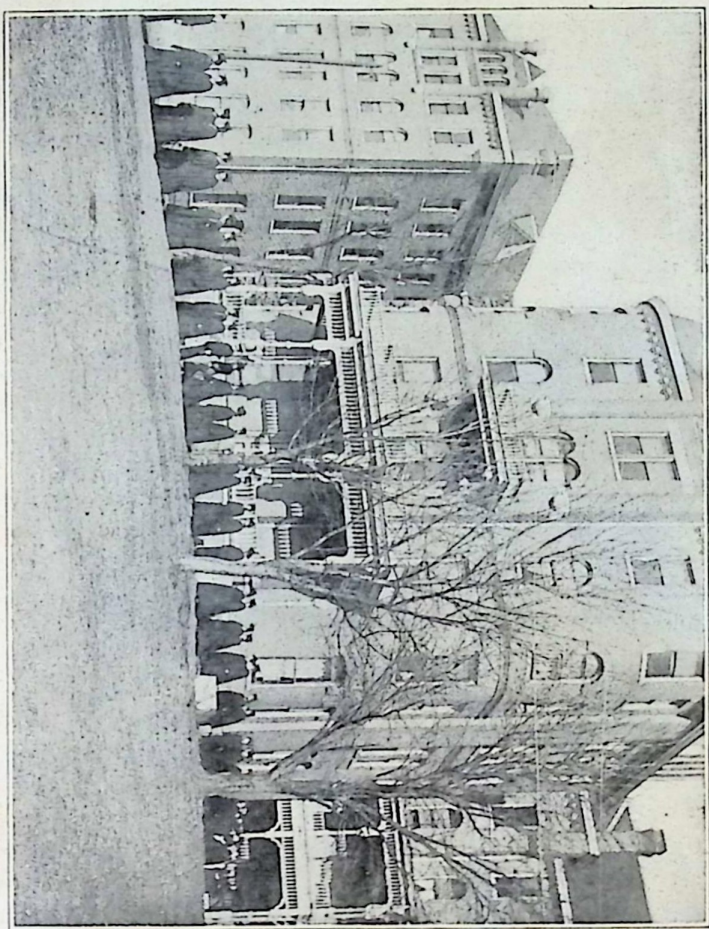


The Cap
and Gown

1903

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THE CAP AND GOWN

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EDITOR - IN - CHIEF
KATHERINE GUDGER

LOCAL EDITORS
MARIAN BLACKLEY, ANNIE FOARD

LITERARY EDITOR
BETTIE TAYLOR

BUSINESS MANAGERS
MARY MCGHESNEY, ORA BELLAMY

"The Sea."

Silently stretching far, far away,
Forever lapping the crumbling shore,
Touching the wings of night and day,
Thy cold heart is heavy in eternal roar.

The stars but glance on thy glassy waves,
And the gloom of the clouds but veil thy form,
But little reckest thou of the storm that raves,
As the startled skies that are rent and torn.

Thy tribute is gathered from o'er all the world,
The crystal dew and the frozen poles,
From maiden's tears and the cataracts downward hurl,
And the troubled rivers that to thee roll.

Thy breath hath given the rainbow form,
Mantling the cheeks of the tearful sky,
The beauteous daughter of the broken storm,
Whispers to the world hope, peace, serenity.

Thy breathing as deep as the earth's mighty roll,
As rocked in thy depths of the heaving tide,
The grave of all save the human soul,
Shall thy turgid waters forever hide.

Thy surges as slow as the moon's pendant swing,
Thy moans as deep as the voice of the thunder,
From thy wrinkled frowns away dost fling
The barks of man o'er thee to wander.

The storm's loud shriek, or a convulsive earthquake,
Disturb not thy slumbers, O! Sea,
'Till the burst of the earth thy anger wakes,
Then ruffles thy brow in agony.

Thy anger more awful than the storms of heaven,
Thy voice more awful than the earthquake's sound,
When the trembling mountains in twain are riven,
And the bowels of the earth ooze through the wound.

Thy frothing tongue laps the cragged shore,
Thy tortured confines thy billows chafe,
As downward are hurled and engulfed o'er,
Thy havoc and ruin, the harsh breakers laugh.

But whispers to thee is the hurricane's moan,
Or the typhoon's agonizing shrieks,
Even deadened in the terrific volcano's groan,
As thy voice, O Sea, in anger speaks.

Silently sleeping as the ages roll by,
While races of men are passing away,
All is changed save thee and the sky,
All wealth, all life, grandeur in time decay.

