

12-1908

The Guidon, Volume V, Number 1, Nov. - Dec. 1908

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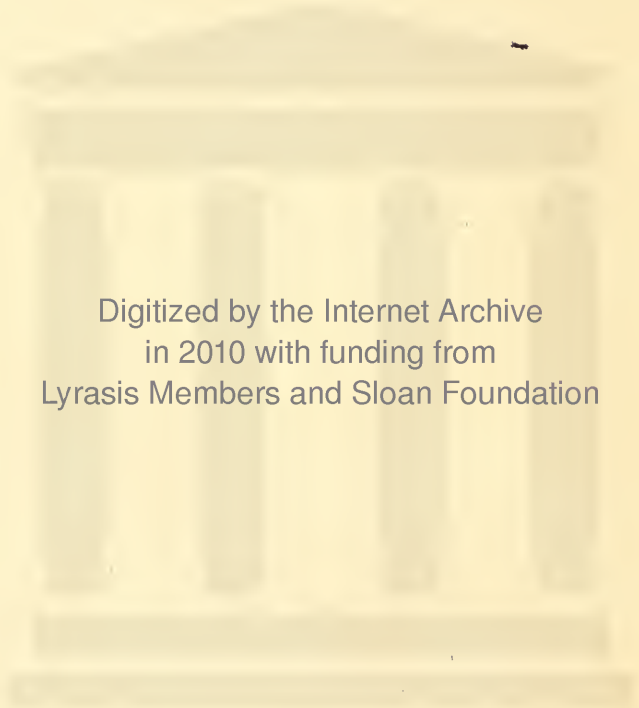
The GUIDON

November - December
1908



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Va.

Mary Dentice



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The Guidon

VOL. 5 NOV.-DEC. '08. NO. 1

Autumn: A Dirge

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
 And the year
On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead
 Is lying.
 Come, months, come away,
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.
The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling,
 For the year ;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling ;
 Come months, come away,
 Put on white, black and gray ;
 Let your light sisters play—
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Flora Clendenin Thompson.

Born, October 12, 1885, in North Carolina.
Graduated, June, 1907, at the State Normal School,
Virginia,
Died, August 2, 1908, at Bluefield, West Virginia.

“A life
As sweet and pure, as calm and good
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and wood.”

And like a day in June, after blessing the earth it came to an end in sweetness and quiet, in freshness and beauty, without fear of the night, with certainty of the morning. It was a short life in years; a long life in achievement, in spite of a constant struggle against the frailty of the body. Though the conflict came to an end so soon, it was a victory, for the spirit which at all times rose smiling and triumphant over physical pain and weakness.

She was absolutely devoid of that poisonous personal ambition which consciously, deliberately seeks place and preferment for self. Yet her powers of mind and heart and her winning personality brought her all the honors dear to school girls. She was twice the winner of the prize story contests of THE VIRGINIAN and THE GUIDON; she was one of the editors-in-chief of THE GUIDON, and the choice

of her class as editor-in-chief of THE VIRGINIAN, though this position she declined because of her health. She was president of her literary society, president of her class, salutatorian of her class, and was twice made president of the Young Woman's Christian Association, an honor never conferred upon any other student. These marks of esteem were gratefully enjoyed and appreciated, but left her as unspoiled and modest as they found her.

So various, so many-sided was she to those who knew her best! In wisdom and judgment, will and purpose, she was an earnest woman; in her zestful enjoyment of pure and innocent mischief, she seemed a glad, sunny child; in her fondness for study, and her enthusiasm for school interests and enterprises, she was a college girl of the highest type; in her self-forgetful consideration of others, she proved the most loyal, constant friend, the tenderest, most devoted daughter and sister. Facile, ready and graceful in expressing her thoughts, she promised to become a writer of no mean gifts; possessed of a sympathetic insight into child nature, she was a strong, successful teacher.

She was not perfect—she had not been so lovable, had she not been so human—so girlishly human. She was sometimes misunderstood, sometimes misjudged, by those who knew her least, and though she suffered under injustice and harsh or prejudiced criticism, she showed a rare patience and charitableness toward her unjust judges.

Her greatest strength lay in her influence over her companions. She seemed to have a special mission of helpfulness to girlhood; she was at her best

as a leader in spiritual things. Her teachers had confidence in her; her fellow-students trusted and respected her christianity—characterized, as it was, by a clear, shining faith, unfaltering trust, ready obedience, and a cheerful, wholesome tone without a trace of morbidness or sentimentality. Her companions poured into her sympathetic ear everything that deeply concerned them. She cheered the discouraged, lovingly advised the perplexed and doubtful, comforted the sorrowing with a touch that never hurt, rejoiced with the happy and fortunate, and gently restrained the wayward.

In fulfilling the duties of her responsible place as president of the Young Woman's Christian Association, she displayed rare powers of leadership—wisdom in planning, zeal in execution, and tactfulness in dealing with difficult situations, that were remarkable in one so young. Because of these qualities she was last June chosen by the Board of Trustees as the first general secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association in the State Normal School.

But she is not here doing the work she loved. Just as she saw the fulfillment of cherished hopes and dreams, she was called to her Father's house, where she must have felt at once at home, with no sense of strangeness or unfamiliarity, she had lived so long the life of the spirit. She, "being dead, yet speaketh," and her voice has the old gentleness and persuasiveness. How often do her former companions think, in considering some proposed plan, "What would Flora say of this?" Her spirit

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still lives in the school she loved, cheering, animating, spurring on those who are trying to do what she would have done had she not left us.

After all is said, how inadequate are words to express her, who expressed herself so richly in loving service!

—L. O. A.

Poe As a Prose Writer.

In all the world of authors, we cannot pick out a single one and say, "There is Poe's peer, as a prose writer."

Pre-eminently his was the creative mind, his stories are that rarest of all rare things, an addition to literature, not a familiar story told in a manner to impress the reader with the idea that he has never heard it before, but something NEW, differing as widely from other literature as poetry does from prose.

