

*Clara Keane*

# The Chatterbox

---

---

Volume II

Number 6

---




APRIL, 1908

---

LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

To Littleton College . . . . .	<i>Clara Hearne '08</i>	183
An April Dream . . . . .	<i>M. R. S. '09</i>	185
The Idylls of the King . . . . .	<i>S. M. J. '09</i>	187
A Parable from Real Life . . . . .	<i>E. B. H. '09</i>	190
Some Characteristics of Chaucer's Poetry	<i>F. Steele '09</i>	193
A Summary of the Book of Joel . . . . .	<i>B. B. '09</i>	196
Characteristics of Lanier's Poetry . . . . .	<i>Kate Oliver '10</i>	199
Editorial . . . . .		201
Among Us . . . . .	<i>Pauline Herring '08</i>	203
Have You Heard the Latest . . . . .	<i>Bernice Hornaday '08</i>	210
College Directory . . . . .		213
Court in Session at Littleton College . . . . .		204
Alumnæ Notes . . . . .		208
Wanted . . . . .		212

---

### Business Manager's Notice.

All charges for advertisements are payable after first insertion.

Send all subscriptions to the Business Manager,      CLARA HEARNE.

---

SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS!

# The Chatterbox.

---

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 6.

---

## Literary Department.

To Littleton College.

(With apologies to Mr. Shakespeare.)

CLARA HEARNE, '08.

Friends of the College, lend me your ears ;  
I come to praise the College, not to bury her.  
No evil of her shall I ever utter,  
The good shall be scattered through the land.  
All shall utter her praises.  
This noble College hath stood for one-fourth a century ;  
Discouraging wrong, upholding the right,  
And gloriously hath she triumphed in it.  
Here under these walls of hers we find peace  
And love, for "Christ is the head of this house."  
Her President is an honorable man.  
Through his work she has prospered greatly.  
He is sincere, noble and true to her.  
Some criticise him, but without knowledge,  
For we know he is an honorable man.  
This school is a "Good Samaritan" to many  
Not because they are refused by others,  
But because this is broader and reaches out  
To where it can do the most needed good.  
This College is made of nobler stuff

Than that which lives to-day, to-morrow dies.  
She is founded on a rock that is firm.  
Her daughters are in the field to-day  
Doing work that nobly reflects her goodness.  
She is known by her fruits. No other college  
In our State to-day can surpass her ;  
They may be larger, but their influence  
For good is no broader. May she ever  
Be in the lead for that which is highest.  
May she ever prosper in the future  
Even more rapidly than she has in the past.  
May the time soon come when all shall realize  
Her greatness and importance. God bless her.  
We love her and we shall ever feel grateful  
That we can claim her as our Alma Mater.

### An April Dream.

M. R. S. '09.

'Twas a sunny April day—just the time of year when every one should be gay. The cold March winds had ceased to disturb the innumerable beings who habitate the globe, and the birds were twittering merrily in the tree-tops; even the stately bumble bee had emerged from his roosts, and was beginning his summer's work.

Harriet was stupid, or rather had reached that stage of insolent conceit, which school girls term "the blues." Catching up a book, she exclaimed half petulantly: "I am going on the Campus, away from all this abominable benignity." She was soon seen lying beneath the boughs of a bending oak on the Campus. With a sigh of relief, she opened her book and began reading, but the words all seemed strung together as thick as the beads around her neck, so she closed her eyes and wondered if it were not more entertaining with the jolly, laughing girls within.

However, she soon reached her world of bliss, which was even more enchanting than she had imagined, and this world was composed of such marvelous workmanship that Harriet was amazed. She could see only a few feet of vacant space at a time, so rich were the numerous carvings and hangings. She was inspired. "O, the environment of such a place! I believe I could live the perfect life here." But alas! she had not time to further her desires—she was dashed into utter darkness. A chilling wind came whistling around objects, which, from their noise and movements, she knew were human beings, but she was glad her eyes seemed fastened together so she could not see the slimy, cold, creatures which it horrified her to feel and hear. She clasped her hands

tightly over her ears, but it did not diminish the fearful groans and moanings everywhere apparent.

The mystery was unfathomable to Harriet, and it had all come so suddenly she could not collect her thoughts sufficiently to try to investigate the matter, had it been in her power, but when some irresistible power raised her from her feet, as if she would be beat into fragments instantly, she remembered her tongue, and gave one loud scream, hoping to frighten the terrible monsters; her eyes were wide open instantly, and gathered around, somewhat resembling cannibals who are preparing for a feast, were her classmates, giving their class yell. Never had it seemed so merry, and never had it been so welcome to Harriet before.



### The Idylls of the King.

S. M. J. '09.

In *The Idylls of the King* the noble King Arthur, who has conquered self, pure, high-minded and righteous, tries to extirpate all evil in the land. It is a problem of civilization. He establishes the Round Table and with his knights labors for the betterment of the country.

There has been much discussion as to whether *The Idylls of the King* are allegorical. There is, to be sure, something of the allegorical element to be found in them, yet this idea could not be maintained with impunity throughout the whole of the *Idylls*. Were we to consider the *Idylls* a strict allegory they would not be half so charming, and it would surely destroy something of the interest to be told that the characters were not men and women at all but merely figures personifying vices or virtues. Nevertheless, taken as allegorical or otherwise, it is, to put it in Van Dyke's words, "A tale of human life, and therefore, being told with a purpose, it

'Shadows Sense at war with Soul'."

