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Teachers College
Roanoke, Virginia.

THE GUIDON

January-February

1907



State Female Normal School

Farmville, Va.

The Guidon

Jan.-Feb., 1907

"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*.

VOL. 3

JAN.-FEB., 1907.

No. 2

A Calendar for 1907.

January snowy, February flowy, March
blowy;

April showery, May flowery, June
bowery;

July moppy, August croppy, September
poppy;

October breezy, November wheezy,
December freezy.

Richard B. Sheridan.

Victim and Victor.



SIDNEY CARTON, the great figure in a great drama, stands out in fiction as the picture of a man who exacts from us the deepest and tenderest feelings of our hearts; pity for his weakness, love for his humanity, admiration for his unselfishness. We follow the career of this man, always with increasing interest; fearful sometimes lest we love him too much, so much that we shall lose sight of the faults which have made him what he is; a man of dissolute habits, caring little what became of himself, wasting his powers of body and mind, all sacrificed to his inordinate love of drink. This man, weak though he was, possessed that indefinable quality with which some people are blessed, and which makes us give our love and trust instinctively. Dickens tells us of three distinct classes of people to whom the name of Sidney Carton meant a name to be trusted. The good loved him: Dr. Manette, patient sufferer, taught by the troubles of his own life to appreciate the sufferings of others, loved Sidney. Stryver, in whose heart elevated feelings can have had no place, knew that Carton was a man to be trusted. Children also loved him, and it is something better than experience that teaches children where to place their trust.

Charles Darnay is being tried for treason, and it is at the trial that we get the first picture of Sidney Carton. Apparently oblivious of all around him, he

gazes fixedly at the ceiling. And yet he could see what no one else could, could do what no one else would do. The trial is going against Darnay, and in a lightning flash it comes to Carton's quick brain that he can save the prisoner by making use of the remarkable likeness between them. No one else had noticed the likeness, and doubtless there were many and great differences between the two men. Nevertheless, the similarity of features was there, and Carton in his merciless self-examination could see, beneath the ravages that care and dissipation had left on his face, that he still bore a strong resemblance to this other man, who had passed his life under happier conditions than he had ever known. The impulses of our hero's heart were not less quick than those of his mind; the deed was effected almost by the time he formed the plan, and amid the joy he had given to others he stepped to the background "to resume his old indifference, the indifference which was the involuntary expression of his attitude toward life, and that served perhaps, not only as a mask for others, but as a veil to hide him from his own self-contempt." But the keynote of his nature was to give all freely, lavishly, and to ask nothing in return.

It is the picture of Sidney Carton, the Jackal, that arouses our deepest pity and indignation. We see a man of magnificent intellect debasing the powers which might have been used for some noble purpose, by working night after night through piles of manuscript, until even his strong brain must have wearied, to the end that Stryver, his unworthy colleague, might reap the benefit of his endeavors. The occupations of one night may illustrate Carton's life at this time; for all the days and all the nights were alike; that made the pity of it. How he wasted these priceless hours!

No doubt the nightly drinking which came after the work was to make him forget what he had just done, and what he would do again. And at last we see Carton stumbling through the night to a neglected room there to throw himself upon his bed, and weep the tears of self-pity and contempt. Around him were the radiant possibilities of a noble manhood, calling to all that was good within him to rise and reclaim himself before it was too late. He did reach out graspingly toward the good, but he could not grasp it. In the darkness of the night and the darkness of his own life he struggled, "and his pillow was wet with wasted tears."

Sidney Carton, the victim, victim of circumstances, victim of himself, full of native nobility, full of native sin, victim of the evil within him. We almost tremble in our anxiety lest he should never conquer. Is all his life a desert waste?

It is his patient, devoted love for Lucie Manette that brings about the change in Sidney Carton. He loved her with the one great love of his life, but with characteristic unselfishness he did not expect her to give him love in return. His life was made up of giving, not of receiving. He was glad to see Lucie marry the man she loved, and for himself only asked that he might serve her. "When the newly married pair came home, the first person who appeared to offer his congratulations was Sidney Carton." Simple words, but what do they not mean? Oh! wonderful love that could continue to exist in such purity that its very holiness gave it a right to live.

The scene of the drama now changes from the peaceful home life in London, to Paris, during the Reign of Terror. The foreboding of a loving mother's heart has been fulfilled, and Charles Darnay is called

upon to answer for the sins of his ancestors. The last despairing effort to save him has failed, and in the lives which, a short time ago were so happy, utter hopelessness reigns. The husband and wife must be brave for each other's sake in the short time that is left them to be together. The Lucie that Darnay saw, before the prison doors were closed, was a woman strong and courageous, going forward bravely to meet the changed conditions of her life.

The parting over, Lucie falls fainting at her father's feet, and it is Sidney Carton again who comes to the rescue. He lifts her in his arms, and takes her to the coach. It must have been at this time that he made the momentous decision. There was a flush of pride mingled with the love and pity on his face, and that was its meaning. He carried the burden of her trouble on his heart as easily as he carried her body in his arms. He felt no weight in bearing other people's burdens, it was the wearisome, continual burden of himself that bent his form and spoiled his life.

No one is above temptation, and if Sidney Carton was tempted the struggle must have begun at this time. If Darnay lost his life, there was the possibility that Lucie might learn to love him. Which one of us would not have said, "Here is the life I love almost within my reach?" Was it the meaning of Lucie's life to him that decided the question? No, it was the meaning of her husband's life to her. In the presence of the unhearing mother and of the child he won the fight. Bending over Lucie, he whispered, "A life you love." And then he kissed her. The child heard but she could not understand it then. Probably she wondered, as children do, why her old playmate acted so strangely. In after years, Lucie

Darnay realized the significance of it. Then, I think, she must have said, "If only I had known, and could have said something to him!" For this friend of her childhood gave up his life without a word of recognition from anyone.

There was tumult outside; silence in the room where Lucie lay. There had been tumult in Carton's heart where now was peace. In blood-stained Paris that night one man was victor. Sidney Carton left the room firm in his resolve; and helped by the strength which determination gives, went out to perfect his plans. First to the wine shop! It was there that the chief plots of the Revolution had been organized, there he could find out if any danger threatened Lucie and her child. With the keenness that could deceive even Madame Defarge, our hero pretended ignorance of the schemes of the mob, while in reality he was even then making plans to frustrate their attempts on Lucie's life. Such need of haste; and yet one dare not hurry! Everything must be done in the short space of time that remained. In great crises it is only the brave who can arrange details. Those who can foresee the little necessary things while they wait until it is time for the great things, are the truly brave.

Carton's plan for saving his friend could not have been successfully carried out if magnanimity had been his only power. The willingness to lay down his life to save Darnay showed the greatness of Carton's nature. The arrangement of the minutest details in regard to the plot showed the adroitness of his brain. The keeper of the prison was in his power, and the strength and coolness of his mind showed him how he could make use of this man. Having completed his plan for entering the prison, and for changing places

with the prisoner, the only thing that remained to be arranged was the flight. He could not do all, this man who had done so much; he must be in place in the prison, and the final escape must be entrusted to Mr. Lorry. "And I will try to do my part" were Carton's words just before he set out for the prison. Do you suppose he doubted himself? I think not. We do not doubt our ability to do that which is easy, and this was easy to Sidney Carton. He could not have acted otherwise. "The Only Way?" There is always an only way to the Sidney Cartons of the world.

It is still night, that night so short, and yet so long! What sort of man have we in the Sidney Carton who now walks the streets? The old slothfulness, the old indifference, the weariness, the carelessness, the unbelief have fallen away from him. He is "the man his Maker intended him to be," loving and lovable, brave, strong and compassionate, grand in his simplicity, simple in his grandeur, sublime in his heroism. Many thoughts must have swayed through his brain as he walked. Thoughts of his past life doubtless, but thoughts of what he was going to do, I imagine, had no place there. One farewell look toward Lucie's window, and a blessing left for her, and Sidney Carton threads his way through the streets to the prison.

In a gloomy cell in La Conciergerie sat the doomed prisoner. Through the weary hours he had waited, thinking of the past and of the approaching separation from all he loved. There was but one hour now before he must meet death.

The door of the cell is quickly opened, and closed. Someone has come to visit the prisoner! Looking up

Darnay sees Sidney Carton, a finger on his smiling lips. He hadn't thought of Carton! Strange, was it not, that this man who was thought of so seldom always appeared at the right time? That smile of Carton's must have been beautiful, and touched with something of the celestial. When he picked up the body of the unconscious Lucie, the smile must have dawned on his face, reflected from the purpose born in that hour, the resolve "to lose his life, and save it."