Some critic has said that literature with him was religion; another, that in place of a moral feeling he had an artistic conscience. Certainly we may say that in his many works he has not tried to shake faith or to destroy feeling, but has given us clear, pure stories full of morality.

Strangeness and power pervade nearly all of them. A few are grotesque, but, according to their dominant motives, we may divide them into analytical, allegorical, or moral stories of the supernatural.

His works have so many qualities that, taken as a whole, we scarcely know whether to treat them in an analytical or a synthetical manner.

Paramount, we may say, are equally displayed the two powers of imagery and description. But we can really have only a faint conception of these wonderful powers. We read, we admire, we wonder, but

do we get the full picture that he intended for us? It is hard, perhaps impossible, for us to rightly appreciate that which we are incapable of producing, and no one not possessing the vision of genius could portray things as he does.

One critic has spoken of these powers thus, "Suddenly starting from a proposition, exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic and, by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur; or in those of the most airy and delicate beauty so minutely and distinctly, yet so rapidly that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations, until he himself dissolved the spell."

In his tales of the supernatural, particularly does he use these powers to greatest advantage. These, when coupled with his engaging presentation of the mystic, enshrouds them with such an atmosphere of fascination that one finds himself unable to forego the pleasure of piercing the mystic veil and thus to come in contact with Poe's chimerical shadow world.

There is something haunting about them that creeps through the mind and refuses to leave. Who is it who does not remember the teeth of Berenice, the fissure in the House of Usher, the gleaming eye in the gutter, the mask of the Red Death, and others, too numerous to mention.

He has plentifully supplied us with these phantom-like spectres, for not only do his stories have that effect upon us, but his sentences, aye, his very

words, join in producing these miraculous impressions upon the imagination.

Just as there has been but one Poe, so are his words and thoughts peculiarly his own, for should we dare attempt to borrow one, we should find it like buying a beautiful picture when your wall is covered with cheap copies. The setting would cheapen the picture as the picture would in turn destroy any semblance of beauty in that setting. So would one thought borrowed from Poe destroy the excellence of a whole story. His thoughts are too much a whole to be thus mutilated and fitted incongruously into surroundings between which there can be no harmony.

Poe's most remarkable achievement in the region of the supernatural is the "Fall of the House of Usher." In it he has clearly exhibited his skill in handling plots. We are impressed with his peculiar method of introducing early and minutely the incident upon which the climax depends. He whispers this secret to us, but we fail to hear it until it is shouted aloud in the end. He has also displayed to a marvelous extent his own sensitive feelings of dread for the future.

His passion for wierd characters placed in fitting environments seems to have been a mania with him. Nowhere do we see this more cleverly done than in this story.

The house, still in a state of preservation, yet, as a whole almost ready to crumble into a pile of ruins; the tarn with its smooth surface lying at the base of the house and reflecting it back, showing even the fissure extending from top to bottom; the

peculiar atmosphere; the picture of cowardice portrayed in the nervous sensibility of Roderick Usher. A description of days spent in mysterious quietude, the strange death and interment of the lady Madeline. Then the wonderful description of the storm as shown in the phosphorescent glow of surrounding objects, the ghastly, horrible picture, so skillfully painted of Usher, as he waited for the hideous apparition, the knowledge of which he had so stealthily and cunningly concealed; the crashing and clanging of the metal, as the vault is burst open; the pitiable scene which follows Lady Madeline's advent, when Usher utterly succumbs to fear and falls dead; finally the widening of the fissure, the crumbling of the material and then the fall of the house itself into the tarn.

His genius does not end here; he delights in depicting grim horrors, not always shadowy and dim, but sometimes tangible.

He was master of all the graceful refinements of language, original, artistic, acute, and skillful, while in perspicacity he was unsurpassed.

The whole world, even Dickens himself, was surprised when he published a careful solution of the intricate plot of *Barnaby Rudge*, when only the introductory chapters had appeared.

As a writer his name stands among the very highest on the glory-roll of American authorship, and no English writer of the same century will be more enduring.

If he failed to make a living by his work, it was not because he failed in any sense to do it, but because he did so much more than he was paid to do.

Joseph Lindsay Jarman.

J oin me, sisters, in my effort to give praise where
praise is due.

O h, for the voice, the worthy voice, to
S ing of one so good and true.

E very way we turn he helps us

P ull our burden on, up hill,

H ave we, then, not time to work, and yet, to sing
his praises still ?

L ike the rock of strong Gibraltar,

I n our sorrows, griefs and joys,

N ever shirking, he has ever

D elivered us from all that cloys,

S ave enough of life's hard problems,

A ltered so by careful thought

Y ou and I may in the future prove to be just
what we ought.

J ustly has he earned LAUDATION !

A nd, with a will, we give it, each,

R ah, rah, rah, rah, rah, for JARMAN !

M ay its echo ring, and reach

A ll his daughters now departed

N erving them with power to teach.

Two Christmas Stories

Billy

The wind howled furiously around the tumble down little house, whistling down the chimney and flopping the broken shutters back and forth. The snow, driven by its fury, eddied and whirled, falling on the ground only to be swept up and carried to a new place. Some of it, however, found its way through the broken panes in one of the windows, and fast formed a soft little pile on the window sill. Billy had tried in vain to stop up the holes with some paper and an old straw hat; but the wind seemed to mock him, blowing them out as soon as his back was turned.

The little room, with the snow on its sills, was so cold and dreary that it seemed impossible for anything to be colder or drearier. There was no carpet on the floor, and the walls, full of cracks, were bare except for the strips of paper hanging from them. The furniture consisted of a bed and a broken chair, the latter holding some medicine.

