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Longwood University

THE GUIDON

November-December
1906

State Female Normal School
Farmville, Va.

The Guidon

Oct.-Nov., 1906

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

State Female Normal School

Farmville, Virginia

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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.*

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No!

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon!
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no t'other side the way.

. . . . . .

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies—no bees—
No——vember!

Thomas Hood.

The Holy Grail.

A Study from Tennyson.

THE age of the medieval Christians was the age of unquestioning belief. Perhaps there has never been a time when people accepted the traditional truth more simply and implicitly, if they accepted it at all. There where few doubts and questionings. Science had not been born, and people did not study so carefully and critically, nor did they know there was another side, that they could doubt and question. But theirs was a childish faith. These medieval Christians could not deal in abstractions. They needed things that they could touch and handle to help them understand their religion. Therefore, relics came to play an important part in their Christian lives.

This was, also, the day of visions. The medieval ideal of the highest Christian life was different from ours. We hold that life to be the best and truest that spends itself in service. We think that Christians should live among men, touching as many lives and helping as many people as possible. We believe that they should develop strong bodies and minds, as well as strong spiritual natures. The old ideal of the highest took the Christian away from men to monasteries and places of solitude. They believed in inflicting severe punishment on the body, and in denying themselves the pleasures and many of the necessities of life. They kept long, weary vigils; they spent hours in prayer, keeping always the same bodily position; they fasted for days; and were rewarded for their piety by visions. We must not think that all the stories of

these miraculous apparitions so often reported by the medieval Christians are mythical. It is a physiological fact that people who live in solitude and whose lives are dominated by one ambition, who are in a weak bodily condition and who spend long hours in prayer and meditation, do really see what they believe to be visions. We call them hallucinations today. They are the products of an imagination made alert and keen by brooding on one master passion, and overwrought by weakness. These people believed they saw visions, and while many of the stories of those early days have come to be myths in part, the people who first told them believed they had a true foundation. To appreciate these legends fully, we must keep this in mind.

Many of these stories clustered around the life of Christ and the things pertaining to Him. There were stories of the true cross and the miracles it worked; of the seamless garment His mother wove for Him; of the Veronica; and of the Holy Grail. The tenderest association clung to this cup. This was very natural, for it symbolized Christ's friendship and companionship with men. He was a man among them, and shared all the sweet, simple pleasures of their home life. They probably had the same feeling for the family meal that we have. It is the gathering place for the family, a place where we talk pleasantly and happily, and enjoy fellowship with one another. It is the place where we love to see our friends, and we seldom ask strangers to sit down with us here. We somehow feel that it is only for those who are nearest and dearest. We hold in tenderest memory the last meal that we eat with a loved one. We touch lovingly all the things our friends last used before slipping away to that Other Land.

There was no doubt in the minds of these people as to whether the Grail of the legend was the true cup. They accepted the statement without question, and told the story over and over again. The Holy Grail was the cup Christ used the last time He appeared as a man among His fellows. Later He was raised by His great sacrifice to a plane far above theirs. But when He used this cup, He sat at meat with them; John whom He loved lay on His bosom; all of the disciples talked freely to Him, and He taught the most spiritual truths. Then, too, He instituted forever a memorial of His death, and they drank from this cup the wine which symbolized His blood shed for their sins. Through the whole meal, they had a feeling that they were about to lose Him, and they treasured up in memory every word and look.

The legends of the Grail were mingled with those of the loving-cup used by the knights. They used to pass a cup of wine from one to another at their feasts as a pledge of comradeship, and the people had a tender feeling for this custom also. It was little wonder then that these Christians who needed tangible things in their religion came to look upon the Grail as a sacred thing.

The early tradition of the cup is that it was brought to Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathea. Many people were blessed by its presence, but wickedness so ruled the land that it was taken away to heaven.

When scandal broke out in the court of Arthur, one of the nuns, a most holy maiden, fasted and prayed that the Holy Grail might once more come among them to cleanse them from their sins. The cup returned, and she saw it face to face. She told her brother, Sir Percivale, of the vision, and begged that the knights would fast and pray that they, too,

might see the sacred vessel. A few days later, as they sat in the banquet hall, the Grail came into their midst,

> "All overcovered with a luminous cloud,
> And none might see who bare it, and it passed."

The knights realized that they were not pure enough to see it uncovered, and a great passion for holiness grew up in their souls. They all vowed that they would go in quest of the Grail, even if they were a twelvemonth and a day finding it.

When Arthur heard what his knights had done, he was filled with consternation. He was a man of large vision, and he knew that it was better to right the wrongs about them, to do the daily duties to which their knightly vows bound them, than to go on a quest for holiness. "Ye follow wandering fires," he said, and the day came when they agreed with him.

It was a great day in Camelot, and yet a sad one, when the knights set out on their quests. The whole city came out to see them go. The galleries were filled with ladies who threw down "showers of flowers" as the gallant knights, resplendent in glittering armor, rode by. The king himself was there, and the queen rode in the middle of the street with Lancelot.

This search for the Grail typifies all spiritual endeavor. It had in it the uplifting quality of every great cause,—the following of the ideal. The knights who went on the quest are types of the men who follow every great movement. Tennyson shows his insight into human nature and his understanding of human motives in the portrayal of their characters.

Sir Galahad is a perfect type of a pure, spiritually-minded young man who is full of youthful enthusiasm and zeal. He and Sir Percivale went because they had a passion for holiness and a certain joy in

martyrdom. They are a type of those who unselfishly follow a great reform because it is right.

Lancelot represents the man to whom both the holy and romantic sides appeal. He sought the Grail because he thought it was the highest thing he could do, and because he knew that there was a certain glory and honor in the quest. He knew that to see the cup would be the crowning achievement of his knighthood, and he wished his career to be as glorious as possible. He had little of the unselfish devotion of Galahad and Percivale. Then, too, Lancelot hid in his heart a darling sin, and he thought the long and difficult quest, crowned by a vision of the Grail, would be a sort of expiative.

Sir Bors is the good, humble man we find helping in the great movements. He lived on a lower plane than Galahad and Percivale. He had not their clear vision, their spirituality, nor their devotion. He went because he wished to follow the great leader.

Gawain had no desire for holiness, but followed the Grail because others did. He represents the man who does a thing because it is popular.

The court of Arthur was a dreary place in the year and a day that the knights were gone. The great, beautiful hall was deserted, and there were no more merry feasts. The court ladies missed the gallant gentlemen who helped them to pass their time so pleasantly. There was no one but King Arthur to right the wrong, and many things were left undone.

At last a tenth of them came back. It was a worn and weary company that gathered around the daïs throne to make their reports to the king. They had had long, dangerous rides; they had fought with men and beasts; they had known hunger and thirst; they had been imprisoned; and most of them had found that they followed wandering fires. Only four had seen

the Holy Cup. Galahad had a rapturous vision of it face to face, and was caught away to "the far spiritual city." Sir Percivale and Sir Bors had seen it at a distance. Lancelot had gone his weary way only to see it veiled as he had seen it at first, for he had brought back the same sin that he took away.

The king heard their recital quietly. When they had finished, he spoke to them kindly and calmly. In his dealings with these men who had vowed so hastily, he shows his great soul. They had done wrong, and he had known it from the very beginning, but he says nothing of his greater wisdom. He does not show them their mistake too pointedly, nor does he draw the moral men so dislike. Instead he leaves them with simple words over which they must have pondered many a time,

"Ye have seen what ye have seen."

In writing the Holy Grail, we see that Tennyson intended to do more than to preserve in beautiful form the Arthurian legends. He even wished to do more than present the poem as a type of every great movement. He wished to show that every life should be dominated by a noble purpose.

Not many years before he died, Tennyson wrote a poem called Merlin and the Gleam, which, though shorter and simpler, has the same thought. It is the story of his own life; he himself is Merlin; and the Gleam, or Grail, his great purpose.

The poem begins:

"O young Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam."

With the understanding of one who has lived a good and useful life, he tells his story, which is the story of every man who aims at the highest. At the sunrise of his life, he was awakened to follow the Gleam. His quest took him to lowly places and to great, sometimes he was on lonely mountains, sometimes in the heart of a town. People "blind to the magic" of the Gleam often misunderstood and vexed him, and he would grow discouraged. Other days his heart would fill with joy. But no matter where he was nor how he felt, there was always ahead of him that radiant vision, and the mighty Master ever whispered, "Follow, my son, follow on."

At the end of his life, he could see with the clear spiritual vision of the dying, the Gleam "hovering all but in heaven," and he knew that it should soon be his. In his great joy, he sent back a strong, impassioned call to the youth of the land to seek that which is eternal.

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam!"

FLORA THOMPSON.

The "Copenhagen Boy."

"AUNT MABEL, please, won't you tell us something true?"

It was Willie who made this request with especial emphasis on the "true."

"Well," said auntie, "shall it be something that has happened since I can remember, or something that happened a long time ago?"

"Oh, a long time ago, please," came the chorus from half a dozen nieces and nephews.

Aunt Mable knew so many good stories that she had to think a minute to decide upon one. At last she said, "Now, this story is true. My father told it to me when I was a child, and it was a great favorite of mine."

They were all quiet now, for they were going to hear a story that was quite old, and still ever new to them.

Auntie asked, "Who knows where Denmark is? And what is the capital?"

"Please, auntie, you won't make it like school, will you?"

"But since this story is about something that really happened, children, we wish to know where it happened.

"Now a long time ago, there lived near Copenhagen two families who were great friends. The children exchanged loaves of bread and opinions—just as you do now—and their fathers thought alike about many things. Besides, both families had friends who had gone to make homes in that new country, which

for only a few years had been called the 'United States.' All these common interests made them very close and intimate friends.