Where planted the germs the world's great empire,
Thy waters have walled from the greed of man,
Unharm'd by slaughters, pillage or fire,
Their courage brook'd not thine anger nor their barks
could span.

Thou hast silently watched the orient fall,
As systems, science, religion and empires decay,
People and civilization rotten as their walls
Rise, flourish and die and pass away.

While thou hast dreamed the mountains rose,
And in thy breath have cooled their brow,
Around thy feet have piled their snows,
That hood the peaks in eternal——.

To thy bed are washed the skeletons of earth,
Sealed deep in secrets since the world was young,
Then lifted on high in mountain girths,
They tell their tale in stony tongue.

In thy deep heart are the secrets of earth,
And flitted near when the universe was formed,
Obedience to God wast downward hurled,
To thy deep rest hath gravity charmed.

Perhaps thou wast of Ève's tears,
The bitter brilliants of the world's young sorrow,
Uncongealed by the fleeting years,
Shall glisten in the light of each tomorrow.
Fathomless, boundless, mighty, eternal,
Thou, weighted with the wrecks of human woe,
Silently shall watch the earth, life and death,
But thy waters never cease their eternal flow.

"Through Work to Gold."

One warm afternoon in June, immediately after a shower, a little ragged colored girl, some seven or eight years old, rapped at the elegant home of Lucy Andrews, a charming Southern girl, the pride of the home and sunshine of her country, looked upon with reverence by the negroes.

"Why, Maggie, is it you? What on earth has happened to the poor little girl that she is weeping so?"

"Nothin' hain't happened, but those old boys been teasin' me. One of 'dem said, 'Mag, see dat purty thing yonder in de sky? Dat's a rainbow, and if you will start right straight through dis here field and go to de foot of it you will find a pot of gold, and pen you'll habe mo' money dan all de men in town, and Capt. Andrews, too. I didn't believe it, so I c-a-m-e to ax you if dere was a pot of money at its foot.'"

"Why, Maggie, I don't know, but that is what the people used to tell me when I was a little girl about your size."

"Did you eber go to find it?"

"No, Maggie, I never tried, perhaps I may yet find it."

"Well, Miss Lucy, I'se going to try, and if I git some money I'll come and gib' you some."

"Thank you, Maggie, but isn't it too late this evening?"

As the little girl set out on this fruitless voyage, Miss Andrews closed the door and passed quietly into her room, where she resumed packing, preparatory for a trip to places of interest in the United States and Europe, without dreaming of the little child

searching for the rainbow. Nevertheless, Maggie was wandering on and on, but ere long "The world's comforter had ended his long days task in the west," and the rainbow disappeared.

The little disappointed girl sought to retrace her steps, but alas! in vain, for darkness hovered over the earth, and she was compelled to spend the night in the woods. Affrighted and weeping she crouched beneath some shrubbery and fell asleep, where she remained until the morning sun awoke her with its bright beams.

Once more she tried to regain her way home, but each step bore her farther and farther away until at last she beheld in the distance a beautiful mansion. Thinking this was Capt. Andrews' home she hurried to it. How great was her disappointment when a strange but beautiful lady answered her rap.

"Where is Miss Lucy," she asked, sobbing.

"Miss Lucy who, child?" asked the kind lady.

"Miss Lucy Andrews."

"Why, she lives twenty miles from here."

"Oh! O-h!" cried she little girl.

"What is the matter, child; are you lost?"

"Yes'um, I reckon. I thought Miss Lucy lived here."

"No, she lives in the city."

"How did you get here."

"I walked. I started to hunt the pot of money that was at the foot of the rainbow, but the bow is gone and I reckon the money too."

"Poor little girl. Arn't you hungry?"

"Yes'um."

"Come in and you shall have something to eat."

"Thank you, mum."

She went in and ate a supper, such as she had never had before, and she was indeed hungry, as she had been wandering for almost twenty-four hours. Soon the kind woman came in and asked her if she did not want to stay with her. Maggie consented and stayed.

Six months later as Miss Andrews was returning from her travels she lost a package she valued very highly, and was greatly worried over it. One day the doorbell rang. She hastened to

answer it, and much to her surprise there stood a well dressed colored girl.

"Good evening."

"Why, can it be you, Maggie?"

"Yes'um, it's me."

"How you have changed! You must have found the pot of gold."

"No'um, the bow disappeared before I got there, and I got lost and went to Mrs. Phelps', a rich woman, and have been working for her ever since. She gives me a whole lots of money. Here is something for you," she said handing her the package she had found and a beautiful basket of flowers.

