The Schoolma'am
1911
Synchronic Philosophy

A study in the art of

Looking back. The

After the fact,

Looking forward.

Looking back, looking at the year

With the devil—tried.

Blushing, step. O maiden dear—

Blushing, to be kissed.
Springtime Blossoms

Peeping out to see the world,
    Scenting sweet the air,
Myriad fairy wings unfurled,
    Blossoms everywhere
Keep one morning of the year
    With the dawn a tryst,
Blushing deep, O maiden dear,—
    Blushing to be kissed.
The Schoolma'am

Published by the Students
of the
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Harrisonburg, Virginia

Volume II
Nineteen Hundred and Eleven
To
Our President
Julian Ashby Burruss
we dedicate
this book
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MODESTLY, yet joyfully, The Schoolma’am steps forward to greet you. Her gait is somewhat lively, for she has caught the bright happy spirit of her beloved Alma Mater.

These Blue Stone walls, within which she labors often in vain but always smilingly, are fast becoming famous. They have gallantly stood the storms of this dangerous period of the second year.

In her first maiden speech, The Schoolma’am told you of the buds of this institution—her beginnings and her prospects. This year our life has naturally become richer and fuller. She could find no more appropriate way to express the rapid and beautiful growth of these buds than by a frequent use of the apple blossoms which surround and inhabit these walls. Therefore The Schoolma’am comes forth to you this year as a Floral Number, hoping that in this character she may interest you and give you pleasure.

To all who have so kindly and patiently worked with her she extends her heartiest thanks. But for her work she offers no apologies, for “she hath done what she could.”
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WISE man will hear, and will increase learning; and a
man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge;
but fools despise wisdom and instruction. . . . Hear
the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of
thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto
thy head, and chains about thy neck.

For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs
of instruction are the way of life. . . . When thou goest, it shall lead
thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it
shall talk with thee.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant
unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep
thee.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth un-
derstanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of
silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than
rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto
her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches
and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are
peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy
is every one that retaineth her. The Lord by wisdom hath founded the
earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens.
Prayer

September 27, 1910

O Wise and Almighty Father of Mercies, we come to thee with thanksgiving for the past and present, and with trustful hope for the future. Thy blessings have followed us, and thy gracious promises beckon us forward. Through the days of summer thou hast clothed the world in beauty, and in these days of autumn thou hast crowned it with abundant cheer. Thou hast given us sight to behold these beauties, and thou hast endowed us with the power to receive all thy gifts. Thou hast made us rich with thy benefits, but thou hast also given us hands to work; thou hast set opportunity before us, and thou hast set the call of duty ringing in our souls. Give us strength, O God, to rise to our tasks; give our hands the skill to achieve!

We thank thee, O Lord, for this place of work. We thank thee for the revelation given us here of the world's need, and for the vision of that need supplied by us. We thank thee for the ways and means of work that are here afforded us, and for the inspiration of high hopes and noble aims. We thank thee for these beautiful surroundings, in forest and field and arching sky. We thank thee for the hills and mountains, these symbols of majesty and strength, these age-old guardians of the spirit of liberty, these silent witnesses of love and law.

We thank thee, O Lord, for this day—this day of new friendships and of old friendships renewed. We thank thee for the true school spirit that has blessed this place hitherto, and for the promise of greater bless-
ings still to come. We pray thee that the good spirit of sympathy, of co-operation, of kindness, of confidence that has prevailed may still prevail; and we pray thee that the hopes now centered here may not be disappointed. We know, O Lord, that the light of many a home has come to us. We know that eyes of love are now gazing hitherward. We know that the hopes of many true hearts are now being lifted to thy throne. O Lord, we join our prayers with the prayers of those at home, we join our petitions with the petitions of those we love, and we pray thy choicest blessings upon them; and we pray that their hearts' desire for us may be fulfilled.

And now, O Lord, lead us to our work; give us strength and wisdom for each task; and lead us by thy grace far on toward the end of our vision; we ask it in the name of the Great Teacher and Worker, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
Sept. 27 At the Station!!

28 Agitation! Registration! Desperation! Reconciliation!

30 Lee Evening—Mother Goose and her family entertain the new girls.

Oct. 1 The Circus!!

4 Faculty Reception—“Registration Night” at the Ab-normal and Humbuggial School.

5 Miss King’s pet caterpillar escapes.

7 Enjoyable evening spent with the Methodists.

8 Lanier Evening—Pippins and peanuts.

17 “All wishing to go to Ashby’s Monument will please sign names on bulletin.”

19 “Have you bought your ‘gym’ shoes?”


22 Dr. and Mrs. Wilson entertain Presbyterian girls.

30 Senior Kindergarten Class entertains Juniors.

31 O—O—o—o—Ghost! Witches! Chamber of Horrors! Faculty lose nerve—some of them.

Nov. 11 Tennis Tournament.

12 Valuable Information—Teachers’ Association.

14 Bostonia Sextette.

18 Oh! Joy!

21 Views from Cooperstown.
Nov. 24  Turkey and cranberry sauce!!!
   30 "The Fiddle and the Bow"—Senator Bob.
Dec.  2 Romeo and Juliet—Mrs. Hannibal Williams.
   4 Birthday Party for autumn girls.
   9 Y. W. C. A. Bazaar—"The Christmas Conspiracy."
  18 Faculty German! Men!!
  23 Home!??!
Jan.  4 Here we are again.
   9 Serenade by the Italians.
  14 Racket Tacky Party.
  18 The Amsbary Lectures!
  25 "Martin Chuzzlewit."
Feb.  1 Election of Schoolma’am Staff.
   10 Organ Recital by Dr. Baldwin, of New York.
   11 The Lee Society’s “Funny Paper.”
   13 Big, Bountiful, Baptist Bazaar.
   14 Junior Kindergarten girls entertain the Seniors.
   18 Metropolitan Grand Concert.
   20 Masquerade Ball—I wonder who ‘tis!
   24 Lanier Evening—Ye olden times!
Mar.  1 Moving Day!!—New Dormitory opened.
   25 We hear the Scotch Singers.
   28 First carload of new girls.
   29 School board visits us—Chicken Salad! Ice-cream!!
   31 Some of the girls go to see “The New Tutor.”
April  1 House Warming in new gymnasium.
       "Didn’t you have dessert today?"
    7 The Senior Class plants a tree.
       Laniers entertain informally for new girls.
April 10  Get out your shovel and hoe, and dig!
14  Easter Holidays begin.
17  Mr. and Mrs. Burruss hid eggs!!! The girls found them!!!!
21  Senior-Freshman Bazaar.
22  Junior-Sophomore Basketball Game.
28  Seniors and Freshies give it a turn.

May  6  Seniors and Sophs toss up the ball.
12  "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
13  Sophs and Freshies show what they can do for Basketball.
25  Juniors and Seniors battle for supremacy.
26  Coburn Players.
27  Last game of Season—Freshman vs. Junior.

June  9  "Esmeralda"—given by Seniors.
11  Sermon for graduates.
    Y. W. C. A. sermon.
12  Exhibits—Field Day.
13  Class Day Exercises.
    Night—Graduation! Ostentation! Congratulation!
14  At the Station!!!!!
## Schedule of Courses of Destruction

### REGULAR NORMAL COURSE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Course</th>
<th>Period</th>
<th>PROFESSIONAL COURSE</th>
<th>Period</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Mis-Spelling</td>
<td>II</td>
<td>School High Jinks</td>
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<td>Mathematics and Texas Ticks</td>
<td>VI</td>
<td>Methods of Freckle Removing</td>
<td>VI</td>
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<tr>
<td>History of Ed (ward)</td>
<td>III</td>
<td>Floor Inking</td>
<td>V</td>
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<tr>
<td>Electives to make 6-8 points.</td>
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<td>Electives to make 3-5 points</td>
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### HOUSEHOLD HEARTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Period</th>
<th>MANUAL ARTS</th>
<th>Period</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Practical Extravagance</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Barn-dancing and other Foot-work for Secondary grades</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hat Architecture</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Plane Sowing</td>
<td>D</td>
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<tr>
<td>Solid Cake Construction</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Wood Chopping</td>
<td>D</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ripping and Tearing</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Chair Carving</td>
<td>D</td>
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<tr>
<td>Electives to make 4-7 points.</td>
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<td>Electives to make 3-6 points.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### MANUAL ARTS

Above Subjects are Required as Pre-requisite to a Full Diploma of Freakishness

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ELECTIVES</th>
<th>Period</th>
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<tr>
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<td>M. &amp; F.</td>
<td>III</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land Sake Gardening</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>VIII</td>
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<tr>
<td>Plane and Horizontal Sowing</td>
<td>T. &amp; Th.</td>
<td>IV &amp; V</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kind-'er-gardening</td>
<td>M. &amp; F.</td>
<td>II</td>
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<tr>
<td>Man Management</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methods of Avoiding Study</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>VII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methods of Meddling</td>
<td>M. &amp; F.</td>
<td>IV</td>
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<tr>
<td>Million air y</td>
<td>T. &amp; Th.</td>
<td>VI</td>
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<tr>
<td>Would-Be-Working</td>
<td>M. &amp; W.</td>
<td>II</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dressmaking</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>III</td>
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<tr>
<td>Practice Work in Royal Arts</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>IV</td>
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<tr>
<td>Inferential Drawing</td>
<td>T., Th. &amp; F.</td>
<td>V</td>
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<tr>
<td>Educational Seminary</td>
<td>W</td>
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<tr>
<td>Polite Government</td>
<td>W. &amp; F.</td>
<td>V</td>
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<tr>
<td>Board Walk Pressing</td>
<td>T. &amp; Th.</td>
<td>VIII</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fountain Pen Spraying</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>III</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apple Storing</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>VI</td>
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18
# PROGRAM CARD

**Miss Bettie Newcomer**

**1910-1911**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Per.</th>
<th>Monday</th>
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<th>Thursday</th>
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Wrong Quarter

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*Approved*
Senior Class

Motto
“To live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.”

Emblem
Maiden-hair Fern

Colors
Green and White

Honorary Member: YETTA S. SHONINGER

Officers
President: ELsie Naomi SHICKEL
Vice-President: Annie Lillian Davis
Secretary: Vergilia Pendleton Sadler
Treasurer: Virginia Scott Dunn

The First
Alma Mater stands and watches,
Sees her eldest daughter go,
Hands outstretched would fain have kept her,
If this might have been—but no—
From beyond the distant mountains
Other voices call away;
So the yearning impulse changes
To such prayer as mothers pray;
And her child, so true and loyal,
Turning back with wistful eye,
Sees the hands outstretched in blessing—
Blessing and good-bye!
What We Have Been

The past is the firm ground in which the roots of the future have their holdings.

When in the rush of the on-coming years we shall pause in life’s battle to draw a breath of power from what lies behind us, no period of our past will stand out more vividly, perhaps, than these two years of school. It is here that many of our highest purposes have come into being and our chief plans taken form. It is here that we have changed from the children of yesterday into the women of today. Even our difficulties, trials, and failures here, surrounded by a splendid halo of old associations, will one day shine out as blessed memories.

"To live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood"—

this is the ideal that has hovered before us. In order to move toward this end, mentally, we have found our way through innumerable texts on psychology, mathematics, and science. Morally, not trusting in those unconscious forces of which we hear so much, we have attempted the textbook plan in ethics, with what success our neighbors can assure you. Physically, we have spent hours either in the gymnasium, pacing the board-walk, or on the basket-ball and tennis courts. Practically, we have gone into the schoolroom day after day and directed those plastic minds into the right channels—though we always lived under the fear that our minds were benefited more than were the children’s by the experiments.

Our aim has not been altogether selfish, for in striving towards it the welfare of our beloved school has ever been the controlling thought. The majority of us came at the beginning; we entered school-life on the same day with our strong young Alma Mater herself; we have seen and had some share in the initiation and growth of many of her largest plans and most progressive movements; hence we have enjoyed a sweet sense of comradeship which is entirely consistent with the deepest reverence.

When we entered, on that beautiful day in September, 1909, our school was new, our instructors were new, and we were new. After a few days of becoming accustomed to these novelties, and especially of getting used to the strange new thing of not living at home, we went to work setting up a standard for ourselves and for our sisters-to-come.
Having the modern spirit, we began in the middle, the Junior year. Therefore we cannot trace our origin to that aristocratic, though often shamefully abused, body called Freshmen. However, we can sympathize with them in all their sorrows; and we have tried this year to be their friends and protectors. We came as Juniors; but the responsibilities thrown upon our shoulders, as upon those of an elder sister, created among us at that early age the Senior spirit, which has only prepared us to bear the greater burdens and duties of real seniorhood.

During our Junior year we were few in numbers but many in organizations. The Professional Class took the lead in organizing, as it has done in many other things. The Normal Class early demanded awe and respect for their scholarship and philosophical bearing. We soon learned that the Household Arts Class could do other things besides cook and sew. The Manual Arts Class was distinguished as well for its handsome members as for their beautiful paintings, while the Kindergarten Class surpassed us all in the envied art of story-telling.

Of the individual qualities which contribute to the strength of a body, our class has showed great variety as well as excellence. Minds philosophical, scientific, musical, artistic, literary, practical, and pedagogical, have all been blended in the work for a common cause. Though some came with greater talents than others and their achievements have been greater, we have all labored with that which we had, and we who had least have gained a bountiful reward.

Quickly the first session had passed, and commencement day with the Governor came and went. Then at last we turned our faces homeward, leaving a few behind us to protect our rights at the Normal School during the summer term, and incidentally to revel in the hidden treasures of Colaw and Elwood's *Advanced Arithmetic* and other things equally delightful.

Surely a vacation never passed so quickly, for almost before we knew it we were again entering the doors of Science Hall. After one night of picture-hanging and letter-writing we became adjusted to our Senior position. Indeed, it was a pleasure to be introduced to a new girl with the explanatory remark, "She's a Senior," or to be eyed with awe and reverence; for Seniors had never before been known in these regions. But we soon found that Senior life means work. Seniors must preside at the meetings of literary societies, must lead the devotional exercises of the Y. W. C. A., must direct the work of the Athletic Associa-
tion, and attend various other meetings at all hours of the day and night, besides getting up all the lessons specified on those relentless program cards.

