

2-1906

The Guidon, Volume II Number 5, February 1906

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THE GUIDON

FEBRUARY, 1906



State Female Normal School

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



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THE GUIDON

FEBRUARY, 1906

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

State Female Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



B. D. SMITH & BROS.,
FINE PRINTING,
PULASKI, VA.

THE GUIDON

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Subscription price for THE GUIDON \$1.00 per year, 15c a copy.

THE GUIDON

“It were better

Youth should strive through acts uncouth

Toward making, than repose upon aught found made.”

—*Browning.*

VOL. 2

FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 5

THE SNOWDROP.

Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses.
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid!

The Passing of Saint Valentine.

AT FIRST thought, it may seem strange that people who claim their family trees were grafted in the sixteenth century, and who carefully preserve heirlooms and family traditions, should let so many quaint and valuable customs pass.

Noticeable among them is the observance of Saint Valentine's Day. In this age, which is pre-eminently one of young people, the good saint who has been the patron of all true lovers for so many hundred years, might reasonably expect to have more devotees than ever. Instead, he finds himself and his day very much neglected. A magazine may have a Valentine cover, and an article saying that the saint for whom the feast is named who lost his head so long ago in Rome, had no connection whatever with the origin the observance of this day; that, though Chaucer and Shakespeare allude to the custom, they were probably as uncertain about its origin as we are; that some trace it to the Roman Lupercalia; and that anyhow, the day is of no consequence. A few childish sweethearts may exchange sentimental verses. Beyond these scant attentions, and the sending, here and there, of a comic valentine, which no right-thinking saint could accept as homage, the day passes unnoticed.

Grandmother shakes her head sadly over the growing materialism of today. She says we are losing all beauty and poetry out of our lives; that we are becoming mercenary and commonplace. If you wish to see the dear old lady's face lighten and hear her voice grow soft and dreamy, ask her how they celebrated Saint Valentine's Day when she was a girl. What stories she will tell of diffident lovers seizing this opportunity of expressing themselves; of scores of nameless messages; of frantic guessing, when, half the time, the sender's handwriting had been instantly recognized; of the rivalry among the girls as to the number and beauty of their valentines. If she be in an especially tender mood, she will bring out boxes of

cherished treasures, and show the yellow, faded bits of cardboard, once gorgeous with birds and flowers, cupids and hearts, paper lace and silken fringe, and eloquent with such sentiments as,

“Behold, you have this heart of mine,
Pierced through and through by glance of thine!
Oh, heal it with a balm divine!
Will you be my Valentine?”

And grandfather will chuckle over many a tale of bribing small brothers when he wished the fair recipient of his offering to know the sender at once, or, when the discovery was to be a “linked sweetness, long drawn out,” of scaling fences in greatest danger of being sampled by the watch-dog, and stealthily creeping to slip his token under the door.

Even father's years run far enough back to make him appreciate the valentine scene in “The Fair Maid of Perth.” Now we, though meaning no disrespect to father, do not view in the same light, the fair Catherine, who could not possibly marry the fighting, rowdy Harry Gow, yet who could steal down her father's stairs on the fourteenth of February and choose the same pugnacious Harry her valentine for the year by the rite usual on such occasions. We like Mr. Samuel Weller's efforts along the same line far better, because Dickens never intended him to be taken seriously.

Now, while we cherish the remembrance of the beautiful and romantic in the lives of our ancestors, delight in hearing of the exciting courtships of our grandfathers, and revel in tales of the days when a knight would risk fortune and life for his lady, yet in our own lives none of these things have place; rather, they do not bear the same relation to our lives that they did to lives a generation or two ago. Our women are just as lovely and our men just as chivalrous as in the olden time; but our sensibilities are finer and our sentiments healthier, and we give them expression in our own way.

So the reason we let the observance of Saint Valentine's Day pass, without regret, lies with the patron Saint himself and what his creed stands for. His day is over, and his creed has come to mean mere sentimentality. Young people of today are

too busy and too earnest to indulge in what amounts to frivolity. Other festivals, the celebration of which appeals to higher and holier motives, the observance of which symbolizes the brotherhood of the whole world, the love of humanity at large, have taken the place of the feast of Saint Valentine. His worship prevailed when a man's world was himself and what belonged to him. But now, when less selfish aims and higher aspirations characterize the hour, something which means more than his devotees ever dreamed of, holds sway over the hearts and lives of men.

Longfellow, the People's Poet.

IN estimating the work of Longfellow, the critics of his time and ours have gone to opposite extremes. Those of his day believed him to be one of the world's greatest poets. Modern critics are prone to deride him, to call his work weak, without depth, imagination or creative power; they think we have outgrown him, and so place him among the minor poets.

"The truth seems to lie between these two estimates. To-day, not even those who love Longfellow best, claim for him the proud title of great poet, he does not rank among creators of immortal beauty like Shakespeare, Goethe and Dante. But he who has brought beauty and joy into lowly lives, who has voiced the joy and sorrow of simple folk, cannot be denied the poet's wreath." Longfellow will hold place as a true poet so long as simple home-loving people remain to listen to his song of comfort and content.

Longfellow is essentially the poet of the average man. With the temperament he possessed and the calm, tranquil existence that was his, it was impossible for him to voice the deepest needs of humanity. It was not in his nature to inquire into the right or wrong of the conditions surrounding him. He was no prophet, no reformer; he took life calmly and with no wish to change it. The wrongs and sufferings of the times did not make him restless and eager to change them, he did not dwell on the sad, bitter questions of the age. "Tragedy with him went no deeper than its pathos."

His own life was peaceful and serene; he seems never to have felt the depths of passionate longing, or the heights of joyous exaltation, so he could not express these things. All his life he was surrounded by appreciative friends, by love and tenderness, with leisure to devote himself to the work he loved. He had sorrows, but they came to him at that age when joy and

grief alike set lighter upon us, and his faith in God and hope in a better world enabled him to bear them with calmness.

A poet cannot express more than he feels and be a true poet. Thus Longfellow's verse is not passionate, deep or intense, but it is a beautiful voicing of the sentiments, thoughts, and feelings that spring alike in every human breast.

It is for this reason that his poems appeal to all people, everywhere. He expresses emotions that we cannot put into words; it may be they are too deep for utterance, but when we read his poems, we feel that one who knows and understands has voiced what we were longing to say but could not, and what a comfort comes to us in seeing them expressed! The joy we felt is greater than ever before; or if, like Christian, we have been laden with a sorrowful burden, it drops from our shoulders and we can say in the words of our sweet singer,—

“ But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.”

Or else we are enabled to bear the load, for it is made lighter than before. His is the—

“ Timely utterance that brings relief,
And we again are strong.”

He has a message of peace and comfort for the distressed. Many and many a time has a bereaved, sorrowing mother been sustained and strengthened by those lovely lines of his called “Resignation.” She feels as if some dear friend, who has borne the same grief, has sympathized with her in her trouble. And peace is hers as she reads,—

“ Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.”

The poet too has suffered and has learned the lessons of pain.

“ Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?”

Longfellow is the poet of our family life, of our common, daily experiences. His "Song," beginning "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest," is typical of his own feelings and beliefs. It was not his desire to wander out and encounter the great sorrows, as well as great joys, of the world. Such poems appeal to the hearts of quiet people, lovers of home. He voiced the sentiments of hundreds when he sang—

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

"Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best."

His beautiful poems on children depict many of the tender pleasures of the home life. Every father loves the evening hour.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The time when, weary after the toil and heat of the day, he sits at rest in the twilight,

"I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

"A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise."

Because these lovely poems are on simple themes they should not be undervalued, for it is the home that sends forth the men and women that make the nation; it is the home that is near and dear to every heart; and when Longfellow deals with

its joys and sorrows he touches a responsive chord in every nature.

How well our poet understands us ! How sweetly he utters those vague, indefinite emotions which steal over us at times—times when a strange disquiet, a voiceless discontent possesses us. We seem enveloped in an atmosphere of gloom, as with a mantle, we are oppressed with

“ A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.”