At first one would have thought the bed empty, but a low cough now and then revealed someone's presence. Huddled under the covers lay a child, of about nine or ten years, a little girl with a pale emaciated face and big, hollow eyes. Her tiny, claw-

like hands picked at the worn and tattered quilt, almost her only covering.

The door opened, and the child, turning her head, tried to say "Billy," but only her lips moved. The boy, his teeth chattering, and his thin face blue with cold, came over to her.

"Dear," was all he said, but her face brightened, and she reached out one thin little hand. He pressed it between his own, his eyes filling with tears. Suddenly he dropped her hand, and flew out of the room. Throwing himself on the floor in the hall he sobbed convulsively, but the sound was drowned in the shriek of the storm.

After a few minutes he arose, clutching his hands, his face set, and in his eyes something of the expression we see in those of a wounded animal when he turns on his pursuers.

"I don't care if it is wrong," he muttered, "but it isn't! it isn't! It can't be! Mr. Graham won't be home for three days, they have gone to spend Christmas with his mother. "Christmas!" he said bitterly. "Christmas!"

He went in softly, kissed his sister, buttoned up his coat, and plunged into the storm.

At dusk the wind had died down but the cold was more intense. The boy, stumbling into the house, his arms full, was so numb with cold he seemed to have lost all feeling, but he managed to drag his things into the room. First of all there was a pair of warm blankets which he immediately tucked around his sister, and as her body lost some of its chill she smiled at him gratefully. Then he went out and came back with two of the broken shutters

which the wind had blown off. After many trials he started a fire in the rusty grate, but it burned feebly seeming to protest all the while.

When the room was a little warmer, he undid his other packages, displaying some bread, butter, cold meat, crackers and cake to the astonished eyes of the child, who had had nothing but some bread for the last five days. She ate ravenously, the boy watching her with eyes full of love and pain. When she'd finished he ate a little, then put the rest away. "Billy," she said softly, "it's Christmas eve."

Alas! he knew it only too well, but hoped she had forgotten Christmas eve.

"Last year father and mother were here," the soft voice continued, "and we had a real Christmas." Then with a sob, "Do you suppose they care about us now?"

"Yes, dear, I know they do," was all he could say, for he too felt a sob rising and she must not see him cry.

She dropped off to sleep, content. A stern resolve formed in his heart: she should have a Christmas. Something told him it was the last she would ever have here, and it must be a happy one. If he hadn't lost his position! After a few minutes of thought he went out into the storm for the second time.

The next morning when she awoke she looked around in amazement, murmuring "Where am I?" and, indeed, it seemed like fairyland to her. The bed was covered with the loveliest things—a doll in a silk dress, books full of pictures, a tea set, a little chair, two games, and apples and oranges! It

seemed so strange she was afraid to touch them, lest they vanish away.

Billy looked up from the fire he was making, "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas," she answered back, smiling as he hadn't seen her smile for months. When he saw her happiness, his last qualm vanished.

And it WAS a Merry Christmas! They forgot all about the cold, and the dreary "to-morrow" was lost in the bright "now." She was so happy with the few broken toys, and that was enough for him. He forgot too, and laughed and joked, telling her wonderful stories of what would happen in the dim far off future.

All day long something new kept appearing, and her joy reached its climax when he laid a lovely silk dress on the bed. She never thought to ask where the things came from, or to question them any more than we question the sunshine, fresh air, and flowers. They were there and hers, that was all.

Two days later he stood face to face with Mr. Graham in his office, and said simply,

"I took them all, sir," and he smiled in spite of what he knew the future held, for in his heart was the knowledge that she was safe.

The Little Gray Lady.

The little gray house on the very top of the windy hill was growing very dilapidated. In fact, it had grown so. The porch was tumbling down. The very, little whimpering hound-puppy wobbling along on the ends of the see-saw planks, to gaze down the road to see if his mother were returning from the fox hunt to minister to his needs, and smiting the air with his hungry howls, knew this, and set his dubious paws carefully.

The old place had once seen better days, as the towering box-bushes on either side of the lawn gate whispered to each other. But now it looked ragged and unkempt. The fence was broken, the tall pink rose bushes straggling and untrimmed. The panes in the quaint dormer windows which looked out from the leaking moss-grown roof were patched and wanting in many places. The cold December wind whistling round to see where he could enter found many a loop-hole in the sash of the small, north room in the shed behind the house, where the little old gray lady lived, and it even lifted occasionally the coverlid of her bed.

The little old gray lady lay in the bed crying. She was always in the bed, for she was partially paralyzed and could not get out of it. She was very small and very old, and very lonely. She too had seen

better days. When one is paralyzed and one cannot arrange one's room in order, it gets very much stirred up, indeed, and in the little old gray lady's room everything was at sixes and sevens. The stove was hopping on three legs and pawing the air with the other one—for the brick-bat had slipped out from under it. There was not much wood inside and what there was was wet and smoked dismally. The seat of the split bottom chair looked like the the little bear's chair in the story, and the untouched plate of cold cabbage and middling and thick soda biscuits sat on the little mahogany table near the old lady's bed, where the tenant's wife had set it.

The table and the little old lady were both thinking sad thoughts of other days. The tenant's wife was going away, her daughter Ruby was dying and the tenant was going too; and Pearl, her other jewel daughter, was going with her sister, and Ameer the little boy who sometimes brought in the wet wood, and even the little hound puppy was going if his mother ever came back—twenty miles away. They must be gone by Christmas time, and all the little old lady's children were long since dead, and all her relatives had forgotten! She was so very, very old! Poor little gray lady! No wonder she cried.

Presently the door opened softly and the little hound puppy gave a joyful yelp, though his mother was not returned. The old lady looking up saw a girl and a collie dog standing by the door. She was a tall girl with a boy's blue hat on her curly hair, a short walking dress, and in her hand

a basket. She was not a bit pretty; but yet when she smiled at the whimpering puppy, his groanings were somehow comforted; and when her kind bright glance fell upon the little old gray lady it was as if the sunshine had melted snow, and spring was come again.

