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The Guidon, Volume ll Number 1, October 1905

Longwood University

THE GUIDON

OCTOBER, 1905

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

THE GUIDON

OCTOBER, 1905

"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakspere.

State Normal School

Farmville, Virginia

Press of
Smith Brothers
Pulaski
Va.

THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning.*

VOL. 2 OCTOBER, 1905. NO. 1

A Greeting.

From old Virginia's fields,
With light and breezes free,
We have gathered a handful
Of flowers, to offer thee.

Accept, we pray, our greeting
And cast it not away;
Our hearts go with the flowers
That make up our bouquet.

A Boyhood in Old Stratford.

THERE is no name in the world of literature like the name of William Shakespeare. Homer broke as a sudden dawn through the darkness of the earlier ages and sang the grandest of heroic songs. Dante, when the gods of Homer were no more, towered up proud and solitary, with his sad and solemn dreams, his fierce hate, and his majestic love. Milton opened the gates of death, of hell, and of heaven, and saw visions such as no man ever saw before. But Homer, Dante, and Milton do not live in our heart of hearts; do not twine round our affections; do not satisfy our souls as Shakespeare does. Here and there we may find touches of daring sublimity, passages more steeped in learning, lines more instinct with abstract thought; but the greatest and best interpreter of human nature, the poet of the widest sympathies, of the most delicate perceptions, of the profoundest knowledge of mankind, a greater sculptor than Phidias, a truer painter than Raphael came into the world at the pleasant town of Stratford.

Near the banks of the slowly winding Avon, in Stratford town, stands a quaint stone house with gabled roofs and latticed windows opening outward. Here William Shakespeare was born, it is believed on the twenty-third of April, fifteen hundred sixty-four. Certain it is, as vouched by the parish register, that his baptism took place three days after on the twenty-sixth.

Warwickshire, the county in which Shakespeare was born, is in the heart of England. In May, when the hawthorn blooms and the nightingale is in full song, a Warwickshire foot-path leads one into a world as ideal as the island in "The Tempest," or the fairy-haunted country of "The Midsummer Night's Dream." Warwickshire lies always in the background of Shakespeare's mind, and gives form, quality, and color to the landscape of his poetry.

The immediate neighborhood of Stratford is undulating and varied, with a picturesque variety of hill and dale, wood and meadow-land, through which the Avon flows in silver links. "Nowhere were meadows so full of beauty as those around Stratford." In the early spring they were burnished with gold, and before hay-harvest were chased with tall moon-daisies, "freckled cowslips, burnet, and green clover." "And the woodlands, filled with a soft green light made by the budding leaves, were paved with the golden ore of primroses."

Dear was the Avon to the young poet,—dear no doubt it was to every boy in Stratford; but thoughts came to Shakespeare by its green banks destined to shine as long as its waters run. In after years, when buried in the heart of London, he could see when he listed,—

> "A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow;
> Quite over-canopied with lush and wood-bine,
> With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

Shakespeare's father, John Shakespeare, was a well-to-do citizen, owning much property and occupying places of honor in the town governmet,—being first Alderman, then Chief Magistrate of Stratford. The author's mother was Mary Arden, whose family had figured in court in preceding reigns. Neither parent could read nor write, for we can see their "marks" on registers and records, but that should not be surprising since at that early time nearly all the learning had been confined to the monks at the monasteries. In this age books and paper were very scarce. If books were scarce in the homes of the common people, there was no lack of oral tales, legends, and folklore for the entertainment of a family on a winter's evening. We can see the little lad now, sitting before a great fire with wide-opened eyes, looking with eagerness into his father's face while he listens to the story his father tells. After hearing this story he perhaps turns to his father and puts question after question to him. "The children in those days also had their stories to tell, and no doubt William could tell tales of ghosts and witches that made his little brother and sister afraid to creep up the dark,

narrow stairs to bed, and made him glance warily around as he took his candle to follow them."

When he was but seven years old, he was sent to the Grammar School of his town. We can imagine young William wending his way thither for the first time on a May morning, fifteen hundred and seventy-one. How excited and happy the lad must have been when he thought, "Now I am seven years old and I can go to school." The only requirement for admission in the case of a Stratford boy, was that he should be able to read, and this he had probably learned at the Dame School with the aid of a "horn book." But today the lad goes along to a real school swinging his horn book to which is attached a string so that it can be carried with ease. It was a long walk for our seven-year-old, but he trudged stoutly on, going out of his way to walk by the Dame School. "Deaf to the calls and whistles of the boys he played with yesterday, he goes grandly by; he has no time to talk to babies not more than six years old; he is too big to be taught by a woman now; he is going to the Grammar School where they have a head master." Turning the corner of Henley Street where his father lived, he came to High Street where the Guild Hall was situated, and finally walked eagerly into the big door of the Grammar School itself. But as we become accustomed to them, the most delightful things (even going to school) grow less exciting. And I do not think our Stratford boy always walked as eagerly as he did that first morning. I wonder if he was not thinking of himself when he wrote of

> "The schoolboy with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
> Unwillingly to school."

What did William study in the Grammar School? Arithmetic, Latin, and a little Greek. Ben Johnson says that he "knew little Latin and less Greek." He was merry and gay with plenty of mischief in his make up. Whether he would have taken the prize on deportment I cannot say. But there can be little doubt that here the youth received his entire education.

Young William may have found life at the Henley Street house and at the Grammar School rather dull, but there was no

lack of diversion and recreation out of doors. He exhibits a fine knowledge of field sports and was probably a participant in all the games of his mates. "He loved to be outdoors, fishing from the end of Stratford bridge, bathing in summer in the shadowed pools under the green alders, roaming the fields and woods, maybe sometimes setting a secret snare or venturing a hasty fling with his sling-shot at a tempting squirrel, or a hare crouched upon her form in the dewy grass." If he could not resist poaching when a grown man, we may be sure that William carried home in his pockets many a partridge and squirrel about which it was wisest to ask no questions.

But there were more lawful pleasures that called to our Stratford boy from lane and meadow, from stream and woodland.

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to be with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither."