As Miss Andrews gazed upon the trim and neat little maid before her she could not realize that this was the same Maggie she had left only a few months previous, and that well known truth instantly flashed into her mind, "Seek and ye shall find," to rich and poor, high and lowly it takes work to attain the goal. Truly, "Through work to gold."

ANNIE BLISS FOARD.

The Mystic Seven.

On the evening of November the fourth, seven of the third floor girls met and organized a secret club, known as the H. A. Y. C., consisting of the following members: Maggie Lantern Greer, My Lady Bunn, Mystic Lily Perry, Moon Light Rowe, Charming Little Young, Jenny Lind Greer. Honorary member; Olive Murrill.

We distinguish ourselves from others whether friend or foe, by wearing "Red and White" for our colors. We leave out the blue, not because we lack in patriotism, but because we never have realized any such a thing as the blue(s) at Virginia Institute.

Our motto, "In luck we trust," is a thought remembered at all times by every member, for luck is our ever faithful friend.

Of all the tasteful and sprightly flowers we have chosen the "Buttercups and Johnny Jump Ups," for reasons best known to the members of the H. A. Y. C. Club.

We meet every Saturday night on the fourth floor at eight thirty o'clock, our object being "To fill an aching void."

Our pass word is "Angel's Food." Our many friends can readily see why we chose this.

Our rules are few, but rigid, among them being: First, to button the door; second, laugh as loud as you can; third, eat as little as possible; fourth, never refuse what is offered; fifth, not to get sick in the morning. All of which rules must be, and are obeyed to the letter.

When the gong sounds at nine thirty, we each and every one repair to our downy couches to slumber and dream of Angel's Food and Spice.

M. R.

To Cap and Gown.

A poem you have asked of me;
Some verse for you I'll try to write,
For poet I could never be
Were I to try with all my might.
My brain the poet's fancies fail;
Their lofty flights for me come short;
Their phantom ships to me ne'er sail;
My soul breathes thoughts another sort.
Of love, of hope, or ghost, or ghoul,
Of what must I my story tell?
My verses write? on sage, or fool,
Or flirt, or dude, or fop, or swell?
It matters not what sort you ask,
My poetry all prose will be;
My work an unsuccessful task,
As you, indeed, this day will see.
Perhaps of you, your own dear self,
You'd have my thoughts in numbers writ,
And not of ghost, or witch, or elf;
For none of which you care a whit.
Dear lady, this you then may know,
The CAP AND GOWN you will adorn;
Your thoughts are pure as driven snow,
Your grace like rosy-fingered morn.

A Midnight Murder.

It was the hour of midnight,
And everything was still;
The time when darkness reigns supreme,
And all the places fill.

At old V. I. the girls all slept,
And dreamed of days gone by
When freedom was their heritage,
And no school books were nigh.

When hark! just at my window
I heard an awful noise;
It surely is a burglar,
Who sleight of hand employs.

My mate and I were much alarmed,
And sprang unto the floor;
But being far too brave to cry aloud,
We decided just to exlore.

We peered into the darkness,
Our hearts were beating loud,
And in a corner of the room,
We spied the burglar proud.

Quickly we scrambled for some clubs,
And at the monster went;
The first blow was a mighty one,
And to the floor him sent.

We bent to look upon him,
And see what we had done;
His head was crushed and bleeding.
We heard a dying moan.

Then came our cry of triumph;
Enough to raise the house;
For we had slain the culprit;
The horrible—little wee mouse!

CHARMIAN YOUNG.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

It was about two weeks before Christmas—the time when young people talk of old Santa Clause during the day and dream of him at night. Willie and Mabel aged, respectively, seven and five, were sitting in their little rockers near their father while the blazing fire from the good old-fashioned fire-place lighted up the comfortable, though not elegantly furnished sitting room.

Willie picked himself up with a powerful effort and carefully examining the chimney, exclaimed: "Papa, won't Santa Clause get smutty coming down the chimney?"

"Oh! no, dear."

"But, papa, he will won't he?"

"No, my little man."

"But, papa, why won't he?"

"Santa Claus is weather proof, smutty proof and all sorts of proof. Nothing hurts or interferes with him."

"Papa, what is Santa Claus going to bring me?" Inquired Mabel, who had been listening silently.

"Oh, you'll get a doll, a go-cart, a little piano, and ever so many things."

"What's he going to bring me?" asked Willie excitedly.

"Old Santa Claus will bring you a ball, a velociped, a train and——" picking up a paper just then, he began reading and paid no more attention to the little chatter boxes, although they discussed Santa Claus and his belongings until their mother called them to bed. Oh! the delight of Christmas morning to childish hearts.

