

6-1908

# The Guidon, Volume IV, Number 4, May - June 1908

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Teachers College  
Farmville, Virginia

# *THE GUIDON*


*May - June,  
1908*



*State Female Normal School  
Farmville, Va.*







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# The Guidon

May-June 1908

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



State Female Normal School

Farmville, Virginia



# 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. 4

MAY-JUNE '08

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NO. 4

## Curkoo Song.

---

Summer is icumen in.  
Shude sing cuccu,  
Groweth sed  
And bloweth med  
And springeth the wnde un.  
Sing cuccu !

Awe blēteth after lomb,  
Shouth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth,  
Bucke verteth,  
Murie sing cuccu,  
Cuccu, cuccu.

Wel singes thee cuccu,  
We swike thee naver nu.

Burden.  
Sing cuccu, un, sing cuccu,  
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu nu !

English: Thirteenth Century.

## Historical Associations with the Names of Amelia and Prince Edward Counties.

---

**A**NY ASSOCIATIONS which will arouse a personal interest in the names of the counties of Virginia are to be welcomed by the teacher.

The Virginians before the Revolution were loyal subjects of the King of Great Britain and Ireland and frequently testified to this loyalty by naming counties after members of his family.

In 1732 a new county was laid out called Amelia from the good-looking, dashing Princess Amelia, daughter of George II. A daring horsewoman, an intrepid follower of the fox-hunt, the Virginia gentlemen felt a proud and active interest in her.

The tragedy of her life comes in her love affair with Frederick of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Great. The two were cousins and their mothers earnestly strove for the match, but King Frederick William of Prussia, jealous of Hanover, the German possession of the King of England, utterly forbade the union.

Goaded by insults heaped upon him by his father, the young Prince Frederick planned an escape to England. He was arrested, his secret having been betrayed. Tried for desertion from the army, in which he was an officer, he was sentenced to death and only the most strenuous efforts saved him. Imprisoned and threatened, his determination gave way, he promised to forget his Cousin Amelia and to

marry the rather inane wife provided for him by his father.

A life-long estrangement prevailed between Frederick and his Queen, after the death of his father, while Princess Amelia, refusing to consider any offers of marriage, lived to an eccentric but good-hearted old age.

When she died at the age of 76, a miniature of Frederick was found upon her bosom, where unknown to all, it had rested for almost 60 years.

Prince Edward County, established in 1753, perpetuates the memory of Pince Edward, Duke of York and Albany, next younger brother to the Prince who was afterwards George III.

Brought up in seclusion and miserably ill-trained by his widowed mother, the Princess of Wales, he had at least bodily activity and a versatile mind, two qualities denied to his stupid and ignorant elder brother.

Sent to sea, he took his share of the hard knocks which even young princes get in the British navy. Twice he landed under fire of the French batteries taking the forts at the head of his men. It is curious to note the fatality which seems to go with the ducal title of York. Reserved for the second son of the King, the title steadily dies out or returns to the Crown, as in the case of the present Prince of Wales.

Liked by all, good-humored, good-looking, brave and not too bright, he seemed to have a pleasant life before him.

In 1767, however, in his 28th year he was taken with a chill while on a visit to Italy and in a few days was dead. His last words to his weeping servant were: "Well, Murray, you will lose a kind master." His body lies in Westminster Abbey. No great or tragic memories are associated with the name, Prince Edward, but merely a tinge of regret that a kindly young life should have been untimely ended.

### The Peregrinations of Polly.

---

"I'LL never learn it," Polly announced in a tone of finality.

"I agree with you there, Poll," her roommate rejoined, "unless you decide to keep still for more than five seconds at a time."

Polly subsided, and again bent over her book, apparently intent on the lesson. Silence reigned for several minutes. Polly was evidently thinking deeply.

But suddenly the calm was broken, she jumped up, tossing her book half across the room.

"I can't stand it another minute! I must have one, and I'll have it now. And without more ado she flung out of the room. Her three roommates looked at one another in blank surprise for a moment, and then, simultaneously, burst out laughing.

"If that isn't just like Polly!" they cried; and they settled down to await developments.

Day in and day out, for the past two weeks, poor Polly, with an inborn preference for raw turnips, had firmly resisted the call of the forbidden turnip patch, which lay there smiling so temptingly at her in the sun. Lately she had begun to wonder, in an impersonal sort of way, just how much longer she could withstand its enticing appeal. It really wasn't in the power of human nature to endure so much. Dreaming of that delightful patch, she felt she could bear it no longer, she meditated—and was lost!

And now, having cautiously traversed the corridors, she finally reached the outer door, and stepped out into the night. Carefully she made her way

along the building, keeping in the shadow of its walls, and, rounding the corner, came in sight of the patch. There it was, as seductive as ever, in the light of the summer moon. She sped across the yard, over the fence, and, at last, the longed-for goal was reached!

Hastily she filled her skirt with turnips of all sizes, and started back. Hush, what was that noise in the bushes to the right? There it was again! Goodness, how hard it was to run with such a load! Should she ever get over that fence! "R-r-r-ip!" Polly's heart sank within her. Her new skirt! What should she do!

A moment later the girls heard swift steps in the hall, the door was burst open, and in rolled Polly and the turnips.

"Oh," she gasped, "Oh—I heard something and I tore my dress—and I hope I'll never see another turnip again!" With which last reckless statement, she dropped upon the bed, and burst into tears.

"There, there, Polly, don't cry."

"My nice dress," Polly wailed. "I promised mama I'd be careful, and stop tearing my clothes—she says it isn't lady like. And the very first time I wore it, too. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Never mind, Poll, I'll tell you what we'll do—you write my composition while I mend your dress. Come, I'll do it right now."

"Oh, will you, you dear thing! You are the kindest ever!" And Polly dried her tears and set to work.

This was the beginning. Thereafter, Polly might tear her clothes as often as she liked, there were always plenty of willing hands ready to help her. One after another she dashed off the papers, and in return for the priceless boon the girls were prepared

to sew their fingers to the bone. Polly gaily communicated to Nan the delightful turn of affairs. "And I never have to touch that abominable thing—a needle and thread!" she exulted.

"But, Polly, what would the Doctor say if he knew?"

"Oh, he does n't care just so he gets them, all the girls say that."

However, when Polly started back to her room, some minutes after, her childish brow was puckered with a thoughtful little frown. Ruth was there waiting for her, and greeted her with the request she had been dreading.

"I can't, Ruth, I'm sorry, sorry, sorry, but we oughtn't to do it, you know. It isn't fair—Nan."

Ruth, however, waited to hear no more, but rushed away to find her friends. "It is all Nan's fault, I know it is. Polly thinks she's simply perfect. I knew she would think it was awful as soon as she heard; but everyone was doing it, and— She had no business interfering, any way. Let's just go and tell her so."

Polly, sauntering towards her friend's room a while later, saw the crowd of girls coming out, and, entering, found Nan bathed in tears.

"Why, Nan, what is the matter? What have they said to you? How dared they make you cry!" Polly, in righteous indignation, poured forth a stream of reproach against those who had injured her chosen friend, ending with the noble resolve to pay them back.