Never has human creature looked at Nature's daily miracle of loveliness with purer eyes or more understanding heart. Some one has said, "He is a priest to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world." Even in boyhood he must have found

"Tongues in trees,
Books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

His insight into nature could not have been acquired after he attained maturity. Then the mind becomes engrossed with self, with the acquisition of ease and wealth and pleasure, or perhaps with the eternal worry and grind which is necessary to obtain daily sustenance. We can see him roaming fields and woods, now with a gay party of lads to bring in the boughs of blooming May for May-day; now down by the willows in early spring to cut withes for the basket making; now looking in the garden beds for the first daffodils "that come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty;" then taking his

brothers and sisters to the meadows to gather baskets of cowslips for his mother's wine making. "He stops his work to look at the flower in his hand, and feels dumbly its homely charm." Years afterward he conveyed it in one word when he speaks of the "freckled cowslip," and in about the last poem he wrote he called to mind the "five crimson drops i' the bottom of the cowslip." "Always observing, collating, selecting, he gathered his vast treasure of knowledge, taught by Mother Nature herself."

William differed from many boys inasmuch as not content with seeing the beauty, patent to all, he explored for himself. Did a bird whistle? He must know what kind of bird it was. Did a flower exhale fragrance? He must see its beauties and study its coloring. Did the far away stars throw out their lustrous light? How often must he have lain on the hillside gazing upward to "see how the floor of Heaven is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold," and perhaps he heard the "quiring of the young-eyed cherubims."

During the boyhood of the poet there were many theatrical entertainments given in England. When the plays came to town no other Stratford boy was more delighted than he. His father seems to have been a lover of the drama, and it is probable that he carried his son, William, to the plays in the neighboring towns. And when he was eleven years old, they went across the country to the great shows at Kenilworth, when Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Leicester. Perhaps our Stratford boy stood in the crowd watching the Royal progress, catching tight hold of his father's hand as the Queen's white palfrey paced by; and, as those proud, bright eyes that never failed to see a likely lad or handsome man, fell on him as she swept on, his heart burned within him for love of the Queen and his own Merry England.

Misfortune overtaking the father of William Shakespeare, the lad was withdrawn from school at the age of fourteen years and set to work. One tradition informs us that he served as an apprentice to a butcher; and it is said that when he killed a calf, the poetry of his nature prompted him to ennoble the operation by doing it in a high style and making a speech.

Another story has it that for some years he was a schoolmaster; both are not unlikely to be true.

So little is known of Shakespeare's boyhood that we will have to judge from his writings what kind of youth he was. The eldest of ten children, William no doubt felt the responsibility of setting good examples for the others, and there were, of course, certain duties which devolved upon him as eldest. I think William was his father's chief help and his father leaned more and more upon him, until, in old age, William became his main support. I suppose Mary Arden was a handsome, proud, reserved woman, for she came of a noble house; but she must have loved her son very much for she instilled within him a respect and reverence for woman, which shows he believed in them, though morality in his day was at a low ebb, and even the royal ladies were rough and boisterous having an example set them by no other than the "Good Queen Bess" herself.

The facts that we know concerning him are so meagre, an old house, a record in the parish register, his seat in the Grammar School, and a few traditions,—that is all; and yet we know the kind of boy he must have been; we know his great heart, his noble mind, his wide sympathy; that the "child is father to the man;" and that the germ of all his greatness was potential in his boyhood. "We picture him going about common tasks, moved by common joys and sorrows, whistling, laughing, running, leaping, playing jokes, caressing his mother, helping his father, kneeling in the Great Church, brooding on the life he saw about him; full always of forward-looking thoughts."

"For a boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

NELL DOUGLAS INGRAM, '06, (ARGUS).

The Southern Conference.

REMEMBERING how the Lord led his people apart from time to time, delegates from the Young Women's Christian Associations of America gather each year in various places to commune with God and to discuss Association work. That none of the associations may lose the help and inspiration that come from such a gathering, conferences are held in the west, east, north and south. The Southern Conference was held this year in Kenilworth Inn, at Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C.

The joy of the Conference began even before Biltmore was reached, for every train was full of delegates who, though strangers, had a friendly interest in each other because of the great purpose of their coming together. The ride up the rocky and rather steep road to the hotel was a pleasure. The beautiful hill on which the hotel is built rises up abruptly on the left side of the road, while to the right the rock-ribbed mountains stretch away in a seemingly endless chain. When the delegates arrived at Kenilworth Inn, they waited for some time in the foyer until their rooms were assigned. Here the same kindly spirit that had been shown before held sway. There was no coldness, no formality there, but a warm, loving, social spirit pervaded the whole room. The delegates felt from the beginning that it was good to be there, and if their deepest thoughts had been put into words, probably they would have been best expressed in Browning's rapturous lines:

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world."

Mrs. H. C. Tillman, of Chicago, presided over the Conference and Miss Mabel Cratty was the leader. Miss Frances Bridges had charge of the student department.

There were two Bible classes in which were enrolled almost

the entire membership of the Conference. The class in Acts and Epistles was taught by Dr. Brown, of Tennessee; and the one in Exodus by Miss Blodgett, of Michigan. Great interest was shown in these classes. The teachers were well prepared for their work, and taught most helpful lessons.

Missions had a prominent place in this Conference. Indeed its very theme suggested the missionary spirit—"He first findeth his own brother, and brought him to Jesus." Three mission classes were taught each morning, and many of the delegates were enrolled in these. Mr. Harlan P. Beach presented the Student Volunteer Movement, and Mrs. Thos. S. Gladding the Foreign Association work.

A vesper service was held on the hillside each evening just at sunset. Nowhere are the sunsets more wonderfully beautiful than at Asheville; and as the girls, sitting in groups on the grass, looked upon the beauty of the scene, their hearts were filled with gratitude and their voices rang out in praise to Him whose handiwork it was. One of the leaders made a practical talk each evening, and after a season of prayer the meeting closed with the vesper service hymn:

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky."

The good-night meetings were very sweet. Every delegation met by itself at half-past nine and had a heart-to-heart talk. Then, after a loving "Good-night" to the leaders, the girls slipped quietly away to their "resting beds, weary and content."

The social side of the Conference was by no means neglected. With such a charming personnel the social spirit could hardly do otherwise than flourish. The leaders came closely in touch with the girls, and added much to their pleasure. There was friendly visiting from room to room and many pleasant acquaintances were formed. The girls took walks in the park and along the riverside. Some took little trips to Asheville, some to Biltmore. There were drives planned for nearly every afternoon.