Darnay was not the man that Carton was; few men are, but he was a man nevertheless, and Carton knew it. He would have refused to accept his friend's sacrifice; therefore although he must know what Carton is doing he must not know why it is being done. Carton left no detail uncovered. He did not offer Darnay the sacrifice, nor did he give him the opportunity to be tempted.

The clothes of the two men must be changed, and Darnay must be put under the influence of the drug. We feel that we must hurry with them; there is so much to be done, and the time is so perilously short. "Quick, man, quick, draw on these boots of mine. Change that cravat for this of mine." "Carton, dear Carton, this is madness"—by this time the prisoner is more under Carton's control, and obeys him with trembling limbs. Darnay writes at his dictation, and Carton, standing beside him, administers the necessary anæsthetic. Darnay's writing drifts into a faint, illegible scrawl. It is over. The message for Lucie is written, as if she needed that! Darnay's unconscious body has been taken out by the keeper, and Carton in his place awaits the final hour.

I wonder what his thoughts were as he sat thus and waited? The time was not long. No doubt his

thoughts traveled with the fugitives whom he had saved, and rested like a blessing around those lives rescued by the supreme sacrifice.

Short as is the period of Carton's earthly life now, there is still time for action, for unselfishness, and for pitying charity. The poor little seamstress, she could not understand it all, and no wonder, for who could? But Sidney Carton taught her to accept her destiny without understanding it, and by the example of his patience, as well as by his words of consolation, he showed his weaker fellow-creature how to face death. We feel like drawing close to Sidney Carton as did the little seamstress, and we feel that we too would like to touch his brave hand, and we whisper in our wonder, and love, and awe, "Can you die for him?"

Is Sidney Carton the victim of the Revolution? Number Twenty-Three, as the knitting women count, is the victim; victim of horror, and strife, and bloodshed; but to a height far removed from the painful scenes of this life, the soul of Sidney Carton rises victor. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

EMMA FARISH.

Niagara Falls.

This land of ours, in grandeur blest,
Will hold its own among the best
For beauty by no land possessed
 Beyond our native shores.
From Natural Bridge to Yellowstone,
From Arctic clime to Torrid zone,
America's beauties stand alone
 Among the many scores.

And there's Niagara, great and grand.
In silent, wondering awe you stand
And view the greatest sight on land
 Or sea, in all its might.
The falls above, the gorge below,
The sparkling water's mighty flow,
All join to make your wonder grow
 And fill you with delight.

On Columbia's side there seems to be
The more fine views for you to see,
And nearly all are offered free
 To rich and poor as well.
Goat Island's scenes are simply fine:
The land and water both combine
To make the place with glory shine
 Beyond my power to tell.

To Prospect Park you next may turn,
The Falls' great beauty there you learn.

Your heart with rapture there will burn
 As you in transport gaze.
You hardly can suppress a shiver
As you look down toward the river,
With your being all a-quiver
 At what Nature there displays.

As from the bridge you look each way,
Where every sunbeam's radiant ray
Casts gorgeous sparkles o'er the spray,
 You feast upon the scene.
From cliff to cliff upon each side
The Horseshoe Falls, so deep and wide,
O'er which the waters swiftly glide;
 The mighty gorge between:

The waters, plunging o'er the brink,
Into the depths 'mid thunder sink.
One cannot help but stop to think
 Of power there displayed.
Of all Niagara's beauty, vast,
Which by none other is surpassed:
"No real idea," we say at last,
 "Can ever be conveyed."

Why try to picture what is there?
'Twould take an artist very rare
To paint a picture to compare
 With aught of this great wonder,
Where waters seethe and rush and roar,
And mist is ever flying o'er
From end to end and shore to shore,
 Amid the ceaseless thunder.

Pat's Diary.

SEPTEMBER 6.—I have been here just twenty-four hours and I really believe I am going to like it very much. The girls are perfectly lovely to me.

It was so hard, leaving all the "home-folks," but it was finally done, though, I must confess, I rode off in tears. I reached the station at five o'clock, and drove up the valley about two miles, to the school. What a lovely place! It is built of gray stone and has a fine, large, green campus.

Mrs. Hamilton, the matron, took me to the dearest little room for three, and introduced me to Virginia, one of my room-mates—the other has not come.

I wish Peg could see Virginia. She is beautiful. Her hair is really golden and she "does" it beautifully. But her chief beauty is in her eyes; they are deep violet. I know I shall love her dearly.

We did not have classes today, but we shall start tomorrow.

I am tired and sleepy so shall "tuck me in my little bed."

September 26.—Words cannot tell how homesick I have been at times. My room-mates—for Polly has come—have been so good to me, though. My new room-mate's name is Polly, and I am so glad for I love that name, and it suits her exactly. Polly has wavy, chestnut hair, merry brown eyes, and the jolliest

laugh; in fact, she is the dearest, best all-round chum a girl ever had.

I like all of my teachers, even gruff old Professor Brown, who is a perfect picture with his sparse gray locks, his long hawk nose bestridden by a very large pair of iron "spec's," through which gleam his piercing steel-gray eyes. But he wants one to study so hard. And how *can* one study these beautiful days?

I do miss my own loving Peg so much, for I have no one to "keep me straight," as she expresses it.

Last night, Polly and I found that we had left our botanys in the Science Hall. We were obliged to have them, as we had left some papers in them.

"What shall we do?" I said, not really expecting a solution to the problem.

"Pat, we can go down the fire-escape!"

I agreed and so, despite Virginia's pleas, we tried it. Oh! the delicious fear and trembling. Would we never reach the ground? Finally, we jumped "on to terra cotta," as mammy used to say. Just as we started across a patch of moonlight Mr. Jones, the policeman, come around the corner. How we cowered back against that wall!

"What an escape!" sighed Polly, as he turned the opposite corner.

We fairly flew across the yard, and, for a wonder, found the door open. We had quite a time finding our books, but we finally discovered them and started back, but horror, the door was locked!

"It cannot be locked," said Polly, "for we just came in a minute ago."

"Yes; it is. Come and see." I said despairingly—"Oh! I remember, it has a spring lock."

After many vain attempts to get it open we thought of the windows—every one was fastened!

Finally, however, we succeeded in getting one up, though we had to prop it up.

“You go first, Polly,” I pleaded.

“No, you go first. I jumped off of the fire-escape first. Pat, you’ve got to.”

Making a virtue of necessity, I agreed and climbed into the window. Ugh! How dark it was down there! and I never saw such high windows before!

“Pat, go on; they’ll miss us.”

“I can’t, Polly, I can’t,” I wailed.

“Pat, go on! you must, dear!”

I shut my eyes and gave a spring and landed in a heap. I tried to find a sprained ankle, or broken bone, for I really could not see how anyone could jump out of *that* window and not get hurt, but I found none and called to Polly to come on. She jumped, but as she did so, knocked the stick from under the window and down it fell, just catching her skirts.

“Oh, Pat, I’m fastened! Help me down.”

We tried in every way possible to release her, but in vain, what were we to do? We *could* not call Mr. Jones, for he would certainly report us. While we were puzzling, we heard some one coming. Who was it? At last we recognized old aunt Maggie.

“Aunt Maggie, O, aunt Maggie, please come here,” I called softly.

“Huh! Who’s dat?”

“It’s me, aunt Maggie, and Polly is fastened in the window; please help me get her out,” I said, heedless of grammar in my excitement.

“Law, chile, wha’ for you-all done come down heah? What’s de matter wid you, chile? I doan he’p folks sin. Go ’long; you done hit; now git out ob hit.”

“But, aunt Maggie——”

“Go 'long, I tell you.”

“Aunt Maggie, you can't leave us this way,” Polly wailed, half crying.

“Law, chile, doan you know aunt Maggie je's foolin' ? Course she gwine he'p you; heah, gib me a stick.”

Using her cane as a stick she raised the window, and Polly fell with a thump.

“Look heah, chilluns, wha' for you all down heah ? Law, I's skeered for you. How you gwine git in ?”

“Up the fire-escape, aunt Maggie; you won't tell on us, will you ?”

“I doan-no, Missus Ham'ton mighty good to me, pow'ful good ”—as if with reluctance.

“Aunt Maggie, I know you, you are teasing us.”

“Huh ! Huh ! Huh !” chuckled aunt Maggie,

When Polly and I reached our room, we declared positively that never again would we attempt to go down the fire-escape. Virginia scolded us, of course, but we kept her laughing so heartily that, as I told her, it didn't amount to much.

I must write home tonight all about it.

ALMA MONTGOMERY.

Taking It Easy.