The beautiful fall days found us now "crazy" over basket-ball, now helping to win the loving-cup in the tennis tournament, now lining up with the rest of the clammy-handed, white-sheeted ghosts at Hallowe'en, now dancing at the German Club, or attending a down-town party, until at last there came a very cold morning in December when we again turned homeward. Never was a Christmas vacation so welcome, for with many of us the word "rest" had come to signify only a brief pause between two difficult Swedish gymnastic exercises.

After the holidays we were at it again, paying respect to our forefathers in colonial garb on Washington's birthday; toiling over The Schoolma'am as Editor-in-Chief, as Assistant Editor-in-Chief, as Business Manager, and in many other capacities; planting on Arbor Day trees that have managed to live in spite of the mass of jokes and sentiment that we buried with their roots; solemnly adopting the school-seal as a badge to be worn hereafter by graduates only; throwing our concentrated efforts into the practice of the Professional play, "Esmeralda," and then being thwarted at the last moment by the illness of "old Mr. Rogers."

Now that our work here has been completed and the goal of our school-life has, in one sense, been reached, it is with sincere reluctance that we turn our footsteps from "Bluestone Hill." Although we can never know the true significance of this period of our lives, we know at least that we are further towards our great ideal. The value of those indescribable forces which have come to us during this time we can vaguely measure by trying to picture ourselves without them; but the picture is such a blank that we turn from it.

Finally, as we go forth let it be with the great thought in which we have worked for two years:

"Not for the gain of the goal, for the getting, the hoarding, the having;
But for the joy of the deed; but for the duty to do."
What We Are

“A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, a hand to execute.”

AMELIA HARRISON BROOKE

Professional

Dollars and cents, dollars and cents, Brooke will count up all expense. Nickels and dimes, nickels and dimes, She will keep away hard times.

—“Wi’ her needle an’ her sheers, Gars auld claes look amaist as weel’s the new.”

ANNIE LILLIAN DAVIS

Household Arts

And next comes Annie, the Richmond maid, Who worked all day and never played. With scissors and thimble, basket and broom, She flitted with haste from room to room.
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

MINNIE CAROLINE DIEDRICH

Professional

Sweet and winsome Minnie,
Witty and wise is she,
Always doing her very best,
Studious as can be.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

HELEN HOWELL DRUMMOND

Manual Arts
(September)

Five minutes to dress for breakfast,
A record hard to beat,
Yet when the last bell ringeth,
There's Helen, oh, so neat!
"An open-handed maiden, true and pure."

VIRGINIA SCOTT DUNN
Manual Arts
She can make fine furniture,
And rugs, and baskets too;
And almost anything you wish
This dextrous maid can do.

"Never a thought, never a care."

JANET CLARAMOND GREEN
Manual Arts
O Janet, Janet, Janet!
You're a manual artist girl;
Your feet are always shod so neat,
Your hair is in a curl.
"A mood so tender, fair, and happy."

KATHLEEN BELL HARNESBERGER

Kindergarten

This little girl we all call "Kat."
With rocking sailor's gait,
Rushes down stairs in terrific haste
And slips into breakfast late.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber."

ALMA ROSS HARPER

Manual Arts
(September)

Now this is our own Alma
With fresh cheeks, and blue eyes
So clear and deep they put to shame
Her washes for blue skies.
"Her eyes speak wondrous things."

LYDIA INEZ HOPCROFT

Professional

Strong in sympathy, strong in will,
Whoever forsakes you, a strong friend still;
She's jolly and always in for fun,
And if you're in trouble she's just the one.

"I work for knowledge,
And not for notoriety."

CHARLOTTE HENRY LAWSON

Professional

Here's calm, pedantic Charlotte,
Though quiet, wide-awake;
Who knoweth Mathematics
Is wise without mistake.
"Exceedingly well read."

RUTH BOULDIN MACCORKLE

Professional

I care not for math., I toil not for gym.,
To spelling I yield not my time;
Aesthetic ideas, and thoughts large and dim,
For these I would give my last dime.

"He that knows, and knows that he knows, is a Senior—Follow him!"

MARY STELLA MESEROLE

Professional

A maiden fair she is and good to view,
Each teacher knows her well, and students too;
But still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That anger e'er could dark'n those eyes of blue.
"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

JANET MILLER
Kindergarten
She is witty, yes, and clever,
And whene’er she has a chance
She can make herself most charming
In her little Spanish dance.

“I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty.”

MARY LEDGER MOFFETT
Household Arts
Happy and jolly,
Full of good cheer;
This is Miss Moffett
Thru all the year.
“She has a nature that is gentle and refined.”

IRENE ORNDORFF

Professional

Modest and quiet, kind and true,
Irene, our own tried friend,
Silently plodding, always though
Victorious in the end.

“She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing.”

EMMA GRACE RHODES

Professional
(September)

There is a young lady named Grace,
To get here on time makes her race;
She trips up the walk, and scarcely can talk,
So nimble and brisk is her pace.
"Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

KATHERINE VIRGINIA ROYCE

Professional

No matter if the boy you teach
 Jumps out the second story,
 Be not dismayed, just keep right on
 The teacher's road to glory.

"She that was ever fair and never proud,
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

VERGILIA PENDLETON SADLER

Professional

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of cheer;
 Will make us love Vergilia
 Through each succeeding year.
"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

FANNIE HUNDLEY SCATES

Professional

This maiden is so tall and slim,
Sedate, demure, and wise.
She keeps us all in best of trim,—
Holding her head in the skies.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

ELSIE NAOMI SHICKEL

Professional

There was a young lady named Shickel,
To be like her we'd give half a nickel;
She's made a fine start in the true teacher's art,
This popular maiden named Shickel.
"Who mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth."

SARAH HUMPHREY SHIELDS

Professional

There's a slender young lady named Sarah H. Shields
Who never was known to appear in high heels;
At her prominent offices every head reels,
Save that on the shoulders of Sarah H. Shields.

"A true woman, modest, simple, and sweet."

LILLIAN LAVINIA SIMMONS

Manual Arts
(September)

She paints and draws and works in wood
With joy, and jest, and zeal;
But when besought to dance she says,
"I am too old to reel."
"In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

ETHEL KATHARINE SPRINKEL

Kindergarten

I'll tell you what my secret is
If you would look young too;
Get out of all the work you can,
Do what you have to do.


"I've made it a practice to put all my worry in
the bottom of my heart and set on the lid 'n
smile."

MAUDE TYSON WESCOTT

Professional

"I wouldn't be a teacher,"
Said little Maude one day,
"I'm going to have a preacher
Who'll care for me alway."
What We Shall Be

HE great motor of the airship groaned and gave itself up to a steady "Chug-chug." The sudden flapping of the great wings settled me in my seat rather sooner than I had expected.

Is it true? Am I really started? Drawing from my pocket the little yellow paper which had caused all this flutter in the even tenor of my life, I gave myself up to its perusal.

It ran thus: "The senior class of 1911 will please meet in room 15 at five o'clock, Wednesday, June 16, 1931. Be prompt. Important business to be discussed."

Away off yonder in California, where day after day she sits reading proof and correcting Esperanto in the many annuals she publishes for normal schools each year, little did Vergilia think as she wrote that familiar notice, from how many different places it would call us.

Scarcely had I finished reading the notice for the fifth time, when behind me I heard a quiet voice saying:

"Now John, you know the life of a preacher's wife is hard. Why don't you take charge of everything and everybody at home and let me go back to Harrisonburg as burdenless as I was when I left there years ago?"

"Well, I hope you won't get to hopping on one foot again. But just as you say. Go ahead. I'll try it for a week."

That reference to the foot told me who it was, and I laughed to remember how Maude Wescott had been laid up that last spring, how her lameness had come just in time to put a quietus on the Professional play. What a flutter they were all in then! I wondered if Katherine Royce ever had such trouble now in managing her troupe. — But I forgot she gave up stage-managing long ago and has taken up the study of psychology, and has just won quite a reputation by her late article entitled: "The Effect of Crashes on the Schoolgirl's Mind," which appeared in a recent number of the Literary Digest.

Oh, that magazine! How much it has improved in late years, especially since the management saw fit to lay its editorship on the broad shoulders of Minnie Diedrich! No other recommendation was needed to give her this position than the 1911 Schoolma'am, over which she labored so long and well.
As if it had been dropped from the planet by which we were flying, a newspaper fell in my lap.

HARRISONBURG DAILY NEWS  
GREATEST DAILY IN AMERICA

stared me in the face. Running over the headlines, I caught these words in large print:

“Hopcroft worsted Smith in second round yesterday—most sensational prize-fight of the age—strongest woman in the world winner.”

It stood for itself—Inez a prize-fighter! How times had changed! I remembered reading in this same paper years before, a short paragraph to the effect that the fashionable ladies of New York had taken up fighting as a pastime.

Thinking of these society leaders, my mind reverted to Janet Green and Grace Rhodes. They had both married Wall Street brokers a few years after leaving school. I wondered if they were still in the center of the social swim as they had been when first married. Turning to the society page, my question was answered by this notice:

“Mrs. Van Smith-Brown, formerly Miss Grace Rhodes of this city, entertained last night at dinner, in honor of Misses Kathleen Harnsberger, Ethel Sprinkel, and Janet Miller, who are in attendance at the eleventh annual conference of the Kindergarten teachers. It may be remarked in this connection that Miss Harnsberger is president of this conference, having held that office since its organization in 1919. Miss Sprinkel gave a talk to-day on ‘The Influence of the Kindergarten in Harrisonburg.’ Miss Sprinkel is well versed in her subject, having been supervisor of the kindergartens of this city for a number of years. The late book, ‘Plays and Games for the Kindergarten,’ by Miss Miller, has entitled her to a place in the Hall of Fame, and her portrait will be unveiled to-morrow at high noon. This painting is the work of the skilled portrait painter, Alma Harper. Miss Harper is noted for her power of displaying on canvas the personality of the model. This feature is especially strong in her delineation of Miss Miller.”

“Blue Stone Hill Junction!” shouted the conductor, “All off for Harrisonburg Normal School! Change to C. W. Airship line for Harrisonburg proper.”

Scarcely had I landed on the roof-garden of the great auditorium, when I was stopped by a sweet-faced lady, wearing a Y. W. C. A. badge.
She smiled, and I knew it was Fannie Scates. By her conscientious labor and her gentleness of spirit she had worked her way up from the vice-presidency of our little Y. W. C. A. to a territorial secretaryship of the national organization.

“It is so nice to see you all back,” she said, as we waited for the elevator to take us down. “You have no idea how many have come. Helen Drummond and Irene Orndorff—and, don’t you know? Irene is not a bit changed, just as quiet as ever. I know my head would be completely turned if I had had such an offer. Just think! Head librarian of the Congressional Library! But I always knew she would make a career. As for Helen, she can’t stay but a day because she has to get back to New York. You know she is a table decorator for the Astor Hotel, and she has a big order on now.”

Although I tried to keep up with Fannie, when we landed on mother-earth again, I soon lost her in the crowd that thronged the elevator door. Pushed on by this ever-moving mass of humanity, I bumped against Sarah Shields. She seemed in a great hurry, so I did not stop her. Close beside her came a stately lady carrying a roll of bandages and a bottle of medicine.

“What is the trouble, do you suppose?” I asked a girl standing next to me.

“Oh,” she said, “that is Nurse Shields from over at the Rockingham Hospital. I suppose she is on her way to the infirmary, as Miss Brooke is along. She is matron over there.”

I turned away. The world seemed so full of surprises for me that I was not a bit astonished when I peeped through a door, and saw Charlotte Lawson explaining in a graphic way this problem in second grade mathematics: “If a teacher whips ten children, but whips six of them lightly, how many does she hurt?” Charlotte is a great mathematician, as I have been told; but she could not solve a problem presented her by one who aspired to be her equal in this line. He reasoned that 1 plus 1 equals 1. But she could not agree to the proposition, and so she has remained a single one all these years, and is now teaching methods in arithmetic in the old Normal School.

I wandered out of the great Assembly Hall to the lawn. How good it felt to the back again on the dear old campus! It was much changed but still there were traces of the old order in evidence. Handsome stone buildings completed the quadrangle, and our little bushes had become
stately trees. Concrete walks invited to a stroll through the beautiful grounds, but my eye wistfully followed the course of the well-remembered board walk. Watching the bubbling of a near-by fountain, I saw two figures coming up the walk. One was tall, the other short. They seemed absorbed in conversation. Finally the short one waved her hand to emphasize some point—I could not mistake the familiar gesticulation. I ran toward them. It was Ruth and Stella.

Ruth seized my hand, but exclaimed in her serio-comic way. "Do not break in upon my thought, I have a large one." Anxious to hear this grand idea, I linked myself to them and listened.

"Yes, Stella, this is ideal. We will change the curriculum of our school and make it more unified. Entertainment shall be the central idea, and through this medium we shall teach all other subjects. Our pupils will thus be well fitted for life, since in order to entertain, money must be made, so they will of necessity, incidentally as it were, learn a vocation." I was startled at such a presumptuous plan, yet I knew that Ruth and Stella were capable of carrying it out, for had they not startled the world a few years before with the establishment of the Meserole—MacCorkle College for the orphans of suffragettes engaged in active service?

Whom should we spy when we first entered old Science Hall but Elsie Shickel, standing in front of the bulletin-board, waving her arms frantically, beckoning us in to the class meeting. I paused a moment to gaze at her, for, as High School prophets had foretold, she was a poet laureate in truth—not, indeed, a versifier in some kingly court, but the poet of the schoolroom. Through her poems of love and sympathy, she puts hope into the souls of many struggling teachers, and heartens them for their work. But she is still more, she is our same dear president, not only our president, but president of the great International Educational Association.

Back in room fifteen again! Elsie rose from her chair. With alacrity all of us fell into our accustomed places. Twenty years ago! It does not seem possible. I feel like Rip Van Winkle. The intervening years have faded away and with them my struggles as a domestic science teacher, and even my class I left this morning to come back to the school of my girlhood.