Innocence and simplicity are the most beautiful of all human traits, and surely they are nowhere more beautifully exemplified than in the hearts, souls and imagination of little children. Our dear little boy and girl were up early on Christmas morning to find the bounties of old Santa Claus. They were delighted with the many little things they had, toys and sweets, trains and dolls.

About ten o'clock, when the children had somewhat recovered from their excitement of having so many new possessions, and were quietly playing with their new toys, a sudden shadow fell over the doorway, and looking up they saw a poorly clad child about ten years old standing before them with a look that might have touched a heart of stone. For a moment the children

were dazed—he had come so suddenly, had appeared so unexpectedly on the scene. He represented the dirty, the poor, the God forsaken. They knew not a care—had never felt the need of anything because they had all needful things. The father looked up with a frown—he was tired of beggars. In the mother's face was written pity, nothing more. But the little five-year-old girl reminded them that it was the birthday of Him whose life was a gift. "Papa, Santa Claus forgot him; let him come in and stay."

"The world is full of sadness and sorrow;
We may laugh today, but we weep tomorrow.
Our lives, indeed, would be filled with horror,
If from childhood's innocence we did not borrow."

MARY WILLEY TAYLOR.

"The Mission of a Song."

"Now, Bessie, do hurry up, you know the exercises commence at 4 o'clock," said Mabel to her sister who still sat writing.

"Yes, dear, in just a moment."

A few minutes later Bessie rises hastily. "Well, there goes the last note of thanks I have to write—good thing Christmas comes but once a year, for the stationery it does take is simply outlandish. Doesn't pay to be so popular—C?"

"I'll declare now, Mabel, what in the world are you putting on that black dress for?"

"Why, isn't it good enough?"

"And you have arranged your hair in the most unbecoming way, and have not so much as curled it! Really have you forgotten, Mabel, that this is Christmas day?"

"Indeed, I have not, but I don't see why we need be so particular—just so one looks neat. For my part, I think, we had better think more of the sacredness of the day, put away self as much as possible, remembering the full meaning of Christmas time."

"Ah! come, Mabel, it's always been your nature to find the serious side of every question. Surely, Christmas day ought to be the happiest and gayest of the whole year, and so far as your dress is concerned, you certainly ought to want to look your best ce you are to sing."

"Yes, Bessie, but do you think the good Father above would be pleased to have us spend the day in mirth and gayety, thinking only of our own personal happiness? Tell me, do you think he would have us spend it for our own pleasures or for His? In other words, what would Jesus do?"

Her sister who had listened to these words—the expressions of a pure, sincere heart, seemed for the time being to grow sober too. Presently the carriage was announced, and the two sisters were driven away to church. Soon we see them separate at the door, Bessie to take her seat in the congregation and Mabel in the choir. Everything and everybody looked the picture of happiness. The church was beautifully decorated and fittingly attired for the occasion. No one had worked harder for the success of this Christmas entertainment than Mabel, certainly no one had a better intent in giving it than she. Each number of the program was well rendered and showed careful training on the part of some one. Lastly, came Mabel's turn. As she arose there seemed to spread over the congregation a wave of admiration, for she was charmingly beautiful. As the grand old pipe organ peals forth its melodious streams her cheeks glow with a brilliant flush, and her eyes grow strangely bright. Softly and slowly she commences to sing "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," now louder and clearer her voice becomes, and all the while her face growing more radiant as if illumined from heaven above.

Outside near the door somebody's wayward son chanced to pass. Two years ago he had gone out from his father's home to start out in the world for himself, as he thought, but once out from under the parental roof, he sees only the present. Squandering his time and money he wanders around until suddenly he finds himself penniless, yet, he is too proud to write home for help, so he tries first one employment and then another, but with no success. He had long ago ceased to write his father and mother, and they had lost trace of him altogether, and in their despair had suffered many an hour's anguish and grief. On this Christmas day he was wandering around apparently unconcerned as to where he went or what become of him, for in this dissipating life which he was leading, all his ambitions had fled. Turning the corner of the street, he finds himself in front of a large church. The music reaches his ear, he stops unconsciously and

listens intently. Such a wonderful voice, so soft and clear, and it seemed to beckon him in. As if drawn by some miraculous power he did go in. The beauty of the girl and the marvelous power of her voice stirred his very soul within. Then and there he resolved to go home, plead forgiveness and ever afterward lead a better life.

Picture the happiness of this wayward boy's home on that Christmas day, when once more reunited. Their hearts respond to that grand old hymn, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

ANNIE ERNESTINE JOHNSON.

Bacon and His Works.

In the whole realm of English literature there are few names better known than that of Sir Francis Bacon, and few men who will live longer through the influence of their works than he.