LOOK around you and you will see among your midst girls who do as much work as you, but seem to have so much more time to spare. You see them on the tennis court, visiting their friends, in short, taking it easy, while you are forever digging. This may be due to greater brain capacity on their part. But to go to the bottom we shall find that there is not such a great difference between the intellects of the average students, though at the end of the term, in many cases, there will be a difference in the class standing of these same students. Those receiving higher marks were the ones who were apparently taking it easy, but who had in fact utilized their time so well that there was an abundant margin for relaxation. There we have it. The secret is the way energy is applied. When misapplied, as in the case of our unsuccessful students, it means extra work and hence extra time, which should rightfully have been used for play.

How can energy be misapplied? It cannot be said that it is not put upon the school subjects. That is the point. We put our time upon our studies without giving them our whole attention. When we sit down to study, all personal thoughts must be banished from the mind. If work is to be done, there cannot be linked with the subject in hand a mental review of what you have done today and of what you expect to do tomorrow and so on. To illustrate: you determine that you will work; nothing

shall prevent. You sink deep into it and the first thing you know you have risen like a cork to the surface and are floating aimlessly on the sea of your own troubles or joys. Your sinker of a will has lost hold.

Poor misguided mortals! What we take for hard study is only the continual adjustment of the sinker and the wearing influence of frequent changes from the surface to the depths. Perhaps after a period of this kind of work we change our tactics. Time is flying, the lesson must be learned, so we begin to think of the necessity of study and of all the attendant penalties if we do not. Remember all this time we are studying hard and have actually read that last paragraph over three times in the vain endeavor to grasp its meaning. At last, in mortal weariness, we shut the book with a slam and go to bed in disgust.

The next day ten minutes before class, the awful idea comes that we do not know the lesson and the teacher is a bear. We snatch up the book. At present, this is the only one thing in the world which really matters. At the end of ten minutes we know a part of the lesson very well. Oh, if we just had five more minutes. Why didn't we study last night? But wishing is of no use now.

What does all this prove? Answer: That ten minutes' concentration is worth hours of self-consciousness. But do we call that a good student who squanders the time allotted for study and does a night's work in the odd moments of the next day? No. There must be system or there will be no work done worth the name.

Let us take heed and remember that concentrated attention not only means work well done but light work soon over. In other words, this shall be our motto: Work while you work, and play while you play; then you may be happy half the day.

CLARA SMITH, '07.

The Lady in the Green Silk.

IT WAS a rainy day in October, and I had found it hard work to entertain the three girls who were visiting me. Time hung heavy on our hands, and late in the afternoon I appealed to my mother for help.

“Ask Jenny to tell you the story of the lady who wore the green silk,” she said. “That will entertain them.”

“Jenny” was a school friend of my mother’s who was spending a few weeks with us. She was a bright little woman, and an interesting talker, so I gladly accepted the suggestion, and sought our friend. I found her in the parlor sitting by the fire.

“Mrs. French, won’t you help me entertain the girls awhile?” I asked. “Mother said you would tell us about a green silk.”

She laughed and said, “Your mother was always fond of that story, and thinks every one will like it. If you think they would enjoy hearing about an experience of my girlhood, I shall be delighted to tell the tale.”

I was sure the girls would enjoy it, and ran away to call them.

“When I was a young girl,” she began, “I was invited to a house party at the home of my great-aunt Rachel. Laura Martin, my favorite cousin, was invited, also. We were pleasure-loving girls, and usually accepted such invitations readily, but we

hesitated long over this one. We were all afraid of our dignified, reserved aunt. We felt somehow that there was a mystery about this tall, dark woman, and we were never at ease in her presence. We thought that the other guests would probably be stately, middle-aged people, and that such gay young girls would be out of place among them. Then, too, there were strange, weird tales told about Aunt Rachel's lonely, isolated home.

“We had often heard of a ghost-like woman who wore a green silk gown, and walked about the place after dark. Often when there were guests in the drawing room, she would glide in noiselessly, stay for a moment, and then disappear into the darkness. The path down by the old ice-pond was her favorite haunt, and several times she had frightened the negroes who lived nearby. It was said that once or twice she had even been seen as far out as the public road. She always wore the same dress. It was of heavy green silk, made in the fashion of long ago. The neck of the bodice was cut low, and was finished with several rows of rare old braid. The sleeves were short, and the woman's long, bony arms looked frightful as they hung down from the girlish puffs. The skirt was straight and full, and hung in ungraceful folds about her gaunt, thin figure.

“Having heard that such a person inhabited the old plantation, you can imagine, my dears, how loath we were to become members of the party. At last we decided to go, but told my mother that, if we were the least bit frightened, we should return at once.

“The first evening at Cherry Hill passed pleasantly, for, after all, the middle-aged guests were charming people. When bedtime came, Aunt Rachel said she would take Laura and me upstairs first. We

went up the broad steps to the brightly-lighted hall, and then turned into a dark, narrow, musty passage leading into what our hostess called the ell. Laura pressed my hand tightly as we went along, and I knew she was thinking of the Lady in the Green Silk.

“Presently, we came to a wider hall, and Aunt Rachel showed us into a bright, cosy room. It was furnished with old mahogany furniture; pretty chintz curtains hung at the windows; and there were flowers everywhere. No room could have been more cheerful, and we forgot all about the ghostly lady.

“‘I have put you here in the ell to sleep,’ said Aunt Rachel, ‘because the front rooms are all occupied by the other guests. Let your light burn, and leave your door open, and if you are suddenly frightened, call me. I shall come at once.’

“After a little more conversation, and a stiff good-night, she left us. We then began to look more closely at the quaint furnishings of the room. Suddenly Laura cried out. I looked where her finger pointed, and saw hanging on the wall the portrait of a girl. Her face was fresh and pretty, but her gown, oh, my dears, her gown was the green silk of which we had heard so often! It answered, even in the smallest detail, to the description we had heard so many times. I cannot describe to you the feeling we had as we stood there looking first at the portrait, and then at each other.

“‘I won’t sleep here,’ said I.

“‘You’ll have to,’ said Laura. ‘I’d just as soon be haunted by the Lady in the Green Silk as to tell Aunt Rachel why we are afraid.’

“When we were at last in the comfortable bed, Laura went to sleep at once, but I could not help

gazing at the pictured face on the wall. I made up all sorts of stories about the sweet, fair maid and her handsome gown. I tried to imagine, too, how the gossips could have transformed her into a ghost or a witch, who haunted the place by night.

“It was very late when I turned over to go to sleep. If I had closed my eyes before I turned, perhaps there would be no story to tell you. I did not, however, and when I glanced toward the door, I saw—it makes me shudder now to think about it—I saw the Lady in the Green Silk! It was not the bright young girl in the picture, but the wretched, withered, emaciated woman of the story! My heart almost stopped beating, and I seemed to be turning to stone. I gazed at the horrible creature, and she gazed back at me. Neither of us spoke nor moved. I don’t know how long I looked at her, but after awhile, I tore myself away from the hypnotic gaze of her eye, and woke Laura. Trembling with fear, we looked toward the door, but the woman was gone, and we saw only the shadows on the wall.

“We were too terrified to call Aunt Rachel, or to go to the other part of the house, and so we crept down under the sheets, and clung together helplessly. I have never spent such a night as that one. Though the woman was gone, I seemed to see her everywhere. If I closed my eyes, she danced before me. If I opened them, she was still there. I imagined every sound to be her footsteps, and expected any moment to have the bed covers thrown back, and to feel those claw-like hands pulling me out of bed.

“Morning dawned at last, and Laura and I were downstairs early. We found Aunt Rachel, pale and grim, dusting the drawing-room.

“ ‘ Good-morning,’ she said briefly.

“ ‘ Good-morning,’ we answered timidly.

“ ‘ Did you hear anything last night?’ she questioned.

“ I shuddered and hid my face in my hands, and Laura stammered, ‘ No, oh, no,’ for she had grown more fearful than ever of this relative of ours, and half believed that she was in league with our visitor of the past night. A servant appeared at this moment, and the conversation ended.

“ After breakfast we announced that we must go home. We gave no explanation whatever, but insisted on being taken to the station at once. Aunt Rachel was mortified and angered, but sent us home early that morning. My mother afterward wrote her a letter that appeased her wrath, but we were never invited to Cherry Hill again, nor did we care to go.

“ My friends have sometimes tried to explain the mystery of the Lady in the Green Silk. Some of them have thought that she was really a ghost, and others have said that I dreamed I saw her. Long afterward my mother heard that Aunt Rachel had once had an insane cousin living with her, who would sometimes escape from her nurse, dress up in old clothes, and go roaming about. My aunt lived so much alone that we knew little about her family affairs, but some have thought that it was this insane cousin that I saw.”

Mrs. French stopped talking, and looked thoughtfully into the fire, as if still trying to unravel the mystery. We girls had hardly spoken while she was telling this thrilling story, but Emily now broke the silence by asking, “ What do you think about it, Mrs. French?”