The girl knelt down by the poor bed, the collie came on tiptoe to her side and then stood there patiently, as if he were minding sheep.

“I have come to take you away,” she said “to the ‘Sheltering Arms,’ to a little white bed, and peace and cheer and comfort; it is my Christmas gift, Laddie’s and mine.”

Laddie, wagging his plume-like tail, and gazing with kind eyes, put out a slender-pink tongue and gently touched the little old gray lady’s wrinkled cheek—and she, she was so glad she did not mind even that. She quite stopped crying, and her old eyes shone bright and blue through her tears, as she said softly, in the beautiful words of the Christ, “In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

An Algebraic Expression.

Hour, 12:30 P. M.

“I am as cross as—X
 For symbols do me vex,
 And signs, full soon,
 I’ll see THEM in the moon,
 Or else see ——stars,
 Bedimmed with cubes and “squar’s,”
 (I shall indeed!)”

“And as for X plus Y plus Z.
 In the visions of my head
 They dance a warlike dance,
 Like imps they hop and prance !
 In they go and out,
 Here, there, and all about.
 (With maddennig speed.)”

“Every mean plutonic plus
 Seems made to make a fuss
 With its poor neighbor,
 In spite of care and labor.
 It all seems endless folly,
 And I, a saw-dust dolly!
 (I never shall succeed.)”

“And oh! to meet a bracket,
When the girls make such a racket
In the hall, and on the stair,
I’m dazed and bowed with care!
And as for all of these
Mean, old parentheses,

(Indeed, indeed and double deed.)”

“Like snakes they glide and wiggle
Till I am forced to giggle.
Symbols of aggregation,
Are such endless aggravation,
And I’m a desperate ninny!
I wish they were in Guinea!

With all my POWERS.”

The Visit of the Hazers.

For several days we had been expecting the hazers. "The Hazers!" The words bring back the awful feeling we had when we first heard them. The sort of feeling you have when you come to a question in a test that you are sure you never even heard of before.

We had not been looking forward to the visitation with pleasure. Dire rumors of compulsory performances of the "rang tang" on top of a trunk, of short excursions in a trash barrel, and the like, had reached us.

Still it was almost a relief when, one night as we were about to retire, joyful shrieks and the sound of many feet warned us that the hazers had gone forth seeking unbefriended rats.

We looked at each other with one accord and grasped our Bibles on the same principle that caused Cromwell's soldiers to carry theirs to battle.

But in vain; the door was flung open, and as it seemed to our horrified eyes, at least fifty kimona clad forms burst in.

After inspecting the pennants and criticising the photographs, the real business of the night began.

A brief but very much to the point inquiry as to our accomplishments, found us woefully deficient, so the visitors had to fall back on old and time honored methods.

We were told to recite, which seemed easy, but to recite standing on a bed which possessed acrobatic springs was quite another matter.

"The boy stood on the burning—O W!" I clutch-

ed the air, and the hazers held their breath in delightful anticipation.

But I regained my balance and the ordeal was finally over.

A spectacle that afforded them especial pleasure was, the by no means airy form of my room-mate perched on a trunk, singing the clothes list backward to the tune of "Home Sweet Home." The other performances were (to them) tame and uninteresting, so with a parting "Good rats" the enemy left in search of new victims.

A rat of verdant hue I am,
Yet oftimes blue am I,
Next year I'll be a sophomore
And one of deepest dye.

Down at the Normal.

The days are nowhere quite so full
As at the Normal.

Nowhere is living such a pull
As at the Normal.

Nowhere the clocks run quite so slow,
And nowhere else, you may be sure,
Is it so hard the rules to know,
As at the Normal.

The "Topic Plan" is all the style
Down at the Normal.

And "Stoney"—words the hours beguile
Down at the Normal.

And criticisms haunt our dreams,
For we forget (though strange it seems,)
Just what our supervisor means,
Down at the Normal.

Nowhere the teachers give such tests
As at the Normal,

Nowhere so little seems our best
As at the Normal,

But I believe the "dip" we get
Will ever teach us to forget

The wretched days our eyes were wet
Down at the Normal.

The Senior B thinks she's a swell
Down at the Normal.

Her notions grand she loves to tell
About the Normal,

And when its time for her to go,
She'll weep a little, for you know,
She loves it, and she'll miss it so,
She'll miss the Normal.



The Guidon "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

In the last number of **THE GUIDON**, the May-June number of 1908, the editors tried to impress upon the students of the school the fact that the **GUIDON** is no longer a literary society organ, but the magazine of the whole school. It belongs alike to the Senior and to the Review Course girl, to the society girl and to the non-society girl, to the old and the new.

To outside people, **THE GUIDON** represents not the best of the four literary societies, but the best of the school. It speaks for us and we are judged by it. Shall we allow it to be said we are not as capable as others? It rests entirely with the students, and we beg them not to stand back and think some one else is going to do the work. If we could get each one to feel that she herself is responsible for the success of **THE GUIDON**, we believe we would be able to produce a magazine we should all be proud of.

For this reason it was thought best to have the student body elect the editorial staff and each organization its reporter. We hope in this way to

make each girl realize she has something to do with the making of the magazine. . Every person who cast a vote for an editor, chose some one to represent her to others. Is she going to allow herself to be misrepresented? If not, then she must give us freely the best that is in her.

There are other ways of helping besides writing. To our sorrow THE GUIDON cannot be run without money. Hence, it is absolutely necessary that the girls take some interest in the business side.

First of all, it would be a great help to have the subscriptions paid promptly; then, if there is to be an entertainment for THE GUIDON we should like to have audiences. Besides being of help to us, the entertainments are likely to prove of benefit to those who attend.

Then, just criticisms would be of help to us. If there is any part of the magazine a girl thinks might be improved upon, or if there is any part she thinks might better be left out it is so much fairer to come to us and say so, than to talk about it to others who may have no means of remedying it. If there are complaints against it, we should be glad to have them; if there are any improvements to be suggested we should like to hear them, too.