The drive through the Vanderbilt estate was most delightful. The entrance to the grounds is in the village of Biltmore; and the quaint lodge, the closed gates, the pompous porter, so careful as to whom he admits,—all remind one of old England. The road through the estate winds round and round the hill's through a country that is surpassingly lovely. At every turn there are charming surprises: here is a foot-path through a thick wood; here, a pond of water-lilies; there, a pretty little lake; farther on, in an unthought of place, is a beautiful clump of rhododendron; a sharp turn brings one in sight of the house; another turn and it is out of sight, but through the willows the Swannanoa can be seen, truly "The Nymph of Beauty" that someone has called it. This drive occupied three hours, but no one felt tired when it was over, and the party returned in gay spirits, singing college songs.

On Association Day, fun and jollity held full sway. Although it was raining, the girls lost none of their enthusiasm, and there was much bustle of preparation. The wide porch was used for the exercises, which began at four o'clock. The delegations sang their songs, gave their yells, and any other entertainment they wished. The Virginia delegation marched in with stately, measured tread, as becomes maidens from the land of Lee and Jackson, singing enthusiastically,

"Glory, glory to Virginia,
As we go marching on."

They also sang a toast to their State and "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny."

It had stopped raining by the time the Tennessee and Kentucky girls came out, so they used the lawn for their exercises. They made a pleasing picture as they marched up and down by twos, with great chains of daisies hung over their shoulders. In the middle of the line they carried their secretary, Miss Mabel Pye, in a white arm-chair. As this was the last delegation to come out, they very appropriately closed the happy day by singing a toast to the leaders of the Conference.

The inspiration of the grand mountain scenery, strong speakers, consecrated leaders, an eager membership, and an

earnest prayer-life made this a great conference. It was good to be there. The joy of those ten days on the mountain top will help those who were present to grow more quickly "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

FLORA THOMPSON, '07, (ARGUS).

Historic Appomattox.

ON the tenth of April, 1905, a monument was unveiled at Appomattox. Almost with one accord the thoughts of the visitors went back to another April day forty years ago, when the sun rose and set on the saddest scene in the history of our Southland—the surrender at Appomattox.

Here no great battles were fought, although there were many skirmishes around the place. Only one small burying-ground is to be found. It has thirteen graves, one of them being a Union soldier.

The monument recently erected by North Carolina is the first to our soldiers at this place, but may all the Southern States follow her example!

It was at Appomattox that Lee, beset and overwhelmed, and without supplies, surrendered the survivors of the grand Army of Northern Virginia to Grant. And thus the great war between the states virtually ended at Appomattox in Virginia.

The house in which Lee made terms of surrender is now in ruins. At one time it was planned that the house should be moved to Chicago, but the plan failed. Today we look with sadness upon the pile of bricks and planks surrounded by straggling boxwoods. It was a little way from this house that Lee made his memorable address, spoken to his sorrowing comrades about to depart for their ravaged, desolate homes. This parting benediction to his army, so completely illustrated in his own life and in the loyalty of the South, will forever attest the influence of this great example.

His address reads as follows:

APPOMATTOX C. H., April 10, 1865.

"I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion would accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended

the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully preformed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God may extend to you His blessing and protection.

"With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

It was at Appomattox that the flag which the Confederates loved ceased to have a place or meaning among the nations of the world. But the men who followed it see in it still the unstained banner of a brave and generous people.

"Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.
Sleep in thine own historic night!
And by thy blazoned scroll,
A warrior's banner takes its flight
So greet the warrior's soul!"

FRANK JONES, '07, (ARGUS).

Margaret Junkin Preston, the Poet.

MARGARET J. PRESTON, the poet—imagine Margaret as a little girl seeing those words. Would she have recognized herself as the poet? Who knows what dreams, what light fantastic shadows that seem to be and yet are not, what spirits on airy wings of nothingness float through the child-poet's brain? They are the earnest of the poet-to-be, he feels it all, he knows it all, and yet he knows it not. Might not, rather must not, Margaret Junkin Preston have felt all this? For she was still a child when a song burst from her lips,—her matin song. It is lost; yet we still have many a bright, happy lay trilled in the beauty and freshness of the morn.

Scarcely in her teens, we see this girl-poet celebrating in verse the Fourth of July, writing madrigals, rhymes and poems of all kinds, already showing her unusual power of melodious versification. Already the *Southern Literary Messenger* has caught an echo of this song: already from north, east and south the "Poet's Corner" of many a weekly is brightened by rays from this sunny spirit.

A little later and we find her in the beautiful Valley of Virginia; she is among green hills and pleasant vales and waving fields of wheat; she hears the great Shenandoah forever rolling onward; she sees the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge, cloud-like in the distance. Many an evening in summer she takes her solitary way over those hills, she hears the foaming mountain torrent; she gazes on the sunset, dying in the west; she sees the blue mists rise;—she is silent, her spirit is gone into the hazy distance to be one with the turquoise mists, to mix with the foaming cataract, to sing its songs, to be its very self. Back to her listening ear comes the echo of a song; it is hers, it is ours. Were these lines such an echo?

"Turn to the sunset hills
Yonder, and mark how the shadow fills
All of their saddened faces; one,—
The ambered peak that is next the sun,
Holds yet to its breast, as I to mine,
A glint of the still remembered shine."

Of Scotch ancestry, Mrs. Preston is full of the spiritualized emotion of her race, she glows with its fervor and what all have felt she sings, striking the tender chords of deepest feeling. These poems are gems of religious verse, they mark the acme of her talent. We see something of the noble purpose of her poetry from these lines—

"If one weak song of mine
Should yet prevail to bring the shine
Back o'er some spirits dull decline,
And for a moment seem to fling
A flash about its sun-setting,
I think (God granting) I may sing."

These religious poems are the "most personal heritage Mrs. Preston has left, the direct legacy of her soul." We are glad it is so for they are the sweetest.

One of Mrs. Preston's qualities which specially strikes us is the spontaneity of her verse; whether it was to sing a sweet hymn of praise, to voice a happy epithalamium, or to write an anniversary ode, her muse was ready.

Her unpublished manuscripts show this fountain-like spontaneity that leaps heavenward at the mere suggestion of a theme; and also the reluctance that forced the poet to garner her soul-experiences and select from them for print only here and there a blossom.

Mrs. Preston always kept a "theme book" in which she entered any suggestions for future poems, essays, ballads or the like. Then too she kept a series of record books, little tablets, on which she wrote any quotation that specially appealed to her, lessons from the old legends, unusual words from the old ballads that appealed to her imagination. Mrs. Preston was always a close observer of the mere beauty of words. Her genius for expression, though a God-given faculty, was thus trained and augmented.