In the *Coming of Arthur* we have a beautiful picture of Arthur's Court, the Round Table. Arthur has waged the battle with the evil-minded men who opposed his rule. All is peaceful and prosperous. Guinevere is Arthur's wife. Right rules the day. In *Gareth and Lynette* we have a conflict between true ambition and false pride; the true pitted against the false. The noble Gareth strives against the worldly-minded Lynette, and by his bravery, loyalty, and truth, the battle is his. As yet all is calm: there is no shadow of the Sin which finally destroys the Court, of

"The rift within the lute  
That makes the music mute."

In the next three *Idylls*, there is a shadow arising. The warfare between Sense and Soul is more bitter. Arthur's Court is becoming corrupted. In *Geraint and Enid* the cloud, though faint, is there, but all the same in the struggle the Soul wins. In the next *Balin and Balan*, though it seems that evil will win yet in the end the good is victorious. Balin says:

“ Goodnight! for we shall never bid again  
 Goodmorrow—dark my doom was here, and dark  
 It will be there.”

but faith triumphing, Balan replies:

Goodnight, true brother, here! goodmorrow there!”

In the next we find that Sense is victorious over Soul. Elaine, the pure, the lily-hearted, dies for love of Lancelot but Lancelot cannot conquer his love for Guinevere. There is a fearful struggle between evil and good, but alas; evil conquers, though only for a time. And in *Pelleas and Etarre* the struggle is between Pelleas, the good and noble, and Etarre, the wicked and worldly-minded, while Sense is victorious, and Pelleas—“a gallant knight overthrown by the perfidy of a wicked world.” And so on, in *The Last Tournament* the evil is victorious. Yet Dagonet, the King's little fool, is a strong argument for the Soul. He, the least, nothing more nor less than the Court fool, yet with a soul worthy of a king, remains true to Arthur to the end. He triumphantly says:

“ I have had my day and my philosophy—  
 And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.”

In *Guinevere* the conflict, which draws to a close, is between Guinevere, who has committed a great sin, and Arthur, the hero, the most pure. Yet the conflict here is won by the Soul. The Queen repents, sees her folly and, though late, yet loves the King. She says of her love:

“Myself must tell him in that purer life.” And in *The Passing of Arthur* the Round Table is dissolved; all is confusion. The whole Court is in a state of chaos, yet Arthur is victorious. In the struggle between Sense and Soul the Soul has come out victorious, shining clear, pure, and triumphant.

In *The Idylls of the King*, that great masterpiece in which the Soul is triumphant over the Senses, some of the greatest truths of human life are portrayed. First we are most convincingly shown that sin is the cause of disorder and misery. As long as there is sin there can not be perfect happiness; the highest state attainable can not be reached in anything. Another great truth taught is the power of the soul to conquer sin. This could not be better shown than in the life of King Arthur. He chooses his ideal and through all follows it. His life is not a failure but a most glorious, signal success. Another truth, as Van Dyke puts it, is “No man lives to himself alone.” We may think that what we say, what we do, our course of conduct, affects us alone, yet this is not true, as has certainly been shown in the case of Guinevere and Lancelot. Their sin influenced others and caused the ruin of Arthur’s plans, yet by Arthur’s unswerving faith and purity many lives are made better and the Soul is victorious over the Sense.

### A Parable from Real Life.

E. B. H., '09.

She shrank back into her seat as the train lurched to one side and the burly porter almost stumbled over her in his endeavor to keep his equilibrium. She had been riding ever since light and she felt homesick. Great lumps came into her throat which she was not able to swallow. Just then the conductor came through taking up tickets, and with a trembling hand she held hers out. He took it, noticing her quivering lips and eyes filled with tears.

"You are going a long way," he said kindly.

"Yes," she answered, vainly trying to smile through her tears.

"I think we will have a nice journey," and he was going, taking up tickets and speaking kindly.

The girl felt grateful to him for the few words, but they called back to her mind the scene of a few hours since. She lived once more the parting: she saw the baby brother's little face as she kissed him in his sleep; she saw the mother smiling at her and felt the hug; she heard her father's cheery good-bye as he left the train; and a sense of loneliness came over her so great she couldn't resist it. She laid her head on her arm and sobbed.

After a few moments she lifted her head, dried her eyes, smoothed her hair and scolded herself sharply.

"Don't you know this isn't the way to do? Mother would have been brave." Thus soundly admonished, she began to think about the life that was before her. She wondered what the College would be like, how many girls would be there, and whether she would like it or not. She declared she would.

At every station she passed, girls got on. She wondered if they were going with her, but was too timid to ask. After a long journey her station was reached. She started to get off. To her amazement all the girls arose; she followed them. Soon the College came in sight and never before did she feel so thankful and yet so lonely. Among all these girls she was a perfect stranger.

The girls soon formed into sets, but she did not fit into any of them. At first no one noticed her, and then because she was so much alone she was conspicuous. Everybody thought her queer, but no one thought of making friends with her. She studied hard and attended strictly to her own business, but no one knew how her heart throbbed and ached for just one girl friend, just one chum. No one knew how she wet her pillows with tears every night—not even her room-mates! They pronounced her “funny” and went on.