But when, filled with this indefinable, nameless unrest, we open “the treasured volume” and read his lines of beauty and grace, we know that the sadness will pass away, that

“ The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

These are familiar lines, familiar as are the things we love best. We never grow tired of his poetry, it matters not if we have read it over and over again. There comes afresh to us each time a sense of its imperishable charm.

His are the first verses we read at school, and we continue to read them on through life. “Longfellow never loses his place with us. He is the guide who first led us to the enchanted country, the interpreter who first made us understand its language.”

Longfellow's poems are perhaps more popular than those of any other poet. Not only are they familiar to English speaking people, but they are known and loved by those of many lands. An incident is told by a professor who spent many years at Constantinople. He “was at one time travelling by steamer from Constantinople to Marseilles with a Russian lady who had been placed under his escort, and whose nationality could have been detected only by her marvellous knowledge of half a dozen languages beside her own. A party of passengers had been talking in French of Victor Hugo, when the Russian lady exclaimed in

English to the last speaker, 'How can you, an American, give to him the place that is occupied by your own Longfellow? Longfellow is the universal poet. He is better known, too, among foreigners, than any one except their own poets!' She then repeated the verses beginning, 'I stood on the bridge at midnight,' and added, 'I long to visit Boston, that I may stand on the bridge.' Then an English captain, returning from the Zulu war, said, 'I can give you something better than that,' and recited in a voice like a trumpet,—

‘Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream.’

Presently a gray-haired Scotchman began to recite the poem,—

‘There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!’

An American contributed "My Lost Youth," being followed by a young Greek, temporarily living in England, who sang "Stars of the Summer Night." Finally the captain of the steamer, an officer of the French navy detailed for that purpose, whom nobody had suspected of knowing a word of English, recited, in an accent hardly recognizable, the first verse of "Excelsior," and when the Russian lady, unable to understand him, denied the fact of its being English at all, he replied, "Yes, madam, that is from your Longfellow." Six nationalities had thus been represented, and the Russian lady said, as they rose from the table, 'Do you suppose there is any other poet of any country, living or dead, from whom so many of us could have quoted? Not one. Not even Shakespeare, or Victor Hugo, or Homer.' "

Snow in February.

FOR days it has been bitterly cold, and the ground is hard frozen. On going out in the morning our ears and toes tingle; but gradually the cold moderates, while the gray of the sky descends and covers the face of the world like a veil, enveloping every object in its soft folds.

A few flakes soon float gently down. One falls on my cheek; I look up, then around, and see here and there a tiny white plume showing perfectly on the dark earth. I quicken my pace and the snow-flakes seem to imitate me. They are coming, now faster and faster, larger and larger, till the air is filled with them and they hide everything but the nearest objects from view. How they dance and gleam in their mad hurry to reach the ground, yet how silently they alight. What a strange and weird sight is the noiseless fall of the snow. So much mute energy and motion. One might imagine it the ghost-dance of the rain-drops.

But the snow-flakes are very real and tangible; they do not vanish; they stay and are spreading a royal mantle over queenly Earth. All day and all night they fall and morning sees a new world.

Where yesterday lay the brown, barren fields, today stretches a plain of blinding, dazzling white. Fences, barns, and houses wear hoods of softest fleece. The dark trunks of the trees show sharply by the contrast and the snow nestles softly on every bare branch. The evergreens bend under their burden of beauty. Every once familiar thing seems unreal in this fresh, trackless country.

Now is the time for fun and frolic! Watch the school-boy pelt his comrade with snow-balls and hear his shrill call for help to build his snow fort. Listen to the merry bells and the peals of laughter as the sleighs flash by. See the bright eyes

and glowing faces of the people rejoicing in their possession of snow.

This is the time to brighten the fire and draw up our chairs. How pleasant now to exchange confidences with a dear friend, or enjoy the silent companionship of a favorite book, or hold "sessions of sweet, silent thoughts."

Let us peep in at this farm-house. How comfortable and inviting the sitting-room looks. Father and mother are in their easy chairs, while the children kneel upon the hearth popping corn, though their attention is divided between that interesting occupation and a waiter of red apples upon the table. Snow as it may, the farmer feels no anxiety for he knows that his barns are filled, his cattle warmly housed and his larder well supplied.

But come with me now to another home; here, to this humble dwelling by the roadside. While the snow falls silently, steadily, threateningly, the inmates watch it in dismay. How deep it may become or how long it may last, they cannot tell; but they can tell the insufficiency of their clothing, the lightness of their purse, and the emptiness of their cupboard. They depend upon each day's labor for that day's sustenance. If they cannot work, how shall they eat? So they watch the fall with strained eyes.

As we pass down this street of handsome homes, what glimpses we catch through the lace-curtained windows of wealth and ease and beauty! Pause a moment before this brilliantly lighted house. See that group of happy, care-free children, as they bend over an absorbing game. But we are not the only ones who look upon this picture of good cheer and comfort. A newsboy lingers on the curbing, hoping to sell another paper. His face is pale from hunger and pinched with cold; his hands are rough and red, and his thin, bare wrists show beyond the out grown, ragged coat sleeves; his shoes are worn and broken and he stamps to keep his feet warm. You poor little shivering ill-clad thing, when the streets are deserted and the wind whistles coldly around the corners, into what icy attic will you creep, there to go, maybe supperless to bed, and listen, shivering all the long night, to the blasts that rattle the windows, rush

in through the cracks and mock your scanty covering by attempting to bring you another of white ?

Oh, Snow ! You are beautiful and pure ; but, oh, how hard and pitiless to those who are at your mercy !

G. T., Argus.

A Plea for Athletics.

WITH regard to questions of education, both in theory and practice, the Greeks stood foremost among the ancient nations, and the educators of the present day have failed to improve on their ideas of harmonious development of mind and body.

They, of all people, seemed most clearly to realize the necessity of bodily development, and it is only of recent years that we are beginning to re-establish the standard they set for us. The greatest of the Greek philosophers gave athletics a prominent place in their educational system as a means of attaining physical perfection. It is said that music for the mind and gymnastics for the body composed the important part of the school curriculum. The Greeks, however, held a view of the relation between mind and body different from that which we hold to-day. They thought the mind dwelt in the body without being vitally influenced by it. Aristotle called the body the "tool of the soul," while Plato taught that it should be trained in order that it should not drag upon the spirit.

To-day we entertain a different idea. We consider mind and body parts of one organism, each working for the good of the whole. We realize that mind and body are mutually dependent, and that to have a healthy mind we must have a healthy body.

Taking this into consideration it would seem that physical training would receive our first and most careful attention. People of the present day are too practical to take gymnastics merely for the development of beauty and other ideas held by the Greeks, but they are beginning to realize the vital importance of bodily training.

Dr. Sargent of Harvard says, "Cultivate physical perfection, and mental perfection will follow as a matter of course: neglect

the physical and strive to force the mental, and the failure of both will follow."

Physical training is being more stressed everywhere, and we seem to be fast approaching the old Greek ideas of dividing the school work into one half for physical and one half mental training.

The movement in favor of physical training in general is of comparatively recent date in America—especially with regard to athletic sports.

Fifteen years ago the British records were far ahead of us, but now the United States stands first. In the last twenty-five years the increase in the practice of athletics has been enormous. More than three-fourths of all students now engage in some sports, while a few years ago only a small number took any active part in the athletics of their schools. Statistics show plainly what rapid progress has been made, and also the good results attendant upon it. This movement has extended more to boys' schools than to girls'; more to men's colleges than to women's colleges. There are perhaps some instances where it has been carried to excess and some critics hold that athletics have become too absorbing an interest, but this criticism has been made of boys' schools, rather than of girls'. What they need is some one to push forward the interest in athletics. The need of physical training is becoming plainer to the women of both North and South. They are realizing that the body is being neglected and are asking, "How can we get this physical strength?" The best educators in the country are beginning to think athletics the only means of solving the problem.

Some one has said that health is a man's capital; then it seems to me that fresh air is the source from which he gets it. The same applies to women; they also need capital, and must take the same means of obtaining it.