"At that time, 1801, there was in one of these homes a little baby brother, John, and in the other a little sister, Elizabeth. They grew, and were happy in there childish amusements and their innocence, and would have been glad to remain so. But one day in spring, when they were about six years old, they left their play to hear what the other children were talking so excitedly about. They found it was this. Elizabeth's father and mother were going to the United States, to Massachusetts, to live, and they were going right away.

"Every one was soon busy packing, even the children bringing their favorite toys, and they all seemed favorites, since some must be left behind. At last everything was ready. How hard it was to say good-bye to the old home and old friends. But they expected one family of nearest neighbors to join them, in the autumn, so that it would really be only a short time until they would see each other again.

"Elizabeth loved them all, these friends left behind, but when she reached Massachusetts there were so many things new to her, that the time passed quickly, and she did not miss her little friend as sorely as she had expected. The trees had put on their autumn costumes of many colors, when news came from the dear friends in Denmark that they were preparing to set sail the following week.

"How glad everybody was! What wonderful things the children would tell each other! They would not live so near to each other as they had done in the old country, but the distance would be only a pleasant drive. These and similar thoughts occupied

the whole family, while numerous preparations were made to receive the expected guests.

"Then something very sad happened. You know the ships were not so strong and safe in those days as they are now—Yes, I suspect you know already what it was. When their ship was in mid-ocean it was found to have sprung a leak; slowly it sank. The dreadful end came, and a small number of the passengers and crew were saved by another vessel, but only little John from this family we are watching was among those rescued.

"They were taken to Virginia, where a gentleman who heard the story from one of the passengers, found the lad and took him to his home. There he was given all the sympathy and tender care that another boy's mother could give him. John's real last name, or surname, was soon forgotten, or at least dropped, for at first everybody spoke of him as the 'little Copenhagen boy,' and later as 'the little Copenhaver,' so he began to write his name 'John Copenhaver.'

"In this new home there were two sons, and John received instruction from their tutor. He had never heard from his little friend Elizabeth and her family since he left Copenhagen. Although he grew sad when he thought of that dark day in his early life, he had learned to love the people who had so nearly taken the place of his parents. They said now that he must go to a Northern college to finish his education. He was grateful for their kindness, and determined to do his very best to show his loving gratitude.

"While there, he met people who spoke of the family who had been so dear to him as a child. Of course, he wished very much to see them, and soon did meet Elizabeth. She was a young lady now, and more lovable and charming than ever, John thought. They were good friends before long, for, although his name

was different, he had the same winning disposition as when he was her playmate. Her father's home always had a warm welcome for him, and soon they were more than friends.

"When John finished his course at college, he and Elizabeth married and came back to Virginia to live."

Here Aunt Mabel paused, and the children were all eager to have their many questions answered. "Is it true, sure enough? It sounds most like a book story."

They were again assured that it was really true, whereupon they gazed at each other, and then said in one breath, "And just think, folks call us 'Copenhavers,' and that isn't our name at all!"

BELLE BROSIUS, '07.

A Midnight Ride.

A True Story of School Life.

ONE October afternoon five boys were strolling together on the college campus. One could tell from the earnest way in which they were talking that some interesting subject was being discussed. Snatches of their conversation were caught by the passersby. One boy was heard to say, "Yes, we must do it. The old thing is not only a disgrace to the president but also a disgrace to our school."

"Yes," said another, "and what do you suppose people think when they see the president of our school jogging along in that rickety old thing?"

"The old thing," which seemed such a source of annoyance to the boys, was a buggy, the property of the president of the college. Driving was his favorite pastime, and it was very evident that the despised old buggy was his favorite vehicle, for he seldom used any other. Although very old, it was far from being in a dilapidated state, though it could not conceal the fact that it had seen better days. Besides, its long bed and high boxed seat gave it a very old-fashioned appearance. This buggy had long been a source of displeasure to the students. Many plans had been made for its destruction, but all had failed for want of sufficient courage on the part of the boys.

At last, however, a plot was laid which seemed sure of success. It was known to only the five boys before mentioned. On the next night at twelve o'clock when all the boys were supposed to be asleep, these five conspirators were to go to the president's buggy

shed, roll the old vehicle out, take it into a dense wood about two miles distant, and there hide it.

At the appointed time the boys slipped quietly out of the dormitory, and made their way cautiously to the president's buggy shed. The moon was shining brightly and the boys had very little difficulty in getting the buggy out of the shed. Two of the boys acted as horses and pulled it; two others gave assistance by pushing it; while the fifth climbed upon the high seat and impersonated the president. Thus the procession started, and they had no small amount of fun on the trip at their president's expense.

Finally, the wood was reached and a suitable hiding place was found. Then, one of the boys mounted a stump and in loud and eloquent language made a touching farewell address to the buggy, speaking very feelingly of it as their president's lifetime friend. After this formal good-bye was over, each boy took off his hat and bade the old buggy a sorrowful adieu. Just as the last boy had finished his farewell, a slight noise was heard in the direction of the buggy and the boys looked in that direction. Oh! horrors! Their president was crawling out from under the high buggy seat! Before the frightened boys had time to run he said, "Boys, you have hauled me out here, now haul me back."

Each boy once more took his place at the buggy, the president, who now occupied the seat, insisting that the boy who had before enjoyed that prominent position should also take his former place, since the seat was large and there was sufficient room for both.

The crowd that went back to the college that night was not so gay as the crowd that had left it about two hours before. The president, however, tried not to let the conversation lag. He told his best jokes,

talked of the beauty of the weather, and tried in every way to interest his companions.

At last the president's home was reached, and after the buggy was placed in the shed, he bade them each a kind good-night, and with a parting injunction, "You had better go to bed, boys," he turned into the house.

The scared, stupefied boys could never learn how their plans had been discovered. The president, afterward, made no allusion whatever to the happenings of that night. "The boys have been punished enough," he wisely concluded.

WIRT DAVIDSON, '07.

The Other Section.

"What a pretty mat!
Or, a cunning doll hat!"
As it hangs there in model perfection.
"Yes," the teacher said,
"That piece was made
By a girl in the other section."

In other classes too—
In everything we do—
There's always the same objection.
So far as we can tell
We get on very well.
But my! that other section.

So it is, womankind,
You're always behind
In a state of semi-subjection.
All glory and fame,
All honor and name,
They go to the other sexion.

"*S's"

A Rose Evening.

ON October 22 a note came to the Cunningham Literary Society which made their hearts glad. It was an invitation to a Rose Evening given in their honor by the Argus Literary Society. All the succeeding week we Cunninghams looked forward to Friday night with the most pleasurable feelings. We had been entertained by the Argus girls before and knew that we had a treat in store for us. It is not often that what comes to pass exceeds what we expect, but this time realization far surpassed anticipation.

We were received in the reception hall by the officers of the society and spent a part of the evening there, dancing, talking and admiring the effective decorations. The hall had been transformed—green vines with pink and white roses cunningly entwined stretched between the soft-tinted columns, and divans, cozy corners, and a piano made it most homelike. A contest in the form of questions which were to be answered with the names of roses began. To the question, "What rose should be shunned?" one member of the faculty answered with delicate sarcasm, "The Bride's Rose." Almost everyone present wrote with one accord the answer "American Beauties" to the question, "What roses do our guests best represent?" The Argus president announced that since many answered all the questions correctly, but only one could receive the prize, a compromise had been necessary. Dr. Jones then presented the prize, a bouquet of pink roses and ferns, to the president of the Cunningham Literary Society.

Dainty refreshments were served by the girls from a beautifully decorated table. The lights in the room were shaded in pink, and the table showed the color scheme of pink and white.

When the time came for good-byes, and we told our hostesses of the pleasant evening we had spent, each of us felt from the bottom of our hearts what we were saying. A daintier, more enjoyable entertainment has seldom been given in our school.

A CUNNINGHAM.

The First American Humorist.

"NOTHING more impresses the student of American history, in tracing the psychological development of the people, than the absence of humor in the first one hundred and fifty years following the settlement of the country. The English literature on which the colonists had been bred showed no lack of the comic muse, and indeed unquestionably proves a greater appreciation of wit and humor than its present day successors.

"In America, however, either because the immigrants had been recruited from the unfortunate and the religiously austere or because the hardness of the conditions resulted in sadness which tinctured the lives of the people, there seemed to have been a practical extinction of all sense of the humorous."

Notable as Franklin is for many things, perhaps his most remarkable attribute is that the future historians of the now famous American humor must begin its history with the first publication of Poor Richard's Almanac. This does not mean that the great American's sense of humor and fun began with the publication of his Almanac, for it was he who in his boyhood suggested to his father that much time might be saved by saying grace over a whole barrel of red herring at once instead of over two or three each morning.

It is his shrewd mother-wit which makes him appear to us as really alive, instead of a mere fossil in the strata of history. This same humor is the predominating flavor of his writings, which are almost always in earnest but seldom quite solemn; the demure twinkle

of the eye is there though the hasty or foolish sometimes miss it. We see it in his proverbs, which we sometimes quote as Solomon's though they are generally very different; in the advertisements that announced the publication of poor Richard's Almanac; in the title page and preface; sprinkled in the calendar, the weather predictions, the eclipses and the prophesies. Here, for instance, is the way he announced the eclipses in the year 1734: "There will be but two. The first April 22, 18 minutes after 5 in the morning; the second October 15, 36 minutes past one in the afternoon. Both of the sun, and both like Mrs. —'s modesty and old neighbor Scrapeall's money, invisible. Or like a certain storekeeper, late of county —, not to be seen in these parts."

