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Longwood University

THE GUIDON

NOVEMBER, 1905

State Female Normal School

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

The Guidon

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

State Female Normal School

Farmville, Virginia

Press of
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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 NOVEMBER, 1905. NO. 2

A Happy Girlhood at Grand-Pre.

IMAGINE, if you can, a quaint Canadian village built in old French style, each house, a picture in itself, reared of the stoutest oak, with gables projecting over the pavement below, and with little dormer-windows, latticed, and gazing out on the village life like the great eyes of some monster. See the narrow streets where the children play all day long, pausing only to kiss the hand of the village priest as he walks among them! See, too, the outlying landscape! On the east, west and south, great orchards, cornfields, pastures for sheep and far-reaching meadows of flax; on the north, the everlasting hills and the great primeval forest.

But now glance again at the homes of the village. Notice one, particularly, an old rambling house pleasantly situated on the side of a hill. The little porch with its rudely-carved seats, the path winding through the sunny orchard and disappearing in a distant meadow, the buzzing bee-hive, the overflowing barns, and lastly the ancient, moss-grown well—all these give a pleasant home-like look to the place. Picture this scene then,

and think of it with affection, for this is the birthplace of Evangeline Bellefontaine, that maiden who so sweetly proved "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

What a long and joyous childhood this little French lass had! What a paradise of childish pleasure the old farm offered her! With her only play-fellow Gabriel near, the big red barn became a stage for exciting games of hide-and-go-seek; with him she even dared to climb the rickety ladder leading to the loft, her fear only adding a zest to the boy's merry teasing and laughter. Together they hunted in the nests on the rafters for that wondrous stone which the swallow brings from the sea to restore the sight of her fledglings. But when the winter came the days were no longer care-free, for Gabriel and Evangeline must go to the village school taught by Father Felician. Even the horror of books, however, did not stop the fun of the playmates. After the parting hymn was sung what would be more delightful than to visit Gabriel's father, the village smith, at his forge? There they would watch with wondering eyes how that bold man actually lifted a horse's foot as if it were only a plaything and then nailed the shoes to the hoof. They eagerly gazed at the laboring bellows and laughed merrily when the sparks in the ashes expired, and said they were nuns going into a chapel. Often they took their sleds to the steepest hill in the village and coasted with whoops of the wildest excitement until night stopped the fun. Then, on cold winter nights Gabriel would come with his father to Evangeline's home. There the little boy and the still smaller girl would sit on the oaken settle in the chimney corner and, while the men smoked their pipes, listened to the stories that the notary told.

> "For he told them tales of the loup-garou in the forest,
> And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
> And of the white Letiche, the ghost of a child who, unchristened,
> Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
> And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
> And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
> And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
> With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village."

Thus flew the years away,—but childhood must go and give

place unto fuller things; so all these passed, and Evangeline was no longer a child, but a maiden. Perhaps the first time that she realized this was at her first communion. On a certain bright spring Sunday she had dressed in a pure white gown, with a long white veil and a flower wreath for her hair, and while the organ pealed forth a solemn march, had walked slowly up the dim church aisle with her companion and received her first communion at the altar. Then it was that it came to her how much life could hold of love and service. Then she took upon herself many new duties. It was Evangeline who became her father's comfort, who kept house for him, spun, busied herself with all the wholesome activities of that simple life, and faithfully kept all her vows to her beloved church. Indeed her home and the church were the two chief centers of her life. Every thought, every emotion, each upwelling of spiritual feeling, clustered around these two potent factors in her quiet life.

Then one day something wonderful happened! Perhaps it was only the touch of a hand, perhaps the sudden meeting of two pairs of eyes, or again perhaps a kiss was given as in olden days and the spell was broken—however it was, whenever it was, one wonderful day love came to Evangeline! Now as she sits at her tasks of sewing, bleaching the linen web, or bustles about while baking and brewing, one can guess the sweet thoughts of this still sweeter maid. For her thoughts were ever of Gabriel, of his face, of the few parting words on last night. Did I say her thoughts were ever of Gabriel? No, even her lover could not call that look to her face. Whence came the gladsome light of her eyes, the tender smile on her lips, the ever kind work of her hands, where but straight down from heaven? This was indeed the secret of her beautiful life.

> "So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

It seemed of Evangeline, her purity was ever cared for, no ill thing came near.

Can you see her later as in her seventeenth year she works

on her dowry and dreams of her nearing betrothal? "As she lays each treasure in the old carved chest, she shuts in sweet thoughts, fragrant as the spicy lavender; into every thread she has woven her innocent maiden fancies, and as she lays them away her tender face 'full of sweet records, promises as sweet.'"

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

. . . . . .

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

The day of betrothal is at hand—the marriage contract is to be signed to-night. As the coming darkness fills the warm fire-lit-room with uncouth shadows, the gentle Evangeline sits by her spinning-wheel near the glowing fire while her old father placidly nods in his comfortable arm-chair. With fluttering heart she hears her lover, his father, and the village notary enter. The marriage contract is signed, the last toast is drunk to the beautiful bride, and the guests depart.

The wedding day dawns. It is needless to tell of the joy of that day: where Evangeline was, there was gladness and smiles. First came the dance through the sunny, sweet smelling orchard; then the feast with its great abundance of good things..... Hark!—

"With a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat."

Alas for Evangeline's joy, alas! all good things are ended. The cup of life brimming with joy had been lifted to youth's rosy lips only to be dashed aside by the heavy yet wise hand of Providence.

MARY MERCER SCHOFIELD, '07.
Cunningham.

Expressions of Grateful Hearts from the A Classes.

Second A.

Some things for which I am to be thankful are: I am still a bachelor maid with no immediate prospects of being anything else; that I have reached my present rank in school without having my back broken by the weight of honors heaped upon me by the faculty and students; that I am not the Czar, Czarina, nor Czarevitch of Russia at this present juncture. Above everything else, I am thankful that "every cloud has a silver lining," if only we could see it,—even the cloud that overshadows our mind in a geometry test.

Esther O. Owens, '09.

Be thankful, first of all, that you have finished the public school branches, and are now so far advanced that you can study the "ologies."

And your seat in chapel—you are close enough to hear the fatherly advice of Mr. Jarman, yet not right in front, under the scrutiny of—whom?

Also, your first lessons in alto singing are given you in this class, and if you do well enough you may have visions of the Y. W. C. A. choir and the Glee Club.

Last, but not least, you are eligible to the literary societies. What a center of excitement you are before you decide to join, and what an object of admiration after you have been badged and really belong.

You see you really have a pleasant picture to look at, if you do not spoil it by looking through a school girl's glasses when they are colored blue.

Happy Wilder, '09.

Third A.

Most of us are very glad that we have reached the Third A class, and can look back upon two years of completed work. We are at the third mile-stone of our five years' race for education,—two years behind us and two more years before us. Being the central year of our work, it is, perhaps, the most important. What has gone before was a preparation for this; and what is to come, will be but the finishing touches to what we accomplish now. We should be thankful indeed that we are ready to enter it.

Think of the feast of good things awaiting us in the study of literature, to which all our former reading has led! What a variety from which to choose! There are things to suit every taste, from the true book-lover to the unnatural craving of the book-worm.

Then the English! Surely the grammar and elementary composition and rhetoric have prepared us for what is in store here. Who ever has studied the construction of our language only a little, can feel the delight of plunging into the intricacies of our wonderful mother-tongue. How full and rich it is! And how it can bend and yield to our nicest shade of thought. We can never be too thankful for this branch of study.

