



# UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,

FRANCIS P. VENABLE, President, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

NEXT TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER, 9, 1907.

### NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED.

- (1) Chemical Laboratory
- (2) Alumni Hall
- (3) Bynum Gymnasium
- (4) Y. M. C. A. Building
- (5) University Library
- (6) Mary Ann Smith Building

### NEW BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

- (7) President's Residence
- (8) Infirmary Building
- (9) Biological Laboratory

(Not Shown in View):

The Nine Buildings Shown and Under Construction Were Designed by FRANK P. MILBURN & COMPANY, ARCHITECTS, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Days of The Right Hand

By Mrs. Lindsay Patterson.

You should come to Bramlette just to see my live stock. I have 15 teeny biddie, the six newest ones rather wobbly on their legs but otherwise quite chipper, and four quite small pigs. Personally, I prefer the piggies, though it doesn't sound well to say so. I don't know why either. Pigs are far more intelligent than chickens. I can't think of a bet or example of misdirected energy than the way an old hen will squawk and flutter and run in front of your buggy, to the verge of heart failure before she gets out of the way. Half the world is on one side of the buggy and the other half on the other—for that chicken to step in and be safe, but she doesn't step one hundred times out of a 100 she will tear madly along the strip of highway occupied by you and your vehicle. (I can't imagine a pig indulging in any such lack-wit performance. His table habits leave a good bit to be desired, for he will eat with his feet in the trough, but that is just plain bad manners, not want of sense. After his meal is finished he gets himself a comfortable mud puddle where he won't be disturbed by the passer-by and turns his attention to predicting chances of the weather. The proverbial straws that show which way the wind blows are always in a pig's mouth. The proverb doesn't say so, but there are some facts connected with natural history which all thoughtful people are supposed to know, without being told, and this is one of them.)

One of my little piggies has a broken ear, but that really wasn't my fault. The Philadelphia girl persuaded me to enter into a partnership with her and have an educated pig—I to furnish the pig and she the training. It sounded interesting, and we'd been engaged up in the house three days by the bad weather, so I had the prettiest pig, the black one with pink polka dots, cleaned up and brought to the kitchen. You never saw such a commotion as his advent caused among the colored population, but when that was quieted the training process began. Philly said the way to train a pig was to teach it to love you and the way to teach it to love you was to feed it biscuit. So we cleaned out the pantry. We fed that beast till his eyes stuck out and he couldn't swallow, but still he didn't love us and made just as violent efforts to escape as when he first met us. Then Philly said even biscuit couldn't make a pig love its friends until it grew accustomed to them and it had to grow accustomed to us. So we put a plank on top of the pig's box and gave the cook's little daughter some pink ribbon to sit on the plank to give him time to grow accustomed to his surroundings and us to rest and eat our lunch. We had peas for lunch and this started us to exchanging reminiscences of all the foreign countries we'd eaten peas in, and the reminiscences side-tracked us on Italian art. It is an interesting subject but not a peaceful one, as Philly says my admiration for Botticelli's lank damsel is either ignorance or sinner's pretence, and I tell her she's the sort of young person who likes Christy pictures. She says, "I know she lank, but it always upsets her to be told she is. So I

mediate upon the selfishness of the world. Then the other birds scrambled and fought for what was left.

When leaving I was talking to my brother about coming over for the Christmas holidays, and looking up saw grandfather listening, so of course, being a very polite person, I at once included him in the invitation, saying "And be sure to bring grandfather and the children with you." Now that just shows how careful you should be about inviting people on the spur of the moment. Of course I thought no more of grandfather. Well, Christmas came and with it my brother. I had been showing him how much the trees had grown since he had visited me before, when all at once he began to laugh. "Look, who's come to spend the holidays with you," he said, I did look and my astonished gaze fell upon grandfather and the children. Well, I never was so completely overcome, but I pulled myself together and fed them as usual and made them as welcome as I could, considering my speechless astonishment at their appearance. It was some old two and six, grandfather filled himself chock-a-block, and the children sat down on the hedge, until he had finished eating. That went on for a month or more; they fought the mocking birds and were very noisy and fussy, but as they had come on my invitation, I couldn't drive them away. However there are hints even to my good manners. One day I read in a bird book about jays. It said they were cruel, destructive, thievish—everything that was bad, and nothing that was good. That in addition to other evil practices, they killed the young of other birds. You can imagine the state of mind I was in then. Kill my little blue birds and baby cardinals and teeny mocking birds that I loved! I refused to desecrate by the prospective clammy. I ran down the road to meet my family and pour into his sympathetic ears the tale of impending grief. "I wish every bluejay would disappear and never come back again," I said "squawk," sounded defiantly overhead as grandfather flew away from the telephone pole, where he had been listening to every word I'd said.

