

Mrs. H. H. Home Sends Her Regular Letters to Chowan

(Editor's Note: Mrs. H. H. Home, alumna of Chowan and foreign correspondent for the Chowanian during her tour over Europe last year, has written charmingly of her impressions of Rome.)

"The Grandeur That Was Rome"

The approach to Rome on that perfect day was marked with many white stones. Snow crested Alban range and glistening Parian quarries were even as Petronius said of them more than a thousand years ago, rose-colored at dawn, golden at noon, and silver by star light.

Somnolent stillness with the spell thru which pulsed the harmonie of Donizetti and Verdi, the divin afflatus of Sallust and Horace the eternal poetry in the souls and finger tips of Michael Angelo and Giotto, the gray green olive groves of wise Maecenas, melted away in the purple vista. Thru the histori haunts of these shadowy Sabine women, sped over modern electric until the sky line of the seven classic hills that cradled the mightiest centralization of power the world has ever known loomed just beyond the so-called "greatest church in Christendom," founded over the grave of the high-hearted Galilean fisherman, raving out its benedictions to all who traverse the devious paths leading that way.

This hoary arena of coronations and martyrdoms whose fires were kindled by the great mystic Constantine in the fourth century made the ancient Palestine town year for a while mistress of the world. Above Florence hover the effigies of lovers, poets and dreamers of a later happier time. Her lovely Arno, wimping its silvery ribbon over its bed of semi-precious stones, reflects, even today, the might-have-been Seventh Heaven of a later happier Dante. To Venice belong the mobile spell of swaying gondola, lilting serenades, beauties and balconies.

But Rome! How characterize this haughty murderer of mighty men? How appraise that pseudo-civilization which created the law, and to its creation and utility inextinguishable? Perhaps Rome is fairer today than ever, chastened by the lesson of its wreckage. Cleansed by blue sky, sunshine and the sacrifices of its Ring carnage. The bloody debauches of its rulers have been ever with the decay of purple and impious marble. One has fantastically ascribed to Rome the baptism of a thousand fountains.

Indeed the laughter of waters is today its sweetest music for the place is ahum with motor horns and the clangor of trolleys, with the scream of electric engines over the modern tracks running for miles abreast its viaduct. Not its incomparable wealth of statuary, pictures of heavenly music bring to the pilgrim heart to thrill of treading the common stones under foot along the Appian Way, of roads, bearing the name of its constructor, censor, dating from 312 B. C., abreast with luxurious limousines, made in America; the same comical, colorful, curious wince carts, drawn by gaily be-tasseled donkeys and horses, carry the general peasants to the same type of homes that perished in the cataclysm of G. T. D. and the menace of a recurrence of which would be no great surprise even now. The same ancient tombs then, as now, flank the thoroughfare whose past gives pause to the most casual tourist crossing the gentle brook Almo to the Porta Cojena, diverging slightly to the right stands the little sanctuary immortalized by the brief legend on a tiny tablet built in the stone wall, "Quo Vadis, Domine?" Certain insufficient evidence is cited to support the popular story that the impetuous Peter, fleeing from a violent death met a vision of the Savior on this wayside spot and heard his low response "I go to be crucified."

Leaving the shining presence, the next moment the distressed apostle hastens on to voluntary martyrdom at Rome. In his characteristic humility, he prayed for crucifixion with head downward, deeming himself unworthy the manner of his Lord's suffering. Further along the way after a moderate hill climb the pedestrian halts at a little gate, sentinelled by the funeral cypresses, so numerous in Italy. There a narrow door opens into the catacombs below a flight of five or six rude uneven steps. The St. Calixtus is the most populous and famous of all early Christian subterranean burial places. The tedious and greuous labor of excavation has brought to light many curious vials, the strange pulverized contents of which is believed to have been the blood of saints. This is considered conclusive evidence of the martyrdom, and challenges the research of the pious historian. The uncertain sticker of a small tallow candle in an improvised stick serving as handle and having four small nails as enclosure to hold the light in its position, is handed each explorer. This eerie thread of light guides the passenger thru this dark, dark

palace of rest. The tomb of St. Cecilia, shown here is generally believed to be "an original." A quaint example of codal scholasticism has chosen the fish as the Christian symbol, as the Greek word for fish I.C.T.H.O.S. contains in proper order the initial letters of I(J)esus, Christ, Thew, Hios, Soter, or Savior. The roster of the martyrs claimed by these hallowed acres has led to widespread violation of its precincts for relics to serve in cures, miracles, etc., and to add realism to countless shrines. The 22nd. of November is St. Cecilia's Day, upon which there is special music and an annual illumination which attracts a vast throng of the faithful.