An analysis of Mrs. Preston's poems reveals the fact that she excelled in the narrative and the devotional. The poems most likely to live are those that "sing a story" and those that "hymn a sentiment."

Her poems were published in four volumes, beginning with "Old Song and New" (in 1870). This is a collection of ballads, sonnets, religious pieces and stories from Greek and from Hebrew history. They are nearly all narrative or devotional, showing already the bent of the poet's genius. Among the poems on Greek themes may be mentioned "Alcyone," "The Quenched Brand," and "Rhodope's Sandal," each a dramatic incident thrown into lines that "gleam and quiver."

> "They caught
> A gleam of flickering robes,— a quick dull plash,
> The sullen gurgle of recoiling waves,
> The clamorous screaming of a startled gull
> That flapped its wings o'erhead—but saw no more
> The woe-worn face of sad Alcyone."

"Old Song and New" gives promise of that flexible poetic dialogue which we find so perfected in "Cartoons;" the volume too contains the pathetic "A Year in Heaven" and "The Vision of the Snow."

Five years later was published "Cartoons," which probably shows Mrs. Preston's highest imagery and greatest dramatic power. The "Cartoons" are in conversational form and express the most beautiful sentiments. They are a series of little pictures sketched with rare skill and earnestness on a thumb-nail, a cherry-stone, the golden circlet of a coin, a medallion. They contain the sweetest essence of Italian memoir and history, old German anecdotes or the legends of the Saints. At the end of each poem we have the poetic climax, giving us the moral in terse, epigrammatic lines that go straight to the point. "Murillo's Trance," written with rare insight and sympathy, is one of the most famous.

The next volume is "For Love's Sake." It takes its title from one of its poems which tells of the beautiful Moslem mosque, Taj Mahal, reared by the Hindoo sovereign over the sculptured coffin of his love. You ask,

"Why rear such a palace, only to shelter a woman's dust?
Why rear it? The Shah had promised his beautiful Nourmaha
To do it because he loved her,—he loved her and that was all."

"The Colonial Ballads" evinces the poet's dramatic gifts. This series contains many striking stories from Old Virginia history, as "Croatan," "Greenway Court," and "The Queen of Pamunkey." Then too there are New England stories, "The First Thanksgiving," "Miles Standish's First Proclamation."

But Mrs. Preston's work is ended.

"Surely there hangs a dimmer shine
Over the sky than a month ago;
Droppings of tears this soughing pine
Holds in its voice,—it is sobbing so
Even the scarlet maple leaves
Sink with a sigh about my feet,
And Indian summer's haze droops now,
Margaret has gone."

Oh birds, oh flowers, pines, and falling maple leaves, well may you sigh,—who will love and sing of you now?

SALLIE E. JONES, '06, (Cunningham).

The Blue and the White.

In the heart of old Virginia
With its hills, and skies so blue,
Her daughters fair have gathered
Under the white and the blue.
Hearts that are happy and light,
Hearts that are brave and true;
Under the blue and white,
Under the white and blue.

They come for work, not pleasure,
They strive with might and main
Of knowledge in full measure
A priceless gift to gain.
Ever upholding the right,
Ever upholding the true;
Under the blue and white,
Under the white and blue.

NELLIE BAKER, '06.
(Cunningham.)

The Guidon's Latest Caper.

THE Editors seem determined that nobody shall forget the existence of THE GUIDON. First, we had the flattering attentions of the damsels who gave us the opportunity to subscribe, and nobody was left out. Last week they gave a "show" to advertise the magazine. Red and white posters

invited us to something vague and alluring. "Nonsense Charades! And what are they? Come and see!"

All undaunted by the fact that the invitation was restricted to "ye witty and ye bright," nearly the whole student body crowded into the auditorium Saturday night to witness THE GUIDON'S "latest caper." But, perhaps our sense of modesty was exceeded by a desire to behold the famous "world stars," Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, Maxine Elliott, Mansfield, and Sir Henry Irving.

Our curiosity flamed high in the afternoon when this cablegram appeared on the bulletin-board:

SPECIAL CABLEGRAM

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

INCORPORATED

28,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.

Receiver's Name	Time Filed	Check
K. R.	*11:34 A. M.*	*Paid*

SEND the following message subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

October 6th, 1905.

To *The Editors of the Guidon,*

Farmville, Virginia, S. N. S.

Am	*leaving*	*Paris*	*by*	*noon*
airship.	*Will*	*reach*	*your*	*city*
4:00 P. M.	*Will*	*play*	*my*	*whole*
repertoire	*tonight.*	*So*	*much*	*flattered*
by	*your*	*invitation*	*to*	*play*
before	*your*	*charming*	*American*	*demoiselles.*

PADEREWSKI, Paris.

READ NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON BACK.

Imagine then, reader, how great were our expectations when the curtain first lifted on the scene; and happily we were not doomed to disappointment. Picture to yourself a dainty girlish figure in silver armor (that showed itself, on closer inspection, to be made of the *Farmville Herald*) with full plaited skirt, cuirass and helmet. Megaphone in hand, she proclaimed—

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!
Hear the proclamation of ye honored President! !—"

We have heard many good things from that stage, but few as encouraging as that proclamation—no more tickets, tests abolished, failures forbidden, holidays enjoined, picnics instituted, good times every day! At the end, the following announcement—

"Tonight THE GUIDON editors with some of ye select talent will give for your entertainment and detainment some nonsense charades. Carefully and thoughtfully use your wits, clearly and distinctly put-down your guesses with the number of the charade in order in which it comes; all charades are names of magazines." Whereupon, we sharpened our wits and wondered what we should do with the prize!

The curtain now lifted on a very different scene and those of us who have not reached the professional stage of existence had for the first time the pleasure of "Observing in the Training School." The patient senior in her struggles with the Geography class enlisted the sympathies of all (which must have been of veritable India-rubber quality to have stood the strain upon them, for they were stretched to the uttermost!). The subject of the lesson was the Atlantic Ocean. Each child had a pet name for it such as Hampton Roads, Little Buffalo and Lithia Springs. One particularly bright pupil raised her hand and asked, "Teacher, is this 'rithmetic?"

To relieve the intellectual strain (?), I suppose, the next charade was of a lighter vein. The seven days of the week, in response to the leader's ringing call, flitted about the stage madly blowing "in a concatenation accordingly" upon their tiny harps. Such little harps! Such loud music!—was that the ghost of Wagner flitting by?