One full, deep breath of the pure, invigorating morning air, one look at the exquisite autumn landscape, one happy note of a bird's song, and we are ready to be deeply, truly thankful for the classes in botany and zoology and physics. Anything that puts us into closer touch with this wonderful, beautiful, living world, is a privilege for which we should be sincerely grateful.

I am afraid not many of us properly appreciate the course in mathematics. But after every banquet must come the bit of cheese. If we were allowed to feed our intellects altogether upon those rich viands, our mental digestion might become impaired; so our wise instructors have arranged for periodical doses of mathematical pepsin, which I am sure we shall all take without a wry face.

Grace Thorpe, '08.
Argus.

Senior A.

The blessings of a Senior are so many that it would be impossible for me to tell you all of them; but these are a few of the best ones that I must tell for the benefit of the lower class girls.

Her greatest blessing is her life! She has climbed the ladder of knowledge, is now nearly at the top round, and yet the breath of life is not extinguished. Let's be thankful for that spark which is left.

Now see what she has to be thankful for outside, or better inside, this important blessing. She has reached the grand and glorious desire of her heart—the Training School. Countless are the pictures she has painted of herself teaching, going even as far as to practice before her mirror the manner in which she would address her class. She teaches her first lesson.....All is forgotten; she comes forth from her class room "on her head" and with a complexion of the most brilliant hue of vermillion. A little later she is seen with swollen eyes—"What is the matter with the Senior A?" She needn't be despondent; she yet has her life!

On the next morning she tips into her class room and barely lifts the cover of her "criticism" book. Horrors! She feels ghastly! A while later she is seen with her mouth drooping at the corners and her eyes filled. She is fighting a hard fight! These trials last for only a short while and soon everything is running smoothly—the Senior A is thankful, she is happy. She grows confident of herself and this air of confidence is not left in the school-room but is taken out on the campus. You can spot a Senior A by the manner in which she holds her head and by the little round clock that she swings on her forefinger.

Only the Senior A's and B's are allowed to be at the head of the table in the dining-room. How grand this is! What a privilege it is to carve the beef! She may come into the meals late, provided she can find something to do in the Training School when the dinner bell starts to ring. She may leave the dining-room when she grows tired of "carving the beef," provided she is a prominent figure in the Training School.

A Senior A has more blessings than any girl in school! She

is at that stage of her development where she feels that her head is just above the "water mark." She has the confidence of the teachers, the love of some of the Training School children, and she is in a position that all lower class girls desire to attain. She has many things to make her happy, many troubles to bear; yet with all these she is brave enough to conceal and bear her own troubles and help share those of others. She is intelligent enough to know that "Life is what we make it" and her aim is to "make it."

STEPTOE C. CAMPBELL, '06.
Argus.

A Hero.

IN THIS story two characters stand out in bold contrast, the characters of Philip Ray and Enoch Arden. They were very different from earliest childhood. Philip was not physically strong; Enoch was the embodiment of strength. In the childish quarrels between these two playmates, Enoch was always master. Philip's eyes would fill with tears of wrath, but he never thought of resorting to blows, as Enoch would perhaps have done. This might lead one to think Philip cowardly, but such was not the case. He had a tender, sensitive, shrinking nature, but not a cowardly one.

We know about what the lives of these two centered—the love for that pure, sweet, womanly woman, Annie Lee. As the years pass we wonder which will speak first, but knowing Philip as we do we can readily guess. "He loved in silence," his shrinking nature kept him from speaking, and it is Enoch, Enoch the outspoken, Enoch the bold, who tells Annie of his great love for her.

Though Philip had this kind of disposition he was capable of suffering as keenly as Enoch. His love for Annie had grown with his years; it had become a part of himself. He had no thought apart from her; his one dream of happiness was that at some time she would be his. Who can picture, then, the agony he endured that day in the wood when he knew that she was lost to him forever? Here was the crisis of his life. See how nobly he acted! The sun of his life seemed set forever, and as he looked out into the darkness he must have prayed to die. He did not cry aloud; he told no one; he simply slipped away and "had his dark hour unseen." Some men would have cursed the man and the woman, too, who had wrecked his life's happiness, but Philip did not.

Philip was the soul of honor. During the first few years of Enoch's absence he did not go near Annie, though only to have

been near her, only to have heard her voice, would have been an untold joy to him. He loved her too well to bring even the shadow of a blot upon her fair name. Not until after the shadow of death had fallen over the little home did he venture near, and then what noble, unselfish words he spoke: "You chose the better of us. Enoch has gone away to earn comfort for you and the children; he would not leave you in this condition. For his sake and the sake of your children let me help you." It would be unjust to Philip to think he dreamed of marrying Annie when he did this. It was but the natural act of a noble, generous nature that was always ready and glad to help those in distress.

After ten years passed and Enoch did not return we know what happened—Philip and Annie were married. A question might arise in our minds as to whether Philip really believed Enoch dead or not. Philip measured Enoch's love for Annie by his own for her. He knew that if he had been her husband nothing but death could have kept him away from her ten long years, and so he thought Enoch was surely dead. We must remember, too, the terrible suffering it brought Philip to see Annie in such dire poverty. His home was luxuriously furnished, while the home of the woman dearer to him than his own life was scarcely comfortable. He had every comfort that heart could wish; she had only the bare necessities of life.

The noble, unselfish nature of this man is revealed to us in many ways. Even after he had obtained Annie's consent to their marriage he told her he would release her from her promise, since she had yielded in an hour of weakness. He was willing to sacrifice his own happiness to help her do what she thought was right. His patience and his approaching Annie through her children show that he had great delicacy of feeling, as well as a wonderfully kind heart, that enabled him to understand Annie so well. The fact that he was willing to take a second place in her heart leaves us no room to doubt but that he knew the truest, deepest meaning of love.

Generosity and delicacy are the keynotes of Philip's character. The portrayal of it is the work of a master. A lesser

genius would have thrown an unfavorable light on Philip's character that Enoch might appear greater by contrast, but Tennyson did not. Philip was every inch a man, yet Enoch reached a greater stature. We sympathize with Philip, but our deepest feelings are for Enoch.

When Tennyson uses the expression, "strong heroic soul," he describes Enoch Arden. His childhood was very different from Philip Ray's. Philip was the only child of a well-to-do man, and had been tenderly reared by loving parents. Enoch was an orphan; and had always been compelled, in a large measure, to provide for himself. He had a bold, brave spirit that never shrank from danger.

As the years passed, his love for Annie became the guiding star of his life. We can not think he loved her more truly than Philip did, but his was the deeper nature, and so this love of his must have been deeper. When he reached the years of early manhood he resolved to purchase a boat of his own and to win a home for Annie. This became the purpose of his life and he never veered from it an instant. His whole manhood was bent towards this; it was the end of his youthful hopes and dreams.

The traits of character seen in Enoch Arden are truly Anglo-Saxon. His industry, courage, deep, silent strength, abiding purpose, his love of the sea, his reverence for sacred things, the calmness with which he could face death;—all these show him to be an Englishman of the finest type, despite his humble birth. Enoch was reserved, but his soul could be shaken to its very foundation. We can not imagine any greater manifestation of deep joy than was seen on Enoch's face by Philip the day of the betrothal, when he saw

> "Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
> His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
> All kindled by a still and sacred fire,
> That burned as on an altar."

