



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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No. 3

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" To each member of our college community the magazine staff extends most heartily this old yet ever new and heart-warming wish. May this be the merriest, happiest, most gladsome Christmas ever for each one of us. And may it be the nearest approach to that first Christmas of long ago Bethlehem for there is again "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

And to all, the message we would bring is "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad." For weeks our hearts have been thrilled by the wonderful story of peace for the weary and battle-scarred world—a story second only to that of the gift, two thousand years ago, of peace and life eternal to a weary and sin-scarred world. Our Christmas, then, is one of gladness and true thankfulness that Bobby Burns' dream that

"Men the world o'er
Shall brothers be
For a' that,"

is nearer realization than ever before.

And so again "A Merry Christmas to us all!"

Bluffing is a universal art practiced by great and small. **THE GENTLE ART OF BLUFFING** It is employed by some who admit it and some who do not. It is widely practiced in education. Look at the men and women who obtain degrees from colleges every year. Many of them know the facts but not the 'wheres' and 'whys' of the various subjects they study. Their main object is to get by with their degree. They bluff until they actually bluff themselves. "They know not that they know not." They in turn make use of this expedient in teaching others. They must seem to know the subjects they teach.

Here in college it is a most useful expedient and one much used. At times it is absolutely essential to happiness. Now more than ever before do conditions call for it. We must pretend that should we be compelled by circumstances to spend Christmas at the College we will enjoy it. Christmas this year cannot be the Christmas it has been before. Many of us have brothers, fathers, and friends in camp

and in the trenches. They cannot be at home to enjoy the pleasures of the season with us, nor can we be perfectly happy when we realize what they are sacrificing. We can sacrifice along with them though. It is for our own good that we stay here. If we go home we come back but to have another siege of sickness. We must say that we would like to experience one Christmas away from home, that by staying here we can go home earlier in the Spring. We must wear a smile and hide our disappointments.

There is also given our parents a chance to help us bluff. They can say they know it is for our protection; that only one Christmas away from home will not be bad; that we will learn to appreciate home more than ever before on account of this experience. The Pollyanna glad-game must be played by us all.

—V. S. '21.

O ye who hearken to the voice of warning, lend me one ear.
AS THE DAYS GO BY. If not of that species, pass on unmolested.

Listen! If you live to attain majority, don't ever get stuck up over the degree of your development, and don't be too sure about the stability of your "thinking processes" either,—In fact, it's a right good thing to keep in mind, whenever you're inclined to the behavior of a peacock, no matter on what score, that a shoe shine wouldn't hurt you.

Don't misunderstand that you're ever to assume an "oh-what-a-worm-am-I" attitude, because that doesn't get you anywhere, and there's danger of someone who lacks the virtue of Patience taking you up on it and disposing of you as your role merits. No

don't swell the figures on your minus side too much; because a worm's about as bad as a peacock. The middle course, as in most pursuits, is advised.

But don't—to reiterate—be too elated over your ability to carry out your "principles of living," because first thing you know, without any warning mutterings from the elements, you'll wake up alongside a thunderbolt and find out that you omitted some slight detail in your plan of daily behavior. And above all things, don't develop to the point where you get bored with folks because they are immature in *their* thinking. There are two good reasons for steering clear of such a habit—the greater one being that you will forfeit the unsurpassed happiness that comes from association with little children and a minor one being the feeling of humiliation you will experience that sunny morning, when you find the thunderbolt and yourself staring at each other. Because just as sure as you live, days will come when things will make their advent—plop!—just as sudden as that ancient instrument of Jove, and you'll find that you're not quite as steady and poised as you thought you were.

But don't misunderstand again. Just because the aforesaid is true, don't go and get on the trail that leads to nowhere, whose flaring sign posts say, "What's the use to steel your front; there are man-eating acids on ahead?" For, if, in the course of your steady, poised, mature calculations; you do get side tracked and make a fool of yourself over some crazy little thing that nobody could tell would affect you that way, don't cry more than half a day because any more will defy powder to stick on your nose, and don't tell more than seven people be-

cause the incident will grow smaller with age, if not recorded in too many memories. Be disgusted with yourself just long enough to go to the bottom of the thing and then start all over and try even harder—and be more lenient with the next fellow creature you find in the same predicament, even if that particular person does rub you the wrong way, anyhow, in normal situations.

And now the moral I fain would point is this: Don't be so sure of your acquaintance with yourself that you pass each other without nodding, because "methods of daily living," during the years of youth, are never finished products, to be used at will. They are ever in the process of creation and only as we put back what falls down and more do they grow and strengthen.

A. H., '19, Ad. Iphian.

In the midst of the screaming of **THE COLLEGE GIRL AND RECONSTRUCTION.** whistles, ringing of bells and cheers of joyful mobs on the eventful dawn of Nov. 11, a college girl fell across her bed and sobbed "I have not done anything to help win it." That is the feeling each girl within college walls has—proud of the victory won, yet jealous of the ones who have played a large or small part and ashamed of her own short comings. We have given our spare time to various organizations for meeting war needs; we have denied ourselves of unnecessary dainty frocks; we have worn old shoes and the honorable shabby overcoat; we have done our best to keep the boys smiling and singing. Oh, we can count the little things we have done, but have we made any great sacrifice? We have remained in

college, during the space of the war, with the greatest comforts of life and have grumbled about these. The boys have endured unconceivable horrors with an outraged heart, yet with patience, unselfishness, and a spirit optimistic and trustful. They have not made the sacrifice in vain but the situation seems rather dubious for us. Shall we sneak into a shell of shame and brood over our troubles? If we do we shall commit an outrageous crime against the world.

The world faces its greatest problem today—reconstruction. Germany must be rebuilt with the guidance of strong, experienced and sympathetic hands; bleeding Belgium and France are to be nourished back to life and happiness; and, now that the excitement of battle is over, the soldiers must be protected from temptation. A few of us will find our places in the ranks of workers suitable for these needs, but for most of us comes the challenge—what will we do when the boys come home?

Peace has been won and the world recognizes the fact that women have had a part in the winning of it.

Women have fast been filling the places of the men but positions must be made for the returning army. Are women going to recede before the ranks, give up their places and become objects of amusement and affection? Never again! We are determined that the men returning will find us their equals in intellect and capabilities. They must find us conscious future citizens—broad minded, high-principled, progressive, and above all things democratic. Woman has gained her place in the world and, undoubtedly, the college girls will fill it. We have preached and practiced prepared-

ness and now it remains for us to make the most of our opportunities.

V. W., '19, Adelpian.

Posters! Posters!

Here, there, everywhere!

The best in many years.

Much credit is due to the girls who have charge of our

POSTERS. "Bulletin Board" this year. Their posters

from cartoons on "Mr. Flu" to those on "Zip" and the "Watermelon smile" have certainly cheered us up. They have made everybody smile, smile, smile. Not only have they made us smile and be happy but they have made us think—think in bigger, broader terms. Every morning by the first period the head lines of the papers are posted—quite appreciated by all of the students. Then too, they have made us think in world terms. One week by their many posters they kept before us the "Blue Triangle Girl" in all her branches of work. During the World week of prayer, each day our thoughts were stimulated by one of their "gems" which in a few well chosen words and pictures told us to center our thoughts on one of our sister countries that day. The poster for Africa was especially appropriate, having as a background the Blue Triangle around which was outlined the Map of Africa. Just at the top of the continent appeared the head of a little black child. The fitting words

on the poster were "Thinking Black." Another one of the "Bulletin Board's" big tasks was the War Fund Campaign. This they did equally well if not better. In fact, every poster and clipping which have been on the Bulletin Board this year have been well chosen, very appropriate and worthy of the highest commendation.

P. J., '20, Cornelian.

All of the student body have an especial pride in the beauty of our campus, but particularly do the *lawn mowers* cherish this feeling. These girls spent many sunny hours, this preceding summer, laboring over the grass, and the results obtained are worthy of their effort. They know how difficult it is to mow over bare, down-trodden places and how greatly these places destroy the symmetry of the lawn. From them comes this plea that you "Watch your step." Although the grass will soon be dead, remember that spring will come, and then, instead of bare, rounded corners and sheep trails leading over our campus, we want well defined walks and beautiful grass as a fit setting for our college. If each of us will assume the duty of picking up all paper and debris from the grounds as well as guarding our steps from short-cuts, our campus will indeed be a haven of beauty for the returning "Sammies."

E. B., '20, Cornelian.

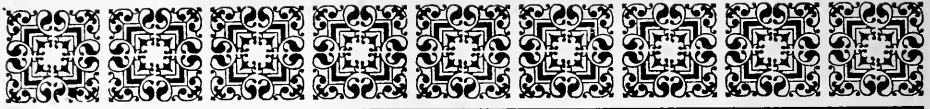
A Christmas Carol

"The Morning Stars Sang Together"

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

Stars dear—
Sing loud a hallelujah!
Make all the music of your chorus ring
Far, near,
Where woeful war now rages.
Dear morning stars, together grandly sing.

For men
May hear you—watchers, fighters—
Hear, listen, know that this is Christmas morn.
And then,
Despite the killed and dying,
Dear war-wrung hearts will sing too "He is
born."



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The Message of the Christmas Star

IDA GORDNER, '19, CORNELLIAN

The Star of Peace gleaming bright in the Christmas sky heralds in the greatest season of rejoicing since that first night it guided the three Wise Men to the lowly manger in Bethlehem.

So often has the season of good tidings, the season that is vivid reminder of the birth of Him who came that Peace in the end might reign—so often has this season been one of earthly strife and turmoil, when greed, and selfishness, and the brutalizing forces of war held sway in the minds of men.

Yet, as the ages have come and gone since the birth of the great Harbinger of Peace, slowly, but steadily and surely, a bigger vision has come into the soul of man. No longer is he the personification of egotism; no longer is he possessed with brutal passions—with the desire to rule by might and not by right. Instead he thinks of himself in terms of other men, of his happiness in terms of that of his fellowman. His microscope and field glass are thrown aside, and, adjusting the telescope, he

views the whole world's need of *his* love, *his* sympathy, *his* fellowship, *his* cooperation, and *his* toleration.

