

# State Normal Magazine

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## Peace on Earth

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Arey Lipe, '19, Cornelian

Peace broods in yon low hanging star  
That sheds its radiance in the brightening morn.  
Faint music, breathing from afar,  
Is through the hushed twilight softly borne.

Peace, peace—then brighter beams the sky,  
And sweeter breathes the music of the morn,  
High heaven to the earth draws nigh,  
For lo! in Bethlehem the Christ is born.

Peace, peace—the world's still again,  
The Holy God has come on earth to dwell.  
Healed is all the woe, unrest and pain,  
For with us lives our Christ Immanuel.



# State Normal Magazine

VOL. XX

GREENSBORO, N. C., DECEMBER, 1915

No. 3

## Christmas in Four Ages

*Mary Powell, '16, Cornelian*

### BEFORE THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Over two thousand years ago, before the first Christmas, men kept what was known as the midwinter feast. Many men believed that as the days grew shorter and shorter and the nights long and cold, there was danger that the sun might go out altogether and the whole world die in darkness. When, late in December, the days began to lengthen and they saw that the sun was coming back to bring again the summer flowers, they thought that a new sun had been born. So for gladness they kept this midwinter feast.

Now, with this feast, some of their old customs have been handed down to us, and among them is that of bringing into the house in midwinter the boughs of Christmas green. For these people believed that wood-spirits were living in the forests outside and they were so sorry to think of them shivering in the snow-laden forests that they used to place in the corners of their houses great bunches of hemlock and balsam fir that the "good little people" might creep into this loved shelter of theirs and be warm. And as the heat of the fire brought out the sweet smell of the fir it seemed to them like a "thank you" from their friends of the summer woods. Thus they, first of all, felt the wish to give, which is the heart of the Christmas spirit. And soon they began to hang little gifts for their unseen guests upon the green boughs, and to make them bright with the berries of holly and ash. And after that it may be that some night hunter looked at the

twinkling stars and saw the beauty of their light through the trees and after that perhaps the lights were added to the green boughs and the bright berries. At any rate, the custom of trimming the house with evergreens, holly, and lights at Christmas time is an old, old one.

#### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.”

#### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE PRESENT

The Christmas of the present is the heir of all the past. Numberless churches echo the first Christmas carol. Lights gleam on altars covered with spruce and holly. Trees are set up in countless homes where children dance and sing around them. Stockings take on grotesque shapes and gape with treasures. Christmas fires are stirred into a blaze, and to the accompaniment of the merry music of the flame the song and the tale and the jest go merrily around. The Christmas bells

ring out through the frosty air. Rooms long unused are opened and we are amazed to find how large is the house and how hospitable. Different generations and different ages gather together under the mistletoe. Before the Christmas fire that for 2,000 years has blazed there is room for every condition of mankind. There is a place for reason, wrinkled and severe; for sentiment, dreaming sweet and beautiful things; for imagination, with its heavenly visions and fancy painting pictures in the flames; for poetry, singing in strain pure or homely; for story telling, with its fascinating hold; for children, listening for mysterious noises in the chimney; for youth, with its trembling hopes and aspirations, its new and lofty resolves; for old age, recalling other days and other festivals—yuletide logs and country dances, frosty skies and stage coaches. It is the Christmas tide that makes us one with our ancestors of a thousand years ago, and, again, it is the Christmas tide that binds the present generations into unity and faith. It is at Christmas that the whole world is kin.

#### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE FUTURE

May the Christmas of the future be saved from desecration and kept sacred to faith and friendship. May its sentiment be revived year by year in the celebration of old rites. May we continue in one day out of three hundred and sixty-five to keep our hearts warm and our homes bright. May we rekindle old fires and join hands with the friends who have kept the day and made it merry in the long ago. May we echo the old songs and read the old stories. May the heavenly gift bind all hearts into tender unity and may all men sing in truth: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

## Winter

*Laura Lynn Wiley, '18, Adelpian*

Winter, with her chilling blasts,  
Is with us once again;  
Her soft white blanket she has laid  
O'er mountain, field, and fen.

Her winds she's loosed among the trees  
Whose branches, downward bent,  
Sound forth celestial harmonies  
Like some great instrument.

The shimmering glory of her morn  
Shines white on foam-flaked sea,  
And darkening shadows o'er the earth  
Before her magic flee.

## Red Cross Seals

*Sadie McBrayer, '16, Adelpkian*

The Red Cross seal was gotten up and is fostered by the American Red Cross Society. These seals are distributed by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the entire receipts from the sale of the seals being used in the fight against tuberculosis in the United States.

The seals are intended to be used on all kinds of correspondence, and all kinds of Christmas packages in lieu of the Christmas stickers that have heretofore been so extensively used. The difference between the Red Cross seals and the stickers are that the seals are prettier and that the proceeds from the seals go for the amelioration of suffering and sickness and the prevention of tuberculosis, while the profits from the stickers go into the pockets of the manufacturers.

In Greensboro the money received from the sale of Red Cross seals helps to pay the salary of the visiting nurse, Mrs. Peck, who is a veritable angel of mercy. In Asheville and Wilmington, which have in previous years been the banner cities in the sale of seals, the proceeds have paid the entire salary of the visiting nurse. In fifteen other towns in our state the Red Cross seals have helped to pay the salary of the visiting nurse. The receipts also help to furnish needed food and medicine for tubercular patients who are unable to pay their own way. In High Point this money was used to stage the State Board of Health exhibit on tubereulosis. In many instances also the proceeds are used to send patients to the state sanatorium.

