

# State Normal Magazine

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## Flash o' Spring

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

When a breath o' sweet comes stealin',  
    An' a flash o' green sweeps o'er;  
When y' have that wakin' feelin',  
    An' y' set-free fancies soar;  
When the sun rays start a-chasin',  
    An' the darksome crannies light;  
When y' blood thro' veins goes racin',  
    An' y' sing with all y' might;  
When the sky gets gay with bluein',  
    An' the softish clouds sail by;  
When wee Cupid 'gins pursuin',  
    An' y' finally dream an' sigh;  
Then it is that y'll be knowin'  
Spring has got y' all a-goin'.



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## Out of the Frying Pan

BERTIE CRAIG, '18, ADELPHIAN

Awarded First Prize in Inter-Society Short Story Contest

"Hi, there, Ab! Wait a minit," came the lazy call from the group of loafers before Dobbins' store. Abner, hurrying down the opposite side of the street, increased his speed and looked neither to the right nor to the left.

"Oh, come on over, Ab. Marilly won't see you. Don't be in such a hurry, old man."

The drawling taunts reached the ears of the fat little man, but he gave no sign. He hurried on down the street, headed for the open country, and as he went, he murmured, "Jumpin' Jerusalem! Jumpin' Jerusalem!"

The repetition seemed to comfort his seething soul, for his pace gradually slackened until he was barely moving. Perhaps the broiling heat of the sun influenced him, too, for at the first sign of shade he turned from the white, glaring road and, with a little groan, sank upon the turf beneath the solitary, wayside tree. Drawing a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, he proceeded with little snorts and puffs to mop his dripping face. Then his roving eye fell upon the handkerchief.

"Gee," he mumbled, "won't Marilly have a conption fit when she sees that?" This called his attention back to his trouble. "Mankind!" he sighed, "them men won't never get over Marilly comin' to live with me.

I can't come down town 'thout 'em joshin' me." He sighed profoundly and settled back against the tree.

For twenty-five years Abner Dowd had lived the blissfully careless life of an independent bachelor. With no one to question his moves he had come and gone as he wished, making no effort to keep his little house in order. Cobwebs festooned themselves unnoticed in every corner. Lint and dust rolled up under the furniture. There was apparently only one law of housekeeping which Abner recognized. This was that the dishes must be washed. The only time when he desired the presence of a female was when every dish he possessed was piled up waiting to be washed. In such an extremity, Abner, heaving deep sighs, rolled up his sleeves, tied a flour sack around his middle, and lit in.

Several weeks before at one of these periodic orgies of dishwashing Marilla had unexpectedly appeared. Marilla was Mrs. Jenkins, Abner's recently widowed sister, who lived several miles from Mapleton. Disgusted with the laxity of Abner's housekeeping, she had ceased years ago to visit him except for the briefest of calls on her "butter-'n'-eggs" days. This was one of those occasions. Abner, engrossed in the task before him, did not hear the brisk approaching footfalls and Marilla had stood in the

doorway several seconds before he became aware of her presence. Grunting and panting, he was splashing recklessly and muttering mild expletives when he was interrupted by a sarcastic voice from the doorway:

"Well, Abner Dowd, is that the way you wash dishes?"

Abner wheeled around. The pucker of distaste on his face gave way to the look of a startled rabbit. With nervous haste, he began to wipe his dripping hands upon the sack which served as apron.

"Why, Marilly, is that you?" he inquired feebly.

"Yes, it's me," came the brisk assurance in Marilla's decisive tones, "and I guess I come at a good time. Just take off that sack and wipe your hands. I'll finish the dishes."

With great alacrity, Abner hastened to do her bidding while Marilla, grimly determined, plunged into her self-appointed task.

When the dishes were stacked in shining rows in the little cupboard, Marilla inspected the rest of the house. Her grim silence boded no good for her brother, who anxiously tagged at her heels. When the tour was complete she seated herself upon the edge of a dusty chair and delivered her ultimatum. After discoursing at length upon Abner's heinous sins of omission in respect to dusting, sweeping, and the like, she came to her decision.

"Abner," she said with the tone of a martyr at the stake, "I oughtn't've left you here to shift for yourself. I guess you ain't altogether to blame for having your house in such a fix. Now that there ain't no other call on my services—"

Here she sighed deeply. Abner sat bolt upright. Shivers of apprehension chased up and down his spine. Without giving him time to speak, Marilla proceeded with her sentence, "—I guess I'd haft to answer for it

if I didn't come here and take care of you."

Abner gazed at her in stupid amaze. He opened his mouth to expostulate, but seeing the grim decision in her firm lips, he realized that his days of freedom were done.

And so Marilla had come, and with her coming the little house in Mapleton had taken on a different air. Abner himself was different. The neighbors noticed with approval the tidy appearance of the house. Abner's friends noticed the change in him and gloated over it. He who had scorned womankind and taunted his married friends with being "henpecked" was now more firmly tied to a woman's apron strings than any married man in Mapleton. Abner was the kind of person who enjoys a joke on the other fellow. He bitterly resented the good-natured gibes of his friends and avoided them as far as possible. The loafers' bench in front of Dobbins' store now loomed up as a kind of inquisition which he could not approach without becoming the target for witty remarks. Such conditions had held for the past three weeks. Abner, fleeing from his sister's sharp reprimands, would run into a group of his erstwhile cronies and in trying to escape them, he must return to the swept and garnished house he hardly dared approach for fear of disturbing its orderly appearance. The state of affairs was ruining his disposition. From a carelessly good-natured, self-satisfied man he was rapidly becoming a confirmed misanthrope. And so he had come out far from the haunts of men to think upon his bitter fate.

There was only one way to regain happiness and self-respect. He must convince Marilla that her presence was not needed in his house. Hints of her unwelcome sacrifice would avail nothing, for Marilla's sense of duty, when up in arms, would not be



downed. Abner thought and thought. His dour expression deepened. His gloomy eyes looked out from low-drawn, frowning brows. His lips set in lines which strangely resembled Marilla's.

"The only way," he mumbled, "that I see to get rid of her is to get somebody in her place. But laws! she wouldn't hear to me hirin' a cook."

A startled expression dawned in his face and deepened into fright. He gasped with the shock of the sudden thought.

"Jumpin' Jerusalem," he groaned, "have I come to that pass? I never thought I'd haft to give in after all these years. Give in nothin'!" bristled Abner, the Benedict, "not after all I've said agin marriage." Then his fiery vigor left him. He sank back against the tree. "It's the only way to get rid of her," he sighed.

A fresh thought struck him. "But who'd I marry? They ain't but two women as I know of. The widder Ames, she's too much like Marilly. An' Mattie Morris. Gee! The fellers sure would josh me when they been tryin' to get me to set up to her the las' twenty years. No," he sighed dolefully, "them two don't do."

Under the weight of these depressing thoughts Abner had gradually sunk lower and lower until now he reclined at full length beneath the big tree. He felt too languid to mop away the trickles of perspiration which slowly crept along the furrows in his face. His absent gaze was fixed on the lazy, white clouds floating far away in the western sky. Waves of heat rose from the parching fields of corn across the road. The long, yellowing blades drooped dispiritedly. There was no sound save the droning of a big bumblebee seeking honey from the dusty, wayside flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ab! Abner Dowd! Wake up, man!"