After four long years of deadly, destructive warfare, of bloody, brutal barbarism, of wicked, wilful murder—after four long years of sadness, sorrow, and self-sacrifice, of courage to fight to the finish a war of the loftiest ideals, the peoples of the world rest from strife and turmoil.

Peace that is sweet, comforting, inexpressible, possesses every joyful heart as it listens this Christmas eve to glad tidings sung with a newer, bigger interpretation that rings clear and true above the noise of battlefield and roar of machine guns—the noise that has so deadened the finer feelings in the soul of man.

The Star of Peace gleams bright! A halo of love, of sympathy, of understanding enshrouds the peoples of the universe as they reverently, joyfully sing the carol that proclaims:

“Peace on earth; good will toward men.”

Martie's First Christmas

ELIZABETH JONES, '21, CORNELIAN

Just a week before Christmas, a queer looking wagon clattered down the main street of Hendersonville, a town in the mountains of North Carolina. Peeping out of the back of the wagon was a small, dark, oval face, framed in a wavy crown of black hair. The deep blue-black eyes gazed wistfully at the glittering show windows, decorated with holly and other evergreens. In the midst of these gay decorations, lay toys such as the wistful pair of eyes had never seen before. Wonderful toys they were too, worthy of the silent admiration of those blue-black eyes. Some were stationary and some moved when wound up like a clock. There were jacks in the box, trains, automobiles, red express wagons and many, many other beautiful things.

Suddenly the owner of the wistful eyes gave a gasp of longing. The wagon had stopped for some reason, and right opposite the wagon was a large store with a huge, brilliantly lighted, show window. In the window were dolls, big and little, clowns and preacher dolls, ballet dancers, mother dolls, papa dolls, little girl and boy dolls, in fact almost every kind that one could imagine. But in the center of the window stood one that held the gaze of that pair of eyes. As she stood staring, a man stepped in the window and touched something on the back of the doll. A marvelous thing happened, marvelous to the person in the back of the queer wagon. The doll began to walk. It was too much!

The little person could not stand being so far from that wonderful window. From under the strip of canvas, covering the lower part of the back of the wagon, a pair of legs, clad in ragged black stockings, appeared. A ragged dress followed the legs; a pair of arms waved wildly above, and the small, dark, oval face and the wavy black hair came into view. It was a little girl about eight years old, painfully thin. With slow steps, she started across the street, but her eagerness got the best of her, and with a few quick skips and hops, she was right at the wonderful window. For what seemed like hours she stood there with her little face pressed against the glass. A tender look came on her face, a hungry look. A kind old gentleman, glancing through the window, saw the little figure. After watching her awhile, a feeling of pity stole into his heart. "Poor little kiddie," he said, "I guess there will be no Santa Claus for her. I wonder where she lives. Believe I'll go out and ask her." So the kind old man trotted out to where the little girl stood. "Do you like the baby dolls?" he said. With a quick, eager smile she looked up. "Oh yes," she cried, "If I could only hold one for a minute." There was so much pathos in the child's voice that the man's heart was touched. "You shall hold one, dear little girl," he said, "Just come with me." He led her inside of the store, and gently laid a beautiful little doll in her arms. She rewarded him with

a happy smile, and holding the doll close to her heart, she sat down on a box near by the door and began swaying back and forth, softly singing a sweet lullabye. "What is it you sing, little one?" asked the man. "'Tis a song my mother used to sing to me before she died." said the little girl. "I live now with an old aunt, in a gypsy wagon. Oh! I wonder if they have left me?" She started to lay down the doll but the man said, "keep it, little girl. Perhaps Santa Claus will bring you a bigger one too." The little girl's eyes grew big with wonder. "Why do you say that," she cried, "he never comes to us. He does not love gypsies." "Yes, yes, he does, little one, you look for him to come and see if he doesn't." Before he could say more, the little girl was out in the street madly pursuing the wagon, which was nearly out of sight. She still held the dolly clutched in her arm.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. On the outskirts of Hendersonville, in a little valley, was the queer wagon. Martie, the little gypsy girl, was up with the break of dawn, building a fire. While the bits of wood were beginning to crackle and blaze, she began to prepare breakfast. Her old aunt was sick, so that Martie had to cook. This was but a light task though, for they had very little to eat. Martie did not mind the cold and poor food. She never thought of being cold or hungry. All she could think of was her dolly, and that the man said Santa Claus would really come to see her. She asked her aunt if she thought there was any chance of Santa coming. "Quit talking nonsense child, and tend to the fire. Santa

nor anyone else ever bother with gypsies" was the sharp reply. Martie's eyes filled with tears, but she turned to the fire without another word. All day she hoped that Santa would really come. Just at twilight, when she was singing her dolly to sleep and trying hard to wink back the tears of disappointment, she heard bells in the distance. Jumping up, she eagerly stared up the road. Someone was surely coming. A horse and sleigh plodded into view carrying a figure wrapped in furs amid piles of bundles. Martie jumped up and down in her excitement. Her eyes blazed like stars. Santa had really come.

The sleigh drove up near her, the fur-clad figure struggled out and called in a strangely familiar voice. "Come help Santa, little girl." She sped toward him as if on wings and together they carried the bundle to the queer wagon that was her home. "I am late, little girl, and can not stay but a minute. It seems as though I've somehow overlooked you every Christmas before this, so I've tried to make this one big enough for all those I've missed." So saying, he jumped into his sleigh and whirled away, down the white road. Another sleigh, larger than the first, and pulled by two horses, came into sight. Suddenly, sweet, melodious music arose into the stillness of the evening. The little girl stood there amid her first Christmas gifts, and heard the beautiful, thrilling, carols for the first time. Slowly the sleigh passed from view, the occupants carrying a picture long to be remembered—a figure of a little girl, standing by the side of a queer, old wagon, holding her first dolly to

her little heart. To Martie, the singing seemed to come from the throats of the angels, her mother had told her about. She lifted up her little face and gazed at a big bright star that twinkled as if it knew how happy the lonely little heart has been made. Martie, the little gypsy girl, had had her first Christmas.

For All We Most Desire

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, DIKEAN

Could the hollow ruts of living to the brim be beauty-filled,
And the light above be mirrored here below,
We steady, plodding toilers with dull eyes bent on the ground,
Could but splash our feet in splendor as we go.

*For beauty that is now,
For beauty that shall be,
O human hearts be thankful!*

Could the peace of pine-pricked sunsets
Still the yearnings of the wind,
And the organ sob man's sorrow all away,
The human hand that comforts,
And the human eyes that lift,
Would then have but a halting part to play.

*For all we most desired,
For much we were denied,
O human hearts be thankful!*

The Child In American Literature

MARY WINN ABERNETHY, '20, ADELPHIAN

"A child-world, yet a wondrous world
no less

To those who knew its boundless
happiness."

After the storm and the stress of a busy world of wars, after the sobs and heart-aches of a life of failure, after the glorious out-burst of a day crowned with success, back, back after all things we come home. Why? We come for a feeling of security, to crowd out all the hideous, incongruous experiences of the day, to rest, to close our eyes against the world, and to say over and over to our selves those beautiful old lines,

"Backward, turn backward

Oh, time, in your flight."

We come home, finally to be children. It was with this same desire, this burning, craving, longing,

"Make me a child again,

Just for tonight,"

that the poet's mind, the artist's eye first turned to childhood. Once he had produced it as it really is, this subject became so attractive to him; its marvelous, mysterious, ever playful never sorrowful ways appealed so forcibly to his imagination that his heart burst forth in the song, "I am a child, a child." Then instantly, with a true poet's instinct, he caught its wonderful personality, and with a real artist's stroke of the brush, he painted it for the world. A great American essayist once said, "Somewhere back in the dim ages past, childhood was made beautiful and holy in

the eyes of the world. It was not until last century, however that childhood was really born into American literature." At the beginning of that century, America had had her birth, had reached maturity, fought for her place in the great family of nations. She, like the poet, was tired of the world of strife; she was ready for rest. It was then that her poets and literary men were at liberty to turn their pens, hot with political and religious discussions to themes which they loved. It was then, and not until then, that childhood had its birth into our literature.

If the beginning of last century marks the birth of childhood into American literature, the latter part of that same century marks its growth and development. Let us search the pages of poetry, or rather let us visit its picture gallery and see, among its most striking portraits, how many characters are familiar to us. There are "Little Boy Blue," "Orphant Annie," "Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," pathetic little "Eva" and an infinite number of others who have forever been perpetuated by their master producers.

In the list of master producers, we see Longfellow's name. What contribution to our great art museum has he made? There is nothing more beautiful, more fanciful in all our literature than Hiawatha's childhood. Beginning with Nokomis' fall from the moon and continuing thru the birth

and early boyhood of the little Indian, the poet gives free rein to his imagination, producing pictures of rare loveliness and of exquisite harmony. The most human touch, however, comes in the lines,

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha
Stilled his fretful wail by saying
'Hush, the Naked Bear will hear
thee!'
Lulled him into slumber, singing
'Ewa-yea! my little owlet''

Then we see Hiawatha roaming the forest with its "dark and gloomy pine trees," talking with the birds, listening to the song of the clear and sunny brook, and growing day by day into a strong, beautiful child, becoming more and more the child of wonder. We love him for his strength and beauty, and we take with joy these few scattered pictures and hang them high on the walls of our gallery. Hiawatha is not Longfellow's only contribution to our great museum. Can we ever forget. "Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra and Edith with Golden hair!" They are our very own acquaintances of years ago. We have played with them in that richest gift of childhood—imagination. Even now we have them; they are even more human and dearer to us than Hiawatha, and we find their pictures also hanging high in our gallery.

Next on our list of famous artists for children, we see Whittier's name; and indeed, when we read "Barefoot Boy," we know the reason.

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan."

Listen to the poet's heart rending cry,

Oh for boyhood's time of June
Crowding years in one brief moon!
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy."

