

Unsung



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

Professional Class



Motto:

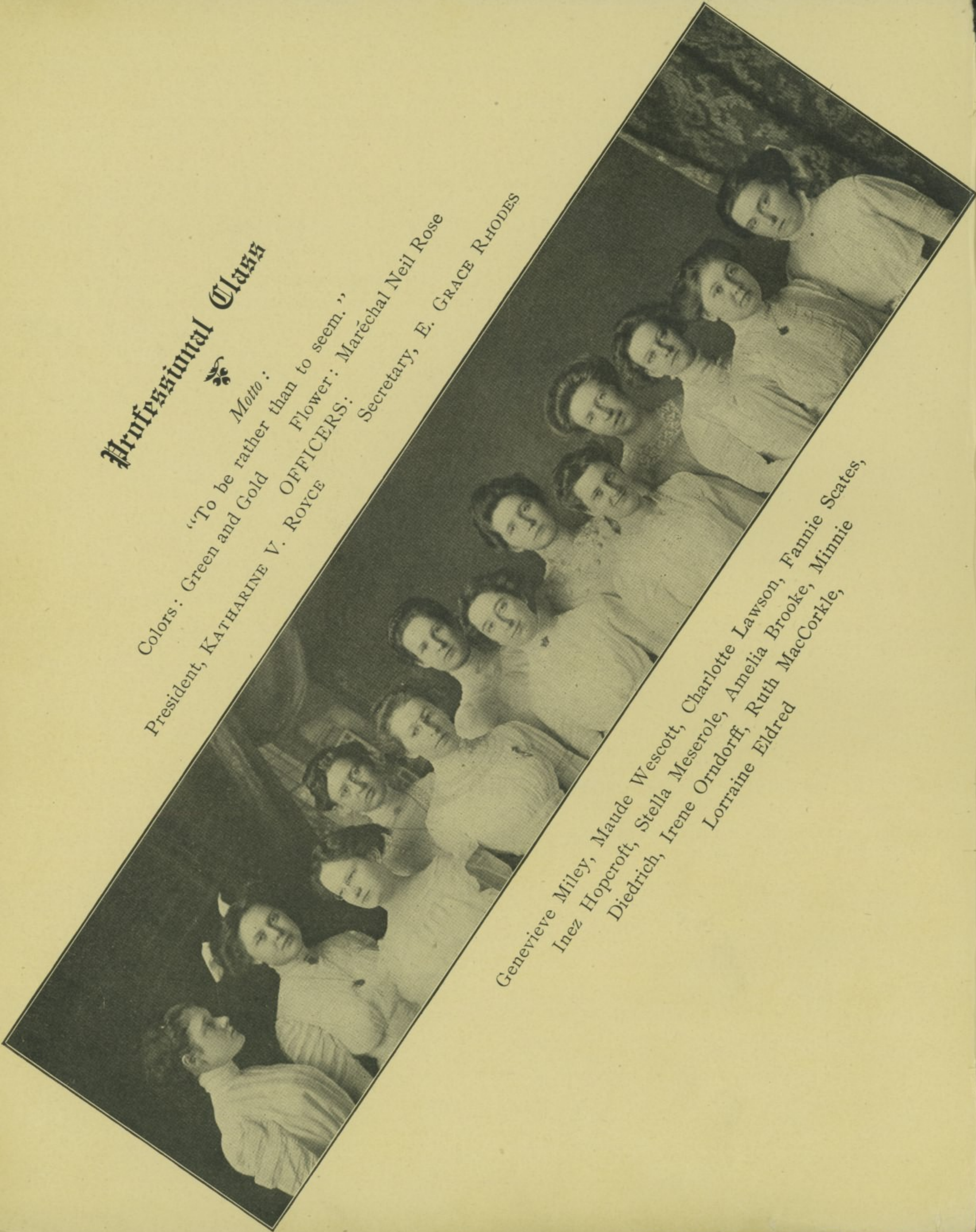
"To be rather than to seem."

Colors: Green and Gold

President, KATHARINE V. ROYCE

OFFICERS:

Secretary, E. GRACE RHODES



Genevieve Miley, Maude Wescott, Charlotte Lawson, Fannie Scates,
Inez Hopcroft, Stella Meserole, Amelia Brooke, Minnie
Diedrich, Irene Orndorff, Ruth MacCorkle,
Lorraine Eldred

Class Poem

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

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

Play

Miss Fearless & Co.