Our responsibility: We should buy and use these seals during the coming yule-tide, we should inform ourselves as to the good they do, and we should be a distributing center for this information and also for the seals when we go home for the Christmas vacation.

## The Christmas Bells

*Mary Evelyn Mull, '20, Adelpkian*

The joyous Christmas bells are ringing :

“Peace on earth! Peace on earth!”

The wondrous olden story bringing

Of Jesus Christ, his lowly birth.

The babe that in the manger lay,

A tiny babe in swathing bands,

The mother Mary on the hay

Had laid him there with tender hands.

The shepherds, sent by angel throng,

Came to do homage to the child,

While o'er him watched, so lovingly,

The Holy Virgin, pure and mild.

And out from Egypt's desert shore,

Led by a star, the wise men came,

Who brought their gifts of gold and myrrh,

And frankincense, to praise His name.

So ring out bells, and tell your story :

“Peace on earth! Peace on earth!”

And let us all to Him give glory

For this the day of Jesus' birth.



## Madge's Christmas Gift

*Hattie Lee Horton, '17, Cornelian*

It had always been the custom for Madge and her parents to spend Christmas with her Grandmother Collins, who lived out in the country. Madge liked to go and looked forward to it with great impatience. So the next day after her school closed she left for the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins did not accompany their daughter on account of a convention which was being held at their church; however, they were to come the next day.

Grandmother met Madge at the door and greeted her warmly. Presently she exclaimed, "My dear, I am so glad you have come a little early, for Hannah has been ill and I am so behind in my baking. You can help us just lots, and then we will get through before the company arrives tomorrow evening."

The child said nothing of her discomfort, but she was indeed heartbroken. She had intended to go with a friend who lived near by to get holly and mistletoe. Now she must give it up—and to cook, too. O, that horrible cooking, how she hated to help in the kitchen! Poor child, she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning she followed her grandmother to the kitchen, but with a little unwilling spirit. Her first task was to crack nuts for the salad. She did it nicely and set the bowl on the table when she had finished, but unconsciously turned over the bottle of coloring.

Hannah said that she just must have another bottle, yet there was no one on the place to go for it. She did not have time herself, so what was she to do? Madge said she would get it from the store, and off she started down the lane. All the way she was thinking of the good time she might be having in the woods, getting the beautiful red and white berries, and instead she had to be running errands, and helping to "cook". However, she contented herself with thinking that

the day would drag through somehow and then in the evening her mother would come.

Grandmother also discovered the secret of the little girl's disappointment and felt sorry that she had even mentioned anything about cooking to her. Too, she knew that she had been petted and humored all her life and in spite of her whims she was greatly devoted to her. Mrs. Collins decided that she must put an end to her pouting in some way, in a big surprise, as soon as she returned from the store.

Then as soon as Madge came in and deposited the bottle of coloring on the table, she was asked to remove the seeds from a bag of raisins. "O, those sticky raisins! Away with this cooking," she thought. She still acted sullen, which caused Mrs. Collins to think that she probably felt badly. She protested, saying that she felt perfectly well.

The little lady worked diligently and pondered all kinds of thoughts in her mind while she worked on the bag of raisins. Soon she felt a little hard object in the sack and on examining it more closely, found it to be a box tied up with paper. Hurriedly she opened it and to her surprise saw a beautiful string of pearls. Her joy was unbounded. It was just what she had been wanting so much for such a long time. And now a pearl necklace with her own name written on a tag attached to it, bearing these words, "To Madge from Grandmother, as a Christmas gift for helping her cook."

She could hardly believe her own eyes. Immediately she jumped up and rushed into the dining room where she found her grandmother (she had been watching the whole procedure) and exclaimed, "O, grandmother, it was just like you to do it! Why did you when I was so ugly? Please forgive me. I just love and thank you for it, and I shall always hereafter like to cook."

## The King

*Addie Klutz, '16, Adelpian*

“Peace on earth, good will to men,”  
Chants the holy choir within;  
They sing of a peace  
Where cares shall cease  
To burden the souls of men.

“The manger cradles a King,”  
The heavenly voices sing.  
Give unto him praise,  
Your voices raise  
To proclaim the Christ-child King.

Earth takes up the joyful song,  
And in accents clear and strong  
Proclaim Messiah King,  
And all men bring  
Praise to Christ the King in song.

## Jimmy's Santa

*Bess Parham, '18, Cornelian*

Jimmy stood gazing out of the basement window upon the usually dark and dirty alley, but one which was now made clean by the new fallen snow. Jimmy was thinking seriously, as could well be told from a glance at his smutty face. If I tell you just the day of the year you can guess of what he was thinking. It was Christmas Eve. All day long he had tried to draw out of the older boys, who like himself worked from early morn until late at night, just who Santa Claus was. Jimmy had heard of him in a vague sort of way, but he wanted to see him and to know that he was real. Being a homeless waif, he had never enjoyed a real Christmas; and a restless longing had come over him during the last few days as he had passed up and down the streets where he had viewed longingly the bright lights, the merry faces, and the shouts of laughter which were so abundant everywhere.

