

CAMPUS NEWS

L. L. Hedgepeth, of Thomasville, was a week-end visitor at the college, October 18-19.

Miss Catherine Fleetwood, of the class of '23 was a visitor at the college Tuesday, October 27.

Misses Penelope Browne, Lettie Parker, Willie Harrell and Helen Carter spent the week-end at their respective homes in Kelford.

Miss Marietta Bridger visited her parents in Winton Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Bridger had the misfortune to have their car overturned Sunday afternoon near Winton.

Pete Joyner, of Wake Forest, was a caller on the campus Wednesday.

Miss Ruth Oakley spent the week-end in Raleigh visiting friends.

Miss Lois Ross, of Meredith College; Misses Penelope Browne and Marietta Bridger were guests at the Babb Hotel Sunday evening.

Misses Thelma and Jessie Draper spent the week-end in Pendleton with their parents.

Mr. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Misses Beryl Souter, Lizzie Jones, Susan Barnes and Lois Essex attended the meeting of the West Chowan Association Tuesday.

Misses Pauline Coppedge and Gladys Coley spent the week-end in their homes at Rocky Mount.

Misses Lizzie Jones, Agnes Cobb, Lois Essex, Edith Oakley and Beryl Souter spent Monday afternoon in Jackson.

Misses Vida Dunning and Hazel Griffin spent the week-end in Woodland.

The Math II Class with Miss Caldwell, had a sunrise breakfast Monday morning at the ravine.

The following students attended the students' conference at Chapel Hill, October 30 to November 2: Misses Rosalie Tolar, Lizzie Jones, Nancy Parker, Beryl Souter, Willie Blount, Agnes Cobb, Dorothy Long, Jewell Askew, Flora Mae Hood, Janet and Bernice Benthall. Dr. Liddell chaperoned the party.

Holy Year In Italy As Traveler Sees It

By MRS. H. H. HORNE.

The whole pageant bears intimately upon the inescapable one of the Christian education of the masses, for here one treads in the footsteps of St. Paul, and something of his viewpoint may be expected. St. Paul stressed the value of education and honorable citizenry in the warfare for right beliefs and behavior that should adorn a life of acceptable Christian service. Peculiarly in Rome (the truth must be told!) is priestcraft the attenuation of this fatal flaw in the hierarchy. Its co-existence with enlightenment is an impossibility. One spells the sure doom of the other.

Undoubtedly Christendom is debtor to the Roman for the conservation of idealism in music, letters and aesthetics. Dearest of all is its sustained presentation of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, which, anyone who has touched poignantly the intellectualized spirituality of academic life in certain sections of the United States, can scarcely over-estimate. The priestcraft, however, to which reference is here made is a dangerous variant of the caste evil. The casual observer would rate the personnel of this horde of pilgrims at about one-fourth illiterate, two-fourths ignorant, three-fourths uneducated—yielding according to Binet, something like a mob I.2. of 70.

The star that guides them is an inherent faith in the leaders and a sadly misplaced "I accept" toward all that is told them. Prayers and benedictions in any unknown patios of ecclesiasticism falls on dull ears, and dies away into piteous cries in the dark—"An infant crying in the dark," an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry." Even the ceremony of "seeing the hope" reeks with mediaeval insincerity. From some vague source, Peabody, the American College of Rome, you receive there your ambassador rigorous documentary details as to proper grooming for your "audience." Maybe, short of time (or ready cash) you decide to take these regulations with the salutary grain of salt, but you learn that there is no known compromise of black-veil-clause. Therefore, with the sensible open throated V where the black stock ought to be, and all guiltless of those "sleeves well below the wrist," you take courage from the bolts of fine lace, in which the jewel laden priests disport themselves and deftly spread out the aforesaid black veil to function as

a mantle of charity over that spiffy gray tweed, or one-piece brown crepe with its conventional silhouette that comfort for the day's rounds may have demanded. Presto! You are winked at figuratively speaking, by the watch dog of Vatican decorum, and you come away with a perfectly true story of Roman chivalry and pontifical graciousness. No non-Catholic or American has been held to printed specifications in many a day. Rome cannot afford to issue commands today, but she has a few weapons left, as we shall see.

You may or may not kiss the hand of the Pope. Very few Americans do. But you will see it done many, many times. The Pontiff is said to be rather youthful, decidedly good-looking, and a vivacious, clever conversationalist, keenly interested in things American. My healthy minded, 100 per cent American college freshman declared he would take no chances in the hand-kissing; so we (he and I) passed up the great thrill, to which Granny and the two girls went with some gusto, safely conducted by Dad, who followed afar off.