My thoughts were broken by Elsie's saying, "I believe we are all here except Virginia Dunn, whom I had to excuse. You know she is teaching manual arts in the Philippines, and, of course, it is too long a
trip to take for a single meeting. It has been kindly suggested by Miss Annie Davis, now domestic science teacher here, that we postpone our business session until tonight, that we may now enjoy an ‘old time supper’ which she has provided for us.

"Excuse me, Madam President, but I did not do it all," Miss Davis rose to say; "Mrs. Richardson, who you know was Lillian Simmons, kindly aided us by donating the syrup from her cane-farm in Louisiana."

A peal of laughter went up from that assembly of dignitaries, for we knew then what she meant by "old time." We almost skipped to the dining-room in the household arts building to sit down to a meal which was an exact reproduction of the suppers in the old dormitory, where we had laughed and chatted, "starved" and grown fat, twenty years before.
Junior Normal

Motto
Vorwärts

Flower
Red Rose

Colors
Olive and Garnet

Members
Ruth Conn, President
Emma Baker
Octavia Goode
Eva Massey
Harrietta Massoletti
Lizzie McGahey
Nannie Morrison
Orra Otley
Mary Sadler
Frances Sibert
Juanita Stout
Class History

Variety is the spice of life. On our roll may be found eleven names the characteristics of whose owners are as varied as the lights that shone on Mt. Olympus.

Massey will go down in history as our mathematical leader, because she has already proved that the square of the right angle of an equiangular triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two angles.

Conn must be continually remonstrated with for neglect of her studies. Why, daily she puts only six hours on history, seven on English, and even less on her other studies.

Goode, as we know, is the most prominent novelist of the day.

Our class is very proud of Otley, the brilliant psychology student. Each day we find her reading it after school for recreation. She has so thoroughly absorbed the subject that her face fairly beams with “moral courage.”

Massoletti, our question box, never ceases in her efforts to get at the root of the matter and to find out the why’s and wherefore’s in every case.

We have a Stout young lady in our class whose charms have been sung through the ages.

Baker is noted for her lovely voice which brings peace when she starts the machinery going.

“Happy am I; from care I’m free! Why aren’t they all contented like me?”—so says Sibert.

McGahey, the great athletic “crimp,” excels all in the way she makes the Indian clubs whiz. It pays to respect her.

Then comes Sadler, the well rounded.

“Whose glossy hair to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven’s wing.”

“Be optimistic”—this is Morrison’s motto, and her always smiling face shows how prominent a part it plays in her life. She puts all her troubles in a box, sits on the lid and says in the most placid way, “Girls, it does not pay to worry; not even when the ‘oysters’ fail to come!”
Junior Professional Class

Motto
"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

Colors
Black and Gold

Flower
Golden Rod

Officers
President .................................................. Inez Coyner
Vice-President ............................................ Nan Jennings
Secretary .................................................. Katie Winfrey
Treasurer .................................................. Nell Lackey

Toast
Here's to the Class of 1912!
We always aim at the top;
Although we have to dig and delve
We'll never, never, stop.
Here's to us all—all twenty-two—
A happy bunch are we;
Here's hoping that we may get through
And mighty teachers be!
Junior Kindergarten Class

*Motto*
“A little child shall lead them.”

*Colors*
White, Green and Gold

*Flower*
Daisy

*Officers*

- **President** .......................................................... *Charlotte Smith*
- **Vice-President** .......................................................... *Pearl Haldeman*
- **Secretary** .......................................................... *Ruth Round*
- **Treasurer** .......................................................... *Lucie Pulliam*

*Members*

**As Others Know Them**
- Eunice Baker
- Alice Cale
- Susie Corr
- Pearl Haldeman
- Mary Liggett
- Rhoda McCorkle
- Maurine Patterson
- Lucie Pulliam
- Ruth Round
- Charlotte Smith
- Mary Thom
- Willye White
- Annie Wise

**As We Know Them**
- Cutie
- Spring Vegetable
- Suke
- Pearline
- Coffee
- Corker
- Patsy
- Skinny
- Rufus
- Grandma
- Long Tom
- Billie
- Peck
Class History

We, the Kindergarten Class of 1912, entered these doors of learning September 28, 1910. The first few days we spent in finding ourselves—adapting ourselves to our new environment, as Miss Harrington would put it. When we finally found time to look at our class, we counted just thirteen, for us a very lucky number. As a class we may not all be Solomons, but we have among us one who is always Wise.

Thusfar our calendar records three red letter days: Miss Harrington's chafing-dish party, our evening with the Seniors, and the Seniors' St. Valentine's Eve with us. These same Seniors were very dear friends of ours, in times of trouble assuring us that we should come out all right in the end.

At last Christmas came, and it is needless to say that there never was a happier time in our lives than the one week of holidays we spent at home.

January second found us busy at work in school again. The time seemed long, but a great many pleasures met us along our busy every day life, and these made us forget our troubles.

As the close of the session approached and the Seniors were rushed in their studies, they did not hesitate to call on us to help them prepare the materials for kindergarten work. We did it willingly because we know there will come a time when we can make other Juniors work for us.

If we were prophets, we should tell you what the year of 1912 will bring forth; but, as we are not, our history will be concluded in the next issue of the Schoolma'am.
Junior Household Arts Class

*Motto*

"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

*Flowers*

White Carnation and Ferns

*Officers*

President: Virginia Trevey Dudley
Secretary and Treasurer: Susie Daniel Madison

*Honorary Members*

Miss Frances Sale
Mrs. Julian A. Burruss
Class Roll

Sarah Virginia Davies
“The woman worth while
   Is the one who can smile
   When the bread falls flat.”

Virginia Trevey Dudley
“Some are born Chemists, some
   absorb Chemistry, and some have
   Chemistry thrust upon them.”

Mary Virginia Greer
“A little beauty is a dangerous
   thing—especially if she’s got
   red hair.”

Hannah Frances Goddard
“Laugh and the world laughs
   with you”—
   Weep and the laugh’s on you.

Mary Lacy Lyle
“Better late than never.”

Susan Daniel Madison
“There is more joy in our class
   over one girl who marrieth a title
   than over the six who are still
   making bread.”

Mary Elizabeth McLeod
“Woman—she needs no eulogy—
   She speaks for herself.”
## Sophomore Class

### Colors
Red and Gray

### Flower
Carnation

### Motto
"Better not be at all than not be noble."

### Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>Pattie Puller</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Emily Ellis</td>
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<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
<td>Virginia Brown</td>
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### Members

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<tr>
<td>Louise Anderson</td>
<td>Grace Jackson</td>
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<td>Katie Anderson</td>
<td>Virginia Jones</td>
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<td>Myrtle Bailey</td>
<td>Lillye Kaylor</td>
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<td>Mary Bishop</td>
<td>Mary Lotts</td>
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<td>Ruth Bowers</td>
<td>Frances Mackey</td>
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<td>Virginia Brown</td>
<td>Lucile McLeod</td>
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<td>Eunice Brown</td>
<td>Bessie Mottley</td>
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<td>Bessie Brown</td>
<td>Bertha Myers</td>
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<td>Harriet Brown</td>
<td>Ola Neikirk</td>
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<td>Daisy Buchanan</td>
<td>Lona Pope</td>
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<td>Margaret Burke</td>
<td>Muriel Porter</td>
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<td>Tracie Burtner</td>
<td>Pattie Puller</td>
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<td>Martha Cox</td>
<td>Alma Reiter</td>
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<td>Martha Eagle</td>
<td>Lila Riddell</td>
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<td>Emily Ellis</td>
<td>Carrie Sayers</td>
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<td>Ethel Fitzgerald</td>
<td>Carrie Seates</td>
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<td>Dana Fulcher</td>
<td>Ida Schaeffer</td>
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<td>Marceline Gatling</td>
<td>Mary Silvey</td>
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<td>Edna Hartman</td>
<td>Nora Spitzer</td>
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<td>Effie Hauptman</td>
<td>Ella Stover</td>
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<td>Katharine Henley</td>
<td>Mary Triplett</td>
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<td>Minnie Huffman</td>
<td>Anna Ward</td>
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<td>Mary Wilson</td>
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Class Poem

There's no truth left in the world to discover.
No reference work to do;
I've learned my psychology over and over,
With basis of thought I am through.

I am old, so old I can write a thesis;
My Sophomore classes are done;
The Freshmen laugh always; but that thing ceases
When Second Year work is begun.

O Senior, up there I have seen you sailing
And shining so clear in your place;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing
In our dawn that cometh apace.

O Teachers, give me your methods, suggestions—
In grading just give me an A—
I am old! you may trust me with life's hardest questions,
For I am a Junior today.
freshman class

motto
the secret of success is constancy to purpose

colors
purple and green

flower
pansy

president, florence keezell vice-president, marcia scott

secretary and treasurer, deane scott

althea adams maude davis susie maloy
nora armentrout maple davis mary maloy
rosa block jessie falls mable richardson
margie bryant sadie fristoe mina randolph
josephine bradshaw eleanor good mary sael
annie brunk annie beatwole deane scott
mattie brunk sallie hulvey florence keezell marcia scott
iva clatterback anna kersh elizabeth marshall vada suter
tenny cline rosa maupin beatrice marrable frankie showalter
erma cline ida via
carlita cline cornelia wenger
pearl conrad annie wenger
ruth cooman jula williams
sadie craun
most every one says we're green as grass,
because we are the freshman class,
but kindly let me show to you
why that bold statement is not true.

we have not SENIOR wit or fame,
but for this fault we aren't to blame,
and though we're just as wise as they,
folks do not see it just that way.

if we could have just half a chance
we'd finish all things in advance,
and show the sophs and juniors too
that we are all of truest blue.

we won't be freshman all our lives;
for fame and honor each one strives;
foot of the ladder though now are we,
in nineteen fourteen at the top we'll be.

it is hard to do, but all confess
we're the very best class at H. N. S.
and heavy will be the heart of each lass
when she bids adieu to the freshman class.
Spec ials
The Special Library

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow..............................Margaret Allebaugh
Household Puzzles.........................................Katherine Anderson
A Teddy Bear at School....................................Lila Bear
Just Between Themselves.................................Tacy Shamburg and Vada Glick
Courtship of Miles Standish.............................Virginia Hedrick
The Treasure..................................................Arline Hoffman
The Garden in the Wilderness............................Hallie Hughes
A Dear Little Girl at School..............................Lillian Lightner
Innocence Abroad...........................................Julia MacCorkle
A Summer Shower...........................................Jennie Raine
Raising the Pearl...........................................Pearl Reid
Encyclopedia Britannica..................................Idell Reid
Uncle Rutherford's Niece................................Lelia Rutherford
Maid Sally....................................................Sally Stallard
Set in Silver................................................Lois Sterling
A Bird that Hunts and is Hunted.......................Jessie Thrasher
Little Red Riding Hood....................................Laura Wenger
Through the Eye of a Needle..............................Lucy Whitesel
Faculty of Harrisonburg High and Graded Schools

WILLIAM H. KEISTER, A. B.
SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL

JAMES C. JOHNSTON
SCIENCE, ENGLISH, AND GERMAN

J. SILOR GARRISON
MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH, AND SCIENCE

MARTHA M. DAVIS
FRENCH, LATIN, AND HISTORY

C. H. NIXON
COMMERCIAL BRANCHES

WESA L. MOORE
EIGHTH GRADE

ABNER K. HOPKINS, Jr.
SEVENTH GRADE, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

ELSIE HYDE
SIXTH GRADE

ORRA BOWMAN
FIFTH GRADE, A

ELLEN WARE
FIFTH GRADE, B

KATIE LEE ROLSTON
FOURTH GRADE, A

NEALE MAXWELL
FOURTH GRADE, B

LUCY V. LAMB
THIRD GRADE, A

MARY H. McPHEETERS
THIRD GRADE, B

S. FRANCES SPECK
SECOND GRADE, A

MARGARET LEMON
SECOND GRADE, B

MAY E. HILL
FIRST GRADE, A

MAY BARRETT
FIRST GRADE, B

EVALINA M. HARRINGTON, B. S.
DIRECTOR OF KINDERGARTEN

MATTIE A. SPECK
SUPERVISOR OF DRAWING
Lesson Plan

Preparation:
Did any of you ever slip behind the door when your big sister's sweetheart came to see her? What were they doing? (Be prepared for a variety of answers). Did you hear any words they said? Well, when two girls do like that we call it a crush.

Aim:
To teach the children the nature of crushes, and to lead them to apply this knowledge in every-day life.

Presentation:
1. We will put on the board some of those nice words you heard, and then I will give you a list which came from some Normal Notes.

Dearest          honey
darling          angel
love             sweetheart
tootsey-wootsey

Materials:
1. Spoon, all sizes.
2. Word box (only soft sweet words) for sentence building.

Outline of Points:
1. To train eye as well as ear.
2. To teach the children to apply their knowledge.

3. Recreation:
   (a) Drill on lesson.
   (b) Practical application.

2. Now you may write some sentences on the board. I want your sentences each to contain at least four of those words you have just learned.

3. Count off by twos.
   (Have two children as leaders).
   Now when I count two I want you to do just as your leaders do—put both arms around your partner's neck and kiss each other.
   That will do. Now, I want to read you a little memory gem which contains some beautiful thoughts:

   My darling little angel, you are so very sweet,
   I feel that I must kiss you, yes, every time we meet;
   So I'll put my arms around you, my precious dearest honey,
   For sure I love you more than a barrel full of money.

4. Seat Work:
   To clinch lesson facts.

4. Now go to your seats and build me three sentences from your word boxes. Tomorrow we will learn some more about crushes.
Sidney Lanier at Rockingham Springs.

When the Lanier Literary Society took its name in the fall of 1909, the fact was of course recalled that Sidney Lanier had spent part of a summer only a few miles away; but it has been only within recent months that the full significance and interest of this local coincidence have come to be appreciated. Rockingham Springs lie just at the eastern foot of Peaked Mountain; and Peaked Mountain is the most conspicuous feature of the landscape as one looks out of the east-side windows of Science Hall.