But where there are criticisms to be made, good or bad, we hope the girls will bear in mind the fact that they are not criticising the magazine—for that is what they make it; nor the staff—for that only represents the girls. They are in reality criticising themselves. If the criticism is harsh, it is theirs; if it is good, it is likewise theirs.

As we have said, THE FUTURE OF THE GUIDON RESTS WITH THE STUDENTS. Will they prove worthy of their responsibility?

Improvements Verily, the Normal School is in a flourishing state! Has some fairy god-mother wielded her wand in our behalf? Or is it that the more real legislature has appropriated something to our cause. It is evident that money is being produced from somewhere and put to good use.

Never before have we had a separate and distinct heating plant. The new building is one of our prettiest and the superb smoke-stack is the admiration of the whole school.

The campus is becoming really beautiful. The young grass peeping up, and the shrubs and plants set out by the landscape gardener add a great deal to the attractiveness of the place.

The porch which will extend almost all around the building, is a treasure in itself. On the few rainy days we have had it has proved a comfortable place for a walk; and the top has been put to various uses already, showing how popular this part at least will be.

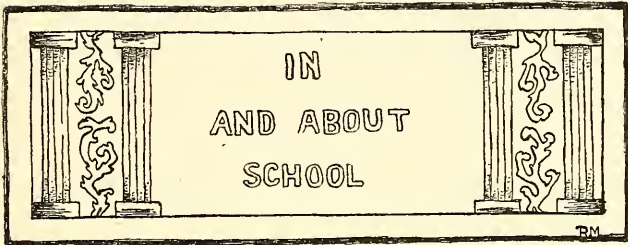
Then there is the laundry with all of its new equipment making glad the hearts of the girls by the beautifully laundered clothes; the tennis courts, which offer us a pleasant way of passing away the idle (?) hours and of getting up an appetite for supper. There is the new pantry where all of the goodies are kept to satisfy these appetites; and we

must by no means forget the new piano and new apparatus in the gymnasium.

Then there are the new class rooms so much needed, which caused the girls of one class to have holiday for one day. Would that we might have a new one added often with the same result!

If this were headed "Something to be thankful for" we should head the list with thanks to the one who changed the pea-green walls in the library and class-rooms on that floor to a more beautiful brown.

And since our fairy has been so kind in dispensing freely the money we needed, we wonder if she would not wave her wand in another direction and give us shorter hours for recitations.



CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY.

The new members were delightfully entertained in the Kindergarten Wednesday evening, November the fifth. Every means of entertainment was resorted to in making the evening pass pleasantly.

We played a progressive game of nuts and many other old fashioned games which, though old are always enjoyable.

After the games dainty refreshments were served.

Just before departing all gathered around the punch bowl and gave witty toasts to new members and to the prosperity of the society.

The first regular meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society, for this year, was held in the

Auditorium, Saturday evening, October the ninth.

The program was as follows:—

Violin Solo—Miss Minnie Blanton.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. Messenger.

Recitation—Miss Agnes Smith.

Six tableaux representing harvest scenes in different countries.

The first debate of the season was held on the night of October the twenty-fourth in the Auditorium. The subject was resolved that: "Education Increases an Individual's Happiness." The supporters of the affirmative side were, Alice Carter and Blanche Nidermaier. Those opposing were Charlie Jones and Blanche Gentry.

Dr. and Mrs. Kerlin and Miss Hiner acted as judges. The decision was in favor of the affirmative side.

After the debate those present had the pleasure of hearing two beautiful instrumental selections given by Mrs. Kerlin.

On Saturday evening, November twenty-first, the third meeting, which was a Literary meeting, was held.

Several members of the society rendered a most entertaining program consisting of readings and sketches from George Eliot.

One of the most interesting numbers was "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," told in an entertaining and agreeable manner.

THE ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first public meeting of the Argus Literary Society for the fall term was held October 17, '08. A delightful special program was rendered.

The first debate held this term was: "Resolved, That the division of the senior class is advantageous." The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.

The course of study for the Argus Literary Society for the fall term is the Southern Poets.

The third meeting of the society was a literary program and consisted of papers on the life and writings of Edgar Allen Poe. Some of the poems were recited and instrumental music added a great deal to the program.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, President of Emerson College of Oratory, of Boston, presented Herod, by Stephen Phillips, under the auspices of the Argus Literary Society, on the evening of November, the twenty-eighth. Mr. Southwick's interpretation of the different characters and especially of "Herod" was excellent. He put us in perfect sympathy with this man who through his uncontrollable ambition caused the death of his wife whom he loved, not with a "tiger passion" as she said, but with a true, deep and all-absorbing love. The last scene in which he loses his mind on account of the death of Mariamne is very intense, and we feel nothing but pity and sympathy for the chief characters.

THE ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Dr. Kerlin, under the direction of the Faculty, organized the Athenian Literary Society. The Society was organized with forty charter members and the first meeting was held November 24th. The following officers were elected:—Julia Johnson, president; Catherine Taylor, vice president; Kate Watkins, recording secretary; Eugenia Reader, corresponding secretary; Hattie Robertson, treasurer; Joe Warren, critic; Eunice Watkins, censor; and Myrtle Steele, reporter,

The society has decided to study the life, letters and poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The motto of the society is :

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.”

The colors chosen, gold and white; the flower, the yellow chrysanthemum.

SEMINAR.

Seminar this term is composed of Dr. Stone, the Senior B class, and those members of the Senior A class who are not teaching in the Training School.

Every Tuesday night the fifty-one members meet in the art-room and discuss some of the important school problems of the day.

When the time allotted for these interesting discussions is over, the members are entertained with special music, recitations, or readings that have been provided by the program committee. Of these

we may say Mr. Mattoon's solos, Miss Smith's recitations, and Minnie Blanton's and Ida Scott's violin and guitar music deserves special mention.