Abner slowly opened his eyes and gazed at the man who bent over him.

"Git up, Ab, and ride with me to town. Hurry! They's a big cloud comin' up."

Abner struggled to his feet and shook himself slowly. Jed Carraway took him by the arm and propelled him to the waiting wagon.

"Git in, man, and le's hurry home."

Abner obediently climbed in and Jed sprang up beside him. As they clattered along toward Mapleton, Jed turned to his silent companion and asked with a slow wink and an irritating grin, "Say, Ab, did Marilly run you away from home?"

Abner did not answer. Jed, who saw his own chance for some fun, began his usual raillery, "Ab, ain't I allus advised you to set up to that peart little old maid, Mattie Morris? If you don't wanter pick a wife so near home, why don't you advertise? That's how I got my Sallie, and she's as good as they make 'em! Here's the address of what they call the matrimony bureau."

He drew a slip of paper from his pocket and offered it gravely, but with twitching lips to the angry little man, who restrained his wrath with mighty effort. Abner was tempted to strike him, but he looked out over the dusty fields and said nothing. Then a brilliant idea occurred to him. He took the slip and thrust it without comment into his pocket. He had found a way.

As the days went by the loafers' bench noticed another change in Abner. He no longer avoided the chaff, but took it silently. Somehow it did not afford the same pleasure it had formerly, for Abner's eyes had a way of twinkling as if they would say,

"Never mind, I know something you don't."

Peter Dobbins, who kept the combination postoffice and store, also seemed to be in the secret. Everyday when Abner came down to the store, the big, jolly postmaster would draw him aside and with many a knowing pull at his tuft whiskers, he would whisper to him in a fashion maddening to the crowd. Whenever one of the loungers slyly broached the subject, Peter merely winked mysteriously and shook his head. It was very disconcerting and puzzling to the old cronies. Abner and Peter were now the inquisition.

To Abner himself the situation was not one of unalloyed pleasure. Sometimes he was filled with doubt and anxiety. Not daring to hesitate for fear he would never do it, he had written immediately to the address given by Jed Carraway. Now he was in regular correspondence with a lady recommended by the bureau. His cautious nature, however, had not entirely forsaken him, for he had signed his letters "John Westland." The use of a false name would afford a chance for escape in case he "wanted to back out at the last." Sometimes his courage ebbed and he called himself an "old fool" for meddling with a woman he knew nothing about. Then he reassured himself, "She can't be any worse'n Marilly. And then it'll be such a good joke on the boys to marry a strange woman when they've allus wanted me to take Mattie Morris."

When the letters from his correspondent arrived, they always scattered every doubt. Written in prim, old-fashioned script, upon dainty, tinted paper, they told him of the dreams and ambitions of the writer, Lucy Miller. She wrote haltingly that she "had looked for Romance and it had passed her by." This was the

only means she had of satisfying her desire to be loved and sheltered.

Abner was deeply moved by the confiding little missives. Waxing eloquent in her behalf, he answered her in kind. He hoped to spend the remaining years of his life in "loving and sheltering her." Still he did not give his real name when he wrote that he would meet her in Bartlett on August 30th. It was with feelings of joy and of trepidation that he received her reply agreeing to meet him and suggesting that for purposes of identification each should wear a red carnation. As the time drew near Abner's heart was alternately warm and cold. He comforted himself with the thought that he could back out since she did not know his name. Then his conscience reproached him for harboring such a thought in connection with sweet, trustful Lucy Miller.

On the appointed day Abner departed for Bartlett not without remonstrance on the part of Marilla, to whom he vouchsafed no explanation save that he had business there. After he had purchased and donned a new suit he looked himself over and concluded that perhaps he would do for the part of bridegroom. Bridegroom! Abner shuddered, but it was too late now to retrace his way. After procuring a red carnation he set out for the railway station. Taking his stand in a secluded corner, he watched the crowd which flowed through the open doors. The women especially interested him. "Suppose Lucy Miller should be like that awfully fat creature in the green skirt with a wart on her nose! Horrors!"

Through the nearby window Abner saw a glint of red. Panic seized him. His hand instinctively clutched the carnation. He drew it forth and thrust it into his pocket. Then he looked again for the spot of red. It

was indeed a red carnation. The wearer must be Miss Lucy Miller. She was anxiously watching the passengers who descended from the train. Evidently she was looking for him. The train rolled away and still no Knight of the Red Carnation came to claim her hand. Drawing a dainty little handkerchief from her neat, new bag, she held it against her trembling mouth. Evidently she was bitterly disappointed. Abner wished that she would turn so that he could see her face. He could see only the quivering chin.

"It's awful to disappoint her," he said sternly to himself, "she looks so helplesslike and lonesome. I can't go off and leave her standin' there. But she's so stylish. Maybe she won't have anything to do with an ol' codger like me. Anyway, I guess I'd better go tell her it's all off."

Drawing the carnation from his pocket, he reinstated it in a place of honor and marched out to meet Miss Lucy Miller. She did not see him coming. He drew up beside her, coughed gently, and opened fire, "Er—Miss, er—is this Miss Lucy Miller?"

The lady started violently. Then she raised her head and Abner looked into the tearful eyes of—Mattie Morris!

"Oh, Abner," she gasped joyously, "I was so afraid you wouldn't come. I was just about to give up and go home. That would have been awful, wouldn't it?"

Abner looked his astonishment.

Miss Morris, divided between smiles and tears, slipped her gloved hand under his arm and piloted him along.

"Come," she commanded gently, "I'll explain as we go along. We must hurry with the wedding and catch the next train home."

"But—but," sputtered the astonished bridegroom, "how—when—where's Lucy Miller?"

"You old goosie," fondly laughed the bride, "don't you know that I'm Miss Miller?"

Seeing that Abner still needed enlightenment, she went on, "You see, Mr. Dobbins couldn't keep the secret from Minnie and she told me. Of course I knew that it was just bashfulness that kept you from proposing to me years ago. Oh! I'm so happy! I came up last night to meet you. Minnie's promised to invite the whole town in to a grand supper in the court house. Isn't everything coming out fine?"

The bewildered bridegroom had been conducted through the ceremony, had heard his wife addressed as "Mrs. Dowd" and himself congratulated as "the most fortunate man on earth," and with his happy bride was speeding towards the wedding supper in Mapleton before he began to realize that he was now a married man. Forgetting the proximity of Mrs. Dowd, he muttered something about "a fool" who "jumped out of the frying pan."

"What did you remark, Abner, dearest?" sweetly asked the bride.

Abner answered, "I'm the happiest man in the world."



## America: Her Opportunity

RUTH CHARLES, '19, ADELPHIAN

“There is a tide in the affairs of nations,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on  
to fortune.”

On such a full sea, America is now afloat. She has reached a great turning point in her economic history. She is in the position of one of four great competing concerns when the other three have shut down. England, Germany, France and the United States are the four great competitors for the world's business. They are the four mammoth industrial and commercial units of the world, and three of them have turned from useful pursuits to ruthless devastation. Their factories are silent, their harvests ungarnered, their commercial ardor abated. For the first time in history, one great nation stands up as the only source of supply, and that nation is equipped to help the world. We alone of all the great powers stand at the universal trade counter ready to do business. We must take up the work of peace which the warrior has laid down.