Lanier’s connection with Rockingham Springs and the adjacent localities is best described in the following letter written by Mr. Edwin B. Hopkins, a well-known gentleman of East Rockingham, who was manager of the Springs in the summer of 1879—the time of Lanier’s sojourn there.

“The figure of Sidney Lanier at the time of his visit to the Springs would have attracted even the casual observer. He was above the average height, wore a full beard, and, had he not been so emaciated, would have been a man of very commanding appearance.

“As soon as he settled in the cottage (Baltimore House) at the
Springs, he inquired of me about a writing desk. Finding that we had nothing suitable, I had constructed for him a top of a desk which fitted on a four-legged table. He gave the necessary directions to the carpenter himself as to the slant, etc., that he desired; and when completed and placed upon the table it had very much the appearance of the old-fashioned school teacher’s desk found in our schools some forty or fifty years ago. It was upon this rude structure that his famous “Science of English Verse” was composed in six weeks. This desk, after his departure, I found pretty well bespattered with a blue ink which he constantly used.

“Lanier was very systematic in his work, breakfasting about 8:30 a.m., shortly thereafter returning to his apartment to work, appearing for dinner, and then resuming his occupation until 4 p.m., when he would appear in riding costume—a pair of white corduroy trousers I remember as a conspicuous component.

“His rides were upon the back of a famous black Canadian pony that we owned, which carried him for miles in every direction radiating from the Springs. Upon his return from riding he would relate to his friend the artist, John R. Tate, a description of the many beautiful scenes in the landscape that he had observed.

“The Fischer piano now at the Springs was selected by Mr. Lanier in Baltimore, and many were the evenings that he would regale the assembled company with his Brohm flute, while his wife accompanied him upon the piano. These treats were willingly granted when he was waited upon by a delegation of ladies or gentlemen; but the most inspiring of all his music was heard after 11 o’clock at night, when everything was quiet and all the guests were supposed to be asleep. It was then that he would come out upon the upper porch of his cottage with his flute, and remain there an hour or more improvising. I can compare such an hour only to the description written of Rubenstein’s piano playing. This flute playing was done by Lanier for the benefit of his lungs, as he had the utmost faith in its virtues.

“There was an attractive little girl at the Springs by the name of Bessie Long. We all remember Bessie and her autograph album, and how she solicited everyone for a line and his name. She approached Mr. Lanier, and he, without a moment’s hesitation, wrote: ‘Man wants but little here below, but wants that little Long.’

“Mr Lanier engaged the entire Baltimore Cottage for himself and family in the spring of 1881; but his failing health made it necessary for
him to go to New York to consult a specialist in lung trouble, who advised him to try tent life in the piney woods of North Carolina. His wife wrote me about sending him the Black Pony, but his waning strength forebade the use of such exercise, and a few months later closed that useful life; but not before he could have well exclaimed in the language of Horace, \textit{Exegi monumentum aere perennius.}

It was the writer's rare privilege a few weeks ago to visit Rockingham Springs, and to go over the place with Mr. Hopkins himself and his venerable father, Mr. G. T. Hopkins, who were in charge of the Springs in the summer of 1879, and who cherish many recollections of the poet's sojourn there. As we were driving in from the railway station, where Mr. Hopkins met me, we mounted a high hill from which one has a wide unobstructed view. "Here," said Mr. Hopkins, "Lanier used to come on the Black Pony."

I got out of the buggy and took a good look around. Two miles to the west the jagged side of the Massanutten Mountain rose, and out from the foothills at its base the road came winding from the Springs. Ten miles to the east the long irregular line of the Blue Ridge was thrust up into the fairer blue of the morning sky. Far up on the rugged side of the mountain the practiced eye could discern the white spray of Cedar Bluff Falls. Between the hill where we stood and the distant mountain stretched the broad plains of the Shenandoah River—"The Euphrates," Spotswood and his knights called it, when they looked upon it at this selfsame place two centuries ago. In the midst of the plain the white houses and glittering roofs of Elkton cast back the rays of the sun, and on all the surrounding hills the dark green cones of pine and cedar trees thrust themselves up as if trying to shield the bare branches of the oaks, chestnuts, and hickories.

We followed the road on in to the Springs; and as I looked back, down through the long vista of the divided hills, I could still see a section of the distant mountain, with the eastern sky above it. "What a scene," I thought, "for the eye of a poet like Lanier."

We paused before the veranda of one of the first cottages. "Is this the Baltimore Cottage?" I hastened to inquire; for my thoughts were upon Lanier, and I was eager to trace his footprints. "No," replied Mr. Hopkins, "but we had a tournament while Lanier was here, and when he
delivered the charge to the knights they were drawn up here on the lawn, seated upon their horses, and he stood on the veranda as he addressed them."

Lanier and the knights! A kindred company. How fondly must his spirit have returned to the ancient days, and how much like a soldier-singer he must have looked, bearing from the half-forgotten past his message of chivalrous romance into the commonplace and matter-of-fact present. How many of those young fellows that day imagined that they were listening to a man whose voice would echo throughout the English-speaking world?

Just a little further on we came to Lanier's cottage, nestling under the shadow of the jagged Massanutten. In the rear is an open field, stretching toward the mountain's foot; on two sides are the cottages and the hotels; while, enfolding all, the wooded foothills came close, as if to shelter the little nook from summer heat as well as from winter cold.

I went into the room, on the first floor of the cottage, where Lanier wrote his famous lectures on poetry. I urged Mr. Hopkins to take another hunt for the ink-spattered desk top. Our Professor Heatwole, to whom Mr. Hopkins sent the letter quoted above, had said to me, "See if you can find that desk top." I needed no urging in the matter. Neither did Mr. Hopkins; but he did not find it. Then I went up stairs and out
on the upper porch where Lanier would sit as he played his flute at midnight. Out just a few yards I looked into the cool green branches of a big white-pine. The odor from the fragrant branches must have been a delight to the health-seeking genius; and I could imagine a sort of soft, sweet accompaniment stealing out from those wind-swept needles, answering to the witching music of the flute.

Before leaving the Springs I climbed to the summit of one of the nearest mountain spurs, and tried to get a picture of the place as a whole. How well I succeeded, the reader may assist in judging. But no photograph can do justice to the impression of Titanic grandeur produced by the actual presence of these towering heights and deep descending hollows. One is not surprised that Lanier was hoping to return to such a place.

—John W. Wayland.
Mottoes

"I have come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord of hosts.
Y. M. C. A.

Cabinet
1910-11

Officers

Louise Lancaster ........................................ President

Fannie Scales ............................................. Vice-President

Eva Massey ............................................... Secretary

M'Ledge Moffett .......................................... Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees

Katherine Royce ......................................... Bible Study

Orra Otley ................................................ Devotional

Grace Jackson ........................................... Missionary

Fannie Scales ........................................... Membership

Minnie Diedrich .......................................... Social

M'Ledge Moffett .......................................... Finance

Eva Massey ................................................ Intercollegiate

Officers
1911-12

Eva Massey ............................................. President

Octavia Goode ........................................... Vice-President

Pearl Haldeman .......................................... Secretary

Pattie Puller ............................................ Treasurer

78
Sororities
Paradigm

OF THE

Sorority Situation

PRESENT
We have none

PAST
We had none

FUTURE
We shall have none

PRESENT PERFECT
We have had none

PAST PERFECT
We had had none

FUTURE PERFECT
We shall have had none

80
Literary Societies
Lee Literary Society

Colors
Gray and Gold

Flower
White Carnation

Motto
"The white flower of a blameless life."

Officers

First Quarter
President, Katherine Royce
Vice-Pres't, Fannie Sates
Secretary, Pearl Haldeman
Treas. Louise Greenawalt

Second Quarter
Sarah Shields
Ruth Round
Florence Kezell
Ella Heatwole

Third Quarter
Octavia Goode
Fannie Scates
Virginia Dudley
Margaret Burke

Members

Althea Adams
Nora Armentrout
Emma Baker
Hilda Benson
Mary Bishop
Ruth Bowers
Josephine Bradshaw
Eunice Brown
Harriet Brown
Margie Bryant
Margaret Burke
Tracie Butner
Alice Cale
Erma Cline
Nannie Collier
Susan Corr
Annie Davis
Sadie Davies
Virginia Dudley
Virginia Dunn
Martha Eagle
Jessie Falls
Dana Fulcher
Octavia Goode
Louise Greenawalt

Willye White

Ola Neikirk
Pearl Noell
Maurine Patterson
Lona Pope
Fattie Puller
Ethel Rainey
Idell Reid
Mabel Richardson
Ruth Round
Katherine Royce
Mary Sadler
Mary Sale
Carrie Scates
Fannie Scates
Sarah Shields
Gurnye Showalter
Mary Silvey
Lillian Simmons
Charlotte Smith
Nora Spitzer
Lois Sterling
Mary Stovall
Jessie Thrasher
Ida Via
Anna Ward
Katie Winfrey

83
Lee Literary Society

Song

Well known Characters of To-day

Brave Resolutions.

Piano Solo Charlotte Smith

A Familiar Contrast on a Phrenological and Scientific Basis

Song Ola Nichol

A Turbulent Household

Lee News

Song Lois Sterling

Politeness Personified

Song

Washers Virginia Duvan

Hilda Benson
Lanier Literary Society

Colors
Violet and White

Flower
Violet

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

Officers

First Term
President, Stella Menefee
Vice-Pres. Miss D. L. Dike
Secretary, Eva Massey
Treasurer, Vergilia Sadler

Second Team

President, Minnie Diedrich
Vice-Pres. Elsie Shickel
Secretary, Irene Orndorff
Treasurer, Vergilia Sadler

Third Team

President, Minnie Shickel
Vice-Pres. Nannie Morrison
Secretary, Nell Lackey
Treasurer, Vergilia Sadler

Members

Louise Anderson
Katherine Anderson
Katie Anderson
Myrtle Bailey
Eunice Baker
Lila Bear
Rosa Block
Amelia Brooke
Virginia Brown
Bessie Clemmer
Ruth Conn
Inez Coyner
Minnie Diedrich
Helen Drummond
Virginia Earman
Lorraine Eldred
Emily Ellis
Margaret Fox
Sadie Fristoe
Alpine Gatling
Marceline Gatling
Hannah Goddard
Janet Green
Inez Hopcroft
Minnie Huffman
Hallie Hughes
Grace Jackson
Nan Jennings
Nell Lackey
Aurie Law
Frances Mackey
Elizabeth Marshall
Eva Massey
Rosa Maupin
Allie Messersmith

Nannie Morrison
Irene Orndorff
Orra Otley
Jane Pulliam
Lucie Pulliam
Pearl Reed
Lila Riddell
Bessie Rucker
Vergilia Sadler
Deane Scott
Marcia Scott
Edmonia Shepperson
Elsie Shickel
Sallie Stallard
Juanita Stout
Kate Taylor
Mary Triplett
Shannie Watkins

Maude Wescott
Annie Wise

87
Lanier Song

Though Lanier is sleeping gently
Where doth sigh the Southern pine,
Still he lives—his hallowed memory
Makes each heart a sacred shrine.
Scholar, soldier, knight, musician,—
Best of all we love him still
For the magic of his singing
That can sway our souls at will.

Chorus
Bring, then, the honors
That to him belong,
Till the world shall catch the music
Of our Southland’s clear, sweet, song.

How we long to guard the memory
Of this man whose name we bear!
How we long to swell his praises
Till the world shall see and care,
Till his ever-widening power
With the centuries shall roll,
Ringing over ocean’s border,
Echoing back from pole to pole!

Song to him was only living,
All his work a mighty psalm
Offered up in purest worship,
Pain and rapture, storm and calm.
May the spirit that upheld him
Guide our faltering footsteps too,
And the words that he has spoken
Keep our aims and purpose true!
A Walk Through the Acropolis

Near the close of a lovely summer day, under soft southern skies, I was wending my way toward the Acropolis to view the ruins of the pride of Greece, and fulfill one of the dreams I had cherished ever since taking a course in ancient history at the Harrisonburg State Normal School. My mind had traveled far back to the time when Athens reigned supreme, and this mass of shattered columns had been monuments to her greatness—when, as I stood musing thus, lo, on all sides, temples, theatres, porticoes began to rise, until gradually the Acropolis, in full splendor, stood complete before me.

Suddenly on my bewildered senses dawned the realization that I was standing where once the host of Xerxes had thought to storm the citadel, and I sprang hastily aside, lest the scene be enacted again and I be swallowed up in the rush of the mighty army. But no, everything seemed quiet; the broad marble steps were thronged with citizens whose curious and inquiring eyes, fixed on my modern garb, rendered me strangely uncomfortable. One young fellow, exceedingly handsome and evidently more bold than his companions, ventured to speak to me, and offered to be my guide through the Acropolis. "How fortunate," thought I, "that I have studied Greek!"

As we stood at the top of the stairs, before us rose the mighty statue of Athena, holding aloft her massive spear that cast its glittering reflection far out to sea. My guide led me toward the right, where high on a bastion stood a miniature perfect piece of architecture, the Temple of the Wingless Victory; and as I stood in the shade of its portico I saw stretching far before me the broad Athenian plain, the bay of Salamis, and the towering mountains beyond.

As we turned to go to a larger temple on the north, I stepped aside to where a group of young men were listening attentively to a middle-aged man with a broad face and pug nose, who was attempting to convince them that they knew nothing whatever of the subject of conversation. As I listened I became interested—even fascinated; and I could understand how his pupils were able to look beyond his huge ugliness and see the master image of the soul within. "That man," said my guide, "is the greatest teacher in Athens. Time passes unnoticed as I listen to him. Ah!" he concluded with a sigh, "if only he were handsome! How the Athenians would idolize him!"
Crossing over to the north, we stood before the Erechtheum, that most sacred of all Athenian temples, and I felt the spirit of the early worship and long-lost traditions close around me. Here flowed Poseidon’s salt spring, and here Athena’s olive tree reared its green branches over the ancient wooden statue of its mistress. Before this sacred shrine, my guide looked full into the face of his deity and prayed. A little to one side a calm, dignified figure watched us with cold scornful eyes. My guide, observing him, told me that it was Thucydides. I wished to thank him for having written such a beautiful history, but my guide hurried me on, whispering, “Not yet, not yet.” We heard some one giving orders and suggestions to the artists at work on the interior, and it needed no one to tell me that the tall form, whose dress proved him to be of high rank, and whose right hand stroked almost tenderly one of the marble maidens who held aloft the temple portico, was no other than Phidias, the master-artist himself.