Look at our country girl who follows the hounds in a chase, rows a boat for hours, climbs the hills, and plays golf and tennis. She has well formed shoulders, a steady gait, a strong body, and a clear mind. Now turn to the girl that never takes exercise for the real love of it, the one that never walks if she can help

it. Her complexion is sallow, she is languid, perhaps round shouldered, and on the whole lacks power to endure the physical activities of every day life.

Above everything else a girl should prepare herself for life. The girls who are fitting themselves for teachers should take this into special consideration. How can a woman that is in poor health undergo the strain of teaching and guide and uplift the children in her school? She needs to feel free and happy; to be always ready and able to help them in many ways. She wants to be able to enter into their life and interests. Nothing can better fit her for this than a personal interest in outdoor sports.

In the athletic life games hold an important place. Through them the "athletic spirit" is developed that means so much to college men and women. They form a common interest that brings a school together in a wholesome kind of relation.

If we could have more outdoor sports and attain the strength, grace, agility and power that comes with athletic contest, what a gain it would be to our school life! Games also develop certain intellectual qualities such as the ability to think in a crisis, the power of self control and self reliance. Every girl that plays on a basket ball team is in a fair way to develop a strong physique and a clear mind. It is through games that children find a vent for their surplus energy; why should we try to "pen up" ours?

George Meylan of Columbia University says, "Athletics are to young men what play is to children." Our bodies and minds need this rest and the only true way to get it is through athletics.

The girls of our own school furnish a good example of the *need* of athletic life.

They cannot expect to keep their health when they take exercise only twice a week in the gymnasium and study all the afternoons in a class room.

Just think of one and a half hours of exercise for a whole week! The girl who comes here from the country, the girl who has walked to school at the rate of four miles an hour, cannot expect to be the same bright energetic person when such a great

part of her life is taken away. It is the morning and afternoon walks that give the bright complexions and happy faces. Can girls afford to lose such attractive possessions?

At present we have no suitable place for tennis and basket ball, but there is enough room to take good walks. The Normal School girl needs to walk at the rate of four miles an hour, swing her arms and take deep breaths that send the blood tingling to every part of her body. This kind of walking develops the muscles, clears the brain, and gives peace to the mind. To get out among the trees and flowers, and hear the birds makes one feel and see more clearly the beautiful side of this old world.

If all the things that make a strong body are neglected, what good can come from storing away so much in our heads? The body is the medium through which all our work is to be accomplished.

We want some very necessary things to keep healthy bodies; no classes after half past three, a place out of doors for basket ball, ground enough for tennis courts, and walking clubs for those who think they do not like games. Spring is approaching, and with it a call to the life out-of-doors. Of course there will still be some studious ones who, with the best of opportunities for athletic sports, will prefer to pour over books.

These are the people we want to reach. The least athletic girl among us can play tennis, and with the feeling that she can will come a liking for it. With the liking comes that power to do it well, which will bring vigor and vitality—the natural birth-right of the twentieth century girl.

STEPTOE CAMPBELL, '06.

Argus.

My Lady of the Violets.

IT was one of those cold crisp days in March that I found myself on an east-bound train thinking of the changes time had wrought in my life in the last fifteen years. One would hardly recognize me as the unhealthy Gerald Seargent who left home and mother at the early age of sixteen and went West to seek health, wealth and fortune. Yes, I had changed, but to build up. What had the old home done? It had not improved with time. The grass had grown for years on the graves of many of my former friends and those who were living had moved away. But still there was mother, bless her soul, and father, to whose death-bed I was now summoned. I thought of these and also of a freckled faced, red haired girl of six, the playmate and idol of my youthful days, Alleen Brenton. Did she look the same; or had she grown true to my loyal prediction—into the auburn haired beauty that you read about? I was wondering if such a transformation might be possible when the conductor called out, “Clinton,” and the train stopped at my home station.

* * * * *

For several weeks following my father's death I remained at home, doing all in my power to comfort my bereaved mother, seeking no company and believing myself an unsusceptible bachelor. By constant reading of the “Clinton Herald,” our village paper, it was an easy matter to keep up with the ways of our small world and it was from a back number of this newsy paper that I read this announcement: “Miss Alleen Brenton, the beautiful and attractive niece of Mrs. Charles Brenton, is abroad putting the finishing touches on her education.” If you had seen her as a child you could not wonder at my gasping at her being called “beautiful.” I laid the paper aside and went for a stroll that I might figure out the possibility of this thing.

So I wandered alone out of the borders of the village and on through a long grassy lane until I was startled from my reverie by what seemed to me to be a vision of girlish loveliness. She, too, was startled, for she half arose as if undecided whether to go or stay. Evidently she chose the latter course, for dropping again on the grass she resumed her occupation of picking wild violets and arranging them in her basket.

I stood there a minute gazing at the picture before me. The sun was setting and its last rays stole kisses from the wealth of golden hair. The girl was dressed in some thin white fabric, and a hat to match was lying half hidden in the grass where it had dropped unnoticed from her head. The profusion of violets around her formed a carpet of purple velvet, and the dark green trees made a background in perfect harmony with the rest. Realizing that my fixed gaze had been somewhat impertinent, I hastened to make an apology, which she accepted with dignity, and turned away as though the thing was settled. But when she heard that I was a stranger and that I could not find my way back to the village, she laughed merrily and gave me the necessary directions. However (I must admit my dullness), I could not be made to understand. She then said, "I will show you the way in a few minutes if you will wait till I fill my basket." I readily assented, and we chatted gaily while the basket was being filled.

During our walk home, I learned that her name was Miss Brown, and that she was gathering violets for an invalid aunt. In a short time we reached the village, where Miss Brown bade me a cold adieu and left me gazing at the spot where she had been standing. Somehow I felt lonely and oppressed. This beautiful creature had entered into my life and departed from it in less than one hour, and for some reason she left it vacant. For the first time in my life I thought of marrying. Visions of a snug little home and some sweet little woman waiting for me in the door, passed before my mind's eye. But wait, would just some woman do? I saw the picture of the woods, and said "No." There was only one woman in the world for me, and that was my Lady of the Violets. I stooped to pick a violet

that had fallen at my feet, kissed it and held it tenderly as I made my way home. When I reached there I found mother awaiting me a little anxiously, but finding me in a non-communicative mood we soon separated; I to bed, but not to sleep.

The next day I asked my mother who the Browns were and where they lived, but she knew of no such people in town. No one else seemed to know more than this, so I spent my day in fruitless search. . . .

Sunday night, I saw Miss Brown in church sitting in the choir and looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Mother's eyes wandered about and finally settling on my Lady of the Violets she exclaimed, "Well! Alleen has gotten back." "Who?" said I half rising. "Where is she?" "Miss Brown?" "Why she told me—" Service began.

You may be sure I lost no time when church was over in making my way to her side. "Why, I thought—" I said, but she stopped me with a laugh. "Yes, but you thought wrong, so I could not help fooling you. Why, do you know, I knew you the minute I saw you." It is needless to say that I went to see her that evening and indeed many others; in fact, I continued to go until she was persuaded that her aunt's need of her was less imperative than mine.

There is nothing Mrs. Seargent laughs more heartily over than the day I did not recognize her. She is still my "Lady of the Violets."

MARY COLEMAN, '06.

Argus.

A Memory of Commencement.

THERE she was, my sweet girl-graduate friend, attired for class night. I had assisted at the toilet, and as she stood in her soft silk gown with a golden gleam in her hair, and a sweet half-sad smile on her face, I could not but be proud of this friend who would so soon leave me. I saw her in all of her maidenly loveliness for only a few minutes, for the program began promptly at eight, and she must be there to take her place in the triumphal march of the graduates. I took my place in the audience and after a short delay the piano began a stately march. Here they came one by one, in a long beautifully dressed line of graduates, the ushers for the night in front. Ah, there *she* was, very serious now and dignified, for it is a trying ordeal to walk down the long sloping aisle between that sea of upturned, interested faces.

The girls took their seats on the stage and class night began. The salutatory with its cordial words of welcome was given, and the history told in sections from letters supposed to have been written by the historian to a friend. Then the class poem was announced and read. A real poem it was too, with pathos and humor, and, above all, containing something really "worth while." The prophet, who was also the class president, gave a glowing prophetic vision in rhymes worthy of Kipling.

