

The Chowanian

A College newspaper published fortnightly by the students of Chowan College, Murfreesboro, N. C.



Subscription\$1.00 a year

Entered as second class matter January 17, 1924 at the Post Office at Murfreesboro, North Carolina, under act of March 3, 1879.

STAFF

Camilla Manson.....Editor
 Thelma Peterson.....Adv. Mgr.
 Ruth Wilkins.....Business Mgr.
 Lucille Holloman.....News Editor
 Inez Matthews.....Alumnae Editor
 Eloise Meroney.....Faculty Editor

REPORTERS

Athletics.....Mary Nellie Holt
 Student Gov't.....Ella Mae Parker
 Library.....Ruth Wilkins
 Faculty.....Edna Lassiter, Edna Mills
 Social.....Christy Whitley
 Jokes.....Catherine Fleetwood
 Religious.....Estelle Carlton
 Local.....Meryl Britton

WELCOME TO THE CHOWAN BAPTIST ASSEMBLY

Chowan College opens its hearts as well as its door to the Baptist hosts of eastern Carolina when the Baptist leaders of the West Chowan, Chowan, Roanoke and Tar River Associations gather for the first annual meeting of the Chowan Baptist Assembly July 15-24.

It is altogether appropriate that Chowan College should be selected for a summer assembly. For seventy five years the college has been the center of Christian culture and influence throughout eastern Carolina. It is difficult, if not indeed impossible, to estimate what the college has done during these years to enrich the life of the citizens of this section, both within and without the denomination. Quite recently a judge, making his first charge to the grand jury of Hertford county, said:

"This is the most law-abiding county in North Carolina and the reason is Chowan College."

The denomination has not always recognized the true worth of the institution as a denominational asset but the coming of the summer assembly this year marks a new era in the appraisal of the college whose line of Christian leaders include such noble women as the mothers of Rev. B. W. Spilman, Honorable J. W. Bailey, Rev. E. N. Gardner, and other choice spirits too numerous to mention.

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

The word education has suffered much both from its friends as well as its enemies. Each generation, in fact each educational bloc in every

generation has its own particular point of emphasis and, setting all other efforts to define education at naught, assumes the prerogative of declaring for all time to come and for all human purposes what education really is. Yet each new effort is always welcomed by those who would be truly educated. The latest, and, in many respects, one of the best called forth doubtless by the recent commencement season—appears as an editorial in Collier's Weekly. It is a succinct statement of all that the Christian College attempts to do and stands thus as one of the best definitions yet framed for Christian education. It is so refreshing that we quote it in full:

"It is impossible to get at life through books. You must get at books through life. We do not hear of the Founder of Christianity writing anything, nor does He seem to have been a reader. Speaking of the university men of His day, He declared that they had eyes and saw not; ears and heard not.

"True education consist in learning rightly to use our eyes, our ears, our minds, so that each one of us, for himself and herself, may make a new discovery of the world we live in. Thus each of us will live more fully and at the same time enrich the lives of others."

THE PASSING OF A GREAT PERSONALITY

Taps have sounded for Dr. Byron W. King!

This information, contained in a letter from one of the officials of the King's School of Oratory, Pittsburg, Penn., to Miss Gertrude Knott, printed elsewhere in the Chowanian will bring sorrow to a host of Dr. King's friends among our students and faculty and many citizens in Murfreesboro, who listened with delight to his sparkling wit and humor, mixed with wholesome philosophy on the fine art of living, in our college chapel last winter.

To know Dr. King was indeed to love him. His students called him "Daddy", so gentle a father he seemed to all of them. During his stay with us his wholesome, sweet personality was a real benediction to us all. He was par excellence a Christian gentleman. To know him was liberal education in Christian living.

In the words of Shakespeare whom he so admirably interpreted on many occasions:

"Good night, sweet prince;
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

CHOWAN CLOSES

The annual event of first importance to the people of Murfreesboro, and to a much larger field than the town itself, is the commencement occasion of Chowan College.

By the time this editorial is printed, the seventy-sixth commencement of this historic and valuable institution will have been numbered with the things that once were but have since passed into history.

Its 1923-1924 scholastic year is now another chapter in its useful and character building career. Chowan is not turning its back upon its past, but it does look to the future for a still greater service to mankind. Directly, it touches the lives of the

young ladies who are fortunate enough to enter its doors but indirectly it touches and blesses all people.

Probably there has been no day in all its history when its opportunity for service was greater, or when its future looked so bright.