The age in which he lived was one which certainly might be calculated to produce a master mind. As he himself says, it was a time "when learning had made her third circuit, when the art of printing gave books with a liberal hand to men of all fortunes; when the nation had merged from the dark superstitions of popery; when peace throughout all Europe permitted the enjoyment of foreign travel and free ingress to foreign scholars, and, above all, when a sovereign of the highest intellectual attainments, at the same time that she encouraged learning and learned men, gave an impulse to the arts and a chivalric and refined tone to the manners of the people.'

Taking Bacon as a lawyer, statesman, orator or philosopher, he was truly great—"great in everything but character," and we may partly excuse this deficiency when we consider his surroundings. Reared in the Elizabethan court, he learned to love ease and luxury; associated with keen, designing men he was none too scrupulous in his means of obtaining them. He was a servile courtier, a close observer, a keen critic and a profound thinker. But nothing throws so clear a light on Bacon's character as the grand and comprehensive aim of his life, "the production of good to the human race through the discovery of truth." He looked upon knowledge not as an end in itself, to be enjoyed as a luxury, but as a means of usefulness in the service of mankind.

Among the many works Bacon has left the world are his

philosophical writings and his essays. In the former he shows, not the results of investigation, but the method by which investigations should be made, and though some claim that this method is wanting in either novelty or value, it certainly has attained the object sought, which was fruit. The chief characteristics of his philosophy were investigation, experiment and verification.

The small volume to which Bacon has given the title, "Essays," is the best known of all his works. In this the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage. He deals with a wide range of subjects, treating each in a quaint, original way noted for its wonderful condensation of thought. His style is characteristic in its directness, simplicity, clearness and conciseness; it abounds in witticisms and striking imagery, and is rich even to gorgeousness, with analogies and metaphors. His sentences are short, pithy, free from inversions and very modern in their flow. His thoughts are weighty and his vocabulary rich and varied. But his writings, like his life, are wanting in the emotional. They are strictly intellectual.

Bacon with all his faults has had a lasting influence on posterity. His researches and philosophical writings may be said to have opened up a new world to science, while his essays contain all that is needful for a code of morality.

Indeed, Bacon stands pre-eminent as one of the best educated, most intellectual men, and one of the greatest authors and philosophers that our race has yet produced.

LUCY CHILDRESS.

"The Little Minister."

The Little Minister, by James Matthew Barrie, has been received with considerable favor by a generous public; but whether, after the novelty "of being out of the ordinary" has worn away, it will stand the test of a discriminative criticism, I seriously question.

The book abounds in the richest sentiment, couched in beautiful language. Its delineation of some phases of human character cannot be excelled. Its portrayal of physical actions and personal peculiarities as indicative of mental and moral characteristics is admirable.

The pathos, though not as tender and grand as that found in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," is worthy of encomium.

The reader can almost see the merry twinkle in the eyes of the author as he enjoys the humor which brightens the first half of the book.

The writer gives us a vivid view of the strong, rugged, denominational characteristics of the peasantry of Scotland. The author as a real artist, paints the picture of an aged minister, who had left behind him the vanity, self-confidence, and arbitrary judgment of youth, and became the embodiment of humanity, charity and christian love. As the evening approaches the meridian heats lose their intensity, and so the closing of this grand life, was as beautiful as a sunset scene when the "King of Day" sinks to rest wrapped in the gorgeous cloud draperies of evening.

As a piece of literary architecture the book has some parts elaborately and most tastily finished, but in other parts the workmanship shows deficiency, and the parts are not adjusted to each other with precision and symmetry. The author's plot of localities is drawn so as to leave the most intelligent reader in a hopeless confusion. Time and incidents have no relation to each other.

Two separate stories run through the whole book. One of them is no other than the old story of Enoch Arden and Philip Ray, with the exception that in the story of "The Little Minister," Enoch Arden returns to take his place by the side of his Annie, while Philip returns to mourn his fate and nurse his sorrow.

The other is a love story, the hero of which is a manufactured young minister of twenty-one, full of self-confidence, dogmatic in his temperament, and sanguine of his ability "to turn the world upside down." The heroine (to use some of the author's descriptive terms) is a "wild," "untamed," "vagrant," "imp of the devil," a gypsy girl. They first met in the night in the "Woods of Windy Ghoul," when he was attracted by a "wantonly dancing, bear-footed gypsy maiden," and he "shook on beholding her loveliness."

They met next on the night of the weaver riot, and she commands him to throw a "divit" at the head of the commander of the soldiers, and he obeys, being so hypnotized by her charms.

