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THIS IS THE NEW GARDEN ISSUE

Sketches of New Garden Life

In New Garden Hall, you'll find
Girls of every type and kind;
There the graceful and the tall,
And the portly, well as small.
There the jolly and the glad,
There the sober and the sad;
Smart and talented are there
With the delicate and fair,
Which together you can see
Make quite a jolly company.

There's Catherine come from Alabam,
And Maud who knows the worth of
sham,

There is Ellen, small and prim,
While Ruth does ever talk of "him."
There's Addie, too, our great athlete,
And Tama ever dressed so neat,
And Bernice loved both near and far,
While Eula never fails to star
On French, and Georgiana, too,
Don't study when there's else to do.

Our group of Freshmen can compare
With those of College anywhere,
And all our Sophomores, wondrous
wise,

Will to the highest summit rise.
Our Juniors rare and gifted all
From their place must never fall,
For the happy time will come
When they're Seniors, every one.
And, we know, can ably take
The place our Seniors will vacate.

THE BREAKFAST SLIDE.

"It's your time to put up the win-
dows and I positively refuse to move
until you do."

"Now please do it yourself; I know
we are going to have sausage for
breakfast."

"You simply can't fool me, don't I
smell pancakes? My kingdom for
—"

"Land sakes there goes the break-
fast bell. Don't mind the windows
now, just make a slide for breakfast.
Goodness these stockings are—Well,
who kicked my shoe to the north pole
of this bed? You are going to beat
me for every solitary hook is off of
this pesky dress—who has swiped my
boudair cap—these everlasting pig-
tails. Go on and make all the noise
you can. I hope good St. Peter will
wait for me just this one time more.
Will I ever get put together?"

At 25 miles an hour I swing
around the corner, towel in hand, just
stopping on the way long enough to
try the temperature of the water.
Down one, two, three steps at a time,
vigorously applying towel with one
hand and pins with the other. Why
don't people hold the door open when
they see folks are in a hurry, but per-
haps my nose is not much flatter?
Anyway, I have made one more home
run."

A NEW GARDEN MORNING.

"My stars! this hall is same as a
refrigerator," and the crowd of hur-

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History of New Garden Hall

(By Mary M. Hobbs.)

To write or speak of New Garden
Hall is always a pleasure to me,
therefore the editor of the Guilford-
ian has assigned a grateful task in
requesting me to give some account
of the inception of this part of Guil-
ford's equipment.

The beginning is rather far back
in the mind of a happy school girl,
when the consciousness of the diffi-
culties other girls encountered in ob-
taining an education was creating a
desire to help lift the burden. She
soon learned that it was not consid-
ered necessary to give equal advan-
tages to boys and girls and that while
the state made way for the boys with
its free scholarships at the University
no such opportunity was given girls.
In my own experience there was never
manifested the slightest difference
in what was expected from me and
from the boys in my class. My father
was the teacher and he believed thor-
oughly that girls should be as well
educated and as carefully trained as
boys.

Later as I saw other girls thrust
aside in order that sons might have
advantages I realized what my fa-
ther's breadth of view had meant,
and wished with all my heart that
all girls might have the chance to
make the most of themselves.

The next step forward along this
line was when the teacher of English
at the Howland School where I was a
pupil proposed this subject, "Tell me
in an essay what you would each do
with ten thousand dollars if I should
give it you."

One of the girls, I remember, char-
tered a steamer and took us all to
Europe.

Ten thousand dollars seemed an
immense fortune to me and the ex-
penditure of it a most momentous af-
fair, so I put my soul into that con-
sideration and built a school for girls
here in North Carolina.

A year or two after my graduation
I was employed as a teacher in what
was then New Garden Boarding
School, and thus became more inti-
mately acquainted with the efforts
of girls to obtain an education. In
various ways I tried to combat that
strange hallucination which some
fathers still have (but happily the
number is decreasing), that it is not
as important for women to be educa-
ted as it is for men. Another phase
of the question troubled me greatly.
The opportunities for boys and girls
to make money enough to send them-
selves to school were preponderately
on the boys' side. It was almost im-
possible for a girl unaided to edu-
cate herself. I could see no way out
of the situation, but I could not give
it up.

Some time after I was married, I
was made assistant clerk of the wom-
en's meeting at Yearly Meeting. This
gave me a seat facing the congrega-
tion. Directly in front of me I no-
ticed from day to day two attractive

young girls, always attentive and in-
terested in the business of the meet-
ing. I could see however that they
were not educated and that they were
handicapped because of this. They
were daughters of one of our Quaker
ministers, who had never been even
to New Garden Boarding School, and
now that this was changed to Guil-
ford College with still more expense
involved in residence, there seemed
no chance for them.