Several days after this, the new magazines, the delight of Polly and her friends, arrived from home. But what change has come over Polly, that she does not, as usual, put them out on the table for all to enjoy? Instead, day after day, she goes to the orchard,

and climbing into her favorite tree, reads assiduously. Story after story she reads, stories of love, stories of hate, stories of war! Having thoroughly exhausted their contents, she puts the magazines in the bottom of her trunk, and turns the key. Is this the generous Polly? Can she be growing selfish? Or is it to spite the girls? Surely not the last, she seems to be friends with them again; they came to her not long since, pleading with her to write their papers, and she promised to help once more.

"Just this once, Polly," they had urged. "It is love stories this time, and they are the worst kind, you know. We simply can not write them. Do help us, there's a dear," and Polly had agreed.

At the appointed time, a crowd of attentive girls were gathered about Polly's chair, listening to the flow of eloquence that fell from her lips. For, "I can't write so many," Polly had said, "I'll just tell them to you." And story after story she told, stories of love, stories of hate, stories of war.

In a day or two all were written and handed in. Incidentally, Polly placed the magazines on the table, and went down to the orchard. The girls, strolling into the room, saw the pile.

"Oh, girls, the magazines have come!" and several settled down with satisfaction for an enjoyable afternoon.

The tales seemed strangely familiar, however; Ruth presently looked up with a bewildered air.

"Why, Alice, this is just like what Polly told you."

All hastily consulted, and soon the fearful truth dawned on them. "Oh, what shall we do?" they cried in dismay. "We are done for now. The Doctor reads every magazine that ever was printed. Oh, it is dreadful! Come, let's go find Polly.



We'll make her sorry for this.''

But by the time they found her, all in a heap at the foot of her favorite tree, they were too afraid to be angry. Their one thought was, what was best to be done?

Polly raised a tear-stained face, and came towards them. "Oh, dear, I wish now I hadn't done it—but you had treated Nan so—I was terribly angry—"

"I always said you were a little Indian, anyway. But, it is done now, and as long as you got us into it, just tell us how to get out. I am frightened to death! What will become of us?"

"Really, girls, the Doctor is not as bad as he looks, indeed he isn't. I believe if you would go straight to him—"

"Yes, Polly, you are right. And we had just as well go now, and get it over with."

A mournful file, they started with reluctant steps toward the Doctor's office. Half an hour later, they came out again, a sadder but a wiser group of girls.

"And to think, Polly," they said, wonderingly, "he knew it all along."

## Some Day.

---

If we could feel, as well as say the words  
"Thy will be done," there'd be no minor chords  
Of doubting or of sadness in our life;  
We'd rise above all sorrow, pain and strife.

We'd be content to hold our feeble hands,  
And rest the feebler brain that understands  
So little, even while it seeks to change  
The plan of life that seems so passing strange.

Some day, it may fall true that you and I  
Shall wake to find the shadows slipping by,  
Not hurriedly, but like the fading night,  
To leave life's inner meaning clear and bright.

And so the morn will dawn for you and me,  
And we shall go forth freely, happily,  
Through shadow and through sunshine, feeling  
still,  
That all is well, because "It is His will."

BESSIE E. SAMPSON.

### Changing Pictures.

---

“**I** WAS a lover and his lass  
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino.”

Nancy, with a low, mocking bow, rang out the rhyme to the group of impatient picnickers as she passed the door on her way upstairs to brush up her curls for the last time and finish up before starting with the others on the camping excursion. It was always Nancy's lot to be the last to get ready for anything for there were always things to do which only Nancy could do. When she was late, however, Jimmy never seemed to remember that she was tying his shoe-string when she could have been brushing her hair, and nobody seemed to notice that Mary's smooth locks proclaimed plainly that some other hand than her own inexperienced one had fixed them.

Only Dicky remembered—Dickie who was old enough to tie his own shoe and brush his own locks. In a gay voice with many gesticulations he assured the company that

“When a cheek is near where the roses blow  
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
He cares not how long he's kept waiting below  
In the Springtime.”

“Why, Dickie,” came Nancy's voice from above, “You're a real poet. Shakespeare might have written those very lines—if he had n't known something better to write,” she added, peeping her face through the window with a grimace.

Her appearance had an immediate effect on the group below. Voices were raised in command and entreaty.

“Come on, Nancy.”

“Hurry, Nancy, those woods are so far.”

“Come down ere I pull you down by the hair,” stormed Dicky Bluebeard in behalf of the others.

Nancy clasped her hands tragically. “Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you not see some one coming,” they heard her gay voice, first fainter, then clearer as she ran lightly down the steps.

“Now, girls, come on, let’s be off! Dicky Armstrong, I’ve always heard poets were accommodating.” Here she slipped her basket of “rubbish” lightly from her arm to his, which showed an amazing willingness to relieve her of the burden.

Nancy’s gay spirits infused new life into the picnic party, and soon they were dancing gaily along the road leading to the “Camp of Delight and nothing else,” as it was called in Dickie’s vocabulary. Not a very fair definition, for truly this was a lovely spot at which the party finally halted.

For these jolly tenants who paid no rent whatever it was ideally furnished. A carpet of the softest green with flower patterns of varied hues but blending in perfect harmony! The green of the lower walls shaded off admirably into a heavenly blue for the ceiling. All around the room were rustic seats, which that experienced workman, Nature, had fashioned. Only one thing had the tenants been compelled to furnish, and that was a stove. For the sun, though very accommodating about roasting unprotected heads and arms, positively refused to roast chicken—even the heads and arms, which all will acknowledge are not the most select parts of the chicken.

Jimmy had declared all along that Nancy's box contained nothing but "rubbish," but it was astonishing how anxious he was to get into that box of rubbish,

"Little boys shouldn't have so much curiosity," admonished Dick as he politely lifted Jimmy from his standing place immediately over the box. "Run and gather sticks for the fire, my boy."

"Don't want to gather sticks," protested Jimmy indignantly, dragging the snowy napkin from the basket with him, and disclosing a very storehouse of good things!—chickens, which mama, hesitating to put her trust in a "picnic stove," had fried to the nicest, brownest shade; juicy slices of ham between layers of white bread; pickles, crackers, and eggs, the one article which mama had allowed them to bring uncooked to experiment on.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" shouted Nan, as she brandished an enormous spoon over the kettle of water now boiling and bubbling merrily.

"Hard boiled?"

"Scrambled!" (this from Jimmy who, boylike, wanted everything scrambled).

"In the shell, if you please," called Dicky as he deftly caught an egg, about to suffer from an especially wild flourish of Nan's cooking spoon.

With Dick's assistance, and much scrambling and excitement, the dinner was finally cooked, and the eggs delivered to each "picnicker," each as he or she had ordered—all except the soft-boiled, which Nancy vehemently declared had hardened since they were taken off the stove.

Seated around the covered rock which was to serve as table they laughed and jested and ate. It was marvelous to see the manner in which those dainties, mama had prepared, disappeared. Strange

to say, however, the eggs were hardly touched. Dick bravely choked his down and was rewarded by one of Nancy's beaming smiles. Nancy felt an uncomfortable little feeling that she had failed, in spite of her laughing remarks to the contrary. She was disappointed and, womanlike, wished to lay her grievance on broader shoulders. Unreasonably enough she wished to vent her displeasure on only one person—Dick. And she knew how best to do this.