His irresistible inclination to screw a joke out of everything is illustrated by the scrapes he got himself into with his advertisements. Employed to print an announcement of the sailing of a ship he added an "N. B." of his own to the effect that no Sea Hens nor Black Gowns would be admitted among the passengers on any terms. Some of the clergy, properly incensed, withdrew their subscriptions from the Gazette. Yet this did not cure him of the tendency, for he was quickly offending again. This seemed of little importance to him for the following anecdote, related as characteristic of him, shows his independence as an editor. Soon after the establishment of his newspaper he found occasion to remark with some degree of freedom on the public conduct of one or two persons of high standing in Philadelphia. This course was disapproved by some of his patrons, who sought an opportunity to convey to him their views of the subject, and what they represented to be the opinion of his friends. He listened patiently and replied by requesting that they would favor him with their company at supper and

bring with them the other gentlemen who had expressed dissatisfaction. The time arrived and the guests assembled. He received them cordially and listened again to their friendly reproofs of his editorial conduct. At length supper was announced, but when the guests had seated themselves around the table, they were surprised to see nothing before them but two puddings made of coarse meal, called sawdust puddings in the common phrase, and a stone pitcher of water. He helped them all and then applied himself to his own plate partaking freely of the repast, and urging them to do the same. They taxed their politeness to the utmost, but all in vain, their appetites refused obedience to the will. Perceiving their difficulty, Franklin at last arose and said, "My friends, any one who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage."

A pleasant quality of his love of humor was that he was as ever ready to joke at his own expense as at another's. Not once in twenty was his humor aimed at an individual, and he appears in this to have regarded Poor Richard's warning, "Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou mayest a friend into an enemy."

"On Thursday last," the Gazette informs its readers, "a certain printer (it is not customary to give names at length upon such occasions) walking carefully in clean clothes over some tarbarrels, on Carpenter's wharf, the head of one of them unluckily gave away and let a leg of him in above the knee. Whether he was upon the catch at the time we cannot say, but it is certain he caught a tar-tar. 'Twas observed he sprang out again right briskly, verifying the common saying, 'As nimble as a bee in a tar barrel.' You must know there are several sorts of bees. 'Tis true he was no honey bee nor yet a humble bee, but a boo-bee

he may be allowed to be—namely B. F." From this we see that he is something of a punster also.

Franklin also proposed a project for the revision of the Bible into more agreeable language. We have his revised version of the Lord's prayer and an additional chapter to Genesis written in Scripture language. And besides the addition to Genesis he also rewrote a chapter of Job. He appears to propose it it seriously, and like Swift's proposal to help famine strickened Ireland by eating up all the babies, it was taken in earnest and gave a thrill of horror at the intended sacrilege. His version of the chapter of Job was really a savage satire on the King, the Court and the Parliament of England.

He fooled not only the average reader of his day but "deceived the very elect." Even Matthew Arnold proceeds to give serious judgment upon this bit of fun—nor is he the only critic who has failed to catch the merry eye gleaming in the otherwise sober face.

Matthew Arnold says, "I remember the relief with which after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job to replace the old version, the style of which Franklin said has become obsolete, and hence less agreeable. 'I give,' he continues, 'a few verses which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend.' We all recollect the famous verse in our translation, 'Then Satan answered the Lord saying, Doth Job fear God for nought?' Franklin makes this, 'Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?' I well remember how when first I read that I drew a deep breath of relief and said to myself, 'After all there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious

good sense?' " The lovers of literary curiosities may be almost sorry that Franklin's proposal never got any further.

Like Abraham Lincoln, another typical American, he never shrank from a jest, but, unlike Lincoln, he put his jokes into state papers; indeed his humor was so abundant that it was almost a failing; for this reason, it has been hinted, no historic document of the period was intrusted to his pen.

When the Declaration of Independence was being signed and Harrison said that Congress must hang together in its defence, Franklin jocosely remarked, "Yes, we must hang together or we shall all hang separately."

In France when Lord Stormont circulated the report that a large part of Washington's army had surrendered and Franklin was asked if it were true, he replied, "No, sir, it is not a truth, it is only a Stormont," and from that time the poor ambassador's name was used in Paris as the equivalent of a lie.

While in France he wrote a very amusing letter of recommendation for a person with whom he was not acquainted, who wished to come to America. It is as follows:

"Sir: The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another! As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to; and I request

you will do him all the favor that on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honor to be"—etc.

Many a portentious predicament had he faced in his day, but as the following incident shows, he was never for a moment scared out of his sense of humor. "Two nights ago," he states, "being about to kill a turkey by the shock from two large glass jars, containing as much electrical fire as forty common phials, I inadvertently took the whole through my own arms and body. I felt what I know not how to describe—a universal blow throughout my whole body from head to foot, which was within as well as without. After which the first thing I took notice of was a violent, quick shaking of the body which gradually remitted, my sense as gradually returned." Yet the moment he became conscious enough to realize what had occurred he remarked, "Well, I meant to kill a turkey and instead I nearly killed a goose."

Thus he continues to joke to the very last of his days, when he said, "Life, like a dramatic piece, should not only be conducted with regularity, but, methinks, it should finish handsomely. Being now in the last act I begin to cast about for something fit to end with. Or, if mine be more properly compared to an epigram as some of its lines are but barely tolerable, I am very desirous of concluding with a bright point."

ELEANOR B. WIATT.

Mr. Brown's Second Sight.

AS THE sun was just rising one morning in July, a young girl came up a slight hill from a spring and walked easily along the path that led to a farm-house. She carried a pail of water in one hand and a bunch of wild flowers in the other. Her path lay in the direction of the sunrise, and as she walked she watched the softly brilliant clouds with an expression of deepest pleasure.

The house toward which she moved was a modest, one-story affair, showing a sad need of paint. Broad fields of thrifty crops extended almost to the door, as if they begrudged the cottage standing room. In the strip of yard left, a few plants tried to bloom amid the wire-grass. As far as wholeness was concerned, the barn and out-buldings were in good condition, but some streaks of dingy white near the eaves told how long it had been since they had known the effects of a white-wash brush.

When the girl reached the house the family were at breakfast seated at a table set on a side porch, away from the sun. Her father and two brothers sat with their shirt-sleeves rolled above their elbows, showing sun-burned, muscular arms. Her mother was at the head of the table, absently handling the coffee-pot. Mrs. Brown always went about her work with her thoughts apparently far away, though she did an amazing amount in a day, whether she thought of it or not.

As the girl put her pail on a shelf, her father mumbled, his mouth being full, "You took a mighty long time, Marthy." Martha put her flowers in a

pitcher, and, after a slight hesitation, set them on the table. Then she turned hastily aside to look for a chair, flushing slightly, as she felt, rather than saw, the sly look that passed between her brothers. After bringing a chair (such a thing as getting one for her never occurred to the masculine members of the family) she sat down to her breakfast, carefully avoiding the boys' eyes.

No one said a word until the meal was nearly over. Then one of the boys remarked, "That old peddler that's carrin' 'round chromo-pitchers went to Miz' Bascom's yesterday, an' she bought one to hang in their front room." Among these country folks, the best room in the house was called the "front room," or "big room," as the case might be, and set apart for receiving company. In it was treasured everything considered too good for everyday use; and many a promiscuous gathering of incongruous objects and colors was the result.

Martha looked up quickly as her brother spoke. "He has some real pretty ones," she said, trying to speak unconcernedly, though her face betrayed her interest; "the Jones girls told me 'bout it the other day."

"Did they buy any?" asked the other brother.

"Yes," answered Martha; "an' everybody 'round here has bought some. I wish we had one to go over the fire-place in the front room; it looks so bare."

"It do look necked," said the first brother, his eyes twinkling as he gave the other a kick under the table; "an' Marthy is so fond of pitchers an' flowers an' things." The other was ready enough, but their father put an end to the teasing this time. He rose and thrust back his chair noisily. "I don't know what the men folks is thinkin' about, to work hard all the year an' then let the women waste their money on

sich trash," he said. "I s'pose you all think I am goin' to let you throw 'way some of mine. Well, I set my foot down on it right now." He illustrated his point forcibly, and strode off to the barn, calling to the boys as he went.

In angry, resentful silence Martha helped her mother clear the table, while the latter gave her daughter furtive glances of sympathy, which she dared not express openly.

Presently the rumble of a wagon attracted their attention. As they looked up, the driver held up his horses at the gate.

"It's the picture man, ma!" said Martha, her face clearing. Mrs. Brown seemed interested.

The man sprang down and stepped briskly to the porch, bowing with ostentatious politeness. "I'd like to show you my collection of pictures, ladies," said he, in the truly agent tone. "They're copies of famous paintings, and so artistically done you could hardly tell 'em from the originals."

"Le's look at 'em, ma," begged Martha. "I don't reckon Pa'd object to that," she added bitterly.

So they walked to the wagon, and the man jumped down and showed them, one by one, his load of gorgeous chromos in showy gilt and white frames, talking volubly all the while: "This is a copy, true to the original of a well-known picture which hangs in the White House. Here is a fac-simile of a painting much valued by Mrs. Astor, and reproductions of the original are in more fine homes than any other picture in the world."

Mrs. Brown was much pleased with the pictures, but her attention was equally divided between them and the man. She wondered how he had learned so many words. Martha was studying the pictures eagerly and took no heed of the man. She had selected

the one she would like to own. She knew how it would look over the mantelpiece in their front room, and it was just the right size.

"Ma," said she, placing her hand upon it, "how do you like this one?"