At the table she sat in silence, while the other girls laughed and talked and had all kinds of fun. The girl sitting next to her, Margie Brown, seemed to be quite popular, for very often candy and flowers were found on her plate. Margie talked to the other girls, but some way she never noticed our girl except by a nod. Every day she got lonelier and lonelier and each day the girls seemed farther away. She watched them eagerly and hungrily. She often wondered what she would do if some one were to put a flower on her plate.

One morning she got up feeling more lonesome than ever; the very sunshine of the morning seemed to oppress her. She did all she could, but nothing could stifle the dull throbbing of her heart. The breakfast bell rang, so she hastened down stairs. The girls were greeting each other with smiles and nods, but none were meant for her. With a great longing in her heart she went to her place. Could it be true? For there on her plate lay a soft yellow rose, with great dew drops glistening on it. She could not speak, she just stood

and looked at it; then slowly took it up and buried her nose among the petals. When she took it away some of the dew drops had stolen from the rose to her cheeks and some had filled her eyes. And in her eyes there shone a light such as the girls had never seen before; her whole being had changed, the great longing had gone away. And she never knew it was meant for Margie, nor had Margie the heart to tell her.

### Some Characteristics of Chaucer's Poetry.

F. STEELE, '09.

In order to understand Chaucer's poetry, we should know something of his life. Little more is known of his early life than that he was the son of a wine-seller. As a page he was early associated with nobility; this explains why his poems differ from those of other early writers. In 1359 he accompanied the English army to France, and was taken prisoner. After being ransomed by Edward III., he was made valet of the king's chamber; later he became a squire. In 1370, he was sent to the continent on a diplomatic errand, and succeeded so well that during the next ten years he was almost constantly abroad in the service of the king. He visited Italy twice, and was inspired to study Italian literature. His life, like that of many other poets, was not that of an idle dreamer. His busy life was an aid to his poetry, for had he not kept in close touch with life, he could not have become one of England's greatest poets.

In all his poetry Chaucer shows a great love for nature. He always pictures bright, springlike nature, when the earth is green, "and the little birds make melody."

Longfellow has said of him:

"He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
The Canterbury tales, and his old age  
Made beautiful with song; and, as I read,  
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
Rise odors of plowed fields and flowery mead."

Chaucer was a student of books as well as of nature, but he was not an imitator. His poetry has a freshness and originality about it that shows that his studies only broadened his views, and helped in the development of his genius.

While he doubtless learned a great deal of human nature from his reading, his characters are all his own. His varied experiences furnished characters from every class of society. His style, too, is his own.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Chaucer's poetry is the largeness of his view of human nature. His characters are painted accurately, whether high or low, honest or hypocrite. The plan of his masterpiece, "The Canterbury Tales," enabled him to represent every class of society. In the knight we see an ideal gentleman of the time.

" He never yet no vileinye sayde  
In al his lyf, unto no manner wight."

With the knight is his son, a young squire, and a yeoman. The squire is full of youth and happiness, and is very gaily dressed. We are next introduced to the coy and smiling Madame Eglantine, who is all elegance and tender heartedness. Then comes the monk, who loves hunting and riding, but cares very little for his church, whose rules require toil and study. The friar who accompanies him is "wanton and merry." Next is the merchant talking always of his gains, then the clerk of Oxford. Chaucer saw a kindred spirit in this clerk who

" Would rather have at his bed's head  
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophye  
Than robes rich, or fithel or gay sautrye.  
And gladly would he lerne, and gladly teach."

Among the other characters introduced are the sergeant-at-law who "seems busier than he is," and the Doctor of Physic, whose economical habits have enabled him to hoard his gold.

" For gold in phisick is a cordial,  
Therefore he lovede gold in special."

Of all his characters the most lovable is that of the poor



parson, who remained faithful to his church and flock during a time when even the highest church officers were corrupt.

“But Christes love, and his Apostles twelve  
He taught, and first he folowed it himselve.”

I am sure we will agree with Shaw in saying of Chaucer's poems, “We are filled with delight and admiration whether we study their wonderful painting of character; their conciseness and vividness of the descriptions; the loftiness of their sentiment, and intensity of their pathos; or revel in the richness of their humor and the surpassingly droll, yet perfectly natural extravagance of their comic scenes.”

### A Summary of The Book of Joel.

BESSIE BOONE, '09.

If the message we get from any prophet is to be made wholly intelligible we must first familiarize ourselves with the circumstances surrounding the prophecy.

Of the prophet Joel we know very little—only that he was of Judah and his message to Jerusalem. The time of this prophecy was about the ninth century B. C., when good king Joash was reigning and the land was enjoying a season of religious and political prosperity. Idolatry had given place to the worship of Jehovah, and the priest stood at the head of the state.

Knowing the general prosperity of the land, we are better able to appreciate the awfulness of the message of destruction and calamity which Joel brought before the people. The famine which he foretold would have no parallel in history, for he says, "there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it."