We know that Enoch was a man of toil, yet we think little of this except in connection with its influence on the man himself. He lived on the sea, he was brought so closely and so constantly

in contact with Nature that the beauty and the freedom of it all must have become ingrained into the very soul of the man.

Seven happy years passed and then came the first misfortune. Sickness came to Enoch; extreme poverty to Annie and the little ones. We understand something of the greatness of the man as we hear the prayer: "Save them from this, O God, whatever comes to me." He thought it his duty to go away on that long voyage, and he determined to go, though Annie tried so earnestly to dissuade him. He did not want to go; his greatest happiness was to be with his wife and children. Even the thought of leaving them must have been more bitter to him than that of death. But duty came to him and said: "You must go on this voyage, for by so doing you can win comforts and pleasures for your loved ones they can never otherwise have," and Enoch Arden knew nothing but to obey. His duty was the mainspring of his life, and when once convinced it was his duty to go, no power on earth could have held him back.

What was the secret of his strength as he told his loved ones good-bye? Faith in God; nothing less could have enabled him to speak those brave words of cheer when his own heart must have been bursting with grief at leaving them.

> "But when the last of those last moments came,
> Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
> Look to the babes, and till I come again
> Keep everthing shipshape; for I must go,
> And fear no more for me; or if you fear
> Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
> Is He not yonder in those uttermost
> Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
> Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
> The sea is His; He made it."

Enoch's voyage was typical of his life. At first all was smooth sailing; nothing seemed lacking to make the voyage pleasant and profitable. Then the first change came; things went from bad to worse, and finally came the terrible disaster. But this was not for always, for he was rescued, and we know, too, that the last of Enoch's life was crowned with a halo of glory.

Nature had showered her gifts freely upon the island that was Enoch's home those weary years. Here was found every bird of beautiful plumage, every wonderful plant, every brilliant and

beautiful flower—all that Nature ever bestowed on the tropics. "There were winding glades and wooded heights." Then around this paradise of beauty was the sea—that ever-changing, but always lovely piece of God's handiwork. In sharp contrast with all this peace and beauty was the utter misery of the lonely inhabitant of the island. He never saw a human face, never heard a human voice. He heard only the cry of some wild animal, the sad whispering of the wind through the trees or the beating of the serf on the shore. He had nothing to occupy his time. "He was a shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail." Day after day, day after day, he roamed along the shore, and we can almost see the strained, anxious expression in the deep, gray eyes that were always looking, looking, looking for the sail that seemed an eternity coming.

His dreams were always of Annie and his home. In imagination he was back at home, and when he would wake from his reverie and find himself still a castaway, one wonders that he did not lose his reason entirely. Only his strong faith in God and his hope of one day returning home kept him from utter despair.

> "Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
> The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
> Year after year. His hope to see his own
> And pace the sacred, old familiar fields
> Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
> Came suddenly to an end."

The homeward voyage was one long dream of the joy of seeing his loved ones once more.

> "He, like a lover, down thro' all his blood
> Drew in the dewy, meadowy, morning breath of England."

As Enoch Arden walked towards his home that afternoon he must have had such a feeling of deep thankfulness, deep joy as only a few human beings have ever felt, yet in his heart was a foreboding of evil. When he started the sun was shining brightly but soon it disappeared, and a gray mist rolled in from the sea wrapping everything in its gloom. A chill like that of death crept over Enoch when he saw the forsaken cottage. He turned and went back to the tavern and there heard from the

talkative Miriam Lane the story that broke his heart. Yet he bowed before his fate, and in his unselfishness said:

> "If I might but look on her sweet face again,
> And know that she is happy."

Enoch Arden must have felt that he was going to endure the greatest agony of his life when he started forth that night to see his wife and children in another man's home. As he looked through the window he saw his own children claiming another as father; he saw the sweetheart of his youth, the cherished wife of his later years not only the wife of another, but evidently very happy in her new surroundings. Better, ten thousand times better, that he had died on the lonely island, than to have been rescued only to see this! He had known it all before but he did not fully realize what it meant to him until he saw it, and then it o'ermastered him, strong man though he was. Did he think first of himself? No, he

> "Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and feared
> To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
> Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
> Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth."

We may well ask from whence came the strength that enabled this man, who had reached the limit of human suffering, to put self so completely aside and pray:

> "O God Almighty, blessed Savior,
> Thou that didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
> Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
> A little longer; aid me, give me strength,
> Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He clung to the last words as though for strength, and as he passed from the garden, bowed to the earth with the weight of his sorrow, he said to himself again and again: "Not to tell her, never to let her know." His first thought was of Annie. He never considered himself for a moment.

To understand we must remember that Enoch Arden always did what he thought his duty. He saw his duty plainly on that fearful night, and though we may say the doing of it cost him his life, with God's help, he yielded it up. "Even if unrecorded

on earth, the heroism of Enoch Arden, on the scale of infinity, would grow in strength and beauty forever. He is not the least of heroes who suffer in silence and the glory of whose victories has been unsullied by human acclaim. But since Enoch's self-sacrifice has been recorded on earth we are permitted to read its 'moral' more clearly. The very intensity of his pathos made him more perfectly noble. He lifts the poor to the highest level of humanity; he makes them worthy of the world's regard and reverence; he is a pattern to the rich and poor alike; and the influence of his sublime fate has become 'the sweet presence of a good diffused.' "

From this time he worked without hope until the end of his life, which came very soon. Nothing could be more tender, more loving than the message he sent Annie, Philip, and the children, as he lay dying—

"I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Saving for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him,
And say to Philip that I blessed him too.
He never meant us anything but good."

His last thought was of Annie. He gave Miriam Lane the curl that Annie cut from the baby's head the morning he went away, and said:

"Take, give her this; for it may comfort her."

Unselfishness, courage, strength, and self-sacrifice are the keynotes of this man's nature. When we think of those ten long years of horror on that island we can easily see how the strength of his manhood could have been shattered. Faith in God and his wonderful love for Annie kept him strong and enabled him, when the crisis of his life came, to act with an unselfishness that we can hardly understand.

It is with silent awe that we look upon the death scene of this man. The last words, "A sail! a sail! I am saved," are the triumphant cry of a soul freed from bondage. "So passed the strong, heroic soul away."

CARRIE DUNGAN, '07.
Argus.

The County Fair.

WE could hardly make our way through the eager, pushing crowd around the door, but when at last we did succeed getting inside of what had been known to us as the training school, what was the sight that met our eyes! At our right was a cage (the fifth grade room) of four of the liveliest monkeys. These were dressed in the latest styles—just copied from the Monkey Fashion Sheet—with their little short jackets and short full skirts that danced up and down to keep time with the animals themselves. They did not seem to tire of chasing each other up and down the step-ladder and all around the room; but, as usual, the children were afraid to go too close, because often a long slim arm would reach out in search of something to carry off to the top of the cage.

But we must not stay here. What is it, that we see sticking its head out at us? Why to be sure its the noble giraffe; but on account of his great height we only see his head nodding at us over the top of the pen—better known as transom.

Our attention is next attracted by a great commotion and pushing; and when we are able to reach the scene of action, whom do we see but our old friends, Alphonse and Gaston. We go up to speak to them, but they cannot decide who will be the first to shake hands with us. The crowd is compelled to stand back while they make the most profound bows, almost touching their high black hats to the floor in their endeavors to be polite. Here we stand, imagining ourselves in Paris and wishing that we had such exquisite manners, when—oh! horrors—what is that terrible low growl? Nothing less than a great grizzly bear towering above us with his majestic height of six feet. All that we have to protect us from this terrible monster is a little bit of a man who is his keeper, and keeps the poor old fellow going through its shuffling waltz. The beautiful pink-

cheeked bride, at the right of such a terrible creature, swoons away and is caught by the strong, protecting arm of her gallant husband. We tarried only long enough to see that the bride was not injured at all, that her only fear was concerning her pink silk waist, with its lovely decorations of artificial flowers, tulle rosettes and many colored bows. When we looked at her dress we realized very forcibly that she at least did not have her trousseau ordered from Paris unless it was Paris, Texas.