From that day to this there has never been a bluejay at Bramlette.

Newspapers at Oyster Bay are requested not to copy.

No one has seen the black cat for three days, and I'm afraid the mocking bird has killed her. Now the yard is full of mocking birds, but this special one is known as "that bird." At intervals during the day you hear sharp staccato notes and somebody says "Come on—that bird's fighting the cat again." So he is, not only fighting but getting the best of the fight. Really it amounts to positive persecution on the bird's part. The poor cat has eaten her breakfast and is stretched out in the sun purring and washing her face, not thinking of anything in particular, just at peace with all the world. Then that bird spits her and perches on top of the little hen-cock and swings and makes derogatory remarks concerning her personal appearance. I don't understand his language, but I am sure that is his meaning, for the cat gets nervous, and finally turns her back on him and pretends to go to sleep—all but her tail, that beats the ground in an agitated manner. Then she gets up more and more insulting in his re-

marks and flies down right in front of the cat, but she doesn't make the slightest attempt to catch him. So far from it, she gets up and runs into the kitchen, pursued by that bird, screeching and jeering at her in the most insolently triumphant fashion. Then he flies back to his pet hen-cock, where he serenades us during our breakfast, singing as if he were too good for this world and heaven were his home. He's the only bird I ever saw who could whip a cat, and the oddest part of it is his war song. You never hear it except when he is lambasting the poor beast. Do you remember Kipling's description of the guttural war song of the "fighting Ghurkas?" This mocking bird always makes me think of that.

He's the bird who gets in front of my window at 4 p. m. and practices all his songs. Now it doesn't matter how fond you are of music, at that hour of the day you want to sleep. But he sings and sings and sings. He imitates the wren, whippoorwill and bob-whites separately; then he mixes the sounds all up in his throat and imitates them all together. That pleases him so much that he imitates the young rooster who's just learning to crow. I don't think that's a bit nice of him because the young rooster is doing the very best he knows how and everybody has to learn how to do things some time or other, and people ought to encourage awkward beginners, not make fun of them. If I weren't so desperately sleepy I'd poke my head out of the window and tell him that I remember when he was young and gawky, and ignorant, too, and made a spectacle of himself trying to catch grasshoppers. They were his first grasshoppers, and he didn't know anything about their jumping habits, so when a grasshopper came in sight the bird would fly to the ground, and of course by the time he got there "the cupboard was bare." His expression of blank astonishment was too funny. He would look at the ground and shake his head and then look up at his perch in the tree, and then examine the ground again.

I have never yet been able to find a yellow warbler's nest. I've never heard them sing either, so I can't say they should be called warblers, unless it is on the proverbial principle that a bird that can sing and won't sing should be made to sing. That's a silly proverb, isn't it? They are odd birds any way. They never fly—they flutter like a butterfly, and being small and yellow and black, it is often necessary to look twice to see if you are admiring big butterflies or little warblers. I'm charmed because they are so pretty, but they are too shy to be interesting. They seem to stay together in flocks. Once I disturbed about a dozen of them on a sunflower in full bloom. They were all yellow and black together, and I couldn't distinguish the birds from the flowers until startled by my coming they all fluttered away at once. I was more startled than they, for my first thought was that the sunflowers were flying away and while all nature is to me an ever-changing miracle, that was most too miraculous to be agreeable.