We next had a glance at kindergarten life: kindergarten life in its most fascinating form. We should all feel much indebted to the darling little tots (?), mother's little men (?), and four-year-old maids who took part in this charade. Little children have such cunning ways! What a pity to lose them ever! They were, I suppose, "the bright particular stars in minor parts" referred to in the posters.

In the next charade two of the "rats" gave us the freshman point of view in their diary letters to the home folks in regard to such important subjects as the Literary Society, mail call, Y. W. C. A., and last but not least, President Jaiman's appeal to the school spirit of the girls in asking them to subscribe to THE GUIDON.

We were swept into another world in the following charade, a "world of fair women" and brave men, of love and wine, with a touch of the courtly and ceremonious. To begin at the beginning, as the children say, two fair fashionables entertained two of their beaux (who were immediately recognized by the audience as Richard Mansfield and Sir Henry Irving). Despite the dazzling foot-lights, the debutantes appeared immensely to advantage. One was a tall slender girl of pale spirituelle type, with a face as exquisite as a flower's, in a dress of purest white; the other, a fascinating and sprightly brunette in a trailing decollete blue gown. The gentlemen were dressed in the height of fashion and were so gallant, so handsome that the audience fell quite in love with them. The young ladies and their friends seated themselves at a table and commenced playing cards, AND WITH POKER CHIPS TOO! The French maid brought in the wine, the hostess poured out the libations to youth and beauty, they rose, touched glasses, and with ringing words drank a health to each other. The curtain fell upon them promenading arm in arm around the stage.

Next we had a swift review of all the actors—Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Maxine Elliott and Sir Henry Irving, etc. etc., etc. We were all glad to have a chance of seeing these bright lights once more before saying "Adieu," as it were.

The curtain then rose for the last time. A military company came stepping briskly in line; girls clad in white uniforms,

with dashing scarlet trimmings and military caps, wearing white cards. They marched around to martial music, following a flag. "One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!" At the captain's command the cards were reversed and "THE GUIDON" was presented to view. The curtain then fell to immense applause.

The actor, to whom we were first introduced, now re-appeared and announced the names of the charades in their respective order: The Farmville Herald, The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Weekly, The Kindergarten, The Ladies Home Journal, The Smart Set, Everybody's Magazine, and The Guidon.

Miss Ellen Taylor, having filled out a perfectly correct coupon, was awarded the prize of being officially announced, "the smartest girl in the room."

Thus ended a most enjoyable evening.

Before closing, I must say that one of the most attractive features of the occasion was Paderewski's beautifully rendered music "entre-actes."

And now, in the name of the student body, I say, "Good luck to THE GUIDON, may it live long and prosper!!"

MARGARET WILLOUGHBY SHARP, '08.

September Echoes.

THE clang of innumerable bells, the sound of hurrying feet, the busy murmur of the class-rooms, the hum of conversation, merry peals of laughter,—all are distinct echoes of September.

Clearer and louder than these, we hear the echoes of the first Y. W. C. A. meeting. How beautiful that those girls, just from their homes, not yet over their own homesickness, should meet and talk of being kind and helpful to others! How sweet that one girl should discuss before so many earnest, listening ones, the things which lie very near a woman's heart, yet which she often shrinks from mentioning. And the girlish voices, rising in a song of praise! Could one wish the echo of a sweeter sound?

But the echo that is dearest and most enduring is "Good-bye!" Did it not blend with the rumble of the cars as they pulled out of the home station? Did you not see father's lips form the word when you could no longer hear it? Did not mother's white face cry it most eloquently, though her voice refused to utter it? "Good-bye! good-bye!" How it echoes and re-echoes, bringing back all the dear home scenes until your eyes fill and your heart throbs! Yet you would not stop it. Oh, no! Let it ring until it shall change into the glad refrain, "Welcome home!"

GRACE THORPE.

Some Simple Rules for Training School-Teachers.

IN the course of some days of heart-rending experiences, I have, I think, discovered a few simple rules for teaching; and as I am trying to "Do unto others," I have concluded to give them to my fellow-workers—(in strictest confidence). They have not always been infallible; but, at least, they may touch a responsive chord in the hearts of the seniors who tread the waxed floor of the Training School hall.

1. Cultivate repose of manner. This rule is really necessary. Though you may quiver and tremble as an aspen leaf in a whistling September wind with your thoughts and ideas as autumn leaves in a November blast, yet be as unmoved and immovable as the lofty Blue Ridge—that is, when you are teaching the children alone. Ah—er—the advent of a supervisor might change the atmosphere. Never be embarrassed, never be annoyed, never be surprised, never be in a hurry, never stammer when answering with your accustomed lucidity and accuracy an unexpected question. Strive to speak in a well-modulated, gentle, but firm tone. It should be like listening to restful music. How to do it? Well I—really, I haven't quite solved the problem of bringing tones of any description from a voice-box that is on a printer's strike or of toning down a nervous, wavering squeak which resembles the music of a mouse. When I do, I will let you know. I really will.

2. Do not blush. The results of this rule will be well worth the training, I assure you. Let me illustrate. If, from some unavoidable reason, (a caller the night before, perhaps) you only prepared a short lesson, and (by some strange chance) the children answer more promptly than you have ever known them to do, and you find yourself expounding the last point fifteen minutes before the end of the period—if, I say, you are

racking your brain, mentally tearing your hair, and sending passionate, agonizing, inaudible petitions for inspiration when you hear the gentle creak of the door and a quiet swish of the skirts of a supervisor—then, oh, then, do not blush, do not falter. It may be a chill is apt to strike your vertebral column, play hide and seek, then travel upward as a warm current, touching your ears and cheeks in spots and dashes. But it really doesn't pay. I am inclined to say the "becoming blush" is an exploded fallacy, a poetic invention that goes along with an alabaster brow, diamond eyes, golden hair, pearly teeth, and a "throat like an ivory column." A woman with all of these charms could afford a becoming blush, doubtless it would suit her very well—but not a Training School teacher! Under the eyes of a supervisor who can put two and two together!

3. Do not look at your criticism book more than twice a day. This is really quite important. For most of us, there are still one hundred and sixty school days and it is very doubtful whether the backs will stand more than three hundred and twenty handlings. It may be well to add that it is wise to digest the contents, whether "to sugar or to gall." They are not generally written as memory gems, nor disconnected facts, nor yet as examples of calligrapy.