After the meal, the girls generally separated and all entertained themselves for the hot part of the evening as they wished. Nancy was a born "book-worm" and the girls had always known how she occupied herself during the long evenings which she spent in a spot further up the river. They made it a point never to disturb her there and rarely ever dared ask her to remain with them.

Since Dick's return from college she had somehow gotten into the habit of leaving off those solitary trips up the river. Dick, with that off-hand, half-proprietary air, had led her off—sometimes to show a certain strange species of bird, or a tiny swinger's nest, with its dainty workmanship, which he had discovered in his wanderings. She had hardly questioned herself about her sudden falling off of interest in her reading. She hadn't had time. Dick completely monopolized her. As these thoughts came to her a sudden flush came to her cheek. She glanced at Dick, who was in the act of holding an apple tantalizingly just out of Jimmy's reach. Ah that mocking smile on his face! How familiar it was! What right had he to monopolize her time anyway; she would show him.

"Well, girls," she said, rising hurriedly, "I think you are awfully rude not to eat the eggs I cooked for you, and I just won't stay here any

longer, but go into more polite society.'"

With this she slipped from the rock, and, jumping into the boat which was tied near, pulled with her lithe, strong arms, away from the shore—up the stream. She did not look back as she sprang into the boat and refused to see the longing eyes which followed her.

Dick was surprised and hurt. He had fully expected to spend a long, delightful evening with Nancy. He had planned to show her a beautiful little spot farther up the river that seemed all the prettier when reached on account of the difficulties in reaching it. His strong body had thrilled at the idea of having her so near him; of guiding and helping her over the rough road. He would so have enjoyed being her protector even for this little while. But Nancy had spoiled it all. He knew what she went up the river for; he had recognized the volume which she snatched from the basket as she ran. He remembered that on nearly all of his previous visits home, Nancy had spent the afternoon alone with her books. She wished for an evening now alone. Very well, she should have it! He knew her desire and, as gentlemen do, respected it; she knew his desire and, as ladies do, disregarded it.

Eagerly she rowed up the stream to her "study" as she called it. Her strokes were short and vigorous. She seemed to be trying to drive something from her mind. Ah, there was something there which she wished to drive away! It was the memory of Dick's eyes, haunting, reproachful. These eyes of Dick's had troubled Nancy much of late. Often she caught them gazing at her with something strange in their depths—something that made her thrill and flush beneath his gaze. Was it possible that she was falling in love? She, Nancy, the college graduate



to be! She who was noted for her indifference to the opposite sex, who was devoted to her books and studies. She recalled the time when as first honor girl, she had spoken at the preparatory school; the thrills of pride which she experienced at the cheers of her schoolmates, and how, at that time she had vowed to give up her whole time to study. Before her mind's eye flitted many pictures which ambition had painted for her, college halls, girls in caps and gowns, and she herself the centre of a group of white-robed girls! The picture stood plainly before her, and there was no strong manly figure in the background—and Dick was forgotten.

"The study" was evidently an upstairs room, for on reaching a certain spot where a large tree overhung the water, she pushed in the boat under a stout overhanging limb, and, tying it, vaulted lightly up. Away out over the water was a delightful little crotch that made the grandest armchair imaginable.

Here, with a tiny book clasped tightly neath her arm, she clambered and here she sat forgetful of time until she finished the volume. When she reached the end she closed the book with a luxurious sigh, lay back in the crotch, and fell asleep.

In the meanwhile, a rather threatening black cloud had been gathering, and was making its way right over the face of the sun. The woods were becoming dark. All the wood-folk, little and big, were indignant. The little ones rustled an angry protest, and begged the wind as it hurried by them to drive the cloud away. The tall pine trees sighed discontentedly, and the other trees rocked about and murmured their dissatisfaction.

Nancy was awakened by the rocking of her "armchair" and noted with surprised dismay the threatening aspect of the sky. She picked up her



book and was about to spring down into the boat, when a cry of dismay escaped her. Far down the stream, bobbing up and down on the water, "The Bouncing Betsy" was justifying her name. Nancy's loop had not been tight enough and now she was a prisoner!

Every minute the sky was becoming darker and the wind was lashing the trees into a very fury. Up and down swayed the limb on which she clung and all her efforts to clamber back to the main trunk were in vain, on account of the tangled mat of bushes and limbs which obstructed it. Her strength would hardly suffice to push away these barriers had there been no other consideration. It was utterly impossible in this raging wind.

With a despairing face she clung to her one refuge. The wind became stronger, and every moment she expected to be tossed into the water beneath her. And now a new danger presented itself. A dull, heavy rumble announced the approach of a thunderstorm.

This was a more appalling danger than the other; and Nancy realized it. To be in the woods where trees might be struck by lightning is dangerous, but to be seated up in a tree over the river while the lightning plays around you is the height of peril. Nancy was wildly frightened. She clung trembling to the swaying limb while she wished with all her wild little heart for—Dick. She knew now what she wanted. Dick's strong arms to tear away the tangle which separated her from the firm earth.

The last peal of thunder had been followed by heavy drops of rain and now the rain was coming down in torrents. Vivid streaks of lightning and peals of thunder followed each other in awful rapidity. A heavy limb from a tree nearby fell with a crash into the river, and Nancy's frightened scream almost

drowned a slight sound which followed—the sound of breaking underbrush. Then came a voice calling, calling with a note of wild anxiety: “Nancy! Nancy!”

Dick Armstrong never heard that joyous, loving, “Dick!” which was faintly uttered, for just as he dashed out under the tree which had been Nancy’s refuge, there came such a vivid flash that it blinded him and he staggered, while a terrific crash rent the air.

Stunned, bewildered, Dick hardly saw, as something dropped from the tree above. But the sharp cry which Nancy gave as she struck the cold water was the tonic needed to bring him to his senses. Quivering in every limb, not knowing what had happened, almost distracted with fear, he did that which instinct told him to do. Springing into the water he set out with swift, sure strokes to the spot where the girl had disappeared. With action he became calmer and reason returned. His desperate eagerness, however, now that he knew, was likely to cause his failure. He realized this and forced himself to calmness as best he could.

Half an hour later this spot on the banks of the river, which had come so near to witnessing a tragedy, was as calm and peaceful as any in the wood. The storm had blown over. The flowers, refreshed by the rain, were nodding brightly. All Nature seemed to be revived and refreshed. But on the old tree, overhanging the river, a long white jagged mark showed where a streak of lightning had gone in search of its heart. Caught between the seared tree and its broken bark was a tiny book, a copy of “As You Like It.”

And at the camp farther down the river, a weakened, more dependent Nancy lay on an improvised couch and watched the others, working around her,

solicitous for her comfort. Among them was Dick, anxious, loving, helpful; and whenever Nancy caught a glimpse of his sunny hair, bright, laughing eyes, and manly figure she felt strange and unaccountable thrills of happiness. She felt that her eyes must be answering that unspoken appeal which his blue eyes were making. Ah, those pictures of the morning! One by one they had faded away under the obliterating touch of a master passion. The gentle hand which now guided her brush, showed other pictures, not so many perhaps, or so difficult, but infinitely sweet.