RELIGIOUS NEWS

The Y. W. A. girls showed their organization is wide-awake by the way in which they gave the new girls such a warm and cordial welcome to Chowan. Miss Rosa He Tolar, the Y. W. A. president was at the college before the arrival of the other students to welcome each girl as she came. Every girl found a little booklet on the bureau in their room containing a lovely verse of welcome from the Y. W. A. girls. Many of the girls kept these pamphlets for their memory books. The "Y" girls also showed their genial spirit by serving the faculty and students with punch just after a concert given by Prof. Tinsley the first Saturday night of school.

There are two B. Y. P. U.'s, and there is some contemplation of framing another organization to increase attendance. A new president was elected for one of the organizations a call meeting lately. Several of the new girls are also good B. Y. P. U. workers, and with the making of last year the college is looking forward to great things. The Home and Foreign Volunteer Band have begun their work with a strong force. The Morning Watch is regularly attended by all of the members; and each of them take an active part in Evening Watch. The christian influence of these Bands is a very part of the life at Chowan.

THE MAN WHO WRITES HIS LETTERS CUT-AND-DRIED

There are seven hundred species of fossiliferous business men. But there's only one I really can't abide; He's a remnant from a cycle of an age the Lord knows when— This man who writes his letters cut-and-dried. He's a stenographic corps, his equipment's up-to-date, and his stationery's bond and very sleek; Yet he "begs to state in answer" and refers to "even date"— Uses ancient business lingo worse than Greek. Oh, I know that he's "efficient," that his work is always planned, Yet his customers get letters in reply, Which announce: "Your valued order of the seventh inst. at hand." And "referring to the same, we state hereby!" Oh, won't some kindly angel warn this fellow of his doom, Some angel pause a moment by his side, And tell him that the Business Ward of Heaven has no room for men who write their letters cut-and-dried. —Business Magazine

HOW THE RAIN FELL!

"Oh, I never shall forget how the rain fell!" This expression was a common one among the members of the faculty a few days ago when they attempted to have a picnic, travelling to the grounds by way of a truck. They found themselves like the Three Wise Men of Gotham out at sea, and not in a boat, and Had the storm lingered longer, My song would be stronger, for Oh, How the Rain Fell!! London has an Ibsen craze. —Selected.

PROFESSOR TINSLEY APPEARS IN CONCERT

Crowd Assembles Under Branches of Campus Trees and Delights in Music

On Saturday evening, September 12, Professor Thos. L. Tinsley, Director of Music at Chowan College and teacher of piano, gave a delightful piano recital.

It was an appreciative audience that assembled under the branches of the oak trees just outside to enjoy the music broadcasted from the front of Love Cottage.

The program was made up of a group of high-class and beautiful selections. Professor Tinsley displayed in each rendition a profound and beautiful tone with a admirable technique. His interpretation was intelligent, and his sense of rhythm was firm and clear.

Opening with a Bach number the program included a Sonata Opus 13, by Beethoven, which showed well developed powers of the musician. "Whims," by Shuman, and Deuxieme Scherz Opus 21, by Chopin, were captivating and were played with a sensibility to the hidden depths of profound feeling, which characterizes Professor Tinsley's interpretations.

The recital was brought to a brilliant close with Liszt's Second Polonaise, which was played with magnificent effect. Immediately following the recital, the old girls entertained their new students at an informal reception on the campus lighted by Japanese lanterns.

WINSTON-SALEM GIRL WRITES ON CHOWAN

The inspiration of the muse found response in the poetic soul of a new student after she had lived in the atmosphere of Chowan for only one week with the following pleasing result. Miss Atkins is a member of the freshman class from Winston-Salem and will contribute other verse to the Chowanian during the year.

Chowan, dear, we love you Our hearts to thee we bring As now we come to serve thee, And ever praises sing.