"We the January class of nineteen hundred and six, of the State Normal School, in the town of Farmville, do hereby give and bequeath," etc., was the familiar phrase with which the class will began. Last came the valedictory, afire, as all valedictories are, with the high ambitions of youth, the pure sweet thoughts of an unsullied girlish mind. I forgot to mention the class song, which made my heart throb and ache as I thought of the coming separation from these leaders, whose place it would be so hard to fill.

The next day was Sunday. What a long sweet day it was! The morning, full of true companionship with my friend, of a sweetness made more exquisite by the thought that this communion must soon be broken. In the afternoon Miss Ruth Paxson, a national secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, gave a talk on this subject, "A Life for a Life." Her words tore aside the veil of indifference, and we saw very clearly the glory, love and majesty of the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

At night the baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Reverend Mr. Winn, of Petersburg. His text was Matt. 5:18, "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be published." All who have heard Mr. Winn know his marvellous power in making his argument clear to any listener. As the words of wisdom fell upon the hearts of our graduates, I felt sure that more than one of them felt her privilege more sacred than ever.

Monday—the last day of commencement dawned. This was a time of hurry and bustle, for rooms had to be untrimmed, trunks packed and farewell calls paid. So all this excitement helped me to keep down the ever-deepening pain that was soon to tear my heart. Night came—and with it again the pure white gowns, the pretty march of the graduates. The address to the graduates was made by the Hon. S. C. Mitchell, of Richmond, Virginia. I cannot describe that speech—it was one to be felt, not spoken of. It was a speech that made our hearts burn with love for mother country and for Virginia; that brought us face to face with the truth that our beloved Southland is not taking the place that she should in the affairs of our nation; that filled us with awe, zeal and enthusiasm as we remembered that it lay with us, the teachers of today and tomorrow, to give the South its rightful glory. After prolonged applause for this masterful man and his masterly address, a hush fell over the audience. Many years of real toil were to be at last rewarded with a diploma. Each name as it was called seemed beautiful as we thought of what it all implied. Then came the flowers—American beauties, carnations, narcissus, and oh, so many violets, for

that was the class flower. It was a pretty scene—sweet girl graduates and flowers. The class of January 1906 had graduated, and the class of June had begun its reign. “The king is dead ! Long live the king!”

And so it was over—the daily intercourse, the strong ties of college life were broken between us, between my friend and me. But the friendship, ah, *it* lasts forever! So though there runs a sad strain through my memory of commencement, a comforting thought comes too. Commencement does break off companionship but it proves the strength of friendship.

Two Hatchet Stories.

THIS is one of the stories told by Mason L. Weems, as told him by one of young Washington's lady friends, and of which it was said: "It is too valuable to be lost, too true to be doubted."

"When George was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most boys, he was very fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by-the-bye, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it.

"Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?' This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father with the sweet face brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-triumphant youth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, pa, you know I can't tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet.' 'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports; 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you ever killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits fairest gold.' "

Another hatchet story comes to us through *The Times-Dispatch* of January 6. We give briefly the substance and

wonder whether "it is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted." On the border between Fauquier and Stafford counties stood a very large tree that marked a part of the boundary between these two counties. This line had at one time been surveyed by George Washington, and is still called the Washington line.

It was found by a man named James Littoral that there was honey in this tree. He took another man into his confidence, but while they were cutting it one Arkliorskizivi de Sabanowski came up and they offered to divide the spoils with him if he would help do the work. After the tree had been cut Littoral and his friend became greedy and told the Russian he could not have any honey. He became indignant, and though it was 11:30 p. m., started home to see what could be done.

At 4:30 a. m. he was back with a double-barrelled shotgun, his wife and brother, and nine yoke of oxen, drawing a slide. The other men fled in dismay. Then De Sabanowski and his helpers trimmed up and cut off two hundred feet of the tree. Surely it was a monarch of the forest !

They chained the log to the slide and with much difficulty dragged it home, three miles distant, where they arrived late in the afternoon of the second day.

The tree contained a hollow nearly six feet in diameter extending from about four feet from the ground almost to the top. In what had been the lower end of the hollow was found a small hand-made hatchet, with an oak handle somewhat the worse for age and wear. Crudely cut upon this handle can still be deciphered the inscription, "G. W. 1738."

Several letters were also found in the tree. They were written in a cramped hand and bore the dates 751 and '53. They were also six or eight leaves torn apparently from an old diary. The word "recititude" appears plainest several times in a large formal style of penmanship.

Who owned these articles and how they came in the tree is a subject for speculation. Soon after the news of the discovery the man who cut the tree was offered five hundred dollars for the old hatchet but he refused to take it.

Is it possible that this hatchet belonged to George Washington? There are so many unusual things connected with the story, one would not wonder at anything. In the first place, the tree as described might have grown in Wonderland. The owner of it accepted the price only as it was valued as firewood, when it was worth a small fortune filled as it was with valuable honey. And the strangest part of all is that the date on the hatchet was put there when George Washington was six years old—the age when he was the proud possessor of the famous hatchet. How it came in the old tree is the question. Perhaps some kind fairy put it there in order to give us two hatchet stories, equal in truth, equal in attractiveness. We leave our readers to guess the answer to this question.

A Model Staff Meeting.

BY AN OBSERVER FROM JARMAN HALL.

At nine on Saturday morning,
When dust and dirt I'm a-greeting,
I pause in my cleaning and scrubbing
To laugh at THE GUIDON staff meeting.

I hear in the chamber below me
What sounds like a raging storm,
Editors laughing and squealing
With voices loud and strong.

From all I can hear from this distance,
It seems that there must be there
Grave Sallie, and giggling Kizer,
And Mary with "coming down" hair.

A lull and then an outburst,
And we know by their loud outcries
They are plotting and planning together
To take the school by surprise.

There's a moment of consultation;
And then as quick as a flash,
Without any signal or warning,
There comes a most fearful crash !

I climb up into my window
To see what is meant by it all;
In a struggling heap in the corner,
Squirms Maud, with Flora, the small.

They wiggle and giggle and twist,
For help they loudly entreat,
And at last the dignified editors
Assist them again to their feet.

Do not think, O ye GUIDON readers,
This turmoil was all that I found;
At the table sits Carrie, the learned,
Presiding with wisdom profound.

Then Gertrude's tardy entrance
A shower of wrath provokes—
But they all straightway forgave her,
When 'twas known she'd lost her jokes.

And I see Henrietta,
Whose hands the purse doth hold;
The magazine is wealthy
That has her heart of gold.

They all talked loud together,
They talked loud one by one;
Then closed both sash and curtain,
In order to adjourn !!

Editorials.



FEBRUARY.



FEBRUARY,—The month when women do the least talking and men the least work.

Our January Graduates. It was with sad hearts that we saw the January class leave us. We miss the familiar faces; we miss the friends grown so dear during the years spent here together. We realize that we have lost some of our strongest, best girls, yet we would not have it otherwise. We are glad they can go away with what we all so earnestly desire—a diploma from the dear old school, and the love and respect of the faculty and students.

They have done their work here well, and have gone away to take up the sterner duties of life. We who are left behind must not fold our hands and say, "What shall we do without them?" We can take the places they filled so well, we can assume their mantles, and hope that a double portion of their spirit of faithfulness may fall on us.

The Lack of Amusements.

says—

We agree with Carlyle that work is alone noble, with Jacob, that our best doing is our best enjoyment; but we also agree with Warton when he

“All human race from China to Peru
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.”

As Normal School students, it is scarcely necessary to say that we have every opportunity for the “noble” influence; but since variety is the spice of life we would have our lives flavored with the essence of pleasure.

All through the day we are busy with classes and meetings, our mental tension is raised to the highest pitch—by supper, we are mentally and physically weary. We want perfect relaxation and the surest way to obtain this is by a change of occupation. A dance, a good game, some impromptu songs and recitations would meet these requirements, and would be, as well, a great aid to digestion. But where shall we go to do all these delectable things? Our rooms and halls are of the loveliest, yet not one can we call all our own for our own pleasures.