The situation became almost in-
tolerable to me. Here, we were work-
ing to make a real college—that our
people might have opportunity, and
there were the girls fettered by the
financial side of the matter.

They had the ability; at Guilford
was the opportunity for its develop-
ment, but how were these two to be
made to work together. I remember
distinctly sitting in my high seat and
looking at them and saying to my-
self, "I am thankful that my father
is not a preacher." This startled me
into action. It was a hard, bitter
thing to say, and at once the better
voice said: It is your place to help
these girls, because your father is
what he is, and saw to it that you had
opportunity. Do something. It came
like a bolt. I had to make an effort.
I had no ten thousand dollars with
which to open the way; but I had a
voice and the good old Quaker way
is, to "lay your concerns before
Friends." I was sorely afraid and
went that night to my father's home
at "The Oaks" burdened—as we
Quakers say. Next morning I said
to my sister Gertrude: "If I have
courage to ask in meeting today for
some money to help educate girls will
thee give me five dollars?" "Certain-
ly I will." That was my first en-
couragement, and she was the only
one who knew of my feeling, and to
her participation in the exercise and
instant co-operation more is due than
can be expressed.

I recall distinctly the exercise of
the meeting on that morning. Mary
Underhill, a minister from New York,
spoke feelingly of the responsibilities
of women. I saw that when she
would be through would come the
very opportunity I desired to present
the subject which was upon my heart,
and this impression was farther em-
phasized by a line sent up to the
clerk's table my sister, "Now is thy
chance." I availed myself of it, and
laid my concern before our woman's
meeting with a most gratifying re-
sponse. I then asked permission to
visit men's meeting and it was grant-
ed, and Mrs. Davis and I went into
their room (at that time the men
and women met in separate rooms),
and I spoke to the men of the neces-
sity of educating the girls, of their
inability to make enough money to
send themselves to school and quoted
the passage in Isaiah 63-9, "In all

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NEW GARDEN GIRLS DE- CIDE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

Give Their Opinions of Themselves
and Guilford—Future College
Policy Determined.

A list of thirty-six questions was
submitted to each girl at New Garden
by the "Guilfordian." Forty com-
plete sets of answers were received.
These were serious and humorous,
frank and otherwise. Truth and sin-
cerity however prevailed due to the
courage inspired by the fact that
nothing was put on the paper to be-
tray the identity of the answerer.
All candidates receiving four votes
or over are recorded, together with
the number of votes received:

Who is the hardest worker in New
Garden? V. Neece, 19; J. Lindley, 5.

The biggest loafer? G. Burke, 16;
Mary Cox, 14; G. Bird, 4.

Worst Rough Houser? M. Lassit-
ter, 9; E. Speas, 7; G. Bird, 5; R.
Coltrane, 5; M. Cox, 5.

Best Housekeeper? D. Hubbard,
6; M. Lassiter, 6; E. Raiford, 5; D.
McBane, 4; S. McGehee, 4; E. Speas,
4.

Most Innocent? Una Seal, 7; G.
Smitherman, 7; Alma Chilton, 6.

Least Appreciated? S. McGehee,
6; E. Speas, 5; a good many voted
for themselves.

Most frivolous? G. Burke, 9; T.
Burke, 8.

Best Athlete? A. Morris, 24; M.
Lassiter, 9.

Best Old Maid? E. Raiford, 21;
G. Cronk, 9.

Best Cook? V. Clodfelter, 13; M.
Lassiter, 10; O. Goode, 5. (Gentle-
men desiring further information
consult the Guilfordian office.)

Most Talented? B. Pike, 16; G.
Cronk, 7; T. Moton, 5; Una Seal, 4.

Best Bluffer? T. Burke, 13; E.
Holton, 8; G. Bird, 7.

Most Coquetish? U. Seal, 10; E.
Speas, 4.

What is the color of your eyes?
Blue, 16; brown, 11; grey, 8; black,
1; green, 11; pink, 1; mixture, 1.

Have you ever been in love? Yes,
33; no, 6. One said said "15 times;"
another "12 times," another "in love
with the world."

What is your favorite boy's name?
"Itimous" wins with 18 votes. This
was due to the ambiguity of the
question.

Favorite flower? Rose wins easily
with 17 votes.

Favorite food? Fried chicken
takes the lead, but tastes differ wide-
ly.

Favorite study? Algebra leads with
9 votes. History second with 4. Two
voted for "The Boys."

Favorite slang word? Nine don't
usually use anything stronger than
"Good night," "Mercy" and "I'll de-

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