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The Woman of Today

BESSIE PARHAM, '18, CORNELIAN

In the beginning, let me bring two pictures before your mind's eye. Look back fifty years ago and see sitting by the fireside a sweet-faced woman with a snowy cap upon her head, and a fold of linen on her placid breast. She is the woman of yesterday. On a similar day of nineteen sixteen, let me show you the picture of a woman glowing with health, enthusiasm and determination as she stands "coat-suited," urging upon a group of women the necessity for their placing a drinking fountain in a new school building for the sake of their children. She is the woman of today.

Will you be surprised, when I tell you that both of these women are two score and five years old? Where is the difference? The woman of yesterday assumed that life was over for her as soon as her children had homes for themselves; yet her husband was most probably in the midst of his greatest work. However much we regret the passing of this charming woman, and however much we deplore the woman of seventy years occasionally seen rushing from one social function to another, attired in a modish gown with a picture hat surmounting her elaborately coifed head, we are ready to welcome the woman between, the new woman.

But this woman did not spring into existence in a single moment. She is

here because of the world old restlessness of womankind. It is from the conscious attempt to make the best of things when they are proved bad that there has come the uneasiness which has trailed along her path from Eve, who was a revoltee, to the present woman. The old world lady has merged into a woman, strong, capable, severely beautiful; a creature who has all the virtues and none of the follies of femininity.

Some there are who have said that since this woman came there has been a lowering of morals. But every transition period has brought a confusion of ideas and laxity in morals. The race cannot form a new morality without first loosening the bands of the old; and when woman no longer needs to use her cunning and beauty to cajole a man into giving her what she needs, there will be a higher plane of morality. She has for more than a hundred years worked, even under the stigma of being unwomanly, to change both the moral and social conditions. This social motherliness has added beauty to woman's struggle for liberty. She has demonstrated that community sympathy, love, and pity when used not only become a matter of consciousness, but a source of happiness.

Although woman has extended her motherliness over a wider range, it

does not follow that in the home her sense responsibility has been deficient. She has improved upon cooking, sewing, and dressing; true it is, however, that she has done so by the ingenious devices for the household invented by man. Man's work is appraised by customers and employers, while woman's is uncontrolled and irresponsible, only depending upon one man's comfort or discontent.

The woman of today no matter whose discontent or comfort her work depends on, no longer says, "I want to do such and such a thing, but I cannot;" she says, "What I want to do I can do." Led upon venerable prejudices, men and women have deemed themselves representatives of two different humanities. Not only has man done this, but woman has hitherto done the same. But now woman is capable of performing all social and political tasks, which are today in the domain of man's activity. The woman of old time tradition is gone. The woman of today may have lost many of her former qualities, but she has gained new virtues and has even contracted different modes of thinking. Woman, although not identical with man, is his equal. In casting off her femininity and adopting the virtues of masculinity she would prove her littleness. The broadening of her intelligence and the heightening of her dignity will prevent her from aping her companion in the journey of life.

Woman has no right to be ignorant any more. There are too many people talking to her, trying to teach her. Unless she really prefers to be deaf, she can't help listening. If woman looks at life backwards, she is pretty sure to see things with yesterday's woman's eyes. She has the chance to make the work that takes so much of her time as business like as any man's.

It was womanly for her years ago to sit by the fireside and spin; but it isn't today.

In this life of activity, whether public or private, there is one thing woman must learn—the art of living. She must learn not to overwork to the point of nervousness, which breaks down self-control, not to throw herself into social activities until her home life suffers, not to miss the sense of proportion between labor and rest. She must stand by the good old phrase, "Charity begins at home."

"Ambition is a passion which drives woman as well as man to do great work and little deeds." Woman must not let ambition take such a hold on her life that she cannot examine herself in the small things which lead to character. She must learn through her ambition an art of living by which the soul can grow in strength and truth, in tolerance and warmth, and in height and depth. Through it all let her remember that in this art of living whatever else she may relinquish as the world grows older, whatever else she may acquire, it is certain that the world will never lose that reverence which a mother inspires in its heart.

Had this woman lived a little while ago,
She would be wearing tranquil caps
of lace,
Withdrawing gently to her quiet
place,
Sighing at the world's drab woe.

Today she fronts it squarely as her
foe,
Not from the ingle nook, but face to
face,
Marching to meet the world, stoutly
keeping pace,
Armoured in wisdom, determined to
forward go.

“A Fool There Was”

ELIZA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

It was an unusually cold, dreary night down on the East side, in New York's most notorious section. A fat, good-natured saloon keeper was closing his place for the night when a prosperous looking newspaper reporter came to the entrance and asked that he be served before the saloon was closed. At the prospect of patronage the jovial barkeeper readily opened his doors. The newspaper man seated himself at one of the small tables and ordered something hot. He had hardly started drinking before the green slatted doors again opened. This time a much less prosperous appearing man entered. At first sight one would have labelled him “tough.” His clothes were of the cheap type only found in cheap “Isaac's” second-hand stores and his face had several days' growth of beard on it. He shuffled heavily across the room, climbed on one of the high stools, letting his head slip dejectedly to the bar. The barkeeper made no move to wait on him, probably thinking the “tough” penniless.

The newspaper man evidently had been cheered by his drink, for he called the man over and asked him to have something. The man muttered his thanks and greedily gulped down several glasses of strong whiskey. After a little he began to grow talkative. The newspaper man, thinking here was a good story, encouraged him and he was soon relating his “hard-luck” tale.

“My father was one of the richest men in the middle west and I was given every advantage. I graduated from one of the best colleges of the

west. After graduation I entered my father's big factory as manager. I was engaged to be married and every one predicted great success and happiness for me. About that time my father was killed in an automobile accident. My mother married again in less than a year. From the first my step-father took a great dislike to me. He showed his dislike in many ways. He finally persuaded my mother that I was confiscating part of the factory's funds. This continued for some time until one day he was able to present proof that I had been dishonest. The “frame up” was perfect and I was convicted and sent to prison for several years. I have never been able to throw off the stigma and now life has nothing to offer me but revenge.”

All during this recital the two on-lookers had been intensely interested and now that it was over they were both deeply affected. The newspaper man even pressed a bill into the man's hand. After the “hard luck” man had shuffled out the barkeeper reached into his pocket to see the time. Horror and surprise were equally mingled in the two faces when they discovered that money and watches were both gone. Of course they had been fools to have been taken in so easily, but this did not save their wrath. It was bad enough to lose their money and watches, but to be duped by a “hard luck” tale was galling. The saloon keeper called all evil that he could think of on the “tough's” head and the newspaper reporter vowed that he would never have the nerve to relate to his friends the fool he was.