The opening words of the prophecy are directed toward all the people, who are called to unite in lamenting the utter destruction which is coming. The four different stages of the growth of the locusts are pictured, and that which one spares the other will destroy. The prophet then addresses the drunkards, who are to lament the calamity which shall cut off their wine. Next follows an enumeration of the sorrows which shall visit each inhabitant: first, all shall mourn bitterly, as a virgin for the husband of her youth, because the offerings shall be cut off from God; next the priests whose occupation will be gone, and last the husbandmen and vinedressers because the harvest of the field shall perish.

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion" was the prophet's summons to prayer and fasting for the removal of this judgment which

he foretold. He strengthened his argument for the great need of prayer by bringing up a vivid picture of the locusts which would lay waste to the land. He likened them to horses, to the noise of chariots, a leaping flame or a battle in array. He said they would darken the whole land and come in such well-ranked armies as to be invulnerable. Nothing would be able to withstand their irresistible power.

In the midst of this vivid and awful description Joel held out to Israel a hope of removing the judgment. "The Lord saith, Yet even now turn ye unto me with fasting and with weeping and with mourning." In spite of all that has been said of coming judgment it is not too late to remove it by sincere repentance, said the prophet, and again sounded the summons, "Blow ye the trumpet," and this time exhorted the people to assemble for fasting and prayer. No class could be excused from this prayer, which was for the whole land. The old men and children as well as the bride and bridegroom were told to come forth, and the priests and ministers to pray for the preservation of all the people.

This being done the writer says: "Then was Jehovah jealous for His land and took pity on His people." He promised that the calamity should be removed because of the universal repentance and, moreover, that great blessings should come.

The locusts which had devastated the land should be removed is the first of these blessings, and to this is added the rains which were promised in due season and to bring forth fruit and wheat in abundance. So plenteous shall the harvest be that the ears which the locusts destroyed shall be restored. As Israel's sons and daughters were sold for base purposes God says he will avenge the enemies by sending their own children to be sold in captivity to "a people afar off."

But Joel's message was not complete with this promise of temporal blessings. He brought these to the mind rather as a representation of the spiritual blessings which he next told the people God would send.

Just as the out-pouring of the rain would be a temporal gift, the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, which He would send to every inhabitant of Israel and Judah would be a spiritual gift. The second spiritual blessing corresponded to the removal of the locusts—that of God's utter destruction of the enemies of His people. He promised, furthermore, that Judah should dwell forever and that "Jerusalem shall be holy."

The great value of the Book of Joel can hardly be over-estimated. From a literary standpoint alone it is a treasure—a gem among all literature. The style is pure, classic, energetic and vivid, but greatest of all it contains a message of wonderful truth for us to-day.

Letting the land of Israel in the fearful drought of a great famine represent the soul, when it has reached such a stage of alienation from God that all is drear and waste in the famine of doubt, we can realize more fully the joy which comes when the soul is refreshed with an abundant out-pouring of God's blessings. This priceless gift is obtained just as was Israel's restoration—by repentance and prayer. The book of this marvelous message also shows us that all humanity is divided into two general classes—those who believe in and acknowledge God, and those who stand aloof and hinder divine progress. When God joined His people against their enemies there was no middle class, neither can there be one between right and wrong to-day. For His followers God has in store rich and abundant blessings, while the other class separate themselves from a loving Father and all which might be theirs. This is a message found throughout the Word of God, so it is applicable to the present generation of 1908 as much as to the people of Judah and Israel in 884 B. C.

### Characteristics of Lanier's Poetry.

KATE OLIVER, '10.

After making a careful study of Sidney Lanier's poetry we decide that there are few other poets who wrote after a style that is so new, simple and decidedly one's own and yet is so beautiful and so much read. We might say that Lanier's sad but pure, true life led him to do this. His poetry has been criticized by some, but praised by many more, and though he died comparatively young, it still lives and is more loved each time it is read. It has been said that Lanier ranks first in the group of Southern poets.

In writing, Lanier did not pattern after any one. He created a style of his own and this came from his pure, noble heart and mind which makes his poetry different from that of any other. Critics have said that he tried to use strange terms and unusual words, but many others admire his style and have been benefited by it. All acknowledge that he was a true poet, a real genius, and that his thoughts were as noble and uplifting as his poetry is beautiful.

Lanier, like many other poets, was a true lover of nature, and many of his poems contain beautiful descriptions of it. Many times in his sad life he strolled out in the dark, green woods and found rest and happiness. But while he seemed to be resting his great mind was busy studying the scene around him, and its beauty led him to compose many grand descriptive verses. In imagination, one can picture him vividly as he stands gazing upon the sunset and says:

“ But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,  
 And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,  
 And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem  
 Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream ”—

and thus gather some faint idea of what the quiet of nature meant to him.

And again:

“The laving laurels turned my tide  
 The fern and the fondling grass said Stay,  
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay  
 And the little reeds sighed Abide, abide,  
 Here in the hills of Habersham  
 Here in the valley of Hall.”

In this beautiful language of the poet we can almost hear nature breathe the invitation to us. Who has imagined a scene in nature more beautiful than either of these?

Lanier's imagination was wonderfully developed and his good education and broad reading enabled him to express his thoughts in the most effective and beautiful words. His intense love for music lent another marked quality to his poems. In a poem written to his wife he stirs within us all the love we have for poetry and in “The Marshes of Glynn” he incites in us a much deeper love for nature. He seemed to use just such words as make his poetry attractive.