On hearing a child scream and seeing it cling to its mother's skirt, we pushed closer to discover, if possible, the cause for all the excitement. In one of the cages, protected by strong iron bars (of black cambric), was a most horrible wild woman. Her clothes are not to be described, she had no teeth, and her staring, glassy eyes roamed first from one person to another as she tore her stringy hair with long, snaky fingers. Surely we do not wonder that children were frightened, when even older ones were not able to sleep comfortably for a week afterwards on account of the frightful vision of the wild woman.

We entered the room across the hall and were glad enough to have something to change the spirit of our dreams. Here we heard the fiddle and the banjo and saw six or eight old Southern negroes cutting the "pigeon-wing." Every one seemed to be quite fascinated with the little darkies, and their room was always crowded.

On coming out into the thronged thoroughfare again, we found that we had been missing something very interesting. Here was our handsome policeman doing his best to separate the two clowns who had been playing harmless pranks on each other. Then, of course, Zu Zu was to be found somewhere close by when any mischief was going on.

We are next introduced to the happy country family, who have just come to town to see the fair. Mrs. Fudge is a very large woman dressed in deep mourning— a purple waist and heavy black veil. She is leaning upon the arm of her devoted husband whom, judging from his looks, one would believe to be a very hen-pecked fellow. There were six or seven children of all ages and sizes, clinging to their mother's skirts or to

each other in the fear of being separated and lost in the great crowd. It is useless to attempt to describe the fun that was occasioned by the "gawkiness" of this family; but we are sure that everyone has seen some person from the mountains, and this was certainly a typical mountain hoosier and his family. The entire crowd had stopped before the tent of the beautiful Egyptian palmist, and here were affording great sport for the curious onlookers.

While we were standing watching Topsy-Turvy, a shrill war-whoop startled our already strained nerves. In a minute, we saw Geronimo lead out his Indian squaw from his tent.

Across from the monkey cage was a beautiful Japanese room, where lovely maidens, in imported kimonos, served chocolate to the well-to-do. The others not quite so well off patronized the lemonade and candy stands.

After our curiosity had been sufficiently satisfied regarding every cage on the first floor, we next entered the lower hall. Here our attention was immediately attracted by the cries and laughter of babies. Oh, the dear little innocent babies, in their cradles and high chairs! Who could keep from loving the darling little ones as they amused themselves with their toys, or some not so good were crying for better care to be taken of them. The old negro mammy was doing her very best to keep them all quiet and contented and at the same time she was telling everyone the special traits of each "little honey-child."

We next come to the Sutherland Sisters, three maidens with the most beautiful flowing hair. They were very much occupied in admiring their own beauty in their hand-mirrors; but if, by chance, you had a peep, perhaps you recognized some of your own friends.

In a far corner of the hall, where the very surroundings spoke of witches and mysteries, was a tent of the fortune-teller. Her haunt was so crowded all the time that it was almost impossible to learn anything concerning the future. So we could not find out whether it is written in the stars that we will have another County Fair some time—we hope that good luck will be ours.

One Hallowe'en Evening.

JOYCE walked disconsolately and unseeingly along the beautiful woodland way. She trod unheedingly upon the soft pine needles and the thick carpet of leaves. The mass of glorious coloring around her and the smiling blue skies above did not appeal to her now; yet only that morning she had tripped so gayly along this same path to the snug little school-house under the hill.

She felt so lonely and apart from all around her. She thought longingly of the happy evening in store for some and of the lonely one awaiting her. As a teacher she felt the distance that lay between her scholars' joyous anticipation of Hallowe'en and her own sad thoughts.

How bright had seemed the future when she left home to teach in this little village! How she had planned to keep in close sympathy with her scholars and to win their love! What happy, hopeful letters she had written to her friends still at school enclosing some of the sweet notes sent her by her scholars. Now she felt all the added bitterness of separation and utter loneliness.

The children had been unusually trying that morning. There seemed to be an undercurrent of excitement and anticipation running through them all. Even the little Jones twins went about the yard with their fingers in their mouths and with knowing whispers.

Here there was no friend near to her, no one to whom she could take these petty worries of the day. True, there was the big house on the hill in which the two Misses Traylor lived; but as yet she had seen them but little. One was a very sweet old lady, and Joyce felt a thrill of pleasure when she remembered how sweetly Miss Rose had spoken to her at prayermeeting.

As she drew near the old house, she noticed that its accustomed quiet and peaceful air was disturbed by an unusual stir

of activity, and she inwardly wondered what preparations were going on. What possible minister was then visiting in the village?

As she came in sight of her own modest dwelling, her heart sank again as she realized that on this Hallowe'en night she must sit at home alone. She sat down on the rustic bench by the door and her thoughts flew back to that last Hallowe'en at school. In her mind she saw the ghostly company gathered around the long banquet table, she saw all the loved faces and heard the merry jests and toasts.

Springing up, she opened the door and was so blinded by tears that she could scarcely see the square white envelope lying at her feet. With eager hands she opened it. "An invitation to the brick house to spend the evening," she exclaimed. "Oh! how nice. Farewell, care, and welcome, mirth." Going over to the window, she looked out on the beautiful scene with a new light in her eyes. The red sun was just sinking down in a mass of glorious color and Joyce smiled, remembering the joy in store.

Singing happily, her heart lightened. She quickly dressed. As she stood in the hall putting on her hat, a knock sounded at the door. She opened it and saw without the carriage in which she was wont to see the sisters take thier daily drive.

"For Miss Joyce Willis," said the stately coachmam, placing in her hand the most beautiful bunch of chrysanthemums, "and I am to drive you to the brick house."

As Joyce sat back in the carriage she shut her eyes and wondered if it might not after all be a dream. When she opened them the carriage was rolling up to the broad entrance and she found herself being welcomed by the sisters themselves. "What a beautiful old house," said Joyce as she passed through the wide hall, "and how sweet these sisters are."

She thought she heard a suppressed giggle, and wondered. However, she was not prepared for the sight she saw when the great parlor doors were thrown open and there were all her school children and their parents. They cheered her as she stood, in surprise, on the threshold. Then she entered into the

spirit of the fun. The large rooms were only lighted by the great roaring log fires. Such fun they had roasting chesnuts in the ashes and popping corn. Then they bobbed for apples, and all enjoyed it until the little Jones twins fell in and nearly strangled.

They were then invited out on the porch and there, in front of the house, was a great bonfire in which swung a witch's caldron. The weird shadows cast by the flickering flames gave an uncanny appearance to the scene, of three witches stirring in the caldron and droning out their incantations. As the flames leaped higher the surrounding darkness was made more visible. The younger children kept well within the folds of their mothers' skirts from which they peeped out in fear of the scene and awe at the boldness of their older comrades. These, keeping tight hold of Joyce's hand and clinging to her dress, advanced nearer. Jim Perkins, bolder than any other, crept quite close to the witches and relieved the fear of the others by loudly and triumphantly shouting: "Them ain't no witches neither. I saw Emma Jane Smith." Laughing merrily, all joined hands and danced about the fire while the witches chanted rhymes. Down the witches' way they walked, some with fear and trembling, others boldly and inquisitively. Yellow, grinning goblins peeped out where they were least expected, causing some to seek again the protecting skirts.