On the southeastern slope lay the Grand Theatre of Dionysius, whose rising seats, cut in a semicircle, looked forth beyond the stage to the hills of southern Attica, and over the blue waters of the Aegean. Close by stood the concert hall, and yonder the temple of Theseus bathed its massive columns in the glow of the setting sun.

My guide had purposely left until last the crowning glory of the Acropolis, the Parthenon. Here in her Maiden’s Chamber, Athens had lavished all her artistic resources when her art was at its height. So perfect, so simple, so grand were the massive columns that they compelled us to reverential silence as we stood amid their shadows. But the dazzling beauty within was enough to bewilder the eye; surely nowhere has the world had such another spectacle to offer! Here in marble once more Poseidon struggles with Athena for the city, and yonder as if to express her triumph stands the master-piece of Phidias, the colossal statue of Athena wrought in gold and ivory, proclaiming to all the glory of her child, her Athens, while high overhead in the fretwork of the frieze the gods sit spectators to the grand Panathenaic feast held in her honor.

It needed but one thing to make the whole complete and, true to my expectation, that appeared. Slowly down among the marble multitude, with grave dignity, sauntered the train of Pericles. Intuitively, I recognized many old friends, bound to me by the closest ties of reference reading and written quizzes. There stood Euripides, here Phormio and Sophocles, while over all towered the helmeted head of Pericles, and close
at his right hovered the aging form of Anaxagoras. Hoping to gain a glance from those cool, dark eyes under the visor of the helmet, I waited. But in vain; the train passed by unobserving; and my guide and I re-traced our steps, out through the Propylaea, past the Areopagus on our left, and then adown the sacred way toward Eleusis. As we reached the Dipylon Gate, we paused.

"I must leave you here," said my guide, bowing respectfully; "but with your permission I wish first to sketch in my note-book the profile of your nose and the slant of your eyebrow. I am to present an original paper on these subjects at the next meeting of my club." I blushed, of course, but murmured some sort of permission. Then, I too grew bold and said, "I should like to know your name."

He handed me a delicate, highly-polished shell tablet. Raising it to my eyes, I read engraved upon it in Greek capitals, the name "Alcibiades." With a sort of thrill I turned hastily to look at him again, but he was gone. Just then I was startled by a loud, burring, whirring, clanging, rattling, ringing sound above me. It was the rising bell! Then I recalled the fact that Ancient History came at 8.30.
Going Home

No doubt the patriot wanderer
Doth yearn for his native shore,
And his heart doth beat the faster
When he touches it once more.
But the feeling of this wanderer,
Come back from Greece or Rome,
Is nothing to the feeling
Of a schoolgirl going home.

No doubt the birds in spring-time,
Forgetting palm and pine,
Have a kind of choky feeling
For the nests they've left behind.
But the birds go back each winter,
Though they rather like to come;
So theirs is not the feeling
Of a schoolgirl going home.

Just mix the birds and patriots
And stir their feelings well,
Then add a drop of rapture,
The thrill you cannot tell,
A tear for past and present
And the future that's to come,—
And you've something of the feeling
Of a schoolgirl going home.

—Ruth Conn.
Athletic Association

Although athletics is not the most prominent feature of a normal school, we have not forgotten that joyous exercise for the body is a necessary accompaniment to the most successful education of the mind.

In November everybody enjoyed the tennis tournament, though the wind entered into the frolic and did its best to blow champions and spectators off the hill-top. An account of this is more fully given on page 101 of the Schoolma'am.

In March faculty and students had a house-warming and a general good time in our new gymnasium, which, with its adjoining bowling alley, is our pride and joy.

Match-games of basket ball played there between faculty and students, and between class and class, have given zest to many Saturday evenings.

With the spring weather the tennis courts and the preparations for final field-day have drawn us out of doors again.

Looking back over the year, we think that matters athletic show decided growth, and that they give excellent promise for the future.

Athletic Council

Maude Wescott .................. President
Minnie Diedrich .................. Vice-President
Octavia Goode .................. Secretary
Frances Mackey .................. Treasurer
Nora Spitzer
Lizzie McGahey
Amelia Brooke
Pinquet Tennis Club

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."

We will yell for Pinquet,
'Cause you play for red and white,
You are strong and ready now
To play with all your might.
Knock the ball right in the court,
And do just what is right,
While we are yelling for Pinquet!

First Quarter
President—Elsie Shickel
Secretary—Mary Sadler
Treasurer—Josephine Bradshaw

Members
Margaret Allebaugh
Emma Baker
Hilda Benson
Josephine Bradshaw
Amelia Brooke
Eunice Brown
Margaret Burke
Tracie Burtnor
Alice Cole
Bessie Clemmer
Susie Corr
Ann Davis
Minnie Diedrich
Lorraine Eldred
Martha Fletcher
Margaret Fox
Sadie Fristoe
Alpine Gatling
Marceline Gatling
Annie Wise

Third Quarter
President—Pattie Puller
Secretary—Minnie Diedrich
Treasurer—Amelia Brooke

Members
M'Ledge Moffett
Mary Mowbray
Pattie Puller
Jennie Raine
Ruth Round
Katharine Royce
Bessie Rucker
Mary Sadler
Vergilia Sadler
Mary Sale
Carrie Scales
Deane Scott
Marcia Scott
Edmonia Shepperson
Elsie Shickel
Mary Silvey
Juanita Stout
Vada Suter
Maude Wescott
Willye White
# Racket Tennis Club

**Colors**  
Red and Blue

**Motto**  
"Root little pig, or die."

**Officers**  
First and Second Quarters
- Grace Rhodes ............................................ President  
- Eva Massey ............................................. Secretary and Treasurer

Third Quarter  
- Fannie Scates ............................................ President  
- Virginia Brown ........................................ Vice-President  
- Mary Thom .............................................. Secretary and Treasurer

**Members**

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<tr>
<th>Althea Adams</th>
<th>Hannah Goddard</th>
<th>Lucile McLeod</th>
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<td>Katie Anderson</td>
<td>Octavia Goode</td>
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<td>Janet Miller</td>
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<td>Nannie Morrison</td>
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<td>Emma Harrison</td>
<td>Orra Otley</td>
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<td>Virginia Hedrick</td>
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<td>Katherine Henley</td>
<td>Jane Pulliam</td>
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<td>Hallie Hughes</td>
<td>Lucy Pulliam</td>
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<td>Eunice Brown</td>
<td>Nan Jennings</td>
<td>Lila Riddell</td>
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<td>Laura Buchanan</td>
<td>Lillie Kaylor</td>
<td>Sarah Shields</td>
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<td>Ruth Conn</td>
<td>Auree Law</td>
<td>Frances Sibert</td>
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<td>Charlotte Lawson</td>
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<td>Mary Lewis</td>
<td>Lois Sterling</td>
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<td>Virginia Dunn</td>
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<td>Kate Taylor</td>
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<td>Martha Eagle</td>
<td>Harrietta Massoletti</td>
<td>Jessie Thrasher</td>
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<td>Emily Ellis</td>
<td>Julia McCorkle</td>
<td>Leila Vaughan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jessie Falls</td>
<td>Lizzie McGahey</td>
<td>Anna Ward</td>
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<td>Katie Winfrey</td>
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The Tennis Tournament

On Saturday afternoon, November 12, was held the first annual tennis tournament at the Normal. Many High School students and other visitors from town were present.

The Pinquets, represented by Amelia Brooke and Willye White, met the Racket players, Frances Mackey and Eva Massey. It was a cold and windy afternoon, but the weather did not prevent a very vigorous manifestation of school-spirit. The Pinquet girls, arrayed in their colors, red and white, cheered lustily for their side from one corner of the court; while across from them, the Rackets, no less loyal in their lavish output of colors and rousing yells, urged their girls onward. The referees were Mr. John Downing and Dr. Charles Conrad. The game was a close one and excitement ran high, each club hoping for the victory. After splendid playing on both sides, the game ended in favor of the Pinquets, who marched victoriously away, carrying their champions on their shoulders.

All repaired to the Assembly Hall, where, with a very appropriate little speech, Dr. B. F. Wilson presented the winners with the loving-cup donated by Dr. Firebaugh and Mr. Johnston. More yells and songs followed, and the company dispersed.

On that evening the Pinquets entertained the members of the faculty and the Racket girls with a german, an interesting feature of which was

"Oh, pass the loving cup around;
Pass not a brother by."

WINNERS
Senior Basket Ball Team

Yell
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y
Well, I guess!
Seniors, Seniors,
Yes! Yes! Yes!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captain</th>
<th>Amelia Brooke</th>
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<tr>
<td>Inez Hopcroft</td>
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<td>Edmonia Shepperson</td>
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<td>Virginia Dunn</td>
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<td>Jennie Raine</td>
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<td>Amelia Brooke</td>
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Junior Basket Ball Team

Yell
Right guard, center pass,
Tip to forward, do it fast.
Juniors!!

Lizzie McGahey, Cap'n

Members

"Beast".........................................Ruth Conn
"Foxie".........................................Margaret Fox
"Peanut"........................................Alpine Gatling
"Son"............................................Lacy Madison
"Kicky".........................................Lizzie McGahey
"Nance".........................................Nannie Morrison
"Bill"............................................Willye White
"Peek"..........................................Annie Wise
Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Yell

Zip! Zoon! Zore!
Rip! Rip! Roar!
Every team's a beastly bore!
Except our winning Sophomore!
Soph-o-more!

Frances Mackey, Captain
Virginia Brown, Business Manager

Louise Anderson  Margaret Burke  Mary Bishop  Martha Eagle
Marceline Gatling  Frances Mackey  Lucile McLeod  Nora Spitzer
Freshman Basketball Team

Sadie Fristoe, Captain

Anna Brunk
Deanne Scott
Marcia Scott
Mabel Richardson
Ida Via

Margie Bryant
Marcia Scott
Mary Sale

Yell
Sickle, sackle, sickle, sackle,
Sickle, sackle, seven,
Freshies, Freshies,
Nineteen eleven!
A Warning to the Junior Class
From the
Shades of the Departed Seniors

Hearken to us as we tell you
Of that long and dreary winter.
Oh, that hard and cruel winter!
Ever longer, longer, longer,
Grew the lessons that they gave us;
Ever harder, harder, harder,
Grew the tasks, while all our note-books
Covered desks and chairs and tables.
Hardly through the piled-up lessons
Could the student force a headway;
With our pencils and our papers
Vainly did we seek to conquer,
Sought a time for rest and found none,
Found no end to our note-books,
In our methods saw no logic.
Soon in hopeless, wild confusion
Madly shrieked we in our anguish—

In Our Anguish!

Tore our hair and pulled our rats out—

Pulled Our Rats Out!

Oh, the lessons and the note-books!
Oh, the never-ending lessons!
Oh, the blotting of the note-books!

Blot the Note-books!

Oh, the wailing of the pupils!
Oh, the heartless, heartless, teachers!

Heartless Teachers!

All the girls were thin and puny;
Sickly was the air about them,
Sickly was the sky above them,
And the voice of Dr. Firebaugh—

Dr. Firebaugh!

108
Like the voice of Wisdom, ordered,  
"You must rest, or you will perish!"

You Will Perish!

But ere we to rest departed,  
Came two forms and stood before us,  
Came and stood and gazed upon us,  
Gazed in blankness down upon us;  
And the foremost said: "Behold me!  
I'm a map for Dr. Wayland!"  
And the other said: "Behold me!  
I'm a plan for practice-teaching!"

Practice-Teaching!

But alas, the tale's too fearful!  
Let us hasten to the ending,  
To the dreary, dreary, ending!  
How we failed, and flunked, and perished.

Flunked and Perished!

Perished on examination!  
Now to you who follow after,  
We would leave a word of warning—

Word of Warning!

Always study hard your lessons,  
Tread not in the paths of pleasure,  
Write each day in all your note-books,  
Dawdle not o'er books of reference,  
Shun whatever proves distracting,  
Buckle down to practice-teaching,  
Learn the gentle art of "bluffing!"

Art of Bluffing!

Now 'tis done! Our task is ended!  
We have spoken words of warning,  
That you may not suffer blindly,  
May not be in total darkness.  
Farewell to you, O ye Juniors!

Farewell, Juniors!

Soon our footsteps you will follow,  
To the deadly rural districts,  
To that life of resignation,  
Abnegation, degradation,  
To the years of slow stagnation,  
And the joys of Spinsterhood—

Of Spinsterhood!
The Moonshiner

"Rufe, I tell ye I done heerd a hoss. Ye better be fer leavin' these here parts. It mout be a revenue officer." Sal Slocum pawed the gravel with one bare foot. The mountaineers of Southwest Virginia seldom know the luxury of shoes.

"I don't reckon ye know what ye air a-talkin' about, gal; I jist now looked all round, and thar ain't a sign of a creetur in sight."

Rufe Slocum's long, lank, muscular body straightened up. The strength of the mountains had gone into him.

"Wall, ye know jist how dangerous it is about this still. I wish somethin' would make ye quit it. Ye'll go jist like yer Pap. Rufe, I wish ye'd quit."

"Ye do? An' whar would our livin' come from? Do ye reckon I kin raise cawn on this here mountain?"

"All right, Rufe: but jist come inside the chimney, won't ye?"

The two turned, stooped, and slipped inside of what appeared to be a great natural fire-place. Within "The Chimney" there was a hollow space like a very small room, and this hole in the high rock was the home of the mountain pair; while another and smaller chimney, close beside the first, served for the distillery.

Up the little valley between the mountains, along the banks of Max Creek, rode two gentlemen.

"And you are sure we are near Rufe Slocum's still, George?" asked the elder man.

"Yes, but it's going to be a job to get him; he's slick as an eel."

"We are well armed."