Still grumbling at his hard luck the saloon keeper made ready for bed while the newspaper man walked briskly down the street, turned the corner, stopped in the shadow of a building, carefully extracting his own and the saloon keeper's money and watches from his pockets, and gazing fondly upon them, he was heard to murmur, "A fool there was."

My Other Self

CAROLINE GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN

I love the common rabble,
 I love to breathe with it,
 To think, to feel, to move with it,
 To shout, to clap my hands, to feel with it
 The intensity of great desire that drives it on.
 I love the spirit of the crowd and I love
 The touch of those who burn with great desire,
 Who fling aside the petty virtues of convention,
 Public opinion, and the approval of polite society by
 which
 I am accustomed to be restrained and guided;
 I love to be swayed as the crowd is swayed
 By strong, virile emotions of primeval minds,
 To shout with it, to lift my voice in exclamations loud
 and long,
 And let the barbarous instinct latent in me
 Rise and vaunt itself.
 I love the common rabble.

The Folklore of the South

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

When we read the old English ballads written years and years ago, we feel that we have gone back to an age very different from our own. If, however, we examine the unwritten folklore of the South, we find that it has many characteristics in common with this primitive form of writing. Like the ballads, these superstitions, songs, sayings, and games have been handed down by word of mouth, from generation to generation, and in the process of transmission have undergone slight changes. They become localized, differing even in the various sections of the same state. In our folklore is also found the same love of illiteration, repetition, and rhythm which characterize the ballad. Many of the sayings are merely jingles, having no meaning to the ordinary grown person, but they possess a sound that is pleasing to the ear of a child. Thus we see that the things which appealed to our remote ancestors in the childhood of the race are the same as those in which the child of today delights.

The folklore of the South is rich and varied. Upon this form of literature the influence of the old-time negro is so great that it is almost impossible to determine the extent. In superstitions, especially, does the primitive nature shine through. There is scarcely a single phase of life about which an old "darkey" cannot tell all the signs. You are surely doomed to bad luck if a black cat crosses your path, or an owl hoots at night, or if you dream of muddy water or of a dead person. Seven years of bad luck follow the breaking of a mirror, and

seeing the new moon through the trees brings no good fortune. Have not all of us chanted the following as we stooped to pick up a pin:

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
You'll have bad luck until you die."

If the pin was bent we would exclaim, "A witch bent it!"

If you would become wealthy, save any money that you may perchance find. One of the most interesting superstitions concerning riches is one which is not very widely known. An old black mammy once told a little girl if she would pick five thousand of the tiny black centers of the Queen Anne's lace (a graceful weed very common in this part of the country) that she would find an enormous sum of money. She declared she knew this to be true by experience.

Practically all people have their superstitions about marrying, and the Southerners are not an exception. If any one sweeps under a girl's feet, it is very probable that she will be an old maid. Should a girl walk seven iron rails on the railroad without once stepping off, the first man who shakes hands with her is her future husband. Even the colors in which one marries are supposed to have a significance.

"Marry in blue, you'll always be true;
Marry in red, you'll wish you were dead;
Marry in yellow, you'll be ashamed of your fellow;
Marry in green, you'll be 'shamed to be seen;

Marry in white, then you are all right."

Some days of the week are considered more lucky than others. Work begun on Friday is never finished. Be good on Sunday and you will be happy all the week. Study on Sunday, and you'll miss your lessons the next week. A good way to learn a thing is said to be to sleep with the book containing it under the pillow. (Oh, that this were something more than superstition!) The weather is also observed for omens. If the sun shines on the rain today, it will rain again tomorrow; or, the devil is beating his wife.

All these ideas are evidences of the workings of the primitive mind.

In addition to the superstitions we have the familiar unwritten songs. Almost every child knows and loves the old lullaby:

"I saw the train go 'round the bend—
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
 Loaded down with women and men,
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
 "Bye, baby, bye baby bye,
 Bye, baby, bye baby bye
 Bye, baby, bye baby bye
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

Although the following song is not a lullaby, its tune is drowsy enough to put a child to sleep:

"O Mary, won't you weep for me,
 Pharaoh's army got downed in the sea,
 O Mary, won't you weep!
 O Mary, won't you weep!"

Here again we find the negro element illustrated by the following:

"My ole mistis promised me
 When she died she'd set me free,
 My ole mistis's dead and gone,
 Left this nigger hoin' corn.

CHORUS

Jim—crack—corn, I don't care!
 Jim—crack—corn, I don't care!

Jim—crack—corn, I don't care!
 Ole mistis's gone away."

"As I went up the new-cut road,
 I met a terrapin and a toad,
 Every time the toad did sing
 Terrapin cut that pigeon wing.

Cho.—"Jim—crack—corn," etc.

Then we all know

"Some folks say that a nigger won't steal,
 'Way down yonder in the corn field.

I caught two in my corn field,
 'Way down yonder in the corn field.

Ebo Dick and Jordan Joe,
 'Way down yonder in the corn field.

That's who stole my tater hoe,
 'Way down yonder in the corn field!"

As was said before, many of the sayings are just jingles without much meaning. An old one is:

"Man's a vapor, full of woes;
 Cuts a caper, down he goes."

Two more recent ones are

"Did you ever in your life
 See a nigger kiss his wife?"

and

"P'liceman, p'liceman, don't catch me!
 Catch that nigger behind that tree!"

An equally foolish one is

"The thunder rolled from pole to pole;
 It struck a dead calf and made it say
 'bah!'"

The slighted lover finds expression for his sentiment in

"I wish I was in ole Kentuck,
 Since I left there I've had no luck;
 The gals 're so proud they won't eat mush,
 And when you go to court 'em
 They say, "O hush!"

There are a great many chants used by children at play.

"Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye!
All not ready, holler I!"

Then

"Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' clover!
All not hidden can't hide over!"

is used in hide-and-seek.

The games played in the South are very interesting to study, for often their origins may be traced back to historical events. Many of these games were brought over with the early settlers of this country. London Bridge, King William was King George's Son, and Quaker Meeting perhaps came from England; Priest o' Paris, from France; and Hop-Scotch, from Scotland. Because children will imitate their parents in their games, we find games corresponding to nearly every occupation. The Farmer in the Dell, and Oats, Peas, Beans, are games for farmers' children. The children of hunters probably invented Hide-and Seek, Run-a-Mile, Fox-in-the-Morning, and many others. Building-a-House with a Jump-Rope may have been played for the first time by the child of a carpenter. But by far the most thrilling are the "witch" games. The memory of

"Chick-a-my, chick-a-my, crancy,
crow,
I went to the well to wash my toe;
When I got back my chicken was gone.
What time is it, old witch?"

brings thrills to us all. Ole Mammy Hypocrite is very similar to this.