Unlike Poe and some others, Lanier gives us some noble lessons in his poetry. They present beautiful truths to us and these are brought out in a clear, effective way, for he was himself

“—the catholic man who hath mightily won  
 God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain  
 And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.”

Many young lives look to his works for inspiration and guidance and they are being greatly helped. His poetry is much loved by people of many different ages and classes and it has lifted many to have nobler thoughts and higher ideals in life. I think many will agree with me when I say that the world is better for having in it the poetry of Sidney Lanier.

# The Chatterbox.

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

---

SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$1.00; Single Copy, 15 Cents,  
For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

---

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

---

## STAFF:

MARY MAYO, '08, . . . Editor-in-Chief     CLARA HEARNE, '08, Business Manager.  
LUCIE ROSS, '08, } Assistant Business Managers.  
SALLIE JORDAN, '09, }

## Associate Editors:

BLANCH HOLT, '09, } . . . . Literary.     EDITH SIMMONS, . . . . Abroad.  
BESSIE BOONE, '09, } . . . .     PAULINE HERRING, '08, . . . . Among Us.  
MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09, . Y W C A.     HELEN EARNHARDT, '08, . . Exchange.  
BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

---

---

## Editorial.

---

Girls, what's the matter with the order in the building? We haven't decided to take the few pages that are allowed us for the editorial and convert them into sermons, neither have we thought of giving a curtain lecture, but "a word to the wise is sufficient," so I say again, what has become of the quiet hours we enjoyed in the days of yore? No student can do her best work unless she has the proper environments; she can't study and accomplish what she expects to accomplish, and what the real student wishes to accomplish unless *you do your part*. We understand that the large majority of students here are girls and not women. We don't expect exactly the same things of them that we would expect from older people; but we do know that we are shaping our lives, laying the foundation now and the results will come later. Do we always want to do right just because we are *made to*

do it? We get no credit for doing a thing that we can't possibly get out of doing. What we want to do is to get it impressed upon the minds and consciences of the girls to do right for right's sake. When we do this we will feel that much has been attained along the line of good conduct.

We would not mislead any one by these few words; in most instances the girls are very orderly indeed, but as commencement draws near, the tendency is to become somewhat demoralized. We want to avoid this.

For some time the President and faculty have thought of having student government, but how can they unless we will let them? Why not have such perfect order in the building that it will be impossible for any one to misbehave without being placed at a disadvantage before other girls? Let us have law and order and system in our lives, not because we are made to, not because we are afraid of being caught if we don't, but because it is right to have it—because to have it means to make the most and best of our lives. We are not talking about the observance of a large number of petty rules and regulations—we naturally become impatient of these—but what we *are* talking about is having consideration for others, considering that they may want to study if we don't,—in other words, observance of the golden rule.

---

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: *The College Message*, *The Acorn*, *Park School Gazette*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The University Magazine*, *The Horner Cadet*, *The Red and White*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, and *The Trinity Archive*.



## Among Us.

PAULINE HERRING, '08.

—Mrs. Rhodes is now on a visit with relatives at Oxford and Richmond.

—Miss Virginia Reel, of Richmond, Va., stopped over for a few days to see her sister, Miss Clee.

—Miss Minnie Hart went home a few days ago on account of her health. We are sorry to lose her.

—Mr. Irving Aiken, Professor of Moyock School, was a visitor at the College recently.

—Mrs. Davidson, of Richmond, Va., was the guest of Miss Nutt some time ago.

—Miss Florence Wetherington was delighted with a visit from her mother a few days past.

—We regret the absence of Misses Mary and Isabel Weeks who recently went to their homes at Newton Grove, N. C.

—President Rhodes went to Winston-Salem a few days ago to be present at a Convention of the College Presidents from the North and South Carolina female colleges.

—Miss Roe made a short trip to Red Springs last week.

—Miss Morris spent a day or two at Henderson, N. C., recently.

—We are indeed glad to have back with us Miss Jenkins, who has been out several weeks on account of illness.

—Miss Pulliam visited her sister at Clayton, N. C., April 3d to 6th.

—The Senior entertainment of April 13th was quite a success. A play was given in which the actors performed their parts admirably.

—A public game of basketball is on for Easter. The teams are busy getting themselves in shape for the game.

## Court in Session at Littleton College.

M. A. H.

Kangaroo Court, comprising members of the Eunomian and Hyperion Literary Societies, met in solemn conclave on the evening of Saturday, April fourth, the Honorable L. E. Lanham presiding.

The unfeeling clerk read the following grave charge:

"The Grand Jury has presented for consideration at this session of the court a bill of the State versus Annie Crews, the same being theft of one turkey, stolen from Miss Audrey Wade's poultry yard Friday, March 13, 1908, at twelve o'clock, midnight, and that, the following night, said turkey was killed and eaten by said Annie Crews."

The jurors were sworn in, in due form, and with great dignity.

The witnesses, likewise, were sworn in, one by one, each vowing solemnly—or otherwise—"not to tell the truth, not a bit of the truth, nothing that is the truth, so help me over the fence."

The audience, the entire College family, looked expectant.