"Look up yonder, there's the place now. Aren't those two perfect chimneys? I think that's as great a curiosity as the Natural Bridge."

"Yes, but up here in the wilds of Max Mountain the Natural Chimneys haven't had the world to come to see them yet."

"We are so near now: we must be careful. We'll have to leave our horses and climb these rocks and creep in on them. It is possible that we may be able to catch them at their dinner."

The horses were soon grazing.

"Guns ready? You go in at one side. I'll take the other," said the elder.

In a minute they were trapped—the moonshiner and the woman,
sitting there at a rude, bare, board, with its customary bacon and corn pone.

"Hands up, Rufe Slocum!"

"Oh God! Rufe, they got ye now! Why didn’t ye listen to me?"

Rufe said nothing, but, just exactly as his father and grandfather had done, he returned a stolid stare as he stood there with raised hands, although he knew it meant the penitentiary for life.

Silently the woman got Rufe’s clothing together, and tied a red bandanna around the bundle.

"Well Rufe, we must start," said the officer.

Sal went forward to bid him farewell—to them a farewell unrelieved by hope of any communication or any return. Both the other Slocums had died under long imprisonment. She put her hands on his breast, and as he bent his head she whispered a few words. She did not kiss him. It is not the custom of the mountaineers.

In the front of the party walked Rufe, his head high, his lips silent. After two or three hundred yards he stopped, turned, and for the first time spoke: "You-all know when a man’s leavin’ his home fer life ye allus let him do one thing he axes."

"Yes, Rufe, if we can. What do you want?" asked the officer.

"Wall, kin I jist git one more drink from the old spring?"

"Yes, that’s little enough to ask. Go on."

Rufe went to the spring, which was slightly off the road. He lay down in the tall grass to drink, then quickly sprang to his feet, clasping his trusty rifle to his breast, and turned with the gun in his hands,

But the officers had been on the alert, and quick as a flash both guns were leveled at him before the tall man could take aim.

"Drop that gun, Rufe Slocum! I suspected some of your tricks."

The voice of the officer rang out clear among the mountains.

The gun dropped, and with it all the hope out of Rufe’s eyes. Just as his ancestors had been taken away before, so was he now. With dogged footsteps he walked on down the road.

From the shelf of rock overhanging the spring came a cry as of a mountain panther robbed of her young,

"Rufe, Rufe, I done all I knowed how to save ye!"

—Kitty Leache.
German Club

**Motto**

"Dance for the day is coming
When we can dance no more."

**Officers**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>President</th>
<th>Secretary and Treasurer</th>
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<tr>
<td>Rhoda McCorkle</td>
<td>Alma Harper</td>
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**Executive Committee**

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<tr>
<th>Amelia Brooke</th>
<th>Inez Hopcroft</th>
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<td>Grace Rhodes</td>
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**Members**

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<tr>
<th>Eunice Baker</th>
<th>Janet Green</th>
<th>Janet Miller</th>
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<tr>
<td>Lucile Bell</td>
<td>Pearl Haldeman</td>
<td>M'Ledge Moffett</td>
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<td>Ruth Bell</td>
<td>Kathleen Harnsberger</td>
<td>Ola Neikirk</td>
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<td>Rosa Block</td>
<td>Alma Harper</td>
<td>Pattie Puller</td>
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<td>Amelia Brooke</td>
<td>Katherine Henley</td>
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<td>Virginia Brown</td>
<td>Inez Hopcroft</td>
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<td>Laura Buchanan</td>
<td>Sallie Hulvey</td>
<td>Katherine Royce</td>
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<td>Margaret Burke</td>
<td>Florence Keezell</td>
<td>Bessie Rucker</td>
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<td>Inez Coyner</td>
<td>Mildred Lewis</td>
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<td>Annie Davis</td>
<td>Mary Liggett</td>
<td>Marcia Scott</td>
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<td>Helen Drummond</td>
<td>Frances Mackey</td>
<td>Sarah Shields</td>
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<td>Virginia Dudley</td>
<td>Lucy Madison</td>
<td>Frances Sibert</td>
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<td>Virginia Earman</td>
<td>Susie Madison</td>
<td>Lois Sterling</td>
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<td>Emily Ellis</td>
<td>Rhoda McCorkle</td>
<td>Vada Suter</td>
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<td>Marceline Gatling</td>
<td>Lizzie McGahey</td>
<td>Mary Thom</td>
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<td>Hannah Goddard</td>
<td>Mary McLeod</td>
<td>Jessie Thrasher</td>
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<td>Leila Vaughan</td>
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<td>Maude Wescott</td>
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115
Glee Club

Motto
Squeal Little Pig, or Die

Favorite Song
Fairy

Meeting Place
Up in the air

Time of Meeting
Thursday, just before supper

Director
Miss Lida Cleveland
Ruth Round
Maude Wescott

Business Manager

Members

Emma Baker
Hilda Benson
Virginia Brown
Alice Cale
Susan Corr
Minnie Diedrich
Martha Eagle
Alpine Gatling
Octavia Goode
Pearl Haldeman
Frances Mackey
Inez Coyner, 1st violin
Emily Ellis, 2d violin

Lucy Madison
Mary McLeod
Ola Neikirk
Ruth Round
Bessie Rucker
Fannie Scates
Elsie Shickel
Charlotte Smith
Lois Sterling
Maude Wescott
Willye White
Dean Scott, 1st mandolin
Marcia Scott, 2d mandolin
The Descendants of Marion's Men

Upstairs in room Number Twenty-three two blue-eyed, freckle-faced little boys with their arms thrown around each other's neck were sleeping soundly.

Down in the back yard a council of war was in progress. John Quinn, tall, gaunt, sandy-haired chief of the Palmetto Cottage orphans, stood on the black upturned kettle and spoke thus to his assembled tribe: "By yonder grinning moon, and by all them goobers I planted yestiddy, we've left our beds to-night to decide on the ways and means of 'initiating them two speckle-nosed orphan twins that was imposed upon us to-day!'

"Bet your life! 'aint they pillish?" officiously broke in several youngsters who had not yet earned their war-paint of pokeberry juice. These, were immediately knocked over by an elderly medicine man of fourteen years.

After much bickering and debate among the tribe, the warriors, the only ones who had the power of franchise, passed these resolutions:

"While the Matron says blessing at breakfast to-morrow morning, Carl of the Cow-lick and Joe the Swift-kicker are to knock them two twinses' chairs from under them. If they don't blab on us, so far, so good!

Secondly, when them two twins are on their way home from school to-morrow afternoon, Jim the Biscuit-grabber and Phil the Swift-runner are to waylay these innocents, blindfold them, make them swallow a tablespoonful of sand and pepper, equal parts, and have them finish off with two acorns. If they don't tell the Matron, all right!

Thirdly and lastly, the whole tribe, after the lights are out, are to take these two twins around by the silo, past the red gum tree, down by the crick, over the rail fence, and down in the second woods, where they are to hunt snipe. And if they don't cry and tell the Matron, they shall join our tribe, and we will let them share our gravy, and they can have as much hominy and molasses as we do!"

"All who agree to stand by these resolutions," said the chief, who had resumed his upright position on the ebony kettle, "raise your left thumb and make the sign of the skull in the sand!" Twenty thumbs were raised in the air, twenty chicken-feathers were taken from behind twenty ears to outline the gruesome symbol on the white sandy walk in twenty different places.

* * * * *
The breakfast bell rang. Twenty boys marched into the dining-room. Hamilton and Ralph, the "two twins" fearlessly stood behind the chairs assigned them by the Matron. The blessing was asked. All sat down—except two little boys who unexpectedly found themselves under the table.

"Tell me who did such a rude thing!" cried the matron.

"Me and Hammie are 'scendants of Marion's Men, and don't tell tales," said the spokesman of the duet. An unmistakable grunt of approval went around the tables.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. School was out at the Calvin Orphanage. Boys and girls were streaming out of the red brick school-house with its white Corinthian pillars. They were taking the different paths that led to the various vine-covered cottages which lay snugly hidden among the oak and gum trees. The air was laden with the odor of Maréchal Neil roses, clematis, and honeysuckle.

The twins were the last to leave the school-house. They were walking slowly along, talking of their plantation home that had to be sold because "Father died and lost all his money."

Just then two Indians jumped from behind a tree and quickly pulled them under the bridge, where no matron's eye could penetrate. While the dose of pepper and sand was being administered, the twins winked back the tears and gulped down the concoction; but revenge burned in their blue eyes.

On being questioned by the Matron at supper as to why they did not eat their bread with "real butter" on it, they replied, "Everything we eat somehow tastes like sand."

The boys gasped. There was a tense atmosphere until the Matron said, "You poor dears, you shall have some indigestion tablets tonight."

Two lineal descendants of the Revolution went to bed that night armed with two bed slats; they were prepared for any move on the part of the aggressive Indians. The clock in the hall struck eleven. Two warriors stole down to the Matron's door, where a prolonged snore greeted them. Then on they crept to Number Twenty-three; but two white-robed figures brandishing bed slats disputed their entrance.

"Shoo! Be quiet! We come in peace," they whispered; and two slats were lowered and two thankful little voices bade them enter.
"Put on your coats and come with us to the woods, where we will hunt snipe, which only flies at midnight."

The Indians had gone to drive up the snipe. The "Descendants of Marion’s Men" stood alone in the woods holding a flower sack open, waiting to receive the birds. The owl with his big shining eyes looked down from the top limb of the sycamore and asked the 'possum sleeping in the hollow, "Who? Who? Who?"

"Ralph," said Hammie, "it’s mighty still here! Let's scrape up some of these pine needles and fill the bag and go on back to the cottage."

Not looking behind them, and fearfully looking before them, they tumbled over the rail fence, splashed through the creek, and, shivering and shaking, passed the silo, where the boys were anxiously waiting their return.

"What did you ketch?" cried they.

"A bagful of common sense," answered Hammie, as he threw the pine needles over those boys standing nearest.

The next morning the Matron on coming down to breakfast saw a sight which did her heart good. Hammie was enthroned on Chief John’s shoulder, while Ralph straddled the neck of Jim, the Biscuit-grabber. The other boys were lined up in military fashion. The Matron, being a wise woman in her generation, knew an announcement was at hand: "Miss Simpkins, we are no longer Indians, but from now and forever we are Marion’s Men!"

"Three cheers for the 'Scendants of Marion's Men!'" cried everybody; "there’s nothing pillish about them two twins!"

—Ruth MacCorkle.
All Sorts of Girls

We went to the Normal
On a visit informal,
To view the fair students out there.
They were seen by the score—
Two hundred or more—
Enough to make mortal man stare.

Short girls and tall girls,
Large girls and small girls,
Dark girls and fair girls,
Plump girls and spare girls.

Blondes and brunettes and a mixture,
Gray eyes and brown eyes,
Black eyes and blue eyes—
A charming and composite picture.

There were gay girls and sweet girls,
Grave girls and neat girls,
Prim girls and trim girls,
Mature girls, demure girls,
Sly girls and shy girls,
Quiet girls, glad girls—
No bad girls or sad girls.

Among these fair scholars—
Clad in all sorts of hues,
Short sleeves, and Dutch collars,
And high or low shoes—
There were puffs, waves, and rats,
And smooth, shining plaits;

All sorts of tresses,
All sorts of dresses —
But no hobble skirts.

Some girls are romantic,
Some may be pedantic,
There even may be a few flirts.
Some are poetic,
Some are aesthetic,
And all are athletic.
Studying, talking, working, or walking—
Cheerful, composed, and polite—
Reading or writing, compiling, reciting,
Dusting or sewing, cooking or hoeing—
With all their excursions and other diversions,
Busy from morning till night.
Lucky girls, plucky girls,
With staunch and true blood in their veins,
The German, Scotch-Irish, the English, and French—
It shows in deft hands and clear brains.
They have all the 'ologies, 'isms, and arts,
All sorts of lectures for minds and for hearts,
Make all sorts of drawings, of maps and of charts,
And all sorts of breads, of stews, and of tarts;
They have all sorts of games
For muscle and brain.
Indoor and outdoor, for sunshine or rain,
And — all sorts of names—
Scriptural, classical, fanciful, plain.

—Mrs. John Paul.
The Call of the Highlands

T WAS a quiet evening in far away Scotland in the year 1746. Down through the hazy purple of the early northern twilight, along the narrow path that led to a little spring at the foot of the hill, there came a young girl. Tall, straight, and well-rounded, with frank blue eyes that looked from under a crown of light hair, she was a typical daughter of the North Country. She walked with the easy, swinging gait of a free hill-woman, and to the rhythm of her footstep swung the pails she carried. Seating herself upon a moss-grown log by the liquid mirror at her feet.

On just such an evening one year ago she had sought this little shaded nook and had sat on the old log, but not then alone.

Jean MacLeod was held to be the bonniest lass in Lochinvar. Many a lad had secretly cherished visions of her as his bride to the little kirk in the village; and it was gossiped about that she might have looked even higher. But Jean had smiled on all alike, and very few knew that she had given her heart to young Robin MacGahey, a neighbor lad. Indeed, Robin himself had been for a long time far from sure of it, so lightly had she seemed to look upon his proposals. However, those had been happy days for the girl, and her eager heart had well nigh overflowed with joy.

Then had come the parting. Robin, all afire for adventure, and eager to see the world, had started to London to make his fortune. They had come to the little spring to say good-bye, neither knowing what a long good-bye it was to be. Bravely they had planned and talked of the future, but always in Jean's heart was the thought of the parting. At length Robin had read this in her eyes and had said, "I'm na gaun awa' for a', Jean. I'll come back to you and the Highlands. I couldna stay awa' frae them. Sometimes, lass, I think they maun have a soul that talks to mine, and the soul of 'em looks out frae your e'e."

Then they had pledged themselves "for a' and a'," and, side by side, up through the twilight shadows they had gone, Jean singing softly for him "Lochinvar No More."

Hardly had Robin crossed the Border before war had swept like a whirlwind over Scotland. For Bonnie Prince Charlie had landed at
Moidart near the end of August. Her father and brother had gone—the good gray head and the sunny young one both to fall in the Chevalier's cause, the one slain in battle, the other perishing on his way home. Nobody was left her but Robin; and Jean was still waiting for the Highlands to call him back—always sure that he would come, and never losing heart, although for this long, long year she had heard no word from him.