The fame of the visitor of the sick is sung in "Going to See Miss 'Ginia Jones." Here, again, we find the superstitions regarding colors. When various colors are suggested in which to bury her, the reply comes:

"Red is for negro, that will never do!

.

"Green is for Irishman," etc.

.

"Blue is for sailor," etc.

.

"Pink is for pretty girls," etc.

.

"Black is for mourning," etc.

.

"White is for angels, that's what we will do!"

We all love this old lore and feel that it is worth preserving. Since most of it has never been written, there are many versions of it, each representing a certain community. These fragments will die out and be lost to the children of tomorrow unless we of today do our part in preserving them. Then let every one who is so inclined write the songs, games, superstitions, and sayings peculiar to her own section of the state, and send them to some authority on the subject who can mold them into the written literature of our Southland.

Growth

PEARLE CORNWELL, '19, CORNELIAN

The New Year with its waking hopes has come,
The time for old time resolutions stern.
Bury beneath the snow the thoughts and words that should not be,
And by forgetting them, you'll fill your life with *bigger* things.

Great Caesar's Ghost!

RUTH ROBINSON, '20, ADELPHIAN

When I arrived, late one hot July afternoon, at Rocky Beach Hotel where I was to spend the summer, the landlady met me with a troubled expression. She began apologizing immediately, saying she received my request for a room, but she had not a single vacant room in the hotel that night. A party was leaving next morning, however, and if I would spend that night in the hotel annex I might have a room the following day. The description of the little vine-covered cottage down the beach, which served as the annex, sounded alluring to a tired traveler, and I readily consented to her plan.

That night, with a wonderful full moon rising from the ocean, we had a clam bake on the sand. As we lingered around the slowly dying fire we began to tell stories and, as always at such time, especially blood-curdling ghost stories. The climax was reached in the last story, which was of a suicide that had occurred, so the narrator told, in a little cottage near the hotel. A man had hanged himself from one of the rafters in the attic of the cottage and 'twas said every night at twelve any one who dared to go near the haunted place could hear his horrible moaning and the slow drip, drip, drip of his blood.

The party broke up with the members conscious of cold chills running down their spines. It was late, and as I hurried down the beach to my room in the annex I tried to forget the horrible ghosts and spirits I had heard of. Suddenly I realized that I had happily, not thought of before—that

this was the only cottage on the beach and must have been the scene of the tragedy! I tried to gather courage by laughing at my fears and by repeating over and over to myself that only in books did moaning ghosts return to haunt their death scenes. Somewhat reassured, I bravely entered by room and after hurried preparations for bed, I soon fell into a troubled sleep. I had a horrible nightmare; a big clam, who declared himself to be the brother of one of those clams I had eaten earlier in the night, held me by one ear and one toe and was preparing to plunge me into boiling grease, when I awoke with a start to hear the clock striking. I sleepily noted that it must be twelve o'clock and, giving a little thrill of satisfaction as I realized my dream was not a reality, I was about to fall peacefully to sleep, when suddenly I was awake, every muscle tense, my heart pounding wildly and my hair seeming to stiffen and stand on end. I had become conscious of the slow, sickening drip, drip, drip and regular groans, which sounded through the house. It was the ghost! Had they not said it returned every night at twelve? I lay there, sometimes frozen stiff with terror, sometimes shivering violently, for centuries, it seemed to me, listening to those horrible sounds.

At breakfast that morning I told the story of my night's adventure to the wide-eyed listeners, and only the landlady and her bashful son, whom I had not seen before, seemed not at all interested in my story. When I had finished she said, in one breath, "This

is my son, Caesar. I sent him down to sleep in the cottage last night so you wouldn't be scared. And I told Anne not to put the salt water you asked for in that *leaky* bucket." Then Caesar burst out, "I'm sorry I kept you awake, but I do be a powerful *snorer*."

The Rebuke

GORDON THOMSON, '18, CORNELIAN

The night is still; high o'er the battlefield
 The silent stars shine down—their clear cold beams
 Making more white the faces of the dead.
 The trenches gleam with broken armour bright,
 And smoke-grimed engines huge in silence loom
 Sole guardians of the night.

The dead sleep on.

But hark! again the roar of deadly guns.
 There far away on other battlefields
 The foes which meet were brothers once in Christ,
 But now keen hatred surges in their breasts.
 The helmets gleam! Swords flash aloft!
 The night is red with fire—a thousand lights
 Leap heavenward with their blinding glow.
 But see! amidst the deadly battle strife
 The great Christ walks unseen among his men
 With head bowed low in solitary grief,
 A grief like that which spoke from Calvary,
 He cries aloud in bitter anguish keen:
 "My own, my own,
 Why have ye now forsaken me?"

“The Revenuer”

DOROTHY GILL, '20, ADELPHIAN

Just beyond the sharp turn of the mountain trail, where the path leads abruptly down the steep hill, a small cabin nestles against the side of old Bald Face. There is nothing in the appearance of the cabin to attract interest, but there must have been some interest for the man who watched intently from the overhanging ledge. His sharp gray eyes never for an instant left the door of the cabin. The tenseness of his muscles and the strained rigidity of his whole form betokened that some unusual issue was at stake.

Within, the cabin was pervaded by this same intangible feeling of intangibility. It was shown in the uneasy glances exchanged by the two rugged mountaineers, and not less in the anxious looks of the girl. Her pleading voice compelled their attention, while her clear reasoning caused them to doubt themselves, if only for an instant.

“Jake, you and Thad had better listen to me, for I know what I’m talking about,” said Mandy, with the determination of one who will not be balked in her efforts. “The revenue officers will sooner or later find the still. There is no place in this part of North Carolina that they do not know about. When they do find it, you know there’ll be no chance for you. And besides,” with a gesture, “it isn’t right, you know.”

“Aw, shet up, Sis,” said the taller of the two whose name was Jake, “you know well enough that what you’re sayin’ ain’t goin’ ter tech us, so what makes yer keep on naggin’ us about somethin’ that ain’t nobody’s business

but our’n? We done promised to carry this here deal through and nothin’ yer can say can make us break our word. Ain’t that right, now, Thad?”