She looked up quickly. “ I? Why, I think she was——”

“ Dinner is served,” announced Hannah, and we went out.

FLORA THOMPSON.

The Him of Life.

Tell me not, in joyful measures,
Life is but a merry dream !
Tho' the school girl sometimes giggles
And her face doth often beam.

Life is serious ! Solemncholy !
Life is meant for more than fun ;
For a note will check our folly,
Ere the setting of the sun.

In this school of six years' struggle,
In this Training School of Life,
Train yourself, not for a teacher,
But a dear H. S.'s wife.

Not by English, nor by Reading,
Can a man be coaxed our way,
But by music, soft and pleading,
He'll be drawn to stay alway.

Do not trust, dear maid, your future
To an " Education Board,"
For not one of them will suit you:—
All are married—and adored !

Lives of teachers all should warn us
Not to make our lives just so,
Nor departing leave behind us,
Records of a teacher's woe;

THE GUIDON

Records that will make each maiden,
As she through the Normal goes,
Closely watched and study laden,
Turn her thoughts at length to beaux.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for our true fate,
Now awaiting, now pursuing,
Catch him; or 'twill be too late.

KATE F. WATKINS.

MARGARET M. DAVIS.

The Commercial Value of Cellulose.

“They have sought out many inventions.”

IN THE September issue of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* we find an interesting article on the wonders of cellulose. No one can read it without realizing that this substance is playing a great part in our commercial world.

Cellulose forms more than one-third of all animal and vegetable matter. As everybody knows, a plant is built up of microscopic cells. The walls of these cells contain the cellulose. How the plant makes this substance, or what it really is, molecularly, no one has yet been able to find out.

From the standpoint of industrial utility, the subject of this natural product must be characterized as stupendous. The industries based upon its inertness and resistance to the action of air and moisture are first considered.

The most important of these industries is paper making. Our demand for paper is so great that in England alone there are six hundred and fifty mills producing thirty thousand tons of paper per week. Science has laid her hand on cellulose to feed these mills. It is used in two forms; either pure, or combined with an unknown substance which can be separated from it only by chemical action.

Wood fibre, which is cellulose combined with other substances, is used extensively in making paper boxes, wrapping paper, and almost all newspapers.

A large American newspaper consumes daily ten acres of an average forest.

The method most frequently used for obtaining pure cellulose, is passing a liquid consisting partly of free sulphuric acid and partly of bisulphite of lime into a digester filled with wooden chips. At a temperature of 117° C. the liquid attacks and demolishes everything in the wood except the cellulose. This pure form is sent to the factory and converted into paper, for books and magazines. The paper is so good that only experts can tell it from that made from the cellulose of rags. This wonderful product plays its part also in the cotton industry. If a piece of cotton—which is pure cellulose—is put into a solution of caustic soda, then taken out and stretched in a frame work, the constituent fibres seem to undergo a transformation and take on a silky appearance. Mercerized cotton is thus produced.

The art of dyeing is founded upon the fact that the cellulose molecule contains, feebly, acid and basic groups which unite with the dyes and hold them fast.

Linen is an important cellulose fabric. Linen and cotton are, chemically, the same substances, for they are both cellulose. Practically, there is a difference which depends upon the form and structure of the fibres.

Jute, which provides us with sacking, wrapping, and baling cloth, is a cellulose fibre.

Still another fibre, which is the same substance "in excelsis," is ramie or China-grass. It is used for sail cloth, twine, and plushes, and is inimitably good as the cellulose basis of incandescent gas-mantles.

Finally comes hemp, and this closes the list of fibers used for woven material in Europe.

Next, cellulose is considered as a chemically active body. Guncotton, the "high explosive" used for blasting, torpedoes, military mines and bombs, is a mixture of cotton, cellulose and nitric acid in definite proportions. Smokeless powder is made by mixing together guncotton and nitroglycerin.

The solutions of this great natural product play an important part in the production of artificial silk. There are as many different methods of making artificial silk as there are solvents for the cellulose. The method most frequently used is that of Dr. Selmer. Bleached cotton (cellulose) is first treated with nitric acid. This forms a nitrate of cellulose which resembles guncotton. After pressing and thoroughly washing this nitrate, it is dissolved by a mixture of camphor and alcohol, and filtered. It is then forced into capillary tubes under a pressure of six hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. It passes into the air as a fine thread and in so doing solidifies. It is then conveyed to the bobbin and mixed with other threads. After this treatment it appears as a silky skein. It is still, to a certain extent, guncotton and not suitable for use. It must next be denitrated. This is done by putting it into sulphhydrate of calcium, which changes it, chemically speaking, into the cellulose from which it started; but, practically speaking, it is very different. It is now to all appearances silk and is even more lustrous than real silk. It is used to a large extent for braids and trimmings, for covering electric wires, for mixing with other textiles, and as a fabric alone and on its own merits. It is not sold as artificial silk, for although the shopkeepers are often in possession of it, they do not know it.

The cellulose industry so far is developed upon an exceedingly slender knowledge of the raw material. We await with interest and enthusiasm the outcome of that greater knowledge which may be gained by further experiment.

WIRT DAVIDSON.

How a New Member Writes Her Literary Society Paper.

NOVEMBER 27. "What do you think has happened now? Well, you'd never guess, so I'll tell you. I've got a paper for the next Literary Society meeting." At this the new Cunningham throws herself across the bed with a groan. "I never could write anything and I don't think it's fair to put the new members on the program so soon either."

"What's your subject?" asked her room-mate, full of sympathy, for she, too, has undergone the same trial.

"Oh! it's one of Dickens' and one I've never read of course. I thought I was going to have such a nice trip Thanksgiving and now I've got to be burdened with the 'Tale of Two Cities' all during my visit." With that she starts to the library, and returning with the book plunges bravely into its contents. In the middle of the first chapter the dinner bell rings and the book is laid away and forgotten.

Nov. 28. "Don't let me forget to put that abominable book in my suitcase. It would be just like me to forget it, and I want to read some while I'm away," and the "Tale of Two Cities" is carefully packed in the suitcase.

DEC. 3. "Well, what kind of a time did you have, and how much have you read in your book?" asked the sleepy room-mate who was aroused about 2 a. m. by the arrival of Fitz, who comes in lugging her suit-case and *the book*.

"Oh, a few chapters," and she proceeds to answer the first question, which answer continues until the interested room-mate is fast asleep.

"Have you finished that book yet?" is Miss Whiting's query as the poor girl tries to escape unnoticed from the Reading class.

"Not quite," is the smiling reply as she bravely resolves to finish it that very day. But that resolution is forgotten when she wishes to go down town that afternoon, and that night is the joint debate between the Literary Societies. She could not miss that, so the book rests peacefully on the bureau.

DEC. 4. "It will take every minute I have to study my lessons for today and Miss Whiting said for me to let her know as soon as I had finished reading *that book*. It's intensely interesting, but I'll never finish it. I'll just have to sit up tonight, and if Miss Cary sits on me she'll just have to sit." So when the bell rang at ten o'clock the sleepy "rat" sneaked out into the hall with *the book* in her hand and was very much absorbed when she was startled by the night matron, who asked for her name and sent her to bed.

DEC. 5. "I'm not going to breakfast this morning. Please bring me a roll. I've been up ever since five o'clock and haven't finished that horrid book yet, and just can't face Miss Whiting again until I have." At chapel, too, her seat was vacant but at Reading class she could, with relief, truthfully say she had read *the book*.

"Meet me at three o'clock," said Miss Whiting, "and bring *the book*."

"Look what I have got to write," said Fitz, in despair, coming in Wednesday afternoon and showing a long list of topics. "I'll never write all that."

After supper she started to the library for a quiet place to collect her thoughts, but, to her dismay, found that the lights were off and the library closed. When she had reached her room again a class-mate came in to study Arithmetic. It would never do to leave *that* undone, so she worked the rest of the study-hour. "I'll get up early in the morning and get my other lessons," and she went to bed when the bell rang.

DEC. 6. "Is that the fifteen minute bell?" she asked drowsily opening her eyes the next morning. "I thought I was going to get up early, and that alarm clock didn't go off. Now I must study my Reading and Psychology between breakfast and chapel, and clean up the room, too."

"Are you going to the Literary Society this afternoon?" asks a friend who wishes to go with her.

"No, I haven't time; I must write *that paper*;" but in a few minutes she is walking up the street with the Mathematics teacher.

DEC. 7. "I don't feel like working today, and if I rest up and go to the concert tonight, I'll feel so much better tomorrow, and, as it's Saturday, I'll have all day to work on *my paper*." So *the paper* is thought of no more that day.