At last they were summoned into the hall where a sumptuous feast had been spread. Joyce was the guest of honor and all paid tribute to her in some very pretty speeches and toasts, conned for long weeks and still needing various promptings.

Joyce felt happy as of old when she bade the sisters good night and thanked them for the pleasant evening.

As she rode home she smiled. The whole universe was looking down on her and she knew it, a great calm moon moved overhead now and lighted up with its silvery radiance the dark way, a rustle of contentment seemed to pervade all sleeping nature, and the happy girl closed her eyes and sighed contentedly with it.

M. M., '07.
Cunningham.

Youth's Defiance.

Old World, do you seek to affright me,
With the strength of your thundering roar?
Do you think with your might to subdue me,
While your mercy in vain I implore?

Do you throw your great bulk in my pathway,
Stop the light with your bitterest gloom?
Fill with shadows of danger the highway,
Kill each joy ere it has time to bloom?

Do you sneer at my pitiful weakness?
Yet that weakness shall overcome you!
Do you laugh at my cowardly meekness?
You shall pour out your best to my view!

Old World, hear me say, I defy you!
And laugh all your greatness to scorn!
All your power and force I deny you,
And resist since the day I was born!

Do you think you can hinder my mounting
To the top of your loftiest peak?
Do you think you can keep me from counting
Your Alps but the foothold I seek?

There is not one height in your vastness
That I shall not scale ere I've done!
There's not in your whole length one fastness
That I shall give up ere I've won!

Then strive not to cumber or hold me,
Cast not your dark Night o'er my Day,
For it has not the power to enfold me,
My free Soul shall speed on her way!

GRACE THORPE, '08.
Argus.

In Memoriam.

Captain Charles Elliott Vawter.

Inasmuch as we, the students of the State Normal School, have sustained a great and irreparable loss in the passing away of our beloved trustee, Captain Charles E. Vawter, who by his worthiness and strict adherence to all that is noble and good was a beautiful example, and by his intense interest in the education of Virginia girls was a friend to every one of us; therefore, be it

Resolved, that in the death of Captain Vawter the board of trustees has lost one of its most earnest members and the school one of its most loyal friends; and

Resolved, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, and to the faculty and students of the Miller Manual Labor School; and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and that a copy be published in The Guidon.

LIZZIE B. KIZER,
HENRIETTA C. DUNLAP, } Committee.

Editorials.

The True Spirit of Thanksgiving.

With falling autumn leaves and the first cold November winds comes the thought that one of the best days of all the year is rapidly approaching—Thanksgiving. There are some things we always connect with this festival,—beautiful church services, glad family reunions, and the dinner—the great dressed turkey, pies, cakes, and a host of other good things. But how many of us stop to catch the real spirit of this, our national holiday? "We do not think, therefore we do not thank." Let us remember the many things that are ours to enjoy; let us count our blessings one by one. Surely, as we do this a great wave of thankfulness to the Giver of all these things sweeps over us, and there comes to us a deep desire to express this gratitude.

"For the beautiful world we live in,
The homes that are so dear,
The wealth of golden harvests
Ingathered far and near,
For the loyal hearts that love us,
For the love we give our own,
We lift, Lord God Almighty,
Our praises to thy throne.

"For greetings full of gladness,
The meetings of the kin,
For old and young together
The homestead's gate within,
For grace that is more abundant
The more the need may be;—
O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
We lift our thanks to thee.

"For the task that tries our mettle,
For the chance of work to do,
For the courage to go onward
If skies were gray or blue,

For the dear ones ever near us,
Who make our work but play,
God our Father, hear us,
We give thee praise this day.

"And aye for faith and freedom,
For our banner of the stars,
For our country and her heroes,
For wounds and manful scars,
For the present day we live in
And the wondrous things we see,
Our hallelujah chorus
Ascends, our God, to thee." —Selected.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

After all it is the girl with a purpose who succeeds.

Another Plea for Poetry. And still our songsters have not made themselves heard! Is this silence due entirely to their timidity? Are they really frightened at the sound of their own notes and do they give up so easily all attempts to express their deepest, dearest feelings? Surely you would not have us believe that all of our Southern girls have lost their valuable sentiment? We feel sure that it is dormant and only needs to be put into words, or, perhaps, they may say with the poet—

"What succor can I hope the muse will send
When drowsiness hath wronged the muse's friend."

White dresses have at last disappeared.

There is no better place in the world to cultivate unselfishness than in a school as large as ours.

A Plea for a Dramatic Club. There is need of a dramatic club in our school. The good influence of it would be twofold: on the members themselves and on outsiders as well. The members derive great pleasure from it and are able to pass it along to others. They can get up an evening program that is entertaining, that makes weary people remember that after all there is still some fun left in the world. The training a girl receives may bring talents to light she never dreamed she possessed. We all want our school to be famous. What better

way is there to make it so than to cultivate the sleeping talents which some day may take the world by storm? How proud we should be to be able to say of one who has won a world-wide reputation: "Why, she had her first training in a dramatic club of the Virginia Normal School." Think of the honor reflected on our Alma Mater! And there is certainly talent here. Who could doubt it after seeing the parts taken by our girls in the charades given some time ago? So little preparation yet the effect was all that could be desired. The training received in a dramatic club has a tendency to conquer self-consciousness, because in taking the part of another character it is necessary to forget self. It makes one more careful in regard to carriage, and contributes to freedom and grace of movement. It cultivates the power of verbal expression, since in order to be clearly heard and understood it is necessary to pronounce correctly and to use the right emphasis. To girls who care to teach these things are doubly important, and so we hope that we may soon number a good dramatic club among other organizations.

Our Open Column.

We want every girl in the Normal School to feel that THE GUIDON belongs to her, whether or not she is a member of either Literary Society. She should feel that she has as much liberty to express her opinion on school affairs as any one else. In order to make this easier for the girls, we are going to have an Open Column each month. In this one place, at least, you will have entire freedom in expressing your thoughts, either in praise or blame. Perhaps there are many things which you would like to speak about; perhaps some rules have been passed which you think will raise the standard of the school; or perhaps there is something else that meets with your approval or disapproval. Do not hesitate to give free expression to your thoughts. Judicious hints are always appreciated, and we are all too prone to withhold the praise which is only just. Then send us a paragraph, at any time, on any subject in which you are interested, for we are eager for you to make use of this Open Column and to make it valuable to the school.

Do we realize that it is only four weeks from Thanksgiving until Christmas?

Our New Department. It gives us special pleasure to open our new department with papers from five of our Alumnae, who having graduated from the Normal are now filling places in the school of experience. We hope to hear from all of our girls. You may have no time to write a learned paper but when there is a comedy or a little tragedy enacted in your school-room, take half an hour and tell us about it. Let us laugh at the bright sayings of your quick-witted boy, tell us how you disciplined the mischievous one,—or, how he circumvented you. Have you the most delightful school in Virginia? Let us congratulate you. Have you the worst? Let us sympathize.

The participants in the many enjoyable ten o'clock feasts wish to thank the home folks for the grand boxes.

Our Reading Table.

Russia's First Parliament, The Duma.

Ever since the beginning of the war in the East, we have been fed on everything concerning the Japanese, from their method of warfare to the simplest arrangement of a flower, and we are grateful to the *Review of Reviews* for at least one article dealing with the other side—the Russians.