"Why, that is real pretty; I hadn't noticed that before," said Mrs. Brown, looking at it critically.

Seeing that they liked that picture best, the agent turned to it immediately: "That, ladies, is the pick of my lot. It shows you have an artistic eye, Miss," he bowed gallantly to Martha, "to select it. I did not say much about it because Squire Pines, on the ridge back there, kind of bargained for it. But you shall have it if you choose; no doubt he will be glad to resign his claim in your favor—I should if I were in his place."

Martha burst into a laugh at the man's duplicity. Whether or not Squire Pines had liked the picture, she knew there were several others like it in the wagon.

"How much is it?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"If I were selling on the installment plan, ma'am," said the man, assuming a confidential tone as he stooped down with one foot on the side of the wagon and his elbow on his knee, "this view would sell for ten dollars; but as I am for cash, you may have it for five,—and I feel like asking the picture's pardon."

But Mr. Brown stalked up just then, looking very stern indeed, and demanded, "What is it you want, my man?" But without waiting till "my man" could answer, he went on, "You might as well drive on, we don't want none of your stuff here."

Martha and her mother looked at each other confusedly.

"Pa," pleaded Martha, pointing to her selection, please take this one for us; it will look so well over the fire-place; all the girls have one."

"An' it's only five dollars, pa," Mrs. Brown put in timidly.

The agent praised the beauty and cheapness of his pictures. Mr. Brown interrupted him angrily, "You shet up an' drive 'way from my door." Then he turned to his wife and daughter: "You all go into the house. You must think I'm crazy, to put five dollars in that thing; that much would buy me two shoats that would be worth double the money Christmas. Do you 'spose that old pitcher 'ud be worth any more by then?" This he added by way of giving a reasonable excuse for his harshness.

Martha hurried to the house, a hot flush spreading over her face, and tears of disappointment filling her eyes.

The agent arranged his frames in silence and was about to drive off when Mrs. Brown motioned him to wait. She put her hand on her husband's arm and looked up into his face, speaking with gentle dignity: "Thomas, I hate to see you brow-beat Marthy that way, for she's been a good daughter; you know you can afford to show her some pleasure. She's set her heart on having a picture. I've got some money of my own that I've saved, an' I'm goin' to buy that one for her, an' you mus'nt stop me."

Mr. Brown was not feeling very well satisfied with himself; he knew his blustering was merely an attempt to hide his miserliness. When his timid wife ventured to oppose him, he gazed at her in astonishment. The unwonted flush on her cheeks, and her half pleading, half defiant expression, carried him back some twenty years or more. He glanced from her face to the hand on his arm—the hand that was once so plump and white, now thin and toil-stained, the blue veins standing out in ridges. He saw the worn little wedding ring, and, somehow, when he thought

of the day he had slipped it on her finger, he felt a curious tug at his heart. He was almost startled when his wife said softly, "We was young once, Thomas."

Suddenly Mr. Brown seemed to be looking at his wife, the peddler, and the corn-field through a veil.

"Do as you like, mother," he said sheepishly, for he wondered what the peddler would think of him; "but you need n't spend your own money." He put his purse into her hand and walked quickly to the barn, making a futile effort to pass the hitching-post without going around it.

Mrs. Brown made her purchase and carried the picture into the house. Martha was nowhere to be seen, so she put it down in the front room and went absently into her own chamber. She, too, was thinking of by-gone days. As she entered the room, her eyes fell upon the old hair-covered trunk which no one ever opened but her. Selecting a key from a bunch that hung by a window, she unlocked it and lifted out article after article, handling each tenderly and lingeringly. So intent was she that she did not know that Martha had come into the room, until the girl spoke. Then she sprang up, thrust the things back and shut the trunk.

Martha's eyes were red and she spoke petulantly: "I think it was downright mean an' stingy in pa not to let us buy a picture; he is plenty able to do it."

Mrs. Brown began to speak, but Martha continued vehemently, "It's no use to take up for him, ma; you always do, an' I b'lieve that's why he does us any way he pleases. I never saw anybody like you, ma; this old house is empty as a barn, an' you don't care any more than pa about fixing it up."

"Marthy, it's your own father an' mother you're talkin' about!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, with a gentle

dignity. The girl looked half-ashamed and said no more.

"Come here, Marthy," said Mrs. Brown, going into the front room and pointing to the picture. "Your father did buy it for you, as I tried to tell you." Martha looked from the picture to her mother and her face flamed.

"Your dad ain't such a mean chap after all, is he?" asked Mr. Brown, coming into the room, and pretending to search for something on the mantelpiece. He rarely came to the house at this time of day.

"Oh, pa!" Martha exclaimed, her mouth quivering.

"Never mind, my girl; I understand," said her father.

Turning to his wife he asked, "What was that I seen you takin' out of that little trunk of your'n just now, mother, when I passed the window?"

"Thomas, you really want to know?" cried Mrs. Brown eagerly. "Come on, then."

He followed her, and they knelt by the trunk together. Martha came and stood over them.

Mrs. Brown again took out the contents, while her eyes glistened and her voice held a new note. There were a few pieces of jewelry, a pair of white gloves, now yellow with age, bits of ribbon, and a lace scarf; there were two little black cases with tiny clasps, which being opened, displayed daguerrotypes of Mr. and Mrs. Brown at the time of their marriage.

Mrs. Brown held up a crochetted tidy, fringed, and decked with bows. "This tidy I made while we was engaged," she explained; "an' after we was married you came in one day an' wiped your hands on it." Then she lifted out a red pin-cushion covered with cream lace. "You used to knock this off the bureau so often that I put it out of the way." A broken vase

she said pa's hound bounced off the table; the missing fly-leaves of a gaudily-bound book pa had used to light his pipe. One might have thought that Mrs. Brown had meant to reproach her husband, but one glimpse of her face as she leaned absorbed over her treasures would have dispelled the idea.

Suddenly Martha dropped on her knees and put her arms about her mother's waist. "I thought you didn't care, ma!" cried she, in contrition, "an' all this time you've kept to yourself, an' never complained!"

Mrs. Brown gazed into her daughter's eyes a moment, then covered her face with her hands and cried softly for the years of self-repression she had endured. Mr. Brown walked nervously across the room once or twice, mopped his face with his handkerchief and came back to them.

"I always knowed your ma was finer grain than me, but I never thought how my coarse ways would go against it. Now, you all have been thinkin' me mean an' selfish. I reckon I was, but I didn't know how much you keered ' bout all them things."

"Ma never has said a word, but I have," confessed Martha.

"Your ma's a mighty good an' patient woman," Mr. Brown declared solemnly. "That peddler done a good deed by comin' here this mornin', for it led to me findin' out what I ought to have had sense enough to see b'fore. I'll have to send for him an' get another pitcher!" He threw back his head and laughed, in the attempt to give things a more cheerful turn. Martha and her mother laughed, too, a little tremulously.

"Now we'll go an' hang up the one we've got," said Mr. Brown; and he was puzzled to see both faces flush and both pairs of eyes fill again, as they followed him into the front room.

GRACE THORPE, '09.

A Man to His Dog.

Only a dog
With a tawny ruff,
And eyes so tender and brown,
Loving and trustful,
Faithful and true,
(Down, old fellow, get down).

Bob, old fellow,
You're getting old,
Your ruff is tinged with gray ;
Dear old fellow,
My poor old dog,
Soon you'll finish your day.

Dear old doggie,
Can you understand
What I am saying to you ?
Bob, you look
So knowing,
I really believe you do.

Do you remember,
Old fellow,
That blue-eyed, fair-haired lad,
My brother and
Dear old playmate,
Always happy, never sad ?

Do you remember,
Old doggie,
The day when I came alone,

And said, with
A heart nigh bursting,
That the lad had homeward gone?

I see you remember,
Old doggie.
How often against your mane
His tawny head
Was pillowed,
None knew where the difference came.

You wonder now,
Old fellow,
Why is it he never will come,
Calling you for a frolic;
Bob dear,
He's just gone home.

Bob, do you
Know the girl
With a head of glistening gold?
How close you used
To follow me
In the days when my love I told?

Do you remember
The man, Bob,
You'd growl when he came near;
You knew he
At heart was a villain,
And from him I had much to fear.

You were right,
Old chap,
He's done it—stolen her hand and heart.

Soon he'll wed her—
The scoundrel—
Thus must she and I part !

You're all that's left,
Old fellow,
Of sweetheart and brother and friend,
And, Bob, I just tremble
To think it,
Your day must now soon end.

Now, child, I know
You've listened,
And was that exactly fair ?
A fellow sometimes
May say things to his dog
When he wants nobody there.

SARAH CAMPBELL BERKELEY.

Hallowe'en at the Normal School.

"What you saw was all a fairy show,
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once."

AS every one knows, Hallowe'en is the night on which all the fairies, witches, and ghosts in spiritdom revisit this old earth which they love so much; and if a lassie is in doubt as to what her future will be, this is the night of nights on which to try her fortune.

If you chanced to be at the Normal School on the night of October 31st, you will agree with me that the departed spirits were unusually partial to us, and no Normal School girl will have reason to say the future is unrevealed to her.

First of all, in the dining-room the spirit of the evening prevailed. Everything seemed uncanny in the low, weird light made by the deceptive jack-o-lanterns; and the tall white figures that brought in the bowl from which you were to grab your future—in a nut-shell—made cold chills run down your spine. If you were not too excited to eat, you might taste of the dainties of the season, including the most luscious apples and *nuttiest* nuts, emblems of "All Saints' Eve."