## Richard Sheridan.

---

**R**ICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born in Dublin, Sept. 1751. He was of Anglo-Irish descent and had the good humor, high spirits, brilliant wit and recklessness characteristic of men of this type. His grandfather, Dr. Thomas Sheridan, a schoolmaster and clergyman in Dublin in the beginning of the eighteenth century, was an intimate friend and associate of Dean Swift and belonged to the great Dean's society. Through Swift's influence he obtained the position of chaplain in one of the leading churches and stood the chance of being promoted at almost any time. This was a good beginning for a young clergyman, but by an unlucky mistake his chance was lost forever. One bright Sunday morning the new chaplain had the unlooked-for honor of preaching to the Lord Lieutenant himself. Not being prepared he was rather confused and preached the first sermon he could get his hand on. The text was, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This was in the early days of the Hanoverian succession and Ireland had just been torn by the last struggle for the Stuarts. The congregation, as a consequence, was divided in political opinions, and gave to the sermon a political construction. Sufficient unto the day *was* the evil thereof for the new chaplain. He lost his position and with it all hopes of promotion; access to the court was even forbidden him. This disappointment, however, did not break his spirit, he remained a light-hearted, easy-minded clerical humorist to his death.

Dr. Sheridan's son, and Richard's father, Thomas Sheridan, was an altogether different man: he was designed to be a schoolmaster but instead became an actor of some importance. He was even more successful as a teacher of elocution than as an actor, and his dearest project was to establish a school for the study of elocution after a method of his own. He never succeeded in doing this. The lady he married attained great success in the light literature of the time. She was the author of a novel, "Sydney Biddulph," and of several plays.

When Richard was about twelve years old, his parents moved to London where he and his brother Charles were put under the charge of a schoolmaster, Whyte. They were sent to him with this recommendation from their mother: "They will be your tutors in the excellent quality of patience. I have hitherto been their only instructor and they have sufficiently exercised *mine*, for two such impenetrable dunces I never met with."

The family did not long stay in London; the father and mother went to France, where the mother survived only a short while. The boys were left at Harrow to go to school. The family returned from France and settled at Bath when Richard was in his seventeenth year. Here his first literary attempts were made; Richard and a boy, Nathaniel Halhed by name, formed a kind of partnership and started a farce called "Jupiter." It was never finished, but several other attempts of the same kind were made. Finally these young men succeeded in getting published a volume of translations from a dubious Latin author, but this also amounted to nothing.

About this time young Sheridan met Elizabeth Linley, his future bride. The Linleys were musicians of no little worth. They conducted all the concerts in

the place and Elizabeth herself was the prima donna. She was a lovely girl of sixteen with a voice as beautiful as her face: of course all the young men of the place were at her feet. With so much attention and flattery, it is not surprising that she was led astray and became entangled in a clandestine correspondence with a married man, a certain captain Matthews, a friend of her father's. She was just beginning to have trouble with him when she met the young and handsome Mr. Sheridan. What was more natural than for her to confide in him? He was handsome, fascinating, and, better still, she liked him. Captain Matthews carried his persecutions to such an extent that the young couple decided that the only way to be rid of him was to run away, get married, keep it a secret and she enter a convent. So Sheridan engaged a chaperon, they fled to France and went through the form of being married. Their disappearance caused a great disturbance at home, and the father started at once to recover his daughter. He found her at the home of an English doctor where she had been taken from the convent when sick. Both the young people returned home with him telling about everything but the secret marriage. About a year after, they were publicly married with all that was needed to make the union dignified and respectable. But in the meantime Matthews had openly insulted Sheridan, who challenged him to fight a duel. In this Sheridan succeeded in relieving his adversary of his sword and in making him apologize. Though the events of the duel were kept as quiet as possible, they finally leaked out, and Matthews, stung by shame, challenged Sheridan for another duel. Sheridan was wounded and it was some time before he recovered.

After they were at last married and happy the



question came up of how to make a living. Sheridan flatly refused to let his wife continue her profession even though he had none. While at Waltham regaining his health just before his marriage, he had begun his work as a dramatist. The most noticeable of these first plays is about a band of robbers who call themselves Devils. It is a work of fantastic description with effects of the most violent nature. After his marriage, he seemed to have discontinued this work for a time. For three years they lived—nobody knows how—but at the end of this time there were better prospects for the young couple. Sheridan writes his father-in-law that he is about to publish a book; this is the first and last time it is ever heard of. In this same letter he adds, "There will be a comedy of mine in rehearsal at Covent Garden within a few days." This was "The Rivals," which was performed at Covent Garden January 17, 1775. The first performance was a failure and the hopes of the young dramatist must have been considerably dampened. By the substitution of one actor for another, however, "The Rivals" was made a complete and continued success. This comedy is brilliant, witty, humorous, and highly entertaining. It is more theatrical than dramatic. Sheridan aimed at strong situations and highly effective scenes rather than a plot or a passion to be worked out. There never was a comedy more dear to actors or more popular on the stage. In this same year, in gratitude to the Irish actor who had saved "The Rival," he wrote the farce known as "St. Patrick's Day" or "The Scheming Lieutenant." This was followed by the opera of the Duenna, which was hailed with joy and enthusiasm and was acted no less than seventy-five times during the season.

At the close of this most eventful year Sheridan, in partnership with two other men, bought the Drury Lane Theater. He afterward bought these men out and this theater was his principal means of support throughout his life. About a year after becoming owner of the theater Sheridan produced "The School for Scandal" and it was first acted there. Although it was written piece-meal and by snatches it was his masterpiece. In this the gossiping circles and scandal mongers are brought in first to aid a scheming woman to separate a pair of lovers, then they are designed to cause trouble between a married couple, an old husband and a young wife. These two plots are very skilfully interwoven. This play was received with the greatest excitement and applause. Garrick, the old actor, attended the rehearsals and was never known to take so much interest in a play before. In the same year that this masterpiece came out Sheridan produced the last of his dramatic compositions, "The Critic." This of all his work has least claim to originality, though it is by no means a copy. This story is told in connection with "The Critic": The date of its first appearance was October thirtieth, but when the twenty-seventh arrived the work was still incomplete. The actors were in despair and as a last straw resorted to stratagem. A night rehearsal of "The Critic" was ordered, and Sheridan was prevailed upon to attend. Upon his entrance one of the actors asked him to step into the green room as he had something to communicate. Sheridan went and found a table with writing materials, two bottles of claret and a dish of sandwiches. The door was locked and he was coolly informed that there he had to stay until he wrote the closing scene of the play. Sheridan took this decided measure in good part, ate his sandwiches, drank his claret and wrote the scene.