The Gonudarstvennaia Duma, or the new Russian Parliament, is to meet for the first time not latter than the middle of February. If, in this country where the electoral machinery is in smooth working order, a period of six weeks between the making up of a register and the final ballot would be considered all too brief, how about Russia, where the whole machinery has to be put in order, for, as yet, no political parties have been organized and ballots will be used for the first time?

This first Duma reminds us of a horse without legs, and we all know a horse without legs can not travel very far nor very fast. The first of these legs of the Duma is the "liberty of public meetings," for what can be accomplished if the people are not allowed to come together to discuss the needs of the community? The second leg is the "freedom of the press," which is sorely needed, for nothing is printed in Russia that does not come under the censorship of a public commissioner who usually is a block-head, and thinks only of exalting his power of office. The third leg is the "liberty of association," for with so great a mass of people nothing can be done except by representative government. The fourth is the "passing of some act of habeas corpus," which will enable a citizen to walk the streets of a Russian town without danger of being snatched up and hurried off to prison, unless first granted the right of trial by court. When all of these legs are put in place the horse-like Duma will not only rise up and walk, but it will bear great burdens.

The peasants are to be represented in this parliament as well as the well-to-do class of people.

The validity of these elections is not decided by the Duma itself, but by a special electoral commission. As a last resort the Senate may be applied to. In case of a tie among the persons elected lots will be cast. The outcome of this first parliament is awaited with a great deal of curiosity.

LUCY A. WARBURTON, '08.

The Youth's Companion for November gives an account of how a child had the misfortune to lose her white mice by a cruel stroke of death.

She arranged for the funeral and after the services were over her mother saw a grave-stone carefully erected at the head of the little mound. On the monument was scrawled in childish letters, "To the memory of my white mice. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven?'"

"Oh! I hope not," groaned the mother. "It's bad enough to have them on earth."

In these modern times it is generally believed that everything, with few exceptions, is in the world for the good of man. We all believe that one of these exceptions is mice. But with modern inventions come a profession for mice which is so important that it demands government pay in the English navy. The mice are enrolled on the books just as the seamen are and are allowed a shilling a week for food. Every submarine vessel carries a cage of white mice, and at the least leakage of gasoline the little creatures feel uncomfortable and begin to squeal. This serves as a warning, which is quickly heeded.

FRANK JONES, '07.

Argus.

In *Harper's Monthly* for November the article "A Music Settlement" will prove interesting to almost everyone. Besides giving us a glimpse of slum-life in New York, the author has told, in a most entertaining manner, how the music-school is conducted. "The building itself is crowded in between shops and tenements in a neighborhood swarming with men, women, and children of the Hebrew race." It is beautiful neither inside nor out; yet, in its sweetness and cleanliness it is the person

ification of all that is lovely to these children. Here, amid all the poverty, the squalor of the slums, is a school, where for the lowest possible price they may learn not only to love the great masters of music, but to imitate them also; and it is really pathetic to see what sacrifice they make to become members of the school. The work is carried on through every day of the week except Saturday. The children range in age from six to twenty years. They are generally undersized and dressed in the poorest clothes, while their hard, pinched faces tell us of the privations of their life at home. It is surprising to find how unselfish these children are, for their greatest desire is to become a help to their parents and to be able to stop the cry of hunger in their nearest kin.

Though we may have thought that, brought up in this ignorant and poverty stricken community, the love of the beautiful was so starved in them that it could never be revived, we find that this school "works wonders," so to speak, in bringing out hidden talents, and it is not a rare thing to find a really marvelous ear for music among them. A great many of the teachers are pupils themselves, for after they have had a certain amount of training they in turn are paid to teach beginners. These divide their time between teaching and being taught. "They are taught, in addition to the regular lessons, harmony and history of music, singing and sight-reading," so that a graduate of this school is fully able to earn a comfortable living.

As the author says, "What incalculable possibilities of culture, refinement and growth are opened by the strains of music may never be wholly revealed. These little waifs made familiar with the highest form of musical expression, are inflamed with exalted ideals and impressed with a vast new conception of the order of things mundane which must otherwise have addressed numb senses as dull and unheeding as those of their parents."

RUTH REDD, '08.
Argus.

The School of Experience.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Pauline Camper writes to a friend of an experience for which our classes in Methods, Pedagogy and School Management give no advice. A big boy has fallen in love with her,—a poetic youth. His tender offering on the shrine of love was a—bob-tailed "yaller dog."

Janie Crute is leading a class of seventy seekers after knowledge along the devious paths of the primary grades. Their latest enthusiasm is Nature Study; to bring specimens to school is their chief delight. When she came into the building one morning an unusual hubbub coming from her room warned Janie to make haste. When she opened the door she saw a moving picture, everything in motion. Caterpillars crawled everywhere, escaping from the seventy enthusiastic naturalists who produced their specimens with zeal. Some enterprising young scientists, who had thoughtfully provided themselves with several specimens, were helping the little girls to a more intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the caterpillar's locomotion, by putting them to crawl on their necks. The protesting voices of the girls, who did not wish to study caterpillars in that way, could be heard above the general din. Readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic must have seemed very tame after such exciting investigations. And what became of the caterpillars?

A funny incident happened in my classroom the other day, that may give you an idea of what a fine Geography teacher I am. Everything was as still as could be when one of the boys raised his hand and said:

"Miss Dickey, is this America?"

"Yes."

"Well, this state we live in is Japan isn't it?"

Now what do you think of that for a son of the Old Dominion?

(*Copied from one of Edith Dickey's letters.*)

Last summer I accepted a position in a vacation school in Pittsburg. These schools are composed of children who are employed in the mills and factories during the winter. They range from four to twelve years of age.

The first morning as I approached the school I saw about four hundred ragged, dirty Jews, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and a few negroes awaiting the new teachers. The janitor stood by the gate. I asked him to unlock it. He crossly asked, "Are you the teacher?" Then he informed me that the children could not come in until the drum beat at nine o'clock.

The pupils were formend in lines in the yard for opening exercises, which consisted of a salute to the flag and a patriotic song.

A policeman stayed on the grounds at the close of each day and searched the children to see that they carried no school property, away.

These children have no home influence, no conception of right or wrong. Their parents work in factories and as soon as their children are old enough they are put to work. Therefore they look upon the summer school as a season of unalloyed happiness. Money for excursions and flowers is furnished by the city committee. Every Friday at the close of school a bunch of flowers is given to each child, and in the afternoon they are taken in groups of thirty to a park or some place of interest.

A year after graduating at the State Female Normal School I taught in Southwest Virginia. My school was a well built two-room frame house with a porch in front. The school furniture consisted of home-made desks and benches, a teacher's desk and chair. As the doors had been left open during the summer the pigs, chickens and dogs had taken possession.

I dismissed the children and went in search of a servant. Having secured one, I went to a store and purchased a bucket, broom and a large box of pearline; and returned to the school and gave it a good cleaning. Next morning we were ready for work. There were sixty poorly taught, ungraded children enrolled. For several weeks all went well.

One morning the children ran to meet me, a little girl in

front, almost out of breath, screaming, "Miss B—, John Cross has come here to school; please send him home; he is the worst boy in the country. My aunt taught him once and he struck at her and broke her watch. He has whipped lots of men teachers and broke up every school he has ever been to." When I reached the school, I saw this heavy-set boy of fourteen standing on the porch with an army bag of books strapped across his shoulder.