When this terrible war is over, America will find that her international relations have greatly increased in importance. Besides holding the first place among the nations in democratic government, it is not only possible but probable that she will gain and hold the same prominent place in industrial pursuits, in commerce, and in financial affairs. She has the natural resources, almost unlimited supplies of mineral wealth imbedded in forest-covered mountains, vast water power, and fertile fields. She has genius for scientific research and busi-

ness initiative, though these have apparently lain dormant while European genius and initiative have entered and monopolized fields that rightfully belong to us. And in addition to these natural advantages, she has this unique opportunity, occasioned by the great European conflict. The method of the enterprising is to sketch out a map of possibilities and then to treat them as probabilities. America is awakening to her business possibilities; she will next treat them as probabilities. A new epoch of American business expansion is about to begin.

But before playing a successful part in world affairs, America must first do some work at home. She has not yet attained full national efficiency. That the United States enjoys almost complete industrial independence has long been assumed by most of her citizens. It required the fierce light of a great war to throw into sharp relief certain details of our position as one of the leading manufacturing countries, and to reveal the fact that we, as a nation, are entirely dependent upon the countries of Europe for many commodities that we could and should produce ourselves.

It is in the manufacture of chemicals that we are most dependent. We import, annually, \$95,000,000 worth of chemical products. Some of these, of course, cannot be produced by the American manufacturers, for the raw material can never be obtained at as low a price as it is obtainable abroad. In the production of most of them, however, there are opportunities for America's manufacturers. For the



manufacture of coal tar products, for example, the United States undoubtedly produces more than its share of the raw material. The flames that one sees leaping up from the ovens, as he travels through the coke regions of America, would furnish these by-products. Yet, in 1913, this country imported nearly \$13,000,000 worth of coal tar preparations, and our manufacturers are entirely dependent on Germany for coal tar dyes. Glycerine is another by-product, of which we imported nearly \$5,000,000 worth in 1914. There is no reason why the American manufacturer should not supply the home market with glycerine.

There are many other commodities besides chemical products, hitherto imported, that can be produced in this country. In the year 1913, the merchants of the United States imported \$9,000,000 worth of toys, most of which were supplied by Germany. The fact that a good many merchants already had their stocks in hand, when the Kaiser declared war, prevented a famine of toys last Christmas. It would seem that this is a trade in which the American manufacturer, if he tried, could at least compete with the German manufacturer, if he could not excel. In 1913, we imported \$5,000,000 worth of macaroni. We make an excellent line of macaroni here, and, by proper effort, we can capture that \$5,000,000 item. We imported a million dollar item in mineral water which can be easily captured. We imported nearly \$5,000,000 worth of champagne and \$6,000,000 worth of wine, and the climate and soil of nearly every state in the Union are well adapted to grape culture. We imported half a million dollars worth of lead pencils, and these can be made in America as well as in any other country. Every one of these items represents a golden har-

vest for American business. We have been in the habit of exporting our raw materials to Europe only to re-import them as much more valuable manufactured products. We have an abundance of raw material and technical skill, and there is no reason why we should not succeed in establishing the needed industries in this country. America has asserted her political independence, now the next step is to assert her industrial independence.

This war affords a wonderful opportunity for us to gain our industrial freedom. Many have already declared themselves industrially free from Europe. Thomas A. Edison, needing carbolic acid in making phonograph records, when he found the source of supply cut off by the war, started at once to make carbolic acid on his own account. Mr. Maximillion Toch has established the first successful American barium industry. The Lindsay Light Company, of Chicago, is now manufacturing its own nitrates.

It is feared that our manufacturers will not be able to supply the demand for all the goods that were formerly imported. Pessimists tell us that we have not the technical skill to produce the \$13,000,000 worth of coal tar preparations. This is absurd. We have as skillful chemists as there are anywhere, and American business men are not going to fold their hands and let \$13,000,000 worth of any kind of demand go begging. Real Yankee emergency energy is going to be thrown into this and a hundred similar problems, and there is no need to worry about the outcome. To say that we have never done a thing is not the same by any means as saying we cannot do it. It was said that, if the war lasted for any length of time, all the moving picture shows would have to stop; but they are still running. Covers for baseballs were formerly imported; we are not going to stop

playing baseball. American resourcefulness will rise to every occasion, and in many cases, the substitute will be so satisfactory that, when conditions are again normal, the word "imported" will have lost its glamour, and the substitute will have the market.

Having gained our industrial independence and captured this home trade, our next opportunity is to extend our foreign trade. International trade is a great game, in which the most skillful nations have been England, Germany, France and Belgium. We have recently shown an inclination to enter the game. Before our awakening ambitions is suddenly opened a world-wide opportunity—an opportunity so vast that even those who have studied the situation most carefully have not fully grasped its possible extent.

But, whatever prospect lies before us, we will not willfully seek to capitalize a world tragedy for selfish personal profit, as did the founder of the English branch of the Rothschilds after the battle of Waterloo. Rather is the opportunity translated into terms of responsibility to the whole world—a duty to all humanity. The world today looks to the United States, not only for food, but for all kinds of goods and machinery necessary to civilization.

Undoubtedly the richest trade prizes of the war are the markets of Latin America. By a strange irony, it has taken a great European struggle to give us an adequate commercial opening in this vast region, which lies at our very feet and is bound to us by geographical and sentimental ties. For years, Great Britain and Germany have outclassed us commercially in South America. Great Britain has averaged an annual export business of \$273,000,000 to the ten republics; Germany, \$180,000,000; while we have rolled up a total of \$153,000,000.

South America buys abroad goods to the value of about one thousand million dollars a year, but less than one-fifth is sent from the United States. In Argentina, for example, Germany has heretofore sold twenty times as many iron beams as the United States; France, four automobiles to our one; England has supplied that country twice as much machinery and twenty-five times as much coal as we have; and this has been the condition in most of the Latin American countries. Now England, Germany and France are unable to serve their customers, and will be for a long time after the war is over. And the countries of South America not only look to us for supplies, they actually demand them. South America's need, fortunately, is for goods that we can readily supply. Indeed we can duplicate every article exported there by the countries now at war.

While Latin America holds out to us such wonderful trade possibilities, it is by no means the only foreign field open to our manufacturers. They should not forget the far East, the Phillipines, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. There is a golden opportunity in each of these countries—a chance to gain permanent markets. Far-sighted economists, who have studied the situation, behold an expanding export map on which the sun of our business enterprise will never set. The trade-mark, "Made in America," is likely to overshadow the familiar "Made in Germany" the world over, and the American flag will be restored to the high seas, as the result of the partial withdrawal of Great Britain.

In addition to becoming the leading industrial and commercial nation of the world, the United States will become, as Sir George Paish, England's foremost financial authority, predicts, the leading financial nation.

This war affords an opportunity for us to discharge our debts to Europe at a discount, and an opening for us to invest capital in other countries. The debtor nation will become the chief creditor nation. This planting of American money in foreign countries will give the nation a new financial prestige. With the European money markets indefinitely demoralized, London will have to step down from the high position which she has long occupied in the financial world, and New York will become the international clearing house. The financial center of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from the Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, has passed to the Hudson between daybreak and dark. New York will henceforth be the financial center of the world.