From here we were invited to the auditorium, and one might have thought one's self transported to the land of spirits. At the door we were met by old hags ever mumbling some charm or laughing in their cracked voices. The first spirits to appear were the pall-bearers of John Brown's body marching to the slow time of a dirge. Following these the mourners came, and passed out one at a time until only one was

left; when, lo and behold! up rose John Brown in all his burial robes and the last mourner disappeared.

After these had passed on, there came Hamlet led by his father's ghost maybe "to the flood or to the dreadful summit of a cliff."

Then came Lady Macbeth, going over in her sleep the dreadful crime she had committed and trying in vain to wash the stain from those "little hands," ever urging on her cowardly husband.

Next came the witches dancing around the charmed pot.

> "Like elves and fairies in a ring,
> Enchanting all that they put in,
> Until the charm was firm and good."

All at once we heard a knock at the door, and in came a long line of kings from whom Macbeth learned his awful fate.

Last but not least, there appeared on the wall, witches, cats, skulls, "toe of frog and wool of bat" and in these, too, magic was brought to play.

Before leaving here we were told where to find witches who would all the mysteries of the future unfold. The crowd at the door of the tents was so dense that once you mingled with it, there was no chance of turning back, no matter what danger you ran in having an eye knocked out or being bereft of a toe; but once you were in, you felt fully repaid. There sat the old witches ready to tell you all about yourself, good or bad, and astonishing things they told sometimes, too.

From here we wandered on to the gymnasium where we danced on and on until we could no longer stand; we crept home, turned off the light, and soon a long line of witches, fairies, goblins, and ghosts of every description passed in quick succession before our eyes, and vanished into the air to wait for another Hallowe'en.

Ave Atque Vale.

IN MEMORY OF ZOULA LA BOYTEAUX.

" Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine, O Death ! "

How real and true these words seem to us when we think of Zoula La Boyteaux, whose summons came brief and unexpected on the eighth of June after a few days' illness.

When the class of June, 1906, was graduated none thought that within a few days one would be taken from their number.

This particular death seems sadder than that of many others, for her school days were just over, the goal had just been reached, and the future seemed to be full of rich reward.

How short was her day and how slender her opportunities! Her soul was needed elsewhere for higher purposes.

She was affable and pleasant to all with whom she came in contact, and loved by all who knew her, for her happy, cheerful and hopeful disposition.

Weep not for her! "It is well with the child." Death does not take her away utterly: her memory is the shrine of pleasant thoughts. She will continue to live in the loving remembrance of all who knew her.

M. V. C.

Editorial.

"These light leaves at thy feet we lay,
Poor common thoughts on common things."

The Guidon Means—What?

In one of Shakespeare's historical plays, a knight in full battle array, all afire with the glory of battle, cries out to his soldiers, "I stay but for my guidon!" "He stayed for it, it stood for him." Down through the ages the guidon, or small regimental flag, has been carried in front of the army to guide, to lead, to show to every follower the way to brave deeds and glory. The guidon has, besides this original value, a more decided moral value, this latter increasing with the age of the colors. The love of the guidon makes the soldiers vie with one another to uphold the past glories of their flag, and to bring it new honors. "It was not only a signal of leadership, and a pledge of comradeship, but a token to every man that followed it, and a sign to all the world of the fortunes of that army."

Our Normal School GUIDON aspires to have both these values. First, we wish it to lead the school, to stand for the best things in school life. Then we hope that each succeeding school generation will vie with each other in giving much honor and praise to "OUR GUIDON."

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.—Confucius.

The Guidon for the School; The School for the Guidon.

The day has come when THE GUIDON must be the magazine of the whole school, and not the organ of the two literary societies. There are several reasons why this is best. The magazine that goes out from this school, no matter who edits it, in a measure represents this school, and as THE GUIDON is gotten out by the one hundred members of the literary societies it does not fairly represent the ability of six hundred girls. It seems only fair, then, that every girl shall have an opportunity to help in this interesting work. With all this assistance, we hope some day to stand for the best in our school and to show forth the highest spirit of the young women of our Commonwealth.

We want this magazine to be a bond between us. We want you to be proud of THE GUIDON, and we want to be proud of you.

We are, therefore, glad to say to the readers as we send out this number, "THE GUIDON is for the whole school," and we hope the student body will answer right heartily, "The whole school for THE GUIDON!" We need friendly co-operation, and we hope you will come to our support. We want every girl to feel that this is her magazine, and that, to a certain extent, she is responsible for its success.

A Change in the Price.

It has been decided that THE GUIDON shall be a bi-monthly instead of a monthly magazine. The price has been changed from one dollar to fifty cents. We feel that this is fair to the girls and we hope that they, as well as THE GUIDON, will be benefited. The price is cut in half and you will see THE GUIDON only half so often, but with the co-operation of every girl in school, and every girl who is interested in her alma mater, we

hope that the magazine will gradually become doubly welcome and doubly worth while.

"About Spelling and Simple Spellers."

The October number of the *World's Work* has a few witty words on Mr. Roosevelt's latest excitement, simplified spelling. This article bristles with common sense and shows convincingly that all the heated debates and learned newspaper criticisms on this point have been somewhat on the order of mole-hills made into mountains. Mr. Andru Karnegi's pet, his simplified spelling, can no more change the orthography of the English speaking world than Dr. Osler's logical researches can convince that same world of the pleasures of a suicidal old age. When the general public feels the need of an alteration in some word or set of words those words will change, and again Mr. Karnegi's board would avail little if it tried to prevent the alteration. In this twentieth century the people rule even in so small a thing as the spelling of *through*.

One writer wisely asks, "Why then become excited?" This question will blow over in a few months and we shall be neither wiser nor wealthier for such discussions. "'Shall we write *thru*?' is a good question to divide any village population into two camps for a month. But the village will recover." If capital represented by the "founder of libraries" wishes to have a little relaxation and fun by putting its finger into the pedagogical pie, don't let's become agitated. We Normal School sages, at least, are wise enough to look with contempt upon such levity.

London *Punch* speaks for England on simplified spelling. In this sketch we see Father Time with antique hour-glass and wings complete, but also bearing a more modern magnifying glass. The English

language is represented by a massive old oak trunk. Roosevelt, the would-be woodsman, stands near with a tiny axe in his brawny hand. Listen to their conversation!

Father Time (closely examining small incision in tree trunk).—"Who's been trying to cut this tree down?"

"Teddy" Roosevelt (in manner of young George Washington).—"Father! I kannot tel a li. I did it with my litl ax."

Special Dispatch to the Guidon from South America.

The latest criticism as to Uncle Sam's high ambitions comes from Caras y Caretas (Buenos Ayres). "He (Uncle Sam) comes ostensibly as a preacher of international brotherhood. In reality, he is a drummer for Yankee goods."

Our New Fiction Club.

Most people love to slip away occasionally from this work-a-day world to the world of fiction, that land of fair women and gallant men, and their love-makings. School girls find a peculiar solace there, because in watching the interesting people of that country they so quickly forget all nerve-racking problems and papers.

Our girls, like all others, love fiction, and ever since September they have clamored for more! The librarian realized that our supply was too small for five hundred girls, and lately she has pleasantly surprised us with some new books.

The public library in Springfield, Mass., uses a duplicate list system which is found to be very valuable. With this as a basis, our librarian evolved a very clever scheme for buying new books, and the Self-supporting Fiction Club came into existence. Early in October, an attractive notice drew the girls'

attention to the club and its rules, and they took the matter up eagerly.

The plan is a very simple one. Six of the newest books of fiction have been put in the library,—A Spinner in the Sun, The Tides of Barnegat, The Spoilers, The Flower of France, Jane Cable, and The Awakening of Helena Richie. If a girl wishes to read one of the books, she pays five cents for the privilege of having it reserved for her, and two cents for every day she keeps it. No girl can keep a book longer than ten days.

The fees pay for the books, for a great many girls wish to read them, and the pennies soon accumulate.

The club has been so successful that the librarian has carried her plan even farther, and in the future the girls may vote for the books they wish to read.

The plan is a good one, not only because it supplies the demand for fiction, but also because it gives the girls a share in the work of the library, and makes them appreciate the actual cost of books, which is no mean gateway to deeper appreciation.

A Glimpse into the Future.

"The literature of any age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies." According to this basis of classification we should shrink with horror from the reflection that people of the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries will see. Looking down from the superior height of folk that ride in airships, they will read of us as revealed in *our* popular books and shudder. In such books as "The Masquerader" they will see our high society. There that heroic type, the Gibson man, for ambition's dear sake permits, nay, *aids* his weaker fellow man to go down even unto death, the author applauding at the end. Or, again, they will see the twentieth century view of twentieth century aristoc-

racy in "The House of Mirth" and "The Fighting Chance." Only a swift "speel" in their airy vehicles over the Great Lakes or the Atlantic, will remove the depression of those pure-hearted ones when they read of our lower classes in "The Bishop's Carriage," or Sherlock Holmes' stories. As for you and me, dear reader, we average folk have been left so alone in the literature of '90 to '06 that only *we* can appreciate what the coming centuries have lost. Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, minor novelists of earlier times, delighted in just such characters as ourselves. But, alas, they cannot make our type famous when Winston Churchill, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Robert Chambers have forgotten us!

The Sentiments of the Poor Old Senior B's.

Lament of a grown-up—
"It almost makes me cry
Never to sit on the back door steps,
Nor make a nice mud pie!"

The Revolt of the Barometer.