Some form of intellectual amusement would be most acceptable to those not inclined to partake of the more trivial pleasures, while even the gayest would enjoy a good play or lecture. Such entertainments would not only broaden the mind and lend pleasure to the passing time but would give the recreation that is absolutely necessary to a mind that must work. We hope that our good pastors and masters will remember that “all work and no play makes”—Jill a dull girl.

Hearts are trumps in February.

The Weather Man.

Before getting ready for his grand opening of the newest styles for spring, the Weather Man seems to have been having a clearance sale. He must have gotten rid of all that was left over in his shop. He has offered us an assorted lot—in short lengths—of fancy and changeable weather—remnants and samples of all styles from the past year. A regular bargain counter display!

Here are some of the things that January took: Four or

five days of summer—admirable imitation, scarcely to be told from the genuine article, except the color was somewhat dim. Twenty-four hours of real winter—trees exquisitely decked in glistening sleet. One week of spring—blue and all shades of gray—changeable—with a small border of violets—greatly admired except they were splotted with mud and spotted a little with rain. Three afternoons of crisp autumn weather—in perfect condition—great demand. One dozen novelty days—each different from the others—combinations of varying temperature, woven in fanciful patterns with wind, rain, sunshine and clouds.

Voluntary Most of us have started in on new work for the
Contributions next term. Some of this seems hard and we dread it, while some of it we look forward to with pleasure. Would you not like to increase the amount of your pleasant employment by contributing a few voluntary pieces to THE GUIDON? We feel sure that nothing could add more enjoyment to your new term than to be a regular contributor to the magazine. Along with your classes save a little time and space for such occupation.

Do you not think that it would make us feel very independent to have our magazine for one month, at least, composed of purely voluntary contributions? You have it in your power to make it such; will you not do it? We are sure that our school contains plenty of talent along all lines that only needs to be brought to light. Just because you are not asked individually to contribute, is no reason that your work is not wanted. Think what an injustice you do yourself by not writing whenever you can, for every article written strengthens you for some greater effort.

Are you not willing to help yourself? Most of us are. Remember then that every time you contribute to the magazine you do yourself as much good as anyone else. While the rest of us are amused by your quaint sayings, delighted by your wit, or touched by your grave thoughts, which you have expressed for us, the greater pleasure is yours; for you have that indefinable delight in doing things, which is at once the incentive to labor and its best reward.

George Washington—God left him childless that he might better be the Father of his Country.

A Little Tag-Sermon. The old term is ended, another is begun. Again each has an opportunity to say: "My failures are behind me; I will profit by them and do my best this term." If you did not make as many good resolutions at the beginning of the year with regard to your work as you should have done, make them now and keep them. Resolve that you will waste less time; that you will get all the possible benefit from your work and from your play, as well, so when June shall come you can look back without a single great regret, and those at home will not be disappointed in you. Take for your motto this line from Smellie: "Let me be content with no second best;" and when the blue days come and all your efforts bring but scant success, re-enforce your dwindling courage with Lowell's brave thought: "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

A feeling that duty has been well performed brings the highest pleasure; a knowledge that time and opportunities have been wasted will at sometime bring the keenest remorse. Think twice before you set your standard for this term's work.

They who travel the streets of bye-and-bye, soon come to the house of never.

Heard on All Sides. Cough! cough! cough! The echoes fill the auditorium, fill the dining-room, fill every place it seems where our Normal girls are assembled. "Are they all in the last stages of consumption?" asks a visitor almost shudderingly. We do not think this to be the case if we are to judge from the frequency Mr. Cox is consulted about supplies for the table or from the healthy appearance of the girls. What, then, is the reason for it all? Gentle reader, if you are afflicted with that most ignominious of life's little miseries, a bad cold, we would not add to your discomfort by singling you out for public remark—we do but offer our sympathy and the name of the latest remedy.

But if your eyes are not watery, and your classic nose is not

red and swollen, and your voice has its accustomed flute-like sweetness, then by these tokens we know you have no cold, but still we hear you cough!

All the addresses we have had lately have been solos by the speaker with an accompaniment of coughs from the audience. A delightful musical! Just listen a moment as the speaker or singer reaches an impressive point. There it is again! And there, across the hall, is the response. Then others take it up. How they cough! singly, doubly, all together!—piano, moderato, accelerando, fortissimo, sforzando! Are you trying to drown the speaker's voice, are you displeased with what she says? Evidently not, for your faces (when not distorted by coughing) show keen interest, alert attention. Is it a code of signals? Certainly not, that is not the kind of pranks our girls play. Is it that you do not consider the comfort of those around you and that you don't care whether or not they hear? No indeed, our girls may be thoughtless sometimes, but they are never lacking in the spirit of courtesy and they are not selfish.

Then we are inclined to think there may be another solution to the problem. Is it not partly habit and partly involuntary imitation? It is quite possible that you may not know that you are one of the coughers? Is it always necessary to harrow your own nerves and those of other people by this endless coughing if it can possibly be avoided? Even the worst cough can be stifled behind a handkerchief. Then, it is not fair to yourself and to those around you to let this habit get the better of you. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Our Reading Table.

THE JEW IN AMERICA.

Munsey is publishing this year a series of articles on the leading racial elements of our population. The January number of the magazine contains an intensely interesting article on "The Jew in America."

At first one who has never given the subject serious consideration is surprised at the size and importance of the Jewish element in our country.

Says the writer of this article: "The Jewish race is flocking to the United States. At the present rate of immigration, another century will see more than half of it settled in America. New York already contains about thirty times as many Jews as there are in Jerusalem.

"The total number of Jews in all countries is eleven millions. About fourteen hundred thousand are now in America—nearly two per cent of our population. Half of these are in New York, and one-tenth in Chicago. The whole British Empire, with nearly five times our population, has only one-fifth as many Jews. And by 1930, if the present rate of increase continues, we shall have seven million Jews here—as many as obeyed Solomon. America is becoming the Promised Land of the Jews and New York their New Jerusalem." As we continue reading, our surprise changes to admiration for what the Jew has accomplished against such powerful odds. In the business world, in almost every profession we find Jews occupying prominent positions. "No matter what ladder you climb, you are pretty sure to find some Jews on the top rounds." "The Jewish race is like a department store. Ask for whatever you want and it can give it to you." Doctors, artists, sculptors, musicians, judges, teachers and scientists, all are furnished by this race, which we have accused of being a race of traders. If it is true that the Jew "levies upon other men's toil and is not a creator of wealth,"

he has been forced to it. "Hostile nations took away the Jews' land and left them nothing to live on but their brains. This was dangerous—to the hostile nations. Brains rule the world, and always will. And the Jew's enemies practically said to him, 'Think or get off the earth!' " 'Tis interesting to know, "the first Astor began by working for a Jew—Hayman Levy, a fur-dealer. Astor got rich because Levy showed him how, very likely."

The Jew is thirsty for knowledge. Our schools are full of Jews. "When our eighteen million boys and girls in the public schools stand in line and say, 'I pledge allegiance to our flag and to the republic for which it stands,' three hundred thousand of the little patriots are Jewish."

Moreover it is shown that the Jew makes a good citizen. To begin with, he supports his own poor. There are no Jews in the potter's field. In a Jewish community you will see no corner loafers, no beggars, no drunkards. There is enough tea drunk on the East Side every day to flood a ship, but not enough whiskey to trouble prohibitionists. No matter how small his income is, he will live within it. He will eat dry bread and sleep on the floor with a cheerful heart; but as soon as he has money to spend, he spends it like an emperor. There are few of them in our police and divorce courts. There are less than two thousand in all our government institutions.

And so our writer shows that the American plan of giving the Jew fair play has succeeded. "At any rate all other plans have failed." "No nation prospers that persecutes the Jews," said Frederick the Great. "Egypt tried persecution and the Jews went to its funeral. Assyria made the same blunder, so did Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Spain. Say the Jew is not a fighter! When was there ever such a five-thousand-year battle for life? Tied hand and foot, he fought on, and to-day he is more alive than ever." But as we read on we ask ourselves do we deserve any credit for giving the Jew "fair play." Has he not as much right here as any the rest of us? For we are told that another of our pretty history stories is a myth, and it was not the pawning of Queen Isabella's jewels that furnished the

money for Columbus' voyage, but that Luis de Santangel, a Jew, and King Ferdinand's chief tax collector, advanced the necessary amount for the expedition as a loan to the king and queen. The jewel story was invented years after by a Spaniard, to flatter Queen Isabella.