When Sheridan and his beautiful wife established themselves in London they made their house a kind of social center and gathered about them the most desirable acquaintances. He made friends with two of the most influential men of the times, Fox and Burke, and Dr. Johnson is said to have proposed him as a member of the Literary Club. His tastes now seemed to have changed and turned towards politics and public life. He entered Parliament in 1780, and it was always his pride that he was elected by the town of Stafford. His entrance into public life was during the American war, and the political issues were exceptionally keen and bitter. He threw in his fortunes with the party of which Burke was the leader. By gradual steps he climbed from one office to another until he finally held the office of Secretary of the Treasury. During this time Sheridan had made himself famous as a speaker. It was not until the impeachment of Warren Hastings, however, that he rose to the fullness of his power and eloquence. We all know how Warren Hastings, having added wealth, and done much toward adding the empire of India to his country, was suddenly confronted with the indignation of all that was best in England. He was placed at the bar to account for what he had done, for the treasures he had stolen, and the oppressions with which he had crushed the native states and rulers. One of the worst charges brought against Hastings was his conduct to the princesses of Onde, whom he imprisoned and ill-used to extort their treasures. This subject was given to Sheridan to set forth before the House. For five hours and a half he held the interest and admiration of the people, and when he sat down the House did what it had never done before, applauded by clapping the hands. Burke has said of this speech that it is the

most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united of which there is any record or tradition. Mr. Fox said, "All that I have ever heard, all that I have ever read, when compared with it dwindle into nothing and vanish like vapor before the sun." It was like fiery intoxication which no one could resist. An amusing incident of the influence it exercised is shown by the following: A Mr. Logan came to the House that day prepossessed for the accused and against the accuser. At the end of the first hour, he turned to a friend and said, "All this is merely declamatory statement without proof;" at the end of the second, "This is a most wonderful oration;" after the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted most unjustifiably;" the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal," and at last, "Of all monsters of iniquity, Warren Hastings is the most enormous." This was the highest point in Sheridan's career. He was engaged in the greatest work to which civilized man can turn his best faculties—the government of his country. When wrong was to be chastised and right established, he was one of the foremost in the work; his party did nothing without him. From this time on, however, his fame and glory are on the wane.

He lost his wife in 1792, and a few months after this the younger of his two children, a lovely girl baby. This was a great shock from which he never recovered. After his wife's death Sheridan's path was steadily downward; he had never had any self-control, but his recklessness and improvidence had been held somewhat in check by the sweet influence of his wife. Now that this check was removed he ran deeper into debt, and turned to drink to drown his troubles. He was piqued into marrying a young and frivolous girl, but this second marriage was never a happy one. By degrees his friends dropped him,

he lost office after office until, after thirty years of service, he lost his seat in Parliament. In the meantime he had been presented to the young Prince of Wales when that illustrious personage was little more than a boy, and had gradually grown to be his devoted adviser and defender and shared with him his amusements and pleasures. Along with the loss of his power in Parliament, the Prince cast him off, and the Drury Lane Theater, his only remaining means of support, was burned and he was left with nothing. He was now in the deepest poverty and misery, and when he was on his death bed the house was surrounded by debtors that were kept from his room by only a few faithful servants. After his death, his body had to be taken in the dead of night to the house of a friend, to keep it from being seized. No sooner, however, was his body covered by the funeral pall than those friends who had turned from him when living flocked back. Two royal highnesses, half the dukes, earls and barons of the peerage followed him in the guise of mourning to Westminster Abbey, where, among the greatest names of English literature, this spendthrift of genius was laid to rest. He became again, in his coffin, the man whom his party delighted to honor, the man whose name will ever live in the annals of literature.

M. H.

### The Last Days of Tusitala.

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FOR nearly three years before he settled at Vailima Stevenson was cruising among the islands in the Pacific. He had intended building a winter home at Madeira, but on visiting Samoa he decided to build there instead. The fact which influenced his decision most was that he could be in more direct communication with his printer and his publisher at Samoa than at any of the islands. The name Samoa is applied to a group of islands of which Upolu is the largest, and it was upon this island that Stevenson made his home.

The house was built on a tongue of land between two streams, one of which crossed the estate. It was from this stream and its four chief tributaries that Stevenson gave to the place its Samoan name of Vailima, or Five Waters. From the brink of the stream rose the Vaea Mountain, steep, forest-covered, forming a background for the house. When finished the house consisted of two blocks of the same size which were connected by a passage-way. The whole structure was of wood painted dark green on the outside, with a red iron roof. In front of the house was a smooth lawn which was used for tennis and croquet, and which was bounded on two sides by hedges of the Samoans' favorite flower, the hibiscus. Back of the house were numerous out-buildings among which were a native house for the cook and the cottage in which Stevenson had first lived on coming to Samoa. The mansion itself, as Balfour calls it, was somewhat roomy as it had need to be on account of the many

visitors. Stevenson's room was a part of the upper porch which he had had boarded up and simply furnished. But the best room of all was the great hall which occupied the entire ground-floor of the newest one of the "blocks." This room, which was about sixty feet long and forty feet wide, was lined and ceiled with redwood from California which had been varnished to keep off the insects. Here were placed Stevenson's treasures, his statues and portraits of his family, and it was here that he liked best to sit with his household.

At first there was great trouble with servants. After many white ones had been tried and sent away, and after Mr. Osbourne and Mrs. Strong themselves had done the work for a while, a Samoan lad with a hibiscus flower behind his ear was found one day sitting by the cook-house waiting for some money which the overseer owed him. Mr. Osbourne immediately seized on him and taught him to cook. This "boy," as the Samoans call all their servants, got several of his friends to come to do the other work of the household, so at last there was peace and order.

Stevenson tried to make of his household a clan of which he should be the chief. He adopted a tartan for the Vailima kilt which was to be worn on special occasions. He tried to make his servants feel that they were a part of the family and that as such they should all have a common pride and interest in it. Here he showed the effect of his Scotch ancestry. He was always delighted when any of the natives came to him for help or advice, and nearly all of them had great faith in Tusitala, as they called him. This name, which means "The Writer of Tales," was given him by the Rev. J. E. Newell when he visited the London Mission at Malua. Stevenson was much interested in the work of the different

missions around him and, for a while he even had a class of Samoan boys on Sunday afternoons.

Stevenson was very fond of manual labor, particularly when he could have company in it; and even with the number of servants he had, it was sometimes necessary for him to leave his study and take his part in the work. Especially when planning for one of the entertainments which he loved to give, was it necessary for even Tusitala to be pressed into service. He always gave a great banquet in native fashion on his birthday, besides numerous other festivities.

Vailima was always open to visitors of all kinds, any of the white residents who chose to come, travelers, officers and men from the warships, and queer natives from far off corners of the islands, all were made welcome. On the other hand, the Stevensons were often entertained by people in Apia, besides invited to the public balls where everyone was on the friendliest footing, for the time being, with even his worst enemy. At these balls was to be seen a strange mixture of natives and white men, and Stevenson took his place among them with delight.

The daily routine at Vailima was well established, although subject to endless variations. Stevenson usually awoke and began work in the early dawn before anyone else was astir. At about half-past six a light breakfast was carried in to him and he continued to work by himself, chiefly making notes, until Mrs. Strong could come to begin his writing. Together they would work till nearly noon, when the whole household met for the first time at a substantial meal in the great hall. Early in the afternoon there would be reading, talking, or a game of piquet. Later, there might follow a ride to Apia, or a stroll, or a game of tennis. At six o'clock dinner was served. Then followed a round game at cards, or talk, or read-



ing as before, or music if there were any visitor in the house who could play the piano or sing. By eight o'clock the family had generally dispersed to their rooms. Stevenson did most of his reading at this time, though he was usually in bed by ten.

Tusitala's favorite exercise was riding, and he purchased a little Samoan-bred pony called Jack for his own use. He himself describes Jack as "a *very* plain animal, dark brown, but a good goer, and gentle, except for a habit of shying and sitting down on his tail, if he sees a basket in the road, or even a bunch of bananas. However, he will make a very good makeshift."