DEC. 8. "What is the day of the month? I do believe that library book is due today. I'll just have to have it recharged for I'm not through with it yet." So she hurried over to the library and had *the book* renewed. "Are you going out?" she asked her room-mate. "I'm so glad, for I can have the room all to myself and can work so much better." And she was glad, as her room-mate perceived an hour later when she came back and found her fast asleep on the bed with *the book*, open, beside her. After dinner

she went to another girl's room to discuss her ill fate with one of her fellow-sufferers, and then, as she hadn't time to go to the Y. W. C. A., went to see her favorite teacher instead. "I must write tonight," she said to her friend after supper; "for *that paper* must be finished by Tuesday and I haven't looked at that Reading test, which is the first period Monday morning." So after visiting about half of the study hour and then getting permission to sit up after the light bell had rung she actually wrote a few pages. "I wonder if it will be any harm to write it tomorrow," said a sleepy voice as its owner turned over in bed Saturday night. "I'll have to get up early Monday morning and study that Reading test." But Monday morning the fifteen minute bell woke her again, and she just got into the dining room as the doors were being closed.

DEC. 10. "I can't miss the musical this afternoon after what Dr. Jarman said in chapel this morning, so *the paper* must wait until night." Night comes and all study hour she works faithfully until finally *the paper* is finished. Tuesday morning before chapel it is copied. It must then be criticized and copied again; and, after two weeks' worry but less work, it is read Thursday in twelve minutes.

M. V. S., 07.

The Great Debate.

Shall our great Falls destroyed be
That trade may win prosperity?
The Cunningham the challenge sent,
The choice of sides to Argus went.

The Argus, with a generous heart,
Quite bravely, chose the harder part,
And boldly sent her champions out
With brains alert, and hearts quite stout.

The Cunningham, with spirited speech,
Showed that the Falls a lesson teach
Of value greater far than gold
Which would be gained through power sold.

The Argus girls upheld with grace
That use 'fore beauty must have place,
For beauty elsewhere should be sought,
That here great power may be caught.

The judges three could scarce agree
To which the victory should be;
Deciding, after much delay,
The Cunningham had won the day.

At once the vanquished side arose
And gave three cheers for worthy foes,
And ne'er did foes as happy seem
As those who'd beat the Argus team.

So let us in conclusion say,
Three cheers for White!
Three cheers for Gray!

A FRIEND.

After the Debate.

PROCLAMATION.

To the people of the United States of America, greeting. Rest content, Niagara is saved. It has been so decided in Argus and Cunningham assembled. Let the Niagara power companies tremble!

A CUNNINGHAM EPIC.

We rose and studied early,
We sat and pondered late,
And the more we thought about it
We trembled to debate.

Our trials they were many
In the race we had to run,
For we knew we had three things to do
That never had been done.

We had to beat the Trusts;
And save ourselves a—Fall;
But to beat those clever Argus girls
Was the hardest thing of all!

A TOAST.

Here's to the Argus girls who so well debate;
May they ever remain in that learned estate.
We are as proud of them as they are of us,
For they even can lose without a fuss.

THE GUIDON

May our sisters long live, and live long to win,
 And be as much loved as they always have been.
 So here's to Argus, let their colors be seen,
 The true green and gray, the loved gray and green.

ANOTHER TOAST.

Here's to those who love beauty,
 Here's to those who love nature,
 Here's to those who scorn money,
 Here's to the ingenious, resourceful Cunningham
 debaters,

May they always be surrounded by the former
 without having recourse to the latter.

Dr. and Mrs. Messenger delightfully entertained
 the six debaters, the members of the joint committee,
 and the presidents of the Argus and Cunningham
 Societies at their home from eight to ten, Saturday,
 December 15.

AND YET ANOTHER!

Here's to the Messengers,—
 Of the gods, I mean,
 Giving inspiration, if seen,
 Giving hope, even unseen.

“No extra charge, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, for dropping into
 poetry in a friendly way.”—DICKENS.

Editorial.

**Encouragement
for New Year's
Resolutions.** "If the road to hell be paved with good intentions, the vault of heaven too is roofed with them."

**Sans Peur et
Sans Reproche.** Robert E. Lee—how our hearts thrill at the mention of that name! To us it stands for all that an American patriot, a knightly soldier, should be. We can go farther still and say of him as he himself once said of a friend, "and better than all, he was a Christian gentleman." In his life are found the pure heart of a Sir Galahad, the all-glorious courage of King Arthur, and the perfect courtesy of Sir Philip Sidney. In the three hundred years of American life there has never been a man so loved as our general. Washington was admired and greatly respected, Lincoln won love but slowly even in the hearts of his own advocates, but General Lee was passionately adored by every Southern heart.

Virginia, the South, and now the *whole United States* stand ready to acknowledge him as one of the world's greatest generals. "Time proves all things," and we might add, "all men." Now that the wounds and heart aches of the war between the States have been so nearly healed, we find North joining South in praise of this man. The January number of the *Outlook*, a Northern magazine published in New York, appears with a picture of General Lee on its cover,

and with poems, reminiscences and loving words in remembrance of his birthday. This, as one of the foremost magazines of our time, and as one formerly edited by the great anti-slavery leader, Henry Ward Beecher, shows us clearly what America thinks of

“Marse Bob.”

“Winter is a most important point in the science of happiness, and I am surprised to see people overlook it and think it a matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one.”—De Quincey.

A Psychological Inquiry. Why is it, when one is at home for the holidays, and anybody says, “There is a note down stairs for you!” that it produces decidedly pleasant sensations—but, when we have come back to school, the same words, uttered even in the most dulcet tones, have a distinctly different effect?

The Schoolgirl's Home Letter. Regret has often been expressed at the decline of the art of letter-writing, and many have deplored the fact that the letters of today will have no place in literature. Nobody nowadays writes such charming letters as did the people of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. What graceful, polished communications they sent their friends! How many interesting books there are because these have been gathered up and edited! Nothing gives us a better idea of the times and customs, of the thoughts and feelings of the people of that day, than the very personal turn of these writings.

But the telephone, the telegraph, and the newspaper have come in, and people agree that the long

letter of the past is not needed, much as we should like to have it. We suspect the real reason is that life has become more strenuous, and as we hurry through our days we give but little thought to friendly letters.

The schoolgirl follows the trend of the age, and usually writes brief, matter-of-fact home letters, pleading in each one a lack of news. Just here she makes a mistake; there is plenty of news. She has so many friends whom her home people have never seen, and her letters can be full of little character sketches. She takes up a new life, and does strange, new things. Her friends will want to understand all this, and know how she feels about it. She studies Shakespeare for the first time, and her father will be pleased to exchange opinions with her concerning Macbeth or Hamlet. The younger members of the family will be entertained by an account of the pranks and merry-makings. Home people have a very loving curiosity, and wish to know all about one. For instance, is it enough to write, "Several of us walked to the Springs yesterday?" No, they wish to know of all the funny little mishaps, of the remarks the witty girl made, of the interesting people you met, of the Springs,—everything that concerned you.

There is abundant material for the home letters, and also opportunity to express one's self naturally, easily and sincerely in the mother tongue.

The school girl, of all people, can keep up the custom of writing long, interesting letters. For her none of the modern inventions will do. The telephone is too expensive; the telegram is too ominous a thing for a friendly communication; and the newspaper does not tell of her school life, nor does it voice her opinions.

Neither will the brief modern letter do. The friends at home demand one of greater length. To be sure these weekly budgets will never have any charm for the public, nor will anybody ever collect them for their literary value. But they will give pleasure to those who carry us ever on their hearts, they will satisfy that loving desire to know all about us. In our lives, at least, the letter holds a prominent place and it behooves us to give more time and thought to it.

"The Beginning of a Modern Fairy Tale." "Once there was a public school teacher who left a million——."

? When Sidney Smith said, "What would become of us if Providence had made the weather unchangeable?" I wonder of which calamity he was thinking—perpetual drought in the land, or perennial dearth in conversation?

"Realistic." "An art school student recently painted a picture of a dog under a tree so life-like that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from that of the dog."

A Mystery Explained. The members of the Senior Geography class have always felt that they are very fortunate in having for a teacher Dr. F. A. Millidge, of Leipsic. Lately they realized more than ever how great is their privilege when he made clear to them one of the mysteries of geography, the so-called counter current of the Atlantic Ocean.

We all remember that between South America and Africa the north and south equatorial currents flow towards the west in almost parallel streams on each side of the equator. We remember also that

between these two there flows another current toward the east. We were taught very clearly why the equatorial currents were so named and why in their northward and southward continuations they had a swing to the east, but when we came to this one, we were told in a manner that suffered no questioning that it was called the counter current, and that it flowed *east*.