The evidence against the witness seemed convincing. Had not Miss Wade heard the disturbance in her poultry yard, and shot her hand in an attempt to frighten the invisible marauder, canine or human? Had not Mr. Pegram (Helen Earnhardt) hastened to the rescue (he waved his lantern with great gusto as he related the tale) and made a daring, though futile attempt at capture? Betty Allen, with characteristic self-possession, told of her unexpected collision with the thief on the stairs, and of her recognition of aforesaid thief. Mrs. Crookston (Pearl Jones), too, ever alert, and anxious for the welfare of the girls, had been worried by the

unusual disturbance—'pon my word! Jack Nicholson, a youthful swain, returning late from a party, had heard the shot and seen the mad race of pursuer and pursued. Aunt Emma Alston (Sue Sandford), alarmed by the shot, and not knowin' 'zackly what *war* happenin' at de college, had hastened for her wages, left in the kitchen, and had seen a light in the prisoner's room; and on the following day had lent a pan to said prisoner—supposedly for wasting candy for the Y. W. C. A. And on the following night Luola Gay had smelt the turkey cooking, and was later constrained to assist the prisoner in a severe attack of cholera morbus which followed upon the devouring of Mr. Turk, and likewise heard the confession of theft from the very lips of the prisoner. A bag of feathers brought to court clinched the proof.

What could be more convincing! Nothing, thought Lawyers Hayden and Cullen, and said as much in their speeches, in which they showed *themselves* convinced,—whatever may have been the attitude of the defense and the audience.

But meanwhile the defense adroitly proved an alibi. Miss Herring had, on that very night, given a spread. The guests were Miss Thorne, Miss Leigh, Elizabeth Harriss, Gertrude Stanfield, Pauline Herring, *and the prisoner*. Miss Nutt, who was in her hall when they dispersed, had seen the prisoner returning to her room at 12:30. Each of the guests, as well as the hostess, had, with laudable foresight, looked at her watch, and testified that the prisoner was in Miss Herring's room at the fatal hour. Evidence brought in by Mrs. Crookston was met with great applause, since this time it was presented in person. Uncle Dallas (Annie Ferrabee) remembered having brought the box to Miss Herring. Miss Taylor (Bessie Boone) affirmed, furthermore, that the character of the prisoner was above reproach. Attorneys Reel and Satterthwaite, in memorable speeches, de-

manded justice. The Prosecuting Attorney made long-winded remarks refuting their claims on the ground of some imaginary flaw in the evidence.

Judge Lanham, with deep feeling and great earnestness thus charged the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the charges: Annie Crews, spinster, is charged with willful and malicious turkey-slaughter on the night of March the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and eight. Gentlemen of the jury, I would impress upon you the large responsibility that is yours. The power of administering justice is in your hands. If this person is innocent, it is your duty to punish her; if she is guilty it is your duty to release her instantly. And as you deal with her, so may the law deal with you when you likewise shall fall from grace and steal turkeys."

The jury, who had hitherto slumbered peacefully, now filed out, and after a short interim filed back. Foreman Jordan, in stentorian tones gave the verdict:

"To the Honorable Judge of this court, we your jury in this case, State of North Carolina versus Annie Laurie Crews, spinster, for turkey-slaughter, March thirteenth, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight—after hearing the evidence given, and after careful consideration of the same, beg to render to you the verdict,—Annie Laurie Crews, Guilty!

And then the Judge, midst sobs from the audience, pronounced the following sentence:

"Annie Crews, you are found guilty of willful and malicious turkey-slaughter. In consequence thereof you are sentenced to the heavy task of stealing and cooking every day from now till Commencement, twenty-five turkeys, or at least as much as shall be sufficient to feed the hungry students and faculty of Littleton Female College."

The prisoner, fittingly clad in black, seemed composed to the very last. Any perturbation that she may have felt was ably concealed behind a well-controlled, though criminal, countenance.

P. S.—A member of the faculty was heard to ask the criminal, after the trial, if she would, on the morrow, please take charge of a Sunday School class!

## Alumnae Notes.

---

Miss Miriam Best, '06, is teaching music at Saluda, S. C.

Miss Nita Boyce, '06, has charge of the school at Harrellsville, N. C.

Miss Bessie Baynes, '06, is teaching at her home, Gordonton, N. C.

Miss Beatrice Anderson, '06, is teaching near Halifax, N. C.

Miss Dora Carraway, '06, is teaching at Goldsboro, N. C.

Miss Lottie Eure, '06, is at home, Enfield, N. C.

Miss Hattie Green, '06, is teaching at her home, Beaumont, N. C.

Miss Virginia Hart, '06, is Principal of the school at Corapeake, N. C.

Miss Mollie Hollowell, '06, is at home, Whiteville, N. C.

Miss Mary McCullen, '06, is a student at Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Miss Kate Park, '06, is teaching at Buxton, N. C.

Miss Jennie Rue, '06, has a position as stenographer in Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Leila Edwards, '07, is teaching at Blaney, S. C.

Miss Estelle Daniel, '07, is at home, Garysburg, N. C.

Miss Lessie Fisher, '07, is keeping house for her brother at Swan Quarter, N. C.

Miss Sophia Forbes, '07, is teaching at Shiloh, N. C.

Miss Louise Goode, '07, is spending the year with her parents at Weldon, N. C.