With cold facts, then, as a firm foundation for optimistic views, we

see before this country a bright future. We see, all over the globe, Old Glory waving over ships, with cargoes of goods bearing the trade-mark, "Made in America." This, we know, is supported back home by the busy hum of industry, from the spruce-clad hills of Maine to the rock-bound coast of California. This industry is carried on independent of Europe and maintained by a rich supply of raw material. This great prosperity means that all the people are at work and happy.

We see national prosperity planted upon secure economic foundations. We see the greatest country in the world, with the most active and progressive people and unlimited natural resources, at peace with the world, march ahead into the greatest period of prosperity that it, or any other nation, has ever known—a destiny worthy of a great people.

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## Happenin's in Yer Heart

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

There's queer things happens in yer heart,  
 When girls is mixed up in it,  
 Most 'spesh'ly when it's just one girl,  
 And she's there every minute.  
 When she's around you, you feel fine,  
 Only you can't show it;  
 You act the fool and try to shine,  
 And all the folks thar know it.  
 Then when she ain't around, you mope,  
 And dream, and wish, and wonder  
 Just what the trouble is, and hope  
 She's sufferin', too, like thunder.



## Onions and Adaptation

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

Awarded Second Prize in Inter-Society Short Story Contest

"Miss McGregor, we like your teaching very much. We are indeed, I feel I may say—a—delighted with the grace and—a—womanliness with which you—a—preside over our splendid new structure here,—a—guiding the destinies of the future citizens of our city, and the defenders of our nation." Colonel Henry Fairfax Gordon was warming to his subject, forgetting in the intoxication of the flow of the rhetoric, the real purpose of the performance for which this flow of rhetoric, coupled with his boasted understanding of womankind, had been employed. At this point he was recalled by the very obvious gyrations of Mr. Sam Hodgins, another member of the school board, now sitting in special session at the new school house in conference with the new "school marm." Mr. Hodgins having tried violently shaking his head and waving his hands, now resorted to vigorous trumpeting of his bottle-shaped purplish-tinted nose.

Louise McGregor sat in resigned silence. She knew what was to come. In her nine months' stay she had felt it continually walling her about, blocking her every move and thought; this slavery to the past, this inertia, resisting all change, whether good or bad. She kept her eyes on her tightly folded hands, for she knew that should she look up, there would be seen, in her clear gray eyes, her unutterable loathing and disdain for these men and the type for which they stood.

For the old men living yet in their reflected glory from the Civil War, there was some excuse; for young

Henry Gordon, now sitting there beside his father, his clear cut features and splendid physique showing what his father had been in his youth (yet promising a more powerful personality than life had made of his father), there was no excuse. With his inherent power of mind, leadership and personal charm he could lead his little backward country town far in the development so sadly needed. Why did he not open the eyes of the people of Gordonsborough to the fact that the world had gone on growing and developing since the last "valiant charge of a handful of boys in tattered grey?"

Suddenly realizing that Colonel Gordon had again taken up his sonorous discourse and that the ill-lighted and over-decorated schoolroom had been reverberating for some minutes with its drowsily tuned cadences, she fixed her mind upon the matter in hand in time to gather the gist of his perfectly developed and elaborately delivered conclusion.

"So, Miss McGregor, we feel that matters of health, as vaccination and dental inspection, are rightly within the province of the home and, as such, are not the problems of the teacher. The teacher, I think I may say, without fear of disagreement, has assigned to her care the tender and important task of training the mind of the child and, in this task, I feel sure, she may find, though her powers be of the most extraordinary caliber, ready employment for her every moment.

"She may, to advantage, oversee

the social relationships of the pupils within her school; that the finer intellectual and moral grain of one pupil be not roughened and dulled by contact with a coarser—ahem—I might sight a case in point. My—a—my little granddaughter, Miss Patricia, is a remarkable child, Miss McGregor, a remarkable child, and I would like to urge you again that you shield her from the coarsening influence of association with the children from some of the less cultured homes. I mean no reflection on the homes of Gordonsborough, as the strength and backbone of society, Miss McGregor, but I am sure you understand my meaning, and will do your best to see that my granddaughter sees as little of that scamp, Widow Witherspoon's son, as possible."

Louise rose hastily, no longer able to stem the tide of anger fast rising within her. How dared this man dictate to her such a policy! She took firm hold of herself, maintaining a calm demeanor at the cost of all her strength.

"Colonel Gordon," she said, "I fear that—"

But here young Henry Gordon, who had seemed to become more nervous with every word of his father's speech, turned from the window with relief written large on his face.

"Father," he interrupted without a glance in Louise's direction. "Father, here comes Mr. Shine to pick you and Mr. Hodgins up on his way over to Etonville. If you don't want him cranking that wheelbarrow of a machine of his for an hour or two you'd better hustle out before the engine dies."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I must not keep Mr. Shine waiting. I hope to talk with you further on these matters in the near future, Miss McGregor. I feel sure, however, that now that these little difficulties have been settled, our

work together for the upbuilding of the community will have no little part in making Gordonsborough one of the most progressive cities of our Southland."

With Chesterfieldian bow he turned and, followed by the bottle-nosed Mr. Hodgins, made his way to the waiting rattletrap.

"Miss McGregor," began young Gordon, after a little pause, "I was sorry to interrupt so rudely, but I felt sure that in your present mood you would only have made matters worse. My father is an old man and molded in a form not to be changed now. He has a hold on the hearts as well as the property of the people of Gordonsborough, and he and the majority which he represents must be humored to a certain extent. You cannot turn over the existing order of things and convert a town in a night into the kingdom of heaven, or even into the clean, progressive, efficient, free-thinking town you have in mind. In other words, Miss McGregor," he ended, half embarrassed, half defiant, feeling her antagonism, "in order to gain your ultimate ends, in order to survive at all, as a factor in the situation, you will have to adapt your means to the people with whom you work, and make yourself a congenial unit in the community. The Ladies Self-Culture Society is a—"

"Mr. Gordon," interrupted Louise, "your advice as to the adaptation of means toward accomplishing this end is excellent, considering the slight interest you have manifested in this end, save to antagonize every effort toward its accomplishment."

She turned before he could answer, and made her way quickly from the building.

Louise McGregor emerged from the ill-lighted hall of the new brick school house, crossed its pretentious white-pillared portico, and walked swiftly

along the irregularly paved street. On either side ran tidy picket fences enclosing prim little hedged gardens. The fresh air seemed good after the close atmosphere of the "tomb," as she had grown to call the costly, ill-planned school building; yet the square-cut hedges and immaculate fences seemed to confine the sunshine, tying it up in proper parcels and proclaiming it a safe commodity if consumed in moderation.

As her thoughts raced on, she quickened her pace, until the good housewives stopped spring cleaning long enough to shake their towel-turbanned heads over the unmaidenly stride of "that new school marm" who was no doubt conjuring up some more new fangled, scandalous ideas, worse, perhaps than her last of changing the name of "The Ladies' Self-Culture Society" to "The Woman's Club." Why couldn't she join their society or let them alone? Her fine college ideas might come in handy if she'd just stick to books and things that were a "school marm's" business. But she was always meddling in other things. It was rumored that she had once said something about women voting.