In one instance, Stevenson received a peculiar mark of gratitude from some natives whom he had befriended when they were in prison. These Mataafa chiefs first gave him a banquet, and afterward came and cleared and completed the road which thereafter led to his house—the *Ala Loto Alofa, the Road of the Loving Heart*.

Stevenson did much of his best writing at Vailima and things went on smoothly for a while. The climate of Samoa had had the wished for result of preventing any attacks of illness that would keep him from his work. His health was far better here than he had ever dared hope it would be any where, and there were many interests to occupy him in this new land. But just in the midst of all his happy hopes and plans came the sudden and terrible foe.

On the third of December, he was busy all the morning with the "Weir of Hermiston" which he judged to be the best book he had ever written. In the afternoon he answered the letters of many of his distant friends. At sunset he came down stairs and and tried to enliven the spirits of his wife. All day she had seemed full of forebodings which she could

not shake off. It was not strange that one so near and dear to him should have had some premonition of misfortune. He was helping her prepare a salad for the evening meal when a strange attack came upon him. Doctors were summoned at once and every effort was made to save his life but all was in vain. He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening, December the third. The following description is taken from "Memories of Vailima." "The great Union Jack that flew over the house was hauled down and laid over the body, fit shroud for a loyal Scotsman. He lay in the hall, which was ever his pride, where he had passed the gayest and most delightful hours of his life..... The Samoans passed in procession beside his bed, kneeling and kissing his hand, each in turn, before taking their places for the long night watch beside him. No entreaty could induce them to retire, to rest themselves for the painful and arduous duties of the morrow. It would show little love for Tusitala, they said, if they did not spend their last night beside him. Mournful and silent, they sat in deep dejection, poor, simple, loyal folk, fulfilling the duty they owed their chief."

Stevenson had asked that he might lie on the summit of Vaea, and while one party of men, chosen from the immediate family and led by Mr. Osbourne, went to dig the grave, another party cut a path up the steep side of the mountain. All the morning Samoans were coming to Vailima bringing flowers. There were no strangers or acquaintances there that day; only those who would feel the loss deeply were sent for. At one o'clock a body of powerful Samoans carrying the coffin on their shoulders started up the steep and rugged path which taxed their strength to the utmost. Half an hour later the rest of his friends



followed. After a short rest, the Rev. W. E. Clarke, an old and valued friend, read the burial service of the Church of England, interposing a prayer that Mr. Stevenson had written and had read aloud to his family only the evening before his death. The following is a portion of it:

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. . . . Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. . . . Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it. . . ."

So he was laid to rest in this wild and beautiful spot. His tomb, which is built in the Samoan fashion, bears two inscriptions. On one side is "*The Tomb of Tusitala*," in Samoan. On the other side, in English, is his own "Requiem:"

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

E. R.

### Good Night.

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Swift speed the days, Love,  
I spend with thee;  
Night falls when e'er no more  
Thy face I see.  
Good-night ! yet with me still.  
Though day depart,  
Thy memory—a sunset glow—  
Steals o'er my heart.

Dream like, the darkness  
Enfolds the light;  
The moon, in radiance pale,  
Rules o'er the night;  
Queen of my dreams, Love,  
Forever be,  
And night will always seem  
Good night to me.

## With the Editors.

CLAIRE BURTON,                      RUTH REDD,  
Editors-in-Chief.

BEVERLY ANDREWS,                      BLANCHE GENTRY  
Literary Editor.                      Exchange Editor.

GRACE BEALE,                      MARGARET DAVIS  
Y. W. C. A. and Alumnae Editor.                      Local Editor.

LULA SUTHERLIN,                      VIRGINIA NELSON  
Business Managers.

**Spring-fever.** We are all well acquainted with that convenient disease known as spring-fever which comes as sure as fate when the first warm days of spring come. This fever is universal, attacking everybody—shall we say, without their approval—from the oldest to the youngest, from the highest to the lowest. It is regarded as a privilege belonging to every individual and serves as an excellent excuse to fall back upon when one has been lax in performing his duties. Spring is the time when everyone is expected to be lazy and if a great amount of work is left undone no one is blamed.

However, things are reversed at the Normal. We do indeed have spring-fever, but of an entirely different kind. Laziness is practically unknown to us. We have not time to even wish we could rest, and if we dared stop to think whether were tired or not we would get so behind we would never catch up again,—so enormous is the stress and strain of this life we lead! This is our spring-fever; the fever of excitement and of rushing from one thing to another as fast as we can. To begin with, the spring term itself is ushered in with a rush, and from February till June one can scarcely find time to breathe. The different

classes are organized, the Annual staff chosen and work begins.

No one has time to take enough out-door exercise to amount to anything and, consequently, the girls soon become worn and haggard. If there is one time of the year more than another when extra out-door exercise should be taken it is the spring-time. Then is the time when the "grime and dust of winter" and the effects of measles, mumps, and other childish complaints should be worked out of the system by fresh air and exercise. If it is too hot for basket-ball there are always less strenuous games, tennis, base-ball, croquet, etc., which can be indulged in if we only had time. But there are other things to claim our time and attention and our health must be left untended to.

Almost every Friday night from February to June is taken up with entertainments for the Annual, which is the great interest of the spring term.

The seniors naturally feel that they are responsible for the success of the Annual and so work themselves into nervous prostration trying to make it better than any ever published before. Then, too, the spring is unavoidably (?) the busiest of all busy times for the senior. She not only has all of the extra work that is the seniors' lot, but the little remaining spare time she has is taken up in drilling for the various commencement exercises. There is the class play to practice for, receptions and other entertainments given in honor of the class, to say nothing of the worry of having to run to the dressmakers on all occasions! Besides she is under a terrible nervous strain, wondering whether she will "get through" or not. And altogether it is a mere shadow of herself that appears on the stage a candidate for graduation in June!

While there seems to be no help for these features of the rush (at best until the faculty take pity on the departing senior and lighten her burden), for the one great cause, the Annual, there might be some relief in the suggestion that we here offer.

It is this: that a committee be appointed in the fall to act as the Annual committee and conduct entertainments all the year at reasonable intervals.

We believe that this would be a great help toward avoiding the rush of spring-time and that a great deal more would be accomplished in every line.

We regret to say that this is the last issue of *The Guidon* THE GUIDON that the present staff will have the pleasure of editing. Four of our number will graduate in June, and one other will enter college in the fall leaving only three of us to begin work next year. We have certainly been a congenial staff and we have gotten pleasure out of this work that we could get nowhere else. The three who are left greatly regret the loss of these fellow-workers, but sincerely hope that they will at least keep their beloved magazine in mind and occasionally write something for it, if it is only a "School of Experience" article.

In a financial hay THE GUIDON was succeeded this year as never before. All of the debts are paid off and we actually have a small sum left to begin with next fall, which is exceedingly encouraging.

We will leave it to our leaders to say whether it has in a literary way come up to their expectations. For our part, we hoped to reach a higher standard, but then,

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for."

So we are not despairing.

THE GUIDON has at last become a real student magazine. When it was first started it was a sort of literary society organ, and the staff was composed wholly of members of the literary societies, but now it has developed into a really representative school magazine, and the whole staff, with the exception of the editors-in-chief and the literary editor, may be non-society girls.