“Sure thing,” said the one addressed, leaning heavily against the low stone mantel and glowering at Mandy, “jest cause yer been off at college, yer needn’t think yer can tell us how to manage our own affairs. As fer them revenuers, let one of ’em poke his nose in our still and he’ll get a dose o’ this here what’ll brace him up fer shure,” patting his revolver and laughing harshly.

Seeing that her efforts had been a complete failure, Mandy quietly rose and began clearing away the dishes from their midday meal. It seemed hard that her own brothers laughed at her for having gotten different ideas and ideals from her years at college. As she went about her work, she decided that some more strenuous measures must be taken before her brothers could be made to realize the seriousness of their offense in the eyes of the law. The revenue officers were at present scouring the country in their efforts to find the distillers. If she was to save Jake and Thad, her plans must be made quickly.

Having finished their meal, the brothers lounged about the room which served as kitchen, dining room and living room, smoking and conversing in low tones, so that Mandy could not overhear. Finally they rose and after stretching themselves, they took down their slouch hats from a peg on the door and started presumably for the still.

As they opened the cabin door the watching man above drew back until he was entirely concealed by the heavy growth of stubby pine and waving sage. Following each movement of the distillers with his eyes, he at last rose and, being careful lest he should make them look back, he crept stealthily down from his hiding place. With his hand on his pistol, he followed them.

"Thad," whispered Jake, looking unconcernedly at his brother, "thar's a revenuer following us. Let's go to the mill."

"Thad, trained in the business, showed no surprise, but carelessly nodded his head.

"Waal, I guess mebbe we'd better git along down thar and see about that ar grain we bargained for last week."

In accordance with their abrupt change of plan, the brothers pursued their way to the mill, with David Worth following closely. "At last he was on the trail," he thought. "Soon he would discover the hiding place of this unlawful business." After an hour's travel, however, Jake and Thad reached the mill, chuckling inwardly at the thought of their clever evasion. Worth was baffled. Not knowing of anything further he could do, he returned to his hotel. Here he ate his dinner, then sat down with his pipe to consider what he should do next. At last he rose and ordered his horse. Riding swiftly, he approached the home of the mountaineers. As he paused at a small creek to water his horse, he heard a feminine voice, evidently the audible musings of someone he did not know. Involuntarily he leaned forward to listen. Perhaps this could help him. Just at that moment Mandy appeared, and he drew back behind a clump of water oaks.

"—and I guess the only thing left

for me to do," she continued, with a troubled look on her pretty face, "is to tell the officers where the still is and let them destroy it while Jake and Thad are gone. I can't live longer in this dreadful suspense. I wonder where I can find the revenuers—"

"At your service, madame," said Worth, stepping from behind the tree with head bared.

Frightened, she started to go, but her feminine curiosity as regards the opposite sex, compelled her to cast a second glance at the tall, broad-shouldered man, whose gray eyes spoke truth. As she turned, her full skirt caught on the briary blackberry bushes which lined the banks. Instantly Worth was at her side, helping her to free herself from their audacious grasp.

"Thank you very much," she said, when at last she was free.

"I beg your pardon for eavesdropping," said David, earnestly. "My horse has been ridden long and hard today, and I had stopped to give him water—"

"It was through no fault of yours that I was overheard. It will, perhaps, teach me that others may be present and that I must not say things aloud that I should mind any one hearing."

"But, really, perhaps I can be of service to you in this matter. I am David Worth, of the service."

For a few moments she considered. Something told her he was a man to be trusted. Perhaps it was his clear, unflinching gaze. She decided to explain her situation.

"Mr. Worth," she said, "I wish to thank you for your kind offer of assistance. I am Amanda Harris. I live in the cabin round the hill. My brothers are distillers and I cannot persuade them to give up the trade. It is intolerable to feel that my own brothers are criminals. But they con-

sider the work entirely legitimate. They really are innocent. My only recourse is to tell the revenue officers where the still is and let them destroy it while my brothers are away. I am sure that, with the still gone, they would turn their hands to an honest trade."

Out of breath, she stopped. Worth spoke quickly. "I think I can manage this little affair. If you will lead me to the still, I promise you that it shall be destroyed and your brothers shall not be charged."

Then began a journey of scrambling over logs and boulders which Worth never forgot. The girl knew her way perfectly and climbed with such agility that at times he could scarcely keep up with her.

At last they reached a hill from which a vine-covered ledge projected. "What a good hiding place," was David's first thought as he noted the details of the scene. From the ledge hung thick, luxuriant honeysuckle vines, so well known in the South. These met the heavy growth of underbrush beneath, thus entirely closing the entrance to the chamber made by the overhanging rock. A small grove of trees separated the secret room from an open field. As no one besides the distillers knew of any method of approach other than this field, any stranger would be easily seen and due precautions taken.

Crawling to the edge they lay flat and, looking down, saw half a dozen men seated on tubs and rocks about the still. This was being operated by

two others. "Oh," whispered Mandy, with white face, as she grasped David by the arm, "my brothers are there. Come away."

"I will manage so that they shall escape," whispered back Worth, reassuringly. Leveling his revolver at them, Worth said quietly, but in a crisp, masterful voice, "Hands up, down there!" And in the same clear voice he spoke to imaginary companions, "Boys, be ready to fire if any man makes a move."

Every man's hands went up as they thought of concealed "revenueers." Worth's quiet orders, spoken in a commanding voice, were instantly obeyed.

"Jake Harris, you and your brother break up the still, pour out the whiskey. No, leave the grain where it is. There, I guess everything is finished. You men with your hands up, march off by way of that field and if I see one of you make a move to return, I will command my men to fire."

Under cover of revolvers held by Worth and Mandy, who crouched at his side, the men, in Indian file, stalked sullenly away. When the last one had disappeared on the opposite side of the field, Mandy turned to Worth.

"Why," she said with a little gasp, "I don't quite understand. Why did you not arrest them?"

"It is not hard to explain," said Worth, smiling. It is this way: "I had no authority to arrest *them*, for I am no revenue officer. Though for that matter, I wish I might be, if *you* were the offender."

Success

MARGARET HAYES, '19, CORNELIAN

Success is an intensely practical thing. Most of us regard it as a visionary something of the future—visionary because it is of the future. We all have different ideas about success, just as we do about other things, but the most general conception is this: Success in its broadest sense is the best and highest expression of ourselves. And this means a very great deal. In other words, the successful life is the complete life.

Success does not happen; it is made. And since it is made it must have a beginning. The time that we are in college is not too early to make this beginning. Indeed, it is the ideal time. During this period we are forming habits of mind and body that will influence our whole after life; it is now that we can lay the foundation, to which we shall add, bit by bit, in the years to come.