Moreover: "The great navigator's map was drawn by Ribes, called the Map Jew. His astronomical tables were compiled by the Jew, Abraham Zacuto. His astronomical instruments were made by another Jew whose name has not been preserved. His superintendent was Rodrigo Sanchez, the Jew. The first sailor who saw land was Rodrigo de Triana, the Jew; and the first European to set foot on American soil was the interpreter, Luis de Terres, the Jew.

Columbus discovered the land; a Jew discovered its possibilities. When Columbus announced his success, the words were scarcely out of his mouth before Gabriel Sanchez, the Jew, hurried to King Ferdinand and got a franchise permitting him to sell "cattle and grain to the Indians." And so American trade was established by a Jew of Madrid.

The Jew is "part and parcel of the United States." "It would require a surgical operation to take the Jews out of American civilization. Even the 'American' is now, as we have seen, two per cent Jewish. To read the names on the signs along Broadway reminds one of a chapter in Leviticus." With such a past as the Jew's, what may not his future be? With our attention thus attached to the Jewish race, we enter in their interest a little poem published by *Current Literature*, which contains, from the Jewish standpoint, a touch of almost tragic pathos.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

BY M. W. T.

Thy chosen people, Lord ! Ay, and for what ?
 Chosen to bear the world's contempt and scorn;
 Chosen to cringe and fawn, contrive and plot,
 Only to win the right to live, being born;
 Chosen to bow the neck and bend the knee,
 To hold the tongue when other tongues revile,
 To bear the burdens, bond slaves e'en when free;

Give cheerfully, be spit upon and smile;
 Chosen for death, for torture and the screws,
 While the slow centuries move, they say, towards light?
 Lord, from the horrors of this endless night
 Let us go free!—another people choose!

LELIA MADISON JACKSON, '06.

Argus.

"THE DIVINE SARAH."

If we are to judge by the frequent and complimentary mentions made in the magazines of Sarah Bernhardt and her visit to America, we must conclude that, whatever may have been her reception in Canada, there can certainly be no question as to her welcome in the United States.

Says *The Theater Magazine* of New York, in speaking of her visit: "Whatever the reason, it is certain that the eminent French artist has enjoyed a substantial triumph unprecedented in any of her three previous appearances in the United States. And it must be acknowledged, she has made good in a manner nothing short of marvellous, considering her accredited age of sixty-one years. She is still 'the divine Sarah,' of the will of gold—in technique the foremost exponent of modern academic culture in the drama; in temperament an embodied genius of sentiment and passion; a chameleon-like human creature of fire and air, an essence of woman-spirit in every infinite mood, the eternal child, imperious to time, and the perennial priestess of an immortal act."

DIAMOND-MAKING UP TO DATE.

In one of the January issues of the *Literary Digest*, there is a most interesting article on the up-to-date manufacture of diamonds.

"It is now many years," says the writer of this article, "since Henri Mussair, the French chemist, first succeeded in crystallizing carbon in the form of diamonds by use of the electric furnace. Up to the present time the resulting crystals have been so small that their production has been regarded as an ingenious chemical demonstration rather than the germ of a commercial process.

Recently Henry Fisher, of New York, who is the first, it is claimed, to make diamonds by Mussair's process in this country, has succeeded in producing crystals so much larger than any hitherto made in this way, that there seems to be a possibility of obtaining, in the future, gems large enough to have commercial value.

Fisher has constructed a furnace which enables him to get an intense and uniform heat, and also to drip the crucible, containing the iron and graphite, directly from the heated interior into cold water. This sudden cooling process causes the solidified mass to break up, and in the portions broken off the diamond crystals are found. "It should be remembered that diamonds thus obtained are real, tho' 'artificial;' in other words, while the process of crystallization is controlled by human agency, the resulting crystals are precisely the same as if the heat and pressure necessary to their formation had accompanied some great prehistoric movement of the earth's crust."

Mr. Fisher's success has aroused much interest. "It is extremely probable that if the research be made, which will greatly simplify the production of diamonds, and what is more important, will place a far lower value upon them than at present quoted by the Diamond Trust." Something of the vast commercial significance of this achievement of science is realized when we read in a recent issue of another magazine that the value of the diamonds brought into this country alone during the past year was nearly or quite thirty million dollars.

GRACE BEALE.

Cunningham.

THE LAST OF THE TERRITORIES.

The *World's Work* of January contains an interesting article by M. G. Cuniff, entitled "The Last of the Territories."

A bill was presented in Congress last winter to admit Arizona and New Mexico into the Union as one vast state to be called Arizona. It passed the House, but fell asleep in the Senate and died with the end of the session. Arizona objected to this union and hung back. "Rather than join with New Mexico," said the people, "we will gladly remain as we are."

Come out here, Easterners, and we will show you why." So last fall ten Congressmen went out there. They visited New Mexico first, and found the people divided in sentiment. Later Arizona, overjoyed, received them, talked and demonstrated with them, and sent them home ready to a man to fight against the merger. "And it is a fight, too. The moves of the statehood campaign have set the United States Senate at loggerheads. No other question anywhere in the United States is arousing half the red-hot enthusiasm as that is."

The writer of this article went to the territories just in advance of the congressmen. He says, "I asked every person I met in New Mexico and Arizona whether he wished joint statehood. New Mexico was lukewarm. Many said, No. Many said, 'We want single statehood, but we can't get it, so we will take joint statehood. A half loaf is better than no bread.' There was no such wavering in Arizona. Asking that question was like touching a match to a cannon cracker. Men did not merely say, 'We don't want joint statehood.' They made speeches. They shot forth reasons. They told stories." Lawyers, doctors, teachers, editors, men of every profession were of the same mood. When Sheriff Lowry was asked his opinion, he replied, "Sir, I'd like to see Arizona a state. But half a state with New Mexico as the other half? Well, I'd rather see it a territory till I die."

Both territories believe they should have been admitted as states long ago. New Mexico has an area equal in size to the New England states, New York and New Jersey combined, and a population of nearly 300,000. Two-thirds of the states had a smaller population than this when they were admitted into the Union.

Mr. Cunniff says: "Neither territory is a wild waste of cactus-grown desert and bare mountain range dotted here and there with lawless mining camps and peopled by bad men, cow-boys, and Jack Hamlin gamblers that fiction has painted. Life in them is no more like that in the *Arizona Kicker* and in the current cheap tales of Western life than the California mining camps of today are like those Bret Harte pictured. The towns

have broad clean streets, electric lights, good water systems, trolley lines, beautiful churches and schools. The mines of gold and silver are very rich, and produce \$10,000,000 yearly. One county in New Mexico yields more turquoises than all the rest of the world. Irrigation is employed and the river valleys are three or four times as fertile as those of the Connecticut. Mining, agriculture, lumbering and stockraising are the principal industries, and are the sources of great wealth.

But after all, the chief problem lies in the people of the territory. Of the 300,000 inhabitants of New Mexico nearly one-half are Mexicans—alien in blood, language, tradition, political consciousness and temper of mind, to the Americans who are building up the territory. The territorial Legislature always contains a number of Mexicans and in some counties they dominate.

In Arizona there are not more than 150,000 inhabitants, but they are vigorous, enterprising Americans. They are no better than the Americans of New Mexico, but they do not share their common life with an alien people and do not want to. But in a state made up of the two territories the people of the New Mexico end would soon out-vote the people of the Arizona end and the new state would naturally assume the New Mexico tone. Is it any wonder then that Arizona does not want joint statehood?

V. E. S., '07.

Cunningham.

Open Column.

State Examinations.

Some years ago the State Normal School had not attained the pre-eminence and excellence to which it has now risen and the Legislature of Virginia felt that there had to be some test to prove that our graduates of this institution were capable of teaching in the grammar schools throughout the state. So an act was passed to this effect, that the graduates of the Normal School should have to take State examinations before being allowed to teach in the public schools.