4. Do not keep a child in more than once a day. Really, you will be glad to adhere to this rule. To stay in oftener is both tiresome and monotonous to the teacher and, by some curious psychological fact, becomes a pleasure to the child. Then, too, we are advised to see all the good possible in the child, to cultivate the habit of courtesy, "to wear the glove of velvet over the firm, iron hand of discipline." Which, being interpreted, means: Have a wide-awake, sunshiny, self-govering schoolroom without any visible effort whatever.

When you have learned to do all of these little things, perhaps you may be presented with more of that valuable commodity which everybody loves to bestow and hates to receive—good advice.

Isa McKay Compton, '06.
(Cunningham.)

Line Upon Line.

"There are a few young ladies, it seems, who have not, as yet, matriculated. Please report to my office this morning at the short recess and attend to this important duty."

Silence! Silence!! Silence!!! in the library.

"I wonder how many hundred times you girls have heard me ask you to leave a broad margin, to indent your paragraphs, and not to abbreviate your words."

"It takes you girls entirely too long to 'run down' every morning. Sometimes the chapel leader actually has to wait for you to stop talking."

"Now, sing out, girls. You seem to be afraid of the sound of your own voices. And don't drag."

"There was a young lady here about four years ago who used her pencil to write on the walls and woodwork. I had to say good-bye to her."

"Just a word about your rooms. Pin your pictures and souvenirs to the curtains or suspend them from the picture-moulding by a network of strings. Pins are not to be used as tacks, at least, not in the State Normal School."

"You are expected to spend your vacant periods during school hours in studying, not in 'visiting' in the halls and the library, and especially not in 'arming' each other around the campus."

"Single file, girls, and keep to the right. Pass through the halls quietly. Don't talk, and don't run races in your eagerness to get to the next class-room."

"Why will you girls persist in screaming in the halls when I have asked and asked and asked you to behave like young ladies instead of training school children'?"

"Rise, please, to recite. You don't recite entirely for your own benefit; the girl on the back seat wishes to hear a little of the lesson. Besides, you must learn to think on your feet, and get over being frightened when you stand up to speak."

"It seems that a few young ladies have misunderstood the directions for marching out of chapel. Don't choose your partners; don't wait for your best friend, or the girl you marched with yesterday; she may be absent today. March with the girl who is opposite you, whoever she may be. You may hurt her feelings if you show your unwillingness to march with her. Don't talk so loudly while you are marching out that you can not hear the music; no matter if the faculty does, you mustn't. When you reach the door, don't stop and blockade the doorway; don't stop at all, just keep on going."

Editorials.

Our Greetings.

With our advent in the new term we extend words of greeting to all the readers of THE GUIDON. We welcome our new friends and hope they may be as friendly as our old ones have proven themselves.

How the editors of last year are missed! Now we understand why their noble brows were lined with care, and why the "Magazine" seemed to be the chief subject of their thoughts. Already we know their trials and tribulations, may we have the good fortune to experience their success. May their prosperity be great wherever they may be and their paths strewn with a shower of blessings.

To Every Girl in School.

We want each one of you to feel that this is your Magazine.

"Our pleasures may be your pleasures;
Our joys, your joys."

Its pages are open and we shall welcome your suggestions and contributions. Let us hear from you often in the Magazine column. We shall hope to have various questions and topics asked and discussed in the Open Column, which will be at your service next month.

Our Delay.

We regret that this issue of THE GUIDON comes out a little late. We have striven to be on time but owing to the fact that the printers have been on a strike it caused delay. Nevertheless, we hope hereafter to have each copy out on time.

Our Literary Work.

It has been decided by both Literary Societies that their meetings shall alternate. Thus we see that each member will have the advantage of both programmes, a debate following each literary evening. The Argus

will study Dickens and Tennyson while the Cunningham will devote their time to Longfellow and Scott. How much better it is to have these meetings alternate! The girls will take more interest than ever, and try much harder since that another society is present among their visitors. This will help both the society and the individual.

Up to this issue there have been no meetings, for the girls find that the new work of this year absorbs all their energies. When we are more used to our new duties, when the name Junior does not seem another term for appalling work, when the Seniors can hear the Training School bell without palpitation of the heart, we can turn our attention to our literary work.

However, on Thursday, October 19, 1905, the first meeting will be held by the Argus. The programme is a debate. "Resolved: That higher education unfits a woman for domestic life." Affirmative—Steptoe Campbell, Frank Jones, Nan Nicholson. Negative—Florida Ashby, Janet Duvall, Lucy Rice.

Last Ruling of the Faculty.

It has been decided by the faculty that no girl be allowed to pass on any study unless her English is satisfactory. This is such a splendid rule to help us. We become so careless in our expression, that finally incorrect speech is habitual. Perhaps the fear of a "Not Passed" ticket will keep us in the right path.

It is indeed hard for every one of us. Some girls work under greater disadvantages however. Though they do good work in their English Classes and are constantly on their guard, yet, their surroundings have been such at home that they fall into their old ways of careless expression. Home influence has much to do with this.

What a vast help this will be to the First A who is thus trained from the lowest class up and will avoid many pitfalls in the Training School. Then, too, we must realize that the State cannot graduate a girl unless she can express herself in clear and simple English. For our school, we must remember, is a State institution, and the honor of the Old Dominion must be ever before our eyes.

Our Exchanges.

Our Exchange Editor regrets that there have been no magazines sent in this month. We can only speak of those which came last spring. The May issues were good on the whole—indeed, I think we can say they were excellent. Evidently they were appreciated, for not even a back can be found. Whether the Library ghost coveted them, or the maid "cast them as rubbish to the void," or a mother mouse took them to furnish her happy home, it is impossible to say,—they are gone—but the impression of many bright and clever papers remains pleasantly with the editor.

Another New Feature.

In our next month's issue we will open an Experience Page for the Alumnae. We hope thereby to come in closer touch with our Alumnae and feel sure it will prove of special interest to all. It may be you have a second Emile of whom you are justly proud; perchance, in the mountain fastnesses of the Blue Ridge, one may have a modern Pestalozzian school. It may be you have a new thought, or a helpful hint. Don't keep such valuable thoughts and experiences hidden. Let us laugh with you, rejoice with you, sympathize with you.

Why Do We Have No Poetry Offered in Our Magazine?