The first question that arises is, "But why be successful? Why cannot I live my life quietly and peacefully, instead of joining the mad rush of progress?" But the world's work must be done. We who are strong must bear the infirmities of the weak. The world may or may not give us distinction, but in either case it will give us work to do, which, after all, is the essential thing. In the world's eyes our success consists in finding our own task and doing that better than anyone else could do it.

We owe it to ourselves to be successful. The least egotistic of persons will admit that to himself he is more important than any other person. The average human being has self-respect enough to want to be suc-

cessful, but he thinks he is handicapped in various ways. No one has a right to say that he cannot be successful. Any person of ordinary ability can, by intelligent use and conservation of his natural gifts, achieve something worth while. "I have no chance!" is the constant cry. Nor for that matter did Thomas Edison; he made his chances.

Why not train for a successful life? We train for everything else and the results are excellent. The influence of the colleges must not be depreciated. The point is this: Training for success is largely a matter of individual responsibility. The colleges exert a tremendous influence for good on students, but they cannot force a youth to form those habits of body and mind that bring mental and physical health, which are absolutely essential for the successful man or woman. Mental health means clear, forceful thinking, with strong power of concentration. It is secured by intelligent use and care of the mental faculties. Bodily health is just as important. Very few people become successful when they are handicapped by ill health. If one has health of body and mind his possibilities are practically unlimited.

But the mainspring of the successful life is the constant struggle for perfection. It is an ideal that can hardly be reached, but it is all the better for that reason. The successful man or woman is the one who strives to do everything he does perfectly. Before long he acquires the habit of being successful. However, if our energies are scattered we are less like-

ly to get encouraging results. It is better to select some one thing to place above everything else—something to which we may give our very best thought and effort. We owe it to ourselves to prove that we can excell in at least one thing.

But what does success mean after all? It is something that can never be absolutely gained and must for

that reason be unsatisfactory. It means a life full of the joy of living, steadied by the consciousness of useful achievements. It means being ourselves—our best selves. Although we may never reach our highest ideals we shall be all the better for having had them; the things that we do achieve will be all the greater because our aspirations were high.

The Master Builder

ANON

Old Time, send forth your builder, Year,
 Forgetting the years that are past,
 Save as they builded that this year might rear
 On their summits a building to last.
 Let the New Year add to the building in height,
 Great walls that have strength and power;
 Add in beauty, with color and windows bright,
 That men may guide by the tower
 Where those who have lost the vision of youth,
 Of the Master Builder's plan,
 Have wandered astray and degraded the truth.
 New Year, build as the builder began
 Making each stone perfectly wrought by hand.
 Though the structure be humble, the workmanship can
 Be true to the Master Builder's plan.

Pictures in the Fire

LOUISE DAVIS, '19, CORNELIAN

Dusk had fallen, and Mother, although her hair had long ago turned silver, had put on a fresh dress for father's arrival. Tonight she looked so sweet in her simple black dress with a tea rose fastened at her throat. The lights had not yet been brought in; and mother was sitting before the fire dreaming. * * *

She was a young girl again. 'Twas summer and she was at her first party. She wore a little lawn, sprinkled with pink rosebuds; and oh, how dressed up she felt. It was here that she met father.

The fire was dying down and mother rose to replenish the wood. Afterwards she sat down again and fell into another reverie. * * *

This time it was summer also, but she was at another party. She wore her first silk dress, and father was here too. She remembered he had come up and made a curtsy and asked her to dance. How proud she felt and how thrilled as well. Then after the dance he led her out into the rose garden and asked her to be his wife.

The dream faded, but another came to take its place. She was standing at a church door. How scared she was; and oh, how bright everything seemed. The next she could remember was when everyone was crowding around, and her sister was kissing her with tears in her eyes.

The dream changed.

She was a young mother and now she was rocking a curly-headed boy to sleep; and was singing his a lullaby as she rocked:

"Sleep my love, and peace attend thee
All through the night.

Guardian angels God will give thee—"

She finished her song and gently laid her darling boy upon his crib for the night's slumber. *How happy I am*, she was thinking.

After she smoothed her ruffled dress, she went to meet father. But oh, what a surprise she had. Instead of his usual welcoming smile and his loving embrace, she found him with a frown and a puckered brow.

"What is the matter, John?" she said.

And she saw it was almost more than he could bear to tell her that the friend whom he had stood security for had failed him; and they would have to move to cheaper lodgings.

It was years later; and that same boy with curly hair was now a grown man. He was to receive his degree tonight, and mother and father had secured seats well up to the front of the auditorium. What a feeling of pride serged over her being as she saw her son take his place on the stage. How eloquent he was, and how indignant it made her that he was not awarded the medal. Well, anyway, she knew he deserved it, so was not that enough to satisfy her?

The scene changed.

She and father were sitting in the library, he reading and she sewing. The door opened and her boy came in with a bashful look on his face. How her heart ached when she saw him, and what a queer little catch came into her voice, she would never forget.

She remembered she had managed to smile and a word of encouragement, however, when he told them that it was Dorothy, the dear little girl next door. * * * *

She heard a click and the door opened. She sighed and looked up to see father standing by the table. She

went to meet him, and as she went she said, "Father, did you know that to-day is the twenty-fourth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Yes, mother. Did you think I'd ever forget?" he replied, as he put his arm around her, and led her again to the fire.

My Strength

MAGGIE STATON HOWELL, '17, CORNELIAN

O let me lay my head against your breast
 And close my eyes, I fain would rest
 From the world's pitch and toss of changing loves
 Where friends are cast aside like worn out gloves.
 Give me to feel your depths; draw me within
 Your veil of calm which shuts out vulgar din
 Of changing fad, yet shows you strong and true.
 In your clear eyes I find myself anew.
 Bereft of other friends I can remain
 Strengthened and fortified if I retain
 Your love. Exalted, humbled I would bend
 And praying, thank God for you, O my friend.

The Supernatural Element in "Midsummer Night's Dream"

BERTIE CRAIG, '18, ADELPHIAN

"Midsummer Night's Dream"—this is a name to conjure with. With what pleasure we resign ourselves to the power of the magic wand in the hand of the skillful wizard and go with him to fairyland! How exquisite are the little personages we see there—Oberon, king of the fairies; Titania, the ethereal little queen; Puck, the naughty, lovable elf.