We lived in Rome, very near to San Mario Maggiore, which is believed to have been founded by a certain Pope in a long forgotten August. Legend has it that he appeared to him and told him to build to her honor a temple upon that spot, on which he would find snow the next day. Nearby with its interesting relics of columns, altars, etc., is still another garden of Maecenas. He was always the exquisite in the selection of his numerous trysting places with his muses. He possessed also the original of the highly prized statue known as "The Thorn Extractor."

There are five so-called Pilgrim churches, the oldest being San Giovanni, perhaps also the most modest, although remarkable for its eight columns of porphyry. Its foundation is to the credit of the zealous Constantine, emperor in 424. Everywhere one sees arresting statues of Popes Leo XIII and Pius IX both saintly, sincere and well beloved the world over. Diametrically opposite the papal refectory is the refreshingly modern and well equipped Boyo Mission School, the husky offsprings of the federalized protestant churches of America. Naturally a large per cent of the students are Catholic, but they are enthusiastic for education, clever and loyal to the ideals presented to them by wise, kind and consecrated teachers under the leadership of Dr. Maynard. Dr. Maynard also directs a girls' school and is an adept at securing devoted native workers. The outlook is most inspiring. To that pioneer spirit of the great missionary Paul be the glory of going on in strong clean hands, even in Rome today.

Linked with his ideal of Christian service, I beg to leave with you the thought of one of America's grandest women of today, as many of us have cause to believe, Mary G. Winter. If I could recall her matchless peroration word for word. They elude me, but the idea is fixed eternally: of four ancient civilizations. Ancient Rome trusted in the law and perished as it trusted. Greece founded its system of philosophy, but it was one of the lights that failed. Sparta lived by the sword and died by its own hand. Judea lived by love alone, and in love alone lie the power and the glory today the world over.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

RESPECTABLE REAL ESTATE. THE BIRTH CONTROL DEAN. GAS WAR "BARBAROUS?" IF SO, WE NEED IT.

Be careful about little things. Sigmund Brietbart, called the strongest man in Germany, bent iron bars with his hands, tore horse shoes apart, held two horses pulling against each other. He scratched himself with his nail, blood poison developed—he's dead! Germs too small to be seen with a microscope are stronger than any man. Such germs are usually on the hands.

Dean Inge, eminently respectable clergyman at the head of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, favors birth control. He says "LIMIT FREE EDUCATION to not more than three children, from any one family."

He believes parents will limit the number of children, if they have to educate all but three at their own expense. Good, gloomy dean, he knows little about human nature.

And he worries, because common people have most of the children, the birth rate being lowest among the educated classes.

What would the dean have said to Nancy Hanks, with bare feet, a lady unable to read or write, caring for a heavy baby in a hut with a dirt floor, and without windows?

He'd have said "Leave child bearing to the educated upper classes, my dear." But the big baby was Abraham Lincoln. You never can tell.

The latest asinine, intensely dangerous proposition is that the United States should sign an international "protocol," pledging ourselves against the use of chemicals, including poison gases and other gases in future warfare.

Chemical warfare, in addition to being MODERN warfare, is the least brutal, most merciful form of war thus far devised by human beings. Chemical warfare could render unconscious the inhabitants of a whole city, capturing without killing them. The old style of war

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was to burn the city, kill the men and women. The poison gases, so-called, mustard gas, tear gas and other gases are more merciful than powder or bullets, just as powder and bullets are more merciful than weapons of an earlier kind.

In the big war entire regiments, made temporarily blind by tear gas, were taken prisoners and brought into camp, tears streaming down their faces, unable to see their way, with not a man wounded. Not one died, and the blindness did not last.

Only a sickly sentimentalist can call that kind of warfare "more horrible" than the old fashioned war that shot men to pieces and left them to die of festering wounds on the battlefield.

Meanwhile the army's chemical department, concentrated on study of chemical warfare and chemistry generally, is engaged in work of value to the nation, APART from war.

We are not going to attack anybody, and should develop to the highest point every known method of warfare, including chemical warfare, to be ready for attack.

Meanwhile, poison gases are to be used more and more in LEGITIMATE war, in fighting the boll weevil and the European corn borer, which has already appeared in several states, and might, if unchecked, blight the corn crop as the boll weevil does the cotton crop.

Real estate is a respectable and considerable business. August Heckscher, who says he is like the old cab horse in Dickens, that would fall down if its driver allowed it to stop, goes on working and occasionally buys something.

A few days ago for "all cash" he bought a 32-story building at No. 61 Broadway, New York, for \$17,000,000. That would surprise old Astor, who used to buy farms on Manhattan Island.

Mr. America



Doctors pronounce him physically perfect. Mr. W. S. Turner, of Nashua, N. H., says that exercise and no meat keeps him fit

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