Watching a crowd of boys of his own age one day he had heard their jolly remarks about Santa and his coming. There was just something, some intangible something, in the air which caused everybody to think of Christmas and all that was connected with it. Why was it that he could not understand, why had he never seen the Santa Claus they talked of?

"Do you think that you'll ever get your trash swept up if you stand gazing out of that window all night?" said a gruff voice behind him.

Jimmy turned and for the hundredth time asked, "Bob, what does Santa Claus look like?"

"How in the mischief should I know. He never comes to see me. He only goes to see rich folks' children."

"But, Bob, doesn't he ever pay any attention to poor folks' children?"

"No."

Jimmy took up his broom and began sweeping, but the puzzled look did not leave his face.

Up above on the avenue, among the lights and laughter, there darted here and there a small figure dressed as Santa Claus. He wore a red velvet suit with trimmings of white fur and cap and mittens to match. Following the little Santa Claus always at a distance of about twelve feet, was a lady dressed in rich black. More than once during the evening a smile had come over her face as she had watched the little Santa Claus dodging in and out among the crowd, running up to office boys and bell boys, giving each a brand new dollar bill. In their turn each had thanked him and looked after him in astonishment, wondering where on earth the little fellow had dropped from.

When the boy had first asked to be allowed to play the part of Santa Claus and give away one thousand dollars because he was so rich and because he felt sorry for the poor boys, his mother had given him an incredulous smile and told him to run away and play; but he had insisted night and day until she had consented. Now as she tramped after him she, too, had entered into the spirit of Christmas and had forgotten her own sorrows.

At last they came to a large department store and the boy turned when no one was looking and said, "Mother, may I go into the basement? I have only five bills left and I know there are boys down there." She had nodded her consent and off he ran.

Down among the boxes in the large dim room, little Santa Claus tipped about trying to surprise any one whom he should find. Suddenly from a far corner he heard a sob and running that way he saw huddled there a small boy. Placing his hand on the touseled head, he asked, "What is the matter, little boy?" Jimmy raised his head and gasped in wonder and amazement.

"What is the matter?" repeated the little Santa.

"Oh!" panted Jimmy, "are you Santa Claus and have you come to see the poor boys?"

The boy smiled and plunging his hands into his pocket pulled out his last five new bills, thrust them into Jimmy's

hand, ran back to the elevator, and was gone before Jimmy could gather his wits together.

Turning to the dim light he counted aloud, "One, two, three, four, five—new dollar bills, and a really truly Santa Claus gave them to me!"

Leaning against the post, he dreamed of the golden tomorrow when for once he should enjoy the things he liked, and his little heart was filled with happiness to think that he had seen what lots of the boys had told him was "not so at all".

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## Christmas

*Clayton Walser Oakes, '19, Adelpkian*

O, 'tis Christmas, once more Christmas,  
And we hear the angels sing,  
As they tell a wondrous story  
Of a new born King.

Of the Christ-child born in Bethlehem,  
Sleeping peacefully 'neath the star,  
Cradled where the wise men find Him  
As they journey from afar.

He, the Son of God in Heaven,  
Cradled safely in the stall,  
Where the angels keep watch o'er Him,  
For He came to save us all.

Yes, 'tis Christmas, once more Christmas,  
And we hear the angels sing,  
As they tell a wondrous story  
Of a new born King.



## SKETCHES

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### The Home Road

*Annie Lee Stafford, '19, Cornelian*

All the passengers in number "35" are sleeping the sleep of the just, with one exception—a man in a gray tweed suit is coming down the aisle. His step is like that of a boy who has "made the team", and there is something in his clear, blue-gray eyes that reminds you of a small boy's on Christmas morning. His firm mouth is turned up at the corners and his whole bearing is one of anticipation.

There has been some miraculous change during the night in this grave, quiet man, who yesterday boarded the train from one of the largest western cities. Why? He is going home for Christmas. Home! something very like a sob caught in the big man's throat. Fifteen years—what a long, long time! He hadn't realized just how long it had been until now. Oh, of course he had made several flying trips home to see the home folks, but it had been fifteen years since he had really lived in the "nest". He had been the first of the "birds" to fly away.

He looks out of the window and sees the fields, sparkling with frost; a few shocks of corn which have been left standing and a great yellow pumpkin which lies in majestic solitude, and it's all, truly,

"A pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock,

When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock."

The sun, looking like a great ball of fire, is creeping up behind the cedars and—yes, there is a clump of pines, oh, surely he is on the home road now, for isn't he going back to the land of the long leaf pine?

They pass a farm house and a boy comes creeping out into the chill morning. He pulls up his collar about his tingling ears and blows his fingers. His whole attitude is one of abject misery. The man leans back in his chair and laughs aloud, a jolly, carefree laugh. He closes his eyes—and suddenly—the years between slip away and he is a boy again, back in the old home. His father is at the foot of the stairs calling him:

“Will, my boy, get up.”

Ugh! how cold it is. He draws the blankets tighter under his chin and dozes; again comes the unwelcome sound:

“William.”

Bemoaning the cruel fate he responds:

“S—u—r.”

Yet he lingers, and once more comes the clarion call:

“William Theodore, will you get up?” He gets up.