If poets are born and not made it would seem that there should be a goodly sprinkling ready created among five hundred and twenty girls, does it not? Then why do we not hear your songs? Is nobody in love? Has nobody seen the autumn sunshine, or distant hill and gloomy woodland? Is nobody homesick? Has nobody a charming new friend who deserves a tribute in rhyme? Is it because you have not heard us calling? Then hearken, ye singers of nature, of the beautiful, of the ideal, and hasten

> "At some dear idle time
> Not plagued with headache or the want of rhyme,"

to bring your songs, and win for yourselves "the greatest, the most lasting name."

Virginia's Educational Awakening.

It seems fitting that we the future teachers of our old Virginia state should pause to consider the wonderful strides in education that the South has made with the advent of the new century and to rejoice that the state which gave Jefferson to the Union should enlist in this new crusade, urging the education of all people.

Let us strive to make ourselves capable and worthy to carry on this great work. Let us store our minds with rich truths, let us develop our possibilities, our energy, our faculties to the utmost. Above all, may we be filled with new aspirations, with a desire to make the most of ourselves, with a longing to help humanity.

Frances Willard says in regard to woman as a teacher, "She it is who guides, inspires, and elevates. The safety and perpetuity of our national life is largely dependent upon a living, loving, womanly teacher in every school-room in our country."

Are we making the most of our opportunities and fitting ourselves to be such guides?

"Fix on the future goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way.
Until at last the end is won
And thou mayst look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done."

From Our October Magazines.

WE feel like thanking Andrew Carnegie for the hopeful note which he sounded in his contribution to the *North American Review*, entitled "An Anglo-French-American Understanding." Mr. Carnegie here shows us England, France and America bent upon different careers, each according to its own conditions and the genius of its people. From this he draws the conclusion that these three great nations whose institutions are each based upon that grand formula "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," must henceforth be free from rival aims and so bound to peace among themselves. Such an outlook is indeed encouraging, and we can all, I am sure, join in the triumphant optimism of his closing sentence, "The world does move upward!"

SALLIE E. JONES, '06.
(Cunningham.)

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"Nothing makes us realize so vividly that we live in a progressive time, as the results from scientific research; the wonder of today becomes the commonplace of tomorrow, the luxury of one year the necessity of the next, and to supply the demand, new and strange industries arise. Here is one of the queerest! One would think, at first sight, that there is no lack of bugs in the world, but more seem to be needed." In the October *Harper*, there is a very interesting article entitled, "Breeding Beneficial Insects." This was made an industry, it seems, when a parasite was sought to counteract the pest known in unscientific terms as the "cottony cushion-scale." This pest attacked the orange and the lemon trees of California, endangering the industry.

The theory was advanced that the pest had a natural enemy, and if the two could be brought together the pest could be held

in check, thus "restoring the balance of nature." A grub was found in Australia, feeding upon the cottony cushion-scale. It developed into a "lady-bird," which, in turn, had a preying parasite. In order to get a lady-bird free from parasites, glass-houses were built over two small orange trees and under these were bred some colonies for shipment to California.

In a year, the offspring of a single pair of lady-birds numbers millions. Thus it is easy to see how the entire state was supplied from the first colony. The scale pest was soon routed from the field and is still under subjection. The great citrus-fruit industry of California was saved.

The results from this experiment apply to other insect pests. Investigation showed that all the fruit pests had been introduced from foreign countries, and it was there that the natural enemies must be sought. These researches, although eminently successful, necessitated wandering through foreign lands. The insects were very hard to find because they kept the pests in such subjection that the latter were not recognized by the native fruit-growers as pests.

The breeding process, after the beneficial insect is found, is very interesting, most of it being done in glass cases.

For distribution throughout the state, the insects are done up in glass tubes and mailed.

The horticultural quarantine laws of California are now iron clad. Nothing comes into the state without close inspection, and condemned material must be sent out of the state within twenty-four hours.

DOROTHY ROGERS, '06.
(Cunningham.)

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THE KIDNAPPING OF BETTINA—Not, as it would seem, the bold head-lines of a yellow journal announcing the spiriting away of a damsel; but only a little love story told in in the *Saturday Evening Post*, with a charm that is irresistible. Its very freshness and "unusualness" singled it out from any of the articles I saw in the magazines on my "list." Of course the plot centers around "just two," and, after the usual mis-

takes, a thunder storm proves the turning point—to Cupid's advantage. It seems written just for girls. For what girl is there that does not weave myriads of fanciful romances about herself in which Prince Charming figures conspicuously?

LUCY A. WARBERTON, '08.

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In reading the different magazines in our library for the month of October my attention was especially attraced to an article in *Success* called "What Has Luck Done For You?" I have always thought that there was no such thing as "luck," and after reading in this article what Roosevelt, Johnson, and Shakspeare have said, I am "of the same opinion still."

Behind this thing "luck" we find character, merit, and earnest work. One of the most uncouraging sentences is, "The only luck that plays any great part in a man's life is that which inheres in a stout heart, a willing hand, and an alert brain." This sentence made me feel stronger, because I know if my brain is not alert I can have a willing hand and I can determine to use it. It is good to know that all of us, more or less, are on an equal footing and that "Good luck follows good sense, good judgment, good health, a gritty determination, a lofty ambition, and downright hard work." Let's throw from our vocabulary the words "good luck" and "bad luck" and start with a fresh determination to succeed; because we deserve success then we can say,

"What has luck done for you?"

STEPTOE CAMPBELL, '06.
(Argus.)

Alumnae Notes.

Cora Lee Cole (June '02) is teaching in the public school at Norton, Wise county, Va.

Lottie Snead (June '04) is teaching in the graded school at Crewe.

Anna Diehl (June '05) is teaching in the public school at DeWitt.

Mary Lou Campbell (June '04) is assistant in the seventh grade of the High School, Pulaski, Va.

Lennie Clemer (June '05) is assistant at Palmer Academy.

Mary Rose (June '04) is teaching in the public school of Ben Salem, Rockbridge county, Va.

Carlotta Lewis (June '05) is teaching in Buchanan graded school.

Mrs. R. H. Woolling, nee Nellie Jordan (June '99), lives in Pulaski, Va.

Myra Howard (June '05) is teaching in the public school of Greendale, Washington county, Va.

Zou Hardy (June '96) is teaching in the graded school of Roanoke, Va.

Helen Winston (June '02) is teaching in the Pulaski Institute.

Katie St. Clair (June '02) is teaching private music at Logan, West Virginia.