Without the help of these elfin sprites there could be no "Midsummer Night's Dream." The influence of the fairy story is twofold; it makes the play a masque and it furnishes the poetry. The first of these is determined by the purpose of the play—to celebrate a marriage. With this purpose in view Shakespeare had to present a play on the order of a masque. How could he better accomplish this end than by introducing the "moonlight revels" of the fairy host? What could better serve his purpose than the story of the petty jealousies and quarrels of the fairy king and queen who

"Never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-
light sheen,
But they do square; that all their
elves, for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide
them there."

Again, the supernatural element

lends an exquisite lyrical tone to the play. The poetry lies not so much in fine lines as in the atmosphere furnished by the fairy story. No better opportunity for lyrical beauty could be afforded than in the speech of the airy, ethereal haunTERS of moonlit glades and flower strewn meadows, who "hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear" and

"Pluck the wings from painted butterflies;

To fan the moonbeams from their sleeping eyes."

The atmosphere can but be poetic which surrounds a dainty creature sleeping on

"A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows

Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

We know that it must be some supernatural power which can effect such a creature to the extent of making her love a coarse clod and so dote upon him that she could say, while winding him in her arms:

"So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the barked fingers of the elm."

Hairpins

MARGARET HAYES, '19, CORNELIAN

Hairpins, like the poor, we have always with us. This is evident to even the most casual visitor to the Normal. For they are everywhere; they strew the walks, choke the grass, fill up the mud puddles, and puncture the tires of passing automobiles.

We do not have time to wonder where all these hairpins come from, but for the benefit of the casual visitor an explanation might be given in this wise. A short downpour occurs during the two or three minutes immediately preceding breakfast. There is a cessation of about half an hour, after which precipitation begins again and increases steadily until the intermission between the second and third

periods. This is the flood tide and after it is over the walk to the post-office is strewn with debris. After this the downpour steadily becomes lighter, chiefly for lack of material, until by nightfall the rain is almost imperceptible.

But, to take a utilitarian view of the subject, here is a splendid opportunity for one of those persons who delight in compiling unnecessary figures. It would be a delightfully intricate problem to figure out just how many miles would be covered if all the hairpins on the Normal campus at a given time were placed end to end in a straight line. Surely someone will take this opportunity to distinguish herself.

To the New Year

SADIE E. WHITE, '20, ADELPHIAN

O greetings sing to the glad New Year,
 Think not of the year that is past;
 Let your heart be happy, your life full of cheer
 Do the best you can to the last.

Why grieve over last year's failure,
 Grieving will not make it less;
 Take heart, conquer doubts that assail you
 And make this year a success.

Take hope and to others be faithful,
 Resolve to be kind and true;
 Be patient and strive to be helpful,
 And be happy this whole year through.

A Normal Girl's Visit

FLORENCE MILLER, '20, ADELPHIAN

"I know I'll do something outlandish," said Sue Brown. "I haven't been in a real home for three months. Mrs. White is sure to be shocked."

Later, after Sue had walked up the broad, white steps and across the wide inviting porch, to her horror she found herself marching in without so much as a ring of the bell. Mrs. White, however, only laughed with her about it, and they were soon engrossed in chatting and eating the nicest of oranges and apples.

Sue was sitting in an unusually comfortable rocking chair, and unconsciously striving to make the most of her opportunity, she found herself rocking very energetically and very high. The next minute Mrs. White jumped and frantically grabbed Sue just in time to save her from a fall. "Surely," she thought, "these two blunders will teach me a lesson and I will act genteelly for the rest of my visit."

Vain hope. No sooner had the dinner bell rung than Sue, from sheer force of habit, jumped up and started

running out the door. "Oh, I beg—I beg your pardon," she said in much embarrassment to Mrs. White, and then determined not to make another blunder, she started out the door with her hostess.

All went well at the table till she realized that there was only one piece of bread left. "Have this," she said to the one next to her, "me for the bread line. May I go back to the head of the table?"

"Why—er, never mind, dear, I'll just ring," said the mystified Mrs. White.

Sue was crushed and silent till the end of the meal, when, "Aren't we ready to go?" she said.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. White, wondering if Sue was ill.

Sue made no breaks for some time and was feeling almost at ease again when she glanced at the clock and saw it was four o'clock. "Oh, biology note book is due at five! There comes the car. Where did I leave my gloves? Good-bye. I've had a lovely day!" as she vanished in the direction of the car.

The Remedy

EMMA F. HUTAFF, '19, CORNELIAN

When you feel all tired and blue
 There's a thing I know to do
 That'll make you feel all new
 Through and through.
 Just swallow down your sigh,
 Find someone whom luck's passed by—
 You'll forget there is an I
 If you try.



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No. 4

New Years' greetings to you, friends of ours! We are wishing for you every one, not the usual past regrets and future fears. As you are turning over the page in your catalogue of life called "1916," to meet with trembling heart the clean white page "1917," we are wishing for you joy and vigor, and sheer happiness in filling out the blank that is before you. Do it interestingly, and do it happily—do it with an eye to making it an unusual page in your great memory book.

c. g.

Our girls observe the Sabbath day in many ways; but they **SUNDAY OBSERVANCE AT THE COLLEGE** desecrate it in equally as many ways. We observe Sunday, many of us, by attending morning watch, Sunday school, church, and vesper services. A large number of the girls keep quiet hour or meditation in the proper spirit by reading good literature, preparing the next Sunday school lesson, or taking both physical and mental rest.

Those who do not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, are equal as many, if not more, than those

who do reverence the day. These are those who do not attend church at all during the day; but use Sunday for a study day just as any other day; they work mathematics, copy English notes, study biology or prepare any lesson which they are to have on Monday. There are those who spend their day frolicking as if it were a general holiday. From the amount of hair seen floating from the windows on Sunday one would naturally think that this day was set aside for the special purpose of washing hair.

This ought not to be so. The girls should attend at least one service on Sunday; but attending a service is not all, they should be in a reverent attitude during worship. Quiet hour should be spent in meditation and rest or in the reading of good literature.

Since January, 1915, our college has **THE NEEDS OF OUR COLLEGE** been at a standstill as far as physical improvements are concerned. It seems a pity that we could not have gone forward the past two years, when we realize what might

have been accomplished, but could not be on account of the lack of funds. There is only one woman's college supported by the state in North Carolina and two men's colleges; namely, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh. It is a shame that the legislature does not appropriate for the one woman's college even as much as it does for one of the men's colleges.