Then the race to the barn with Joe and Dave, with milk pails and water buckets, back to the pump where they souse their faces and hands in the cold water and then for breakfast. There is “pa” and mother, the boys and the little sisters, they’d always look just so to him, although they are all three quite grown up young ladies now, and what a breakfast, fit for the gods. Homemade sausage, hot coffee, with cream thick enough to cut, and biscuits, such biscuits, they were never large enough. His mother had actually to put a plate of them by his plate when company came so he wouldn’t be calling for them every minute.

The years slip by. The morning comes when he is leaving home. He can hear his father saying:

“Do your best, son.”

And then his mother, the guiding star of his life:

“You will come back victor or you will come back in defeat, which?”

The long years between seem but a dream and he is coming back, not as president of a railroad or as wheat king of the stock market or with a great number of degrees attached to his name, but in the work that he has chosen he has done his very best; they will be satisfied. And as trophies he is taking back two priceless jewels, Nancy and the boy.



Just then the boy comes dancing down the aisle and climbs up by "Daddy" who must needs tell him again of the wonderful hunt they are going on, the tramps through the woods with the dead leaves cracking, crunching under foot and the visit to the chestnut trees. Then, too, they are going for holly and mistletoe to bedeck the house, and, most wonderful of all, they are going to get the Christmas tree right out of Grandpa's own woods.

The day slips by and they come to the little home station. His father, the quiet, lovable man, unchanged, except that his hair is silvering a little, is waiting for them. Then a walk down the village street and, yes, there are the home lights burning. There is a light in every window and there on the steps, waiting with outstretched arms for the children, and with the same sweet smile that has followed him across the miles, is his mother. He has at last reached the end of the home road.

## Christmas Eve

*Joy D. Amick, '19, Cornelian*

A heavy snow was on the ground and the wind came whistling around the corner of the house. Everything on the outside reminded us only too well that it was Christmas. Our first glance at the house told us they were celebrating Christmas Eve. Through the sitting room window we could see the burning yule log, which, with its darting flames aided the Christmas candles in lighting the room.

As we were the last guests to arrive, upon our entrance the younger people overwhelmed us with noisy greetings, while the older ones stood back awaiting their turn. The company was composed of the different branches of the family, having in its usual proportion the uncles and aunts, happily married sons and daughters, spinsters, and the children who had been away from home at work.

Around the room hung large pieces of holly and mistletoe. On each end of the mantel burned a large Christmas candle,

while several smaller ones burned on a table in the corner. The fire light played on a polished brass shovel and tongs which stood in the corner by the large old-fashioned fireplace. The older people of the company were seated around the hospitable fire, the men living over the days of the "blue and gray", by telling stories of great heroism to a group of eager listeners. The women were busy telling all of the news that had taken place since the Christmas before, while two or three who could not be contented doing nothing, worked faithfully with their knitting. The younger set, with the exception of one girl, who was sitting in a corner by herself, finishing a belated Christmas gift, were engaged in playing games.

From the dining room came the happy voices of children who were busily engaged in hanging their stockings. This pleasant Christmas employment having been finished, little heads were bobbed in the sitting room door and with a cheery smile and a happy "good night to all", they scampered off to bed to dream of the coming Santa Claus.

## Christmas at the College

*Mary Gwynn*

Some one may say, "Christmas at the College? Why, we don't spend Christmas here!" That is true and yet not true. True as far as really being here on Christmas day is concerned, yet we have a good deal of Christmas before we leave. Almost every time we go to the table some one says, "Only two more weeks, only one more week, only four more days, and I will be eating Christmas dinner at home." Then during the week before Christmas every one is going down town. We see girls smuggling mysterious packages into their rooms, in a vain attempt to keep their roommates or the girl across the hall from seeing. Everyone, joyful and glad, is filled with the Christmas spirit.

But while we are so joyful ourselves, let us not forget that there are others who are not so fortunate as we. In some instances there are little children who will not have any

Christmas unless someone from the outside sees that they get it. Why could not we, as college girls, lend a hand and help to make some one else happy? Some time before Christmas nearly every table in the dining room has a Christmas supper at which we give each other characteristic presents costing not more than five or ten cents. These do not usually mean so very much to us, so why could we not turn them over to some committee of the Y. W. C. A. to send to poor children in town or to some mission home?

## Christmas on the Farm

*Gaynelle Hepler, '19, Adelpkian*

Christmas on the farm! Who can imagine anything more delightful? This is the time when the children who have been staying in the city come back to the old country home for a few days—for indeed it seems only a few days—of care free enjoyment.

'Tis Christmas Eve. The huge logs in the big open fireplace crackle merrily as they burn, casting a ruddy glow over the room. In the corner is a tree sparkling with stars, tinsel and silver bells, awaiting the wee sma' hours when Santa Claus will come and deck it with gifts. How eagerly will those same gifts be taken down on the morrow!

On the big hearth-rug are the children cracking walnuts and "nigger toes" and popping corn as they merrily chat and laugh. In the kitchen mother is dressing the turkey and cooking the goodies that will grace tomorrow's dinner table. Now and then one of the youngsters must take a trip to help superintend the work in the kitchen and slyly take some choice bit of cookery and sneak out with it to be enjoyed in some secluded corner.