Louise, however, was deep in thought, searching for the key to the problem which had faced her ever since her arrival in Gordonsborough, nine months ago. At the university she had planned to come back to the South and help to "lead her backward people to the light," as the sociology professor had put it; but upon arriving, she had found the people of Gordonsborough basking in a light all their own, a light still lingering from the glories of the Civil War. This light, reflected continually from the high, silver-crowned head of Colonel Henry Fairfax Gordon, had been taken up and waved aloft by the younger generation, led by young

Henry Fairfax Gordon, and they were so dazzled by its brilliance that they could see nothing of the light of modern progress.

Suddenly her thought was interrupted by a delighted little giggle behind a clump of bushes.

"Oh, Bobby, don't he lick 'em scrumptious? Give him another'n!"

It was Patricia Gordon's voice, and there was no mistaking the serious calculative note in the answer:

"Jes three mo' an' he can't hop a hop. Then we'll pour 'em out."

Patricia Gordon had run away to play with Bobby Witherspoon again and if Louise wished to gain the everlasting approval of the Colonel and hence of Gordonsborough, she had only to drag Patricia forth, and escort her home, piling maledictions upon the innocent and ingenious head of Robert Witherspoon, Jr., only son of his mother, leader of the Gordonsborough gang, and chief, though forbidden, satellite of Patricia Gordon.

"Watch him swell when you punch him! Oh-o-o, he can't hop a hop," came in delighted treble from behind the bush. Then with a quick change, "Pour him out, Bobby. S'posen you were all full of shot—"

What were those children doing? Louise approached the bush, and peering through, beheld Bobby solemnly feeding shot to a toad, who methodically licked in each successive ball of lead. In the meantime a little mite of femininity, curled up beside him, gazed with wide, interested blue eyes, and poked with investigating pink forefinger at the suffering toad as he vainly endeavored to hop away from his tormenters.

Drawn by her steady gaze, Bobby at length glanced up, and catching the interest in her eyes and the congenial mood of her mind, his startled expression changed to one of pleased comradeship, as he volunteered without



greeting or introduction, "He's et over a pound and still licks 'em in, as happy as if they wuz flies—but he can't hop none." Here a punch at the toad. "He jest sets an' swallers anything 'at I poke at him, when they's all the flies in the world a buz-zin' round for him to eat if he'd just look around and see 'em and stick his tongue out at 'em."

"An' he's goin' to empty him out and 'nen he'll hop all right again," came the shrill treble from the animated fluff of pink gingham.

"Will he?" said Louise in dubiously interested tones. She had forgotten the stern reprimand which she had only this second decided to administer.

"Umhm," vouchsafed Bobby absently, now gazing abstractedly at the toad. Had Louise been on her guard she would have taken warning and escaped, but before she observed the contemplative gaze, the machine gun started.

"Why is his skin all too big for him? What does Colonel Gordon talk about jewels in his head for? What do you reckon his hind legs are so long for and why don't he go in the sun some, or else live in the water?"

As Bobby paused for breath, Patricia, always his ready partner, burst in with enthusiasm, "And why is he so bumpy on the back, and why is his tongue so long and who—"

"Oh, Patricia!" gasped Louise, laughing as she sank down on the mossy ground between the children, "give me a moment to breathe and I'll tell you all I know about Mr. Toad and his bumpy back and long tongue."

Before she knew it, Louise McGregor, who had so longed for a class in nature study, was plunged deep into the joys of explaining to these little runaways all that she could remember of her best beloved biology,

as it related in any manner to the toad.

"And so you see," she ended, "all the queer things about him aren't queer at all when you just study out how they came to be and how he uses them. He and all his grandpapas and grandmamas before him found that they had to live in this sort of a place and so they set to work to make themselves as comfortable as well as useful as possible in this sort of place."

"Hmmm," said Bobby, "I think he set to work to make himself as *ugly* as possible in this sort of place."

"As u-u-gly as possible," chanted Patricia, "just like my grandpa when somebody says Yankees, or—"

A chuckle just behind the group electrified them, and Louise whirled to find herself face to face with a dis-comforted and scarlet-visaged young man in riding clothes, hastily rising from his knees among the under-growth, where he had evidently been for sometime.

"I-I beg your pardon, Miss McGregor," he said, "but—but—my sister was worried over Patricia's disappearance and sent me out to search for her. I had stopped to tighten my saddle girth when I thought I heard a familiar little voice firing questions and so I knew—I—I—"

He gave an apologetic laugh, and looked up, hoping that he had explained his evident eavesdropping. When he found her look of disgust and antagonism still firmly fixed upon him, his face sobered quickly, and he turned to Patricia.

"Pat., come along, little chum," he said. "Guess we'd better go show your mummy dear that the goblins haven't got you after all, and tell her you've just been running away again."

"Oh, Uncle Henry, you won't tell who I runned away with, will you?" wailed Patricia, and then with a quick

change to proud solemnity, "You know you're my big chum."

"Well, Chum, we must tell mummy dear the truth, you know, even on Bobby and Miss McGregor," he laughed, making another charge on the embattled heights of her outraged dignity.

"Mr. Gordon," blazed Louise, "I gather that you have been an uninvited participant in our little gathering for some time, and that you are now going to take this innocent child home in disgrace to be reprimanded and perhaps punished for pursuing the natural course of childhood pleasure, and, I feel free to add, development. I have known from the first that you stood in the ranks of the old order as it was arrayed in opposition to progress, but it is only this afternoon that I find that you have discarded even the code of the old order as regards eavesdropping and kindness to children."

Out of breath, with cheeks burning, she turned and with the bearing of a queen, passed him and took her way toward the road to town.

"Oh, Lord!" breathed Gordon, "Oh, Lord! Bobby, relieve the toad and let's go home! You can swing up behind me, I guess."

"Jimminy, we forgot all about the toad, Mr. Henry. Ain't Miss Louise McGregor a peach when she's mad? Say, ain't her eyes the prettiest things you ever saw?"

"Mr. Henry," this after they were mounted, the two children clinging to various parts of Gordon's anatomy, "Mr. Henry, don't Miss Louise McGregor know the most you ever heard of, and ain't she the prettiest thing you ever saw?" came the insistent interrogation from the back of his neck.

"Ain't she, Uncle Henry? Ain't she?" came the treble echo from the region of his left arm pit.

And so came the volleys of questions, accompanied, did the children but know it, by a cannonade of much more puzzling ones within his brain. Why had he not burst into the charming little group and hauled Patricia out and flailed her in Miss McGregor's presence, or else left quietly and gone back and told his sister that Patricia was safe with Miss McGregor and another pupil, having a little class in nature study, just as he was going to now? The answer was simple. He had become interested in the story Miss McGregor was telling—he had never heard anything like it before, and in his eagerness to hear all of it had so forgotten his compromising position as to laugh at the pertinent suggestion of the likeness of the toad's expression to his father's at the mention of a Yankee.

In the meantime, Louise McGregor's pace had quickened, and slackened many times as she, while also asking questions, took her way homeward. Why had she blazed in that ridiculous, unwomanly manner, lowering herself to the level of the man whom she so heartily detested? Why did she always use that ridiculous manner whenever she spoke to him? She could talk like a human being or say nothing at all.