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

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Margaret Henley.....	MISS AMELIA BROOKE.	An Heiress.
Miss Euphemia Addison.....	MISS CHARLOTTE LAWSON.	Her Chaperon.
Miss Sarah Jane Lovejoy.....	MISS MAUDE WESCOTT.	From <i>Chestnut Ridge</i> .
Kate O'Connor.....	MISS RUTH MACCORKLE.	Miss Henley's Servant.
Miss Barbara Livingston.....	MISS STELLA MESEROLE.	Miss Henley's Guest.
Miss Bettie Cameron.....	MISS MINNIE DIEDRICH.	Miss Henley's Guest.
Miss Marion Reynolds.....	MISS GENEVIEVE MILEY.	Miss Henley's Guest.
"Just Lizzie".....	MISS KATHARINE ROYCE.	The Ghost.
(1) Miss Alias } "Two Sisters" supposed to be Jim Reading and Jack (2) Miss Alibi } Eggleston.	(1) MISS FANNIE SCATES. (2) MISS LORRAINE ELDRED.	

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

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

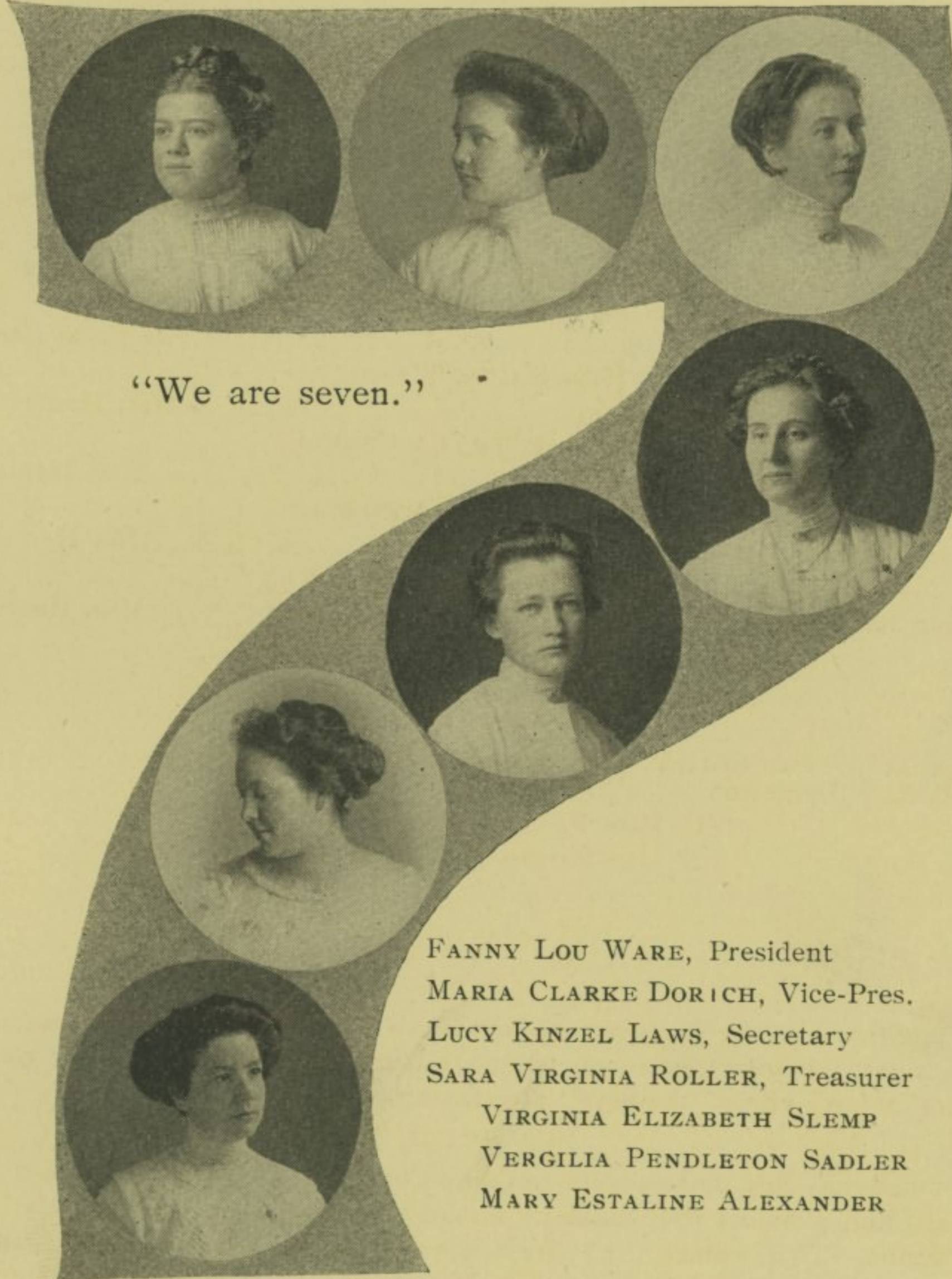
ACT II.

