The Schoolma'am

Published by the Students

of the

State Normal School

HARRISONBURG VIRGINIA

Volume 1 Number 1

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN
To

The Memory

of

Adolph H. Snyder

A Friend of Learning, A Friend of the People, our Friend

and

A Christian Gentleman

We Dedicate this Volume
Biographical Sketch

A DOLPH HELLER SNYDER was born in the historic town of Woodstock, Shenandoah County, Virginia, on the 22d of October, 1863. His father, Rev. J. A. Snyder, D. D., still living at a venerable age, was a prominent minister of the Lutheran Church; his mother, Theresa Heller Snyder, a young woman of lovable character, died on the day of his birth—her own twentieth birthday. Until the age of eight he lived in Woodstock with his grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Heller; the next four years were spent in New Market, another historic town of Shenandoah County, where his father was pastor of St. Matthews Church. At the age of twelve he was sent to school in Staunton, where he remained two years, receiving instruction at the hands of Rev. J. I. Miller and a Professor Ide—the latter an expert teacher of music. From 1878 to 1882 he was a student under the famous teacher, Joseph Salyards, in the New Market Polytechnic Institute, graduating from that school in May, 1882. One year later he graduated from Roanoke College, where, during the succeeding year, he was an instructor. In the fall of 1884 he entered the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, with a view to entering the gospel ministry; but, suffering from a weakness of the throat, he followed the advice of his physicians, and abandoned this purpose. After a winter spent in teaching at Wichita, Kansas, and a brief sojourn in other parts of the West, he returned to Virginia, and entered upon his distinguished career as an editor and journalist. First at Strasburg, then at his native town of Woodstock, and finally at Harrisonburg, he gave his versatile talents to the work of civic, social, and educational uplift and progress, through the medium of the public press.

Mr. Snyder located at Strasburg in the spring of 1886, and there became the editor and owner of the Strasburg (weekly) News. At the end of a year he effected the consolidation of the News and the Virginian, the latter being a weekly published at Woodstock. He then became the editor of the Virginian and News, published at Woodstock, and continued work in this capacity until September, 1889, when he came to Harrisonburg, where he became an associate of the late Giles Devier in the publication of the Rockingham Register. From 1889 until his death, January 18, 1910, he was editor of the Register, and was individual owner of the
paper from 1900 till 1903. In the last-named year the Register and the
Harrisonburg Daily News were taken under the management of the newly
organized News-Register Company, of which Mr. Snyder was president.
He was also editor-in-chief of the Daily News, as well as of the Register,
until his death. A keen and discriminating student of public affairs, sane
in judgment, progressive in spirit, and moved by lofty ideals, he gave the
service of his vigorous and facile pen to every worthy cause that came from
time to time before the community and the Commonwealth. To mention
only one instance, when the question of establishing a normal school was
before the Virginia legislature two years ago, he not only gave the pro-
ject telling support through the columns of his papers, but he also made a
trip to Richmond in behalf of the measure, contributing to the support of
the bill the weight of his personal influence. The establishment of the
Normal at Harrisonburg was due in no small measure to his exertions.
Being appointed one of the original trustees, he gave valuable assistance
in the planning and organization of the school, and served as secretary of
the Board till his death.

In June, 1896, Mr. Snyder was elected Recorder for the town of
Harrisonburg, in which capacity he served the public with his accustomed
faithfulness and efficiency. He held no other office in city or State until
his election in November, 1909, as a member of the Virginia House of
Delegates from Rockingham County. That he was prevented by failing
health from going to Richmond to assume the duties of his position there,
was a keen disappointment to him as well as to his many friends; for he
was generally recognized as one of the ablest men elected to that body in
recent years. His public spirit and usefulness as a citizen appear in all
the foregoing record, together with the fact that, in addition to what has
already been noted, he was at the time of his death president of the Harri-
sonburg School Board and a trustee and deacon, as well as the organist
and choir director, of the Muhlenberg Lutheran Church.

On November 26, 1890, Mr. Snyder married Miss Anne Wierman of
Shenandoah County, Virginia, who survives him, together with two sons,
Fred and Paul, and two daughters, Katherine and Anne.

*Requiescat in pace!* When all is said, and the honor due is done to
the editor, the business man, the educator, and the citizen, we shall still
remember him as the man he was and the friend he proved himself to be.
We shall remember him and love him.

—John W. Wayland.
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The Schoolma'am is a little shy; and she begins this, her maiden speech, with many a flutter unknown to experienced platform educators. But the spirit of the Harrisonburg Normal is "Never give up"; so, always obedient to her Alma Mater, she steps bravely out upon the public rostrum and makes her demure curtsy.

She does not ask you to overlook her faults entirely, nor to magnify her virtues; but she does modestly request that you, remembering her tender years, will judge her leniently.

Some may discover in her remarks a decided historical bias. This is due to the fact that during this, the Year One, she has been reminded at every turn that she is making history, and should record it with strict accuracy for the benefit of posterity. To the little Schoolma'am herself, at least, the session of 1909-10 has been one of great import. Momentous events have occurred, vital questions have arisen, some of which were to her matters even of life and death.

Hence she naturally wishes to tell her friends about these things that have meant so much to her, as well as to give them glimpses of her busy, happy, memory-making life in school.

To all who have given her help and encouragement she extends her heartiest thanks.

Anon she will make her parting bow and retire to private life, there to remain in great content until called forth next June by the strenuous "closing exercises" of her school.
Blue-Stone Hill

(Tune, Juanita.)

Dedicated to the Harrisonburg State Normal School.

Fair on yon mountain,
Gleams the light of morning skies;
Firm on yon hill crest
Blue stone towers rise.
Proudly waves Old Glory,
White and red and blue above,
Writ with freedom's story,
Sign of truth and love.

CHORUS:
Mater, Alma Mater,
Though afar we bless thee still;
And may Love forever
Smile on Blue-Stone Hill.

Far o'er the Valley,
When at eve the world is still,
Shine through the gloaming
Lights from Blue-Stone Hill.
Thus afar out-streaming,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Like the stars e'er gleaming,
May thy glory be.— (Chorus.)

Queen of the Valley,
Alma Mater, thou shalt be;
Round thee shall rally
Those who honor thee;
All thy daughters loyal,
One in heart and one in will,
Many gifts and royal
Bring to Blue-Stone Hill.— (Chorus.)

Noon, night, and morning
We attend thy signal bell,
True to its warning
Till we say farewell.
Through the years, swift winging,
Oft will come a quickening thrill—
In the soul still ringing,
Bells of Blue-Stone Hill!— (Chorus.)
Reading, September 28, 1909

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Prayer, September 28, 1909

ALMIGHTY God, we acknowledge Thee as Creator of the world, of angels and of men; as the source of life, of knowledge, of truth, and all virtues. We rejoice that Thou art also our Father, who dost love us, and we pray that in the person of the Holy Spirit Thou wilt be our constant guide, and in the person of Thy Son our constant Teacher. May Thy gracious providence compass with mercy all our lives and destinies, and may Thy ministering spirits, which are sent forth to minister to
the heirs of salvation, bring to us wisdom for every decision, courage in every struggle, and hope for every day.

We come to Thee, Our Father, with a special plea. This hour for all of us gathered here is an hour of special moment, and we voice a special prayer. This hour has hovered in our visions, and has been longed for with fear and trembling, yet with a stirring fulness of hope and joy. It is an hour full of meaning to us all, and to the men and women who shall stand here and work here in the years to come. This hour is at once a goal and a beginning: a goal of toilsome progress and the beginning of a glorious work. We give Thee thanks for Thy mercies and blessings, and pray that Thy favor may continue to smile upon us, and that Thou wilt crown our labors with full success.

Bless all who have labored for this school hitherto, and all who shall labor for it henceforth in any capacity. Bless the school; may it become a sacred place—a shrine, as it were, devoted to liberty and to truth. Standing upon this hilltop, under the rising sun, may it grow as a mighty oak or a cedar of ancient Lebanon, and in its shelter may health and gladness abound. Like the hills and mountains round about it, may it be strong and steadfast; like the skies that smile above it, may it be boundless in its compass and ever full of light; like the hills and plains that surround it, may it be both fruitful and beautiful; like all the works of righteousness, may it be fostered and blessed of God.

Give these, Thy servants who teach, knowledge and wisdom and power; give the Trustees of the Commonwealth, who shall direct us, foresight and wise discretion; may all labor unto Thy glory and the good of mankind.

And now, O Lord, as we end our petitions, we voice one more special prayer. Bless these young women in their lives and in their work. They hold in their hands the cure of many ills, the key to many joys; and they too are standing at this hour in the dawn of a great future. The skies are bright above them, and hope calls them forward. Give them grace and strength and wisdom, O Lord, and guide them into usefulness and all those forms of special service for which Thou hast so richly endowed them. Give them hearts of love and sympathy and sincerity, and through them bless the land—the State, the Nation, the World, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.
Our Prehistoric Age

EVERY institution that is truly great had its real beginning in somebody's visions, lived first in somebody's heart; and no matter how massive the dark stone walls and red tiled roofs of the Harrisonburg Normal now, it was just a little while ago only a castle in the air. When, last October, the Board of Trustees met at the school and for the first time looked upon their work and found it good, the eyes of strong men were dim as they grasped hands and rejoiced together over dreams come true.

But mere dreaming could never have wrought this achievement. While enjoying the results, we are apt to forget the struggle previous to the foundation of such a school, and the strong, persistent effort required to build up an institution.

Let us, therefore, go back and, with the aid of the facts and figures so carefully filed away in "the office," review that part of the brief but intensive history of the Harrisonburg Normal School that dates before its beginning.

The need of such a school was fundamental. The general public awoke to the necessity of bringing the school into touch with the life of the people. The child must be taught how to live in order to contribute and give back to society at large what society has given to him. For this, professionally trained teachers are absolutely necessary. Virginia came to realize that she must have more and better teachers every year. By actual calculation it was found that fifteen hundred new teachers are now required annually. It was clear that one normal school, however strong, could not supply this demand.

Then too, little by little, the State came to believe that she had not been quite fair to her daughters in the matter of higher education.

Realizing these things, the people of Virginia, through their representatives in the General Assembly, by an Act approved March 4, 1908, provided for the establishment of this State Normal and Industrial School at Harrisonburg. Two years earlier that body had appointed a committee to travel over the State inspecting locations. This committee had been very favorably impressed with Harrisonburg, and had recommended it, together with other possible sites.

We must not think, however, that appropriations for this school were obtained without struggle. Some men were hard to convince; the State was torn with many pressing claims for money; and for a while the result
THE ARCHITECT'S VISION OF THE FUTURE
of the bill was uncertain. But Senator Keezell, our tall sycamore of Rockingham, planted himself at the entrance of the Finance Department and effectually blocked the way to all extravagance in movements less vital. In fact, there was a rumor of a joke among the senators which pictured the huge form of their incorruptible Guardian of Finance as seated on the lid of the State's money-chest and refusing to let a penny go out for the pet project of any member who should not first promise to vote for appropriations to the Harrisonburg Normal.

At any rate, it was passed—the bill that opened up to more than two hundred girls this year of opportunity and privilege.