Now that our school has risen to such prominence, it is not even able to meet the demands for teachers, is it not a reflection upon the present system, for State examinations to be imperative as a test of our ability? After passing the prescribed courses here these tests *should be* mere shams.

The shortest length of time in which a student in this school may obtain a diploma, is two years, while most of us have to stay here even longer than this. What then is the judgment of Virginia as to our capability to teach? Simply this, we are placed in the same class and under the same regulations as girls who have attended school perhaps eight or ten years. Wherein lies the justice?

Let us hope that in the near future our Alma Mater will demand and obtain just appreciation of her work and State examinations will be a thing of the past.

C. G. S.

An Evening Full of Instruction.

Last Thursday evening, January 25, 1906, Professor Soule of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute gave us a very interesting, as well as instructive, address on agriculture. This address was attended by nearly every student of this institution, and many visitors from town and the neighboring farms. We are sure that everyone attending enjoyed it and was benefitted thereby.

It is easy to understand why *we* appreciated an address on such a subject when one thinks of the fact that the greater number of us are farmers' daughters and are clamoring for some device by which the farmers' standard may be raised. Professor Soule made clear to us what they need to bring it about.

He showed us that the secret of it all is *knowing how to farm*. Our farmers can no longer cling to the traditions of their forefathers, but they must study and learn the art of agriculture with as much intelligence as is required in the learning of any other profession. We are indeed proud that our grand old commonwealth is awakening to this fact and is establishing such departments as are essential to its development along all lines.

Although we don't remember all Professor Soule told us, he left us at least a taste of what is in store for our farmers of the coming generation. We earnestly hope that it will be our good fortune some time in the near future to have an agricultural department connected with this institution, in order that the teachers sent out from here henceforth will not be narrowed down to teaching the "Four R's," but that they may enter into a broader sphere and teach our youth to love agriculture more, and to understand farming from a scientific point of view.

We hope the time is not far distant when our old hillsides, that now can scarcely sustain "hen-nest grass," will become fertile and blossom with the rich fair fruits of old Mother Earth.

V. B., '07.

Our Improvement on Marching out of Chapel.

It is a fact not to be denied, that we have made remarkable improvement on our method of marching out of chapel.

At first it was very hard for us to understand exactly with whom we were to march. But Mr. Mattoon kindly solved the problem, and informed us repeatedly that we were to fall in line with the girl exactly opposite us, and it did not matter whether she was our special friend or not. We can now find our partner so readily that even Mr. Mattoon can find no fault.

After this difficulty had been overcome another one presented itself. One morning our worthy president announced that

from the amount of time consumed in getting out of chapel, we must have forgotten that we are just sixteen.

These words had the desired effect, for so eager are we to convince our president that we are just sixteen that we march out in double-quick time. Some go with a skip, some with a jump, but none in a walk. Even the Senior A's and Senior B's, who usually walk with such a slow and stately tread, march out as if they were going to a fire rather than to the Training School.

The hardest thing of all is for us to learn that we must not "scuff" our feet. But we know that even this difficulty is slowly being overcome, for Miss Hills' "expression"—as she views us from the rostrum—is gradually changing from one of annoyance and agitation to one of serene and calm satisfaction.

May we continue to improve so that when the Legislature comes, they may be impressed with the fact that the Normal School girls are so filled with ambition, that they even go in a lope to their classes.

W. D.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

AT THE close of the devotional exercises, on Saturday, January 13, delegates were elected to the fifth Student Volunteer Convention, to be held February 28—March 4. The representatives are Miss Rice, Miss Lancaster, Mary Schofield, Mary Preston, and Myrtle Rea.

For the first time the Student Volunteer Movement will hold its convention in the South. It will be entertained in that "City of Conventions," Nashville, Tennessee. Three thousand delegates are expected, and five hundred colleges and schools will be represented. It is expected that missionaries from nearly every mission field of the world will be present. The strongest speakers in America and Europe will present the various themes. In the afternoons, special conferences will be held, at which subjects of interest to churches and schools will be discussed. It will be a great convention, and the results of it will be far-reaching.

A business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held January 20. The president read her annual report, and the officers were elected for the coming year. The report was very encouraging, and showed that the Association had gone forward in nearly every line of work. The officers elected were Flora Thompson, president; Mary Schofield, vice-president; Grace Thorpe, recording secretary; Gertrude Davidson, corresponding secretary; Mary Glasgow, treasurer.

Miss Ruth Paxson, National Student Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, visited the school January 27-29. Both the ladies of the town and the girls of the Association had long looked forward to her coming, and had planned for it carefully and with much prayer. Since Christmas, the girls have held a prayer circle fifteen minutes before breakfast to ask God's blessing on these meetings, and the week before Miss

Paxson's visit the ladies of the town also held a prayer circle every afternoon at four o'clock.

Miss Paxson made an address Saturday afternoon on "The Reality of the Christian Life," and Sunday afternoon she led a gospel meeting. Her subject for this service was "The Cross." Both of these meetings resulted in much good. Several girls confessed Christ for the first time, and many others expressed a desire to surrender themselves wholly to Him. Miss Paxson's earnest words and strong appeals for service touched many hearts. During her visit, she also did much personal work among the girls.

Lives more consecrated to our Lord's work must be the result of her coming among us.

Alumnae Notes.

Since last month's issue of THE GUIDON, nineteen enthusiastic alumnae have gone from here to swell the number of noble women who call the Virginia State Normal School their Alma Mater. Each one of them is missed from her individual post in the college life—but our loss is most certainly Virginia's gain. The courage, sincerity, and "stick-at-itiveness" that this graduating class has shown cannot help but count for the glory and good of the Old Dominion. Our notes this month will be to some extent news of them.

Susie Ford left us immediately after the commencement. She is filling a position in the primary grades of the Dumbarton Graded School, near Richmond, Virginia.

We are delighted to hear that Lucy Hiner, Pearl Vaughan, and Clara Sanderlin are going to stay with us and take post-graduate courses.

Helen Childrey went to Fairmount, West Virginia, to fill a position in the public school there.

Henrietta Dunlap has been offered and has accepted the position of assistant librarian here. She will return to the school immediately. We could not hear more delightful news—for Henrietta has been sorely missed. She will come back to find her place in our hearts as big and as warm as ever.

Florence Ingram, the president of the January class of '06, is teaching at Barton Heights near Richmond. She secured this position before Christmas, and having done such excellent work she was granted her diploma without returning for the last month's work. This is an unparalled case in the history of our alumnae. The class of '06 should feel very proud of their president.

Lillian Thompson is spending a few days visiting friends in Farmville, before going to her home in Bluefield, West Virginia.

Mary F. Gray class January '04, has a position in McDon-

nough Institute, La Plata, Md. This is her second year there, and she seems very much pleased with her work.

Ella Thompson, now Mrs. J. T. Walker, has her home at the University of Virginia, where Mr. Walker is assistant professor of Latin.

Zillah Mapp, who married the Reverend Mr. Arthur Winn, is living at Temperanceville, Accomac County, Virginia.

An alumnae of whom we are justly proud is Miss Celestia Parish, who graduated from here in 1886 and then became a member of the Normal School faculty. She is now head of the Psychological and Training School Department at the State Normal School, Athens, Georgia.

Georgia Miles Bryan was married, on December 30, to Mr. Arthur H. Hutt, of Williamsburg, Virginia.

Georgiana Stephenson is principal of a school at Spottswood, Augusta County, Virginia. She was forced to leave Farmville several weeks before commencement.

Virginia Greever is spending a gay winter at her home, Chilhowie, Va.

Jokes.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Miss W-n-s-t-n—"What optical instrument does the eye resemble?"

Gr-t-d D-v-d-o-n—"The microscope."

HEARD ON THE HALL.

"Who teaches hygiene?"

"Miss Hills."

"Do you wear your gym-suits?"

B-ss H-t-a-w-y—"I have just learned the eighth declension in Latin."

J-r-i-a C-h-p-a-n—"I certainly do want to hear that debate. Are you on the *positive* or negative side?"