October has brought us days of every variety known to the Clerk of the Weather. There have been warm days when the sunshine flooded the earth and made the bright-hued trees stand out in splendor. There have been cool, crisp days, that made one long to go nutting. Then in the short space of a night, this crispness would turn to the cold air of winter, that pierced through to the marrow of one's bones. At other times, the rain poured down in torrents. Once in a while we would have a gray day when the lowering clouds seemed to be full of snow. There were windy days, too, that October borrowed from March, and it is to be hoped that she will not pay them back.

Through all these changes, the school barometer

has hung in its place on an upper porch and made its daily chronicle. One morning when the senior geography class went out to read the day's story, they found no record. The column of mercury had quietly separated leaving a goodly space between its two parts. No one had touched it, therefore, it could not have been broken. It was evident that the barometer had rebelled against so many changes, and had refused to do its work. And a most stubborn rebellion it was, too. No amount of tapping and pushing and shaking could bring the two parts together again. And so they left it there, and, for the present, the physical geography classes discuss soil and volcanoes and earthquakes, deferring the study of climate until the barometer makes peace with the Weather Man.

We Echo This.

Oh, hour of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
The blessed hour of our dinners.
—Owen Meredith.

A Word About Contributions.

The editors of THE GUIDON are often reminded of a story that is told of Thackeray. He once registered in a Paris hotel, and the word was passed around, "Thackeray has come! Thackeray has come!" Whereupon everybody ran to the head waiter and besought him not to seat them at the table with that dreadful author, because he might put them into his books.

It is even so when the editors appear, if they look at all business-like. Girls hide behind some friend, or dash wildly into a corner, for sheer fear of being asked to write us an article. They implore us to pass them by, or with astonishing modesty tell us of the superiority of Jane or Hannah,

But we, like Mr. Thackeray, want you in our books. Any voluntary contributions will be gladly received. The Open Column is at your service, use it freely. We hope to hear from you often.

We wish to assure you that no critical spirit pervades the editorial haunts, though we should welcome it in the form of suggestions from our readers.

The Reading Table.

New York After Paris.

ON first consideration, Mr. Sanborn's article, "New York after Paris," in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, may seem to the American who prides himself on being a part of this great nation to be casting a slur on this, its largest and most important city. After a careful reading, however, we see that he is trying by a record of facts to bring out a truth which vitally concerns us all as a people.

We are proud of our nation and we have a right to be. We are quick to resent any slur cast upon her but we are ourselves obliged to admit that Paris, as seen by the architect, the scholar, and the poet, is in many ways the superior of New York. This is no disgrace to us, however. It is hardly possible that New York, the young metropolis of a young nation, should have attained in its few years of growth an equal footing with this city of the old world which has for years striven for its present position.

Mr. Sanborn's principal idea is to convey to the reader the fact that New York is a growing city and hence cannot possibly possess the solidity and unity which time alone can bring, and which time has brought to Paris. In this beautiful "City of the Seine" the first thing to strike the tourist is the way in which each object seems to bring out and magnify the attractions of those around it. All is uniform and pleasing, showing the consideration and regard for others which brings about these attractive combinations. In the younger city we also find beautiful buildings but they are scattered far apart. Says Mr. Sanborn, "It

is by virture of its unity and symmetry that Paris is supreme. The beautiful features of New York, on the contrary, turn their backs most impolitely on each other, paying no more attention to symmetry and unity than a woman's watch pays to time." There is no orderly artistic arrangement. These busy New Yorkers do not care enough for the looks of their city to unite and work together for its improvement. Nearly every street, avenue, park, driveway in this city is marred by the presence of either long rows of ugly tenement houses, large top-heavy skyscrapers, or some building advantageous from a business standpoint perhaps, but certainly with no architectural excuse for being. The effect of the beautiful buildings is marred by the proximity to these business houses. They are, as Mr. Sanborn says, "like jewels in a pig's snout." Though still jewels the incongruity of their setting spoils their beauty.

In New York as in Paris we have great writers and great literary talent, but the former use their talent as a means by which to gain wealth while the Parisian man of letters counts his literature the end and aim of his existence. He spends his life fitting himself to give to the world original ideas and thus add to its literature.

The same is true of the painters and sculptors. Although New York art-galleries abound in beautiful and famous pictures, its artists are not stirred by the fervor and passionate love of the beautiful which the old world artists portray.

The New Yorker does not realize these facts. He has become used to the dirt, noise, and grime of this populous city. He is too engrossed in his business to notice beautiful buildings, and does not care for the artistic refinement of less crowded cities. Should he cross the ocean, however, to beautiful Italy, where the

natives lounge around and enjoy the lazy quiet life under the "sunny Italian skies," or should he visit for a while the "white city of the Seine" and mingle with these care-free lovers of the beautiful, he would feel himself a different man. When he compares his native city with these places he feels a keen sense of disappointment, almost of humiliation.

What is New York's greatest need? This is the question that Mr. Sanborn emphasizes. In speaking of the general impression that New York makes upon the artistic eye, he says, "An orchestral performance in which each performer played a different tune could hardly be less prepossessing." But later he gives us a note of hope for our great city, for since it has been demonstrated in music, poetry, and painting that "the discords of one generation may be the harmonies of the next, why may we not hope that this is true along other lines," is it too much to believe that the present discord is a necessary preliminary to the harmony which is to ensue? May it not be that the most wonderful orchestra the world has ever produced is tuning up its varied instruments for the richest and fullest symphony of all time?

BESSIE PAULETT.

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN IDEALISM.

The October issue of *Current Literature* contains a very interesting defence of a charge brought against Americans—the charge of being lacking in idealism. Foreign nations seem to feel that Americans have no imagination, no love for the beautiful, and only one aim in life—money. A Russian remarked, upon leaving our country, that he had found Americans "lacking in idealism," and a Frenchman declares

the people of our country are "terribly practical, arid of pleasure, and systematically hostile to idealism."

In reply to these charges Prof. Brander Matthews, in his address at Columbia University, says: "Our idealism may be practical, but it is idealism, nevertheless." "Our soldiers, who fought for the freedom of Cuba, did not fight for money, nor did they fight to annex Cuba to the United States; but to release the ill-used people. Could this be selfishness? There was imagination also when the steamcraft railroads, street-cars, and all the traffic of the whole nation, were stopped for the moment when the body of a murdered chief-magistrate was lowered into the grave."

"Our parks, set aside for the use of the people, our preserves in the Catskill and the Adirondacks, our battlefields, our monuments erected to those who brought freedom to our country, all show idealism.

"Our idealism is not that which looks into the stars, and stumbles in the mud, as Poe and Shelley did; but ours, we are proud to say, is broad common sense."

"When our commonwealth was founded, the settlers brought with them from the mother country, their full share of idealism, which showed itself in the rugged prose and verse of that time. This heritage is yet with us."

"We Americans have our faults, and they are abundant; but our ethical standard —however imperfectly we may attain to it—is higher than that of the Greeks under Pericles; of the Romans under Cæsar; of the English under Elizabeth."

Open Column.

We wish to make this column not only helpful and interesting locally but to all who may chance to read therein.

It is opened wide to all who wish to contribute anything that is of interest to them and that they think would interest others.

Any comments, criticisms or suggestions would be gladly received by the editor.—Ed.

Remove the Bulletin.

What means this dense gathering at the hall door? Why this waiting, impatient multitude on the stairs?

Here we are with barely time to get to our classes and yet we must wait, furiously impatient, on the outskirts of this struggling mass of girls.

"What is it?" you ask wildly, as an elbow nearly kills you while its owner determinedly works her way through.

"Don't know," someone says, "but the bulletin is full of notices, marked important."

"But I *must* get to my class," you say. "So must I," is the only reply.

Think what an appearance it would present to a stranger—this elbowing, pushing mass of girls. One cannot pass through it unless she comes out entirely dishevelled.

The hall is very narrow just at this point and yet it might be called the most important junction in the school. One turns into the training school, library, dormitory, class rooms and campus right here.

The teachers as well as the students suffer because

of this crowd. Often they are delayed long past the time for class.

Again, what a terrible sight is the bulletin itself! Papers pinned by one corner and hanging helter-skelter everywhere, remarks from the pencil of some poor wit scribbled over them, and sometimes five or six find their way to the floor.

This together with the crowd form no very pleasing picture to the eye. So, either remove the bulletin or put wings to your feet as you pass.

C. D.

The Closed Doors.

Uncle Pat's is a closed door. No more does that portion of High Street echo to the sound of multitudinous footsteps. Grass has grown up in the way and Uncle Pat's stands as a ghostly reminder of the days that are no more.

Then did those eager footsteps sound a steady tramp, tramp, down toward Cox's corner. Did they mean to break the rules? No. Did they mean to venture in that sacred precinct, "Depot Avenue," and there perhaps see more chivalry than was their just due? No, a thousand times no! They were but following the course laid down by nature—to satisfy "Normal" appetites.

Those pangs of hunger that can not be appeased by bread and molasses do fly away on wings as swift as thought at the onset of Cox's bon-bons and myriad cakes. Naughty children!!

Then were they called together for a "family talk" of grave and serious import. Out came tearful and downcast faces—Cox's corner was a closed door!!!

The outlook was not so dark; there was still the promise of our Lady Principal seconded by our Presi-

dent ; that soon should appear on our campus the glad cries of venders of fruit and our grandmother's ginger cookies.

Each evening did these starving mortals assemble and search the campus, but all in vain.

Then soon, the way to the forbidden doors, lightly, so lightly, sounded to the tread of this famished procession.

The furies are loosed in vain upon their stubborn heads. If one promise fails to hold then the other promise will fail to hold.

We ask where are our fruit venders? When shall we get them?

E. F.

Why Girls Should Take Walks.

