

\* \* \*

Silently one by one in the infinite notebooks of teachers Blossom the neat little zeroes, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

—Ex.

# Organizations

## Class of 1907

President.....Evelyn Matthews  
 Vice-President....Sophia Forbes  
 Secretary.....Estelle Daniel  
 Treasurer.....Louise Goode  
 Poet.....Amelia Meares  
 Historian.....Ina Massey

## Class of 1908

President.....Annie Crews  
 Vice-President.....Mary Mayo  
 Secretary.....Helen Earnhardt  
 Treasurer.....Edith Simmons  
 Poet and Hist.....Clara Hearne

## Class of 1909

President.....Emma Taylor  
 Vice-President....Sallie Jordan  
 Secretary.....Mary Lowder  
 Treasurer.....Josephine Boyce  
 Poet.....Julia Bailey  
 Historian....Mollie Stephenson

## Class of 1910

President.....Evelyn Walker  
 Vice-President...Pauline Cherry  
 Secretary...Pauline Stikeleather  
 Treasurer.....Boyd Thorne  
 Poet.....Macie Coble  
 Historian.....Cora Womble

## Eunomian Literary Society

President.....Lessie Fisher  
 1st Vice-President.Eunice Bryan.  
 2nd Vice-President..Mary Sledge  
 Rec. Secretary....Louise Goode  
 Cor. Secretary...Maybelle Griggs  
 Treasurer.....Sallie Jordan

## Hyperion Literary Society

President.....Virginia Hale  
 1st Vice-President..Annie Crews  
 2nd Vice-Pres....Rosina Morena  
 Rec. Secretary.....Mary Mayo  
 Cor. Secretary.....May Spence  
 Treasurer.....Annie Shotwell

## Y. W. C. A.

President.....Cassie Griggs  
 Vice-President...Annie Shotwell  
 Secretary.....Edith Simmons  
 Treasurer.....Luola Gay

## Athletic Association

President.....Estelle Daniel  
 1st Vice-President..Vera Walker  
 2nd Vice-Pres....Virginia Hale  
 3rd Vice-Pres..Bernice Hornaday  
 Secretary.....Mary Mayo  
 Treasurer.....Lucy Ross

## Science Club

President.....Ina Massey  
 Vice-President.....Mary Mayo  
 Secretary....Gertrude Stanfield  
 Treasurer.....Annie Crews

## Editorial Staff of The Pansy

Editor-in-Chief....Lessie Fisher  
 Business Mgr.....Lida Sawyer  
 Assistant Bus. Mgr..Lura Perry  
 Literary Editors { Leila Edwards  
                           Virginia Hale  
 Club Editor.....Amelia Meares  
 Art Editor.....Sophia Forbes

## Editorial Staff of The Chatterbox

Editor-in-Chief.....Ina Massey  
 Business Mgr.....Estelle Daniel  
 Literary Editors { Annie Crews  
                           Lucy Ross  
 Y. W. C. A. Dept. Evelyn Matthews  
 Current Comment.Mary F. Mayo  
 Among Us.....Lessie Fisher  
 Have You Heard the Latest?...  
   Amelia Meares

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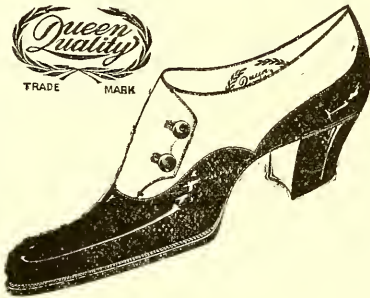
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