In accordance with this Act, His Excellency, Governor Swanson, appointed a Board of Trustees, who met and organized in Harrisonburg, April 29, 1908. They immediately began to work on a plan which should provide for a large school, to accommodate ultimately over a thousand students. The scheme of the whole was to be complete, so that each building, as it should be added, might be a permanent part of the original plan.

Thus from its very inception the founders of this institution have unanimously favored the broadest possible policy. In this connection, Supt. J. D. Eggleston tells us that now, for the first time since Jefferson founded the University of Virginia, we have seen a great school organized on strictly definite, scientific, pedagogical principles, before a nail was driven or a class taught.

The county of Rockingham subscribed ten thousand dollars, and the town of Harrisonburg five thousand dollars, toward the establishment of the school. On June 18, 1908, the Board purchased forty-two acres of land from Mr. A. M. Newman as the site for the new school, and later added the Lurty lot of six acres, adjoining the Newman property. They considered themselves fortunate to secure these grounds, as they present most exceptional advantages for the purpose. Adjoining one of the best residential sections of the town, within easy reach of the railroad, affording a healthy environment in the midst of an unrivaled landscape, and enjoying a combination of sanitary comforts with a wholesome social and religious atmosphere, a more favorable site could not have been chosen.

The next and most important thing to do was to elect a president, and in this election the vigilant Board did the best piece of work that even they have ever done for the institution. On June 26, 1908, Mr. Julian A.
Burruss, of Richmond, Virginia, was with hearty unanimity chosen to be the first president of this school.

Upon accepting the presidency Mr. Burruss at once left Columbia University, though the degree of Doctor of Philosophy hung tantalizingly near his grasp, and began immediately a tour through the North and West, visiting the normal schools in many States and studying their methods and equipment. His purpose was to seek ideas far and near in the hope of approximating an ideal plan which would not only meet present needs but provide amply for future growth and expansion. It was his resolve to put himself in possession, as far as possible, of whatever our country has already learned in regard to conducting normal schools, thus reducing to the minimum what must be found out by costly experiment.

On September 15, 1908, the general scheme for the complete plant was agreed upon, and not quite a month later the working plans for the erection of Science Hall and the first dormitory were also adopted. It was the hope of the founders to have these buildings ready for the opening on September 28, 1909, less than a year from the time when the ground was broken and the work of construction commenced. In this hope they were destined not to be disappointed.

The corner-stone of Science Hall was laid with impressive ceremonies April 15, 1909. A parade nearly a mile long, composed of the school children, of military and civic organizations, and carriages with county, town, and school officials, with numbers of invited guests, marched to the Normal School grounds, where the corner-stone was laid according to the masonic ritual.

It was a memorable occasion; and amid the blast of trumpets and the cheers of the people that echo down to us from that day we had well nigh forgot the election of the faculty the preceding afternoon—an event not without weight in the making of a school!

But, to bring to a close this prehistoric history, the summer sped by in quarrying and building, in converting the Newman residence into an additional dormitory, in putting in fire-proof stairways, hot-air shafts, hygienic drinking fountains, and up-to-date equipment generally. Space fails us to tell of the quick but careful thought, the tense nerve-strain, the wonderful executive ability and mastery of details, that enabled our president to be ready on September 28, the exact date set the year before, to welcome us to such a school and such a school-home.
Registration Day

Oh, how well do I remember
One blue Tuesday in September,
   Opening day!
I was homesick, I was sad,
I was feeling very bad,
   Could not stay!

Oh, those blanks of registration!
They would rouse your indignation!
   They did ask
What your hopes, your creed, your age—
Whether simpleton or sage—
   'Twas a task!

Then, with registration through,
What was there for me to do?
   Cried awhile.
But there came to me a teacher—
Truly a most lovely creature,
   With a smile—

Introduced me to the girls—
Blue-eyed, brown-eyed, some with curls—
   I was glad.
I was homesick then no more,
School had ceased to be a bore—
   Really had!

—Lucile McLeod.
Beginnings

On September the twenty-eighth was the beginning of the beginning, when the girls filed in one after another to register. And this mystery of matriculation, what was it? First, a long catechism as to your self, your parentage, and your probable future; next, the filling out of one of those magic program cards which have proved such a momentous factor in the life of our school; and then falling in line behind a row of patient (?) girls and waiting your time to enter the President's office.

And the President! With one hundred or more girls all clamoring for admittance to his sanctum, is it any wonder that he almost forgot to eat and sleep? Nevertheless, in the course of time—which in this atmosphere of "touch and go" never means more than twenty-four hours—the task was completed, and the pupils were ready to attend classes the next morning.

The first chapel service was held in the Assembly Room of Science Hall promptly at the time that had been set a year or more before. Our Dr. Wayland read a mosaic of Scripture passages and led in a prayer which we surely shall not forget; after which the President made a short address of welcome to the students and visitors. Senator Keezell and other local members of the Board of Trustees also made brief but enthusiastic talks about the rapid fruition of their labors. They spoke earnestly, too, of this as our year of beginnings, and urged each pupil to be careful as to what traditions and ideals should prevail in the school-life here.

Indeed, this spirit of building for the future has so permeated the stu-
dent body that at every turn this first session we have been reminded of the grave responsibility of being ourselves founders in a sense, and of the need to establish precedents that will be wholesome for the Normal girl of twenty-five years hence. For that dim and distant young lady we have lived! For her sake we have governed our movements with the utmost circumspection; to suit her probable needs we have wearily drafted constitution after constitution; we have chronicled accurate records, which she, perhaps, will never have the time or the wish to read. We have even toiled to plant trees that she may rest under their shade; but we hereby give her warning that if she does too much resting and fails to follow our energetic example, the ghosts of our departed selves will come back and haunt her until she is fully aware that the Shade of the Original Student is not to be trifled with.

However, living for 1935 has not proved a bad way to have a good time in 1910. Not all our days have been spent in toiling for posterity. We have had some fun too, and done some playing ourselves.

The first social function was a reception, on October 8, given to the Normal students by our faculty, together with that of the High School. Each timid guest had forebodings of a very formal affair; and even the friendly knots of teachers, that took the place of the conventional stiff receiving line, proved formidable and awe-inspiring enough to paralyze some lips and palsy some hands in spite of firm resolves to seem perfectly at ease.

All these symptoms had disappeared, however, before our delightful book-party some weeks later, in which every girl took the liveliest interest. The costumes were remarkably clever, and the whole was a varied and truly beautiful scene. The prize was awarded to the Lady of the Lake group. Among others deserving special mention were The Prince and the Pauper, Madame Butterfly, and Aunt Dinah.
Speaking of book-parties reminds us, incidentally, of books. Our library is the pride of the school; and we count it no small privilege to have, at the very start, fifteen hundred volumes, each chosen with the utmost care.

The first volume recorded in our accession book is the Bible, sent by the President of Hollins Institute with greetings to the Harrisonburg Normal, the youngest of Virginia's schools for girls. An old book for a new time, and shall we forget the suggestiveness of its opening words? "In the beginning, God—."

The social committee of the Y. W. C. A. has planned several delightful evenings; but it is ours to record only the fact that under its auspices was given the first "tacky" party, at least the first one called by that name. Each girl was, of course, supposed to lay aside her stylishness and look as ridiculous as possible. We succeeded admirably.

In the midst of all these festivities there must come that inevitable bugbear—the examinations. These were heralded with anything but delight in spite of the President's repeated danger signal—"Don't worry." But time is the healer of all ills, and in less than ten days after their start these dreadful, nerve-racking days were over. Then came the first home going, the getting up and eating by candle light in order to catch the earliest train possible, and finally the tally-ho of shouting girls off for the station.
For those who staid behind were long morning naps, a generous Santa Claus, glorious Christmas dinners, and evenings full of frolic.

The Lanier Literary Society gave us our first debate, while it fell to the lot of the Professional Class to present our first dramatic performance of the year—and of the centuries—Miss Fearless and Company.

If the former shall prove a prototype for future debates, and if all the plays that are to come after shall be as pure in tone and as charmingly rendered as was this, the standard of such exercises will indeed be high.

On March 15, the "Royal Arts" department, subject to the King's command, went forth with stakes and strings to do the first work on that remarkable garden that some day shall be the pride of the Normal. Plots four by eighteen feet were laid off, stakes were driven at each corner, and strings were even stretched from post to post, in order to preserve every square inch to its owner and to check in her any possible spirit of territorial annexation. This done, the army of gardeners valiantly attacked the soil with spading forks. Paths were made and beaten down. The plot was carefully spaded, and every clod broken up until the ground looked like powdered chocolate. Soon came the most interesting part—the planting time.

The April weather led the fair horticulturists many a dance from tool-room to garden, and from garden to tool-room again. But not even spring rains could dampen the ardor of these nature-lovers, and every day may still be seen "The Woman with the Hoe," affectionately bending over rows of little green shoots.

But we have planted things great as well as small. Arbor Day was
inaugurated on April 7, under the leadership of Miss King, with Mr. Roller as right-hand man. Each class, commencing with the Professional,

The Professional Class Plants a Tree

planted a tree, and with it their wishes and their hopes for the future. With poetry and song we went from oak to maple, and from walnut to elm, until everybody, from the faculty to the tiny tots of the Kindergarten, had had a hand—literally an earth-stained hand—in the planting. This, like the other enterprises we have mentioned, is only the beginning; we shall not wait for Arbor Day, but shall follow the old Scotchman’s advice and “Aye be sticking in a tree.”
"Don't You Remember?"

Sept. 27 The would-be schoolma'ams arrived.
   28 Registration!
   30 First Chapel Exercises.
Oct.  3 Fried chicken and ice cream!
   6 The M. D. arrived upon the scene with his sounding apparatus.
   8 Lee and Lanier step forward to take their places in the school.
   10 Trying to say something and can't.—Faculty reception.
   16 House-warming at the Normal.
   18 The Governor, well guarded, visits us.
   21 Violet and Gold.
   30 Y. W. C. A. fully organized.
   Serenade by Daily News Band.
   30 Trip to Ashby Monument. Three cheers for Dr. Wayland!
   Spooks! Spooks!!—Faculty.
Nov.  2 Southwick in "Julius Cæsar."
   4 What the future holds for us.—Teachers' Association.
   25 Books, old and new, strolling to and fro.
Dec. 10 James Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu torn to pieces by Laniers.
   17 "A Queer Affair."
   23 Mrs. Newman sent us a party.
   24 Home Sweet Home.
Jan.  3 That "Angel Cat" takes up her abode at the Cottage.
   4 "Did you bring me any fruit-cake?"
   5 Play! Play with all your might!—Mr. Hanmer.
   7 Laniers shake hands with new girls.
   14 Lee Evening.—Dr. Graves.
   27 "Oh, those lovable chickens!"—Miss King.
Feb. 2 Ground-Hog saw his shadow.
   " 6 Nest of the Cottage hen found. Nineteen eggs!
   " 8 Miss King caught an owl.
   " 9 What I look for in a teacher—Mr. Keister.
   " 12 Hearts and Darts!
   " 18 George and Martha Washington with a whole retinue of
       Colonial Dames and Old Virginia Gentlemen.
   " 22 Turvy Land.—Arcadians.