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

ACT III.

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

Fifth Year Class



"We are seven."

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

Motto : Pas à Pas
Colors : White and Yellow
Flower : Daisy



FOURTH YEAR CLASS

Fourth Year Class



Colors: Olive and Garnet Flower: Red Rose

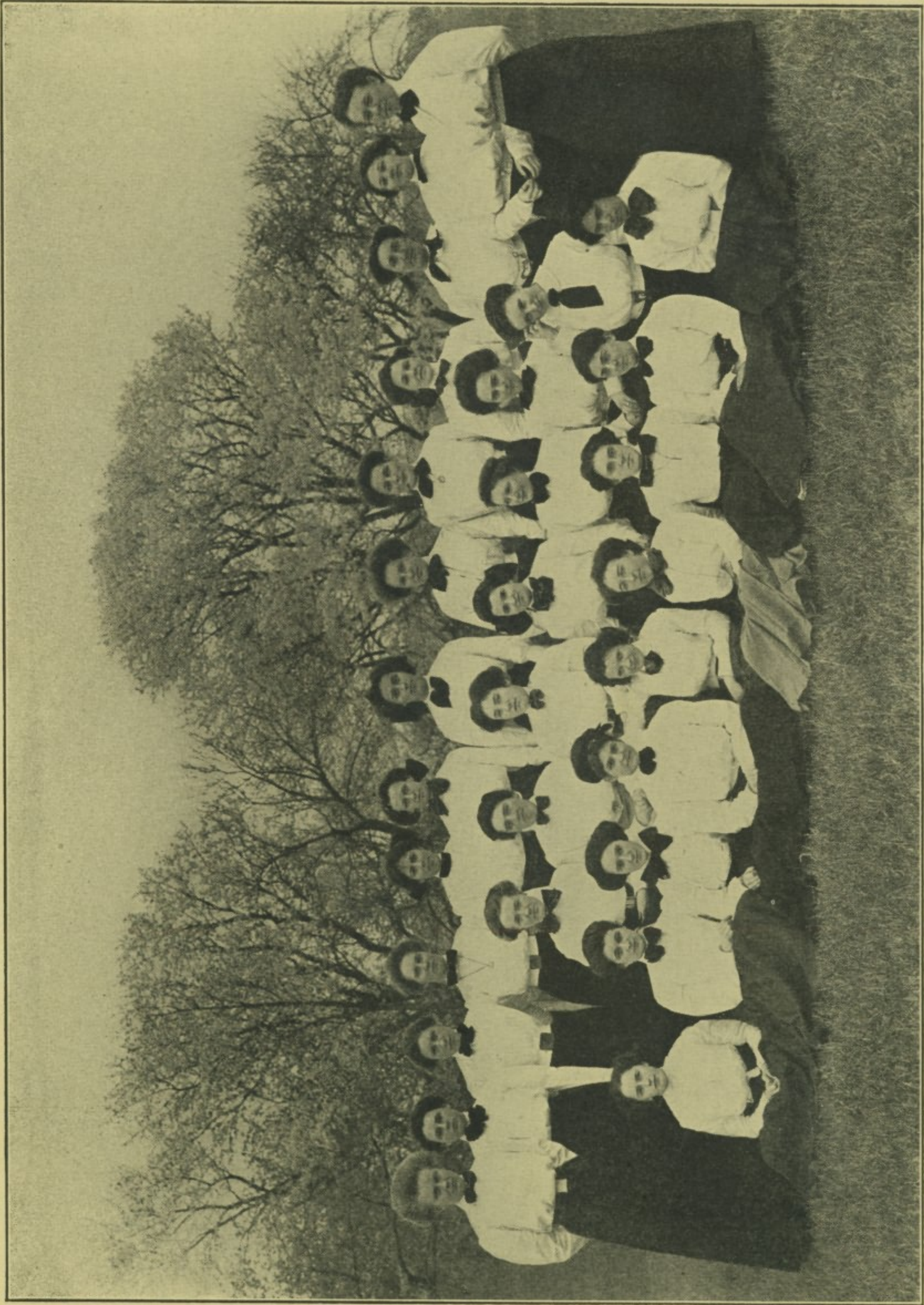
Motto: *Vorwärts*

OFFICERS

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

MEMBERS

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



THIRD YEAR CLASS

Third Year Class



Colors: Red and White Flower: Red Carnation

Motto:

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

OFFICERS

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

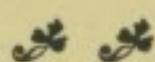
MEMBERS

Susie Beery	Frances Mackey
Olivia Blackburn	Carrie McClure
Ressie Boward	Lucile McLeod
Virginia Brown	Allie Messersmith