She could think of nothing unmanly he had done beyond eavesdropping and she really understood just how that came about, but she was sure there must have been something horribly insulting in his manner, or something, to have made her lose her presence to such an extent. It was unbearable under any circumstances to be found by a member of the school board, sitting in a swamp with two runaway children, discoursing on a toad full of shot. She simply could not face the school board or the townspeople or even the children. But worse than this, Henry Gordon had

been kneeling there grinning while she delivered herself of that dissertation on adaptation, the theme of all his odious sermons. Of course there was no real analogy between a toad in a swamp and a progressive girl in a dead little southern town—but he would be sure to draw one.

She walked on, fighting away from the mad circle of thought which never left the theme, adaptation, adaptation—with the laughing face of Henry Gordon in the background.

The next day she dreaded to go to school. She fully expected the whole Gordon household, backed up by the majority of the people of the town, to visit the school and arraign her for her unseemly behavior, and her direct disobedience to Colonel Gordon's orders in the matter of his granddaughter's associates. Nothing of the kind, however, occurred that day, or the next, or the next. Things went on in the same old routine of spelling matches and spit balls for a week or more with no advent of anything worse than a lizard or pin wheel until, one sweltering day, when the pupils' faces just would turn toward the window with the "swimmin' hole" expression, Miss McGregor turned from the blackboard full of zig-zag long division just in time to see Bobby Witherspoon creeping on stealthy bare toes toward the door. Reprimanded, he took his seat and for the rest of the day was ominously well behaved. The next day, Friday, was the great day when a member of the school board, with the fond parents of the community was wont to come in after the noon recess for the "speakin'."

When the children came in from recess, there was a stir in the back of the room and all the little girls were seen to be pushing back, leaving a wide circle about Bobbie's desk. "Toad," thought Louise, but Patricia, too pushed back, and Louise real-

ized that this was some extraordinary situation. The eyes of the Ladies' Self-Culture Society, in the persons of the fond mothers of her charges, and the school board, in the person of Henry Gordon, were upon her. She walked calmly toward the back of the room to welcome the visitors, keeping every sense alert as she approached Bobbie's desk. No such concentration was necessary, however, for as she approached that vicinity, she was almost overpowered by the odor of onions.

She went on toward her guests, thinking rapidly, then turning, said quietly, "Bobbie, you remember those books you carried up to the garret? I fear they are being abused and, though it's rather hot up there now, I'm going to ask you to arrange them in the boxes there for that purpose, while we have our program. When you hear the children go out, you may come and tell me how many boxes you have packed."

Little giggles burst out all over the room as Bobby shamefacedly made his way out, but order was soon restored. Miss McGregor commanded an exhibition of a little physical training work, involving the opening of all windows and doors and deep breathing. Thus, in an atmosphere only faintly tinged with onion, "Patrick Henry's Speech," and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," followed each other in halting succession.

When the children had gone and the visitors were taking their leave, a shuffling step and an unmistakable scent heralded Bobbie's approach.

"Better let me handle that scamp for you, Miss McGregor," said Gordon, turning from the door. "I've been wanting to explain about that matter of the toad," here he reddened, "for some time, and so if you'll let me handle him now—I'd like to see you for a little while afterward."



"No, thank you, Mr. Gordon; I think I can manage him very well, but, if you will sit down, I will see you in a few minutes." Then turning to Bobby, "Now, Bobby, tell me all about it."

"Well, you see, Miss Louise, I love onions, and Mr. Hodgins said he'd pay me in anything I wanted out of his garden for weedin' and I took onions and brought 'em for lunch and then all the gurls got to carryin' on. I don't see why a feller can't eat what he pleases."

"Because," said Miss McGregor, "other people have to be considered, Bobby. You know as well as I do that you brought those onions here and ate them so that I would have to send you home that you might go in swimming. I am going to punish you, Bobby. You will have to put all those books in those boxes, sorting them as you go, but you must remember that I am punishing you, not for eating onions and not in great measure for planning to get away from

school, but for disregard of other people's rights and tastes. You must learn, Bobby, to do the thing that the people about you want to do, or ought to do, and not do your own way regardless of its effect on the rights or feelings of other people."

"But Miss Louise," came Bobbie's tearful, but resolute voice, "you ate onions yourself, chopped up in that 'tater salad last time you wuz up to our house. I saw you, and you said 'twuz good."

Louise laughingly explained the matter to Bobby, and sent him on his way homeward, and then turned to Henry Gordon, who had been listening with no small amusement to the discussion.

"That settles it," she remarked, half laughing, to cover her real seriousness. "I'll put my onions in salad from now on. I'll join the 'Ladies' Self-Culture Society' tomorrow."

"And within a year," he laughed, "I'll wager every member will be stumping the state for woman suffrage."

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## Fulfillment

I looked upon the horizon and saw the dawn of a new day—  
The rising sun of a new born soul  
Radiant and clad in the light of glorious opportunity.

I looked upon the horizon and saw the sunset of this day—  
The dying rays of this same soul, life's task done.  
But what a glow it cast over the earth!  
The hills, the mountains, even the valleys  
Were flooded in the triumphant light.

## The Heart of a Child

ANNIE LEE STAFFORD, '19, CORNELIAN

Awarded Third Prize in Inter-Society Short Story Contest

There had always been a singleness of purpose about Theresa Wakefield. Her name does not sound that way, does it? It is a sweet, dependent sounding sort of name, but there couldn't have been more determination in a woman whose name was Jane Brown. Now that name sounds like a thin-necked, straight-haired, firm-stepping woman. As I have already said, Theresa Wakefield had as much determination as such a one, but she did not look that way. You could not tell how old she was. I think she said she was fifty something. She was just comfortably plump, had brown hair, soft and fluffy, and the most twinkling blue eyes. They had twinkled so much that there were "crow's feet" in the corners. Some people do not like "crow's feet" in the corners of people's eyes, but I would hate to live with anybody who, at fifty, had not let their eyes twinkle enough to make "crow's feet" around them.

Theresa's singleness of purpose dated back to the time when she was a fat, one-year-old, pink-aproned baby and had literally worked her chubby self through a screened door to get a marvelously dirty rag doll, a forbidden "treasure," lying sad and forlorn, in the back yard. Now the wire may have been dreadfully old and easily pushed, for Theresa was not an infant prodigy, but any way, she got the doll, and that is one of the underlying principles of the story: Theresa always got what she went after. Then, too, that very event may have been a turning point of her whole life. Who knows but that she comprehended in

her baby mind that she could do what she wished? At any rate she always did.

Theresa grew up from the fattest baby in the village to the lankiest, little girl with the curliest red hair and freckles, more freckles than she could well accommodate. Fortunately she regarded the freckles with a sort of stoicism; at any rate, it did not occur to her to get rid of them; if it had, Theresa would doubtless be faceless today, so dauntless was she in her purpose. By the time she was old enough to really care, the freckles were fewer and Theresa was pretty.

People said that things just came Theresa Wakefield's way and that she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth anyway; but there was not a word of it true. She was just an everyday sort of girl with plenty of energy. Oh, please, do not get the impression that she was a superior sort of person with dignity and poise and a benign expression, for she was not.

Finally, she was grown and as was the custom in those days she married. You already know whom she married, the most promising young man in the village.

It does not make any difference who he was or what he did, what her children's names were and what they did, for this is a metrical romance, in prose; that is, it all centers about one main character. After they married, however, they moved away to some city and left the leadership of the various women's organizations to the hands of some aspiring office holder

who had doubtless wished for the abdication of the former leader. You know how some women are.