Miss Virginia Hale, '07, is teaching at Hobgood, N. C.

Miss Amelia Meares, '07, is assistant teacher in the High School at Angier, N. C.

Miss Evelyn Matthews, '07, is teaching music at home, Winton, N. C.

Miss Lura Perry, '07, is with her parents at Littleton, N. C.

Miss Lida Sawyer, '07, is teaching at Gorman, N. C.

Miss Nettie Wise, '07, has charge of a school at Aurelian Springs, N. C.

Miss Ina Massey, '07, is teaching at Durham, N. C.

# Have You Heard the Latest?

BERNICE HORNADAY. '08.

Mrs. Leigh turned the switch in one end of the dining-room.

New Girl (excitedly): "Mrs. Leigh was standing by the door in the dining-room and she just threw up her hand and every light in that end of the room went out."

\* \* \*

R. Morris: "Mary, please tell me what do you multiply by to get liters?"

M. Sledge: "By skeeters, of course."

\* \* \*

Some girls were talking of a pantomime, when one of the listeners exclaimed, "O, I hope we will have it for dessert for to-morrow!"

\* \* \*

Teacher (pointing to zebra): "John, what is that?"

Thoughtful John: "A horse with a bathing suit on."

—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Prep: "Do we have reading today?"

A. C.: "Why, is to-day Wednesday?"

Prep. (confidently): "Yes, indeed, for we had dessert to-day."

\* \* \*

Miss H.: "What is the unit of the linear measure?"

Helen E. (calmly): "A gallon."

\* \* \*

S. S. Teacher: "Some little boys are good, some bad. What kind go to Heaven?"

Boy: "Dead ones."—*Ex.*



From study we ourselves exempted  
 On April the first some jokes attempted.  
 We'd planned them off in grandest style—  
 Such a relief from toil so vile!  
 But we'd only broken some ancient rules,  
 And the faculty dubbed us—April Fools!

\* \* \*

Lula Pratt, on history class: "Miss Pulliam, isn't there a pope in America? Why doesn't America, as well as Europe, have a pope?"

\* \* \*

Catherine Allmond: "If any one were to ask me which I had rather go to when I die, Jerusalem or Heaven, I'd say Heaven, wouldn't you?"

\* \* \*

Miss Gay: "Oh, we have had such a nice Bible lesson about Jonah and—"

Miss Eborn: "Oh, I know what you mean, Moses and the alligator."

\* \* \*

Cora: "Madge, give me one of your pictures."

Madge: "I haven't one, but I am going to the dentist's soon to have some made."

\* \* \*

Teacher (shaking pupil): "I think the devil has taken hold of you."

Pupil (gasping): "I think so, too, sir."—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

Sophomore to Miss Greene: "Miss Greene, in which side do we have appendicitis?"

"I—don't—know. It's in one side or the other."

\* \* \*

A teacher once asked his class to prepare a practical paper on "The Result of Laziness," and received from one of his pupils a blank sheet of paper.—*Ex.*

## Wanted!

---

- Wanted: Some more coquettes (croquettes).—Miss S.
- Wanted: Every body to pay her tennis fee.—E. B. H.
- Wanted: Commencement Day to come.—Everybody.
- Wanted: Some one to ask Miss Stanfield who preached at the Methodist church several weeks ago.
- Wanted: To know if Mr. Craven is one of Byron King's preachers.—Lena U.
- Wanted: Ready-made essays.—Seniors.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

Roses, Carnations and other Cut Flowers. Floral Designs, Bouquets for Weddings and Flowers for All Occasions. Palms, Ferns and All Kinds of Pot Plants as well as Out of Door Bedding Plants.

H. STEINMETZ, Florist, Raleigh, North Carolina

---

TARRY HARDWARE CO.,

LITTLETON, N. C.

H. B. TARRY, Prop.

---

"EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE."

---

GRANT-TENNILLE CO.

CHOICE FANCY GROCERIES  
AND FRESH FRUITS AND  
CONFECTIONERIES AT ALL  
TIMES. ❀ ❀ EVERYTHING  
DELIVERED PROMPTLY. ❀  
PHONE 13. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

---

JAMES M. LAMB.

H. L. LAMB.

ROBERT J. LAMB.

**SUNNYSIDE FLORAL NURSERY,**

Established 1873.

**James M. Lamb & Sons., Proprietors.**

Lock Box 55.

Telephone 49.

Fayetteville, N. C.

We grow and sell

PINES, SPRUCES, MAGNOLIAS, CAPE JASIMINES,

**ROSES**

and every thing for the flower garden

CUT FLOWERS, BOUQUETS AND DESIGNS.

# Littleton Female College

---

---



THIS INSTITUTION is splendidly located in Warren County, N. C., immediately on the Seaboard Air Line road about half way between Norfolk, Va., and Raleigh, N. C., in a section that has a wide reputation as a health resort.

We have a patronage of nearly 300 pupils—about 250 of whom are boarding pupils, and a faculty of about 25 officers and teachers.

We have hot water heat, electric lights, bath and toilet rooms, hot and cold water on every floor, and, in fact, all the modern improvements usually found in the best boarding schools.