I passed into the house, put my books down and came to the door to have a few minutes talk with him. He lived in another district, four miles across the mountain, and he was very proud of the way he had treated his former teachers. One of them, however, happened to be one of our best Normal girls. He said he worried her until she had nervous indigestion and had to give the school up.

At nine o'clock I rang the bell. The children came in with the exception of John. While I was reading the Bible, John walked in and spit on the floor. When the opening exercises were over, I said to him, "John, get the broom and some water and wash that place up. We want to keep this room clean." He obeyed.

After getting the children to work, I graded John and put him to work. For several days he did beautifully but, after becoming better acquainted, he was in all sorts of mischief.

One day, at recess, the girls came in; the boys were nowhere to be seen. In a few minutes they came in with their coats buttoned up the back, John leading.

One afternoon, I was hearing a spelling class. I had my back to John. He called out, "Miss B—, have you any objections to a fellow praying when his best girl has gone back on him?" I turned and found him on his knees. This was his prayer: "O Lord, make Rosa get in a good humor with me and don't let Miss B— get mad." I said very positively, "John, get up; that is sacrilegious." "Sacrilegious! What on earth is that, boys?" I said, again, "John, get up at once." He obeyed, and said, "O Lord, it is all right about Miss B—, just so Rosa is in a good humor," and then began screaming, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" "Where?" "In Miss B—'s eyes. Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The children were almost convulsed. Finally he quieted down, and commenced studying his Geography as though nothing had happened.

I fixed up the fire, rested the poker on the toe of my shoe, stood by John, and went on with the spelling lesson. I noticed the children smiling, so looked at John; he had reached down, got the smut from the poker and blacked his face. I went with him into the next room to wash his face and gave him a good talking to. He then did well for several weeks.

Another time he put pins in his shoes and reached around to stick the children. "John," I said, "I do wish you would stop this foolishness and behave as a gentleman should." "Miss B—, do you have gentlemen in Eastern Virginia? If I bring a buggy over here some Friday will you go home with me? Then you can see I would be lonely if I behaved as a gentleman."

Finally John grew tired of school; so he said, "Miss B—, you won't send me home; I have tried in every way to make you, so I am going anyway."

"No, John, you are not going."

"Yes, I am." So he began to reach in his desk for his books and put them in his bag. At last he got his head caught in the desk and the book bag in the bench. There he was, unable to move except his feet. In vain he called for help.

Then he said, "Miss B—, if you will help me I will do whatever you say." I did help him, and from then until the close of school he was one of my best boys. I could always count on him. If I felt badly, or had headache, all I had to do was to let John know and he would keep the children quiet.

M. W. C.

Our Open Column.

Y. W. C. A. Dues.

It has been suggested that the increase of the annual dues of the Y. W. C. A. from fifty cents to one dollar may prove a disadvantage, may lessen the membership. Let us consider the question.

This increase was to raise the standard of the association to a higher basis. Why should we pay less to that from which we receive the most benefit? All of us appreciate a costly article more than a cheap one. Yet even a dollar, which is less than a penny per day, seems a small sum compared with the money we spend for other things, some of which are of so little real value. Then, again, the annual dues of most of the other Southern states is a dollar, and should Virginia, the oldest of them all, be in the rear?

The girls have paid their dues more promptly and cheerfully this session than ever before, which is an evidence of the interest that they manifest in the grand and noble work the Y. W. C. A. is doing. V. E. S.

Our Recreation Hours.

Some of our girls follow the old rule, "Work while you work, and play while you play." They are serious and earnest in their study and merry and gay in their play. Their recreation hours are not long, nor is the recreation varied to any great extent, but with the light-heartedness and merriment of Southern girls, they enjoy to the fullest what they have. But many of our girls do not take advantage of the recreation hours. Through a mistaken notion of duty they think they must spend every minute in study. They need to realize that to do full justice to their work they must have some time for rest and relaxation of both body and mind.

At 4.30 the girls are at liberty to take walks, and, in gay

parties, or with a friend, some set forth. In the wide out-of-doors they can say, like Mrs. Wiggs, "I put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid and smile." Having been free from worry for an hour, they come back refreshed and ready for study. All of the girls should gladly take these walks, instead of trying to get out of them, for when it is time to study those who have not had their "airing" feel tired and restless.

On Friday nights the girls usually go to the gymnasium for a frolic, and to the strains of lively music dance away all thoughts of study and care. Even those who have papers to write, or a test to study for, should not try to resist the temptation to come over and join for a few minutes in the fun.

At 9.30 in the evening, after study hour, the girls may again throw aside their books and be free for twenty minutes. This is the time for visits, promenades up and down the corridor with friends, a waltz or the "Old Virginia Reel" up on the third floor. No girl should feel that it is a waste of time to devote these twenty minutes to some social pursuit.

Poor is the girl who never went to "a box!" There is no spirit of selfishness, no keeping of the best for one's self. Old Virginia hospitality is shown here. Sometimes fifty girls crowd into one small room meant for two, but the hospitable feeling is not crushed out. Olives are taken from bottles with hatpins, and cake and sandwiches are passed around on box lids with the same grace that we find in serving guests in a Virginia home.

These are some of the "simple pleasures" of a Normal School girl's life. Let every student keep body, mind, and spirit fresh by entering into them with zest,—entering into them, it may be, as a conscientious duty.

And may we not make a plea for other forms of recreation? Bean bags and shuffle-board for the gymnasium would do well for rainy days and several tennis courts for sunny days. No game is more popular, none more enjoyable than tennis. It is more than a pleasure, it is a real benefit to the girls. We cannot think of any game that seems more essential in this school where the girls work so hard. A small court has been provided,

it is true, but it contains four well-grown trees which greatly hinder the players and make the games very unsatisfactory. By not having a suitable court the girls are almost wholly deprived of one of the most pleasant and beneficial of all recreations.

And would there be any real objection to a basket-ball court on the campus?

L. F. T.

Alumnae Notes.

Lucy Brooke was lucky enough to secure a school near her home at Culpeper, so she is spending the winter at home.

Calva Watson is teaching in Buckingham not very far from Farmville. She stopped at the Normal School while on the way to her school.

Elizabeth Smithson is teaching in Mexico City, Mexico.

Beulah Smithson is teaching at Nogales, Arizona.

Mrs. William Boyle, whom the S. N. S. knew as Pearle Cunningham, is living in Rocky Mount, N. C.

Mrs. C. C. Wall, formerly Lovelace Ewing, is living at 402 N. 10th St., Richmond, Va.

Clair Woodruff is spending the winter at her home in Anniston, Alabama.

Miss Annie Laurie Kinzer, a graduate of June 1903, and until this term the assistant teacher of English in our school, was married at her home in Front Royal, October 18, to Mr. Ernest Shawan, principal of Brambleton School, No. 2, Norfolk, Va.

Carrie Martin, Lizzie James, and Sallie Davis are teaching in Tazewell County, Va.

Annie Gresham is teaching at Ballston, Va.

Willie Hodges and Bessie Wade, class of June 1905, are teaching in Halifax County.

Katherine Vaughan was married on October 26, to Mr. Southall Farrar. The groom's Kappa Sigma brothers at William and Mary gave them a reception at the bride's home in Amelia.

Genevieve Venable, after having taught two years near Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands, has returned to her home in Farmville. After her arrival in America she took an extended tour through the United States, visiting Yellowstone Park, Niagara Falls, and other places of interest.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

THERE are three new members in the cabinet this year—Miss Hiner, chairman of the Building Fund Committee; Gertrude Davidson, Corresponding Secretary, and Margaret Brydon, chairman of the Music Committee.