SENIOR B CLASS.

The Senior B class was first regularly organized on Tuesday, September 22, at which time the following officers were elected:—President, Miss Mildred E. Blanton; Vice-President, Miss Isabelle W. Harrison; Treasurer, Miss Katherine Pennybacker; Secretary, Miss Blanche Nidermaier; Bible class leader, Miss Lucy Robins.

Miss Lula O. Andrews was unanimously elected as honorary member of the class.

Among the numerous pleasant occasions enjoyed by the class one of the most enjoyable was the informal tea given by their honorary member. They met at five o'clock, the coziest time of day, all in the very spirit for a good time. The hour was spent in delightful chat and gossip and the daintiest of refreshments were served, after which they took their leave, declaring this to be a most enjoyable event.

SENIOR A CLASS,

There are fifty-five members of the June class.

Because of the large number of girls who would have training-school work this session, there had to be a division of the senior class. Twenty-two of

our girls are now teaching; the others will do their work in the spring.

The Senior A class was re-organized early in the fall and the following officers elected:—President, Flossie Rawlings ; Vice-President, Mary Perkins ; Secretary, Florence Clayton ; Treasurer, Mary Pierce.

As this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our school, the annual this year will be a historical one, and will contain a brief history of the school up to the present date.

The Senior A class is being greatly benefitted by the Thursday afternoon lectures. Dr. Stone, assisted by Dr. Messenger, Mr. Mattoon, Miss Opperman and Miss Johnson, has been conducting a series of lectures on, "Limitations of Present Day Education."

DER DEUTSCHE SPRACHVEREIN.

Die erste Versammlung des deutschen Sprachvereins fand am zehnten November neunzehn hundert und acht statt.

Der Gegenstand der Unterhaltung war Heinrich Heine, und das ganze Programm wurde sehr gut ausgeführt.

Die erste Nummer war "Die Lorelei" von dem ganzen Verein gesungen. Dann folgte Fraeulein Nannie Bennett mit dem vortrag einer Skizze von Heines Leben. Darauf spielte Fraeulein Helen Hoy ein Klavierstück—"Der Erste Walzer" von Durand;

diesem folgte Fraeulein Irma Phillips mit dem Vortrag des Gedichts "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," Alle anwesenden beteiligten sich dann an einem deutschen Spiel.

Nachdem Erfrischungen herumgereicht waren, wurde die Unterhaltung mit dem Singen mehrerer deutschen Lieder geschlossen.

Fast alle Mitglieder des Vereins waren anwesend. Die Beamten des Vereins sind:

Fraeulein Mary Perkins, Presidentin.

" Nannie Bennett, Vice-Presidentin.

" Lottie Thorpe, Schriftfuehrerin
und Schatzmeisterin.

N. B.—Fraeulein Smithey ist der Leiter des Vereins. Fraeulein Opperman und Herr Doctor Kite haben sich dem Verein als Ehrenmitglieder angeschlossen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!!

Willis's!!!

This was flung back from eighty throats as, headed by the faculty and ended by the Seniors, a train of six overflowing wagons struck the trail for Willis' mountain, barely visible through the haze, eighteen miles away.

Four hours of joyous jolting brought us to the foot; only an hour more of steady climbing and we stood on the rocky summit of the highest peak east of the Blue Ridge.

Knowing that lunch waited for us below, we spent but few moments looking out over the rolling country

and scarcely discernable mountain range, but took a deep breath, gathered up rats, hair pins and other detached fragments, and took the downward plunge.

It took the undivided time and tact of the chaperone and home department to tear us away from the dinner even after the last crumb had disappeared, and to subdue our effervescent spirits sufficiently for the return trip. The cows coming home, stood and stared as we rattled past, for the Seniors, their ardor undiminished, were striving to drown the faculty chorus with outbursts of their own.

As we left the dark country roads and came into town, we heralded our approach with the following song of the day:

We're back from Willis's mountain,
We're back from Willis's mountain.
We're back from Willis's mountain,
To tell what we have seen.

The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
Is all that we have seen.

THANKSGIVING GERMAN.

A delightful evening was spent in the girls' gymnasium Thursday, the 27, when the Cotillion Club gave its Thanksgiving German.

The spacious hall was artistically decorated in red and white. At ten o'clock dainty refreshments were

served in the drawing room where the same color scheme was carried out.

Many beautiful figures were introduced by Mr. Mildred Richardson.

Those attending were as follows:—

Mr. Susie Powell with Miss Hattie Cox.

Mr. Aline Gleaves with Miss Beverly Andrews.
from Lynchburg.

Mr. Virginia Tinsley with Miss Emily Ward.

Mr. Perkins with Miss Carrie Hunter.

Mr. Mamie Jones with Miss Louise Daniel.

Mr. Ava Haskins with Miss Flossie Rawlings.

Mr. Ruth Redd with Miss Kate Hatcher.

Mr. Margaret Bell with Miss Blanche Sheppard.

Mr. Rhoda Shockey with Miss Florence Stevenson.

Mr. Ola Abbitt with Miss Rosa O'Hara,
from Bedford City, Va.

Mr. Louise Ford with Miss Catherine Taylor.

Mr. Lula Sutherlin with Miss Nancy Garrow.

Mr. Lucy Warbuton with Miss Honor Price.

Mr. Ruth Sheppard with Miss Mary Gwaltney.

Mr. Sallie Lovelace with Miss Mattie West.

Mr. Anne Hill with Miss Leona Jordan.

Mr. Louise Minnitree with Miss Leth Duncanson.

Mr. Elaine Toms with Miss Emna Staples.

Music was charmingly rendered by Miss Helen Booker and Miss Lucy Boxley.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Woman's Christian Association has started out this session full of hope and with the determination to make this the banner year of its history.

We feel already that to each committee there is due a word of commendation.