Suddenly filling her pail, she arose and went back along the narrow path, but with a new purpose in her heart. Robin had not come to her; she would go to him; for her simple faith never dreamed that her lover could prove untrue, or that a London lady could for him outweigh her rustic charms.

That very night, packing up her little treasures for the London journey, she gently laid among them her dead brother's woollen Highland bonnet, which a neighbor had brought back to her after they had buried the lad in the far-away glen. As she touched it, she felt a scrap of paper in the double brim. She drew it out. It was a fragment torn from a letter. The handwriting was Robin's!

Only a corner of the page was left—the last words of four different lines—"Jean," "America," "Come," "Robin." From this fragment her heart and brain pieced out the whole story: Of course Robin had turned back when he had heard that Charlie would be King of the Highlands. Of course he had drawn a brave sword in his defense through all the mad excitement and peerless heroism of those thrilling and tempestuous months. He must have, like so many others, after the fateful fight at Culloden, been forced to flee to the New World. He must have sent her messages and a letter by her brother—and this was all that had reached her, "America" and "Come"!

In America—but where?

A party of the neighbors were making ready to sail at once for Virginia.

"Virginia," thought Jean, "I have heard that there are mountains in Virginia. I shall find Highlands there, and why not Robin?"

So the long voyage was lightened for many a weary Scotchman by the sight of Jean's brave face and shining eyes; for with the thought of the new land always came the new hope, "There are Highlands there, and why not Robin?"

It took only a short while for the sturdy Scotch to make themselves
rude homes in the hills of Virginia. It was near the close of a sultry August day, and Jean had seized her pail and run down the little path, already worn, to the spring at the foot of the hill.

Standing there in the early evening, with the fresh green all about her, a sweeter picture never graced Virginia's gallery of fair women. Her hair was blown back, her cheeks were flushed, and her wide childlike eyes fixed on the blue mountains, but her thoughts were among other mountains far over the sea. The call of the Highlands was strong in her young blood, and a longing for home possessed her.

A sudden clatter struck her ear. It was not far away. Half frightened, she stepped aside behind a clump of tall bushes that fringed the spring. Half a dozen riders came into view—strong, sturdy, broad shouldered men who sat well their horses. Coming to the spring, they dismounted, and each in turn lay down to drink from the cool fresh water.

Jean felt the burning of her flushed cheeks as she peered through the close-woven bushes; but the sudden turn of a horseman almost stopped her hurried heart-beat. Never could there be two such forms—never another such face—she knew every line and feature of it. It was Robin at last! She had found him!

Her lips opened to cry out to him, but her voice choked as in a dream. She could search the world over for him, and yet she could not call him to her now! Must he go away and never know how close they had been together?

One by one the riders mounted and rode down the path. The last horseman was just springing to his saddle when he heard a shy sweet call close beside him. "Robin!"

His eyes swept the scene around, then flashed back to the spring, as Jean MacLeod stepped full into view.

For a minute neither spoke. Then he held her close as he whispered words for her ears alone.

Afterwards she told him her story, adding, "Ye said ye wad come back, Robbie; ye didna, sae I came to ye."

"We'll stay," he said simply, as he looked first at her and then at the enfolded hills. "We'll stay, my lass; and we'll build a wee hame in the glen, here close by the mountains. These are our Highlands, Jean, and I'll no say they're better; but wi' ye and they I'll bide me cantie."
Romeo and Juliet

Does Juliet lean from that window?
   Is Romeo standing below,
With face upturned to his lady,
   As loth, so loth, to go?

No, that’s just a chicken-pox tableau;
   The damsel upstairs “broke out,”
That other below is her roommate—
   She’d like to “break in,” no doubt.

The quarantine’s long, and it’s rigid;
   They gladly would peep and would chat
Through transom, and even through key-hole,
   But cannot make headway at that.

But now they can talk through the window,
   Where the prisoner fair doth lean.
With the exile far down beneath her
   Enacting a balcony scene.
The Standard Dictionary

(Revised to suit the Normal School)

A—"That wee bit heap of leaves and stubble. That costs us money a weary nibble."

Apperception—That which enables one to grasp the logical sequence of the bulletin board.

Borrower—One who desires all but your life.

Cute—The one word applicable in any place and under any condition.

Dining-room—Place of confusion of tongues, where the Chinese famine is apprehended, but where the chief danger arises from galloping consumption.

Education—A study of the ways, means, and methods by which one can coax, inveigle, wheedle, push, drive, or pull a child along the paths of learning.

Faculty—Our guardian angels.

Fraternity—A tabooed subject.

Grade—Slope on which spirits rise or fall after examinations.

Hash—A heterogeneous conglomeration of miscellaneous incongruities.

Homesickness—A state of mind in which even the grass is blue.

Him—Disease common among school girls, symptoms being a markedly superior air and an unusually lofty height at which the head is carried. It is very contagious, and the patient should be quarantined at once.

Joke—An oasis in the desert of studious solemnity.

Kisses—Unmistakable signs of a crush.

Lesson—The necessary evils inflicted upon innocent students in direct violation of all laws made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals.

Man—The minus quantity.

Nap—Pastime frequently indulged in during study-hour.

Office—A very present help in time of trouble.

Practice Teaching—The blot on the memory of those who have had it, the despair of those who now have it, the dread of those who have yet to have it.

Quiz—That form of lesson which requires a brief written statement of one’s lack of knowledge on a certain subject.

Quiet—A condition always sought for, but rarely obtained.

Rising Bell—An unwelcome as well as needless expenditure of time and energy.

Study Hour—The time when quiet (?) reigns and genius burns.

Time—That elusive thing for which you are always wishing and which is gone before you know you have it.

Training School Pupils—The observed of all observers.

Utopia—The Normal as it appears to the recipient of a box.

Walk—A board structure worn thin by the tramp of many feet.

Wedding—A big Easter surprise.

Xaminations—Those things which show how little you know.

Yesterday—The day on which we look back with apologies and vain regrets.

Zoo—Dormitory No. 2.
The Mirror of All Courtesy

Mr. Burruss:
"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

Mrs. Burruss:
"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

Miss Bell:
"The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtseies."

Mr. Heatwole:
"He gives us the very quintessence of perception."

Dr. Wayland:
"He was ever precise in promise-keeping."

Miss Elizabeth Cleveland:
"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Miss Shoninger:
"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour."

Miss Lancaster:
"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Miss Sale:
"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise."

Miss Annie Cleveland:
"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

Mrs. Brooke:
"When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou."

Mr. Heatwole / Dr. Wayland / "You two are book men."

Miss Scott:
"My business in this state
Made me looker on here in Vienna."
Miss Scott:  
"My business in this state  
Made me looker-on here in Vienna."

Miss Lida Cleveland:  
"She was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

Miss Loose:  
"And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston:  
"Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss  
Of science."

Miss King:  
"Come forth unto the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher."

Miss Loose  
Miss King  
Miss Harrington  
Mr. Johnston

"They have measured many a mile."

Miss Harrington:  
"Here comes the lady! O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!"

Miss Speck:  
"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."
The Making of the Flowers

God made the flowers, long, long, ago,
   And fashioned them all just right.
The roses He made from the sunset’s red
   And the snow-cloud’s fleecy white.

The little violet faces came
   From the rainbow’s loveliest hue;
And they smiled when he made them rich and dark,
   The deepest of all that’s blue.

The cowslips came from the very spot
   Where the green and the yellow blend;
The marigolds grew in the pot of gold
   That hangs at the rainbow’s end.

The gentians came from the big blue dome,
   The lovely hepaticas too;
Forget-me-nots are the tiny scraps
   That were left when He was through.

—Ruth Conn.
The One Essential

RAGEDY, attired in a torn gingham pinafore, sat on the steps of a small brick house on one of the side streets of Washington, with her little round elbows on her knees and her rosy, dimpled face propped between two chubby brown hands. At the advanced age of eight she had discovered that her "doll was stuffed with sawdust" and that life was all trials and tribulations.

She took pleasure no more in the good things of this world, and cast from her as of no avail the erstwhile joys of her existence. If you doubt it, just look at the huge slice of bread, butter, and brown sugar lying neglected on the step beside her. A policeman came by and pulled a lock of her hair farther over her face, and a big, brown dog came and investigated the stubbed toes of her shoes with a great deal of interest; but still she sat there pensive.

Finally, with a long sigh and a look of disgust at the brown sugar on the bread, now plentifully besprinkled with flies, she marched into the house and back to the kitchen, where her mother was making apple dumplings for dinner.

"Mother," she announced, "I don't like Washyton. Let's go back home."

Mrs. White turned around with a jerk, the rolling pin still in her hand. "Kitty White, I don't want to hear you say that again. Just think what a nice home we have here, and how much money father is making, and the nice school you can go to next winter."

"I don't want to go to school; I never had to at home; and there are no blackberries growing in the fence corners; and there are no pigs to squeal when you come close to the pen; and I want my dear lame petty-hen, I do!"

"Katherine Elizabeth White, I am ashamed of you, crying about a lame chicken, and an ugly one at that! Here, take this apple and go play, I am busy."

Kitty took the apple and went back to her doorstep, where she was delighted at the sight of two little sparrows pecking busily at the bread.

"O-o-o-o-h! " cried Kitty, and started gleefully towards them; but the sparrows did not appreciate her efforts toward friendliness, and flew away chirping to each other.
“Nassy things!” sighed Kitty, “my dear lame petty-hen wouldn’t treat me that way.”

“You oughter put salt on their tails,” called a voice close by, and turning Kitty saw a boy about her own age standing in the door of the next house, with such a friendly grim on his face that every freckle seemed to glow.

“Say, you come over in my back yard an’ I’ll show you somethin’ a whole lot nicer than sparrows.” And Kitty, forgetting for the moment her own woes and her hen, went.

With one chubby hand clasped confidingly in his grimy one, she trotted through the house and out of the back door, and peered with bated breath over the top of a wooden box. But when she discovered two toads half hidden in the grass, down deep in the box, Kitty’s interest was turned to disgust, and she turned her back on both Tommy Tompkins and his toads, and retreated precipitately to the other side of the yard.

Now those same toads were the pride of Tommy’s heart; and, what was more, this little girl whom his mother had said was from the country—which from all he could gather is a queer place where people don’t know much—was the first who had failed to be impressed by their charms.

In fact, only the day before, a boy had paid two bird’s eggs and a lightning bug for the pleasure of watching them catch a fly; so Tommy was justly indignant, and squared himself in front of Kitty with the challenge, “I’d like to know why you don’t like them toads. What have you got nicer than them in the country? Nothin’, I bet.”

“Nicer than them nassy things? Why, just lots! You poor thing, haven’t you ever been to the country?” And Kitty with great pity in her heart for this benighted boy, who had never lived anywhere but in the stupid city, plumped herself down on the ground and proceeded to give Tommy a graphic description of the joys of paradise, ending with a full account of the virtues of the dear, lamented, lame “petty-hen” and her awful fate; for she had been sold to a man who had shut her in a coop and carried her away.

By the time Kitty had finished, Tommy had just one ambition on earth, and that was to become the possessor of a “lame petty-hen who was yellow all over and ate out of your hand.”

He wavered somewhat in his ambition the next Sunday afternoon when his father took both children to the Zoo. Down deep in his heart Tommy could not see how anything could be smarter than the monkeys,
or handsomer than the scarlet flamingo. But he didn’t say this very loud: for Kitty, no matter what cute trick the monkeys did, always had something to tell about her lamented chicken that was far superior; and she even avowed that yellow with just a little bit of black on the wings was much more beautiful than red feathers with great long legs.

Day after day Kitty filled Tommy’s mind with the deeds of the departed and described her so vividly, even down to the little “cluck” she gave when she was pleased, that he would have sacrificed toads, bird’s eggs, and lightning bug—all—to restore her to her mistress.

One day Tommy’s mother sent him to the store around the corner. Kitty trotted along for company. She stood outside while he went into the grocery.

“Cluck!” fell on Kitty’s ear like sweetest music—“Cluck!”

Down went the little girl on her knees beside a chicken coop. Her eyes shut tightly. She feared to open them lest she should find that some other hen too could say “Cluck!” like that. She looked. There in the midst of leghorns and Plymouth Rocks, her head up and turned to one side as if listening inquiringly, was Dear Lame Petty-Hen!

In response to Kitty’s ecstatic whispers she clucked replies entirely satisfactory to her little mistress, who would not budge from the spot until Tommy had run home with the great news and brought Mrs. White to see. The mother ransomed the prisoner, and Petty-Hen was borne home in Kitty’s arms, closely attended by the admiring Tommy.

—Stella Meserole.
Helping

LITTLE VIOLET, sad and weary,
Standing by the roadside dreary,
Drooped its head upon its breast.
While the sun sank in the west.

A little dewdrop came and cheered it,
Kissed its face — the violet reared it
Once again toward the sky.
Thus a friend may help, thought I.

— Anna M. Brunk.
In Topsy-Turvy Land

Biggest Talker ........................................ Emma Baker
Most Docile ............................................. Inez Hopcroft
Most Slovenly ......................................... Helen Drummond
The Biggest Flirt ........................................ Anna Ward
Most Distant ............................................ Anna Wise
Ego Maximus Sum ....................................... Octavia Goode
Most Musical Voice ................................... Alice Cale
Fussiest .................................................. Elsie Shickel
Tallest ..................................................... Ida Via
Shortest .................................................... Ethel Fitzgerald
Slenderest ............................................. M'Ledge Moffett
Contrariest ............................................ Irene Orndorff
Tackiest .................................................. Amelia Brooke
Most Dignified .......................................... Hannah Goddard
Laziest .................................................... Pearl Haldeman
Most Selfish ............................................ Charlotte Smith
Most Fidgety .............................................. Charlotte Lawson
Most Undignified ........................................ Vergilia Sadler
Most Unpopular ......................................... Hallie Hughes
Least Studious .......................................... Pattie Puller
Most Careful ........................................... Lucile McLeod
Most Serious ........................................... Alpine Gatling
Most Bashful ........................................... Ruth Round
Domestic Science Recipes

Crushes

Take two romantic girls, not addicted to study
Two cups of sentimentality
Two cups of Spooners' Sweetness
One gallon of gushing
One pound of fudge

Heat with a moderate flame until it bubbles over with joy, then cork tightly and set in a secluded spot to cool.