As we have said, the magazine has not attained the standard to which we aspire, and we will not reach it until the girls realize that THE GUIDON does not belong to the staff, but is theirs to work for, a place for their own literary efforts to find criticism and appreciation, and theirs to support.

We wish that every girl loved her school magazine so that she would be willing to work her finger tips off before she would have to acknowledge that some other magazine is better. The magazine is something that represents the best of school work, and so every girl should make it a matter of pride and loyalty to her Alma Mater that the magazine should be the very best the school can publish.

We leave this with each girl to think of during the summer and we hope each one will return with all kinds of plans for THE GUIDON for next year.

## Open Column.

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### A<sup>E</sup> PLEA FOR RESTING PLACES.

**S**TROLLING wearily up and down, the procession goes until fatigue is written upon every face, and even the passer-by upon the opposite side of the street seems to be infected by the "asphalt march," drops into the same gait, and, methinks I see the suspicion of a likewise weariness creeping into the face as he goes upon his way—but not rejoicing.

There are times when the human stream suddenly halts, for several girls must stop and gaze with longing eyes at the mounds that would be so refreshingly restful if covered with a soft velvety carpet of green ! But after a short deliberation they move on again, for who can rest upon a mound of roots and red dirt !

The turfless condition of the campus is to be deplored, but if grass is, at present, an impossibility, why should we not have some resting place provided for us ?

Now that the small rug the crocuses were so kind as to supply is gone, why cannot man help Nature in her efforts to supply us with a place to rest in the fresh air, and give us just a few seats in the cool shade of the maples.



## In and About School.

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THE CAMPUS is beginning to look green and inviting at last, and the trees are out in their spring attire. They give more shade than they did last year, possibly they are copying after the girls in getting large tops. (This refers not to their hair but to their hats.)

We are looking forward to having a splendid Annual this year, the editors and others are working hard over it. They have already given two entertainments for its benefit, "A Bachelor's Reverie" and "A Country Fair." How much fun we did have at that Fair! Animals, gypsies, negroes, foreigners, etc., were well represented by different girls, and one took off the familiar "Crazy Charlie" to perfection. One of the most ludicrous things at the Fair was a country couple. Little Evelyn acted the part of the groom, and Peggy, who would easily make two of her, was the bashful (?) bride.

It is very nice to be a June graduate, though they do have to work hard over the Annual, for everyone tries to do them honor and make their last term at school the most pleasant one they have ever spent. Miss Minor, with the help of her best music pupils, gave a "Twilight Recital" in their honor. The auditorium was darkened and what seemed to be a bright fire shone at the back of the stage, so that a real twilight effect was secured. Several pieces sung

by the girls, an appropriate reading, and a beautifully rendered vocal solo by Miss Minor made an attractive program.

Enthusiasm over basketball has been very high. The "Reds" and the "Greens" have played two match games, and as both were won by the "Greens" they have been declared champions, and will receive the cup this year. We are looking forward to a visit from the champion basketball team of Richmond Female College.

The Hampden-Sidney Glee Club gave a good concert in the auditorium on April the tenth. All of the numbers were rendered with spirit and ability, and some of the parts were "acted out" in a funny, unique way.

Miss Snow has been elected instructor in botany in Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts. All of us, even those who know her only slightly, are sorry to have her go. Her enthusiasm for her work and her ability in it, coupled with tact, kindness, and impartiality as a teacher, have endeared her to each and every one of her pupils.

The Cunningham Literary Society had an exceedingly fine musical program on the afternoon of March the fifth. The best musical talent of the town and school was represented by Miss Minor, Mr. Mattoon, Mr. and Mrs. Jarman, Professor Shemmel, and Dr. Jones, and the profuse applause of the large audience testified to their appreciation and pleasure. A song by the members of the society was a fitting close to the program.

The Argus Literary Society devoted one afternoon to "Spring." This inspiring season when the whole earth wakes from its long winter sleep has often been eulogized in verse and story. Many beautiful selections about spring were read and appropriate music, both vocal and instrumental, added variety to the meeting.

We are unfortunate (?) in having a very popular faculty. Some of that august body, notably Dr. Jones, Dr. Messenger and Dr. Millidge, have been in great demand as lecturers at other schools and educational meetings.—Though we are usually glad to get out of a few classes, we are afraid for them to go too much, for some of those who hear their lectures may wish to steal them from us.

A pleasing comedy, "The Lost Pleiad," was given by the Cunningham and Argus Literary Societies on April fourteenth. The following is a short synopsis of the play:—

A large fortune was left to Earnest Helwald on condition that he should marry the ugliest of seven sisters. These sisters were called "The Pleiad" after that seven starred constellation. Unhappily Earnest had already fallen in love with Earnestine, the loveliest of the sisters, and soon he learned that his love was reciprocated. How were they to make the judges of the sister's beauty, three whimsical old maids, decide that Earnestine was the ugliest? This was a hard question, but love solved it. Earnestine reasoned that if "Pretty is as pretty does," then "ugly is as ugly does," so she behaved in such a naughty, headstrong way before her judges that they promptly declared her ugliest of the sisters. Earnest then gladly claimed his bride.

The play is so named because a gypsy told Earnest to "look for the one who hides herself, she is the one who loves you." Earnestine was missing once when she should have been with her sisters, so Earnest always called her his "little lost Pleiad."

The success of "The Lost Pleiad" was so encouraging that it was given in Crewe, where we are told standing room was at a premium.

On the night after our girls gave "The Lost Pleiad" at Crewe, the Richmond School of Expression gave "No Men Wanted" here, under the auspices of the Annual staff. This play was so much enjoyed that it was repeated on the next night with great success, and a number of those who saw it declared, "If they would give it next week I'd be willing to go to see it every night."

The seniors were given a delightful hay-ride on May the eighth by the Y. W. C. A. they left about five o'clock in the afternoon and went to Hampden-Sidney, where a bountiful and delicious lunch was served. They returned about nine o'clock, all declaring they had never had a more delightful time.

U. W. C. A.

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MISS GARRISON, territorial secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, for Virginia and the Carolinas, spent a few days at Easter with us. We feel greatly benefitted by her visit. She gave us a great many helpful suggestions toward making our organization stronger, and most especially did her quiet personal talks lead us to feel more deeply the need of constant communion with Christ.

As the time for the Asheville Conference draws near our girls are very busy planning for it. We hope this year to be able to send a larger delegation than ever before. The association as a whole wants to send several, the membership committee one and the mission class one.

It has always been the custom in our association to let the first meeting of every month be devoted to mission study. These meetings have been very interesting and instructive this year. One that deserves especial mention was held on Saturday, May 2. Miss Rice gave us a talk on "The Layman's Missionary Movement."

The last meeting of the session is to be held on Saturday, May 30, and is to be given entirely to the seniors. Mollie Mauzy, our former president, has been chosen leader for this occasion.

## Alumnae Notes.

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**F**LORA THOMPSON ('07) and Myrtle Rhea ('07) are expected as guests at commencement.

Steptoe Campbell ('06) spent a few days with us recently.

Rebecca Vaughan ('07) has been teaching down South this session. Her school is now closed and she has returned to her home in Cumberland County.