We love each old tradition; Thy standard we hold high, That throughout endless ages Thy fame may never die.

Chowan, Chowan, Chowan, dear, Our Alma Mater, friend, We honor, trust, and love thee True daughters till the end. —Elizabeth Atkins, '29

GENIUS

GENIUS, that power which dazzle mortal eyes, Is oft but perseverance in disguise, Continuous effort, of itself, implies In spite of countless falls, the power to rise; 'Twixt failure and success the point's so fine Men sometimes know not when they touch the line. Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge. As the tide goes clear out, it comes clear in; In business 'tis at turns the wisest win. And, Oh, how true, when shade of doubt dismay, 'Tis often darkest just before the day. A little more persistence, Courage Vim, Success will dawn o'er fortune's golden rim. Take this honey for the bitterest cup; here is no failure save in giving up— No real fall so long as one still tries— For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise. There's no defeat, in truth, save from within; Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win. —Selected.

"POETIC THRILLS" WILL MAKE ITS APPEARANCE

Students With Poetic Inclinations Will Find Book They Will Like

A letter from Miss Estha Russ, active editor, announcing a new journal of verse called "Poetic Thrills," will be of much interest to some of our students with poetic inclinations.

The first copy will appear about the middle of October, and is to be a publication of national scope and international hope, for the purpose of developing the talent of our amateur poets and giving the same expression. It is owned and edited by Gertrude Perry West, poet laureate of North Carolina, also appointee to the Hall of Fame. All poets are urged to contribute to "Poetic Thrills."

A very attractive feature of "Poetic Thrills" is to be the poetry contest. A cash prize is offered by Gertrude Perry West, Editor in Chief and of Art. Any student who is interested may gain further information by writing Miss West, whose address is Editor Poetic Thrills, 216 Mulberry St., Chillicothe, Ohio; or Miss Estha Russ, Bladenboro, N. C.

There are several freshmen at Chowan who justify promise in this connection, and they will, no doubt, enter the contest. Miss Elizabeth Atkins, of Winston-Salem, has quite an accumulation of poems that she has written from time to time which reveal that she has poetic talent. Miss Gladys Coley, from Red Oak High School was honored in her high school graduating year as class poet. Miss Maidie Wade, of Morehead City also wrote the class poem for her graduating class. In addition to this, she wrote the words and composed the music of her class song.

There are also some upper classmen who sometimes pen their response to the inspiration of the muses. In all, there should be quite a group of amateur poets interested in "Poetic Thrills" and the contest to be conducted.

One person out of each 138 of the whole population of Nevada is a full-time student of the State university.

JOKES

Dean Edwards, in taking inventory of the bookstore, unthoughtfully did not capitalize, and wrote: "One human body, rat eaten, \$2.00."

First Friend: "What a horrible noise comes from that radio set." Second Friend: "Well, I guess you would make just as much if you were coming out of ether." —Literary Digest.

A cut a day keep Commencement away. My girl used to teach school, but she hasn't any class now.

"Well, I've read worse books" Freshie: "Yeh, so have I. They were longer."

The tragedy of a school man's life is that everyone suspects things of him while no one expects things of him.

Visitor: "What is that historic looking dwelling?" Native of Trenton: "That's the house at which Washington would have stopped if he had come down this street."

College students may not know how to figure out the future, but most of the pipe courses are filled first.

CHOWAN COLLEGE ON ANOTHER JOURNEY

(Continued from Page 1) Physical Education, and the Sargent School, Boston.

Dr. Anna Forbes Liddell of Charlotte, North Carolina, is to have charge of Sociology and History. Miss Liddell is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and Cornell University, and has done considerable work at Columbia University, New York. She is a Ph. D. of the University of North Carolina.

Other faculty members are: W. B. Edwards, dean of the college and professor of Latin and German; Prof. T. L. Tinsley, director of Music, and head of the department of Piano; Miss Gertrude Knott, Expression; Miss Minnie Caldwell, Mathematics and Physics; Dr. W. F. Clayton, Biology and Chemistry; Miss Inez Matthews Piano; Prof. Mark J. Benyunes Violin and orchestra, and Miss Eunice McDowell, Librarian.

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