This is one of the most beautiful seasons of the year, this lovely autumn. On every hand Nature beckons to us—in her various hued woods, in the beautiful evening sunsets, and in the crisp, fresh air.

If we heed not the invitation of Nature for her beauty, surely we should heed it for our own welfare.

Think what it means from a standpoint of health to be shut up within four walls for perhaps a week at a time! No fresh air and consequently no fresh thoughts come to us except in occasional whiffs.

Our own welfare and the standard of our school must be kept up! Good health is absolutely necessary to good work, and we all wish to do our best.

Go out for a brisk walk even though it must be necessarily short. Inhale the invigorating air and look about you at the wonderful beauty of everything! Sing to yourselves, and your heart will be glad and your steps light. Drive dull care away with a pure

and everspringing fountain of joy in your heart. Surely then you have accomplished something by your walk.

A. B.

Order in Chapel.

Yes, I hear you say, "The same old speech," but do we girls of the Normal School acknowledge that we are children? It certainly seems that we do, for only children, and bad children at that, have to be told again and again not to do wrong things.

In short, this conversational buzz in chapel before services means that we are not reverent in the presence of our Creator!

You have not thought about it in this way. Girls, think, and let each one of us make it our duty to remind the girls in our row when they do not come in quietly or seem to talk more than is necessary.

You can do this in a quiet, pleasant manner, or if the girls do not like it why can not the presidents call class meetings and suggest a plan, in the carrying out of which each class would vie with the other in having their class the most promptly and quietly seated in chapel.

M. G. D.

School of Experience.

We note with exceeding regret the fact that our invitation to the Alumnae has been in such a great measure entirely disregarded. While we, of course, were anxious for good material for THE GUIDON, this was not our only thought in giving a department to the experiences of our "old girls," for we consider them still a part of the student body, and thought they would like to feel that they still have some part in the magazine and that their letters would bring old classmates in touch with them once more and prove of interest to Alumnae and students alike.

It does seem that with over six hundred of our graduates teaching in the State, we might be able to have several contributions for each number of THE GUIDON.

We greatly appreciate the paper sent us this month, and feel sure that it will not only prove interesting, but instructive as well.

Let us hope that we will have a good budget for the next issue.

Remember, girls, you are training the youth of the State, and your experiences might be of much interest (and help) to the young sisters who will follow in your lead.

THE CHILDREN OF SILENCE.

I have been asked to give something of my experience in the work with the children of the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, at Staunton, Va. For fear of taking up too much of the space allotted to these "Experiences of our Spinster Graduates" I will confine myself to the "Children of Silence" as they are so often called.

I believe it is generally thought that the deaf have unusually bad tempers, at least many visitors to the

school ask if this is not so, but a better set of children I have never known, and there are about 85 of them under twelve years. Of course a tiny mite who cannot speak, and cannot understand why *you* cannot understand her, is going to get mad at your stupidity and if she finds out that if she cries and stamps her little foot she gets what she wants, why, the next time she wants anything, she is going through the same performance. But, taken as a whole, the deaf children are *just like all other children;* usually of a bright and happy disposition and filled with pity for the "poor little blind children who can't see anything," while the blind are just as sorry for the "poor little deaf ones who can't talk and can't hear music, or anything."

The first two weeks of the session are filled with anxiety. The deaf children are brought to the school and no one can tell them why they are there, or that they will ever go home again; naturally they are very homesick, and the little ones *will* run away. They come on the train, so their only idea is to run straight for a railroad; no matter what is going on, classes, meals or anything else, if any one reports a child gone, the large boys start out in all directions to hunt him up. In the history of the school several children have been killed by the train.

The pupils do not drop in at this school for several weeks at the beginning of the session they all come at once. A day or two before school opens some agent of the school is sent to Charlottesville, to Roanoke, and to Basic City, thus collecting the pupils from all parts of the State, and as soon as they are in work begins.

There is often great difficulty in identifying the new pupils in the deaf department; we know whom we have on the registers and how many have come, but the question is "Who is Who?" In many cases

the children come tagged, but some of them have no distinguishing mark and we often have to identify them by their trunks; they never fail to know their trunks and we find the name on the little clothes inside, and some funny things we find there I assure you. One boy had all of his clothes (handkerchiefs and all) marked in full with his name, postoffice and state, not even omitting the county.

The first pupil to arrive one year was a dear little girl of seven who had been discovered in a poor-house and sent to the school. In some way she came a day too soon so no one met her. A policeman brought her from the station and no one had any idea who she was or where she came from. She was a regular little beauty with big, bright, blue eyes, long curling lashes and the sweetest dimples imaginable. She was dressed in a little white muslin dress that someone had made with much more care than skill and her golden brown ringlets were almost hidden from sight under an old fashioned poke-bonnet which some loving hand at the poor house had tried to trim for her with a piece of faded ribbon and two or three little rabbit tails! The dear little mite just smiled up at us and kept handing to us a little bag of cakes that we supposed someone on the train had given her. Then she would point to her dress and take up a little hand bag that she brought, but we could find no name on the clothes within. Finally, disgusted with our stupidity, the little thing slipped down from the chair to the floor where she proceeded to pull out everything from the handbag and at the very bottom there was a little note.

This little Clara was a pet with everybody, a regular little sunbeam, and I am glad to say she never returned to the poor-house but was adopted by a deaf

couple who had no children, and is now almost ready to graduate.

It is hard to realize the tremendous difficulties that these children have to overcome in their work as compared with "speak-and-hear children" as a member of that faculty always called them. Just think for a moment what it means to have to learn separately every word in the English language and learn four processes for each word—to learn what the object is, to spell the word on the fingers, to write it on the board, and to make the sign for it. With the duller pupils the trouble in the beginning is to get into their heads the connection between the signs and letters they are taught and the object represented. But once let them realize that everything has a name and they are wild to know the name of everything in sight.

The greatest difficulty, of course, is in teaching abstract words, but they get a wonderful command of language and even pick up slang to a marked degree. Some of their ideas are very amusing. Two little cousins, both named Hicks, got into a regular fight one day in class because Loula said Hicks was *her* name and Tommy insisted that Hicks was *his* name. In the second year class the teacher was trying to teach the parts of the body. She was drilling on the words knee, leg, heel, and toe; she walked across the floor on her heels and told the children to write a sentence on what she had done. One little fellow of about eight years old handed in the following: "Miss C. walks on her two hind legs."

At the Chapel service every morning all of the children repeat the Lord's Prayer, in sign language of course, and one of the sweetest things about the small children is to see them beginning to learn these signs. The pupils are always marched into chapel and to meals, the little ones in front so all of the

smaller children are up near the rostrum. At first they sit perfectly quiet and watch with eager curiosity; after a few days you will notice a few little hands trying to make the signs without knowing at all what they mean. The first sign they catch is always "Amen," and from morning to morning they will wait with impatience for the end of the prayer, and then fold their little dimpled hands with the rest. (I regret to say that many of the little hands are inclined to be rather grimy, too, despite the efforts of the home department.)

All pupils are required to learn some trade. The boys are taught cabinet-making, shoe making, tailoring, printing, hair-cutting, etc., and the girls are all taught sewing and cooking. The afternoon session of the school is given up to work in the shops.

When the recreation hour comes no one would ever imagine that the children were unable to talk, such whoops of delight do they raise as they start out for the football grounds in the fall, race off for their sleds in winter, and go down to "root" for the baseball team in the spring. They have an advantage in football games over the hearing teams in that their signals are all given on the hands and the opponents have no chance of learning them. When the game is over, the "yell" is given in silence, by their fingers, while many of them whoop with the best of the hearing boys.

I wish I could tell you of the fierce debates that take place on the political questions of the day, of the prize essays written by the girls, of the plays gotten up for the entertainment of faculty and students, and of the beautiful work done in crayon and water colors by the art students.

A happier set of boys and girls it would be hard to find, and although homesick at first, they are

always sorry when the work of the session is over and they must separate. Strong friendships are formed during this school life and many of the students become so attached to each other that when they finish their ten years of work they find that they cannot live apart, hence the frequent marriage notices in the "Goodson Gazette," the little paper published by the pupils. These attachments often begin very early in life as is shown by the experience we had with a couple of about nine years old. When the children are sent home for the vacation the smaller ones always have check and trunk key tied around their necks ; this sentimental pair wanted to exchange some souvenir and having nothing else, decided to exchange checks. It was about a week before we traced out those two trunks.

Until we see the bright, cheery disposition of these afflicted children, their marvelous perservance and eagerness to learn, their patience in surmounting the most appalling difficulties, we cannot realize what a blessing we have in our sight, our hearing and the power of speech; they live a life apart, enveloped in eternal silence, and with it all we find them bright Christian men and women who are doing all in their power to help their fellow men.

The following beautiful lines were written by a mute in Ohio :

"LOVE ME NOW.

"If you're ever going to love, me love me now while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings which from real affection flow.
Love me now while I am living, do not wait till I am gone,
And then chisel it in marble,—warm love words on ice-cold stone.
If you've dear, sweet thoughts about me, why not whisper them to me?
Don't you know 'twould make me happy and as glad as glad can be?

If you wait till I am sleeping, ne'er to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us and I couldn't hear you then.
If you knew someone was thirsty for a drop of water sweet,
Would you be so slow to bring it? Would you move on lagging feet?
There are tender hearts all 'round us who are thirsting for our love;
Why withhold from them what nature makes them crave all else above.
I won't need your kind caresses when the grass grows o'er my face;
I won't crave your love or kisses in my last, low resting place;
So then if you love me any, if it's just a little bit,
Let me know it now, while living; so I can own and treasure it.