Odelle Warren ('98), now Mrs. M. L. Bonham, is residing in Richmond.

Edith Duvall ('06, '07) is teaching near Hampden-Sidney.

Rhea Scott ('06) spent a part of the Easter holiday with friends here.

Frances Munden ('06) is teaching in Cape Charles, Va.

Carrie Dungan ('06) is teaching near her home at Chilhowie, Va.

Grace Walton ('06) spent four delightful months in Texas last fall and expects to return next fall.

Bessie McCraw ('06) has been teaching at News Ferry, the past winter. She has returned home for the holidays.

## School of Experience.

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### AN EVENING WITH A NORMAL SCHOOL COLONY.

*Characters:* Jennie B—, '02; Flora T—, '07; Lillian T—, '96; Rosa G—.

*Place:* A mining town in the Alleghanies.

*Scene:* Sitting room at the Teachers' Club. Teachers dressed in school costume, and adorned with numerous Normal School badges. Jennie and Flora are correcting papers, Rosa is making off reports, Lillian is cutting out drawings. Clocks, switches, books, cakes, apples and marbles adorn the table.

FLORA. Listen, listen! Here's a new rule for forming plurals. It's just out. "Nouns that do not denote living beings are seldom used in the genitive."

JENNIE. Pshaw, that's nothing to this paper from my room. (*A red cross mark is made with emphasis on the paper.*) "A cow kicked a lamp once, and three hundred years after Columbus, a great World's Fair broke out in Chicago."

ROSA. Will you be still? I'm making out reports, I never can remember how to spell these Hungarian names in quiet, much less in confusion. Lillian, how do you spell Stupalski, Gydosh, Sotmire, Pozoyk? (*Lillian spells.*) Not so fast, please. How's that? Now Kowash. Is it o-s-h or a-s-h?

LILLIAN (*suddenly*). Jennie, what made Virginia cry today when we had the fire drill?

JENNIE. She imagined Prof. B— had set the building on fire, and that I would be burned. (*Laughter.*)



LILLIAN. Did you see me run out with Jerome in my arms? He would go back for his hat. He said his fathier wouldn't get him another.

ROSA (*hunting for something on the table*). Whose mirror?

LILLIAN. Mine. I got some coal dust on my face yesterday, and Mary Pochick informed me of the fact before the whole school. Today at chapel Nathan presented that mirror. Children are so bad.

JENNIE (*sarcastically*). You must be new at teaching if you have just discovered that.

FLORA. What would you teach the children when you have finished *Verbs*?

JENNIE. I'd teach them to recognize verbs in sentences. (*Flora throws one of the fig cakes at her but hits Lillian. A scuffle ensues.*)

ROSA. Fall in! Gym period is up. Class is excused.

FLORA. What did you mean, Jennie?

JENNIE. Just what I said. These children learn definitions, not parts of speech.

FLORA (*angrily*). Mine don't do that, I won't have it.

ROSA. "Hatred stirreth up strifes."

LILLIAN. There's no point to that, Rosa, hut one of my children quoted aptly to-day. I was cross, and Bernice came up, and said "Pretty is as pretty does."

ROSA (*abruptly*). What do you suppose Bernard asked me to-day? He had heard that Southerners do not pronounce r, and he wanted to know how they say *crash*. (*Silence. A bell rings. A high school boy enters with an Algebra. Lillian's drawings blow about. The boy helps her pick them up. The others run out quickly, leaving their work.*)

JOHN. Will you help me with my algebra?

LILLIAN. I'm—I'm rather busy, but I might

work one. (*Works with puckered brow a long time. Solves problem. Exit John. Enter others.*)

LILLIAN. You wretches! to leave me to work that example.

JENNIE. I was too busy.

FLORA. So was I.

ROSA. (*truthfully*). I'm a little rusty on algebra.

LILLIAN. Henson wants to know which is brighter, Rosa or I. Rosa went to school the other day in the rain with an umbrella, but no coat. I had a coat, but no umbrella. Can you solve that?

ROSA (*with a gasp*). He's only seven. What will he ask when he's grown?

JENNIE. Flora, may I have Margaret for the queen in my part of the closing exercises?

FLORA. No, I want her myself. I'm going to have "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

JENNIE. You can't. That's too much like mine, and I decided first.

FLORA. Well, I'll have Mrs. Wiggs.

ROSA. That won't do. That requires a reader.

FLORA. Prof. B. can read the parts.

ROSA. Well, he won't. He never has anything to do with the closing exercises.

FLORA. I will do it myself.

JENNIE. Why, the teachers never take part.

(*Flora looks dejected.*)

LILLIAN. I should call that the process of elimination.

FLORA. So should I, and  $x$  equals zero. It is rather disheartening to be nothing, but I suppose I shall have to submit to my fate. What are you going to have, Lillian?

LILLIAN. I can't decide which would be the greater evil—to get up Japanese costumes, or to superintend building an immense shoe. I am still

wavering between a Japanese affair and a Mother Goose play. (*Look at clock.*) Eleven o'clock! Let's go to bed. Who'll lock the back door?

ROSA. Where's the pistol? There is nobody in the other side of the house tonight.

FLORA. Let the burglars come. It will be an adventure to tell in Eastern Virginia.

(*Exeunt all.*)

JENNIE (*twenty minutes later*). All in bed? Good-night.

## As You Like It.

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### AN ARITHMETICIAN.

Miss T-bb—"In what year were you born?"

Girl—"I don't know."

Miss T-bb—"Don't you know how old you are?"

Girl—"Yes, but I don't know what year I was born. I can write home and find out, though."

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Dr. M. (holding up an empty bottle)—"What is this bottle full of?"

Student—"Nothing."

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### E E E E E.

Mr. M.—"Miss C-r-th-rs, do you expect me to mark you with ease?"

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### INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS.

Excited Student (after attending a game of basket-ball)—"Yes, those two girls kept having collegiates with one another, and it certainly did make them mad."

---

### IN THE SEVENTH GRADE.

A new teacher had just entered and the usual questions were being asked by the children.

M-r-th—"What are you going to teach us?"

St-nl-y—"What is your name?"

Teacher—"Miss Spain. American History."

Child—"I never heard Spain called 'Miss' before."

Dr. M-ll-dg—"Turkeys are so called because they were first sold in England at a Turkish trading house. Now suppose a certain new article was sold at only one store here in town, it might take the name of the owner of the store. For instance—some one name a store."

M. D-v-s—"Mr. Bugg's."

Amid a general laugh the subject was dropped.

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One of our number never saw a basket-ball game until the other day. When she had heard cries of "Foul! Foul!" several times, and had craned her neck nearly off to see every part of the field, she exclaimed, "What are they yelling about? I don't see any kind of fowl down there."

An old girl standing near answered dryly, "Oh, there are plenty of geese."

---

M.—"Girls, what kind of a flower is a dandelion? I've never learned to observe things."

A.—"It is a yellow flower which grows close to the ground."

C.—"No, it's not. It's white and grows on a long stem, I know because I just tried my fortune with one." This conversation was the cause of an interesting Nature study walk.

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#### COPY CATS.

"Are you after the job as office boy?" asked the merchant.

"Sure," replied the youngster.

"Any previous experience?"

"No sir, nothing previous about me, an' I don't whistle."

"Hang up your hat."



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
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