Out in the wood shed father is seeing to it that there is plenty of wood put in the dry in order that the big fires may be kept going all during the Christmas season.

The snow begins to fall in large flakes and soon the window ledges are banked high with a white mass. Tomorrow will be an ideal day for coasting.

Truly Christmas on the farm is a time of merry-making.



# State Normal Magazine

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The editorial staff wishes to extend to its readers the sincerest wishes for a Christmas filled with the brightest and the best that Christmas brings; may your vacation be filled with the best things of which vacations are possible. You have earned it. Now enjoy it. But this don't forget: The best and happiest vacation is not the one that is idly spent in selfish enjoyment, but the one that helps the greatest number, both you and other people, to enjoy their vacation, the home folks, the little children, the servants, the neighbors, and friends, not only yours, but those of the family. Show your little brother that you are interested in his toy engine and also little Benny's, his playmate.

Think what joy the legion of college girls could give if all of us could be filled with this slogan: "Make others enjoy Christmas."  
A. B.

Just how do we feel about Christmas? Did it ever strike you that in our various activities of that season we are remembering the outward signs and forgetting what should be the real heart of the yuletide? A very long time ago, in a quiet lowly manger the

earthly embodiment of love, gentleness, power, and happiness, in fact the earthly embodiment of God himself, was born into the world. From the life of that spirit there radiated so much warmth and love that the hearts of men overflowed with happiness and good will. On account of their joy they formed the habit of celebrating the anniversary of this birth with good and generous deeds, and with songs of praise. First, there was the crowded heart and then the bursting into expression; first, the inner joy and then the visible action.

Sometimes it seems that we are forgetting the first condition, and are striving only to fulfill the second; that is, remembering to bestow gifts, to make merry and to sing praises, but forgetting that true Christmas spirit be.

As a result there is often a feeling of incompleteness after the rush of the holidays is over; the ache of the empty place back of the crust.

But there would be no such touch of sadness if we would first remember the message of Him whose birth we celebrate, if we would fill our hearts at this season with an abundance of love, good will, and kindness, we would find an element of rare pleasure touching all our festivities, and we would feel satisfied that we had also given a gift to Him who said: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

G. M.



## Y. W. C. A.

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Sunday evening, November 7, Dr. Melton Clark, of the First Presbyterian Church, spoke to us on missions. Miss Beatrice Byrd sang.

For our regular weekly prayer meeting November 18, we held a song service.

November 14-20 was set apart as the world's week of prayer for the Y. W. C. A. in this and other lands. Our association held a prayer service every day from 4:30 until 5:00. Among our leaders were Misses Ewing and Ellinwood, of the Greensboro Young Women's Christian Association; Mrs. Whitsett, from Greensboro; and Miss Jane Summerell, one of our faculty members.

The vesper service for Sunday, November 21, was in charge of the Blue Ridge girls—those of our number who attended the Blue Ridge Conference this summer. Louise Maddrey, Margaret George, Ruth Kernodle, and Estelle Dillon, gave interesting talks, telling us about the conference and urging as many as could to go to the conference next summer. They said that we would be fully repaid in the inspiration and fresh enthusiasm gained for carrying on our Y. W. C. A. work. Zora Frye sang.

We were very fortunate to secure as our Thanksgiving speaker, Dr. Wm. A. Brown, of Chicago, chairman of the Committee on International Sunday School Lessons. He delivered an able address on, or rather against, preparedness. A double quartette sang.

The Thanksgiving offering amounted to thirteen dollars, part of which was used for welfare work in Greensboro, and the other part given to the Oxford Orphanage.

On Wednesday before Thanksgiving, our General Secretary, President and two other of our Y. W. C. A. members, rode out in a car and distributed among the poor of our city eighteen baskets of apples which had been given by the students at the College. Two baskets were also taken to the Masonic Home, where our members were cordially received. In addition to this, the family which our association is partially supporting was supplied with a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner donated by those girls who were fortunate enough to receive "boxes".

The Sunday vesper service November 28 was in charge of the Volunteer Band. They secured as speaker for the evening, Mr. Brown, of

Wake Forest. He gave a short sketch of the history of the Student Volunteer Movement and then spoke on the value of having a definite aim in life. Little Miss Jessie Roth sang.

At the prayer service Wednesday evening, December 1, the first business meeting of the association was held.





## WITH THE SOCIETIES

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### Adelphian Literary Society

At the first meeting after initiation our Seniors had charge of our literary exercises. An attractive play entitled, "Love and Tea", was given. The following is the cast of characters:

Miss Boltwood, despotic spinster	.....	Annie Beam
Betty Boltwood, her niece	.....	Lizzie Fuller
Miss Smith, village gossip	.....	Mary Dorrity
Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Cowles—neighbors	.....	Jessie Groome, Addie Klutz
Judge Oregrom, a Tory	.....	Frances Summerell
Wm. Dickenson, young minute-man	.....	Lorena Kernodle
Aunt Mandy, Miss Boltwood's servant	.....	Elizabeth Horton

After the colonial affairs involved in "Love and Tea" had been settled satisfactorily to all, our attention was called to something more modern in the form of delicious tea and wafers, with which came dainty little souvenirs—a tiny cupid with drawn bow sitting on a large T.

At our next meeting the program was entirely in the hands of the new girls, and well indeed did they entertain us by their presentation of "Cupid's Partner", a play requiring much clever acting by the characters, who were as follows:

Sibyl Harlow	.....	Lou Mitchell Nixon
Pansy Harlow, her little sister	.....	Bessie Hoskins
Mrs. Jardine	.....	Mary Hall
Helen Jardine, her niece	.....	May Baxter
Beatrice Montfort, Ethel Richards—school girls	.....	Esther Marks, Marguerite Brawley
Muriel Austin	.....	Gladys McEachern
Mrs. Freeland	.....	Minnie Noe
Mrs. Mulcahy	.....	Macy Parham
Eva Mulcahy	.....	Mina Freeman
Dandelion Mug	.....	McBride Alexander
Miss Hill	.....	Douglas Council
Waitress	.....	Virginia Tensley

From the masterly way in which the play was presented it was clear that we had gained much dramatic talent through our new girls.



## Cornelian Literary Society

The literary program of the first society meeting after initiation was given over to a play for the new girls. Just before the play an impromptu debate over the query: Resolved, That a woman gets more pleasure out of a love affair than a man, was given by the new girls.

Following this came the play, "Betty Wales and Mr. Kidd".

Betty Wales .....	Sadie Lee Holden
Madeline Ayres, an original young lady from New York ..	Lois Campbell
Mary Brooks, a popular senior .....	Elizabeth Craddock
Bob Parker	Estelle Dillon
Babe Henderson } the 3 B's .....	M. S. Howell
Bobbie Hildreth }	Genevieve Holden
Roberta Seives, adores Mary Brooks .....	Myrtle Pickard
Helen Chase Adams, a prod .....	Victoria Mial
Georgiana Arms, a junior without a sense of humor ..	Katherine Wilson
Georgia Ames, a round-faced sub-freshman .....	Mary Nesbitt
Miss Priscilla Hicks .....	Cora Hill Shaw

During the play refreshments were served by dainty Japanese maids.

The second meeting after initiation was in charge of the new girls. There was an impromptu debate by the old members prior to the play given by the new girls in honor of the old girls. The query of the debate was: Resolved, That it is more conducive to happiness to be a woman with a mustache than a man with a squeaky voice. The affirmative was upheld by Hattie Motzno and Minnie Long, the negative by Margaret George and Genevieve Moore. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

The little play, "Prexy's Proxy", was one of the most enjoyable ever given in the society. The characters were as follows:

Prexy, president of Dodson College .....	Esther Dinglehoef
Alfred Durrance, Robert Kraft—students at Dodson	Frances Walker, Catharine Phillips
Bessie Miller, a pretty Freshman .....	Helen Claxton
Jane Fleetmore, Prexy's stenographer .....	Bertha Hawk
Officer 806 .....	Alma Hedrick

Between acts of this play ice cream and cake were served by our new members, and songs were sung by a chorus of freshmen. It is worthy of note that one very attractive song sung by this chorus, "The Cop", was composed, both words and music, by two of the new girls.



## AMONG OURSELVES

*Isabel Bouldin, '17, Cornelian*

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One of the greatest treats that our lyceum course has brought us was Mr. Frederick Warde, who spoke to us on "Shakespeare's Women". Mr. Warde is the greatest of the few remaining tragedian actors. His performance at the College was partly impersonation, partly lecture, but all highly entertaining and instructive, particularly his discussion of Portia.

We regret to say that our editor-in-chief, Miss Goodwin, has gone home for two weeks or more on account of her eyes. Miss Annie Beam has, however, very kindly taken her place and has rendered us invaluable service in getting out this issue of the Magazine.

Thanksgiving Day brought us not only a holiday, a big dinner, and numerous "boxes from home", but also many of our old girls. Among our visitors were: Miss Lucy Crisp, '13; Misses Louise Bell and Margaret Smith, '14; Julia Bryan, Alice Sawyer, Annie Humbert, Annie Glenn, Mabel Cooper and Susie Rankin, class of '15. The visit of these girls was indeed a pleasure and an inspiration to us all.

We were indeed fortunate to have Dr. W. A. Brown, of the University of Chicago, to make the Thanksgiving address. Dr. Brown is Secretary of International Sunday School Association, and has been very prominent in the furtherance of the educational phase of Sunday school work. His Thanksgiving address was a very able discussion of military preparedness, or rather a discussion against it.

On Thanksgiving afternoon the last game of the basket ball tournament was played, with the Freshmen as winners. The Freshman class, the class of 1919, captured the basket ball cup, an event unparalleled in college history! When the Freshmen played their first game—against the Preps.—the Juniors and Seniors rather solemnly walked home. However, they rose *rather* early the following morning and repaired to the basket ball court to practice. When the Juniors went down before the Freshmen, the Seniors were heard to remark that they "saw their finish"; and so they did, for when the final whistle blew on Thanksgiving afternoon the score stood 16 to 12 in favor of the Freshmen. That night at supper the Senior basket ball team marched the length of the dining hall with crepe on their arms and a huge crepe bow on their banner. Those Freshmen weren't as green as they thought and we thought they were. The games of tournament were as follows:

- Freshmen vs. Preps., 14 to 3.
- Seniors vs. Sophomores, 7 to 3.
- Juniors vs. Freshmen, 14 to 18.
- Seniors vs. Freshmen, 12 to 16.

To recompense the Seniors for losing the basket ball cup, the Freshmen entertained the 1916 team at a banquet on Friday night, November 26th.

As a fitting close to our Thanksgiving Day activities came the annual inter-society debate. Miss Janie Ipock presided over the debate and Miss Eliza Collins acted as secretary. The query was: Resolved, That public utilities in the United States should be municipally owned. The affirmative was upheld by Misses Margaret Blythe and Sarah Gwynn, Adelprians; the negative by Misses Esther Mitchell and Carrie Goforth, Corneliens. The judges, Dr. J. J. Wolfe, of Trinity College, Durham, Mr. R. O. Everett, of Durham, and Mr. W. W. Wolsey, of Guilford College, rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative.

A very unique entertainment was given on Saturday night, November 27th, 1915, by the Junior class. In the chapel of the Students' Building the following enjoyable program was presented by the "Amus-U-Company":

- I. Music ..... College Orchestra
- II. Frat. Initiation

CHARACTERS

- Robert Hinton, Royal High Monk de Monk of Sigma Delta
- Ruth Kernodle
- Jack Leslie, a goat ..... Frances Morris
- Molly Stuart, one of the best ever ..... Marriane Richards
- III. A Russian Dance
- IV. Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, Part I. (Carrie Goforth as Mrs. Jarley)
- V. Nut Crackers ..... Estelle Dillon, Annie Daniel
- VI. Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, Part II.
- VII. La Danse Caprice, featuring Miss Jessie Roth
- VIII. Cartoonist ..... Etta Schiffman
- IX. Music ..... Orchestra

After the entertainment a "Pink Tea" was held in the society halls, where chicken salad, doughnuts and candy could be obtained.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

*Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian*

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We had expected so much of the past month's magazines and had so eagerly awaited their coming, but—well, we must say we are disappointed in many of them. Perhaps, however, we had set our hopes too high. It is not our custom to judge college magazines by the first number, as we realize the difficulties in getting out an issue the first month after we return to college. In spite of such drawbacks the October exchanges were indeed promising, and in consequence we were hoping the later ones would be wonders. By this time all should have settled down to regular business and be ready to give out the very best that is in them. We hope, however, there is a "better" in some of our friends than what we have before us. There are two general criticisms we want to offer. Many of the magazines appear to have been filled in a haphazard way, with just whatever came to hand, regardless of its suitability to a college journal. Others show too great a fondness for articles which, though very amusing and readable, show no literary merit. By no means would we banish the element of life and mirth, yet we do think the college magazine—with avowed literary aim—is not the place for the frivolous, inane stories and poems.

Let us ask the Wake Forest Student a few questions. Does the predominance of the so-called "heavy" material in you and the lack of light matter really mean that Wake Forest thought is as matter-of-fact as your pages lead us to believe? Will you agree with us when we say that we do not consider that debate speeches are suited to a college magazine? Can't you make your editorial department stronger? Are there not at Wake Forest any more problems worthy of discussion there? Can't you increase the number of your contributors? Congratulations for your verse.

With regret do we note that the Davidson College Magazine has now become a quarterly. We shall sadly miss those five issues. In the copy before us the poetry—if such we may call school day verse—is of superior order. "An Even Song" is one of the daintiest bits of verse our exchanges have to offer. "Friends" contains a beautiful sentiment. If the time and energy spent on "The Moonlight Maiden" had been utilized on a story of different type, we feel sure the result would have been excellent. The story-teller's art is evident, style is there, and all the makings of a good story, except plot, are there, but somehow the story falls flat. Mystic, supernatural stories are hardly a safe field for

amateurs. Seldom do we see such descriptive power as is shown in "The Lighting System of the Exposition".

We are very well pleased with the first issue of the University of North Carolina Magazine, though it could have been better. First, we would say: Doesn't "Carolina" have more poets? The verse is very good, but there is not enough of it. "To Tennyson" shows the true poet's spirit. The editorial department—a very vital part of the magazine—is especially worthy of note. "Letters of a Freshman" is, in our opinion, a blot on the pages of the magazine. We hardly think it represents the best thought or the best literary effort of the college. It is entirely out of tune with the editorial, "The Passing of the Boy", on another page of the same issue. We realize that it is meant for humor, but we do not approve of this kind of humor in a supposedly literary magazine.

The Wesleyan and The Tattler are decidedly the best looking magazines we have before us. But the contents are not quite in keeping with their looks.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: The College Message, The Trinity Archive, The Ivy, St. Mary's Muse, Western Maryland College Monthly, The Messenger, The Critograph, Dew Drops, The Sage.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Margaret Blythe, '17, *Adelphian*

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Physics student, trying to sidetrack teacher: "Mr. Hammel, what is force?"

Mr. Hammel: "It is a breakfast food."

Thanksgiving visitor in looking around the hall of Students' Building, saw the statue of "Winged Victory" and exclaimed: "Gee, this is a swell big room, but who knocked the head off that angel?"

Learned Junior: "I think we ought to pray for all countries in Europe, whether they are at war or not, Switzerland, China and Egypt as well as France."

Miss R.: "Miss Smith, what is the German for lawyer?"

Miss S.: "I'd forgot" (advokat).

Miss R.: "Very good."

Freshman drawing student, looking at the picture of a mountain near Athens, in the library: "Miss Fort, what is that white stuff on that mountain?"

Miss F.: "That, my dear, is snow."

Freshie: "I thought so myself, but didn't you say that it was Greece?"

New music student to girl in the practice room next door: "Has the *metronome* been around yet?"

Reluctant purchaser of Red Cross seals to E. M.: "Do they take the place of postage stamps?"

E. M.: "Where *were* you raised?"

### ADDRESS WANTED

One Sunday afternoon Mrs. O'Conner told her children, who had always lived in the city, the story of Adam and Eve. It seemed to make a deep impression on her six-year-old son, Nat. The next day Nat came in and said: "Mama, I want you to tell me something—what was the number of Adam and Eve's house?"

The mistress called her maid, and in harsh tones remarked: "Ellen, I'm tired of your neglect and carelessness. Just look at all that dust lying about on the furniture. It's six weeks old at the very least."

Ellen became very dignified. "Then it's no fault of mine. You knows very well, ma'am, that I've been with you only four weeks."

ON PSYCHOLOGY

Mr. Beach: "What happens to those people whose minds lack the instincts of self-preservation?"

Miss P.: "They die when children."

Mr. B.: "And their descendants?"

Miss P.: "They die, too."

First: "Is this the weather bureau? How about a shower tonight?"

Second: "Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."

Miss Brooks, the dietitian, had just told Jackson not to let the negro cooks eat the walnuts for dinner's sauce. A few moments later, looking up from her writing, she saw Jackson just chewing away.

Miss B.: "Jackson, I thought I told you not to let the cooks eat those walnuts."

J.: "Miss Brooks, dem walnuts just like bananas; you kin chew and chew and neber kin swallow dem."

A remark caught in passing from the dining room: "I'm going to take both my apples to the civil service committee."

Two Juniors at a table had repeatedly declared for the benefit of the Freshmen there that they were each president of the Cornelian or Adelpian Societies. The next morning the doubting Thomas of the Freshmen triumphantly remarked:

"Um-huh! I knew you all were fibbing last night! I looked in the hand book for presidents and neither one of your names were there."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Goodness! I am so excited!

Nothin' worries, nothin' frets.

Christmas not so far off now, girls,

And I'm goin' home, you bet.

Goodness, gracious, what's the matter?

Standin' there so straight an' tall,

Askin' why I am so anxious;

Why, I've been here all the fall!

Homesick? Well, you can just reckon,

And I've worked, as you can see,

'Till most crazy; but forget it,

Soon it will be home for me.

There's ma an' pa, an' sister May,

Baby, and—William Pate.

Who is William? Well—er—say—

Seems to me I just can't wait.

The editor-in-chief of the Normal Magazine wished to send a copy of the first number of the Magazine to the former editor-in-chief, so she directed an envelope and thoughtfully wrote on the inside of the cover: "With best wishes from the editors and *special love* of the editor-in-chief."

Later the business manager, since she knew a copy had already been sent to the former editor, all unbeknowingly slipped the Magazine from the original envelope and mailed it in another to the University exchange.





## ORGANIZATIONS

### The Student Self-Government Association

Rosa Blakeney . . . . . President	Annie Mae Fuller . . . . . Secretary
Ruth Tate . . . . . Vice-President	Madeline Thompson . . . . . Treasurer

#### Marshals

Chief—Annie Spainhour, Burke County, Cornelian

##### Adelphian

Annie Beam . . . . . Cleveland County  
 Edwina Lovelace . . . . . Wilson County  
 Marguerite Wiley . . . . . Buncombe County  
 Flossie Harris . . . . . Rowan County  
 Kate Jones . . . . . Buncombe County

##### Cornelian

Esther Mitchell . . . . . Granville County  
 Kate M. Streetman . . . . . McDowell County  
 Evelyn Whitty . . . . . Jones County  
 Estelle Dillon . . . . . Craven County  
 Carrie Goforth . . . . . Caldwell County

#### Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

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Mary Hall . . . . . Secretary	Willie Moore . . . . . Monitor

#### Y. W. C. A.

Sadie McBrayer . . . . . President	Louise Maddry . . . . . Secretary
Mary Gwynn . . . . . Vice-President	Sarah Gwynn . . . . . Treasurer

#### Athletic Association

Jessie Gainey . . . . . President	Georgia Hatch . . . . . Special Vice-Pres.
Janie Ipock . . . . . Senior Vice-Pres.	Janie Wright . . . . . Prep. Vice-Pres.
Hattie May Covington . . . . . Junior V.-Pres.	Madge Kennette . . . . . Secretary
Louise Davis . . . . . Soph. Vice-Pres.	Eva McDonald . . . . . Treasurer
Mary Nesbitt . . . . . Fresh. Vice-Pres.	Ellen Rosa . . . . . Critic

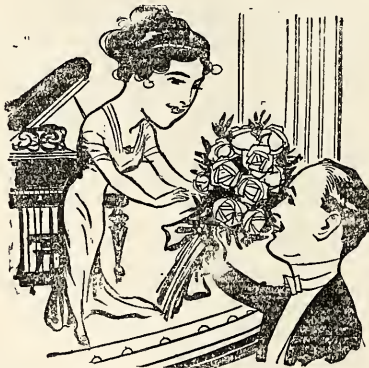
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