Why east? why this apparent violation of the law? we asked among ourselves. But there was no answer forthcoming. We and our teachers were not alone in our ignorance concerning this peculiar east-bound stream. Many scholars have puzzled their sage heads over it, and finding no reason, accepted it as a mystery, and dismissed the subject in their books with a brief sentence or two.

For fifteen years Dr. Millidge sought with the others for an explanation, and a year or two ago while studying in Germany, he found a word which gave him a clue. In a late text book on geography he found the usual brief statement, but the stream was explained as "perhaps a compensation current." Compensation! That word was certainly the secret. Therefore Herr Doctor went to work to verify this conclusion. We have the experiment in his own words: "By blowing air through two tubes over a basin of water, two parallel streams were made which represented the north and south equatorial currents. Between lay a belt of unruffled water, the analogue of the equatorial belt of calms in nature. The surface water being blown to the west, a slight vacuum was created on the north and south equatorial currents at the eastern extremity. To supply this the surface water of the unruffled belt moved forward at

its eastern extremity, wheeling to the north and south to join the bounding currents. It was a pretty sight to see the particles of sawdust which had been strewn on the water of the calm belt move to the east, swing round to north and south, and then stream off to the west as part of the equatorial currents. In other words, the experiment demonstrated that the counter current was indeed a compensation stream."

**Our Cry at
Best Time.**

"Double, double, toil and trouble."

When we learn from our contributor on cellulose that one issue of a great daily paper consumes 10 acres of forest we ask ourselves, "Is it worth while?" If this century may have a name other than Progress, it seems to us it may be called the "Century of Difficult Choice."

Esperanto! A great world-language—and how many of us know anything of it! How many of us know that our "weighty and influential" magazine, the *North American Review*, is beginning a series of lessons in Esperanto with the view of propagating it throughout America? We are startled when we read of the mighty influences being exerted to further this "internacial" language. Two congresses have already been held in Europe in its cause. The last one was held in Boulogne, and consisted of one thousand people eager to learn and further Esperanto. At least two years ago the Pope became interested and authorized the celebration of a mass in Esperanto. At the same time that a Spanish priest was saying this mass, an English clergyman, in the same city,

was preaching in the same tongue. Professor Macloskie of Princeton University writes strongly in its favor. Wilhelm Ostwald, one of the world's foremost scholars, speaks from Germany concerning Esperanto in these words: "I express my strong convictions that this problem (of universal peace) is on the way of being solved by means of an international auxiliary language."

Esperanto is being recommended for use among missionaries, and Dr. Wherry of India says that some missionaries have already taken it up. If Esperanto becomes a success it will surely seem that the curse pronounced at the building of Babel will have been lifted.

The language is said to be extremely interesting and very easy. The *North American Review* tells us that to a school boy who has taken a little Latin, only about 300 of the root words would be new, and to the average college professor only about 100. The grammar is simple, and the language itself is laid down according to rules of phonetics.

The influence of the success of Esperanto would be incalculable. We leave such results to the imagination of our readers, for fear that enthusiasm and interest might carry our own words farther than reality as yet bears out. We dare go a little farther, however, and say that through such an international language our own world might be carried to the fulfillment of its great destiny, many, many years before that which present progress indicates.

We would suggest as an encouraging motto for January 25 Robert Louis Stevenson's words: "The business of life is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

Reading Table.

THE FEMININE SOUL OF THE RENAISSANCE.

IN the October number of the *Sewanee Review*, there is a very interesting article entitled, "The Feminine Soul of the Renaissance." In this article the author traces the influence of women upon civilization from the days of Greece and Rome to the present time, and shows in a most fascinating manner that it was upon the period of the Renaissance that women exerted the most far reaching influence.

In the delightful civilization of ancient Greece the ideal was serenity, "serene beauty, serene strength, serene wisdom." But in this ideal civilization women had almost no part. She was cut off from the intercourse of intelligent men, and thus condemned to a life of ignorance. Men having thus deprived her of every means of self-improvement, scorned and ridiculed her want of culture. It is true that a few of the Greek women were of wondrous genius and culture, but having burst through the bounds of womanly decorum could not demand respect.

In Greek literature and art female types are pictured as models of ideal excellence, but they are lacking in real womanly charm. "They are too perfect, too free from feminine weakness, to possess the entralling charm of womanhood." They are merely patterns of unattainable perfection. "And so it is with the works of antique art. It is the grace of

form, the perfection of lineament that it portrays, not the quivering soul, the palpitating heart."

The Greeks looked beyond the women about them, to the woman of their dreams, the goddess of absolute perfection, to whom the weakness of her sex should be unknown. "They sought to pluck the stars from heaven and overlooked the flowers of rarest fragrance that bloomed on every side."

And thus the civilization of Greece was almost purely masculine, and the influence of woman, as a model of refinement, purity and gentleness was entirely lacking.

"The position of woman in Rome was much higher than in Greece. Few women have been treated with the respect paid to Roman matrons." Her highest ambition was to be worthy of her husband. She was his faithful guardian, was benevolent, virtuous, and helpful. Yet her ideals were masculine ideals, and she considered any manifestation of the feminine impulses of her nature, weakness.

Such was the civilization of Greece and Rome—masculine in its ideals, in its art, and in its literature.

Had these conditions continued it is probable that the position of woman would have remained unchanged. But this was not destined to be; the civilization of antiquity soon stagnated. "The very perfection of ancient masterpieces paralyzed the genius of invention. They were so numerous and so satisfying that it seemed useless to produce anything more, and impossible to produce anything better."

Following this stagnation came the Barbaric Invasion when the civilization of the South was trampled under foot by the hords from the North. "Yet from this night a new day was to be born,

bearing but slight resemblance to that one whose noontide splendor had been followed by such unexampled darkness, yet in some respects brighter and surely fuller of lasting hope. In fact, while the Middle Ages were the blackest in the annals of humanity, they were also the most fruitful. In the darkness, titanic forces were at work, blindly and aimlessly fashioning a new heaven and a new earth."

The most wonderful product of this medieval upheaval was the modern soul.

"How different was this medieval soul from that of Greece! Its serenity, its contentment, its directness of vision, all were gone, and in their place there had come vague aspirations, painful questionings, groundless fears, futile hopes, causeless palpitations, quiverings upward to a heaven of its dreams, plungings downward to a hell that seemed more real than the world of fact."

"It is this soul that was bequeathed by the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. At no other time have feelings so contradictory and so intense manifested themselves by brush or chisel."

The essential difference between the art of Greece and the art of the Renaissance is in the soul of the Renaissance art. "Greek art lavished its inexhaustible genius upon the body, Renaissance art looked chiefly to the soul."

"And," continues our writer, "as women are endowed with souls subtler, more refined, more intricate than those of men, an art which deals with the soul is chiefly concerned with women; and in the art of the Renaissance the feminine predominates as distinctly as the masculine in that of Greece."

The Renaissance was a time when the world had awakened to the beauty of Nature and art. The

human mind awoke from a long sleep. People thought differently, acted differently, and lived differently, and it is this conflict between different impulses and aspirations that gives to the Renaissance its undying interests and to its art its special character.

“The Renaissance was the world’s second youth, but how different from that of Greece.” The soul of antiquity was masculine, but the soul of the Renaissance was essentially feminine, and it is this feminine soul which the art of the period portrays.

During this period the “soul of woman attained a development and complexity which it had never known before.”Christianity had exalted the feminine virtues of love, charity, patience and humility until they had usurped the paces once occupied by patriotism, courage, fortitude, generosity and pride.’

In this bright age, woman’s life was free, passionate, complete and nothing was deemed improper for her knowing. The charm of womanhood was the principal theme of the poet’s song, the chief inspiration of the painter’s brush, and all the writers of the day paid her equal tribute. But alas! there came the Reformation with its religious wars and the beautiful Renaissant world was plunged into almost medieval darkness. But this age in turn has passed and again we hail the dawn of a new and brighter day. “Again we are turning to the Spirit of the Renaissance, chastened indeed and saddened, but still with its freedom of thought, its love of beauty, and its delight in the world around us.”

BERNICE HOWARD.

A STRANGER TO THE WILD.

“A dense fog, the striking of a vessel on a reef, a wreck, and, in the final crash, a white horse is hurled forth into the breakers.” So opens a very interesting story by G. D. Roberts in the December number of the *Century Magazine*, entitled “A Stranger to the Wild” or “The White Wanderer.”

When the vessel struck, the captain, seeing that her destruction was inevitable, loosed from his stall the beautiful stallion that had been brought from Spain. Given a chance to fight for his life, the white horse struggles through the breakers and arrives at last on a quiet shore.