We know that the poet must have lived his barefoot boy, followed him, talked with him—for him, longed to be him again; and because of this very closeness of feeling, he has painted a picture which we find hanging, even higher than those of Longfellow, on the walls of our minds and hearts. Along with the Barefoot Boy, however, comes School Days.

"'I'm sorry that I spelt the word
I hate to go above you
Because,' the brown eyes lower fell,
'Because, you see, I love you!'"

This picture is so beautiful, so delightfully human that we not only place it high in our art museum, but we instinctively classify it as one of our masterpieces.

But we turn from the characters of Longfellow and Whittier to those of the greatest of all portrayers of boys, Mark Twain. His rollicking, frolicking, wildly imaginative, but wholly natural boy! "How we have laughed at them, how we have cried with them! They are not fictitious characters as are most of the characters of books we read when we were children. They are not story book heroes. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are boys whom we meet every day, possessing, it is true, an enormous faculty for 'seeing visions and dreaming dreams,'" but, at the same time, being very real and intensely human. Follow Tom, if you would, into a rather crowded, somewhat excited court-room. Recall the tense atmosphere which pervaded the

audience, and incidentally, which pervaded your own mind as you followed each delightful detail of the story. Listen and hear him speak: "Taint nobody what's killed him; taint nothing what done it. He jus' up and had a dream and that's what done it. The *dream* shot him." Or again, watch Tom and his boon companion Huck, as they return from their trip abroad. It is dark now, and getting black and stormy. The professor, whom the boys were shadowing because they supposed him to be the thief of the diamonds, suddenly mad, raves more and more wildly. The thunder begins to charge fiercely; and the winds sigh and moan among the ropes. It was an awful moment for the two boys, for it seemed to them that it would never pass; yet we know that our young detectives land safely and do eventually succeed in solving the mystery of the great diamond robbery. We wonder why these stories have remained with us since we were children; why they have become such lasting pictures to put with our great collection. It is because their author possessed a very rare, a very marvelous understanding of boys, and a thoroughly human appreciation of their views of life. We must recognize them as genuine masterpieces coming from the inventive mind of such a man, from a genuine artist—one who has forever endeared to us boyhood.

But we would forget our richest, truest artist were we to omit James Whitcomb Riley. Where are the moo cow and Elizabeth Ann, the hired man "what wurks fur pa," and the raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man? We find them in our museum too. True, they are not pictures of childhood, but they are the creation of a child's mar-

velous imagination, and as such, they must have their place in our world of art. Riley excelled in portraying this childish imagination.

"Wist I wuz it a little bit o'weenty
twenty kid."

We hear the sewords and we live again those beautiful nursery days. Again we hug an old ragged, dirty-faced doll close to our wildly beating hearts as we bend a tousled little head over our precious child and sing with lisping words,

"Rock-a-bye baby
In the tree top."

But if he knew so well a child's imagination, he had equally as great an understanding of its love for make believe. Some publishing house, in advertising Riley's works said, "The wonderful land of make believe, the richest of all childish fancy is expessed throughout all his wonderful works. We know this is true when we read

"Where go the children? Traveling-
ing! Traveling!

Some go to foreign wars,
Some go to conquer things
Some go to dream dreams
And some go to bed!"

But we turn with eagerness to other pictures of his. We go with the little boy in the "Bear hunt," and we gather apples from a sycamore tree; with the heart of a boy we visit that old "swimmin' hole;" as high school girls and boys we read, "That old sweetheart of Mine;" and with the rapt attention of the little ones we still hear his famous "Peanut Story." These, however, are but pictures taken at random. Riley's one picture which will remain with us always is Jim.

“Good-bye, Jim,
Take keer o’ yoursel’f!”

Jim was just a big boy, but Jim was going off to war. The neighborhood didnt think much of him; “pa,” however, knew, and some how or other “pa” guessed the story that was to come. This is our favorite picture, perhaps, of all those in our great storehouse of pictures, but it strikes us even more forcibly today than it ever has before. We have it more today because thousands of fathers the world over have said,

“Good-bye, Jim,
Take keer o’ yourse’f!”

Finally, and with reluctance, we pass from Riley’s pictures to those of the greatest of all child-poets. the “humanist of all human artists,” Eugene Field. He gave us only one picture of the child himself, and this is Little Boy Blue, but he has drawn him so skillfully that his picture will never fade from our memory. If Little Boy Blue is his only picture of childhood itself, he has painted for us the great heart of Father and Mother—and these belong with childhood. We see a mother bending over a tiny, pink crib, saying

“Winken, and Blinken, and Nod
one night
Sailed out on a silvery sea;”

or we hear her sing,

“Fair is the castle upon the hill,
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair, the waves are
still
The wind is singing, to you and to me
In this lonely home beside the sea,
Hushaby, sweet my own!”

But poets have written of motherhood before; Field is the first to write of Fatherhood.

“Aha! a traitor in the camp
A rebel strangly bold,
A lispng, laughing, toddling scamp
Not more than four years old.
You stingy boy! You’ve always had
A share in mamma’s heart.
You wouldn’t begrudge your poor
old dad
The tiniest little part!”

But we end our visit to the almost endless gallery of childhood’s pictures. And we are glad that there came a time in America’s history when her poets and literary men were tired of battling with the world and when they turned their pens to produce themes they loved. We are glad that those who have reached their prime after a life of toil and stress

“Still have kept the morning time of
Glad youth in heart and spirit.”

My Little White Apron

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

When I was just a tiny tot
And jumped the rope to school
I wore a warm, dark, woolen dress
And an apron white and cool
And I thought myself "dressed up to kill"
In that wee, wee apron, with the big, big sash
And the tiny starchety frill.

The tots now wear middies and rompers,
Such curious, cumbersome things!
But none of them have the pleasure
That a little, white apron brings,
And each of them will miss something, until,
She has a wee, wee apron with a big, big sash,
And a tiny, starchety frill.

Miss Susannah's Visitors

CLARA E. BRAWLEY, '22, DIKEAN

Samantha was busy scrubbing the kitchen floor one bright morning. Not that the kitchen needed scrubbing, for the whole room was scrupulously clean, even the pots and pans shone from their place on the shelves, but Miss Susannah Suggs was mistress in her own home and things were done when she said so.

"Samantha," said a stern voice behind her. Looking up Samantha saw her mistress standing in the door with an open letter in her hand.

"O, Lawdy somethin' done gone and happened," whispered Samantha to herself, "Cause she looks mad as fire and her 'specs' is on the tip end of her nose. That's a sure sign."

"Samantha, come here."

"Yesam," and Samantha quickly jumped to her feet.

"I have just received a letter from nephew John which says all the children are coming here Thanksgiving. It does beat all how people will bother their kinfolks. Samantha you get to work and make some doughnuts and mince pies."

While Miss Susannah was talking, Samantha's shiny face had taken on a grin which reached from ear to ear. She was well acquainted with the four Suggs and liked them even as much as they liked her.

"Yesam, I know exactly what to make. John Jr. he likes his pies"—she got no farther for Miss Susannah sharply commanded her to get to work, which Samantha did with alacrity.

Miss Susannah walked slowly to her

room and sat down. Taking out her letter she read it again. "My dear aunt," it ran, "Marie and I are invited out to dine Thanksgiving, and as Marie had already told the nurse she could get off, thought we would send the children to you. They will be there Thanksgiving morning. Send them home Friday.

Your affectionate nephew,
John Suggs."

"It does beat all," soliloquized Miss Susannah, "The nerve of some kinfolks. Invited out to dine—! Well I would like to know why the children couldn't go out to dine with them. Now ain't that just like a man. But I never have shirked my duty and I ain't going to this time." With that she folded the letter again and adjusted her glasses.

Thursday morning found Samantha hustling here and there in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to the Thanksgiving dinner. From stove to pantry she went, first icing the cookies then stacking the pumpkin pies, until everything was in readiness.

"John Suggs must be crazy if he thinks I am going to stay at home from church on Thanksgiving to go meet his children. It does beat all how people will bother people. Samantha, you go and meet them and for goodness sake don't let them tear down the house." The result was, at nine o'clock Samantha, dressed in a stiffly starched white apron, and a still stiffer cap, appeared at the train to meet the children.

Samantha welcomed each one heart-

ily and; with two clinging to each arm, took them to the house. When they reached the house, Samantha took them to the fire and told them to get warm. In the meanwhile she went to get some cookies. All seated themselves, from John Jr., age thirteen, to little Susan (aunt Susannah's name-sake) age seven. Presently John Jr. reached in his pocket and took something out. Little Susan spied him and cried out, "O John did you bring the pet mouse?" Thereupon John opened his hand and out jumped a little white mouse which began to run around the room. John seeing the hearth broom decided to stop it with that. Running and swinging, he unthinkingly swung it too high, for suddenly there was a great crash and a fall and down came the beautiful chandelier Miss Susannah prized so highly, broken in a thousand pieces. Suddenly all grew quiet. Even the mouse went unnoticed. They looked at each other. Samantha, hearing the noise came running in.

"O chillen, chillen, what made you do it? Miss Susannah thinks more of that lamp than she do of herself."

The children seeing Samantha's distress burst into tears, that is all except John Jr. who stood up manfully and cried out, "Well I guess when I get to be a big man I can get her another old lamp."

But troubles never come singly, for at that moment in walked Miss Susannah. When she saw what had happened she fell weakly in a chair.

"My smelling salts Samantha." There her beautiful chandelier, an heirloom in the family for years and years, broken and smashed!

When Miss Susannah had revived a little, she looked at each one in turn. Each flinched at her gaze and fell back. But John Jr. wise for his years, stepped forward.

"Aunt Susannah I broke your old lamp and I will buy you another one just as soon as I grow up to be a man." But Miss Susannah only motioned to Samantha to take them out and leave her alone. All silently trooped out followed by Samantha.

It is needless to say there was no more enjoyment for the children that day. They ate their dinner alone as Miss Susannah was too grieved to appear. Samantha tried to be jolly and loaded down John Jr.'s plate with good things, but with no good result.

The next morning Samantha took four sober-faced little Suggs to the train and each declared secretly to Samantha that they hadn't had a bit of good time.