Its trustees are doing things. They have had visions of what Chowan should and can be, and those visions are being translated into something worth while, making it modern, attractive, and equipped with every aid for the comforts of the student body and for sending them out into the world more enriched in mind and heart, and best prepared for the duties of life.

At the head of this worthy institution of learning, is a man who fills the demands of just what its president should be. His heart is in his work. He is throwing into his work efficiency and energy, and whenever you hitch together these two agencies for the purpose of achievement, always write after them the other words—results.

And he is getting them too, good results at that. Dr. C. P. Weaver, and his charming wife are valuable people at the head of Chowan, and equally as valuable as citizens of the town.

Let it be distinctly remembered that the corps of teachers and faculty of Chowan, though last mentioned, occupy a front seat in the bright pages of a bright record. Chowan does not have to apologize for any one for its 1923-1924 faculty.

Our hat is off to the record Chowan is making, and thus equipped, it is entitled to and deserves the largest possible patronage.—Murfreesboro Observer.

THE FAIRY BOULEVARD

I know the fairy boulevard,
 I've been there time and gain—
 It is half way down through the little yard
 And around by the old sheep-pen.
 It is down two rows of winesap trees,
 White and gleaming and sweet—
 When the blooms are out in the April sun
 There are Roses in Fairy street!

A great wide bloom in the middle, and
 Five red buds around it—
 This is the road to fairyland,
 And I am glad I found it.
 The apple bloom is a rose, you know,
 And so where the trees are flowering
 The soft, sweet feet of the fairies go
 Under the fairy bowering!

I thought I was old and gray and worn,
 And my heart had aches, it said.
 But now it is love in an April morn,
 And I walk where the fairies tread.
 A perfume of orris is on the breeze,
 And effin sounds are heard—
 And yonder a sunbeam is on a bough
 Though some folk call it a bird!

Well, now it's the fairy boulevard,
 And what have we here to see
 But the lilacs swung in the old back yard,
 And the blossoms over the tree—
 Ah, the blossoms, of apricot, quince and pear,
 And the cherries—what a street
 For the little hearts love lifts from care,
 And the patter of fairy feet!

—The Benztown Bard in Balto. Sun.

In 1922 forest fires destroyed the equivalent of a ten-mile strip extending from New York City to Denver.

BOOK NOOK

"Training in Literary Appreciation: An Introduction to Criticism", by F. H. Pritchard, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. Recognizing the difficulty of making the average reader an intelligent critic of what he reads since "literature defies the foot rule and any attempt to treat it as it were an exact science is bound to fail." The author declares his purpose to be to broaden the basis of the reader's enjoyment by helping him to cultivate the two senses most necessary to the critic, "the seeing eye and the hearing ear." Each chapter is accompanied by exercises and suggestions for further reading in order that the reader may develop some confidence in his critical powers. The author's statement that the book should awaken a desire for individual effort is amply justified.

The Winston Simplified Dictionary, edited by Wm. D. Lewis, PhD. and Edgar A. Singer, Ph. D. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pa. The primary function of a dictionary is to define: (1) accurately; and (2) intelligently. The Winston dictionary does both admirably. It uses the language of life and not of books and thus fulfills a long-felt need for a practical work-a-day world of men and women struggling with the idiosyncracies of language.

The David Bispham Song Book. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pa. A remarkable collection of the world's best music by one of America's greatest singers containing selections from Grand Operas, popular and folk tunes, rounds and catches, patriotic songs, sacred songs and hymans. Seldom, if ever, has such a treasury house of melody appeared in print in the confines of a single volume. It is truly a musical anthology and deserves a place in every cultured home in America.

Don't Crowd, Girls!

American Ev. Lutheran jolly man, looking young, pleasant appearance, good natured, mechanic, also a good farmer, have means, sound mind, not inhabited to booze, shows tobacco, or miserliness, wishes acquaintance with a good looking, clean, neat, medium respectable common sense farmer's daughter. Include picture with first letter. Factory girls curiosities and sports strictly excluded. D. C. A., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.—The Merrill Daily Herald (Wisconsin).

After Many Years

"Well, well, Tom, we haven't met for twenty years. If you remember, at our last meeting we discust half a young turkey. Let's try the same dish tonight."

They gave the order and the waiter filled it. The old chum wielded a knife vigorously for a time and then broke the silence.

"Jim," asked he, "do you know what I think?"

"No."
 "I think this is the other half of that turkey."—Louisville Courier-Journeal.

The vagrant children in Moscow and its suburbs number about fifty thousand, according to the Pravada.