To the stranger, who had been reared on an arid plateau of northern Spain, the dense forest of fir and spruce is full of mystery. As he gallops towards the sunset, “An occasional maple in its blaze of autumn scarlet, or a clump of white birch in shimmering aerial gold, seen unexpectedly upon the heavy shadowed green, startles him like a sudden noise.” When night falls and he settles himself to rest the “Hoo-hoo-ing” of the horned owl causes him to start with sudden terror and wonderment. He himself is equally a thing of wonder to the forest creatures: to the red fox that creeps down into the crisp autumn starlight to hunt mice in the tangled dry grasses and to the “tuft-eared lynx” that comes out in hope of seeing a rabbit or two.

“About two o’clock in the morning, at that mystic hour when Nature seems to send a message to all her animate children preparing them for the dawn,” the white stallion goes down to drink at a shallow stream. He is oppressed with a feeling of loneliness and when a high-antlered buck comes up to drink at the op-

posite side of the stream, the horse makes friendly advances. The buck, however, is in a fighting humor and inflicts two severe wounds on the silken coat of the stallion. Instantly there is a fierce fight. The horse comes off victor, leaving the buck a trampled mass, dead on the field of battle.

Then the wanderer gallops away, and, filled with a desire to be near a human habitation, he goes on and on in his chosen direction, to the southwest. At daybreak he comes out on the "flat, marshy shore of a shrunken lake; the unstirred waters of which gleamed violet and pale gold beneath the twisting coils and drifting plumes of white vapor." He remains at the lake ten days "watched and wondered at by the wild kindreds who have their homes around the lake."

Then he gallops on again till at last he reaches a little clearing with two small log cabins in the center. He is keenly disappointed when he comes nearer and noses open the door, to find that the place is deserted. Oppressed by the silence and loneliness of the place, he starts off again going on and on through the trees, till at length after several days have passed, he comes to another clearing and sees in the distance a little village clustering about an inlet. In a corner of the crooked snake-fence stand two bay mares and a foal. The stallion calls to them and they answer in a whinny of welcome as he gallops joyfully over the fields to meet them.

"The White Wanderer" is particularly welcome at the present time when animal stories are so popular. Jack London in his "Call of the Wild" shows how domesticated animals naturally revert to freedom.

The "White Wanderer" spent his earliest days in company with man as a friend, and became ac-

customed to the appearances of civilization. For him it was not a "Call of the Wild" but a call of civilization that guided his footsteps through the unknown forest and over the fields to an abiding place with man, his friend.

B. E. S.

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME.

The *Cosmopolitan* has for some time been publishing a series of articles entitled "What Life Means to Me." The article by this name in the December number is written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and should be interesting to us because of the writer's fame as an American author.

She says in the opening sentence, "Exhilaration, anticipation, realization, usefulness, and growth is what life has always meant to me." And this expresses well what her feelings have been at each stage of her career.

Exhilaration characterizes what may be called the first stage. Now, as at all times, she was filled with the pure joy of living; and as she expresses it, she was "spiritually egotistic." Each day she expected to bring something wonderful, something out of the ordinary; she looked for special dispensations of Providence in her behalf, for seeming laws of Nature to set aside, to oblige her. In other words, Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an optimist in every sense of the word. At this time the pleasure of writing and the praise of the people of the outside world seemed to be all satisfying.

Then, and this may be called the second stage, she began to earn money. Now, she awaked to she fact that she might be of use. It was a most

comfortable feeling to think that her elders depended partly on her for support. In this she found great satisfaction; but this was only a step toward that greater awakening when she found, as she says, that she was not a mere troubadour, to sing to please the world's ear, and to take the pennies and flowers cast her, but that her talent meant *responsibility*.

“Instead of being a helper in the home only, she must be a helper in the universe.” “Humanity was her family” from now on. She felt that her talent was given her for a purpose, that she was responsible in a great measure for the thought, conduct, and purpose of a great part of the world.

She was a social creature by nature, and literary achievement was not all that life meant to her. She longed to be a cultured woman; to study languages, to be athletic, to dress well, to travel, to be an ornament in home and society. But she realized she must do one of three things: cut off the pleasures, lessen her helpfulness to others, or increase her income. She chose the latter; for, she reasoned, this would make the other two possible.

She had hard battles to fight. There were always people who sought to discourage her, to question her point of view; her writings were called third-class, but she worked on, glad to do what she could, and satisfied to let her influence die with her if it was helpful while she lived.

When she turned her work from the magazines to the newspapers, these same critics and many of her friends gave her up and lost all hope in her as a literary success. But she kept to her own ideals and “followed the light of her spirit” in spite of their harsh criticisms. “Life was too big, feeling too intense,

and time too short, to wait for books and magazines as a means of expression."

She says, in closing, that every phase of life was given her as a message to humanity. "Years of companionship as a wife, a knowledge of motherhood, a domestic and social life, travel, and acquaintance with the rare souls of life, have made life mean to me more and more, exhilaration, anticipation, realization, usefulness, and growth," and, though at the top rung of the ladder, she still looks forward to the time when she may be of more use. She realizes that "earth is but the preparatory school for a larger experience, for a greater usefulness."

Y. W. C. A. Notes

THE "world's week of prayer" was observed the second week in November. These meetings were held in the auditorium, and were well attended. The services were led by members of the faculty, the subject being "Prayer."

The world's nickel collection amounted to six dollars and twenty-five cents.

The building fund committee has raised over one thousand dollars for the Y. W. C. A. building. Over two hundred dollars of this amount was contributed by the Annual staff in June. The greater part of this money is bearing a good rate of interest.

The Christmas stocking scheme, tried two years ago, proved so successful in swelling this fund, that it was decided to try this scheme again, and over twelve hundred stockings were sent to friends of the school, and those receiving these stockings were asked to return them with one penny for every Christmas of their lives.

"The Spread of Christianity through the Western Roman Empire," was the subject of a most interesting and instructive talk given by Dr. Millidge at the November missionary meeting.

The mission study class has been particularly fortunate within the past few weeks in having with us two missionaries.

On November 24, 1906, Mrs. Robert Graham, who has spent nearly twenty years in China, spoke to the mission study class, telling of the people among

whom she works. She gave us an insight into their home life, by describing her visits among the upper and lower classes, and also of her medical visits.

She was induced to come back on the following Sunday evening and give a full account of her work. After a graphic description of the sufferings of these unfortunate people, on account of excessive rains, which have destroyed their crops, a free will offering of fifteen dollars was contributed to their needs.

Mr. Ernest Peerman gave a very impressive talk to the mission study class December 1, 1906. He is interested in missionary work, and will soon sail for China.

The conference on the union of the two great religious bodies, the Women's Christian Association, and the Young Women's Christian Association, was held in New York, December 5-9, 1906.

Miss Coulling was the representative of the State committee of the Young Woman's Christian Association of the Virginias.

Alumnae Notes.

OLIVE HINMAN ('05), supervisor of Drawing, Columbia, Pa., spent several days during the holidays with friends at the Normal School.

Eloise Coulling ('90) is teaching at Haw River, N. C.

Mrs. Russell (Lillian Whitehead), Mrs. Guerrant (Ellen Armistead), and Maud Wicker have moved to Farmville, where they will make their future home.

Pearl Cunningham, now Mrs. William Boyle, has been ill all winter at her home in Rocky Mount, N. C.

Irene Bullard ('95) has been appointed resident physician in the Eastern State Hospital, Williamsburg, Va.

Sallie Morris ('02) is teaching at Leesburg, Va.

Florence Winfield ('02) is teaching at Diston, Va.

Mrs. R. R. Claiborne (Mary Clark) has moved to St. Francisville, La.

May Phelps ('03) is teaching a public school at Troutville, Va.

Mary Peck ('03) teaches at Fincastle, Va.

This is Henrietta Watkins' ('03) third session at Whitmell, Va.

Mildred Evans ('04) has a position in the public school at South Boston, Va.

Edith Dickey ('05) returned to the Miller Manual School for another year's work.

Betsey Lemon ('05) has charge of a school near Roanoke, Va.

Hattie Bugg ('06) is teaching in Bedford City, Va.

Belle Dobie and Elise Holland ('06) are teaching at Greenville, Va.

Margaret Brydon ('06) is spending the winter at her home in Danville, Va.

Edith Duvall ('05) is taking kindergarten work at the State Normal School.

Bessie Justis ('06) is teaching school near her home, Dry Bridge, Va.

Lelia Jackson ('06) is spending the winter at her home, near Farmville, Va.

Hessie St. Clair Woodruff, a graduate of June 1905, was married at her home in Anniston, Ala., October 24, 1906, to Mr. James Luckin Bugg, of Farmville, Va.

A number of the faculty attended the State Educational Convention, held in Richmond in November, and, while there, were delighted to meet so many of the old graduates of this institution.

What Fools These Mortals Be.

Miss D-gg-r.—What period of history are you studying ?