Mar. 1 Schoolma’am provided with a staff.
   " 3 "Uriah H-E-E-P,‘’—Mr. Walter B. Tripp.
   " 5 Lee and Lanier publicly debate the subject of limited
       membership.
   " 12 "Miss Fearless and Co."
   " 15 Rural Arts class begins gardening.
   " 17 "Faith, Patrick, and it’s a foine avening we do be havin’.’’
   " 19 Spading up the garden plots.
   " 21 To Mr. Rickard’s model farm with Dr. Wayland.
   " 24 Easter holidays begin.
   " 28, 29 So many new girls!

April 1 Pranks!
   " 4 The Household Arts.—“Stamp Act.”
   " 7 "What do we plant when we plant a tree? ’’
   " 8 The Five Formal Steps,” as given in the Educative
       Process.—Lee Society.
   " 9 Y. W. C. A. “Social” to new girls.
   " 13 Mocking-bird gives his first spring serenade.

May 2 Ground broken for new dormitory.
   " 9 Orchard Party becomes a House Party.—Kindergarten
       Class.
   " 18–19 Coburn Players in “As You Like It” and “Merchant of
       Venice.”

June 12–14 Commencement.
   " 15 “Tears, idle tears.”
Apple-Blossoms

Cups for dewdrops, sheen and fair,    
'Neath last evening star,    
Tiny shallops of the air,    
Speed they now afar.

"Stay, O dainty blossoms, stay!    
Cease, O vandal wind:    
Youth and beauty plead to-day,    
Be not thus unkind."

Whispering o'er the verdant lawn,    
Soft a voice replies:    
"We bear incense to the Dawn,    
Throned in orient skies.

"She doth paint our rosy tint,    
She doth make us fair;    
Unto her our petals glint,    
Through the perfumed air.

"Unto her we hasten now,    
Swift upon the wind,    
Whirled in wreaths to deck her brow—    
Fate is not unkind.

"Keep us but in memory,    
Sweet and fair alway;    
Then shall beauty smile on thee    
Every dawn and day."

Cups for dewdrops, sheen and fair,    
Jeweled with each star,    
Tiny shallops of the air,    
Speeding now afar,    
Bear sweet incense to the Dawn,    
Throned in orient skies;    
Beauty on the perfumed lawn    
Unto youth replies.
Organizations

Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit says the Lord of Hosts.
THOUGH this is the first year of its existence, the Young Women's Christian Association of our school has made a brave start and has great reason to be glad and thankful.

With the pupils generally this stands pre-eminent among our organizations, not only because it aims directly at what is highest for life and for eternity, but because it has been given usually our best work and strongest interest. If any organization had to be given up we should all say, "Let this be the last."

In the latter part of October, Miss Oolooah Burner, student secretary, paid the school a delightful visit and, aided by our Miss Lancaster, organized this association with a membership of seventy-two. The first session was held in the Assembly Hall, October 28.

Since our organization twenty-eight additional members have been secured, making our total membership at the present one hundred.

The social committee has done much to brighten the lives of the students by way of informal entertainments. Many pleasant evenings have been spent in this manner.

The programs for the weekly meetings have been thoughtfully arranged by the devotional committee; their work has been good and has brought forth real fruit.

Seven Bible-study classes have been organized in the school with a large per cent of the students enrolled, also a Mission Study class with eighteen members.

An event which has been of much interest and benefit to the Association was the Territorial Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association, held in Richmond in November. Miss Katherine Royce was sent as our delegate, and her report was indeed inspiring to all who heard. She had the privilege of listening to many fine addresses from prominent Y. W. C. A. workers of this state and also of North and South Carolina.

Our new officers were elected March 3, and entered upon their respective duties at the beginning of the spring quarter. Miss Louise Lancaster was made president, Miss Fannie Scates vice-president, Miss Eva Massey secretary, and Miss Bertha Nuckolls treasurer.

Our swelling school and fine equipments have developed so rapidly, dreams have so quickly become realities, that we, too, are dreaming that some day we may have a snug little Y. W. C. A. hall of our own.
YWCA

Motto: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

MEMBERS OF THE CABINET

OFFICERS

Nannie Morrison ........................................ President
Orra Otley ....................................................... Vice-President
Maude Wescott .............................................. Secretary
Kathleen Harnsberger ....................................... Treasurer

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Fannie Scates ................................................. Devotional
Louise Lancaster .............................................. Bible Study
Grace Jackson .................................................... Mission Study
Kathleen Harnsberger ....................................... Finance
Maude Wescott ............................................... Intercollegiate
Amelia Brooke .................................................. Social
Orra Otley ........................................................ Membership
The Literary Societies

The faculty, being resolved in the beginning to set before the students high standards of literary work, made plans during the first few weeks of the school for the organization of two Literary Societies. On October the eighth these plans were presented to the students and were received with hearty co-operation.

For these societies were suggested names which are dear to all Southerners, and which have proved a great inspiration to the members, reminding them daily of Lee, the greatest Southern soldier, and of Lanier, the best loved Southern poet. Next followed the selection of twenty charter members for each society.

These charter members immediately held meetings, each group electing a temporary president and a secretary, and appointing a committee for drawing up a constitution. As soon as the constitutions were prepared, they were presented and, after due consideration, adopted.

Much enthusiasm was manifested by all the members, and the spirit of friendly rivalry existing between the two societies served as a stimulus to both. Meeting with a hearty response among the student body, they promptly secured a large membership, and being thus placed on a sure foundation they were now able to turn their attention to work more distinctly literary.

Alternate Friday evenings were agreed upon as a regular time of meeting for each society. Three weeks after organization the first open meeting was held; and since that time all their literary exercises have been open to the public. The programs consist largely of biographical studies of some of our great men, national holiday celebrations, debates, essays, readings, and special music.

In January the Lee Literary Society held a meeting in the Town Hall, in celebration of Lee’s birthday. After the address of welcome by the
president the Society sang the school song "Blue-Stone Hill." Then followed recitations—among them "The Sword of Lee"—and the Society song, "Gray and Gold"; after which the speaker of the evening, Professor Charles A. Graves, of the University of Virginia, was introduced. Professor Graves delivered a most excellent lecture on "Lee at Lexington," after which the meeting was closed by the singing of the other school song, "Shendo Land."

One of the most interesting programs given by the Lanier Society was that held in honor of Washington's birthday. The members were dressed in colonial costumes representing ladies and gentlemen of Revolutionary times. The meeting was opened by the singing of "America." At roll-call each member responded with an incident taken from Washington's life, or in some way relating to him. This was followed by a song by the glee club and a reading entitled "George Washington."

After another song came the reading of the Lanier Monthly, a sprightly little sheet nothing daunted by its youth. The meeting was closed by the singing of Kipling's "Recessional."

On March 5, the two societies united in the first joint debate within the history of the organizations. The four debaters were not pitted against one another on society lines, but a Lanier and a Lee on each side. They discussed the practical question: "Resolved, that the Lee and Lanier literary societies shall each limit its membership to fifty." The arguments were vigorous and so well balanced that it was only after a long discussion that the judges decided in favor of the negative side.

With such a beginning, who knows what heights in literary fame these societies may some day reach? No one can prophesy what the future has in store for them; but all can bid them God-speed in their work and wish for them great success in the years to come.
Lanier Literary Society

Colors: Violet and White, Flower: Violet

Motto:
"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand."

CHARTER MEMBERS
Amelia Brooke
Minnie Diedrich
Maria Dortch
Carrie Durrette
Virginia Earman
Martha Fletcher
Inez Hopcroft
Grace Jackson
Eva Massey
Ruth McCorkle

Nannie Morrison
Irene Orndorff
Orra Otley
Vergilia Sadler
Mary Settle
Sidney Smith
Juanita Stout
Lou Ware
Maude Wescott

OFFICERS
First Term
President—Amelia Brooke
Vice-President—Lou Ware
Secretary—Nannie Morrison
Treasurer—Martha Fletcher

Second Term
Ruth McCorkle
Vergilia Sadler
Maria Dortch
Martha Fletcher

Third Term
Nannie Morrison
Virginia Brown
Frances Mackey
Martha Fletcher

OTHER MEMBERS
Louise Anderson
Katie Anderson
Janet Bailey
Gladys Berlin
Ressie Boward
Virgie Bryant
Marion Chamblin
Ruth Conn
Irene Davis
Lenora Davis
Helen Drummond
Lorraine Eldred
Janet Green
Annie Huffman
Elizabeth Marshall

Carrie McClure
Lizzie McGahey
Stella Meserole
Allie Messersmith
Genevieve Miley
Mary Mowbray
Leila Naylor
Pearl Riden
Gertrude Royall
Carmen Semones
Virginia Slemp
Alice Sterrett
Nannie Sword
Flossie Trenary
Miriam Turner
Lee Society Song

Gray and Gold

(Tune: Annie Laurie)

Our band is young but hopeful,
Full strong to do and be;
For the name we bear is mighty
Far o'er the land and sea.
We'll wave our gray and gold,
And in the truth be free;
For each loyal soul is burning
Well to bear the name of Lee.

While through college days we struggle
To win some laurels fair,
We'll ever stand united
In toil and love to share;
We'll shout our hero's name,
And echo loud his praise,
Who shall ever teach us glory
Of the brave old Southern days.

So when life's sweet morn is over,
And our paths lead down the west,
Memory still shall fondly treasure
That name we love the best.
Three cheers for the gray and gold!
Three cheers for the name of Lee!
In thy name and kingly spirit
We will work for thine and thee.
Lee Literary Society

Colors: Gray and gold  Flower: White Carnation

*Motto:*
"The white flower of a blameless life."

**OFFICERS**

*First Quarter*
- President—Fannie Scates
- Vice-Pres't—Katherine Royce
- Secretary—Annie Davis
- Treasurer—M'Ledge Moffett

*Second Quarter*
- President—Charlotte Lawson
- Vice-Pres't—Alma Harper
- Secretary—Octavia Goode
- Treasurer—Louise Lancaster

*Third Quarter*
- President—Kathleen Harnsberger
- Vice-Pres't—Lucy Laws
- Secretary—Virginia Dunn
- Treasurer—Martha Eagle

**CHARTER MEMBERS**

- Mary Alexander
- Annie Davis
- Virginia Dunn
- Octavia Goode
- May Hamilton
- Susie Higginbotham
- Kathleen Harnsberger
- Pearl Haldeman
- Florence Keezell
- Lucy Laws
- Charlotte Lawson
- Sara Lewis
- M'Ledge Moffett
- Lucile Mc Leod
- Katharine Royce
- Fannie Scates
- Fannie Wisman
- Sara Woodson

**NEW MEMBERS**

- Emma Baker
- Tracy Burtner
- Josephine Bradshaw
- Mary Bishop
- Eunice Brown
- Leda Cline
- Marion Day
- Martha Eagle
- Beatrice Gentry
- Louise Greenawalt
- Sallie Hulvey
- Alma Harper
- Felicia Hanger
- Louise Lancaster
- Kittie Leech
- Cora Jennings
- Mary Lotts
- Mamie MacMillan
- Annie Maynard
- Beatrice Marable
- Harrietta Massoletti
- Bertha Nuckolls
- Nellie Rodes
- Mary Silvey
- Mary Sale
- Mary Sadler
- Nora Spitzer
Glee Club

Director  Miss Lida P. Cleveland
Business Manager  Maude Wescott

MEMBERS

Emma Baker  Lorraine Eldred  Frances Mackey
Olivia Blackburn  Martha Eagle  Sidney Smith
Virginia Brown  Beatrice Gentry  Fannie Scales
Carrie Durrette  Octavia Goode  Flossie Trenary
Maria Dortch  Alma Harper  Lou Ware
Minnie Diedrich  Pearl Haldeman  Maude Wescott
Carrie McClure
Athletic Council
The Athletic Association

The students and faculty of the Harrisonburg Normal School, desiring to promote physical, moral, and mental development, and realizing that soul helps body not more than body helps soul, organized on March 31, 1910, an Athletic Association.