F-l-r-n-e B-r—"Negative."

Miss H-ls—"Name an organ of the body."

M-tt-e T-r-ves—"The pulse."

Mary—"I wonder why A isn't down to breakfast."

Jane—"Why, A is in the infirmary. She had her *tonsilitis* taken out yesterday!"

New girl—"Can you tell me which is the best Literary Society? I think I shall join one next week."

Notes of Local Interest.

February the first marked the beginning of the spring term for the Normal School girls, and they seem to be getting down to work with a pretty good will. The Senior B class having gotten their diplomas have gone, some to teach and some to their homes, and new girls are coming in to take their places. The exercises during commencement were very enjoyable and the "sweet girl graduates" did full justice to their Alma Mater.

On Friday evening, January 26, Mrs. Cochran entertained the graduating class. Those present besides the guests of honor were the members of the faculty and the home department, some of the young men of Farmville, and the special friends and parents of the graduates. The dining-room and reception hall were prettily decorated with the class colors, lavender and green. A delicious salad course was served.

On Saturday evening, the class exercises were enjoyed by a large audience. Miss Clara Sanderlin spoke the words of greeting; Miss Lillian Thompson read the class history; the poem was delivered by Miss Fennell Crawley; the prophecy, by Miss Florence Ingram; a piano solo, the "Scarf Dance," by Miss Hattie Bugg; the will, by Miss Gertrude King, and the farewell by Miss Nell Ingram. Two beautiful class songs added to the pleasure of the program.

Rev. J. B. Winn, of Petersburg, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church here, preached the baccalaureate sermon in the auditorium Sunday evening. 'Tis needless to say we all enjoyed the sermon, for when did a Farmville audience ever fail to enjoy and appreciate Mr. Winn?

The Senior B's have realized that "Honest labor wears a lovely face," and their last days at the Normal have proved this doubly true. One of the greatest pleasures that these last days brought was suggestive little envelopes, containing cards for a picture party to be given by Mrs. D. T. Elam, on Friday evening, January 12, in honor of Miss Georgiana Stephenson and Miss Hattie Bugg. How that class did rejoice that Georgiana and Hattie were Senior B's.

The reception-hall, parlor and dining-room of Mrs. Elam's lovely home were thrown together, and by eight o'clock were filled with the happy class of January '06. Only that day the girls had received the "tickets" bearing the magic words "passed on teaching," and so all were in the mood for thorough enjoyment. Their honorary member,—Miss Dunn, Miss Hali-burton, Miss Woodruff, Miss Hiner and several of the girls shared the enjoyment of the light-hearted graduates.

Everyone joined most heartily in the delightful games. Cut-up pictures, tied in violet, green and white, which had been scattered around the rooms, were found and pasted on numbered cards, with some very laughable results. Prizes were awarded the most artistic and the most comical pictures. The first, a picture of the class flowers, double violets, was won by Miss Price Starling; the second, a typical old maid with the inscription, "After years of service the Lord will provide"—by Miss Roy Rogers. A game of blowing the feather then tested the lungs for a while.

They were all invited into the dining-room, where an entirely different kind of game was enjoyed. The four tables were prettily decorated with potted plants and the class colors, violet and green. Most delicious refreshments were served.

Before leaving the dining room, stars of fortunes, which were suspended from the dining room grille, were distributed and discussed amid much laughter.

"An evening passes quickly
When Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,"

and ten o'clock came all too soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Graham most pleasantly entertained at supper on Tuesday evening, January 23, the following members of the graduating class: Misses Mary Ford, Price Starling, Roy Rogers, Estelle Price and Henrietta Dunlap.

Dr. S. C. Mitchell, of Richmond College, delivered the address before the graduating class on Monday evening, January 29. His theme was, "The Educational Problem of the South." After the address, with a few words of praise and advice, President Jarman delivered diplomas to the nineteen graduates.

Among the visitors here for commencement were, Mrs. S. H. Thompson, of Bluefield, West Va.; Mrs L. L. Childrey, of Richmond; Miss Ruth Ford, of Boyce; Miss Lula Dunlap, of Lexington; Misses Lizzie and Mamie Ingram and Mrs. Powell, of South Boston; Mr. J. Jolliffe, of Boyce; Mrs. Gentry, Rev. J. W. Eure, Mr. W. A. Mann, of Petersburg.

Exchanges.

In general, the December and January issues of the magazines are laudable. The joke column, however, which is usually such a characteristic feature, is in many of the issues left out altogether. We are glad to note the fact that several of the magazines contain articles discussing the great and recent advancement of the South and especially encouraging is the faith which these express that greater things shall yet be accomplished.

The December number of the *Southern Collegian* is especially good. The first article, "The Destiny of the South," shows a thorough knowledge of the resources of our land as well as a clear insight into its future significance. "Music in Poetry--Poe" is likewise praiseworthy. "Is the Work of the Orator Done?" is a strong plea in favor of oratory. There are two sides, however, to every such question. "The Count of Huelva" is better than most stories found in school magazines. The editorial department is, as ever, strong both in cause and effect.

The January number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is not so good as usual. "Football" and "Virginia, Past and Present" are the two articles most worthy of mention. The story of love about which "An Ante-Bellum Romance" centres is in itself quite interesting; in the telling, however, the author has shown little of the story-writer's art.

The November number of the *Gray Jacket* does not come up to its usual standard; perhaps the glorious record on the gridiron has caused a falling off in this issue. The author of "The Woods Between," however, reveals the rare power of describing his own feelings and emotions. "The Glory from Round Mount" is a good piece of description.

To read such a well-filled magazine as the January number of *Wake Forest Student* we count a rare treat. The solid reading matter, however, is on a relatively much higher plane than the fiction. "Evening Star" is a story with quite a pretty idea; we think, however, that the author has allowed his imagination to carry him rather far into the realm of fancy. "John Webster, a Dark Figure in English Literature," shows real appreciation of the poet and his work. The author of "Dreams" reveals true psychological tendencies in his discussion of that most interesting subject. "A Twentieth Century Rip Van Winkle" is a fine burlesque on the great things that science is to-day attempting. The editorial department contains a well-grounded plea for more lectures with time to attend them. This, we think is the need of other schools besides Wake Forest.

We have recieved also *The Tattler*, *The Kalosetic Chimes*, *Rawlings Recorder*, *The Messenger*, and *The Virginian*.

From Other Magazines.

I asked my soul in whispered accents low,
Whither this mighty stream of life doth flow,
By what great power doth it onward move?

My soul in solemn tones replied, "To God, by Love."

—*Southern Collegian.*

Oh for a dip in that restless tide
Of faith, that through the world's mid age has flowed,
That o'er Doubt's rocky reefs and breakers rode,
And swept the cynic's wave-wrecked bark aside,
I know its power doth still with some abide;
Some, who are nearest and above all blest,
Now on its smoother waters calmly rest,
But ere it reaches me, its power hath died
For I have only entered on that stream,
Which far away doth reach the open sea
Of future life, o'er which that tide doth sweep;
But, tho' I here so motionless may seem,
So quietly this current moveth me,
I hope at last to reach that boundless deep.

—*Southern Collegian.*

THE WIND OF LONG AGO.

Long ago, long ago,
The wind sang low
And sweet—a beautiful song;
Through years of pain,
For the lost refrain,
The nations have waited long.

May the wind come again,
With the old refrain
Of joy and peace and glee,
As the hours glide
Past the Christmastide
And murmur it low to thee.

— *Wake Forest Student.*

“If I were a wandering breeze,” he said, “I’d toss your curls and blow them out.”

“You’re right,” she cried with conscious pride, “they’re curls to blow about.”

What is a pessimist, and what an optimist?

A pessimist is a foot-doctor, an optimist, an eye-doctor.

A Senior: One capable of concealing an infinite amount of ignorance.

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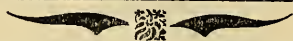
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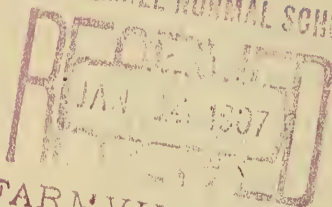
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