Caution—Will not keep more than two weeks.

Soft Johnny Cake

One leveled-headed girl and one equally staid Friday evening caller.

The reception room should be located in Dormitory No. 1 and provided with a comfortable settee. Add a chair if needed; also one pound of moral courage mixed with a Y. W. C. A. talk and a pair of entrancing blue eyes. Will be greatly improved if allowed to bake several hours in a temperate room.

Dodgers

One grain of eye-trouble at examination time
One hour of acute illness on quiz day
One serious lameness on spelling-match evening
One headache at gymnasium period
One attempt at a midnight feast

Chronic Morbus Sabbaticus

Caution—Dodgers are not regarded as a delicacy in this section of Virginia.

Hasty Pudding

Ten minutes rush for breakfast
Two minutes race for class after last bell
Forty-five minutes desperate note-taking
One minute gulping Y. W. C. A. pie between classes

Add a few frantic efforts at study—not enough, however, to produce fatigue. Season highly with jollity, feasts, board-walk promenades, and trips down town.
Normal Brown Bread

Two cups of Eunician meal
One cup of corn meal—“Harriet” brand is best
One-third cup of Virginia molasses
One teaspoonful of salt (Bessian)
One teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water
One pint of sour milk
Mix and bake for three hours. Use a “Eunice” Baker.

Patty Cakes

One pint of genuine good sense; one half teaspoonful of reserve mixed with intellectual ability. Bake in a moderate oven till a golden brown.

Baked Hash

“A good hash has merits unknown to the meat in its first cooking. Mind you, I say a good one. It must be scientifically constructed. There must be a spark of genius, but no recklessness, which is counted to go with genius. On the contrary, true genius is half patience: and that counts in hash, or in anything else.”

Mince together the following ingredients:
One quarter of reference reading in Education 56
A series of papers in Natural Science 47
Complete notes, Education 52
An accurate chart in History 47
Two successful Examinations in English 62.
Cap and Bells

Miss Shoninger—"What kind of card do you want—what color?"
New Girl, politely—"Really, I have no preference."

One of the most thrilling of the two hundred stories ended thus:
"All this happened before Lee surrendered at Petersburg."

Teacher—"What is a vacuum?"
Pupil—"Ah—oh, it's in my head, but I can't tell just what it is."

Girl, enthusiastically—"Oh, don't you know Mr. Burruss gave Miss—a splendid accommodation on her practice-teaching."

Dr. Wayland in "just a little quiz" asked: "What was the Sherman Act?"
The ready student wrote, "Marching Through Georgia."

Notice on bulletin board—"Lost—a pair of gym. shoes, No. 4, with Marcia Scott in them."

Dr. Wayland in history 48—"What important invention was perfected in 1844?"
Proverbial Bright Girl—"The Erie Canal by Mr. Edison."

A Town girl, reading a handbill of Esmeralda, the Senior play, asked a dormitory wiseacre, "Esmeralda, Esmeralda, what does that mean anyway?"
"I don't know exactly, but I am almost sure it means green."

One of the students has evidently had the names in Bible History more indelibly impressed upon her than those in United States History. Trying to recall the first eleven presidents, she started briskly off: "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

"I don't like oysters, ham, eggs, or fish. In fact, I don't like anything that comes out of water."

Pressed closely between Virginia Dunn and Virginia Brown, one of the girls was heard to remark, "I think I must be a Dunn and Brown sandwich."
One of our desperate news reporters: “I think I will commit suicide tonight so that tomorrow I shall have something to write about.”

“I'm going to write my name on this cake of soap, so if I lose it I'll have it.”

One of the girls, the day we had fish: “Oh me! I don't see why they don't hurry with the gravy. I have wasted fifteen valuable minutes waiting for it.”

Mrs. Brooke (as girls are hurrying to breakfast): “What are these
   So withered and so wild in their attire
   That look not like the inhabitants of earth.”

The Students: “Silence that dreadful bell!”

The Faculty: “We have seen better days.”

Will the cavalier who wrote the poem opposite the frontispiece tell us whether that last line is to be taken as purpose or result?

Boarding school hash is a time-honored joke, but the Daily News editor has extracted from it enough nutriment to keep us in very good soup all this session.

“Write, write, write,
On thy blank, white page, O Eds!”

Dr. Wayland, discussing the explosion of the mine at Petersburg: “And how did it turn out for the Federals?”

Student: “They got in a hole.”

Model sentence on blackboard: “She run to see the man.”

Student discussing it: “That verb is irregular, is it not?”

“Yes, and the noun not common.”

Kindergartener, to small boy: “Johnny, what becomes of all the pretty wild flowers when Jack Frost comes around?”

Johnny, after a moment's hesitation: “Why, Miss V—, don't you know?”

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One of our suburban residents when speaking of a Normal graduate going next session to Columbia University, said, "I reckon she's going there 'cause they've done learned her all they kin learn her here at Harrisonburg."

Miss W., who is a little flustered by a call from her ministerial friend, replies to Mrs. Brooke's query, "Is he a minister?" "Why, certainly, he can marry!"

Strolling Junior, to her companion: "Just look at that terrible cow! Oh, if we only had a Senior with us!"

Miss L. Cleveland, in vocal class: "What does D. C. mean?"
L. R., with hand in air: "District of Columbia."

One of the "crushes," hearing a knock on her door and thinking it was the other "crush," called in sentimental fashion, "Come in, Love." This invitation was repeated several times, and, unable to withstand the temptation any longer, the electrician entered with an immense grin on his face.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"
"Why, the beef to be sure, that we have every noon."

"Candy for Sale!" the inviting notice read. Mary Sale entered, in receptive frame of mind, but she found it to be a case of "Show me first your penny!"

The reason the Schoolma'am says so much about crushes is not that they are so numerous here, but that we are not used to them and we don't intend to become hardened to the sight, if the local "press" can do anything towards molding public sentiment.

M—m—m—m—m! N—n—n—n!" These groans do not mean that the Hallowe'en ghosts are come back, but that the members of Miss Shoninger's class are practicing their phonics lesson.

Look on page 144 for a soliloquy by two people.

Such a cry goes up at this busy place for more time that a member of the Y. W. C. A. prepared a paper proving that we do have all the time we really need. But the bell rang before the program ended, and she did not have time to read the paper.
However ill we may be, and however sympathetic Mrs. Brooke, she is chary of her use of the word "Chick" as a pet-name since the term was misinterpreted by a sick girl. When kindly asked, "What will you have for supper, Chickie?" the patient answered, "Yes, Mrs. Brooke, thank you, I believe I will have some chicken."

One of the graded school children, during the measles epidemic: "Mother, I don't want our teacher to get sick, but I do wish she could be quarantined so we might have one of them there substitute teachers from the Normal."

Notwithstanding the generous Senior privileges, the graduates have had some Friday and Saturday evenings to themselves, "untroubled by a spark."

A Normal girl was returning to school after the Christmas Holidays displaying a hand-bag of unquestionable hugeness and style, when a small boy in Staunton asked: "Lady, don't you want me to carry your suitcase?"

The spirit of athletics is so strong here that one of the cottage girls, even in the middle of the night, mistakes a pillow which is on the bed for a football, and wildly sends it out of the window. She wakes up just in time to see it wobbling outward in an uncertain upward curve.

Under a drawing in a book entitled "Our Walk," made by a child in the Primary Department, she wrote: —

"This is a bird house. The ‘Normal’ is beside the bird house."

Supposed binder of The Schoolma'am to Miss B (over the phone) —

"Can you use a dressed hog?"

"What!"

"Can you use a dressed hog?"

"Is it anything like ooze sheep?"

"What!!! I want to sell you some pork and want to know if you can use a dressed hog?"

Miss B. hung up receiver; but we wonder what the butcher thought.

Miss B—"We want the Freshman material printed in green type."

Printer—"We haven't any green type, but I suppose green ink will do."

Editor-in-chief of the Schoolma'am to associate editors — "Well girls, if there isn't anything else, that is all."
An Old Soliloquy

To crush, or not to crush; that is the question;
Whether 'tis sweeter in the heart to relish
The hugs and kisses of abrupt attachment,
Or throw ice-water on the doting damsels,
And by opposing chill them. To sigh; to droop;
No more; and by a fuss to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand honeyed words
The girl is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Others devoutly wish. To chill, to snub,
To snub; perchance to "glacierize"; ay, there's the pill;
For in that sea of ice what treats we lose,
When we have shuffled off this clinging love,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That gives to darlingitis so long life.

—Ruth MacCorkle and Annie Davis.
Want Ads

WANTED—Position in town band. Cornet playing a specialty.
Inez Hopcroft.

WANTED—Positions by two Sadlers.

WANTED—To know whether our instructor in physical culture prefers to teach "gym" or "Jim."

For Sale—Brown, Green, and White Wescotts.
Block, the Taylor.

For Sale—A pair of Scales.
O. Otley.

Lost—Pair of black gymnasium shoes, size 30. Apply to owner.

WANTED—Something to play with.
Kindergarten Class.

For spiritual assistance see the Pope or the Bishop.

WANTED—"A friend of Brother's," like the one Virginia Dunn has.
Other Girls of H. N. S.

For answers to all questions, historical and pedagogical facts, psychological research, criticisms and opinions, etc.,
Apply to K. Taylor.

Lost—Nerve to read her paper in Literary Society.
E. Baker.

WANTED—By Florence Keezell, something to remove freckles, especially at picture-taking time.

Virginia Jones wants to know what the thermometer registers up there where Ethel Fitzgerald lives.

To Sell or Give Away—One braid of green hair, every strand guaranteed to be human. Will look well with any Normal shade.
Apply to M. Burke.
Wanted—To know how many hours the teachers think there are between seven and ten.

The Seniors.

Wanted by Senior Art Class—Some one to pose. All need not apply at once.

Lessons in the art of natural dignity given at moderate price. Apply to Miss V. P. Sadler.

Mlle. L. Madison

Up-to-date model in dress—
Latest Parisian Coiffures,
Large Assortment of Apparel
——Dresses, finger-nail polish, braids, rats, and curls.
Apples

The apples have been gathered,
     And at each lassie's plate
A baked one, or a roasted one,
     Looks up with smile sedate.

Methinks I hear a tiny voice,
   "There are lots more like me
That destined are for such a fate,—
    Would I could set them free!"

Would that you could! but no!
    They soon will roast like you,
And one by one, at meals to come,
    We must devour them too.
Supper

It had been a strenuous day at the Normal, in the lingo of our country's ex-president; apparently the teachers had schemed to satiate the girls' appetite for written lessons in one day, for each instructor had given tests until the result of the day's work was quiz-indigestion, and not one girl in the lot was even on speaking terms with the word "explain." Yes, the day had been such a busy one that there had been not a minute for loafing in any body's window-seat—no, not from the time when the breakfast-bell had jangled in the ears of the slowest girl of all as she pulled on a quickly-adjusted middy blouse and joined the hurrying, collar-fastening, belt-buckling, and dress-hooking procession that emerged from the doors on either side of the hall.

Supper time had come. Although their minds had been taxed through the day, they were still active, as we shall see.

"Thank you for the salt and pepper," came from across the table. "The salt and pepper are so much in demand that we had better call them Review of Reviews. We might well afford two periodicals at our table."

"Oh! I'll tell you," cried Jane, "let's nick-name every dish we have for some magazine; we all eat potatoes, so I dub them Everybody's."

"Oh, my! what shall we call bread—and—mutton—and—and everything?" exclaimed Lou in her eagerness to do it all at once.

"Calm yourself, Lou, you are too fat to be so kittenishly playful," said Kat teasingly, well knowing the tall and slender Louise's fear of being of conspicuously obese proportions.

"Oh, do let's call the bread first; for if we don't call it, it will never come," observed Jane wisely.

Dump took the obstreperous Jane in hand for correction, and said that bread should of course most naturally be called Life.

Jane repeated eloquently. "What's in a name? Rolls by any other name will always look and taste the same."

"Goodness, Jane, don't rhapsodize on this business-like occasion, you turn our minds from the direct line of thought." This came from Fan, looking out of the corner of her eye.
Thus the wit continued to flow. One thing suggested another until soup had been designated *The Dictionary*, in which one can find anything desired; milk, *The Youths’ Companion*; hash, *The Scrap Book*; macaroni, which comes occasionally, *The Visitor*; corn-bread, *The Eastern Shore Courier*; dessert, which we have weekly, *The Sunday Magazine*; plum-pudding, the *School Annual*; and fish, *The Atlantic Monthly*.

The appetites of this *Smart Set* were a great *Success*, and the whole constituted *The Literary Digest*. 
ON A TRAMP


October Woods

Oh, come to the rich October woods,
   Where the forest tree revels in crimson and gold.
Where the maple vies with the red of the skies,
   And the wild grape purples in autumn cold.

The low wind sings in the trembling trees,
   And rocks the walnuts, that fear and fall;
In the leaves on the ground, with a lonesome sound,
   It echoes the whip-poor-will’s mournful call.

The partridge berries are waiting for you
   To pluck them, children, like over-ripe grain;
Oh, come, let’s go where the chinquapins grow
   And the chestnuts fall like drops of rain.

But the glowing hours are all too short,
   The red ball sinks in the clouds too soon.
And the lingering day resigns its sway
   To the golden low-hung hunter’s moon.

—Ruth Conn.
IN MEMORIAM

Garnett Catherine Oden

Died February 1, 1911

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## Roll Call

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Collier, Nannie Lynn
Conn, Ruth Randolph
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Cox, Martha
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Davis, Sadie Virginia
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McGaheysville
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West Point
Hillsville
Basic City
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Bridgewater
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Franklin
Richmond
Strom
Willis
Waverly
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