Eunice Brown	Bertha Myers
Mamie Brown	Bettie Pence
Tracie Burtner	Alma Reiter
Marion Day	Nellie Rodes
Carrie Durette	Edmonia Shepperson
Martha Eagle	Mary Silvey
Felicia Hanger	Sidney Smith
Edna Hartman	Nora Spitzer
Lillie Kaylor	Virginia Stiles
Eva Massey	Evelyn Stout
Annie Maynard	Flossie Trenary

Ruth Taliaferro



Training Class



Colors: White and Green Flower: Lily of the Valley

Motto: Consider the end.

OFFICERS

President	ALMA HARPER
Vice-President	ALDA WADE
Secretary	MYRTLE HARVEY
Treasurer	MARY MOWBRAY

MEMBERS

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



Junior Kindergarten Class



Motto:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Colors: Pink and Green

Flower: Rose

Honorary Member:

Miss Evalina Harrington

OFFICERS

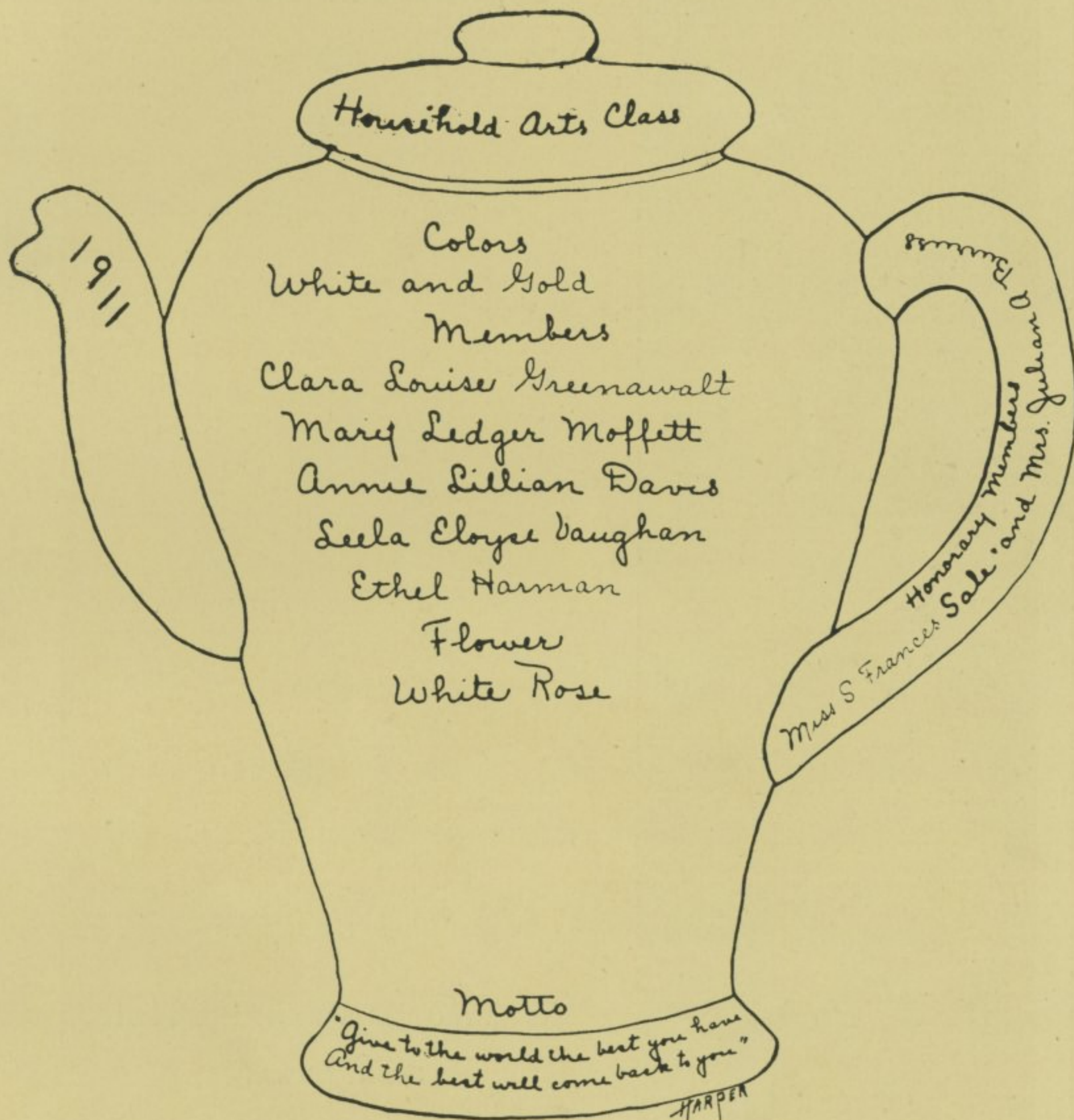
LOUISE ELY LANCASTER	President
VIRGINIA OLER EARMAN	Vice-President
KATHLEEN BELL HARNSBERGER	Secretary
ETHEL KATHRYNE SPRINKEL	Treasurer

MEMBERS

"Miss Pinkle"
 "Miss Beginger"
 "Miss Ouise"
 "Miss Kassleen"

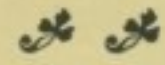


HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLASS





Manual Arts Class



Motto:

“Work for the night is coming.”



COLORS—The Primary Colors



MEMBERS

VIRGINIA DUNN, President

SARA LEWIS

HELEN DRUMMOND

JANET GREEN

Shendo Land

(Tune, Dixie.)

Dedicated to the Harrisonburg State Normal School.

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

CHORUS:

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

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

(Chorus.)

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

(Chorus.)

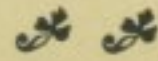
Den go 'way skeeter, don't you pester,
B. an' O. an' de Ches'peake Wester,
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.
I'se gwine ter choose fer de silber casket—
Lam dat ball right t'rough de basket!—
Look away, look away, look away, Shendo land.

(Chorus.)

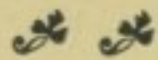


WILLIAM H. KEISTER
Principal Harrisonburg High School

Harrisonburg High and Graded Schools



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



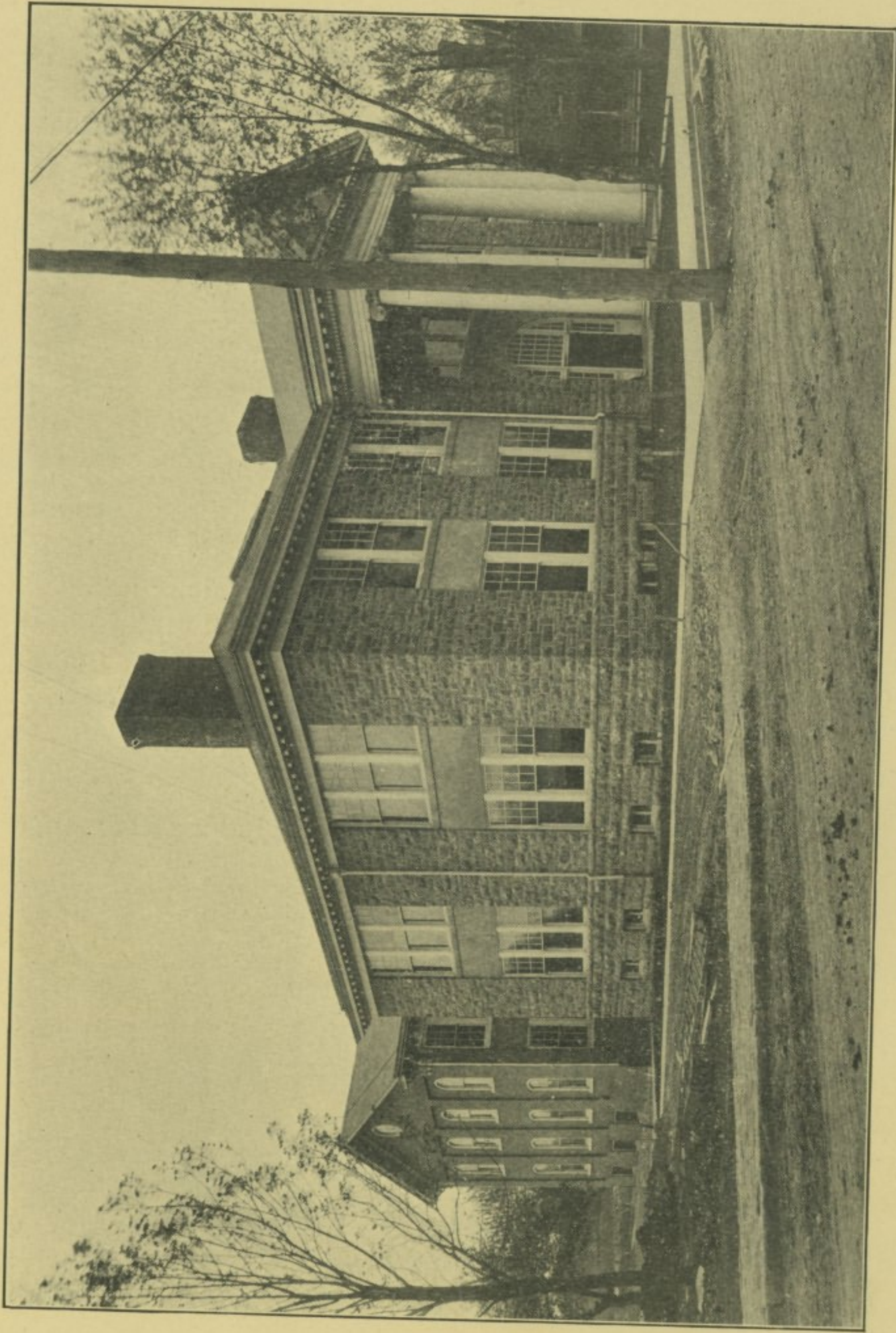
THE Harrisonburg State Normal School has been fortunate in the opportunity afforded it to have the Harrisonburg full-graded public school as its center for observation and practice.

There is no more complete school system below college rank anywhere in the State, and no school system in the State at the present time doing better work.

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

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

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



HARRISONBURG HIGH SCHOOL

A Psalm of Teaching



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

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

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

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

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

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

—NANNIE MORRISON.

The Price of a Wife

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," said Annie, "I will come."

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

Mary Macaulay had been warned that if she took a school in the coal-mining district she would have to teach "Hunks;" but she had rather looked forward to it, partly as a new experience perhaps, partly because

of some honest wish to be of help to these Hungarian strangers who have recently sought homes in Southwest Virginia. This wish had grown stronger as she had learned to know these eager boys and girls, and found the parents so open to friendliness.

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

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

"O Alex, why?"

"I'll have to work. Pa can't make enough money. We eat a poke o' sugar a day."

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

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

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

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

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

Annie stood on the porch as the children filed out, and wished—oh, so earnestly—that she were one in their number, as in former days. Why had she been given a taste of life like that which American children enjoy? She said to herself, "I'm so miserable! I wish I had not come today. If I only could go away where I would never be heard of by those who know me. Yet I do want to see Miss Mary and hear her talk."

At the sight of her teacher a hope sprang up in her heart; but that she had often felt before when near her. Surely she had never been so hungry as now for something to feed hope upon.

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

"Two months," replied the girl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—NANNIE SWORD.



ARBOR DAY