This association consists of each member of the faculty and student body, and includes tennis clubs and basket ball teams. The council, or executive committee, consists of a president elected by the school at large, and a representative from each sub-organization.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

President . . . . . . Gertrude Powell Royall
Vice-President . . . . . . Maria Clark Dortch
Secretary . . . . . . Ruth Randolph Conn
Treasurer . . . . . . Lizzie Stern McGahey

E. Grace Rhodes Lenora Amber Davis
Maude Tyson Wescott

---51---
Scalpers Basketball Team

**COLOR—Yellow**

**YELL**

V-i-c-t-o-r-y!

Well, I guess!

Scalpers, Scalpers,
Yes! Yes! Yes!

**AMELIA HARRISON BROOKE—Captain**

Janet Bailey
Olivia Blackburn
Annie Davis
Virginia Dunn
Beatrice Gentry
Alma Harper
Lizzie McGahey
M'Ledge Moffett
Bertha Nuckolls
Fannie Scates
Maude Wescott

--52--
Tip Top Basket Ball Team

Motto: "Always ahead."  Color—White

Maria Dortch, Captain

Gladys Berlin
Martha Eagle
Inez Hopcroft
Mabel Liskey
Frances Mackey

Mamie McMillan
Lucile McLeod
Genevieve Miley
Mary Silvey
Alda Wade

Yell: Razzle-razzle-dizzle-dazzle,
Sis, boom, bah!
Tip Top, Tip Top,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

—53—
Tomahawkers Basketball Team

MARY SALE—Captain
Alice Sterrett Magdalena Moore
Felicia Hanger Emma Baker Leila Naylor Minnie Diedrich
Ruth Conn Carrie McClure Vada Suter Sallie Hulvey Tracie Burtner

COLOR—Olive

YELL
Googely, goo-gely,
Googely, Gen!
Tomahawkers, Tomahawkers,
Nineteen ten!
Racket Tennis Club

Colors: Blue and Red

Motto:
"Root Little Pig or Die."

OFFICERS
President: Bertha Nuckolls
Secretary and Treasurer: Eva Massey

MEMBERS
Katie Anderson
Louise Anderson
Janet Bailey
Olivia Blackburn
Virginia Brown
Marion Chamblin
Ruth Conn
Marion Day
Maria Dortch
Virginia Dunn
Martha Eagle
Octavia Goode
May Hamilton
Annie Huffman
Cora Jennings
Lucy Laws
Charlotte Lawson
Frances Mackey

Eva Massey
Harrietta Massoletti
Carrie McClure
Lucile McLeod
Genevieve Miley
Nannie Morrison
Bertha Nuckolls
Orra Otley
Bettie Pence
Grace Rhodes
Gertrude Royall
Fannie Scales
Virginia Slemp
Sidney Smith
Nannie Sword
Flossie Trenary
Miriam Turner
Leela Vaughan

Fannie Wisman
Pinquet Tennis Club

Motto: Go and play Colors: Red and White

YELL
Hully go-let,
Hully go-let,
Three cheers for Pinquet!
Ever fair in all our fight,
We the ones of red and white,
Pinquet! Pinquet!

FIRST OFFICERS
President—Amelia Brooke
Secretary—Pearl Haldeman
Treasurer—Katharine Royce

PRESENT OFFICERS
President—Martha Fletcher
Secretary—Annie Davis
Treasurer—Mary Mowbray

MEMBERS
Emma Baker
Josephine Bradshaw
Amelia Brooke
Eunice Brown
Tracie Burtner
Annie Davis
Minnie Diedrich
Livie Dowdy
Lorraine Eldred
Martha Fletcher
Beatrice Gentry
Pearl Haldeman
Felicia Hanger
Ethel Harman
Carrie Harouff
Alma Harper
Inez Hopcroft
Sallie Hulvey
Grace Jackson
Florence Keezell

Louise Lancaster
Mabel Liskey
Beatrice Marable
Laura Marrow
Elizabeth Marshall
Ruth Mccorkle
Grace McInturff
M'Ledge Moffett
Lena Moore
Mary Mowbray
Katharine Royce
Mary Sadler
Vergilia Sadler
Mary Sale
Marion Sledd
Alice Sterrett
Virginia Stiles
Juanita Stout
Vada Suter
Ruth Taliaferro

Maude Wescott
Large Thoughts

This thoughtlet is affectionately dedicated to Miss Yetta S. Shonflnger, an inspiration to "Large Thoughts."

There was a class in 38—
Education was its name, sir;
Such an atmosphere it did create
When large thoughts were its aim, sir!

We truly had a learned teacher,
We really had indeed, sir;
She talked to us like any preacher,
For large thoughts were her aim, sir.

We gazed enraptured in her face—
Ah, yes, we did indeed, sir!
And took down notes at a rapid pace
When large thoughts were our aim, sir.

We learned of toads, and twigs, and trees—
I'm telling you the truth, sir!
Of flowers, and worms, of beasts, and bees,
When large thoughts were our aim, sir.

All knowledge came within our scope—
Oh, yes, we learned it all, sir,
Traversed the course at a lively lope
When large thoughts were our aim, sir.

Now when at last our course we've run
We'll lay aside our notes, sir,
To satisfy our souls with fun—
Large thoughts are not our aim, sir.
How the Little Flowers Got Kept In

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, when the Fairy Queen held court in the midst of the woods back of the Normal School, all the little flower fairies, her loyal subjects, used to dance in the sunshine of the fields the livelong day, in their dainty dresses of pink or yellow, purple or white.

They were just as happy as they could be until six o'clock. But whenever the clocks struck six, the Queen made each little fairy leave her play and come back to the woods and take a seat under a big oak tree, where Professor Owl taught school every evening and made them learn hard lessons from a big book that held all the wisdom of the centuries.

Now the little flower-fairies of long ago didn't like to go to school any more than do the little children of the present day; so once in the bright summertime, when all the world was beautiful, Sunflower, the largest and bravest of the flower fairies, called all the others together and made them a speech. She said she thought it was a shame to have to go to school when it was so very warm and beautiful in the fields and woods; and she proposed to stay away that evening and let Professor Owl teach himself for awhile. She closed her speech with a stirring appeal to all the flower-fairies to stand by her and help make a success of the very first strike on record.

The flower-fairies were very much excited by Sunflower's speech; and immediately such a hubbub arose that the little brook, on whose bank the meeting was held, started to run away in a fright, and has never stopped till this day. The fairies argued and argued, the bolder persuading the more timid, till each agreed to stay away from school for that one time.

Well, that evening at six o'clock sharp, Mr. Owl sat down under the big oak tree, carefully turning his back to the setting sun, for the light
was very bad for his eyes. He waited and waited for the little scholars to come. Every minute that passed made him crosser and crosser, till finally in a rage he flew sullenly off to tell the Queen.

When the Queen heard what the flower-fairies had done, she became very, very angry, and sat herself right down upon a mushroom to think up something bad enough to do to punish them. She called in Professor Owl and all the blackbirds to help her think. The prating black birds suggested first one thing and then another, but the owl hooted at them all. The Queen finally decided to shut the poor little flower-fairies up in tight little shells, called seeds, and to put them down into the ground, in the dark, to think.

So she sent the black birds out in the fields and woods to find the truants and bring them to her. Then, when the tiny culprits stood with drooping heads before the Queen, she scolded them a long time, and shut each one into a little seed and stuck her down in the warm, moist earth to meditate on her sins.

It was very dark and hot and stuffy down in the ground, shut up in the tight little seeds; and the fairies grumbled and grumbled among themselves for weeks and weeks. Finally they became so indignant at the way they had been treated that their hearts began to swell with anger. And the more they swelled, of course, the tighter and more uncomfortable became their close little jackets, until they had hardly room to breathe.

Now this made them all the more furious; so they just kept on swelling and swelling with rage; and their narrow cells kept on getting tighter and tighter, until at last, what do you think? Each little flower-fairy burst her seed wide open and popped out into the sunshine once more.

—Stella Meserole.
Unsung

We had almost
Composed a toast
To the Class of 1911,
But every time
Their name would rhyme
With nothing on earth but—*heaven*.
Professional Class

Motto: "To be rather than to seem.

Flower: Maréchal Neil Rose

Secretary, E. Grace Rhodes

President, Katharine V. Royce

Colors: Green and Gold

Class Poem

Good people who to chapel go
Will find, along the front, a row
Of thirteen girls of mien demure—
A florist's dozen, to be sure,
Or baker's, with one roll to spare,
If we with rosebuds can't compare.
But though we sit so quiet here,
Just watch us blossom out next year!

The lesser goals are not our aim,
'Twas for DIPLOMAS that we came.
If not the fairest, wittiest, best,
Among the daughters to be blest
With these thy gifts, O Mater dear,
We'll be the first to win them here.
Beneath our chosen gold and green
We'll stand, the ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.
Play
Miss Fearless & Co.

By the Professional Class of State Normal School,
Harrisonburg, Virginia.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Margaret Henley...........................................An Heiress.
Miss Euphemia Addison........................................Her Chaperon.
Miss Sarah Jane Lovejoy.....................................From Chestnut Ridge.
Kate O'Connor..................................................Miss Henley's Servant.
Miss Barbara Livingston......................................Miss Henley's Guest.
Miss Bettie Cameron..........................................Miss Henley's Guest.
Miss Marion Reynolds.........................................Miss Henley's Guest.
Miss Genevieve Miley..........................................The Ghost.
Miss Katharine Royce.

(1) Miss Alias | "Two Sisters" supposed to be Jim Reading and Jack
(2) Miss Alibi | Eggleston.

(1) Miss Fannie Scates.
(2) Miss Lorraine Eldred.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.
Girls indignant at the supposed slight—Make a compact not to communicate with a
man for a month—Betake themselves to Spook Island, a place inhabited by ghosts—Oppos-
ite Camp Comfort, where "the boys" are staying.

ACT II.
Girls lonesome—Spy glasses point to Camp Comfort—To solace their hearts and arouse
jealousy at Camp Comfort they make up a man—Set it on front piazza—"Katie" belabors
it with a broom—Two women (?) from opposite Island come to sell vegetables, very
cheap—Leave, bearing six messages from six girls to six men—Result, $60.00 in box—A
storm—The Ghost—A frightened child, "Just Lizzie."

ACT III.
"Miss Phemie's" elopement thwarted by loss of curls—Handkerchief found—"Lords of
creation" discovered—Floating white flag proclaims surrender of—"Miss Fearless and Co."
Fifth Year Class

"We are seven."