First of all we would speak of the devotional committee. Without an exception, all of the programs of the Saturday afternoon devotional services have been very interesting and helpful.

To the Bible committee we would give credit for having arranged and set on foot an excellent plan for Bible study this session. There are four courses of study offered. Several classes have been organized for the study of each course. About two hundred and twenty girls are enrolled in the classes, and besides these, a good many girls have promised to do daily Bible study.

The work of the membership committee speaks for itself in the fact that we already have enrolled four hundred and eighteen members.

The mission committee offers five courses in mission study.

There were four delegates from our Association at the Missionary Institute, held in Richmond, Nov. 19.

The girls on the social committee began work on the first day of school when they put on their Y. W. C. A. badges and ministered to the wants of the new girls. On the first Friday night of the session they gave a reception to the new girls, and invited all the girls. They have given a delightful birthday entertainment each month.

The most important event of the session so far, was the meeting of the Group Council, held with our Association, November 6-8. We had with us delegates from all but one of the student's organizations of the Y. W. C. A. in Virginia; and besides these, two delegates from the Richmond City Association, as leaders of the council there were present, Miss Garrison, student secretary of Virginia-Carolina Territory; Miss Casler, executive territorial secretary, Miss Burner and Miss White. Dr. Joseph Kelly, of Washington, conducted the services on Sunday morning and evening. We feel that each young woman who attended the sessions of this council went away personally benefitted and with many plans for making her own organization stronger.

Athletics.

Both students and faculty are showing more interest in athletics this year than ever before. We feel that the Athletic Association has done a great deal to arouse interest in sports of all kinds.

Our officers are Ruth Redd, president; Virginia Tinsley, vice-president; Florence Rawlings and Betty Wright, secretaries; Aline Gleaves, treasurer; and Georgie Sinclair, news reporter.

We have a new basket ball court and four new tennis courts this fall. Quoits, base-ball, tennis, basket-ball and croquet, are the games the girls enjoy playing most. Field day exercises have never taken place at the State Normal. Nearly all other schools have contests in sports every spring, why cannot we have them too?

Basket-ball, tennis, running, jumping and other exercises could be engaged in. We would enjoy the training as well as the contests.

The match game of basket ball between the Red and Green teams was played at 9:30 Thanksgiving morning. The Greens came off victorious, the score being 7 to 0.

There was a heavy fog early in the morning which seemed likely to turn into a rain at any moment, but after awhile the fog lifted and the day turned out to be one of clearest sunshine. There were scores of girls present and their rooting and enthusiasm added a great deal to the game, and by their constant cheers the players were urged on to do their best.

The game was played on the new grounds which have just been completed. The wire around the court was wrapped in and out with the colors of the teams, and the girls chose very unique ways of showing to which side they belonged. Some were wrapped in strips of their color, while some wore whole suits, capes and robes.

Miss Overall acted as umpire. The linesmen for the Red team were Gillette Bagby and Emily Ward; those for the Green team were Lula Sutherlin and Louise Ford.

The line up was as follows:

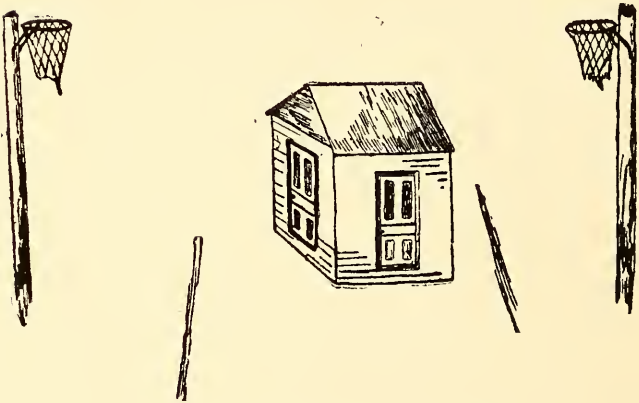
GREEN TEAM.

Virginia Tinsley—jumping center, (Captain.)
Elaine Toms—left forward.
Virginia Paulett—right forward.
Carrie Hunter—left side center.
Maggie Gilliam—right side center.
Ann Rowe—left guard.
Aline Gleaves—right guard.
Substitutes—Cora Brooking, Sophia Booker.

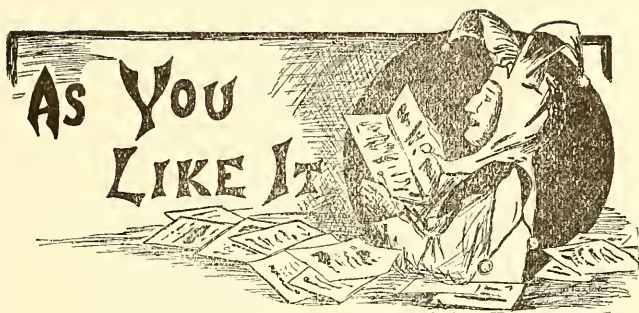
RED TEAM.

Ava Haskins—jumping center.
Bessie Paulett—right forward.
Betty Wright—left forward.
Grace Freeman—right side center.
Sallie Lovelace—left side center.
Mary Anderson—left guard.
Georgie Sinclair—right guard, (Captain.)
Substitutes—Carrie Libby, Mittie Batten.

Virginia Tinsley made the goal three times one goal, being a free throw, and Virginia Paulett scored once. The playing on both sides was excellent, but Virginia Tinsley, Virginia Paulett and Mary Anderson are especially to be commended for their individual work.



The new basket ball court.



 THE STUDENTS IN LIMERICKS.

Said the maid as she lifted her racquet,
 "Now here comes a ball ! See me whacquet !"
 She sent it so far
 Over bank, bush and scar,
 That it took her six hours to tracquet !

When at home she sang in the choir,
 To the Glee Club hence did aspire ;
 And in less than ten days
 Was given great prays,
 For she learned to sing hoir and hoir.