Future Historian.—The nine o'clock period.

Miss W-n-s-t-n, explaining the rainbow.—Now, Bernice, what is necessary in order to have a bow ?

Bernice.—I don't know, Miss W., I never had one.

Crushes are getting entirely too numerous here,—even the verbs have cases,—(by authority of the Virgil class).

Miss Bl-c-st-n.—The thymus glands of calves form what article of food ?

K-l-e S-v-g.—Sweetmeats.

P—oor excuses.

I—nefficient work.

T—ardy attendance.

C—areless preparation.

H—ard luck.

E—ndless trouble.

D—oom sealed.

Editor-in-Chief.—Flora, I'm going to write my *auditorium*, now.

Miss Winston, in Chemistry on Dec. 20.—Winnie, where is sulphur found.

Winnie.—Um-a-um—In the bones?

Miss W.—Well, I believe you girls have more Christmas than sulphur in your bones.

Old Girl.—What did the servant say we were going to have for dessert?

New Girl.—She said mint pies. I reckon they must be some kind of peppermint custards.

Grace, after hearing a lecture on cellulose.—I used to have a dress that I thought was silk but it was cellulose. This waist has passed for gingham but I reckon it must be cellulose too. I once thought I had some brains, but they are only cellulose.

Z—z.—Don't pitch me, Dr. Millidge.

Dr. M.—Why I can't help it. You study Tarr's Geography, and how can you handle Tarr without being pitched?

Teacher.—What do you want to be when you grow up?

Child.—I want to be an angel and with the angels stand.

Hygiene Teacher.—What is a narcotic?

Pupil.—Miss Hills, I don't know exactly but it is something in the hand,

A NEW PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.

Miss B.—Miss W., what is the respiratory apparatus.

Miss W.—The diaphragm and the spinal column.

Bessie S-t-k-s.—Marguerite, where on the earth did you get those striped stockings? They look like convents.

Gym. Teacher.—Right dress!

Newcomer, angrily.—I thank you, I am always dressed right.

IN THE PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.

Dr. J-n-s.—Miss H-w-d, what is your idea of Cuba?

Miss H-w-d.—Why, it's a place where they have tobacco and molasses and sugar too, I suppose, for they raise cane there.

Dr. J-n-s.—Yes, they certainly do raise Cain there.

Teacher.—Jamie, your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way?

Jimmy.—I wouldn't speak about it. I'd be too polite.—*Ex.*

Little lines of Latin,
 Little feet to scan,
 Make the mighty Virgil
 But a crazy man.—*Ex*

A maid, a man, an open fan,
A seat upon a stair;
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.—*Ex.*

Little girl (in grocery store).—Ain't you got no aigs?

Grocer.—I ain't said I ain't.

Little girl.—I ain't ast you is you ain't. I ast you ain't you is. Is you?—*Ex.*

Locals.

DR. Millidge and Mr. Cox took a party of school girls out to Willis Mountain. Everyone enjoyed climbing the mountain, for, although it is very small, it is as steep and rough as a great many of the Southwest Virginia mountains. Mrs. Jamison prepared them a splendid lunch, to which they did full justice after their long tramp on the mountain.

Young Beryl Rubenstein, the seven-year-old musician, gave a musical in the auditorium. The house was crowded and everyone enjoyed hearing the little fellow play.

Mr. Cox's new home just across the street is about completed.

One of the greatest improvements about school is the new walk from the front door to the street.

High Street has been paved in front of school.

Mr. Jarman very wisely "changed his mind" and decided to give two weeks holiday at Christmas.

Maggie Ewing's sister paid her a short visit during Thanksgiving.

Miss Lancaster and Annie spent several days at home where they attended their brother's marriage.

Marrietta King went to the marriage of her brother in Norfolk.

Berthia Braithwaite spent a few days in Farmville, visiting her old friends here. Everyone was delighted to see "Bugs" once more. It brought up memories of old times.

Mrs. Brooks gave the girls a beautiful Christmas entertainment. Several Christmas songs were sung and Miss Andrews read the story of the wise men. After this we had the tree, and remarkable and unusual were the presents there (on.)

The kindergarten children also had a tree. It was beautifully decorated and each child received about half a dozen presents.

Mrs. Cheney gave an interesting musicale in the auditorium, January 11.

Only a few girls stayed here Christmas but they all report a gay time. They danced every night, and one night a masquerade party was given. The boys and girls were all dressed in the most picturesque costumes.

The debate between the Argus and Cunningham societies was decided in favor of the affirmative, the Cunninghams winning. The question was, "Resolved, that the governments of the United States and Canada should do all that is in their power to prevent the destruction of Niagara Falls for industrial purposes."

Exchanges.

We would commend the *Hollins Quarterly* for its splendid literary department. A better managed grouping, a greater variety of good material, could scarcely be found in our college magazines.

In "The Present Need of Past Ideals," the writer strikes directly at the heart of things and kindles in our hearts, as we read, a new, warm glow of real feeling.

The plots of all the stories are well handled and admirably carried out.

We wish to congratulate the editors on the appearance of the magazine, both within and without.

We are glad to see the marked improvement in the *Emory and Henry Era*.

The debate, "Resolved, That Cuba should be annexed to the United States," is ably argued on both sides, especially well indeed on the affirmative.

The pointed paragraphs concerning Bryan deserve mention for the directness of the writer's aim and the terse handling of the events.

The poems are unusually good. In passing, we would praise the entire literary department for the interesting variety of the selections.

The Palmetto is always welcomed. Especially do we admire and applaud the undaunted spirit and courage of its exchange editor. Her criticisms are not only the most helpful but the raciest, wittiest and

most conclusive we have yet read. Her department is thoroughly interesting. We wish her all success.

The literary department deserves special mention for its lightness and humor. More good substantial material, we think, would improve the magazine a great deal. The unvarying monotony of short stories palls on one.

The local column is well handled and is always interesting to read. We like to know how other girls enjoy themselves.

Just a word about the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. The story column is certainly suffering. "A Lass of the Mountain" distresses us with its rapid succession of bad grammar and bloodshed.

"Henry Timrod," by the same author, is good reading, and will be enjoyed by all loyal Southern hearts.

We turn to "A Kodak Morning," and sigh in utter weariness at the worn out succession of events and the sentimental wave throughout.

The *Messenger* shows a marked improvement in both prose and poetry.

"The Battle Royal" is interesting and profitable reading. "The Old House" calls to mind delightful pictures and old memories.

In closing, we would speak a word in praise of the alumnae spirit as shown in the *St. Mary's Muse*. Would that the alumnae of all our colleges would be so interested in their alma mater's efforts.

Received: *The High School Student*, *The War-whoop*, *The Kalozitic Chimes*, *The Monthly Chronicle*.

THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS.

In the isles of the west in the sunset glow,
Where the lonesome breezes sigh and blow,
In the Land of Yesterday,
Are the missing ships with broken spars
That moan and groan beneath the stars,
As they toss, and bend, and sway.
There are Viking ships with gleaming prows,
And resting shields on their mouldy bows,
And idle, creaking oars;
There are high built galleons, dark and grim,
Where in treasure chambers deep and dim
Lies gold from many shores.
There are wasted schooners old and frail,
With rattling rope and shadow sail,
And tiller swimming free;
For no sailor sings in that drowsy light,
No lamp from a cabin glows in the night,
Of that far off silent sea.
And the night winds drive each phantom shark
Down the long green troughs of the water dark,
And each dragging anchor slips,
Till they pass beyond the sunset's haze
To a land where there are only yesterdays,
To the port of missing ships.

—*Hollins Quarterly.*

REFLECTIONS.

Prone to melancholy musing,
While life's pages past perusing,
And the men we are excusing
For the men we might have been.

Oft' despite our tender ages
 And the joy life still presages,
 Would we backward turn the pages
 But to start a guiltless record,
 Once again.

Oft', amid these pall excuses
 Life affords for past abuses
 Offered in unmanly uses
 Of our characters as men,
 Would we fain desert our station
 In the world's wild estimation
 And, in bitter condemnation
 Of ourselves, begin again,
 Fain reject the old formation
 Of ourselves and try it over
 Once again.

Still, despite their eager yearning,
 We repeat the past, discerning
 In the present no returning
 To the things that once have been,
 Till, at last, the dire, impending,
 Sad, inevitable ending
 Renders each sincere rescinding
 Of our actions truly vain,
 And the lives we would be mending
 Are but fragarents, never to form a whole
 Again. —*Emory and Henry Era.*



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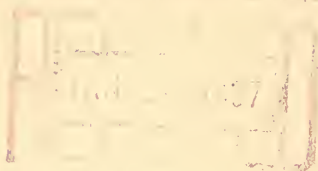
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