No words pass between them that could touch any heart, there were no acts except those of "brazen deviltry;" yet he moves as one mesmerized by the light of her eyes. She plays the gypsy all the time, and at every meeting flouts the young minister. She lied to him, and he knew it. She was destitute of any sentiment of modesty, and yet, strange to say, without wooing these matrimonial antipodes come together by some secret, irresistible law of attraction, which the author never discloses. The story is unnatural in human relation.

Their engagement took place the day before she was to marry Lord Rintoul. The marriage was solemnized immediately after "vuer, the tongs," at "Windy Ghoul by a Gypsy King," and Lord Rintoul who was in hot pursuit witnessed it. A moment after she was kidnapped, and the rain commenced to pour in torrents. No such flood was ever seen. The hero is swept away, and on the next day he is found miles away more dead than alive. He is taken to shelter. He sleeps, "perchance he dreams." The storm still rages, and the waters sweep on, with unceasing fury. He starts back to find his bride, and she is found on an island near "Windy Ghoul" with Lord Rintoul, while the raging waters force the sands from beneath their feet. Some peasants stand on the bank, and shut their eyes in horror. These peasants tie stones to ropes, and twrown out the life line to the perishing. The distance is too great, and they fail. They carry a tree and try to project it to the almost vanquished island. It does not reach. Their voices send messages, only fragments of which could be heard. The condition did not change except for the worse, and when all hopes of rescue had gone, the little minister made and published his last will and testament with those on shore as witnesses. But more dreadful to relate, when there was only a foot of the island left and all hopes had fled Rob Dow, on whom a tree had fallen the night before, and from which he had just been extricated with a broken leg, made a leap further than ropes and rocks tied to them could be thrown, and handed a rope made of the cravats of the peasants to the perishing, by which they were drawn safely to shore, while Rob Dow hears his burial psalm in the raging waters.

A. S. D.

Shelley.

Percy Bysshe Shelley bears a title which never yet has been given to any other writer. He is known as "The Greatest Lyric Poet." In his day Shelley was not appreciated by many men of letters, but now he is recognized as the "Most poetical of poets" since the day of Shakespeare. Since Shelley's death there has taken place a great change in the attitude of the literary world towards his genius and character; and the fierce assaults have in a great measure turned to extravagant eulogies.

Those who seem not so appreciative and fond of Shelley must be somewhat prejudiced against him on account of his character, his views of some things—especially religion, and of certain acts connected with his private life. But since time immemorial man has done things he should not have done, and as it is not our place to judge, let us overlook the mistakes of his life and consider his works.

Though Shelley's essays are good and his prose is often remarkable, it is through his poems that he is best known, and in these shines forth his genius. Some of his best and most noted poems are "To a Skylark," "The Cloud," "Ode to the West Wind," "Prometheus Unbound," and that beautiful personal ode called "Stanzas." All of his poems are exquisite, and he always expresses himself in the most poetic manner; those verses which he simply named "Stanzas," appeal especially to one who has a sympathetic, passionate, humanity loving nature. When weary, discouraged and despondent what is more beautiful, sweeter or more restful than to repeat,

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear
Till death like sleep might steal on me."

Concerning this great writer as a lyric poet, John Addington Symonds says, "In none of Shelley's greatest contemporaries was the lyrical faculty so paramount, and whether we consider his minor songs, his odes, or his more complicated choral dramas, we acknowledge that he is the loftiest and most spontaneous singer of our language."

BERTHA LEE TYLER.

Notes of the Eoline Literary Society.

The Eoline Literary Society has been doing good work. It has had several interesting meetings, and a delightful reception given to the Faculty and Harrisonian society and other students.

At the last meeting the following officers were elected to serve during the second term: Miss Sanfred Eidson, President; Miss Marian Blackley, Vice-President; Miss Alberta Rogers, Secretary; Miss Ida Smith, Treasurer; Miss Mary Tayloe, Editor; Miss Ora Bellamy, Critic; Miss Patsy Osborne, Librarian. Programme Committee—Miss Blackley, Miss Dickey, Miss Rogers.

The Harrisonian Literary Society is in a flourishing condition. Quite a number of new members have been enrolled, and prospects for a better term are yet ahead of us. The last meeting held by the society was of great interest.

We also elected new officers for the following term: President, Miss Mayne Perry; Vice-President, Miss Charmian Young; Secretary, Miss McMullin; Treasurer, Lou Ana Little. Programme Committee—Misses Young, Johnson and Rowe. Librarian, Miss Olive Merrill; Critic, Miss Lota Harrigan. Hall Committee—Misses Jettie Greer, Leota Brown and Bulah Butler.