This year there were about one hundred more applications for entrance to the college than could be accepted on account of the lack of dormitory space. At the present time a great many rooms in the dormitories are occupied by three girls and there are at least fifteen girls boarding in town near the college. There should be at least one more dormitory, which would accommodate one hundred or more students. If the student body were increased, it would be necessary to build another auditorium with a

larger seating capacity than the one we have at the present time. The seven hundred students now in college just about fill the dining room; consequently it would be necessary to provide more dining room space. Then there would also be need of more recitation rooms. This need could be easily supplied by adding wings to the McIver Building. Our gymnasium is too small for the number of students in college at the present time, and we really need a new one with better equipment.

This year the standard of our college has been raised, so that fourteen units are now required for entrance to the Freshman class instead of twelve and one-half. While the standard of the college is being raised, it should also be growing in size. It can do this if the legislature of 1917 will only realize our needs and make larger appropriations than have been made in previous years so that they can be supplied.

M. F.

A Winter Sunset

MARGARET GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

The garish red and orange sigh away
And through the stark black network of the trees
Pale silvered gold is lingering,
Mingled with gray purple of amorphous cloud.
The twilight vast of ancient churches breaths,
 potent in the stillness,
And filtered moonlight from black netted windows
Of pale gold and purple gray.

BULLETIN BOARD



The Creation

The annual Christmas oratoria was sung this year by a chorus of two hundred voices, the college chorus being augmented by the mature, trained voices of a few Greensboro ladies as well as the usual chorus of men's voices. Instead of the Messiah, as heretofore, Haydn's "Creation" was sung and all felt that Mr. Wade R. Brown, the director, was indeed to be congratulated and the brilliancy and accurate shading displayed in the work of the chorus. Miss Kathryn Severson, of the voice department of the college, sang the very difficult soprano parts of this work with an ex-

quisite tone and perfection of interpretation rarely equalled.

Calvin Coxe, of New York, sang the tenor part, displaying purity and sweetness of tone, while Edmund A. Jahn, also of New York, showed himself admirably fitted to portray the powerful surging of the sea and other magnificent phases of nature embodied in the bass solos of this oratorio. The ensemble work of the solo voices was of the most beautiful and elaborate ever heard in our auditorium. The oratorio was accompanied by Miss Aliene Minor at the piano and Mr. George Scott-Hunter at the organ.

Carolina Glee Club

Under the auspices of the Senior class the University Glee Club gave a very delightful performance at the college on the evening of December 9th. The program was varied by many selections from the orchestra and some of the most enjoyable numbers of the evening were those by the mandolin club, which includes guitars and banjos. The glee

club seemed larger than usual this year and exceedingly well organized. If any criticism could be made of the program, it would be that it was rather heavy in solos, quartettes and so on, giving the audience a minimum of numbers by the whole club. The performance was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience who attended.

Rabbi Wise

The people of Greensboro and the Normal students felt themselves particularly fortunate on the evening of December 16th, in the opportunity of hearing Rabbi Wise, of the Free Synagogue, of New York, in the college auditorium. Dr. Wise is of international fame as a speaker, philosopher and statesman, and it was with intensest interest that the audience listened to his masterful discussion of a subject on which they felt him to be an authority, "War Against War." After a very clever, but somewhat

long introduction, Dr. Wise plunged with vigor into his subject. War, he said, was to be stopped by the abolishing of underground democracy, by the organized action of women, by the disarmament of the nations, and by the cessation of race hatred. Each of these points Rabbi Wise handled with such force not only of logic, but of his own personality that his audience was swept with him not only to the conclusion that his theories were right, but to the confidence that they would work out.

Pretty Custom Perpetuated by Seniors

On Thursday night before the disbanding of the student body for the Christmas holidays, the Seniors, despite the inclement weather, pursued the charming old custom of singing Christmas carols outside the different buildings after light bell. This is one of the most charming of our campus

traditions, and while thanking the class of 1917 for their good wishes and for the hearty glow of joy, which always follows the singing of a Christmas carol, we congratulate them on having persisted under most unfavorable circumstances in the observance of this charming rite.

Dramatic Club Reorganized

It is especially gratifying to those interested in the all round development of the Normal girls, to note the reorganization of the dramatic club on more progressive lines. Dramatics have never played the part in our student life that they do in other colleges and it is the aim of the club, by systematic study of acting in theory and practice, to train its members and make the annual public play compare favorably with the plays of the dra-

matic clubs of other colleges. The club is now organized much on the lines of the College Debating Club and with Mrs. Mary Settle Sharpe as chairman of the Faculty Advisory Board, holds high expectations of a very successful year. The first meeting under the new regime was held on the evening of December 16th, when a very simple dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was presented by the club.

The Senior Faculty Party

One of the most delightful social features of this term was this year's annual entertainment of the faculty by the Senior class. This is usually done on George Washington's birth-

day, and the change to Christmas time proved an enjoyable variation. The decoration of Students' Building was of the most beautiful and unique ever used on the campus. The vestibule

was a perfect representation of an old-fashioned garden, covered with snow, leading to the white pillared entrance of an old colonial mansion. In the lighted window, hung a huge Christmas wreath between filmy curtains. On entering the house, a vision was presented, more than fulfilling the prophecy of the colonial exterior. Both halls, lighted by the soft glow of many candles in quaint branched candelabra, were furnished in old-fash-

ioned mahogany with a massive fireplace containing the yule log.

Every one came masked and in Christmas tide costumes, causing much merriment in the confusion of identities. After impromptu stunts and many beautiful old-fashioned dances, characteristic presents were distributed by Santa Claus to members of the faculty.

Refreshments of cake and syllabub were served.

Christmas Cheer at the County Home

The German department of the college celebrated Christmas in a new and beautiful way this year by going out to the county home on Thursday night before Christmas, where they set up a Christmas tree and gladdened

the hearts of the lonely old folks by the singing of those matchless old German Christmas carols, which, even though the words should not be understood, never fail to touch the heart strings.

Christmas in the Dining Room

A scene which lingers long in the minds of each Normal girl is the dining room on the night of the Christmas celebration each year. Perhaps we should say sound rather than scene, for even more impressive than the beautiful garlands of cedar which festoon the walls and the graceful, perfectly formed tree which towers in the center, a-sparkle with many colored lights, was the chattering, babbling, giggling, squealing roar which reverberated over our seven hundred heads during that meal. As each girl

received her characteristic present, her exclamations and its vociferations, for at least fifty per cent. of them are noise producing, was added to the surges of sound until when the ice cream and fruit cake, finishing a delicious menu of chicken salad, potato chips, sandwiches and coffee, came on, a happy, tired, deafened, delighted student body found themselves about ready to disband to finish packing their trunks and turn their faces toward the mecca of their homes for the last time before their journey thitherward.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

The visit of Miss Pflenicken, the traveling student secretary for the South Atlantic Field, was indeed a treat to the college. Not only did Miss Pflenicken vivify the work of the organization with which she is connected, by frequent large and small meetings of its officers, but by the magnetic charm

of her personality she stimulated all those with whom she came in contact to greater faith in themselves and in the people around them.