---

---

**WE HAVE THREE BUILDINGS  
ALL UNDER ONE CONTINUED  
ROOF CONTAINING MORE THAN  
150 ROOMS HEATED WITH HOT  
WATER AND LIGHTED WITH  
ELECTRICITY. . . . .**

---

---

Any one who is acquainted with the institution and its work will tell the reader that Littleton College is a very superior school for the higher education of young women.

The home, Bible and religious atmosphere of the school make it a very desirable place for young women while away from home.

Our health record is a remarkable one. During the first 25 years of our existence we had but one death among our pupils.

For further information, or large illustrated free catalog, address,

J. M. RHODES, President,  
LITTLETON, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

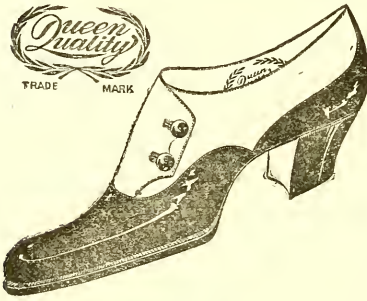
# NELSON'S

THE LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE STOCK

[IN THE SAME SIZE STORE]

IN NORTH CAROLINA

## SHOES OF QUALITY



In all our experience in shoe selling, we have never seen more attractive or more thoroughly good shoes than this season's "Queen Quality" styles. That they are all that good and fine shoes ought to be is evidenced by their tremendous vogue with discriminating women the country over. The choicest leather fashioned into shapes that for smartness, comfort and accurate fitting are the wonder of the shoemaking trade! And the variety is such that all shapes and sizes of feet can be fitted; just as all tastes can be pleased. Priced at \$4.00, \$3.50 and \$3.00.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS OF STANDARD QUALITY

### NOTIONS

Novelties in the Lines of Hosiery, Ready Made Underwear, Corsets,  
Neckwear, Belts, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Valenciennes  
Laces and Hamburgs.

### DRY GOODS SPECIALTIES

Uniform Cloths and Woolens of the Latest Weaves, Special Values in  
White Lawns, Waistings, Etc.

WE SELL LADIES HOME JOURNALS

AND THE HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

M. NELSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

# Sterling Manufacturing Co.

EUGENE JOHNSTON, Proprietor

LITTLETON, N. C.

---

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS DRESSED  
LUMBER. \* TURNED WORK, MOULDING,  
ETC. A SPECIALTY. \* ORDERS FOR BOXES  
OF ANY DESCRIPTION SOLICITED. \* \*

---

**F**OR FOUR YEARS, the entire time we have  
been in the Drug Business, we have sold  
nothing but pure drugs. Now the Pure  
Food Law makes it a misdemeanor to sell anything  
else. We stand back of everything that is sold in  
our store. If there is any dissatisfaction, we want  
to know it, for we work all the time to please more.  
If it is pure drugs you wish and no substitution,  
then it will pay you to visit our store. : : :  
?? WHOSE LABEL IS ON YOUR BOTTLE ??

IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO GET  
BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH YOU

**THE LITTLETON PHARMACY**

ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. C. & J. O. BOBBITT,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise



---

## HARRISON'S DRUG STORE

Headquarters for Drugs and Chemicals, all kinds of Toilet Articles and Drug Sundries. We keep only the purest and best of everything in our line, and we pay strict attention to our Prescription Department.

HARRISON'S DRUG STORE,  
LITTLETON, N. C.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED DAY OR NIGHT

---

E. A. PERRY,  
DENTIST.

OFFICE HOURS 9 TO 1, 2 TO 5

LITTLETON, N. C.

---

## UP TO DATE JEWELRY STORE.

Complete line of new designs and patterns in Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Locketts, Chains, Beauty Pins, Scarf Pins, Gold and Silver Hat Pins, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Watch Fobs, Lorgnette Chains, Chatelains, all kinds Gold and Silver Novelties, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles and Eye Glasses. : : : : : :

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED RIGHT.

LITTLETON, N. C.

H. J. CORDLE,  
Jeweler and Optician.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

# Central Academy

A HIGH-GRADE PREPARATORY  
SCHOOL

**B**OYS AND YOUNG MEN prepared for college in the most thorough manner. Course of study includes English, Mathematics, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Science and Bible. A faculty of six competent teachers, good buildings, steam heat, splendid location and pure drinking water are some of the advantages. EXPENSES EXCEEDINGLY MODERATE.

For illustrated catalog, address

J. B. AIKEN, Principal  
LITTLETON, N. C.

---

**Edwards & Broughton Printing Co.,**  
(Incorporated)

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

**SPECIAL RATES ON** College Publications,  
**Stationery, Invitations,**  
**Menus, etc.**  
Correspondence  
Invited.

---

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

**Fancy Groceries and  
Confectioneries.**

**J. F. NEWSOM & SON.**

**OLDEST.**

**LARGEST.**

**BEST.**

ADVERTISEMENTS.

# Fine Millinery!

---



In buying your Spring  
and Summer Hats, don't  
fail to go to

**MRS. K. P. BLACK**

LITTLETON, N. C.

---

**Perry's Drug Store**

TWO DOORS FROM POST-OFFICE.

---

Call to see us while waiting for your mail.

---

**W. H. MAY**

**Dress Goods, Millinery, Notions and  
Shoes**

EVERYTHING FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN



