

2. To teach the children to apply their knowledge.

3. *Recreation:*

(a) Drill on lesson.

(b) Practical application.

4. *Seat Work:*

To clinch lesson facts.

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

3. Count off by *twos*.

(Have two children as leaders).

Now when I count two I want you to do just as your leaders do—put both arms around your partner's neck and kiss each other.

That will do. Now, I want to read you a little memory gem which contains some beautiful thoughts:

My darling little angel, you are so very sweet,
I feel that I must kiss you, yes, *every* time we
meet;

So I'll put my arms around you, my precious
dearest honey,

For sure I love you more than a barrel full of
money.

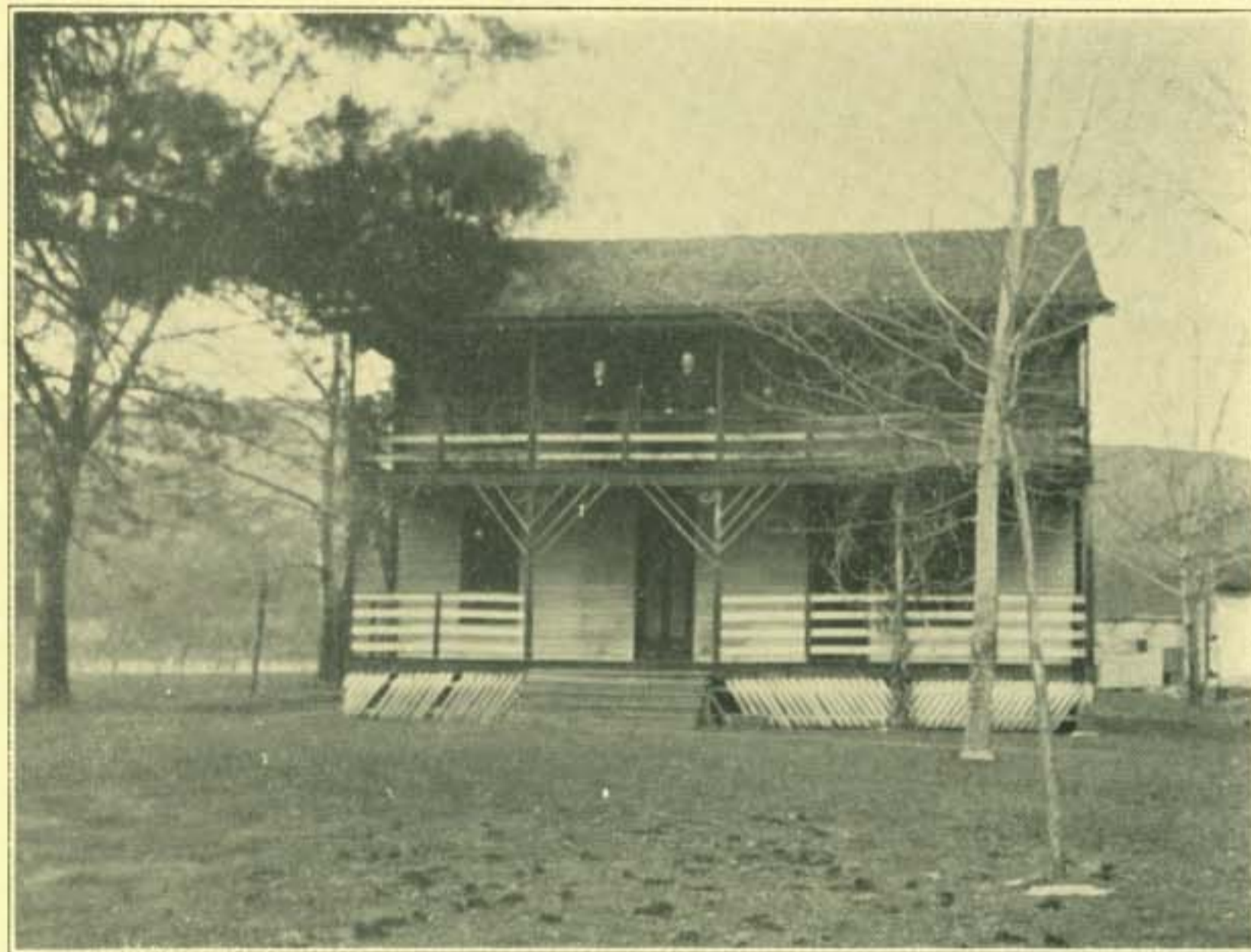
4. Now go to your seats and build me three sentences from your word boxes. Tomorrow we will learn some more about crushes.

Sidney Lanier at Rockingham Springs.



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

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



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

“As soon as he settled in the cottage (Baltimore House) at the

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

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

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

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

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

"Mr Lanier engaged the entire Baltimore Cottage for himself and family in the spring of 1881; but his failing health made it necessary for

him to go to New York to consult a specialist in lung trouble, who advised him to try tent life in the piney woods of North Carolina. His wife wrote me about sending him the Black Pony, but his waning strength forbade the use of such exercise, and a few months later closed that useful life; but not before he could have well exclaimed in the language of Horace, *Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*"

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

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

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

We paused before the veranda of one of the first cottages. "Is this the Baltimore Cottage?" I hastened to inquire; for my thoughts were upon Lanier, and I was eager to trace his footprints. "No," replied Mr. Hopkins, "but we had a tournament while Lanier was here, and when he

delivered the charge to the knights they were drawn up here on the lawn, seated upon their horses, and he stood on the veranda as he addressed them."

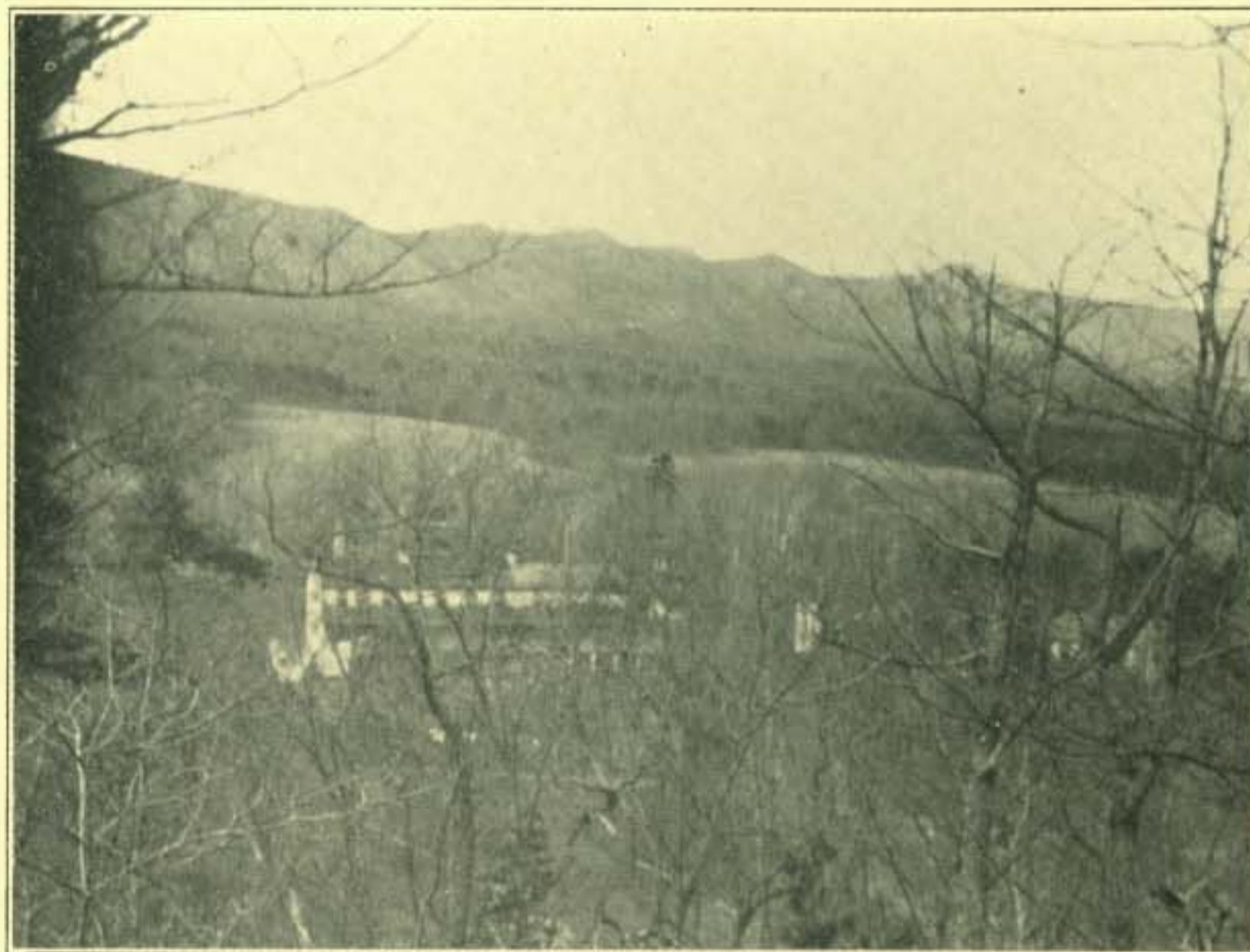


Lanier and the knights! A kindred company. How fondly must his spirit have returned to the ancient days, and how much like a soldier-singer he must have looked, bearing from the half-forgotten past his message of chivalrous romance into the commonplace and matter-of-fact present. How many of those young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

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

I went into the room, on the first floor of the cottage, where Lanier wrote his famous lectures on poetry. I urged Mr. Hopkins to take another hunt for the ink-spattered desk top. Our Professor Heatwole, to whom Mr. Hopkins sent the letter quoted above, had said to me, "See if you can find that desk top." I needed no urging in the matter. Neither did Mr. Hopkins; but he did not find it. Then I went up stairs and out

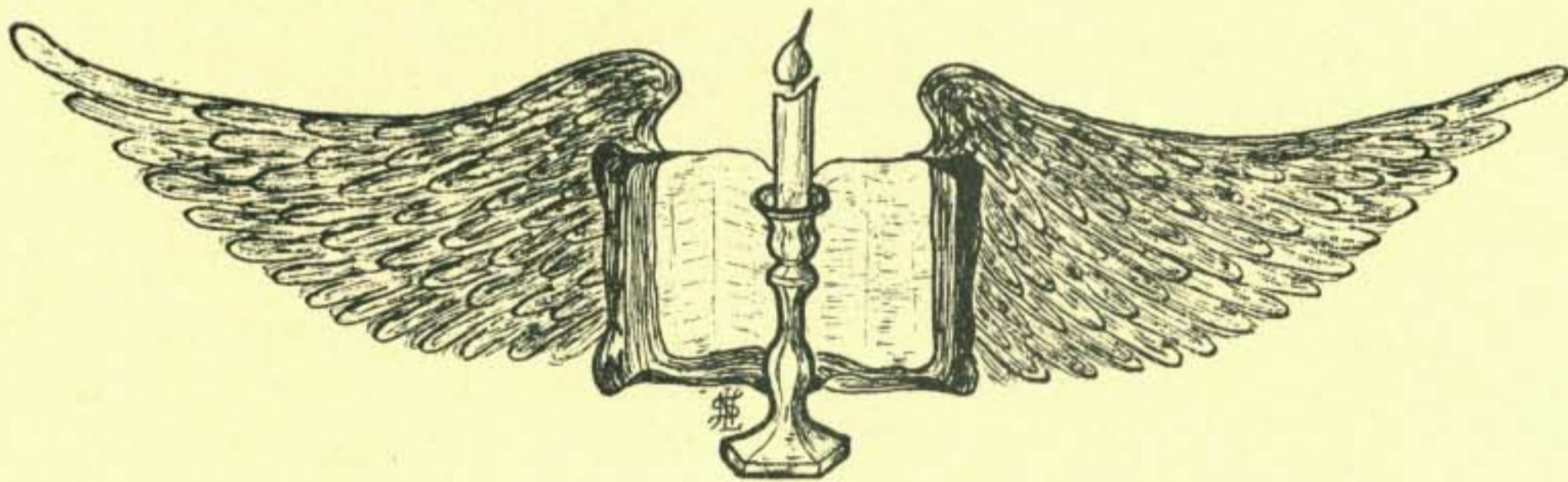
on the upper porch where Lanier would sit as he played his flute at midnight. Out just a few yards I looked into the cool green branches of a big white-pine. The odor from the fragrant branches must have been a delight to the health-seeking genius; and I could imagine a sort of soft, sweet accompaniment stealing out from those wind-swept needles, answering to the witching music of the flute.



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

—*John W. Wayland.*

Y. M. C. A.



Matthews

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

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit,” saith the Lord of hosts.

Y. M. C. A.



Cabinet

1910-11

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LOUISE LANCASTER	<i>President</i>
FANNIE SCATES	<i>Vice-President</i>
EVA MASSEY	<i>Secretary</i>
M'LEDGE MOFFETT	<i>Treasurer</i>

Chairmen of Committees

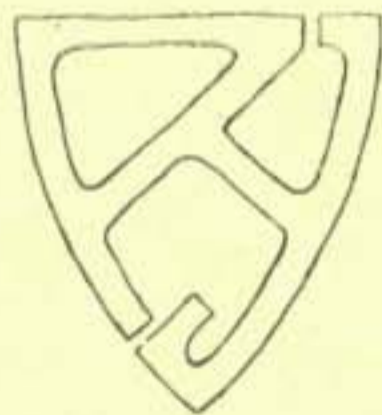
Katherine Royce	Bible Study
Orra Otley	Devotional
Grace Jackson	Missionary
Fannie Scates	Membership
Minnie Diedrich	Social
M'Ledge Moffett	Finance
Eva Massey	Intercollegiate

Officers

1911-12

Eva Massey	<i>President</i>
Octavia Goode	<i>Vice-President</i>
Pearl Haldeman	<i>Secretary</i>
Pattie Puller	<i>Treasurer</i>

Sororities



Paradigm
OF THE
Sorority Situation

PRESENT

We have none

PAST

We had none

FUTURE

We shall have none

PRESENT PERFECT

We have had none

PAST PERFECT

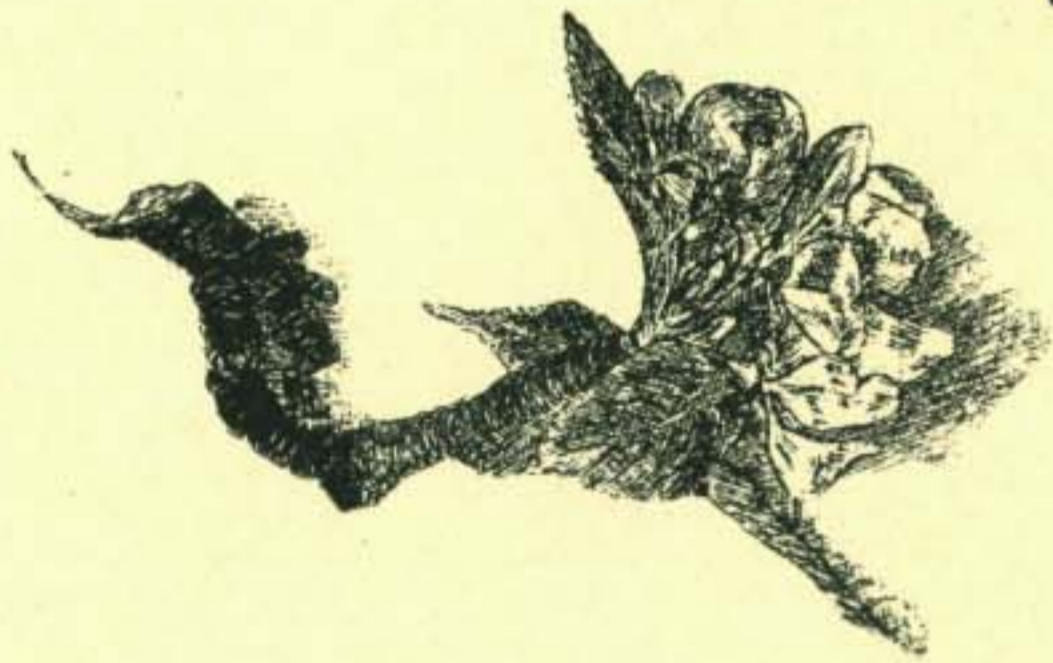
We had had none

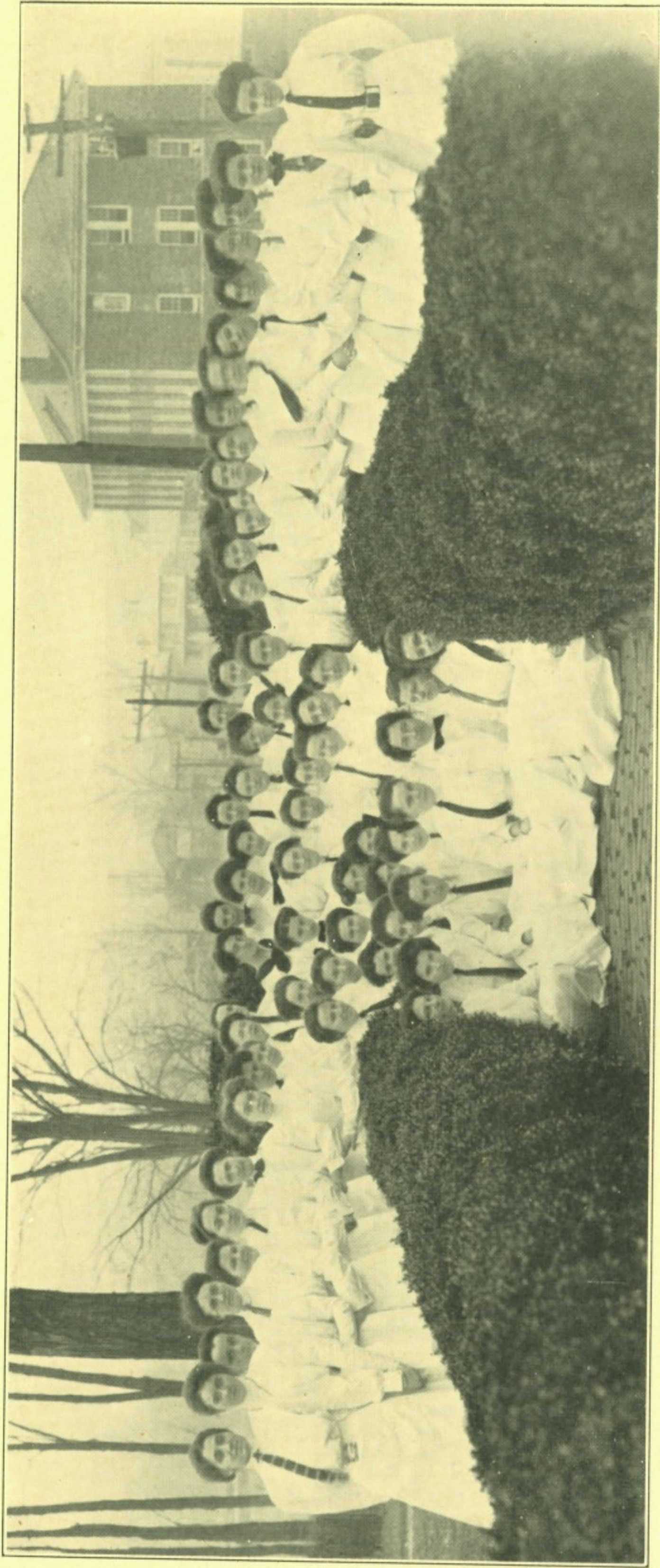
FUTURE PERFECT

We shall have had none



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LEE LITERARY SOCIETY

Lee Literary Society

Colors

Gray and Gold

Flower

White Carnation

Motto

"The white flower of a blameless life."

Officers

First Quarter	Second Quarter	Third Quarter
President, KATHERINE ROYCE	SARAH SHIELDS	OCTAVIA GOODE
Vice-Pres't, FANNIE SCATES	RUTH ROUND	FANNIE SCATES
Secretary, PEARL HALDEMAN	FLORENCE KEEZELL	VIRGINIA DUDLEY
Treas. LOUISE GREENAWALT	ELLA HEATWOLE	MARGARET BURKE

Members

Althea Adams	Pearl Haldeman	Ola Neikirk
Nora Armentrout	Ethel Harman	Pearl Noell
Emma Baker	Kathleen Harnsberger	Maurine Patterson
Hilda Benson	Alma Harper	Lona Pope
Mary Bishop	Emma Harrison	Pattie Puller
Ruth Bowers	Effie Hauptman	Ethel Rainey
Josephine Bradshaw	Ella Heatwole	Idell Reid
Eunice Brown	Katherine Henley	Mabel Richardson
Harriet Brown	Sallie Hulvey	Ruth Round
Margie Bryant	Florence Keezell	Katherine Royce
Margaret Burke	Louise Lancaster	Mary Sadler
Tracie Burtner	Charlotte Lawson	Mary Sale
Alice Cale	Mary Lewis	Carrie Scates
Erma Cline	Lillian Lightner	Fannie Scates
Nannie Collier	Mary Lotts	Sarah Shields
Susan Corr	Lucy Madison	Gurnye Showalter
Annie Davis	Susie Madison	Mary Silvey
Sadie Davies	Mary Maloy	Lillian Simmons
Virginia Dudley	Susie Maloy	Charlotte Smith
Virginia Dunn	Beatrice Marable	Nora Spitzer
Martha Eagle	Harrietta Massoletti	Lois Sterling
Jessie Falls	Annie Maynard	Mary Stovall
Dana Fulcher	Lucile McLeod	Jessie Thrasher
Octavia Goode	Mary McLeod	Ida Via
Louise Greenawalt	M'Ledge Moffett	Anna Ward
Willye White		Katie Winfrey



Lee Literary Society

Song

Well known Characters of To-day

Brave Resolutions.

Piano Solo

Charlotte Smith

A Familiar Contrast on a —

Phrenological and Scientific Basis

Song

Ola Nickirk

A Turbulent Household.

Lee News.

Song

Leis Sterling

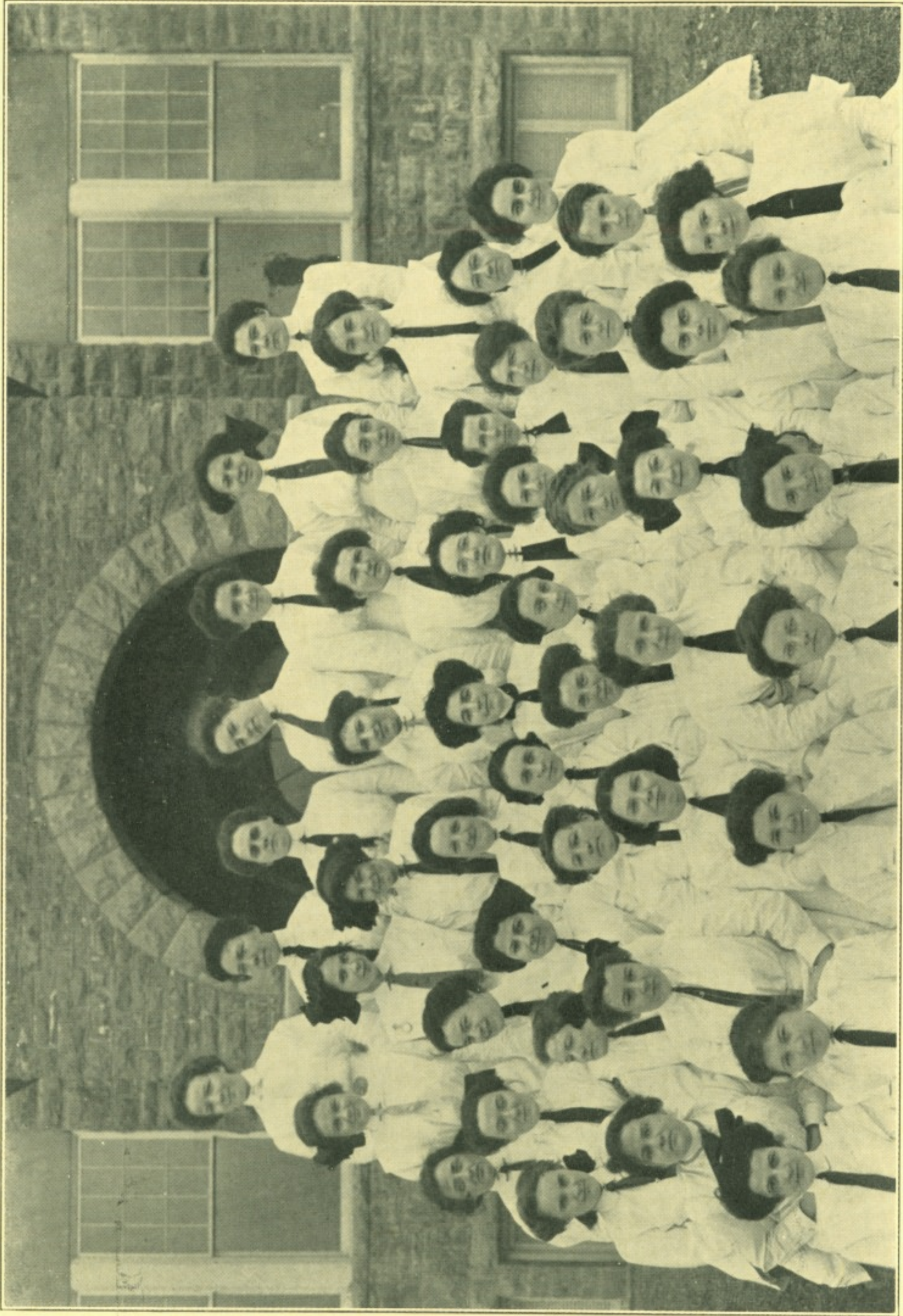
Politeness Personified

Song

Wshers

Virginia Dunn
Hilda Benson





LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

Lanier Literary Society

Colors

Violet and White

Flower

Violet

Motto

“His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand.”

Officers

First Term	Second Team	Third Team
President, STELLA MESEROLE	MINNIE DIEDRICH	ELSIE SHICKEL
Vice-Pres't, MINNIE DEIDRICH	ELSIE SHICKEL	NANNIE MORRISON
Secretary, EVA MASSEY	IRENE ORNDORFF	NELL LACKEY
Treasurer, VERGILIA SADLER	VERGILIA SADLER	VERGILIA SADLER

Members

Louise Anderson	Sadie Fristoe	Nannie Morrison
Katherine Anderson	Alpine Gatling	Irene Orndorff
Katie Anderson	Marceline Gatling	Orra Otley
Myrtle Bailey	Hannah Goddard	Jane Pulliam
Eunice Baker	Janet Green	Lucie Pulliam
Lila Bear	Inez Hopercroft	Pearl Reed
Rosa Block	Minnie Huffman	Lila Riddell
Amelia Brooke	Hallie Hughes	Bessie Rucker
Virginia Brown	Grace Jackson	Vergilia Sadler
Bessie Clemmer	Nan Jennings	Deane Scott
Ruth Conn	Nell Lackey	Marcia Scott
Inez Coyner	Aurie Law	Edmonia Shepperson
Minnie Diedrich	Frances Mackey	Elsie Shickel
Helen Drummond	Elizabeth Marshall	Sallie Stallard
Virginia Earman	Eva Massey	Juanita Stout
Lorraine Eldred	Rosa Maupin	Kate Taylor
Emily Ellis	Lizzie McGahey	Mary Triplett
Margaret Fox	Allie Messersmith	Shannie Watkins
Maude Wescott	Annie Wise	

Lanier Song

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

A Walk Through the Acropolis

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

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

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

As we turned to go to a larger temple on the north, I stepped aside to where a group of young men were listening attentively to a middle-aged man with a broad face and pug nose, who was attempting to convince them that they knew nothing whatever of the subject of conversation. As I listened I became interested—even fascinated; and I could understand how his pupils were able to look beyond his huge ugliness and see the master image of the soul within. "That man," said my guide, "is the greatest teacher in Athens. Time passes unnoticed as I listen to him. Ah!" he concluded with a sigh, "if only he were handsome! How the Athenians would idolize him!"

Crossing over to the north, we stood before the Erechtheum, that most sacred of all Athenian temples, and I felt the spirit of the early worship and long-lost traditions close around me. Here flowed Poseidon's salt spring, and here Athena's olive tree reared its green branches over the ancient wooden statue of its mistress. Before this sacred shrine, my guide looked full into the face of his deity and prayed. A little to one side a calm, dignified figure watched us with cold scornful eyes. My guide, observing him, told me that it was Thucydides. I wished to thank him for having written such a beautiful history, but my guide hurried me on, whispering, "Not yet, not yet." We heard some one giving orders and suggestions to the artists at work on the interior, and it needed no one to tell me that the tall form, whose dress proved him to be of high rank, and whose right hand stroked almost tenderly one of the marble maidens who held aloft the temple portico, was no other than Phidias, the master-artist himself.

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

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

It needed but one thing to make the whole complete and, true to my expectation, that appeared. Slowly down among the marble multitude, with grave dignity, sauntered the train of Pericles. Intuitively, I recognized many old friends, bound to me by the closest ties of reference reading and written quizzes. There stood Euripides, here Phormio and Sophocles, while over all towered the helmeted head of Pericles, and close

at his right hovered the aging form of Anaxagoras. Hoping to gain a glance from those cool, dark eyes under the visor of the helmet, I waited. But in vain; the train passed by unobserving; and my guide and I retraced our steps, out through the Propylaea, past the Areopagus on our left, and then adown the sacred way toward Eleusis. As we reached the Dipylon Gate, we paused.

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

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