Miss Pflenicken led our vesper service of the evening of December 10th, giving us at this time, a broad and realistic view of the work made pos-

sible by the unity of our organization, and then showing us that this unity of high aim and broad sympathies was accomplished only by the consistent living of the principles by the individual members of the great international groups. The responsibility of a college student as a leader, for such we must realize the college student is, was impressed upon us, not only by what Miss Pfenicken so beautifully

and forcefully said to us, but also by the obvious realization of these theories in her own life.

The vesper services on the last Sunday night before the Christmas holidays were devoted to a song service. The music committee is to be congratulated on the thoroughly delightful music, not only on this occasion, but throughout the term.

Tabby

MARY SUE HANNAH, '20, ADELPHIAN

'Twas on the sun-warmed window sill
Miss Tabby watched Aunt Miny fill
That cream jug, and her emerald eyes,
Spurning turkey, puddings, and pies,
Watched for a chance at the cream jug.

Coyly she leaped and deftly she lapped,
But that small mouthed jug soon had Tabby trapped;
With a sputter and meow and a tumble and clatter
She made all the household stand back from the spatter
Of cream from that treacherous cream jug.

Exchange Department

Conceit is an entire realization of one's own powers.

—*R. A., College Message.*

It was Christmas eve somewhere in the trenches.

—*O. H. B., Red and White.*

If you can make good bread as well as fudges—

—*E. O., Keene Kronicle.*

The score does not begin to tell the story.

—*U. S., Red and White.*

There ain't no man alive but what is booked to get his slap.

—*A. F., Keene Kronicle.*

Don't be such a bookworm.

—*Hampton Chronicle.*

College life is one big quest for knowledge.

—*Pine and Thistle.*

The choosing of one's life work is a serious matter.

—*A. B., Pine and Thistle.*

Darkness encourages thought—the best of thought.

—*M. S., The Acorn.*

George says he knows we are going to the poor house, but he doesn't care; it will be such a joy to live somewhere you don't have to pay taxes.

—*M. M., Concept.*

For, in the quiet depths of my own soul,

The answer to my young perplexities is found in calm, sure knowledge that is whole.

—*H. M., Wellesley College Magazine.*

It is absolutely necessary that the present day college student learn the art of intense concentration.

—*Concept.*

I hate men, especially tall, brown-eyed, handsome men.

—*R. L. R., Concept.*

Play is a child's attitude toward life.

—*H. E. H., Chimes.*

Without generosity the moral world lacks vitality.

—*G. C., Chimes.*

Fraternalities are too often guided in the selection of their new material by gay well-fitting clothes.

—*Davidson.*

Concern yourself with but today.

—*Keene Kronicle.*

As a rule it is the cost of *high* living that causes man to think.

—*E. T. N., Blue and Gold.*

Watch your speech—the first thing you know imperfect English will be an unheard of thing.

—*Focus, A. T. O.*

Dollars form the bank through which the current of ideas flow.

—*Wesleyan.*

This is an age of bachelors.

—*R. P., Trinity Archive.*

Then love, the unconquerable master of womankind, steps in and drives out feminism.

—*B. A., Trinity Archive.*



ELIZA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

E. Mc. (on Physics): "Wouldn't a block and *tickle* be a good example?"

Two training school children were heard discussing their catechism lesson.

First child: "I bet I'm ahead of you. I've just finished the original sin."

Second child: "That's nothing, I'm past redemption."

Miss Petty: "Explain the atomic theory fully, please."

Brilliant Soph: "Oh, isn't that something about the transmigration of souls?"

I. T.: "I'm going as a poinsetta to the Senior party."

C. S.: "Who was *he*?"

New Girl: "I have just found out today why the auditorium is the warmest place at the Normal."

Old girl: "Why is it so warm?"

"New girl: "Because there are so many radiator pipes on the stage."

New girl: "Can you tell me whether tickets are going to be sold to the *Recreation*?"

The time I've spent in trying
With effort still undying,
To write a poem,
To make a verse,
Has caused a deal of sighing.
Though lessons I have shirked
And left problems unworked,
My efforts seem of no avail;
I try again—'tis but to fail.

—*Ruby Sisk.*

BOOKS

WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

Books, books, books, books—Latin,
Math. and Chemistry;
Books, books, books, books—Physics,
German, History;
Books, books, books, books—English,
French, Biology;
For there's no getting 'way from the
books.

In your room are books here, there
and everywhere,
When you go to chapel, meals or any-
where,
Books rise up before you in the atmos-
phere;
And there's no getting away from the
books.

Sundays are almost as bad as other days.

They affect us e'en amid our prayer and praise,

Song books, prayer books, books to dazzle, books to daze—

And there's no getting away from the books.

'Taint so bad by day because o' company,

But night brings long string o' forty thousand million

Books, books, books, books, books and then some more o' them;

And there's no getting away from the books.

Talk books, walk books, eat books, sleep books,

Dream books, think books, plan books, live books.

What, oh what, keeps us from turning into books?

For there's no getting away from the books.

Estelle Dillon, '17, Cornelian.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Ruth Kernodle	President	Mabel Jarvis	Secretary
Estelle Dillon	Vice-President	Mary Howell	Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Nancy Stacy, Richmond County, Adelpkian

Cornelian

Norma Styron Craven County
 Alice Poole Guilford County
 Ruth Roth Vance County
 Nancy Porter Mecklenburg County
 Belle Bullock Robeson County

Adelpkian

Frances Morris Davie County
 Elizabeth Moses Orange County
 Marianne Richards Rowan County
 Eva McDonald Wayne County
 Laura Sumner Randolph County

Literary Societies

Adelpkian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Norma Styron	President	Annie Simpson Pierson	Secretary
Sadie Fristoe	Vice-President	Sallie Conner	Treasurer
Hope Watson	Critic	Hattie Lee Horton	Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Madelyn Thompson	President	Jessie McKee	Treasurer
Mildred Ellis	Vice-President	Elizabeth Rountree	Critic
Leafie Spear	Secretary	Margaret George	Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Mary Lathrop	President	Elizabeth Hinton	Secretary
Marjorie Craig	Vice-President	Mary Bradley	Treasurer
Bessie Hoskins	Critic	Charlotte Cranford	Cheer Leader

Freshman Class

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