FANNY LOU WARE, President
MARIA CLARKE DORTCH, Vice-Pres.
LUCY KINZEL LAWS, Secretary
SARA VIRGINIA ROLLER, Treasurer
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH SLEMP
VERGILIA PENDLETON SADLER
MARY ESTALINE ALEXANDER

Motto: Pas à Pas
Colors: White and Yellow
Flower: Daisy
Fourth Year Class

Colors: Olive and Garnet       Flower: Red Rose

Motto: Vorwärts

OFFICERS
Martha J. Fletcher, President
Orra Otley, Vice-President
Pearl Haldeman, Secretary
Irene Davis, Treasurer

MEMBERS

Emma Baker
Gladys Berlin
Mary Bishop
Virgie Bryant
Marion Chamb’in
Leda Cline
Ruth Conn
Lenora Davis
Octavia Goode
May Hamilton
Susie Higginbotham
Annie Huffman
Cora Jennings
Mabel Liskey
Harrietta Massoletti
Lizzie McGahey
Grace McInturff
Mamie McMillan
Nannie Morrison
Bertha Nuckolls
Gertrude Royall
Mary Sadler
Mary Settle
Frances Sibert

Alice Sterrett
Juanita Stout
Nannie Sword
Miriam Turner
Fannie Wisman
Third Year Class

Colors: Red and White  Flower: Red Carnation

Motto:
“Better not be at all than not be noble.”

OFFICERS

President ............................................ Frances Mackey
Vice-President ..................................... Martha Eagle
Secretary and Treasurer .......................... Tracie Burtner

MEMBERS

Susie Beery  Olivia Blackburn  Ressie Boward  Virginia Brown  Eunice Brown  Mamie Brown  Tracie Burtner  Marion Day  Carrie Durrette  Martha Eagle  Felicia Hanger  Edna Hartman  Lillie Kaylor  Eva Massey  Annie Maynard

Frances Mackey  Carrie McClure  Lucile McLeod  Allie Messersmith  Bertha Myers  Bettie Pence  Alma Reiter  Nellie Rodes  Edmonia Shepperson  Mary Silvey  Sidney Smith  Nora Spitzer  Virginia Stiles  Evelyn Stout  Flossie Trenary

Ruth Taliaferro
Training Class

Colors: White and Green       Flower: Lily of the Valley
Motto: Consider the end.

OFFICERS

President          Alma Harper
Vice-President     Alda Wade
Secretary          Myrtle Harvey
Treasurer          Mary Mowbray

MEMBERS
Janet Bailey
Daisy Shuman
Alma Harper
Alda Wade
Myrtle Harvey
Mary Mowbray

-72-
Junior Kindergarten Class

Motto:

“A man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

Colors: Pink and Green

Flower: Rose

Honorary Member: Miss Evalina Harrington

OFFICERS

Louise Ely Lancaster . . . . . . . . President
Virginia Oler Earman . . . . . . . . Vice-President
Kathleen Bell Harnsberger . . . . . . Secretary
Ethel Kathryne Sprinkel . . . . . . . Treasurer

MEMBERS

“Miss Pinkle”
“Miss Beginger”
“Miss Ouise”
“Miss Kassleen”
Household Arts Class

1911

Colors
White and Gold

Members
Clara Louise Greenawalt
Mary Ledger Moffett
Anne Lillian Davis
Leela Eloyee Vaughan
Ethel Harman

Flower
White Rose

Motto
"Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

HARPER
Manual Arts Class

*Motto:*

"Work for the night is coming."

Colors—The Primary Colors

MEMBERS

Virginia Dunn, President
Sara Lewis
Helen Drummond
Janet Green
Shendo Land

(Tune, Dixie.)

Dedicated to the Harrisonburg State Normal School.

I wish I was at de school in Shendo,
Good times dar don’t seem to end, so
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
In Shendo land dey is boun’ to ketch you
If yo’ beau done come to fetch you,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

CHORUS:
Den I wish I was in Shendo, Hooray! Hooray!
In Shendo land I’ll take my stand,
To lib an’ die in Shendo,
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!
Away, away, away up dar in Shendo!

Dem blue stone walls at de school in Shendo
Mighty, fine fer de Gub’ner said so;
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
Dem red tile roofs look kinder bumpshus;
Jined wid de blue stone, ain’t dey scrumpshus?
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)

Dar’s Missus Brooke an’ Mistah Burruss,
Bustlin’ roun’ an’ a-hustlin’ fer us,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
Dar’s two more men an’ a lot o’ ladies,
Don’t nevah tell you what yo’ grade is,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)

Den go ‘way skeeter, don’t you pester,
B. an’ O. an’ de Ches’peake Wester,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
I’se gwine ter choose fer de silver casket—
Lam dat ball right t’rough de basket!—
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)
WILLIAM H. KEISTER
Principal Harrisonburg High School
Harrisonburg High and Graded Schools

(In affiliation with State Normal School and used as a Training School)

The Harrisonburg State Normal School has been fortunate in the opportunity afforded it to have the Harrisonburg full-graded public school as its center for observation and practice. There is no more complete school system below college rank anywhere in the State, and no school system in the State at the present time doing better work.

In 1894, when Superintendent W. H. Keister took charge of his work, the total enrolment of the school reached 265, of which number nine were high school students. At the present time, the total enrolment, from the Kindergarten through the High School, is 749, of which number 101 are high school students. A handsome addition to the building was completed the past year at a cost of $27,000. This is heated, lighted, and ventilated in the most approved manner, and the equipment is complete and modern. It is due largely to the splendid work of Mr. Keister in the past sixteen years that the school has grown into its present standing.

Beginning with an unusually well-equipped kindergarten, the school offers the full courses of the eight elementary grades, and a four-year high school course that speaks for itself in the records its students have made and are making in some of our leading colleges and universities.

The observation and practical work of the Normal student will be confined largely to the kindergarten and to the twelve elementary classes. The kindergarten, under the very able directorship of Miss Evalina Harrington, has proven most attractive and helpful to children, students, and patrons. During the first year much valuable observation and practical work through all the grades have been given the Normal students. Mr. Keister and his teachers are in fullest accord with the new arrangement whereby this school becomes the Training-School of the Harrisonburg State Normal, and they have given their hearty cooperation and support on every hand.
A Psalm of Teaching

Tell me not in youthful numbers
Teaching's all a blissful dream;
That the boys won't rack your slumbers,
That the girls all angels seem.

Teaching's real, teaching's earnest,
And the Critic's smile thy goal;
Study, then, e'er thou returnest
To the task that tries the soul.

Stand erect before the children,
Do it with repose and ease;
Do it, though you quake and tremble
Like an aspen in the breeze.

Ne'er depend on inspiration:
Plan your lesson well before;
Question not bright pupils only,
And the duller ones ignore.

Hear the Critic's wise suggestions:
Give the child the best alway;
Ply him with judicious questions,
Though you've not a thing to say.

Let us then be up and planning,
With a heart for any fate;
Cease your quivering, cease your trembling—
There's the bell, and I am late!

—Nannie Morrison.
The Price of a Wife

The home was scrupulously tidy, according to Hungarian fashion. The mother, with the usual square scarf pinned over her head, met the teacher cordially at the door, while the countenance of the eldest daughter lighted up with a glow of welcome.

She was a rather pretty girl—this miner’s daughter—with large expressive blue eyes. Eleven of her fifteen summers had been spent in America. This showed itself in her speech, which was so decidedly English that the foreign accent was hardly noticeable. She was glad to serve as interpreter, telling her mother in Hungarian language what the teacher said, and then giving the teacher the Hungarian thought in English.

"Why does not Annie come to school now?" the teacher asked.

"She can’t come any more,” said the mother; “she is old enough to marry.”

"Don’t you want to come to school?" asked the teacher, turning to Annie.

"Yes—oh, so much! But Tony Raincavish has paid father sixty dollars for me. I don’t want to marry him, Miss Mary; but I cannot get the money. He said if I would pay him back the sixty dollars I might be free; and I can’t do it. I’ve saved all I can, but that is only five dollars. I can’t, I just can’t get the money!"

The teacher was keenly alive to the girl’s impassioned tones and the shiver of dread that accompanied her words; but she talked on as quietly as she could to the mother. Upon leaving she asked, "Will you come to the school house to-morrow, Annie, when school is out? I want to see you."

"Yes,” said Annie, “I will come.”

The village appeared at its best as the teacher walked home that evening. The dusky light did not show how the coal soot covered every outdoor object. The pleasant light from the coke ovens gleamed brighter than the stars in the hazy sky far beyond them. And their smoke, so dense and black by day, was now rarefied into a gossamer veil in the faint glow of the departed sun.

Mary Macaulay had been warned that if she took a school in the coal-mining district she would have to teach “Hunks;” but she had rather looked forward to it, partly as a new experience perhaps, partly because
of some honest wish to be of help to these Hungarian strangers who have recently sought homes in Southwest Virginia. This wish had grown stronger as she had learned to know these eager boys and girls, and found the parents so open to friendliness.

Today, somehow, the grim dark side of their lives weighed her down. The children learned so rapidly—faster than the Americans of the same age. But as they grew into their teens they dropped out of school, and ambition seemed stifled. The coal mine laid its grimy hand upon them, and the poverty and habits of thought at home made it very easy to yield.

She had had such hopes of Alex Varsanyi; but today at recess, when the other children were busy with their dinner-buckets of beef and onion soup, he had sidled up to say, “Miss Mary, I can’t come to school next year.”

“O Alex, why?”

“I’ll have to work. Pa can’t make enough money. We eat a poke o’ sugar a day.”

Not even the growing Varsanyi demand for sweets, nor the fleeting thought of more than one American “Pa” in the same difficulty, had diverted her from the depressing sense that this boy’s seed-time for inspirations was rapidly passing.

“What do you think you would like to be when you are a man, Alex?” she had asked.

“I suppose I’ll work on the outside,” had come the prompt answer, plainly revealing the fact that the entire scope of his life-visions began and ended with the coal mine, the only possible choice being “the inside” or “the outside.”

And now while she walked homeward in the twilight, she heard over and over again the imploring tone of Annie as she said, “I can’t, I just can’t get the money.”

The next afternoon came, with no definite plan for the girl’s escape. Try as Miss Macaulay would, no way seemed sufficient.

Annie stood on the porch as the children filed out, and wished—oh, so earnestly—that she were one in their number, as in former days. Why had she been given a taste of life like that which American children enjoy? She said to herself, “I’m so miserable! I wish I had not come today. If I only could go away where I would never be heard of by those who know me. Yet I do want to see Miss Mary and hear her talk.”
At the sight of her teacher a hope sprang up in her heart; but that she had often felt before when near her. Surely she had never been so hungry as now for something to feed hope upon.

After a pleasant greeting the teacher inquired, "How long before you must be married, Annie?"

"Two months," replied the girl.

"If you were free from this, what would you want to do?"

"I know I am free in America by your law; but if I should not do as my father wishes, he would never forgive me, and I'd have no home. But I want to go to school. I want to learn. I want something that you have. It is not money nor nice clothes. 'Tis something I do not know, but it makes you good and kind. It makes you help people; that is why you help me. Miss Mary, I want to go back across the sea. I want to teach the children there as you have taught me."

"Well, Annie, I'm going to think over these things; and I want you to think a great deal about them, then come to me again Tuesday. We will talk it over once more."

"By Tuesday," mused the teacher when Annie had gone, "I can get a reply from Mrs. Duncan. That will be a good home for Annie if she can take her. But how about the sixty dollars? That plaintive moan—I hear it still—'I can't, I just can't get the money!'"