I don't know if Patsy really is the prettiest thing in town or I only think she is. She's carrot-colored with cream mane and tail, and every man who sees her says, "My, your horse has a mean eye. You'd better look out for her!" and (the workings of a man's mind being absolutely incomprehensible) he goes on his way thinking he's made himself agreeable. Patsy's eyes

aren't mean. They are carrot-colored to match the rest of her, with a lot of white. They look just like eggs fried on one side, but that's no reason why slighting remarks should be made concerning them. I've driven her since she was 3 years old and she's the gentlest creature I've ever had. Really gentle, I mean. Of course sometimes she feels her oats, and rolls back her eyes until only the whites are visible, lays her ears right flat and cake-walks to town on two feet, but she doesn't mean any harm and doesn't do any.

Once when I was driving her she was hit in the head by an automobile, and after it passed by she trotted on as if it were all in the day's work. She didn't try to jump or run or do a thing. I don't think I've ever been so badly frightened. The automobile looked as big as a mountain. When it turned the corner, it was going so fast it couldn't stop, and all I could do was to sit still and wonder where it would hit. Poor Patsy's head got such a blow that involuntarily I turned mine to look on the other side of the street, for hers, and was surprised not to find it. After that I was a little wiser, and I realized that I was still alive, and that I could at her and found that she had a long cut in her neck—not a dangerous one, but enough to make most horses prattle, fractious. When I saw that I just leaped up against her and wept. I think it hurt me more than it did her. I was afraid she would never pass another machine, but she does, though she doesn't like them.

She's never given me trouble but once. There is a furniture factory between our house and town, and it was re-painted, very much to its improvement, I thought. But Patsy didn't. I don't know what color she wanted it painted, green probably, to remind her of nice grassy meadows, but however that might be, she wouldn't pass it. When she came to where she could get a full view, she just put all four feet down with a sickening thud and budge she wouldn't. I coaxed and petted and argued, I even got down and showed her the whip to let her see what could happen if I got real mad, she only snuffed at me. She didn't like the way that factory was painted and I might as well realize it first as last, and I did realize it too. For weeks I had to go all sorts of round about ways to town. One day, after I'd given up in despair, she put out down the hill as hard as she could go, went past that factory like a bird, and I've had no trouble with her since. Our old barn needs re-painting, but if we get the wrong color, and she wouldn't go in it, there we'd be. It's too great a risk.

Messenger is different. He's the most serious minded beast I've ever seen. If he's going to a place, his one idea is to get there in the shortest possible time. Patsy's is to have a good time on the way. At first he wouldn't stand still long enough for you to get in the buggy. It was a long running jump or stay at home, so of course I took the long running jump. Being a Presbyterian I can take chances that I wouldn't do for you to take. The Messenger would give one good look around and light out, and you would hang on. He didn't mind the color of the factory at all, but McDowell's clothing store sign gave him a brain-cramp that made me reflect that possibly even a Presbyterian can take one chance too many. But the clothing sign was nothing compared with running water. Have you ever heard of a man of an animal that was afraid of running water? That he is Kentucky bred doesn't seem reason enough. He wasn't afraid of street cars or the rock

crusher, or sensible boog-a-boos that frighten other horses—not at all. Now, however, while he lacks a good deal of having the sheeplike qualities that I prefer in a horse, he has quieted down mightily. He stands still long enough to eat the bunch of grass that I always give him when starting on our evening drive, and while that occupies his mind I can settle myself peacefully in the buggy. Don't you think he has a pretty name? I bestowed that upon him for the sake of old times. I have my grandfather's diary of a trip to Kentucky in 1835. He wrote so much of a horse named Messenger, and I think he objects to the name, because he had the same qualities of swiftness and endurance. I don't have as much to say about his upbringing as I do about Patsy's, because I own her in fee simple, while I have only a reversionary interest in Messenger, and I think he objects to own that. Of course he will come if I call him, but Patsy will call me, and that makes a lot of difference, you know.

He's an unusual color. He looks as if he had been originally a deep wine, but had been left out of doors on a cold December night, and his coat had settled down all over him. He sheds first real dark, then light, then mingled. But I'll never be able to drive him. I can't tell why either. He's very good tempered, and for his age—three years—his remarkably gentle, but his quick and so powerful, and some way that I never even hold the reins if I can get out of it.