If this story were divided into chapters the next chapter would be called "Thirty-Five Years Later." Since it is not, I shall start a new paragraph with that fact understood.

It was midnight. Theresa Wakefield, for we shall continue to call her that, though she took her husband's name, sat by the open window of her room and thought, the hardest thinking she had done in fifty-five years, years of work and play, shadow and sunshine. Her husband had died years before and with that same dauntless will that had been hers since her pink-aproned babyhood, she had brought her own pink-aproned babies through the lanky, freckled stage, and the handsome stage, on to what Theresa said was at least respectable living. In fact, they were doing very well indeed. She sat by the window and thought and thought. Her singleness of purpose for thirty-five years had centered about them, about rearing them to the highest and best type of manhood and womanhood that she knew. Today Rob's last payment for his senior year at college had been made. Rob was the youngest. For the first time in her life since she had wriggled through the screen for the doll Theresa did not have a definite purpose. Suddenly she felt old and tired. What was she worth now to anybody? She felt that her day of usefulness had passed and a bitter sob caught in her throat.

A spring breeze, a lilac scented breeze, blew across her face, breathing a potent spell. Suddenly she felt all responsibility and weariness fall from her shoulders like a sombre gray coat and she had instead a filmy violet mantle about her shoulders. Can you see her with the violet mantle near the

fluffy brown hair? She felt as if she should never be tired again. The violet mantle began to blow about in the breeze. It began to wind and curve like a miniature road in the purple twilight. The road grew and grew. Stately oaks were on the road which ran right up to the door of a low, vine-covered cottage. There were lilac bushes near, full of purple blooms which tended to make the purple twilight a lovelier shade. On the porch of the cottage was a woman with a wealth of auburn hair. By her side was a little girl with the curliest red hair.

"And all night long, little Theresa," said the woman, "brave Florence Nightingale, with a voice as sweet as the very sweetest-throated songster of our southland, the mocking bird, stays by the cots of the soldier boys and cheers them; and, oh! how she helps them, some of them back to life, to health, to home and loved ones, and others she helps to their long home, to loved ones and to life eternal;" and thus she finished the fascinating story of the heroine of the Crimean War.

The emotions of the child were in the big blue eyes that were serious now. The woman rose and took the child into the house and put her in her crib, a child in whose baby heart a tiny seed, a seed of service had sunk deep.

The winding purple road began to broaden, the soft purple changed to a blood red hue. The huge oaks melted into the sides of a great trench, the cottage turned into a long, low tent, and the white crib became a cot. There were many other cots and on each was a suffering soldier. The boy on the first cot turned wearily and opened his eyes, twinkling blue ones, and they were the eyes of Rob.

The violet mantle began to glow brighter — brighter, and suddenly turned into a shaft of sunlight shining



through the open window. Theresa opened her eyes, the eyes of the child on the porch of the cottage, in whose depths the beautiful flower of service, that had sprung from that first tiny seed, was full blown.

With all her old time eagerness and purpose shining in her face, Theresa took down the receiver of the telephone on the table near by, and said, "Please give me the Red Cross Society Headquarters."

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## The Sweet-Gum Tree

MARJORIE CRAIG, '18, ADELPHIAN

I wish I were in a sweet-gum tree,  
    Away up in the air,  
In the spreading forks just made for rest,  
    For it's cool and shady there.  
Just lean your head 'gainst a friendly limb,  
    And, hanging your tired feet down,  
Through half-closed eyes, gaze far away  
    Over the roofs of the dusty town,  
To the Land of Tomorrow, the land where dreams  
Which we eagerly weave today  
Will be tested and twisted.  
O may they hold true,  
For there's joy in the dreams.  
When I tell my dreams to a sweet-gum tree,  
They are somehow dearer; for three  
Safe friends hold the secret and whisper together—  
The breezes, the sweet-gum, and me.

## “The Stars and Stripes Forever”

SUSIE M. BRETT, WINTON, N. C.

Awarded O. Henry Loving Cup in High School Short Story Contest

“Mercy, he’ll soon be here!” exclaimed Jane, as she hurried briskly about in the kitchen preparing supper for “Brother Jim.” In a few minutes he would come in from the office tired and worn out by a long day’s work and worry, and it always pleased him to find supper on the table. But while she added a little more salt to the soup and gave the biscuits a turn in the oven, her thoughts were fixed on the events of the morning, which she had spent in town, and from time to time she patted a newspaper concealed in her apron pocket.

“I hope he hasn’t seen it!” she thought. “Any how, I’ll keep quiet about it. Our subscription to the paper is out with this copy, so when he asks where the paper is, I’ll just say that our subscription has expired. There he is now!” she exclaimed, as she heard a step on the porch.

“Supper ready, Sis?” The tall young man standing in the door made a brave attempt to be cheery.

“You naughty boy! You promised just this morning never to call me ‘Sis’ again. But as usual you kept your promise only until you got a good chance to break it. Come sit down here while I pour out the coffee. How was business today? I know you are tired almost to death.”

“Today was pay day, you know, and I got a raise. Here’s the money. How do we stand now?”

“Sixty-five dollars when you haven’t been getting but fifty! Oh, goody! Now you shall get yourself a new spring suit and I’ll get that per-

fectly lovely blue silk I’ve been wanting so long. Won’t we cut some swell, though?”

“Wait a minute, Sis, before you have a duck fit and fall in it. We can’t do all that with sixty-five dollars and have any left to live on. Besides, Mr. Carter said that on account of the war he would probably not be able to pay me on time every month, so we must save all we can to tide us over and lay up a little for a rainy day, too. I move that we wait awhile on the new duds. But you are the treasurer. Let’s hear how we stand.”

“Oh, we have ten dollars left over from last month, and fifteen dollars to our credit in the bank. Ninety dollars in all! Prospering, aren’t we? But everything is going up so fast now I don’t expect we can save as much as we did last month any more.”

“That’s so. Let’s be just as economical as we can. We need to save our money because we don’t know when the next is coming.”

Having finished supper, Jim helped his sister wash the dishes and arrange them neatly on the pantry shelf. Then the two went into their little sitting room. Jim sat down and began restlessly tapping his fingers on the table, a certain indication that he had something of importance on his mind. “Our subscription to the paper is out, Jim, but there is a new novel I borrowed from Mrs. James up there on the shelf; maybe that will interest you,” said Jane as she plied her needle in a piece of fancy work.

“Don’t believe I’ll read tonight,” Jim replied, “I’ve got an engagement

with a fellow down town, so I guess I'll go along."

"All right, but don't be gone long. You know it is rather lonely out here in the suburbs, away from everybody."

"Just as you say, Sister mine."

An hour later Jim re-appeared. Again he sat down and began tapping on the table without speaking. Jane was conscious that his gaze was fixed on her. It made her nervous.

"Did you find the man whom you had the engagement with?" she asked at length in the hope of diverting his attention from her.

"Yes," was the brief reply, his eyes remaining immovable.