We hope to make this a successful year in our society.

LOU ANA LITTLE.

Y. W. C. A.

In a great many respects our Y. W. C. A. meetings have been very successful. Surely their influence is being felt by those who attend, and there is no lack of interest or sincerity on the part of the members. But we need to do as well as to will, and we hope to grow more and more until to take part in the service will be as natural as to listen to those who have been doing most of the active work.

Miss Blount, the traveling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, visited us the first of November. She spent several days and we appreciated and enjoyed her visit very much. Her influence was felt by all of our members, though so far none of us have decided to be missionaries.

The association observed the Week of Prayer, recognized by the Y. W. C. A. all over the country, beginning November the

ninth. It was very helpful to all. At the end of the week each member unselfishly contributed to the offering of the World's Association, which was purely voluntary.

Miss Blount succeeded in interesting us in Missions to such an extent that we organized a class which meets every Sunday evening just after dinner. Miss Tayloe was chosen leader.

From the influence of the meetings of the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday afternoons, the Mission Study Class on Sunday evenings, and the weekly prayer meetings Wednesdays, we realize more and more each service what a helpful factor in college life is the Y. W. C. A.

We wish to thank those members of the faculty who have helped us so much with their presence as well as their suggestions and little heart-to-heart talks. Dr. Tindell and Mr. Biggart especially deserve and receive the most sincere thanks from each Virginia Institute girl for the unlimited amount of influence and good that they have exerted in our association.

We are indeed sorry to have Mr. Biggart leave us. We shall greatly miss his presence and the helpful talks he always had ready for us.

We hope that in his new field of labor he will not forget the Y. W. C. A., of Virginia Institute, and although many miles away will be with us in spirit at our Sunday afternoon meetings.

We were very much gratified to have so many of the new girls join us at our last meeting. We give every one of them a hearty welcome and feel sure they will be a great help to us.

MAMIE GREER.

College and College Girls.

Rush'em, Crowd'em Shov'em Thru.

We are the V. I. girls,

Who are you?

And who are we?

Nothing to lack; V. I. girls in Orange and Black.

The jolly hallowe'en with all its mysterious prodigies and fun will never be forgotten by the faculty and students of Virginia Institute.

When all were—supposed to be—fast asleep some voices called soft and low:

Come at this witching hour so late,
 And let the fairies read your fate,
 Reveal to none this secret plot,
 Or woe—not luck—will be your lot.

A sight singing class, composed of a great many talented students, is one of the pleasing features of our school. Miss Earnest has it in charge, which means it will be a success.

The young ladies are greatly enjoying tennis and ping pong. Thanks to Prof. Biggart for having organized these clubs.

Mrs. Susan Rowe, of Wytheville, Va., visited her daughter, Miss Mary. Come again.

The Eoline society gave an "At Home" to the faculty and students from 8 to 11 o'clock on Saturday, p. m. Games were the spice of the evening, chief of which was the contest as to who could place the small heart nearest the center of a larger one. Miss Mamie Greer was the successful contestant, and won as her prize a beautiful plaque. Miss Jannie May Jones won the booby prize, which was a small doll. Delightful refreshments were served. Misses Mary Tayloe, Lyda Bunn and Berta Rogers were waiters. As the gong sounded eleven the guests departed with the thought uppermost in each one's mind that the Eoline is a charming society.

Mrs. B. F. Curtis, of Butler, Tenn., paid a pleasant visit to her daughters, Misses Annie Boon and Tinnie. We are always glad to have with us the "queen of the homes" represented here.

Oh! the disappointment! the disappointment!! the sad disappointment!!! of the girls on learning that Virginia Institute would not be represented at the debate at Emory and Henry.

"In heaven above, where all is love,
 There'll be no faculty there,
 In hades below, where all is aglow,
 There'll be a faculty there."

Dr. S.—"How dos'h you spell belle?"

M. W. T.—"What sort of a belle?"

Dr. S.—"Belle, belle! the better ha'f of a beau."

We wonder—why Mr. Biggart was sick on Nov. 28; why we didn't have dessert on Friday; why Mrs. Schemmel didn't succeed in keeping the girls quiet during the program Thanksgiving eve; why Dr. Tindell felt "so good for nothing;" why Miss Tayloe and Miss Gudger ate so little on Thanksgiving.

Aftermath (the editors) we are happy to state for the benefit of many kind inquiring friends that Miss T. has added space to her apparel, and Miss G. is minus a few pounds.

Remarks during the Thanksgiving dinner:

Miss R.—"Say, girls, the more you eat the fuller you get."