In answer to the vivid picture of the situation which Mary Macaulay had written to her friend, she received this reply:

"I shall be glad indeed to take the girl you describe. Mr. Duncan's business calls him away from home very often, and I need some one in the house with me. She shall have full advantages of school. I will write details later; but count on this as a home for your girl—one near enough for her to see her mother sometimes. Sincerely your friend,

Dorothy Duncan."

Then a plan somehow worked itself out. A few of Annie's former schoolmates were consulted, and teacher and pupils together contrived an entertainment. One or two of the patrons were to know the full truth of the matter; but the poster read "Proceeds for Foreign Missions."

Braver girls never went to work on any problem, nor did a more brilliant success ever crown an effort. The sixty-three dollars cleared proved to be enough to buy a railroad ticket to Mrs. Duncan's home, besides paying the price of a wife.

—Nannie Sword.
Side Lights on Olympus

Our President's always hid from sight,
He stays in his office from morn till night;
If but one peep you wish to take
Many an effort must you make.
All day Miss Bell doth guard his den
Except one hour—and sometimes then.

Assembly bell on Tuesday morning
Of Special English gives sad warning;
And soon we hear One's stately tread,
Behlod One's little book of red,
Know Miss Cleveland, come what may,
Will have us write as the rhet'rics say.

Our great historian, true and wise,
Observes you with two pairs of eyes;
He studies his subject and studies you,
Expects you to know it through and through.
He dotes on excursions: he's fond of a quiz
Our Normal Light, Dr. Wayland is.

The head of the practice teaching corps
Is always ready with children's lore—
How they should skip, and run, and play,
Miss Shoninger knows it all, they say.
The latest and best of teachers' tricks
We learn in the class of Fifty-Six.
Professor Cornelius J. Heatwole—
EDUCATION is his role;
His 'percepts' and 'concepts' and his NAME
Outrun our verse's feet so lame;
And APPERCEPTION eludes us all—
Its varied meanings who can recall?

Our teacher of Math is wondrous wise;
You wish you had studied
When you meet those eyes.
Believes in rapidity? Yes, indeed—
Can practice as well as preach this creed;
But don't be alarmed at the lively pace—
Miss Lancaster wears a smile on her face.

We learn of bees, of bugs, and trees,
Of gardens, winds, and stormy seas,
But most we gain from reference books
Read in hot haste to escape black looks.
The bell has rung for Thirty-Eight—
"Run, girls! Miss King is never late."

There is a lady so full of fun
In speaking she always makes a pun.
Her voice is gentle and soft and low,
Just suited to primary work you know.
The rest with grown-ups cast their lots;
Miss Harrington teaches the little tots.
The helpful teacher of Household Arts
   Can sew fine seams and make good tarts;
But if a sound she hears in the night
   She tips up the hall to set things right—
O girls! keep still, or without fail
   You'll have a call from our Miss Sale.

We tried to compose at least a peck
   Of rhymes about Miss Mattie Speck
And Manual Arts; but all we'd write
   Began and ended with the sight
Of rows of baskets, looms, and toys
   Made to please the girls and boys.

Miss Loose is director of Physical Ed.,
   With shoulders up and well poised head.
"Attention all! About face!
   Now get in line for a Relay Race!"
Next dumb bells, wands, and clubs, and balls—
   Then "Forward! March!" Miss Althea calls.

Miss Annie, cottage-hostess, next—
   Beloved by all. Whenever perplexed
By anything to her we go—
   All's included in English, you know—
She teaches Bible, Comp., and French;
   Instead of a "chair" she holds a bench.
Our registrar both early and late
   Is writing receipts at a rapid rate,
Or busy recording the quarter's grade,
   Collecting our fees which must be paid—
This amiable lady, Miss Bell by name,
   Is patient and gentle and ever the same.

Each Thursday in our ears resound
   New tunes—the Glee Club is around.
Miss Lida Cleveland leads the way,
   While the green-eyed kitten helps her play—
For playing's their business. She hugs him tight
   And calls him "Angel." Miss Lida's all right!

Mrs. Brooke, our matron very wise,
   Is ever thoughtful for our eyes;
At half-past ten on every night
   She steps in the hall and turns off the light.
She cures our troubles and other ills
   By doses of numerous little pills.

—Eva Massey and Martha Fletcher.
A TRUE STORY.

IT was a balmy September morning almost a century ago. Rosendale, one of the spacious plantation homes of Shenandoah county, Virginia, was the scene of great excitement.

Near the door stood a long canvas-covered pioneer wagon. Around this bustled a motherly looking woman of middle age, who, as she tucked sundry small parcels into the already over-filled wagon, now and then stopped to brush aside a tear.

With a bravely smiling face she had just stood by her husband's side while Margaret, her eldest, was made the wife of Dr. John Harrison. Now, however, as she leaned against the great wagon which would in a few moments bear the bride away into the dangerous paths of the great unknown West, her heart became heavy.

As she stood thus, a pair of soft arms encircled her; and, looking up with tear-dimmed eyes, she met the bright face of Margaret.

"Why, Mother, what can be the matter? Surely it isn't that you don't love John. You know that you can't find one single fault in him."

"No dear," replied Mrs. Ellis, "John is all right; but I was not in a hurry for any sort of son-in-law to come and take away my little woman. And then this trip—why will you and John persist in taking this foolish trip instead of going to Philadelphia or to some place where civilized people live? Who knows but you may either be eaten by bears or scalped by the Indians? Many of these still remain very hostile to the whites."

"Now, Mother, you know that there will be eighteen or twenty wagons in the party,—surely enough to protect ourselves against any wandering tribes that we may encounter. We have been planning this for so long, and I couldn't give it up. Besides, you know John will take care of me."

Mrs. Ellis smiled at Margaret's enthusiasm and implicit trust in John, but, kissing her gently, said no more. She then hurried off to find some other comforts for this unique wedding journey.
Having learned some time before that a party of pioneers would leave that section of Virginia on September thirtieth, Margaret and John had decided to be married on the twenty-ninth, and, taking a trusty driver, spend several months in seeing the West, making their objective point the home of John’s sister, who lived in Ohio.

Margaret now stood silent and looked around her at all the dear familiar surroundings. The sun was rising majestically over the trees which skirted the opposite bank of the river. The grassy lawn, sloping downward and merging into the meadow which lay along the water’s edge, stretched sparkling before her, every dew-drop transformed into a tiny star. Through the windows floated the bright, happy voices of the wedding-guests, who she knew would soon be calling for her. The dear old home! How sweet and sheltering it looked with its gables, broad verandas, and dormer windows!

Here her reverie was broken by a light step on the porch, and John Harrison ran down the path towards her. Tall, straight, and broad-shouldered, with clear-cut features, large dark eyes, and wavy brown hair, he looked the picture of strong young manhood. But close behind him trooped the whole party of young people, shouting that John and Margaret would have plenty of time to talk to each other on their long journey.

"Found at last, Mistress Harrison! And why this long face? Is it married at leisure, repenting in haste with you?"

"No, John," she said, answering her husband’s sweet, grave, questioning eyes, rather than the bantering words of the rest. "But I never saw your sister, and—and—Ohio is a long way from home, you know."

"Well, we were just going for the pleasure of it and the novel experience. If you had rather give up the trip, just speak the word and we will spend our honey-moon east of the Alleghanies."

"Oh, no, of course I wouldn’t give up going for anything. And what is the use of having a husband if he can’t take care of me? I am just saying goodbye to home; so stop teasing, all of you."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"John," said Margaret, as they sat by a bright camp fire one night in November, "do you realize that tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day? I think it is too bad that we can’t get to your sister’s home before that time."

"Well," replied John lazily, his arm around her, "it would be pleas-
ant for us to be with some of the homefolk that day; but I am very well satisfied as I am, and am not going to think about anything disagreeable. In fact, there are many things for me to be glad about tomorrow. First of all, I find it much to my liking that in this risky business of matrimony, I succeeded in getting a fairly respectable little wife." And John looked down upon her soft curls with a tender smile which belied his joking words.

"Next," he went on, "I am glad that this blanket is large enough for two, but so small that they must sit very close together. Then, too, we have had a delightful trip during the past two months; and, though it is our lot to camp with an Indian tribe, we seem to have happened upon a band which is quite friendly."

Margaret looked across to the other camp fire, a few yards away, where sat the old Indian chief, Cohasset, and his warriors, amid wreaths of tobacco smoke.

"Yes, while you had gone with the men down to the river to see if the ford was still unsafe, the chieftain's little daughter, Ileta, came to our tent and stayed quite a while, playing with the bright colored beads which I gave her. She is an intelligent little thing. No wonder that Cohasset idolizes her."

The following morning, as Margaret was strolling past the Indian encampment, she heard a low moaning in the old chief's wigwam. Going in, she found the little Ileta tossing from side to side upon a bear-skin. Several women were standing around, wringing their hands, but evidently doing nothing for the little girl. Cohasset was away on a hunt, and no one knew where to find him or what to do.

Seeing that the child was burning with fever, Margaret sent for Dr. Harrison, who had again gone to examine the ford, while she ran to her tent for some simple remedies that she knew would do no harm. In a few minutes the doctor appeared, and with Margaret's aid soon had the child much more comfortable. All day long they stayed by her, and when, late in the afternoon, the old chieftain reached home, the little daughter was out of danger.

After hearing from the Indian women the events of the day, the father went to the doctor's tent, and stretching out one hand to John and one to Margaret, said: "The Great Spirit was angry with Cohasset. Last
night while the white brothers slept, hate crept into Cohasset’s soul and he said, ‘Let us kill the Pale-faces who rob us of our land. When next the moon rises o’er that pine tree, they shall die.’ But today the white man and his squaw saved my little Ileta, my Dew-of-the-Morning. Instead of kill, the white man make alive. The Great Spirit make Cohasset’s heart soft, and he calls the white medicine man his brother as long as the river flows.’

When that night John and Margaret, too thankful to sleep, hand in hand watched the moon rise over the fateful pine-tree, their gaze went far beyond in gratitude to the great All-Father, in whose hands are the hearts of men.

* * * * * * * * *

Fifty years later, in West Virginia, John Harrison, when asked by a friend to suggest a name for a baby daughter, said, “Ileta.” And it was from the lips of this Ileta that I learned the story.

—Vergilia Sadler.
THE woodpecker ceased his continuous digging and stuck his red head out between two branches to listen. For there was a hubbub in the garden, although the girls were not there. It was strange.

Mr. Robin was perched on the top of signboard Number Thirty-Six. He had just been arguing with the attenuated cottage cat, Alba Longa, who now, with eyes turned away from temptation, was looking in the direction of Miss King’s room.

"I don’t understand this new-fangled nature study, nor this parvenu rural arts," pussy was complaining; "cats seem to be left out. My grandmother was one of the Virginia Fowlers, and an accomplished lady. She was taught bird-catching as one of the fine arts. Her methods are my treasured inheritance. Of course you find chickens set down in her note-book as a never-to-be-forgotten exception. But there is no mention of robins or sparrows in this connection.

"Now I hear so much about the protection of birds," she went on,
winking first her blue eye and then her green one, "and I see so many handsome bird-houses 'to let' hanging around this orchard, that I often wonder if cats have no claims." And Alba Longa chewed a blade of grass by way of becoming accustomed to a vegetable diet.

Plump and toothsome Mr. Robin had to do some winking himself just then; for a fat little worm, taking advantage of the general amnesty, wriggled out of the loose earth to inquire dully when the worms and bugs should have their day.

Robin perked his head on one side to consider this new idea; but the worm, fearing the time was not ripe for his cause, withdrew.

The rural arts rabbits were throwing radishes at each other. The two stalks of corn were gravely talking together about the Corn Club of Rockingham, and were, in their gentle voices, expressing the hope that in this new era of school training for their race more attention would be given to the cultivation of the ear. Both the corn and the mocking-bird, who was swinging in the top of the locust tree above, showed decided culture; for some time ago they had—together with the violet—been made honorary members of the Lanier Literary Society.

Meantime, every stake in the garden had, somehow, assumed the likeness of its particular owner. The other signboards now stood in a circle around Number Thirty-Six, who had been telling them the story of her life.

Do not be surprised that these denizens of the garden were fond of stories; just remember their environment—the Harrisonburg Normal was within a robin's hop of them. So they proved to be most appreciative and sympathetic hearers—

Grave Charlotte, and laughing Miss Muffet,
And Alice with taffy hair.

Thus encouraged by her audience, the speaker was finishing her story: "At last I was thrown, a few weeks ago, into the coal-house in Miss Bouldin's back yard.—You know my mistress, Miss Bouldin. You see her out here every now and then, working this garden-plot like putting out fire. But, as I was saying, I found myself in her coal-house. There I lay trembling in a dark corner, dreading that at any moment the cook might grab me in her mighty hands and throw me into the stove, where my life-history would soon be read only in a spoonful of ashes.

"Suddenly the door opened. Miss Bouldin stumbled in and accident-
ally touched me in the darkness. All the life left in me sprang to meet that human touch. I responded so warmly, indeed, that she thought I was a mouse, and squealed accordingly. But, finding that I was really a piece of plank, she hugged me, saying, ‘Just what I wanted!’

“She looked everywhere for hammer, nails, ruler, and a pointed stake. Then I had to be measured seven times before she was sure that I was really ‘six by three.’

“The rest of the process of making me into a signboard was painful indeed; and the stake must have suffered as much as I did. First she drove a nail through my right side, then another into my left. The sap stood out on my brow, I was so afraid she would strike my heart! But the four-leaf clover must have sent up a good wish for me, for my mistress mashed her poor thumb instead.”

At this point Number Thirty-Six stopped and gazed with pensive eyes toward the C. W. station. She would never tell anybody how cruelly the blows of Mr. Roller’s hatchet had hurt her head when, finally, she had been driven to locate permanently in the spot where she now stood.

“Pray continue your discourse,” croaked hoarse Mr. Frog, who had come over with the Snake Doctor from Lake Park to observe the rural arts department of the school.

“Yes, please, and hurry a little,” purred pussy in a low voice—an excellent thing in a kitten. “It is getting late. Our hen tells me every day that we cottage people ought to go to bed earlier; and, besides, Mistress doesn’t like me to get dew on my slippers.”

“I was next carried to the Normal and painted green,” continued the signboard. “Green is so fashionable this season, you know.”

“Yes, indeed!” interposed all the little plants, surveying their new spring suits.

But the rabbit, wiggling his nose and erecting his ears by way of emphasis, said pink was his favorite color.

“I am somewhat divided——” began a poor cracked old signboard that had been only half painted.

But Number Thirty-Six went on: “She labeled me with white figures next, you know; and I considered myself especially fortunate that soon after, while my first impressions of number were still fresh, the mistress happened to take me along with her to Math. 38. There I had the privi-
lege of listening to the lucid explanations of Miss Lancaster, who fills the chair of higher and lower mathematics in this institution. One thing I learned clearly that day—that I must always think of myself as three tens and six units, which view really seems to multiply one's powers, somehow.

"I am glad for other reasons that I spent that hour in observation of methods mathematical. It drew me closer to my mistress. I now know her sorrows. I feel deeply for her since she has taken me into her confidence of late. Poor young lady! The exact sciences are making her lose her bloom, if not her wits; and freckles tenant her emaciated cheeks now that this gardening era has been inaugurated. Hers is a burdened heart!"

Here Thirty-Six ended, wiping her eyes with a morning glory leaf that grew where the tomato plant ought to have been. The hydrant, too, wept great tears of sympathy. The tender little lettuce was thinking gratefully of the day when the mistress had lightened for her the hard pressure of life by working up the clods with a hair pin.

Dead silence reigned. Even the selfish old woodpecker was oppressed with a sense of human woe, and the dwarf cabbage and onion knave resolved to help the lady if they could.

One by one the visitors softly stole away and left the loyal signboard alone, a faithful sentinel beside the little garden, her gaze resting afar off on the moonlit mountains.

—Ruth B. MacCorkle.
The Seed

I planted me a seed one day
   In soil so rich and warm;
Carefully I watched it grow
   And shielded it from harm.

Day by day the flower grew—
   Bud, and bloom, and leaf;
And weary folk that passed that way
   Were glad, despite of grief.

The wondrous little seed was love;
   The soil, the heart of a child;
The lovely plant, a noble life,
   Pure, fragrant, undefiled.

—Annie Davis
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The Grave Between

“A loaf of bread from the bakery, John.”

Settling back in his chair after giving this order, Harry Richardson sighed and threw down the account book he held in his hand. It was of no use; something held his attention from the accounts.

What was this thing that kept taking his mind from his business, he asked himself. Why should he play in memory land when accounts had to be balanced and judicious inquiries had to be set on foot for the possible legatees of his friend’s estate.

Shaking his broad shoulders in the loose jacket, Harry started again on those already delayed papers. It was in vain, memory called him back; so, giving up, with another sigh he succumbed.

Rapidly he reviewed his life,—the happy home of his childhood, the lonely days that followed the fever which had robbed him of both father and mother, the years on his uncle’s farm, the black darkness of one September day—

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\textit{dies illa!}
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the sudden fierce resolve to go to the University, the stern work and strong play of college life, the friendship with Bob Forbisher, their start to these Colorado mines, and Bob’s tragic death a few weeks before. And now here he was far away from his native state, without friends, with nothing but his money and his man John for company.

A few weeks before, when Bob with his dying breath had begged Harry to take care of “her,” he had thought he could never stand the separation which would rob him of his only friend. But he had grown more accustomed to the loneliness, and had felt something like pride in keeping his promise to his friend. Not until to-day had he once thought that his partner could have meant anything but the mine when he said “her.”

But this morning when he had stopped at Bob’s lonely grave in the edge of the wood he had found a dainty bunch of flowers there, one tied with a ribbon, a woman’s ribbon. Woman—he hated women, they had always been his enemies, from the washerwoman’s daughter, who brought
home his laundry at college, to haughty Miss Edith, the president's niece. Now when he came to think of it, these constituted the full list of his feminine acquaintance since he had suddenly turned his back on his old life and plunged into college. And before this, well—that September day had always stood like a wall between him and all the days that went before, even his childhood memories of mother. He had sternly refused to look back further than his entrance to college; for was there not just beyond this the time when he had known in a flash, but known once for all, that a fair false woman had been ruthlessly amusing herself, during a dull summer in the country, with the chivalrous worship of his boyish heart?

But to-day he had to face the past—it would not down at his bidding. And as he now took his first square, honest look at this spectre of memory that dated the beginning of his bitterness, the phantom did—it really did—seem to assume proportions far less gigantic, did seem to have far less power over him than he had thought.

But he was done with women; he would stick to that—even if healthy work and Bob's friendship had been these four years healing the wound which he himself had dared not look at.

Bob, his college roommate, had understood him so well—had helped him start life over again—had so good-naturedly agreed to his own cynical stipulation that he should never "prate about any woman" to him—a promise not once broken even in their later life together at the mine.

Indeed, there were no women here to prate about—that was one reason why Harry had wished to come.

And now one of these beings had dared to trespass upon his sanctuary—had, apparently, claimed a share in Bob's grave. Just as he had been ready to cast her flowers aside this morning the thought had come that this was what Bob had meant by "her"; it was not the beloved mine, but a woman, that accounted for the absent-minded, dreamy expression in his eyes the last few days of his life. He had found a woman, a dainty woman, somewhere in those wilds—perhaps she had been the cause of his going off that day when he met his death on the mountain-side.

And now Harry sat wondering, with no mind for business. Perhaps the flowers might help him find out what he wished to know; maybe, after all, they came from some of the miners—but the ribbon—he would go and look at them again, anyway.

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Slipping into a heavier coat, Harry swung out of the house and up the hill. A handsome figure he presented, with his broad shoulders and light brown hair waving in the wind; there was something in his very walk that bespoke a frank manliness.

On through the trees strode this giant of the mines. Now and then a whistle came from those perfectly chiseled lips; again it would stop in an instant, and the head would drop in thought.

The sudden uplift of the head, the quickening of his pace, made the poor birds wonder what had come over their beloved friend. But he paid no attention to their loud twittering.

What was that black streak that had flashed before his eyes and then was gone?

Gaining the hilltop, he saw fleeing down the valley a woman, dressed in black.

Then it was true; there was a woman, one that was interested in Bob. The one glimpse of that vanishing black gown was sufficient; he must find this intruder, he must learn her motive. With these thoughts foremost in his mind, Harry went to bed to dream of black dresses, flowers, and accounts.

Next morning, after hurrying through his breakfast, he reached the mine as the men were starting to work. He questioned one about the lady.

"Yes, sir, we've all seen her 'most every day; but not a singletary word has she spoke except to ask old Bill Smith if he knowed exactly whar Mr. Bob was buried."

So this woman had been coming to Bob's grave daily perhaps; and yet he had not known of it.

Upon a sudden impulse he broke off great blossoming branches of the mountain laurel that grew there near the mouth of the mine—Bob had not let the men cut it down—and once more was striding up the path to the hill.

He even hoped to find her there, for would he not show this woman that Bob's memory belonged to him?

As he drew near the place he went cautiously, for fear she might be there and flee again.

His care was repaid; for, as he parted the last branches and stepped
into the open space beside the grave, the most beautiful tear-stained face he had ever seen was raised to him.

She bent once more over the fresh flowers which she had just laid there, touching them gently as if to give them a blessing; and then, without even raising her eyes, she held out her hand for his offering. He gave the laurel branches without a word. He was obeying her, this woman he had come to quell. The situation was hers. He was hers. Though not a word had passed between them, he knew that this was true. The strongest convictions of his life had always flashed upon him in just this way. She rose, smiled at him once, and walked away.

Too stunned to say a word, he let her go.

Turning, he started to leave, when his eye caught something on the other side of the grave. Reaching over he picked up a little satin bag. Inside of it he could feel a card. Dared he open it? Yes, it was right; perhaps he might find the owner’s name and could then be better able to return it.

As he pulled the string a picture fell out. It was his own!—the one he had accused Bob of taking out of the ledger. Turning the photograph for some solution of the mystery, he found that the mounting card had been split and a piece of paper stuck in it. Pulling this out he read:

"Dearest Sis—Come right ahead; don’t worry about Harry. I’ll manage him. He can’t hate girls as much as he makes out; besides you are different; and of course, now that I have struck it rich, you and I can not give up our chance of being near each other. I am going up the mountain this afternoon, by myself, to think out a way to tell him about you. But if I don’t get him told, you come on. I’ve got a nice place for you to board, with a Mrs. Franklin about two miles from here; so really your coming is not the slightest intrusion upon Harry.

The more I think about it, I believe it would be nice for him to meet you ‘kinder’ accidentally, if he ever meets you at all. I hope I am not a coward; but Harry is such a trump of a friend, and the only thing I have ever had a chance to forgive in him is this freak about women. So I promised him long ago that this subject should be tabooed between us. A fellow hates to break his word; besides, how can I be wasting talk about my little Sis upon an unappreciative listener?

Well, good luck, old girl, on your trip! You’ll find waiting at this end of it Bob."

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So she was Bob’s sister; he didn’t know Bob had a sister. He had always believed him to be, like himself, without any near relatives. Bob’s sister!

Poor John thought his master was bewitched when he saw him dash down the hill and up the steps three at a time; and he was still more surprised when, before the door was closed behind him, Mr. Richardson began giving orders for him to get that blue serge suit out of the trunk in the lean-to and that panama hat out of the attic.

More surprised than John was the little brown mare, who could not understand her master’s sudden use of the switch, or the necessity of hurrying on.

But all this astonishment was lost on Harry, for his heart was in a glow; the familiar road did not look natural; only one thing stood clear before his eyes—the tear-dimmed face of Bob’s sister.

He kept feeling in the blue-coat pocket to make sure that the little satin bag was safe, though every sudden uplift of the hand that held the reins brought the horse to a stop and made it necessary for the switch in the other hand to urge her on. Once the poor beast was pulled upright in the air, when the hazy vision of her master mistook a burnt stump in the woods for a vanishing black-gowned figure.

But after alighting at Franklin’s Harry wished he had not driven so fast. He had not thought about what he should say to her. He knew she would think him a boor—he was afraid he was a boor. So he took a long time to tie his horse to the fence. When he looked up he saw a girlish figure just coming up to the yard gate by another path.

Holding out her hand she said:

“‘You are Bob’s Harry, I know you are. I’m his sister. You are just like the picture he sent. I saw a man this morning I thought was he; but now I know by your suit you are the one.’”

No other introduction was needed; they were friends already. And by the time he turned the little mare’s head homeward at dusk both Margaret and Harry felt that they had known each other forever.

Amid smiles and tears she told him of her life,—of how she and Bob had been the only children, orphans, and of their first separation when he had contrived to send her off to the Harrisonburg Normal. She chatted on about her school-days, and about her varied experiences in teaching for three years. Then had come her passing illness that had alarmed her
brother and made him insist that she come out to Colorado to be near him and to breathe the bracing air. She had come—to find nothing awaiting her but her brother's grave.

Harry tried to comfort her by talking of Bob,—what close friends they had been and how many plans they had made together. It was Harry who could tell her those many details so precious to one in sorrow; and he went over more than once the story of the day when the falling boulder had so suddenly robbed her of an only brother and himself of an only friend. Then, leaving her, he drove away.

When at last he was in his own room he took out the little bag, which he had managed to forget to return. How long he sat there and looked at it he never knew; but the cocks crowed before his light went out. Yet this was only the beginning.

Weeks passed. The little brown mare learned which way to turn her head when the day's work was done. The men at the mine came to love "Miss Margaret," as they called her, as much as they had loved her brother before. John began to put extra touches to the house, and to wonder when Miss Margaret would come there to live.

But Harry had no reason to view the situation so cheerfully. He spent much of his time wondering if it were of any use for him to try. Margaret had so fully accepted him at first as her brother's friend that Harry saw little hope of ever attaining any other footing. She had never seemed to swerve from that frank, friendly, unconscious attitude. In fact, he never had been able to get any real start towards telling her he loved her; she so easily and simply turned all his advances into the channel of cordial friendliness.

One day they were standing on either side of the stone newly erected at Bob's head. Margaret leaned lightly upon it.

Harry suddenly reached across and laid his great brown hand over the slender pink one. It fluttered a little, like a captive bird, but did not seek to escape.

"Margaret," he said, "when we found Bob he could only whisper, 'Take care of her.' Let me—oh, give me the chance to keep my promise! Surely you must know how I yearn to call you my wife."

The hand on the cold marble yielded itself to the strong, warm, protecting palm above, and rested there.

"Your wife, Harry? I could not wish for more."

—M'LEDGE Moffett.
As You Like It

If we could not have "As You Like It" in our orchard, we had Oliver and Celia to walk in our garden the next morning. The rows of vegetables seemed to have for them the charm of novelty.

"But which are the peas?" asked Oliver.

"Evidently you've minded your cues better than your p's," gaily answered the Rural Arts young lady.

Gym. Teacher—"Right dress!"
New-comer, angrily to the next in line—"I thank her, I am always dressed right."

The Humorist at the Breakfast Table:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'Tis hash again."

First Girl, looking up from book:
"Renaissance, who was he?"
Second Girl—"He was a man who swept over all Europe during the fifteenth century."
Third Girl—"He'd make a fine janitor."

All the Rats seem composed, even though Kitty did come with them.

One of the girls remarked that she did wish she had come to H. N. S. in 1908-09, for maybe she might have been a little further advanced than she is by this time.

Pupil—"When was the Revolutionary war fought?"
Practice Teacher—"On the Fourth of July."

Teacher of Geog. Class—"Name the natural resources of Germany."
Ans.—"The Art Galleries."
First Girl—"I want to know who has been making so much noise on the West Hall, first floor, Dormitory. The Editorial Staff, which meets sometimes in Room 24, simply must have more quiet hours for their serious and dignified work."

Second Girl—"Well, I didn’t know Miss Sale was a member of the Editorial Staff."

Dormitory Girl—"Oh, you just ought to see my new aigrette net waist I got from home."

Apples for Sale—
— Johnson’s Fine Winter
As to Price call on No. 2, in Room 29, Dormitory.

Mrs. B.—to driver—
"Take me to a green house."
Driver—(Presently pulling up before a private residence painted green)—"This is the greenest house I know."

Bulletin Notice—
"The faculty tree is in full leaf. How about yours?"
Reply of timid student:
"It takes three months to grow a squash, but a hundred years to grow an oak."

A kimono clad girl fled for refuge to the closet when the president of the Board of Trustees was unexpectedly ushered into her room. Imagine her feelings when that august personage, turning to leave, chanced to open the wrong door and discovered the lady—not the tiger.

Bright pupil in United States History, seeing an outline of The General Aims of History on the board, asked, "In just what battle did General Aims fight?"

Instructor in English: "Discuss briefly Irving’s style and writings."
Enthusiastic student: "He was a great poet. I am just crazy about his poem, The Sketch Book!"
Teacher—"Yes, 'Style is the man.'"
Student, nudging neighbor—"Humph! Man certainly is not the style here."

The assistant Editor-in-chief of the Schoolma’am staff was strolling up the board walk. As she came within earshot of two other girls one of these waved her arms about with an all-embracing sweep and said, "Isn't everything green around here now?"

One of the Normal girls, seeing a vinculum in her algebra lesson, asked "Is that a vacuum?"

Proposed motto for the summer (co-educational) session: "A child's amang you takin' notes."

"Why is our waitress like Halley's comet?" asked a hungry girl, her eyes resting on the empty bread-plate.
"Because after once appearing it takes her such a long time to traverse her path and return."

Miss L.—"Of what denomination is T. B?"
N. M.—"She is a conversationalist."

Wanted—An A. B. Book—Helen Drummond.

The class had been working vigorously for nearly two periods trying to find the area of their school garden. At length Rural Arts, becoming desperate, fled to Mathematics for help.
"How many cubic feet in an acre?" we heard her gasp.
Answered Mathematics, floored for once by such impetuosity, "Why—er—640."

Prospective Bride—Mary, I want you to play the wedding march for me.
Mary—I can't play, my fingers are bow-legged.

Our dining-room clock stopped one day just at twelve-thirty. Since that time the hands have always stood at the hour for dining, like the clocks at Kenilworth Castle during the visit of Queen Elizabeth.
My dear Miss Natalie Lancaster,
Can’t you make your pupils go faster?
They’ve only, they say,
Fifty pages a day,
Which of course is too little to master.

The motto of the Editorial Staff:
“Trust no English, whoe’er wrote it.”

“What’s that zoo—oo—oo—ing like an electric car coming around a corner?”
“It’s either the hot-air shaft or the Harrisonburg mosquito.”

I do not love thee, rising bell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know full well—
I do not love thee, rising bell.

“Let every man be master of his time till seven at night.”

Jack (who is in love)—“She has the most beautiful brown hair you ever saw, and so much of it; why the great thick braid around her head—”
“Pardon me, old man,” broke in Tom, “but I bet she ordered it by mail and paid five dollars for it. My sister has one, and I know.”
“Tom, don’t interrupt me; it’s false!”
“Well, ain’t that just what I said?”

The hygienic drinking-fountains enable one to drink out of nothing.
With these at hand, the old philosopher might well throw away his cup.

The last words of the Editorial Staff:
“This wee bit heap o’ leaves and stibble
Has cost us mony a weary nibble.”
The Lee Alphabet

A is for Annie, so studious and good.
B is for Bishop, who does as she should.
C is for Charlotte, who will not be bossed.
D is for Dunn—much time has she lost.
E is for Eagle, so wondrously neat.
F is for Fanny, so coy and so sweet.
G is for Goode, so fond of her books.
H is for Harnsberger’s winning looks.
I is for idleness—tempter of all.
J is for Josephine, who had such a fall.
K is for Keezell, who always is last.
L is for Lewis—doesn’t she play fast?
M is for Moffett—who can reach her?
N is for Nuckolls, our drawing-class teacher.
O is the sigh we breathe Saturday night.
P is for Pearl, who sings with her might.
Q is for quiet, which should reign in the hall.
R is for Royce, dictator to all.
S is for Sale and Sadler too.
T is for Tracy, who ought to get through.
U is for union, the source of our power.
V is for violet, the Lanier flower.
W is for Woodson, who comes next in line.
X is for ‘examples, over which we whine.
Y is for you who haven’t joined yet.
Z is for zero, so easy to get.
Jester's Roll Call

Come on let's go down to the Brooke and see Alda Wade and Mary Sale. In winter Fannie Scates, you know. We also have a new Sledd.

We have good Laws, and a Marshall to keep order, even if she should have to use her Nuckolls. If naught else avail, our Bishop may bless the culprit and Felicia Hanger.

Behold our Highland Eagle and the Sword of Lee!

Such good Rhodes we have here—three of them. Pearl can go Riden—as the Tuckahoes say—as long as there are Sadlers.

Evelyn is Stout. At least three of the girls are Good, and our very shortest girl is Long.

Watch Mary Settle to her work, whatever comes to hand, as long as there is Day.

Virginia is well served at the Normal, she is both Dunn and Brown. Hurrah for the Bakers!

We enjoy Mary Lotts but Lena Moore. We have a handsome Beard for some gallant youth, who may also Ware the large sized Wescott.

Gertrude is Royall, closely allied to the House of Lancaster.

Don't let the Eagle Swoope down upon the little Lambs.

We have new Virginia Stiles and the very latest Combs; Glad—is Berlin.

We have a Bowman for the King and a Leache to heal the wounded.

We have two Sprinkels every day, but a rain only occasionally.

We try our best to Suter, but still we make Nelia C. Sites.

—114—
Our Right-Hand Man
## Roll Call

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