In the class-room she uttered each word
 So her answers could scarcely be hord ;
 Yet her voice was not weak,
 For outside she would shreak
 Till folks wondered what had accord !

Said a Junior who had many faults
 And was painfully learning to vaults:
 "I have kept my feet busy
 And whirled till I'm dusy,
 Now bring me, Oh, bring me my saults!"

"My arguments all have great weight."
 Mused a Senior so calm and sedeight;
 But that very night
 Her joy was spoiled quight,
 When she found she had lost the delight!

Scene: A busy Senior's room.

G-a-y—SINGING VIGOROUSLY.

F-a-c-s—"Shut up!"

Quiet for a few minutes—then,

G-a-y—"Oh, there is one hymn I surely do
 want to sing!"

F-a-c-s—I hope it is, "Yield not to Temptation."

NATURAL GENEROSITY,

Ratty—digging away at the cake.

"This is the most DE licious cake I ever saw."

Lula—Gazing ruefully at the rapidly disappearing dainty.

"I am so sorry you find it so."

Miss W. says we scarce have enough carbon
 in us to make a good sized diamond. So even the
 most unpromising of us may have a SOLITAIRE!"

Old girl—"What course are you taking?"

New girl—The "Dormitory course."

Aunt Lou would like to know where the "JUBILEE LIBRARY" is. Can it be that some one has so far forgotten herself as to smile in the library?

Wanted to know by the Senior Class what Experience is.

QUESTION ON TEST.

"Give the present address of Alice Hegan Rice."

F. S. "Miss D. is she still living?"

Wanted by the heating plant a whistle that will blow for fifteen minutes at 12:30. Just for the girls in the English classes.

Girl, reading, "The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung."

Miss S-i-h—"What is a swain?"

Girl—"It is some kind of animal."

Wanted: Jokes in Room 83.

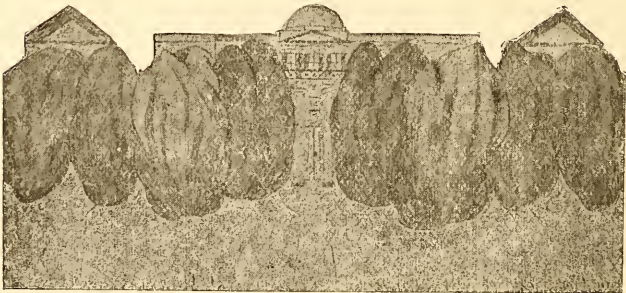
Sixth Grade Teacher: "If the principal man in a story is called the 'hero', what do we call the principal woman?"

Small Boy: "I—I reekon she'd have to be the SHE-ro."

New Girl—(after joining the Normal League)
"Well, I've joined every thing in this school now except the Seminar and the Cunningham Christian Association."

Sunday School Teacher: "My dear, what are you made of?"

Little Joy: "My body is made of dust, but grandma says my head is made of rock!"



The effect of the landscape gardening.

THE BACHELOR MAID,

She, alas! is a spinster
Left fading alone,
All her lovely companions
Are wedded and gone,
No friend of her girlhood,
No sweetheart, is nigh
To call up a blush, or
Interpret a sigh.

Since they left her, poor lone one,
She thinks but of them,
And her only delight is
To see them again;
And kindly they shower attentions on her,
She accepts them, but genuine
Love would prefer.

Her one little romance
Alas! did decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gem dropped away.
Her true heart is withered,
All lovers have flown
She's destined to live
In this bleak world alone!



Exchanges,

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the following magazines: Gray Jacket, The Critic, The Emory and Henry Era, The High School Student, The Chatterbox, The Monthly Chronicle, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

In most cases the magazines received are the first numbers issued this year. We congratulate our sister and brother students in general on the successful beginning of the literary work for the year, and extend our best wishes that this may be a year of marked improvement and of success. As a rule our greatest lack is good poetry.

The October number of the Hampden-Sidney Magazine seems to be largely an historical number. The history is good; but bright, active, wide-awake men should be able to find something more interesting, more instructive, more recent for their college magazines than Bacon's Rebellion.

The magazine lacks poems and stories. Both

of the poems given are extremely light. The style of story which has the hero, or victim, to strike his head against a post—even if it is a newel-post instead of the bed-post—and—woke up! is worn out. “Lieutenant Clemson’s Story” is very good.

While the magazine is an improvement on magazines from some other colleges, in that it has more solid matter, yet, on the whole, we would say that the men of Hampden-Sidney are capable of sending forth a better magazine.

It seems to us that it is a false school spirit which prompts the use of the school colors for the magazine when they make such a hideous cover; but the feeling of dislike which our first glimpse at The Emory and Henry Era gave us was thoroughly dissipated after an hour’s careful reading of this magazine.

The Era for October is quite interesting and well balanced. There seems to be a lack neither of story-writers nor of poets in the college, and the light fiction is well interspersed with the heavier literary matter. We are especially glad to see the poetry.

The story, entitled, “His Lordship” is interesting. We were quite prepared, however, for the appearance of the nice young girl who assisted his lordship in getting down from the tree, and knew at once that Starbury was created to marry her. The author was tactful in ending the story as he did and sparing us an account of the inevitable and evident conclusion. We would infer that this

story was composed by a youthful writer, for throughout the story we felt that Starbury was a grown-up man in childish surroundings, doing and saying childish things.

“The Judge’s Story” is good, but it also has some defects.

The editorial on “College Life” is splendid, as is also the plea for stories of more real every-day life, by the exchange editor.

The William and Mary Magazine has the advantage over most of our magazines in that it is respectable and dignified looking. It is a pleasure to take it up after looking at the blue, yellow, lemon and other colored magazines.

In the November number the literary matter is not a disappointment to us, either. The two poems are good, and, while not especially deep, they are indicative of true poetic spirit. The weightier literary matter is well written; the stories are only moderately good.



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