Miss Y., to waiter, when dinner was about half through—"How many more courses have we?"

Waiter—"Four."

Miss Y.—"Gracious! how can we ever stand it?"

Miss M. T.—"We ought to have worn our robes down."

Miss H.'s table—"Every table has a man but ours. I think that is a shame; don't you all?"

The cry is, "Still they come." A hearty welcome to the bright bevy of twenty new girls who have entered since the opening of the new term, and still there are rumors of others coming.

Some of us ought to attain proficiency in literature, as our teacher is making it so interesting.

Why does M. G. like to spend the shining hours
In the sweet presence of the sonny Bowers?

Prof. R. L. Biggart, having received a very flattering call to the Macon, Missouri, high school, near his home, very reluctantly both to himself and all at Virginia Institute, severed his connection here to take charge of the work in Missouri. The Institute has lost from its ranks a valuable worker, a superior teacher and a gentleman of fine qualities, and the best wishes of the Institute follow him to his new field of labor.

A Gnat is very much in love with a charming Young girl. C?

Some of the girls are feigning ignorance of their averdupois, since one of our receptions, which a certain young professor attended, and would like to get weighed (Wade).

Miss E. has a deed of trust on certain Mills.

Effie won the race in the Long run.

Dr. E. H. Murfee, late president of the Asheville Seminary, has joined the ranks of our able faculty. His superior knowledge of teaching, combined with his recognized religious and social influence, makes him an invaluable addition to our college. Of Dr. Murfee it can truly be said he is a true Southern gentleman in the highest sense of the word. We, as students of Virginia Institute, extend to him a most cordial welcome.

English teacher — "Miss R., tell me something about Shelley."

Miss R. (with a mischievous, significant little grin)—"I don't know anything about him except his name is Percy."

English teacher—"Then I am sure we will all fall in love with him."

Nettie Gordon, a former Institute girl, is attending the Boston Conservatory this winter.

In the history of the social life of Virginia Institute "our reception" will always hold its place as being the crowning event of the session 1902-3. In the preparation thereof we decorated our parlors and halls, our reception rooms, our elocution room, ourselves, with holly, evergreens and flowers, smiles and good humor—all nature's own gifts, pure and simple; and we needed not the congratulations of our cultured and appreciative guests to tell us that we, as queens of the earth, were royally and gracefully wielding our sceptres of good will and social enjoyment to our loyal and devoted subjects.

Alumnæ Notes.

We regret to hear of the death of Claude Webb, of Spring Garden, Alabama. Claude possessed a sweet, lovable disposition, and during her two years here made many friends both among the students and out in town, in whose hearts her memory will ever linger like the soft moonlight after the departed day.

Ethel Handy expects to take her diploma from John Hopkins as a trained nurse in May. This is a noble mission. We wish her a future not less useful than that of Clara Barton.

Flora Pendleton ('99), was married last June to Mr. W. H.

Copenhaver. Mr. Copenhaver is a most fortunate man. We all wish "Dear Old Pat" a long life of happiness.

Mattie St. John, who won the scholarship in '98, has come to the conclusion that teaching was not intended for her and is now presiding over the home of Dr. S. K. McKee, of Saint Clair Bottom, Va.

We are glad to learn that Anna Faw, who has been quite ill with typhoid fever this fall, is now convalescent.

Margaret St. John was married last fall to Mr. Robert Young, of Grayson county, Va.

Josie Weston has married Mr. Charles Corbett.

Juddie Davis, Anna B. Jones, Helen Wainright, Mary Rogers, Lois Hundley and Libie Karnes have all entered the field of matrimony, but we are unable to learn the names of the "victims."

Exchanges.

We have received the first number of THE CAP AND GOWN, the literary magazine of Virginia Institute. It is a creditable Journal, neat in appearance, and substantial in material. Miss Katherine Gudger, chair of elocution, is editor-in-chief, and the work of the magazine is a credit to its editor as well as to the young ladies who contributed as associate editors.—The Courier.

Virginia, oh Virginia, of all thou art mother;

In thee my home shall ever be

Rather than in some other.

"Give to liberty or give to me.

In peaceful rest, a grave in thee."

No nobler sons can any recall,

In this, the United States, or all—

America.

—T. M., in Gray Jacket.

Lovers in the hallway,

Papa on the stair;

Bull-dog on the front,

. . . Music in the air.—Tiger.

Mary had a little mule,
 It followed her to school;
 That was against the rule.
 The teacher, like a fool,
 Got behind that mule
 And hit him with a rule;
 After that there was no school.—Ex.

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