Ellen Armstrong (class '99) is taking a special course at Hampden-Sidney College.

Lelia Chumbley (June '02) is teaching in the Rockingham graded school.

Jeminia Hurt (June '04) is teaching a public school near Salem, Va.

Olive Hinman (June '05) is a trained nurse in East Orange, New Jersey.

Mary Frances Powers (June '02) is Principal of the Greenway School at her home, White Post, Va.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

THE prospects are very bright for the Y. W. C. A. for the coming year. The members are enthusiastic and the committees have gone to work with a will. The chairmen are adding new members to their committees and are writing new policies. "The White Ribbon Girls" returned early this fall, and made every effort to give the new girls a pleasant introduction to school life. The new girls have, in return, shown great interest in the Association work and many of them have given it their support. As the two dormitories are not connected, it has become necessary to have two mid-week prayer meetings, one in each building. The meeting in the main building is held in Room J, and the one in the new building on the third floor corridor. These meetings make a pleasant, helpful break in the routine of the week's work, and are well attended.

The Y. W. C. A. reception was given in the reception hall, Friday evening, September 15. About five hundred young women were present. In the receiving line were Mrs. Cochran, head of the Home, and the members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. An effort was made to introduce the new students to the old students and to make them feel that this school home is a home indeed. The entertainment for the evening was a conversation party. This occupied forty minutes and occasioned much merriment. Light refreshments were served and at ten o'clock the guests departed in gay spirits.

The Bible Rally was held September 23. Miss Coulling, chairman of the Bible Study Committee, led the meeting and presented the work of her committee in a very forceful way. Twelve Bible classes have been organized, and courses are offered in Exodus, Old Testament Characters, Acts and Epistles, and John. Many of the girls, feeling a need for Bible study and realizing

that a knowledge of the Bible is an important part of an education, have joined these classes.

The Mission Rally was held October 7. The work of the Missionary Committee was presented, a mission study class was organized, and pledges for systematic giving were made. There has been a remarkable interest shown in missions in the schools of North America during the past year. This school has kept pace with the others, and the subject of missions interests many of its students.

The general work of the Y. W. C. A. was presented at the Recognition Service, and greetings were read from several other Associations. Seventy-five new members were received and presented with Y. W. C. A. ribbons.

Jokes.

New Girl, on entering a class-room and seeing a vacant seat, "Is this seat preserved? If not I should like to have it."

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NOT A SORORITY OR FRATERNITY.

When asked to join the Young Women's Christian Association, a "Rat" replied: "Oh, I thought you had to be here four and a half months before you could join."

***

THE WRONG ONE.

Miss H-r-r-s-n, who responded to a knock at her class-room door, was greeted with, "Oh, I don't want to see you, I want to speak to the teacher."

***

AN OLD GIRL THIS TIME.

Who discovered that Texas has a population of 368,412 square miles?

***

BROKEN IN TRANSPORTATION?

An old girl explains "The Winged Victory" to a new one: "That was given to the school by the June Class of last year. The head was broken off just that way when it came."

***

New Girl.—"Are you going to take this English examination?"

Miss S-t-h-l-n.—"No, but I am fixing to give it to you."

Notes of Local Interest.

Miss Estelle Smithey, who has had the privilege of a year's study in Paris, has resumed her work as teacher of French and German.

Miss Helen Blackiston, of Hampton, Va., a graduate of this school and a former instructor here, has charge of the geography, as a substitute for Miss Reynolds, who has a year's leave of absence for study at Teachers' College, New York.

Miss Carrie Sutherlin, of Sutherlin, Va., and Miss Mary Clay Hiner, of McDowell, Va, both graduates of this school, are the new assistants in the department of English language.

Miss Mary D. Pierce, of Rectortown, Va., is the new supervisor of the fifth and sixth grades of the training school.

Miss Alice Dugger, of Petersburg, Va., is the new librarian.

Miss Mary V. Blandy, who has charge of the Kindergarten Training Department, is a graduate of Miss Lucy Wheelock's famous training school at Boston.

Miss Cheves West, the new instructor in history and reading, accepted the offer of a graduate scholarship in philosophy at Cornell University.

Miss Elsie Gwyn, of Springdale, N. C., has taken Miss West's place as instructor in history and reading.

Dr. J. F. Messenger takes the place of Mr. Elmer E. Jones, who has a year's leave of absence for study at Columbia University.

Mrs. M. P. Preston, of Salem Va., was the guest of her daughter, Miss Mary, of the Senior class, on the seventeenth of September.

Mr. E. S. Evans, of Lynchburg, assistant in the State Library at Richmond, visited the school in September.

Mr. B. L. Rawlings, of Baltimore, Md., spent Sunday, the eighth of October, with his sister Florence.

The first social function of the season was the reception given by the Young Women's Christian Association on the fifteenth of September.

A large number of girls went out to Hampden-Sidney on the thirty-first of September to see a foot-ball game between Hampden-Sidney and Hoge Military Academy.

Clippings.

The Unpardonable Sin.

She was a college maiden, who with learning was just laden, was the very highest grade in abstruse philosophy.

She solved problems in geometry, knew all about astronomy, and played with trigonometry, so very much knew she.

In matters physiological, her brain, extremely logical, discerned the psychological, the world told how it lives; she was at home in history, could date each church consistory, had studied occult mystery, but—the split infinitives.

So the women's clubs rejected her, the editors dissected her, in Boston disinfected her in verbal quarantine.

Of snubs she had satiety, she hated all society, she hadn't any piety, and so she made a scene.

That settled her for good and all with those that could or would and all reform her as she should and all be well with her once more.

And so with all her learning and her psychic college, yearning all the world to set a-burning, she's in a department store.

Let her awful fate be warning to those in their life's fresh morning, when a bright career is dawning—let them strict attention give.

They may wisdom men be lending, have a recitude unbending, but they'll come to no good ending with the split infinitive.
—*Baltimore American.*

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Exams. are but an empty dream,
For the girl is lost who blunders,
And exams. are what they seem.

Math. is real and science is earnest,
And tho' seventy be thy goal,
Struggle thou must, and then thou learnest
That the half has not been told.

In the Faculty's broad range of questions,
In the struggle of all your life,
Be not like dumb little Freshmen,
Be a Sophomore in the strife.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every task,
Still a-guessing, still pursuing,
Learn to study and to pass.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Full Page, for Nine Months,	$20.00
One-half, " " "	10.00
One-fourth, " " "	5.00

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