We feel sure that the work of the Building Fund Committee will prosper under Miss Hiner's supervision. Every effort is being put forth to raise the necessary funds for the Y. W. C. A. building, and the committee hope to do much work this year.

The Intercollegiate Committee has sent out greetings to the thirty associations of the Virginias. The chairman has received several interesting and helpful letters in reply.

The Music Committee and the Y. W. C. A. choir are adding much to the interest of the meetings by the music they furnish. The song service, held November 11, was a beautiful and impressive meeting. There was a discussion upon "Hymns in our Religion," several stories of famous hymns were told, and the choir furnished special music.

The subject of the November missionary meeting was, "A Girl's Life in Non-Christian Lands." Papers were read graphically describing the wretched conditions under which girls live in China, Japan, India and Turkey. The leader closed the meeting by comparing the rank of the American woman with that of her heathen sisters.

Exchanges.

Criticise and be criticised; 'tis fair play.

The October number of *The Wake Forest Student* is a collection of Baptist historical papers of North Carolina. The interest, of course, is chiefly sectional. The biographical sketches, however, are not only interesting but inspiring, as the lives of true men always are. The editorial, "Hazing," gives us some good points on discipline.

The author of "The Trend of the Times," in the October number of *The Emory and Henry Era*, gives the reader in most interesting style a truly philosophical study. Its optimistic spirit is encouraging, "The End of It" is built upon a poor plot; the story lacks organic unity. The poem, "I Dream," shows that its author has truly caught a whisper from the muses. As a whole, the magazine was quite interesting.

"A Singular Story," in the October number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, reveals a bold and original imagination on the part of the writer. The author of "Fanaticism" shows that he clearly understands his subject. The magazine, though short, is, on the whole, interesting.

We shall be glad to exchange magazines with any school that may desire to do so.

Jokes.

Dr. S-a-r-s: "Who is Persephone?"

M-r-a G-r-s-h-m: "The woman that Plato carried off to the lower regions."

***

HEARD IN MANUAL TRAINING.

"Miss Cox, please give me a piece of rafter to finish my basket with."

***

Ch-r-l-e J-n-e-s (quoting Sennacherib):

"The army came down like sheep on the fold,
And its cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."

***

Miss Bl-k-s-t-n (to a pupil who had just written the word "peninsula" on the board): Now write the word "perpendicular."

This is the way she wrote it—

pen
in
su
la.

***

O-p-h-l-a Br-y: "Oh, I would give my head for some Peter's Lowney's!"

***

V-r-n-e Bl-n-s-p (speaking to the librarian): "Please give me the 'Talisman,' by Thomas Dixon."

***

HEARD ON THE HALL.

"I must go to the dentist's this afternoon for my eyes have been hurting me fearfully all day!"

(Two girls approached a teacher in the Library:) "Please give us the book on Indians that Miss G-y-n-e wants us to read."

"What is its name?"

"I don't know. I think it is a brown book." (They were grieved and surprised and thought her rather unaccommodating because she couldn't help them.)

***

ANOTHER APPLICATION OF CUTE.

H-t-tie Pa-u-l-t (smelling a flower which had been given her): "Oh, this smells so cute."

***

(A new girl to the teacher of Reading:)

"Do you teach every period?"

"No."

"You don't ever have anything to do this next period, do you?"

(Teacher with emphasis:) "I have no *class* at that time."

"Then I would like to come three times a week and read my lesson to you. It makes me nervous to read in class. I'd rather read to you by myself."

(The teacher's answer is not recorded.)

***

VERY DEFINITE.

(A girl asks librarian:) "Please give me the book Miss Wh-t-n-g referred to in class this morning."

Notes of Local Interest.

Miss Eloise Harrison, accompanied by Miss Lila London, spent the fourteenth and fifteenth of October at her home in Vinita.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarman entertained the members of the faculty and a few other friends, at a delightful reception, Friday evening, October 20.

Miss Pearl Watterson, of Elliston, a graduate of January, 1901, visited the school on the seventh of October.

Miss Alma Thraves, of Belona, spent several days with her sisters, Misses Annie and Mattie Thraves, the first of October.

Dr. James Cannon, president of Blackstone Institute, visited the school on Tuesday, October 31.

Miss Annie Laurie Kinzer, the assistant in the English Department for several years past, was married to Mr. Ernest Shawen, at Front Royal, Wednesday evening, October 18.

The rector and congregation of St. John's Memorial Episcopal church entertained the school girls of their denomination, with the members of the faculty and home department, at a delightful reception in the armory, Friday evening, October 6.

Miss Ruth Clendening, a graduate of June, 1903, was married on October 19, at her home in Hillsboro, to Mr. Clayton D. Gover, of Washington.

The ladies of the Methodist church very pleasantly entertained the school girls and members of the faculty and domestic department of their church, on Friday evening, October 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarman were called to Miller School on Friday, October 27, by the sad death of Captain C. E. Vawter.

On the evening of October 7, THE GUIDON staff gave an entertainment in the auditorium to advertise their magazine. "Nonsense Charades," in costumes, were enacted, representing the following periodicals: The Herald (Farmville), Harper's Weekly, Atlantic Monthly, Kindergarten Magazine, Ladies' Home Journal, Smart Set, Everybody's Magazine, and THE GUIDON.

The congregation of the Presbyterian church very pleasantly entertained the young ladies of the school who attend their church and Sunday school, on Friday evening, October 13.

Inez and Emma Reames, who entered school in September, were called home within a few weeks by the illness of their two brothers. Shortly after we were grieved to learn of the death of Emma, from the same dread disease—fever.

[*Taken from the Times-Dispatch.*]

Never was Hallowe'en, the festival of fun and frolic most dear to a school girl's heart, so delightfully observed at the Normal School as on last Tuesday, when everybody, it seems, entered into a conspiracy to make the students happy. The girls couldn't understand why supper was a half hour later than usual on that evening until they entered the huge shadowy dining-room to find a grinning jack-o-lantern weirdly lighting each of the thirty-six tables. In the dim, uncanny lights they sought their places only to find, waiting in silence to serve them, spectral figures whose appearance made the timid ones clutch each other in a momentary shiver of fear. But tremors soon gave way to shrieks of merriment, and all most heartily enjoyed the supper and the amusing fortune telling devices and appropriate souvenirs provided for each table. The enthusiastic girls were most grateful to the home department for this delightful surprise.

Another novel feature of the evenings fun was a "midnight feast," at ten o'clock, by permission, which under ordinary circumstances would have robbed the feast of a part of its joy.

It was given by eighty girls of the "White House," as they, in pride, call the new dormitory. The faculty members so fortunate as to have seats on the floor around this generous "spread" got a new view into the inside of things in a school girl's life.

At the same hour Miss Thraves and Miss Dugger entertained the ladies of the faculty gymnasium class in the kindergarten at "the prettiest Hallowe'en party ever given," according to the judgment of the happy guests. With the eagerness and enthusiasm of children, these usually dignified teachers tried all sorts of clever and laughable devices for finding out the future, after which a delicious supper was served, followed by weird tales of mystery and ghosts.

The crowning joy of the season of mirth was the gift of a "surprise holiday," by President Jarman, who wisely believes that a wholesome amount of recreation and rest are absolutely necessary, if we would, in the end, gain the best work from students.

Advertisements

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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