About a month later, on December the twenty-fourth, Miss Susannah was sitting in the room before a cheerful fire. Samantha stuck her head in the door and said:

"A 'spress package for you Miss Susannah."

"Very well, bring it in and be quick about it," sharply replied her mistress.

The box was placed at her feet and she quickly opened it. There lay the most beautiful cut glass chandelier she had ever seen! She picked up the card and read, "Merry Christmas to you. Affectionately, Four little Suggs."

"It does beat all" and she slowly brushed a tear from her eye, "the nerve of some kinfolks," while Samantha standing by, unnoticed, grinned.

Good Night

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

With the happy moon smiling above us, my Laddie,
And the happy earth 'round us with shadows a-dance,
Happy beside you, I'd say "good night," Laddie,
In happy days before you went to France.

* * * * *

The grave moon shines above me, Lad,
And the earth is shadowy quite;
And alone I stand in my doorway, Lad,
Where I stand night after night
As in a trance.
And with my face upturned, Lad,
And my heart up-lifted too,
I think of auld lang syne, Lad,
And *pray* good night for you,
My lad in France.

Strategy With a Churn-Dasher

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

Ann Freeman sat up in bed. She had heard above the jingle of knives and forks in the room beneath, the mentioning of her name. Not a nerve in her body quivered; she strained her ears; what were they saying about her as they ate their supper down there? No, she did not particularly care what they said, she consoled herself— but still, she redoubled her efforts to hear. At last she heard her older sister, Ethel, distinctly say, "There isn't a bit of supper left for Ann. I don't know as it makes any difference though as I guess she will just keep on sleeping until morning."

"Well, why is she sleeping so much when there's perfectly good things to eat?" said Bob helping himself to the last fried potatoes in the dish.

"Just another one of her pouting spells. Mama made her mad when she slapped her for not minding, and she crawled off to bed and cried herself to sleep."

"That's the way she's always doing; just bawls her fool head off—same as other women."

Ann heard it all. Nor could one say that it made her feel any better. She happened to glance across the room and saw her reflection in the mirror to the bureau. Then with one tragic sweep of her eyes she saw revealed there, her pale face, her puffed lids, her shining nose, and her streaming black hair. Gritting her teeth and shaking her fist at the image, she muttered, "I'll get even with the last one of them. Just see if I don't."

Over the foot of the bed she crawled and slid across the floor until she stood before the bureau. There, while gazing at her reflection, she unconsciously began rubbing a powder rag over her glistening nose. All at once she noticed how pale she looked with powder on, and her black hair hanging around her face.

In the meanwhile, downstairs supper had been finished. Immediately afterward Bob went to a Scout meeting, Ethel to the picture show with some friends, and Mrs. Freeman to help nurse a sick neighbor that lived on the same street. None of them thought anything about Ann, who they took for granted was asleep. But the supposed sleeper was very much awake. In the semi-dark room upstairs she sat with her feet tucked up under her, thinking, thinking, thinking.

No one ever treated her right. Her whole life of thirteen years had been filled with anguish. Her mother was unreasonably strict. Did not everyone in town say that she was "tied down like a baby?" It was time someone was doing something about it. She wished she could get sick with fever or delirium tremens or something; then they would be sorry!

Suddenly a plan flashed thru her head. The more she thought about it the better she liked it. Details seemed to just pile themselves on now. She could be lying somewhere on the floor where the others would find her when they first came home. They

would naturally think that she had walked in her sleep. Then they would help her to bed, repenting for the inhuman way in which they had treated her. The plan seemed a good one. In fact she grew more enthusiastic every minute. Yes, she was sure it would work. Her mother was easily excited—it would not be hard to fool her. Had she not successfully fooled her time after time by playing sick? Then a little feeling of joy crept into her heart that her father was not at home, because—oh well, he was not so easily taken in.

Down the steps she crept thru the dark house; every shadow made her breath come harder; every creaking plank made her heart stand still. But she continued bravely on, determined to carry out her scheme to make them feel sorry. When she came to the lower hall she decided that it would be best for her to be found lying somewhere down there. She looked all around and finally concluded that the landing would be the spot on which she would secure her revenge. Something seemed to be lacking. What was it? Oh yes, she needed something in her hands to make it all the more realistic. The first thing that she spied was the fly-killer, but that did not exactly suit her fancy. She walked on thru the back hall, the dining-room, and then to the kitchen, looking for the desired artistic addition. At last she saw the very thing—the churn dasher.

On the landing a little while later she worked out her tableau. She lay with body motionless on the landing, chalky, upturned face hanging down the steps with black hair streaming behind, while in her hands she clasped tightly the churn-dasher. For hours

and hours it seemed she held herself in this cramped position, every muscle in her body ached; each minute she expected the arrival of some of her family. This last thought was all that sustained her thru the weary waiting. To carry out her plan at all she must be found in this position when they first entered the door. There was no other way but to remain fixed until someone came. What would they think if they should come in while she was getting herself ready?

At last Ethel and her friends returned from the picture show and sat down on the front porch. Next came Mrs. Freeman who calmly entered the hall, picked up her sewing, took a chair and began to work. Ann thought for a minute all of her beautiful plan and her bodily torture had been in vain. Her mother was not going to even see her. How would she attract her attention? Just then she gave a low weird moan. Then she waited a few seconds and gave another one a little longer drawn out. Mrs. Freeman straightened in her chair, looked everywhere and listened intently.

“Ethel come here this instant. There’s something in this house. It’s a dog, or man, or something. Come quick,” she commanded.

Ethel came into the hall with her friends. “What is it; where is it; how came it here?” she demanded.

“It’s there on the steps. The light is so dim that you can’t see it so very plainly. Don’t go near it—it might harm you.”

“Well, I guess I will see what it is.” And with that Ethel marched bravely up the stairsteps and astonished the awe-stricken people below by saying, “Why its Ann, mama, its Ann.”

Mrs. Freeman began to scream; the

visitors began to scream, and ditto Ethel. In the meanwhile Ann lay as still as a mouse. She had not even so much as flickered an eyelid during the whole performance. She had kept her eyes closed purposely, because she knew she could never meet successfully the direct gaze of the others. The screams brought in a dozen of the neighbors very quickly. Out in the front yard she could hear her sister and friends telling the neighbors of some wild spasm that they had found her in when they first came home. Amidst her sister's description of her waving hands and kicking feet she could hear her mother moaning, "Oh it's all my fault, all my fault. I left her here alone. Someone has frightened her. She used the churn-dasher for protection. It's all my fault, all my fault. Oh, oh, oh."

Ann thought, well they certainly are acting foolish. She had never intended carrying it so far. But if this was the way they had to act she did not care a bit.

It was in reality only a few seconds after the discovery of Ann that it dawned on someone that it might be best to do something for her. Someone suggested giving her whiskey, and others ran for the turpentine bottle, while someone found a pitcher of ice water and dashed it over her. Everyone crowded around her, rubbing her in silly places and asking still sillier questions. Down in the hall Mrs. Freeman walked back and forth, wringing her hands and wailing, "It's all my fault; it's all my fault. I left her all alone."

This was still more than Ann had planned. If she had planned it she could not have acted her part so well. It was genuine fright that kept every-

thing from appearing the least bit funny. The question that was puzzling her now was, when to "come to." If she did not manage it just right, all of these people would suspect her of faking and everything would be ruined.

Just then someone solved the question of when to "come to" by saying, "Oh Ann, Ann, if you can only speak one word, speak, and let your mother know you are living." In a few seconds Ann's eyelids flickered. She murmured, "What?" ever so weakly. Then with a startled look around her she inquired falteringly, "Where, where, am I?" Mrs. Freeman stopped her walking, jumped to the phone and began calling for a doctor.

Ann became weak from fear again. Who would her mother call? If she phoned for Dr. Meton he would expose everything in a few seconds after he arrived and learned the particulars. Oh, she did hope that her mother would get Dr. Hill. Dr. Hill was such a sport! Had he not told her one time that her mother was too strict on her, and that if she would fain sickness sometime he would come down and give her a few bread pills and tell her mother a few things?

In the meanwhile she had only stared upwards, while the crowd did various things and asked various questions to which she replied by only a shake of her head. Suddenly Dr. Hill raced in, flung the crowd back, grabbed Ann in his arms and asked someone to please show him a bed in which to lay her down. "Be quick, be quick," the old doctor thundered to the crowd, "Don't ask her any questions; you'll excite her." Gently he carried her up the steps, laid her down in her bed, closed the door to shut out the crowd and ordered her

mother to take off all of Ann's "tight clothing" at once.

Ann felt rebellious. This did not seem necessary to her at all. Dr. Hill had been nice about keeping the crowd out, for doubtless he suspected the fake and did not wish anyone to ask her any entangling questions, but she was mad at him for having her mother to remove her corset. Then Dr. Hill gave her some medicine to quiet her nerves and asked her if she felt sore anywhere.

"Nowhere except my head," she answered.

"Why, no wonder it feels sore," said her mother. "I can feel several large knots on her forehead. She must have fallen and hit her head."

"Well, the only explanation I can find for the whole matter is this," drawled Dr. Hill. "She can't remember a thing to help us out but it must have been something like this. You say you slapped her? This harsh treatment caused her mind to be so greatly disturbed that she had disagreeable dreams and went walking in her sleep. While dreaming, she went downstairs to the kitchen, procured the churn-dasher, which must have been connected in some way with her dreams, and then started back upstairs. At the head of the stairs she must have caught her foot in a loosened piece of carpet which caused her to fall backward down the steps to the landing and to be knocked unconscious. But I think she will be over the shock in a couple of days if you keep her perfectly quiet. Let her rest; don't make her do any work; don't let her get excited. I guess I had better go now. Come out in the hall, Mrs. Freeman. I wish to speak to you alone."

Thru the crack in the door Ann heard him telling her mother in low, serious tones. "Mrs. Freeman, you know exactly how nervous you are? Well, Ann is the same way. She is of such a nervous, high-strung temperament that she just cannot endure harsh treatment. You had better be very careful with her or I am afraid that she will have nervous prostration by the time she is twenty."

"Doctor, oh Doctor, have I done anything that might injure her permanently?"

"No, no, I think not. But do be careful in the future."

That night Mrs. Freeman bolted all the windows and doors in the room that Ann slept in. Then she decided that it might be best for her to sleep with Ann to prevent her walking in her sleep anymore. Every time Ann turned over in the night her mother grabbed her. The next morning before breakfast Ethel was tacking down the carpet which they supposed had tripped Ann the night before.

A few days later Ethel came in the house very much excited. "Mama, Ann was putting on all the time. I thought so all the time myself. Little minx. Dr. Hill says she was too. He wanted to cheer up Mr. Grue, one of his patients and told him the whole thing. It all came rather straight, for he told Mr. Grue, and Mr. Grue told Mrs. Grue, and she told me."

"The very idea—the very idea! That man said that? Why that doctor shall never come into my house again as long as I live. He lied, he lied. He lied about my little Ann, my poor little Ann, who had lain cold and limp on the steps for God only knows how long."

Queer Doings

VIRGINIA WALSH, '19, ADELPHIAN

It seems to me if Santa Claus
Is just what people say,
He's a mighty queer old fellow
In every sort o' way.

If he comes down our chimney,
He must be thin and flat
But in every single picture
His stomach's always fat.

Or how can he be nimble
Like that story-book boy named Jack?
For he's old enough to have a beard,
And he carries a heavy pack.

He's too clumsy to be quiet,
And when he pinches toes,
How he keeps from laughing out
Just nobody knows.

He's puzzled me a many a time
But I'm scared to try to see,
And when I ask my mama she says:
"I tell you as 'twas told to me!"

A Statesman In Embryo

ANNIE LEE STAFFORD, '19, CORNELIAN

Theodore Gordon Stone might have said when he came into this world, as the Prophet of old said, "Yea, I have a goodly heritage;" for he was the only grandson, nephew, and son of two grandfathers, one grandmother, three aunts, one uncle, and a mother and father, respectively.

Fortunately, this promising young heir lived with his father and mother "far from his maddening kin," altho "The survival of the fittest" holds good at all times and Theodore was certainly a "fittest" child, and would doubtless have lived over their well meant ministrations. He would have been an abnormal child, however, and that being the case he should not have had the honor of playing the leading role in this immortal theme. For I mean to set forth in this the upbringing of a child in ordinary surroundings, by ordinary parents, white, twenty-one years of age, and able to read the Constitution of the United States.

When Ted had been on this mortal sphere for a few hours, letters began to come to his mother concerning his upbringing. They were chiefly concerned with what he should eat and "where withall he shall be clothed," all very timely to be sure; but his father and mother beheld in him the eyes of a general leading victorious armies, the nose of a David Livingstone, the hand of a Michael Angelo, and the mouth of a statesman. His father forthwith carried the diminutive mite to the window in order to better discern other

noble traits of character. But the lad sat up a yell and seemed to shrink from the light; so he was transported to his bed and, like a little flower bulb, he was kept in semi-darkness for several days, much to his satisfaction. When the "flower" began to grow, however, he was brought forth again and this time, true to plant life, he turned toward the light. In fact, that was about the first thing he payed any attention to: the glow of the lamp, the flickering of the fire or the glimmer of the sunshine, which showed what an optimistic child he was, as he looked on the bright side of life.

Ted grew and waxed fat and began to notice his whereabouts. He began to take hold of things about him, conveying them immediately to his mouth. His first attempts at grasping things were futile and his little arms seemed of no more use than amoeba-like projections waving wildly around. But by perseverance, or call it what you will, he finally succeeded in getting what he went after; and after each successful attempt his will power seemed to grow. He was rewarded for his efforts by having always near him a clean white rubber ring and white rubber sheep: nice "chewey" things.

One day Ted's mother had a caller who said,

"Edith, I'd like to ask you why it is that you have all of your pretteist things in your nursery when a baby keeps things so cluttered up?"

And Ted's mother said,

"Why it's my only way of talking to Ted. You see, he doesn't understand all I say to him yet; but he can see and he can hear and he loves lovely bright, colored things. Just try him with this grey ball of knitting yarn and this bright yellow ball and see which he likes best. He loves to hear the Victrola too. I always play some low, sweet thing; for I don't believe babies' ears were meant to hear anything else. Speaking of pretty things in the nursery, don't you know, Alice, how the ancient Greeks had their buildings so beautifully built, most of them as beautiful as the exterior? They believed that the influence of beautiful surroundings would make their children grow into perfect manhood; and you know what strong, handsome men the ancient Greeks were."

The first time that Ted said "Da-da," his first word, mother Edith and Daddy Gene were as proud as could be. They knew he was the brightest child in the world; but how had he done it? They reasoned it this way. Mother Edith said that Ted said "da-da" just for the same uncanny reasons that he said "goo-goo" on the other strange prattlings, and that it was just a matter of chance that he hit on the right sound "da-da." Further more, he would soon forget it and start some other sound if, every time he said it, they did not respond with such delightful exclamations and with showing him such manifold attentions as bestowing upon him all of his "chewy" sheep and bright balls. But comprehending in his baby mind that the saying of "da-da" would invariably bring these delightful experiences to pass he continues to say "da-da." Daddy Gene, conceited man that he was, said that the child knew

whom he was talking about all the time, tho he did concede that it was imitation, pure and simple. The child simply heard mother Edith talking about daddy, or heard her calling daddy a good many times during the day. Mother Edith said that Daddy Gene needn't be so sure about *his* being the chief topic of conversation between her and her intelligent son. We will leave the "domestic war," and hear how Ted settled conclusively that it was imitation. He amused them one day several months later by saying:

"Dar now chile,"

The expression heard every hour when the genial cook, Mickey Ann was about. Since it was imitation, his mother and father decided to be most circumspect in all they had to say for their child's language was at stake.

It was nearing Christmas, Ted's third, and after he had been tucked in bed his mother and father sat down by the fire to make their plans for the holidays. Daddy Gene had made out a list of things that he thought expedient for his son's pleasure. The list was long; an argument ensued. Mother Edith said that children of poverty had advantage over those in comfortable circumstances who received so many toys. She held that a lot of toys crushed the ingenuity of the child. Daddy Gene cited to her the report of one, Segiun, which he had read. Segiun had been to an educational exhibit at Vienna, he said,

"The nations which had the most toys had too, more individuality, ideality, and heroism," also that, "The nations which have been made famous by their artists, artisans, and idealists supplied their infants with toys."

They compromised, and Ted re-

ceived a few toys. First, they were things like large, colored, bouncing balls, a wooly dog and some bean bags. The next year these were replaced by a small leather basket ball, a real, sure enough shepherd puppy and anchor blocks.

Mother Edith and Daddy Gene, understanding playmates that they were, began to acquaint Ted with the fun in the big out door world around him. He had a sand pile where he made whole villages of houses, where lonely toad frogs, who should happen that way, might abide. What a garden they all made together, Daddy Gene planting vegetables, mother Edith flowers and Ted some of both! He watched eagerly for the tiny shoots to come up out of the dark-brown earth; and when they came he demanded an explanation. Mother Edith took hyacinth bulbs and put them in water so that he could watch the green shoots break thru the brown coats and finally grow into lovely white flowers. They did not confine themselves to "earthy" things either; for there were wind mills and kites to be sailed. Who knows but that the inventor of the aeroplane first conceived in his child heart that *people* could ride in the air if kites were only large enough?

Ted's mother came into the nursery one day, and found him poking at the fire in the grate with his daddy's fishing rod. Then he waved the blazing stick gleefully over his head. At first his mother was horrified and felt inclined to spank him; but she reasoned it out this way; after all he was only returning to his first love, for he had always loved the fire light. What grown-ups do not love to watch a bed of coals and find the pictures in them?

Why some of the wisest men from the East, the Magi, had been fire worshippers. So, instead of punishing him, she appealed to his sense of feeling, and let him see how a finger burned a tiny bit felt. The memory lingered and Ted was satisfied thence forward to play with fire only when he had a candle in a Jack o' Lantern, or stood at a safe distance from a bonfire.

But Ted was fortunate in having an open fire place in his nursery; for, as some one has said, with the substitution of the open fire by the modern furnace in the cellar, or the gas log, story telling is becoming a lost art. Daddy Gene told Ted stories of the time when a little boy he was but he did not confine himself to telling him these stories around the fire in winter evenings. He would take Ted into the woods and show him how he used to trap rabbits and teach him to fish. He told him of the little Indian boy, Hiawatha, and how he had been friends with the little feathered folk. Mother Edith told him about fairies and Elves and Water babies. When dubious relatives and friends questioned as to the advisability of telling a child things that are "not so," mother Edith, who had read what a "New York Times" editor had said in defending the existence of Santa Claus, would say,

"Do you believe there is such a thing as love?"

They did.

"Do you believe there is such a thing as friendship?"

They did.

"Do you believe there is such a thing as sympathy?"

They did.

"Then, just as surely as there are love and friendship and sympathy, purely creations of the heart and mind

there are fairies and elves and water babies and santa clauses."

Mickey Ann told him "Uncle Remus" stories of Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and Sis Terrapin.

All of a sudden Ted began "see'en things at night," and crying when left alone. This was unprecedented for before this time he had been perfectly fearless. Mother and Daddy tried to get to the bottom of the matter and found out that "hants," "whang-doodles" and "jack o' lanterns" were chasing him. Aunt Mickey Ann had been telling him the stories which had been her "pieces de resistance" in the quarters before she had come to stay with the Stones. She was tactfully asked to confine herself to the animal stories for a while longer; for Ted's imagination, which was growing by leaps and bounds, did not mix well with the element fear.

Sometimes mother Edith would look out of the nursery window and watch Ted playing with the other children in the neighborhood. One day they would be down on all fours going thru all sorts of queer actions and making strange noises,—this was a dog and pony show. The next day they would be automobiles or trains and something just little boys playing "hide and seek;" but always they were playing something which required a lot of action and lots of fuss—purely animal spirits. And how mother pitied a few of the children who stood by and

watched the games, those little folks in their dainty white clothes and kid shoes who would have given the world for gingham rompers and sandals.

Ted developed a migratory foot. His mother was at her row's end. He was prone to wander and would suddenly walk off with out a moment's notice, returning when found by Mickey Ann, or when primitive hunger assailed him. When questioned about it, Ted always told of some wonderful something that he wanted to see just around the corner; and sometimes he didn't know why—he just went. Mother Edith was exasperated for she was a little afraid of automobiles and horses on the street (not of "bad boys" and "kidnappers"—.) Daddy Gene said that the lad just had a bit of gypsy blood somewhere in his veins, all boys do; and, too, his grandfathers were both "49'ers;" was that not enough?

"The Ideas of March" has come. Yesterday Ted was six, today he starts to school. Mother Edith stands in the door and waves and smiles until he and Daddy turn the corner on the way to the school house—How sturdily he walks along, stalks rather. Mother Edith closes the door and furtively hugs the dirty wooly dog, lying on a chair where Ted has dropped him, a reminder of his baby days. And only the dirty, wooly little dog saw mother Edith cry because her baby bird had flown from the nest.

Blow Gently, West Wind

ETHEL BOYTE, '20, CORNELIAN

Blow gently, west wind, o'er the fields of red,
Where the flowers of North and South are lying;
'Twas but yesterday they were blasted and shed,
Yet—manifold blessings have come by their dying;
Whisper the message that, "peace maybe seen,"
And also tell them this story,
"That when North joins with South there is Union between
Whose outcome shall be Old Glory."

Insomnia

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

There are love lorn youths who have restless nights,
There are guilty persons who cannot sleep;
There are wealthy guys that toss for hours,
There are sad people who lie and weep;
There are some who blame Coca-Cola,
There are others who say coffee and tea,
But when I lie awake at night,
There are weenies inside of me!

Contributor's Club

Christmas Stockings

EDITH RUSSELL, '19, DIKEAN

Pelt, pelt, pelt, blowing and swirling and flying and settling softly, tamely into hollows already half-filled and whitened; blowing in misty white curtains flung between the cold sky and the cold earth; drifting into feathery white couches piled high with pillows of down; witched into frail, fairy fingers that timidly clutch at the panes, clutch and cling for a moment on the cold dark panes of the window—silently flutter the snowflakes. Glowing and sparkling and gleaming with light and warmth and cheer; awaking in showers of sparks that frighten the shadows away; falling asleep in grey, smouldering masses that bring the dim shadows again; casting a ruddy light on the panes of the snow-kissed windows — fitfully dances the firelight.

And there in its glow sits the woman. Her hands, ever busy and tireless, have idly dropped in her lap, and, as she sits piercing the grey ball of wool with one of the slender, shining steel needles, she muses on Christmas Eves that are past, when the snowflakes fluttered and the firelight danced, as they flutter and dance for her now. Silently, swiftly dream-figures arise, the quaint little figures of other days, of the Christmas Eves that are gone. There are the fir trees, straight and green, loaded with tinsel and bright balls and pictures, gleaming with yellow-flamed

waxen candles. There are the toys, the numberless toys that surround the tree at its foot; there are the mysterious, tissue-wrapped packages, gay with red ribbons and sprigs of holly. Quaint, ever-welcome visions of Christmas Eves that are gone are these; but to the woman in the low armchair, lit by the ruddy light of the fire, these form but the background, make but the frame work for her dearest picture, her fondest memory of Christmas Eves of the past. The rosy flames dance, and the sudden flare lights up the hearth-stone, lights up the very spot near the edge of the mantle, where, with childish delight, in the years that are gone, he hung up his Christmas stocking. A tiny, white stocking that held scarcely anything, only a stick of red and white candy, it had been in those first few years he had hung it. But as Christmas Eves steadily followed each other, adding their count to former years, the tiny white stocking gave place to another: a long one, black, with thick, heavy ribs, darned at the heel, with a hole in the toe that a bright yellow orange filled and made glorious. There in the Yule Log's light it had hung, knotty and bulgy with nameless delights; and now as the snow fingers pluck at the windows, she thinks of it, pictures it hanging there still.

His Christmas stocking! The long years have passed and again it has changed. The long one, black-ribbed and full of strange bulges has sunk into the past with the dainty, wee white one. The Yule Log sends up a shower of sparks, that brighten the gloom and throw a soft light on the work that has dropped and lain still in her lap, on the ball of grey wool and the slender, steel needles—on the last of his Christ-

mas stockings. It is almost finished—just a stitch or two more and the grey Army sock will be done.

Pelt, pelt, pelt—the snowflakes fall lightly and pile up in drifts and lie smooth and white under the nighttime sky. Glimmer and shine and gleam—the firelight casts its warm, rosy glow over the deep arm chair, and the silvery-haired woman, and the once idle hands that are busy again.

The Human Seeker

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, DIKEAN

In the beginning when God created the world, He filled it with the fulness of his beauty. Man, created in his image, had breathed into him a soul that instinctively yearned toward the divine. If he was a mightier hunter, God to him was the Great Spirit, rewarding bravery with the Happy Hunting Grounds. If his joy was in battle, God was the Lord of Battles, conquering the powers of darkness. The architect comprehends God best as master of Builders, the teacher as the Great Teacher, and the child as a kindly Father. Thru the field of his loves, his interests, his yearnings every man seeks perfection. Undismayed by the fact that numberless seekers like him have failed, he goes bravely on thru life, "proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man."

Masefields' love was for the great, spumy storm-tossed sea. He saw there beauty unsurpassed elsewhere. Once his feeling after beauty is partially gratified, he is transformed into a seeker indomitable, insatiable.

"I must go down to the sea again!"

he cries. He has heard the tread of Beauty passing and felt the brushing of her wings. How nothing can satisfy him but to look upon her face, to see her as she is; he must "follow some Helen for her gift of grief."

For indeed, thru sacrifice alone comes the great and lasting good. A high cause takes its toll of suffering, pain, and discouragement, promising only the frailest hope of success. This is the refrain that beats itself out in the poem "Dauber," the story of one who could paint and yet be a sturdy sailor, could dream and still be a hard-headed man. Into his heart high yearnings had come. At first vague and ill-defined were the promptings that would not let him be still; then, as a fire long-smouldering bursts into flame, it flashes into his mind that it is the sea he must paint. He must go down to the sea where the stately clippers ride like queens. He must live close to it all, toil with the weather beaten, grim, hard seamen, and learn the wonder of the sea that no one can tell to another.

While he thus serves his apprenticeship—a hard term filled with toil, misunderstanding, and small leisure time for painting—he learns to overcome fierce disappointments. He comes to know men and what they feel, and he feels no bitterness toward them because they cannot understand. He is conscious, moreover, after every apparent failure of unfolding of some new-gained power.

“What good can painting do to anyone?”

I don't say never do it; far from that—

No harm in sometimes painting—just for fun.”

This is the expressed attitude of his companions—men of brawn and bone who could march into the teeth of the gale high-hearted, but could not comprehend in the least the beauty which dominated the life of the Dauber.

And the end of it all? The storm that tore around the Horn tested the

manhood of Dauber and won for him the respect of all the crew. He came to

“Be ranked as man however much he painted.”

He grew most proud

“To share man's tragic toil and paint it true.” It seemed as tho the troubles now would end and he could enjoy his material gains when, suddenly, another storm arose. In the fight with the winds a sail was torn loose. Dauber was hurled upon the deck to die after uttering the prophecy, “It will go on!”

It does go on! “Dauber is Everyman—he who dreams greatly, who suffers and achieves, and who dies with unfulfilled dream.” Like him,

“We search for a hidden city that we shall never see;

* * * * *

“We seek the city of God and the haunt where beauty dwells.”

It shall go on!

Christmas Among the Negroes

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22, DIKEAN

One gloomy, busy day-before-Christmas, as we were being ruthlessly borne along the business section of the city by the tide of Christmas shoppers, our attention was drawn to a certain breeze-swept corner which seemed to be a decided rendezvous for a multitude of negroes—negroes tall and portly, medium-sized piccanannies, and infants in arms. In spite of the biting cold and blowing snow they stood there, brimming over with happiness, full of the spirit of Christmas. They were loaded with bundles, some reek-

ing of fresh pork, some from which emerged cheap, dazzling vases and brilliant shawls,—many being bundles in the purchase of which the last red cent was spent. In all the rush and bustle of the eventful day these negroes paused long enough to hold high festival, for theirs is the spirit of the old Christmas song:

“God rest ye merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.”

Their laugh and shout rang out above the noise and grind of the street

car as, slowly wending its way thru the crowded streets, it carried its load of Christmas choppers to or from their destination. Their cheerful greetings drowned out the spicy "snap! snap!" of toy pistols, and the low crunch of the snow on the walks as the passer-by hurried along. In the midst of the gathering stood Rastus, an ebony-colored person who worked on our farm. He was madly gesticulating as he discussed with ever increasing zeal a timely subject of religion. As we turned the street corner, we heard him begin in a voice rather low at first, but gradually growing in volume as he was joined by those around him;

"Sin' Jesus come into my heart,
 Sin' Jesus come into my heart,
 Oh what joy fills my soul as the sea
 pillars roll,
 Sin' Jesus come into my heart."

"Rastus is tuning up for tonight," remarked my companion as the last note died out in the distance.

Christmas eve has come! The negroes from far and near are jubilantly gathering at the great, old fashioned barn on neighbor Riley's farm to cele-

brate the occasion with an old-time Christmas ball. Laughter, the music of banjos and fiddles, and the patting of feet are wafted on the breeze. Those to whom fortune has denied a better mode of travel come on foot across the meadows and pastures. Down the road moves a rare procession of ox-carts, wagons, and mules. Every soul is aglow with happiness. The crowd, gayly clad, throngs into the spacious barn loft, where the freshness of the atmosphere soon becomes cloyed with the diffusion of Hoit's—German. Then suddenly the orchestra strikes up "Turkey in the Straw" with tantalizing merriment. The voice of Rastus, calling the figures, sounds above the noise and confusion, as the buxom, dusky Ethiopians trip the light fantastic. The undiminished jubilations continue until long after midnight, when the cock announces that Christmas morn has arrived. With a reluctant twinge of the fiddle and banjo, the music ceases, and the participants in the ball, after bidding a lingering good-night, disperse with hearty shouts of "Christmas gift"—and leave the world to peace and repose.

A Freshman's "Encore Un Autre"

With Apologies to Harvey Allen

MARY JOHN, '22, DIKEAN

Pole stars in the east—
 Full moon in the west—
 Morning—a sleepy crowd;
 Ringing of "prep" disturbs our rest;
 Dreams shattered—a groan out loud;
 Lots to do and a long day's work;
 Much to write and say;
 Firm with the thought, "We can not shirk,"
 We're up for another day!

We'll labor along thru the whole day long,
 And rest for a while at noon,
 Only to take up the work again,
 With the hope it is finished soon—
 And some one heard that the president said,
 "Yes, we'll soon have a holiday."
 So we'll work for another day, girls,
 We'll work for another day!

And I'm so homesick
 I've had no fun.
 I'm hungry as I can be,
 But I must stick at it 'till the work is done,
 'Till the light bell rings for me—
 Then I'll say my prayers and hop in bed,
 For there's peace everywhere, they say,
 And we're down for another day, girls,
 We're done for another day!

The Shouting and the Tumult Stilled

MIRIAM FULLER GOODWIN, '22, DIKEAN

It was Christmas Eve, and the stars shone clear and beautiful. In the camp that lay on the outskirts of the shell-shattered little village, military discipline had been relaxed for the night. Laughter and song rang out on the still night air.

Chester Browning had, in his youth, been wild and reckless. When the great struggle overseas began, his desire for adventure became irresistible. He left home against his mother's will and for several months past had been stationed with the armies in France.

But Browning, as he sat alone meditating, by the glowing camp fire was lost to the world around him. Early that morning he had seen the reunion of a French officer and his family after four long years of separation. Tears came into the young man's eyes as he saw again, the young father clasp the babe he had never seen, to his breast; and again he was touched by the innocent look upon the baby's face as it played with the empty sleeve that hung by the father's side. "Ah," he thought, "what a happy Christmas they will have this year."

Then suddenly the scene was changed for him. Instead of the blood stained battle fields which lay so near by, Chester Browning saw a little living room thousands of miles away, with its cheery fire burning low in the grate and holly wreaths in the window. How wonderful that picture was! There was "Mother." Her hair was

graying about her temples but the calm, sweet face was unchanged. Sitting at her feet, with his head against his mother's knee, was his younger brother Edward, and by his side sat baby sister Edith, a chubby little hand clasped in a strong, yet tender one he knew so well.

Browning sat staring into the flames, and again he saw that night when he, many years ago, sat by that little fire with his head against his mother's knee. "Mother," he had said, "tell me the story again." He could hear her soft, sweet voice, and feel her fingers in his hair as she told him, how as, "Shepherds watched their flocks by night," on the hills near the "little town of Bethlehem," a star had shown in the East and angels from heaven had sung:

"Glory to God in the Highest.

Peace on earth, good will to men." She told him how a Savior of men had been born and how the world had rejoiced.

The young soldier sat with his face in his hands and wished that it lay in his power to live again those last few years of his boyhood, in which he had brought such sorrow to that dear little mother back home.

Taps sounded. Browning stood for a moment, gazing into the heavens. A star shone in the East. And as he gazed, chimes rang out upon the still night air; chimes from the little church, the only thing in the village war had

left as a reminder of the peace of former years. And as they rang, he read their wondrous message:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Peace! blessed peace. After four long years of strife and turmoil and bloodshed, peace reigns again on earth. The glad tidings of "Peace on earth" were echoed and re-echoed on the fields of France that night and thousands of hearts rejoiced.

With a joyous heart, and a new feeling of gladness that he had made the

great sacrifice required to leave his loved ones, and realizing anew what Christmas and Peace means to the world, Browning went into his tent. When he fell asleep that night, still listening to the message of the chimes, he felt the touch of his mother's lips upon his brow, bending over the little canvas cot and kissing him good night, as she had done on that Christmas Eve so many years before.

And there was peace in the soldier's heart that night.

My Trunk

BRANSON PRICE, '22, DIKEAN

I have always wanted a trunk. The fulfillment of this wish was my earliest ambition. It seemed to me that all those who owned trunks possessed priceless treasures. My first letter to Santa Claus pleaded for one; but when Christmas came I was doomed to disappointment, for no trunk met my eyes. As I grew older my longing increased. This seemed to me to be the only place where one could keep her possessions safe from prying eyes. Such bliss, however, could not be mine for quite a long while. As we look back into our past life, it occurs to us what a blessing it is that one's future is a mystery; and that each day gives us a promise of something new.

Oh happy days when dreams come true! My longings were at last realized. The time came when I must have a trunk, one to take with me to

college. There it was! The most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It fulfilled and even went beyond all my expectations. When I had finished packing and was ready to leave for college, my joy was lessened. I found that I had to tack a card on the top, bearing my name and address. When I reached Greensboro, three large, white letters, S. N. C., were scratched on it. This hurt my pride. I could not bear to think of my beloved treasure being mutilated in any such way. This thought, however, vanished when I remembered that I would have it in my room with me all the winter.

How cruel is the world! When I arrived at college I found that all the trunks had to be stored in one dark basement, and mine was to submit to a like fate.

Letters Home

ANNIE E. CUMMINGS, '21, ADELPHIAN

There are letters, and letters and letters: large letters, small letters, thick letters, thin letters, business letters, friendly letters, love letters, scornful letters—in fact, letters of every shape, size, fashion and meaning; but the kind that shows most variation, most changes in the moods of the writer, most—well let us say, of everything, is letters home.

“Letters home!” how varied are the ideas conveyed by those two words! and especially if applied to letters home from college! Little does a girl think how much of her own self she puts into her letters or how varied in thought and meaning are the ones she sends home. One day she sends a letter overflowing with joy and happiness. Perhaps someone has been unusually kind to her; or perhaps she has just received a long cheerful letter from one of whom she thinks quite often; or perhaps she is just feeling good and “right with the world;” or perhaps—O! dozens of other things. Whatever the cause, however, the fact that she is happy cannot be kept out of the letter home.

Closely allied with the joyful letter is the letter of appreciation or thanks. When a girl has just received a box from home or a letter that expresses more love between the lines than thousands of words could tell, she sits down immediately and writes a letter full of gratefulness. Often at such times tears come into her eyes as she thinks of the love that is prompting

those people back home to do so much for her.

Another time the letter home may be filled with the doings of school life,—commonplace, many of them, yet so told as to arouse the interest of father or mother. Or occasionally the story of some interesting event—a party, an afternoon of calling, an hour down town, or a matinee—must be narrated with attention to even the minutest details. Such detailed narratives might not be welcomed by friends to whom such events are only every day occurrences, but they never go unappreciated by those at home.

When a girl is homesick, or blue, or feels that the whole world has gone wrong, there are two possibilities as to the kind of letter she will write. She may give way to her feelings and write a homesick despondent message which will make her parents feel even more than she herself does; or when in her dejection she thinks of the ones upon whose love and appreciation she can always depend, she may write a letter overflowing with love.

Of course there are many, many other kinds of letters home: some may be merely notes, others long epistles; some full of joy, others of sadness; but whatever the form, they are always welcome back home. Every written word and many unwritten ones are read with eagerness. Of all correspondents none are more appreciative than those “back home,” and of all letters written none are more appreciated than “letters home.”

Partners In Dissection

MARGARET HAYES, '19, CORNELIAN

MARIE HODGES, '19, ADELPHIAN

"By heck! I'm ruint! Say, Mayes, you know when I got in a hurry a while ago and hit the frog on the head with the hatchet to expidate matters a little? Well, the debris looked so queer that I dumped it all in the garbage can and now yonder comes Fudger with fell determination in his eye. "What *can* I do?"

"Curses! that's tough luck! And I'm ruint as bad as you are. Say! I've got an idea! You hold him up with questions while I lope over and sharpen our pencils and on the way back I'll collect a brain and some accessories."

"Ernestine Codges, what is the name of the main aorta in the frog?"

"Er-r—that is—er—I mean—"

"Bad girl! you ought to know that! Same name as a famous river."

"Er-r—Oh! the Styx! the river Styx! You know where dead people go across!"

"Why Ernestine, where did you get that idea?"

"Huh! I read it in the Bible" A prolonged roar of laughter under cover of which Mayes arrives and deftly arranges borrowed brain and nervous system in their proper places.

"Say Codges you reckon these will do? I procured a nervous system from Jane and I loped in the office and got one of Dr. Fudgers brains that he keeps pickled in alcohol, because nobody else had any. Here, you take a precursory glance in the book and see

if it is a frog's brain before we put it in.

Oh, hevings! Yonder comes Miss Seeless! If she finds this out we're ruint!"

"Why Ernestine that's a fine dissection! The best I've seen yet! Did you have any trouble locating your pineal body?" Mayes panic stricken walks all over Ernestine's pedal extremities.

Ernestine, blandly: "Why Miss Seeless, just look!" Ernestine wabbles finger in general direction of brain.

"Isn't that splendid! Dr. Fudger you just must come here and see this fine dissection!" Dr. Fudger visibly surprised arrives.

"Good girls! I believe that is as good as any I ever did when I was a student." (Codges and Mayes visibly expand with pride) It's almost as good as one I did the other day. Miss Seeless will you bring that brain from my office? I'd like to compare it with this one these children have taken out."

Codges and Mayes resemble ropes hanging on the hind wheels of destruction. Codges manages to acquire poise enough to offer to go after the specimem. Mayes casts about wildly for some means of distraction while Codges institutes search for another brain.

"Dr. Fudger, I want to ask you a question. Did you see Jennies brain? It was kind of peculiar looking,—all bulged out on one side. What do you

reckon could have caused it?" Dr. Fudger enters into a detailed discussion of the abnormality while Codges and Mayes co-operate on a plan of action.

Codges has been unable to find a specimen and both are figuratively tearing their hair, when Codges has an inspiration.

"Say Mayes did you see that thing on Miss Seeless' desk yesterday? Now since I know what a brain is I believe that was one." Codges departs with a general air of haste, and returns with specimen in a bottle which is different in shape from Dr. Fudgers. This necessitates another speedy trip to the office,—in which bottles are changed.

Codges reappears with an air of triumph and the aforesaid specimen.

"Well I reckon we have escaped this time. Fudgers' forgot all about us. By heck! He hasn't. Yonder he comes now."

"Well, well, children! Did you get the specimen? Let me see—e. My! My! Isn't that fine! almost a perfect resemblance. Good girls like this get two pieces of candy. Codgers and Mayes pass away temporarily.

Next morning in the cold gray dawn of seven o'clock, two shadowy figures might have been seen flitting between offices, engaged in exchanging bottles and pickled brains.



Locals

RED CROSS WORK

At the first meeting of our local Red Cross Auxiliary, officers were elected for the coming year. They are: Chairman, Veritas Sanders; vice-chairman, Hazel West; secretary and treasurer, Mary D. Johnson; and fee collector, Blanche Plott.

Since we commenced the year with a great deal of enthusiasm, the college authorities decided that they would permit us to use, as a work-room, a room in the basement of Student's Building which has heretofore been used by the Manuel Arts Department. This room, furnished with suitable equipment for this work, will easily accommodate seventy-five workers.

Owing to the quarantine, and other interruptions, no definite program of work has as yet been arranged. But in spite of these hindrances we have been busy with other phases of Red Cross work. In order to secure the necessary funds for the various outside calls, we have adopted the penny-box system. These boxes, one for each class, are distributed at convenient places in the different buildings. The pennies from these boxes have already bought a knitting machine, wool, and various other things.

Another phase of our work, in which we have been very interested, is the care of two adopted French children. We adopted a boy and a girl, and often have interesting letters from both of them. In addition to providing for

these French children, we have furnished an outfit for a baby which was left destitute by the death of its parents from influenza. Besides these things, we have contributed almost fifty dollars to the Red Cross campaign for linen for the hospitals in France. Still another phase of foreign work has been that done for the Belgium refugees. At the beginning of the year, we responded liberally to the appeal for clothing for these refugees.

Now since the epidemic of influenza has abated somewhat, we are working more enthusiastically for the Red Cross than ever. At the present time we are saving fruit seeds and nuts, for carbon for gas masks; tin foil and metal containers; and magazines for soldier scrap-books.

For the past few days we have been darning worn gloves for our soldiers. Working in relays, we have mended 327 pairs of gloves. We are now busy preparing our allotment of the Christmas boxes for the soldiers over there who would otherwise not receive a box on Christmas day.

On the whole, we feel that the work, so far, has been very successful and that we are going to accomplish even more now that the bigger problems of reconstruction are before us. We eagerly await our share in this great work.

WARMING THE "Y"

Everyone wanted something different to do, for the ban of quarantine

lay heavily, so the summons from the carpenters' "Union" to come to the hut warming was joyfully obeyed.

Last Saturday night just after dusk a warm, steady, light began to shine down in the pines by the side of the road. It was the light from the big windows and wide flung doors of the hut which set it all aglow.

In the four great fire places, the like of which has not been seen since your last trip to your grandfather's, crackled logs, hand hewn by the carpenters.

While "thawing out" before the fires the hearts of all were thawed by the happy, homey, greeting of Lucy Crisp, president of the Y. W. C. A.

Instantaneously the hut was transformed into a theatre, by the skilled drawing of a certain across one end. The tableaux which followed carried spectators from the inspiring presence of their Alma Mater to the feet of the "greatest mother in the world," from the recruiting station where a most persuasive sailor enticed all into joining the navy to a "Y" hut in France, and then back home again to the "Y" hut here where it's "patron saint" the blue triangle girl beamed delightfully down upon the returned wanderers.

As the first notes of "Turkey in the Straw" rang out, every one instinctively fell into the line up for the Virginia reel. When the leader began to call the figures it was truly an antebellum scene, the old plantation dance in full swing before the crackling logs. The leader called the figure, "every man behind his partner, form one long line," and singing "There's a long, long, trail" the line went winding by the Kitchenette where the plebian but patriotic refreshments of peanuts and

apples were heaped into the hands of each.

This first hut warming served to convince every single one that,

" 'Tis a free and easy shartty
Homey, pleasant-like and canty
And the greeting isn't scanty
at the "Y."

'Tis a happy little hut
Where they do not pose or strut
And the door is never shut
At the "Y."

SENIOR CAMP SUPPER

Saturday, Nov. 2, is a red letter day,—a 1919 day. After being held in vile duress for a long time the seniors were allowed to disport themselves in the college pasture, in a real old-fashioned camp supper.

There was a general air of good-fellowship, backed up substantially by the good things to eat, provided by Miss Brooks. When the last story had been told and the last song sung the joyous party returned to the campus to give rousing cheers for those who had made the good time possible.

THE RED AND WHITE COZY CORNER

You have read somewhere within these pages that there is a sure enough little hut, with four huge fireplaces in our midst. These four corners belong to the four classes of the Normal College.

Several days ago the class of 1919 learned that it was to have for its home the north corner. At nine o'clock on November the fourteenth, every member of the Class was cordially greeted at the hut by the officers of the class, who served as hostesses. Each was shown a seat near the massive

fire place, where two immense logs crackled on large black andirons. The class banner with its flaming colors, Red and White hanging gracefully from the mantelpiece, sent out its rays to mingle with those which radiated from the glowing fire. Here in the firelight a most enjoyable hour was spent. Amid the joys of popping corn, gleeful laughter, and loud chatter Ruby Sisk arose. A silence came over the jolly bunch while she beautifully and impressively dedicated this cheerful, friendly spot to the Red and White Class of 1919 and to all future Red and White classes. When she had finished, Theresa Williams, the President of the "Nineteens" stepped forward and christened it. The Class arose and enthusiastically sang its class song in response. There was immediately a closer feeling kindled among the members of this great class. They seemed more joyful than ever. Forgetting their cares completely, they spent the rest of the hour in consuming lollypops and performing stunts. Various members of the faculty and many students were taken off. Even our precious "Laura" came in for her share in the stunts.

The hour came to an end and each Senior departed thrilled with the thoughts of the many happy hours she would spend this year and future years in the cozy corner of the Red and Whites.

CELEBRATION OF PEACE

Just before 4 o'clock on Nov. 11, the sombre blackness of the night preceded the usual "blue Monday" was rent by the shrieks of sirens on fire trucks combined with the pealing of bells, explosions of fire crackers and all other noises sacred to Christmas,

New Year's Day and "insane" Fourth's of July. Little wonder that after six weeks of strict quarantine, seven hundred Normal girls awoke with various conjectures of disaster, from the fear that "prep" was ringing the campus bell for breakfast in the middle of the night to the assurance that all Greensboro or at least Main Building or Guilford Hall was on fire. Soon cries of "Peace! It means peace!" rang up and down the long halls. Putting two and two together one girl exclaimed "Peace Institute is burning!" Finally out of the chaos of conjectures came realization of the news that we had waited for so long that we hardly recognized it when it came. With speed that would do credit to an apostle of efficiency we gathered on the hockey field where a bonfire had been started with the same miraculous quickness. Fervently, we raised our voices in patriotic songs, "The Star Spangled Banner," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," while we marched a around the bonfire.

The announcement, "We may go down to Dr. Foust's" started a curious procession in motley array. More singing and cheers brought Dr. Foust before us. He joined with us in our joy, tempering our wild exhilaration with a few words of wisdom, reminding us that our responsibilities and the consequent need for co-operation are still great.

Breakfast was a club sandwich, of cheers for Foch, Wilson, Pershing, the Allies and Peace. Table after table took up the cheering after the inspiration of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Over There."

At nine o'clock we assembled in parade, dressed in white and flying the

Red, White, and Blue. Headed by a flag-draped truck bearing Uncle Sam, Columbia, Britannia and Joan of Arc, followed in their turn by the Spirit of '76, we marched thro' the streets of Greensboro lined with other patriotic citizens. Returning to the campus, we surrendered our flags and with sighs for the half holiday that was gone returned to our patriotic duties of Biology and French. The cheering and flag waving, however, still go on in our hearts and minds; and registered there in black letters, two inches high is the glorious headline,

"War Is Over."

HERE!
the
DARKTOWN
TRAVELING MINSTRELS
The Greatest Joy-Spreaders
in Captivity
with
SIDE ATTRACTIONS
at the
OPEN AIR THEATRE
SATURDAY EVENING
Admission: One Smile.

Such was the captivating announcement that each new girl, every Blue and White, faculty member and certain upper-classmen found for dark reasons known only to Sophomore circles, found in her post-office box a few days ago. Great excitement ensued. On the appointed evening an

hilarious mob armed with the requisite number of smiles and an equal number of sofa pillows betook itself to the place of revelry. A smiling Jester, brave in orange and black motley, greeted the guests, and thereby created the veritable atmosphere of Carnival Days.

He was followed by an astonishing array of Human Curiosities: the fat woman, the Siamese twins, the sword swallower, the wild woman—all the deities to whom Circus Day is sacred. When the ringmaster had retired to "put these darlings to bed," the central attraction of the evening opened. Mr. Darktown and his troop of black-face minstrels took the stage and from that moment the guests rocked in an unbroken paroxysm of merriment. The two end-men, Mr. Garlic and Mr. Asbestos vied with each other and the rest of the company in telling the funniest jokes were ever heard and in singing the funniest songs. A band of realistic gypsies circled in and out among the crowds and bestowed stripy bags filled with peanuts and red and white candy. Not to be out-done, the clowns scattered showers of confetti, and wholly satisfactory noise-makers. When Mr. Garlic had told his last joke, and Mr. Asbestos had sung his last song and Mr. Darktown had let his troop in the final chorus, the merry-makers departed and the long anticipated Sophomore-Freshmen was over.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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