Can't you get more pure delight out of horses than any other earthly possession. If I had to choose between a roof over my head and a horse to drive, I'm afraid the roof would go first. That isn't as poor a choice as it sounds, because you could take the horse and drive to somebody else's roof. In winter that is; and in summer I'd rather look at the moon and stars than any roof that ever was made.

Really after a strenuous day with my birds and beasts it is sweet beyond words when dusk comes on to sit out on the open porch and watch the fireflies. One may begin with very prosaic thoughts of them, how they alone have solved one of the world's great problems—that of light without heat, but prose has nothing to do with the night, and these thoughts vanish before its ever returning mystery and wonder, that no finite mind can comprehend or solve. And I think our earthly night must be but a vague foreshadowing of the night of death with its wonder and mystery. Its peace and rest that shall fit us for the dawn of the new day—the day that shall never be followed by night. And as the bits of living light flit hither and thither, as if they were keeping time to a song that they alone hear, I almost think I catch the refrain. "Let your light so shine, so shine; let your light so shine."

MRS. LINDSAY PATTERSON.

### PICNIC AT DENVER.

The Sunday School Children Make Merry With Singing and Spoken.

Special to The Observer.  
Denver, July 6.—Notwithstanding the fact that both Hickory and Lincolnton drew away some of our people, Denver did herself proud in her annual Sunday School picnic Thursday. Early in the morning the roads leading to Rock Springs camp ground were thronged with vehicles, and by 10 o'clock the large campus was alive with gay picnickers. The Denver and Bethel Sunday Schools combined to compose the choir, and throughout the day rendered choice music. There were given by these schools also several very commendable recitations and readings. "Thomas Jefferson's Death," by Miss Gladys Howard; "The Swabian Land," by Miss Aida Killian; "The Value of Sunday School Training," by Miss Bertha Modlin, and "How to Choose Good Books," by Miss Mary Reich being among the most noteworthy. After the rendition of this programme, Mr. W. C. Feinster, of Newton, was introduced and made a telling speech. The noon recess was then taken, after which a second short session was held. Addresses at this session were made by Rev. W. O. Rudolph, of Maiden, and Dr. J. H. Weaver, of Lenoir. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the exercises came to a close, all feeling that the day had been well spent and that the nation's birth had been fittingly celebrated.

### Randleman's Largest Celebration.

Special to The Observer.  
Randleman, July 6.—The Fourth of July was observed at Randleman by the largest celebration in her history. Under the direction of a special committee, headed by Col. W. I. Boone as chairman and Mr. S. Bryant as chief marshal, a large and spectacular parade was organized and formed at the Southern Railway station at 5 o'clock. The parade was composed of the I. O. O. F. and the Jr. O. U. A. M. Lodges in full regalia and 18 industrial floats, representing the various manufacturing and mercantile interests of the city, managed by 50 mounted marshals. Immediately upon the arrival of the morning train, the procession moved off from the station through the principal streets, escorting the speakers of the day, Prof. Charles E. Brewer, of Wake Forest; Mr. Perrin Busbee, of Raleigh; and Captain F. F. Hodge, of Greensboro, to the grand stand in front of the postoffice, where a large concourse of people had gathered to hear the addresses.

At 4 p. m. a game of baseball was played between Troy and Randleman. The score was Troy 7, Randleman 6. The day wound up by a farce comedy by the Randleman Textile Band at the auditorium.

There were fully 5,000 people in Randleman and all pronounced the occasion one of enjoyment and pleasure.

### New School Building at Roxboro to Cost \$25,000.

Special to The Observer.  
Roxboro, July 6.—At a meeting of the board of aldermen yesterday it was decided to proceed at once with the building of the new school buildings for which bonds to the amount of \$25,000 were voted at a recent election.

The board retained architects for the new building Messrs. Hook & Rogers, of Charlotte, the same firm having planned the bank and office building erected here several years ago. The new school building is to have an auditorium with seating capacity of 800, which will be used by the school and also by the citizens as a public hall.