"J. M. T."

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the work done by the "White Ribbon Girls." They, as usual, have been untiring in their efforts to minister to the wants of all connected with the school. These girls are ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand, and no one realizes this more fully than the new girls.

"Here's to her winsome youth;
Here's to her hearty service;
Here's to her sweet unselfishness;
Here's to her wholesome fun;
Here's to the flower of maidenhood,—
Our White Ribbon Girl!"

There has been one change made in the cabinet this year. Grace Thorpe, recording secretary, having resigned on account of illness, Mollie Mauzy was appointed in her stead.

Miss Woodruff, Flora Thompson, Mary Glasgow, Mary Stephens, and Grace and Lockett Walton represented our association at the Summer Conference held in Asheville.

The annual recognition service of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the auditorium Saturday afternoon, September 29. One hundred and nineteen new members were enrolled, making a total membership of three hundred. Never before in the history of the school has there been such a large enrollment of new members, nor has the prospect for a successful year been more promising.

The mission rally was held October 6. Miss Rice, our beloved and efficient leader, presented the subject of missions in a very earnest and impressive manner. After this the mission study class was reorganized with a large membership, and pledges were made for the support of missions.

In addition to the midweek prayer meetings, daily morning prayers are held in room I. Great earnestness and sincerity pervades these quiet gatherings.

Alumnæ Notes.

Robbie Blair Berkeley, a graduate of June 1906, was married in the Presbyterian church of this place, October 18, to Mr. Wallace C. Burnet, of Washington, D. C.

Alice Atkinson ('01), after two years of study in Germany, has returned to her home, Monroe, N. C.

Georgia James ('03) is teaching at Mathews C. H., Va.

Neville Watkins ('03) has resigned her position as principal of the Dumbarton School, to take the principalship of the graded school at Barton Heights.

Pearl Whitman ('03) is visiting in Tazewell county, Va.

Janie Ford ('03) is teaching in the Martinsville High School.

Elizabeth Cobbs ('04) is principal of the high school at Dendron, Surry county, Va. Lucy Chrisman ('04) is one of her assistants.

Nannie Burge ('04) has a position in the high school at Martinsville, Va.

Eva Heterick ('04) is teaching in the Farmville Graded School.

This is Carrie Martin's ('04) second session at Tazewell, Va. She has charge of the second and third grades, and is very happy in her work.

On October 9, Willie Kate Hodges ('05) was united in marriage to Mr. M. L. Booth, of Nathalie, Va.

Mrs. Simpson, formerly Lucy Manson ('05), is teaching at Whaleyville, Va.

Maude Anderson ('05) teaches a seven months' school at Millbank, Prince Edward county.

Lucy Anderson ('05) has charge of the fifth and sixth grades in the graded school at Farmville, Va.

Sue Muse ('05) is teaching in the Bristol High School. This is her second session there.

Bernie Smith ('06) teaches a school four miles from Charlotte C. H., Va.

Maud Mason ('06) is taking a course in music at the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, Md.

Lillian Thompson ('06) has charge of the primary work in the Summit City Academy, Bluefield, W. Va.

Steptoe Campbell ('06) is principal of the high school at Lovingston, Va.

Gertrude Burton ('06) is teaching at Oak Bowery, Ala.

Rhea Scott ('06) has charge of the primary department and book-keeping in the Chatham Episcopal Institute.

Frances Lewelling and Julia Massey ('06) are teaching in the high school at Hampton, Va.

Carrie Dungan ('06) is teaching in the Chilhowie Public School.

Henrietta Dunlap ('06) has charge of the sixth grade in the public school, Lexington, Va.

Nellie Baker ('06) is teaching Latin and mathematics in the high school at Big Stone Gap, Va.

Virgie Nunn ('06) teaches the fifth grade in the graded school at Hampton, Va.

Lizzie Kizer and Bettie Price Starling ('06) are teaching at Barton Heights.

Estelle Price ('06) is teaching in Bristol, Tenn.

Mary Coleman ('06) is spending the winter at her home, Signpine, Gloucester county, Va.

Mary Thomas ('06) is teaching in the Methodist Orphanage, Greeneville, Tenn.

Pauline Williamson and Bess Howard ('06) are teaching in the public schools of Pulaski, Va.

Elizabeth Verser ('06) is teaching in Richmond, Va.

Merle Abbitt ('06) is teaching at home this winter, Port Norfolk, Va.

Virgie McCue ('06) is teaching in Newport News, Va.

Elizabeth Richardson ('06) is teaching in Suffolk, Va.

The Dumbarton School is completely run by Normal School graduates, as its teachers are : Isa Compton, principal, with Susie and Mary Ford as assistants. These girls board in the same home, and as Isa says, they can have "faculty meetings" all the time.

Our twins, Sallie and Bevie Cox ('06), are separated in their work this year. Sallie is teaching in

the Belle Heath Academy, East Radford, and Bevie and Edna Cox are teaching in the graded school at Big Stone Gap, Va.

Dorothy Rogers ('06), who while here acted as assistant librarian, has decided to pursue this course, and is now studying at Cornell University.

We are glad to have Grace Walton ('06) with us again this winter. She is taking a post-graduate course.

What Fools These Mortals Be.

IN PSYCHOLOGY.

Dr. J.—What class of individuals has the keenest sense of smell?

M-g-g-e T-y-l-r—Dogs.

Yes, she is teaching at Surry Court House.

G. N.—Surry Court House—is that in Montgomery county?

"ANCIENT OF DAY."

Mr. B-g—Miss W-h-t, do you remember when Charlemagne was born?

Miss W-h-t, (very much insulted).—Why, no! I don't remember *that*?

L.T.—Flora, is optional reading required reading?

The new spelling book has evidently found its way into Farmville, for one girl reports in Zoology, that she has found a *catterpillow* on a vine of "poisonoke."

E. T.—Did you know that if you hold a guinea pig up by the tail its eyes would drop out?

W-m-b-s-y.—It's not so. I have held many a one up by its tail and I've never seen its eyes drop out.

Blanche.—What has he got on?

Lucy.—His clothes—what you reckon?

Blanche.—Oh, I thought maybe he had on undress uniform.

"Tep" reads from her literature, "Lord Bacon caught a cold which caused his death, while out in the snow stuffing a fowl."

Mattie.—Yes, I told you about stuffing so much chicken at Lucy's box the other night.

Locals.

We have a new head of the home department now, Mrs. A. T. Brooks, of Washington, D. C. Although we have been with her only a short time we have all learned to love her, and wish to extend to her a hearty welcome.

We also have a night matron. We have needed one here for several years. Although I am afraid we cause her no end of trouble, we are nevertheless very grateful to Miss Cary for her kindness and care.

President Jarman has moved into his new home on High street.

The new building is almost finished and we have no literary society halls, but the Y. W. C. A. has been given a room where the cabinet may meet in peace.

High street has been torn up ever since school began so that the girls could hardly get to church on Sunday nights, but now we are rewarded by an eight foot concrete walk.

We have five hundred and ten girls in the Normal School department and are very proud of the growth of our school.

The most wonderful event in the history of the Normal School happened on October 1, when the whole school was turned out and taken to Pawnee Bill's circus. Everybody agreed that Mr. Jarman and Mr. Cox were the finest men alive.

We are no longer allowed to go to Uncle Pat's. Sad for us and sad for Uncle Pat, but Mr. Cox, down at the corner, says he doesn't object.

Karlie Savage's mother and little sister, Margaret, paid her a short visit.

Mildred Davis spent a few days at home where she was bridesmaid to Miss Whitmore, who was married on October 17.

Margaret Stephens ('05) and Virgie Nunn ('06) stopped in Farmville a few days on their way to their schools.

Emily Ward's father spent Sunday with her a few weeks ago.

Steptoe Campbell, one of last June's graduates, spent a few days with her school friends here.

The sad news of the death of one of our last year's girls, Hallie King, has come to us. She died at her home in Patrick county, on Sunday, October 21. While here Hallie was endeared to us by her sweet face and gentle, unselfish ways. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to those who loved her.

Exchanges.

Because of the good work done heretofore in this column, the present exchange editor feels a sense of deep responsibility in undertaking to forward this work.

In this column the real literary worth of the student, and consequently of the college, shows itself. Every criticism made herein is in the most friendly and helpful spirit. It is a column in which we wish to show forth real merit and to do away with uninteresting and worthless productions. It is to help the student individually and the school as a whole.

Gladly do we look forward to the exchanges of this year with their helpful criticisms. Already we find a few early editions on our table :

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is decidedly the best and most thoroughly interesting magazine that we have received. The literary matter is well arranged and the editorials are good.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* has made a good beginning. It should have better stories. The poem, "A Summer Night," is very good.

The *Messenger* comes to us in a very appropriate and beautiful cover. We would expect more poets in such a college.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is very good as a whole. It would profit by having a few good stories.

The *Limestone Star* is following in the right direction. Stir up your story writers and poets.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Full page for nine months - -	$10.00
One-half page for nine months - -	5.00
One-fourth page for nine months -	2.50

The following are the firms that advertise with us:

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State Female Normal School

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FOUNDED by the Legislature to educate teachers for the public schools. Free tuition for worthy young women who pledge themselves to teach two years in the public schools of the State. Scholarships appointed among the counties and cities.

Liberal courses in Language, Literature, History, Sciences and Manual Arts. Two-year Professional Course for Teachers. A Graded Training School in which students receive a year's training before graduation.

A two-years' course for Kindergarteners is also offered

CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION

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Farmville, Virginia

Capital, Surplus and Profits, $120,000

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