"I wonder what the trouble can be," thought Jane, "but I'm not going to ask him. If he wants me to know he will tell me. Suppose he has lost his job? But no, he just got a raise today. Can it be possible that he has seen a paper? I'll bet he has. Poor boy, I must not keep him in suspense like this. He doesn't dare mention it because he doesn't know whether I've seen one or not. But how can I tell him? What will he say and do? I—I suppose I ought to tell him, but—but—I guess I'll wait until tomorrow."

"Nine o'clock," she remarked as she rose from her chair, hastily brushing a tear from her eye. She folded up her work, laid it on the table, and left the room.

Jim heard her room door close and, with a sigh, got up and went into his own room. Taking a newspaper from his pocket he placed it under his pillow.

"I wonder if she could have seen a paper," he said to himself. "I'm sure I saw a tear in her eye, the dear

girl. I wonder how I am going to tell her. I wish it all could be avoided, but I'm sure she will agree with me. I wonder if ninety dollars is enough to last her until I can send her some more. I'll try to go to sleep now, but I must tell her in the morning."

But he could not go to sleep. Just as he had finally fallen into a light slumber after tossing about on his bed for more than an hour, he felt a little hand on his forehead. He immediately sat up.

"What is it, little sister, what do you want?"

"Oh, Jim," she cried, throwing her arms about his neck, "I couldn't sleep. I've something to tell you."

"Wait a minute, I think we had better reach some understanding. Let me turn the light on." As the room was flooded with light, Jim saw that the face of the little kimona-clad figure before him was swollen and wet with tears.

"Now, I've a request to make of you, little sister, that is that you let me speak first." Seeing Jane nod her head, he continued, "A friend of mine has been trying for sometime to persuade me that it is my duty to enlist in the army. Thinking that I was not yet needed, I have held off. But tonight the papers stated that the President had called for a hundred thousand volunteers." He took the paper from under his pillow and gave it to her. "I felt that this was a call for me, and I knew you would, too. I passed my examination tonight."

"Oh, then I won't have to go away and leave you behind; we will both go," exclaimed Jane, as she wiped the tears from her eyes. "Possibly we can be near each other, too, after awhile. I enlisted as a Red Cross



nurse this morning," she added, pointing to the head lines of her paper.

"The President Calls for Seventy-five Thousand Red Cross Nurses,"

read Jim. "Little Sister, we'll stand by the Stars and Stripes as long as we live, won't we?"

"The Stars and Stripes as long as we live," echoed Jane.

## The Heart's Song

MARY DIMMOCK MURRAY, '20, CORNELIAN

O, I have read the song of life  
 From poets beyond the seas;  
 I've heard the songs of nature  
 From the song birds in the trees;  
 I've heard the song of sorrow  
 From a crushed and bleeding heart;  
 I've heard the song of evening bells;  
 I've heard the songs of art.

But O, there are no words to tell  
 The wonder song I see  
 When I look at my sweetheart  
 And my sweetheart looks at me.  
 As we go down the hill of time  
 Along life's well-worn way  
 Our hearts will sing that old, old song  
 When we are old and grey.

# Commencement Section

## 1917 Class Poem

ALICE VAIDEN WILLIAMS, '17, CORNELIAN

Looking backward o'er the pathway  
Trode in earlier days,  
Hand in hand with you, our comrades,  
We've come now to parting ways.  
Shall we leave you but a mem'ry?  
Nay! Our ideals, too!  
Golden milestones we've erected;  
They shall be guides for you.

And those milestones stand forever  
Marking us to you;  
Standing for our best endeavor—  
All in us that's brave and true.  
One's for conscientious effort;  
One's for hearts that give;  
One's for bright ambition's footstool;  
One's for truths that live.

One's for hope, and one's for friendship;  
One's for helpfulness;  
One's for love of home and country,  
One's for God and righteousness.  
Fear we not to leave behind us  
These our mem'ries bright;  
Our successes and our failures  
Can but help you toward the light.

Alma Mater! Thou whose spirit  
Hovers o'er us here,  
Be our guide, our inspiration,  
Be forever near.  
Keep the light of truth still burning;  
May we faithful be:  
Ever home our hearts returning,  
Alma Mater, unto thee.

## Senior Statistics

Be it known to the general public that we, the class of 1917, feeling our extreme importance, to our immediate community and in fact to the world at large, our superiority of dimensions, accomplishments, ambitions, etc., our breadth of experience in successes and failures, wish to submit to you the following statistics which are absolutely true, since they have been made out by the use of the infallible tape line, yard stick, and will and opinion of each member of the class, and last, but not least, Mr. Forney's adding machine. We wish to submit these statistics in order that you may have a fair conception of our present importance, gained through a severe struggle for our existence.

On September 15th, 1913, we numbered two hundred and eight. By a rather varied and complicated process of elimination we number now eighty-four. Of this number, there are 28 blonds, 29 half and half, 24 brunettes.

We boast of only 1 Brown, 1 Jones, 2 Smiths, 4 Annies, but only 1 Mary.

One of our number is Hope, the balm of life, another Isabelle. We have the one and original Kewpie, of Woman's Home Companion fame; also a Campbell-kid. We have the two harmonious shades, Brown and Rose; the following parts of a house: a Garrett and two Halls; likewise a Fountain, a Meador, a Parrish and a Poole.

Our venerable age is 1,760 years; the main contributors to this age are the most venerable and ancient Misses Dowty, Fristoe and Watson. Our height is 5,200 inches. Our weight 9,983 $\frac{1}{8}$  pounds, with Miss Lillian Morris, and 9,903 $\frac{1}{8}$  pounds without Miss Lillian Morris, leaving a grand total of eighty pounds as the weight of Miss Lillian Morris, our champion light weight. The length of our foot is 1,440 inches. The main contributors to this noble length are Misses

Elsie Sparger, Josie McCullers, Carrie Goforth, Ruth Kernodle, Grace Lucas. We place these liberal contributors among the most generous philanthropists of the day.

The length of our nose is  $173\frac{1}{3}$  inches. Without the measurements of the noses of the following, the number would be considerably reduced: Misses Louise Maddrey, Margaret Blythe, Sue Fountain, Annie Folger, Ethel Audrey.

Number of years spent in college by the class, 334.

Number of Mary Taylor Moore cards received by the class in this time, 5,674. (This, of course, means our class has learned poetry by the book, written excuses by the score, and preferred the campus to down town.)

Number of laundry cards received, 3,714.

Number of days spent in the Infirmary by the class this year, 974.

Number of girls who have not been in the Infirmary this year, 34.

Girls of the class who have never been in the Infirmary: Misses Annie Folger, Elsie Sparger, Dorothy Hunt, Marguerite Sherrill, Carolina Goforth, Ruth Blythe, Hope Watson, Agnes Petrie.

In our history we have suffered from the following: Tonsillitis, Measles, Dermi-titis-ex-foliatum, Diphtheria and Schnupfens. All patients have recovered.

Number of class who have positive matrimonial prospects, 3. (Names withheld upon request.)

Number who are anxious on the subject, 49.

Number who might consider it if they had a right good chance, 25.

Number who will not allow the sub-

ject to be mentioned in their presence, 4.

Number of sterner sex invited to Junior-Senior—(for fear of injuring the adding machine the exact number could not be found).

Number of invitations accepted, no more than were issued.

Number of Republicans, 11; most enthusiastic probably, Miss Estelle Dillon.

Number of Socialists, 3; most enthusiastic, all three.

Number of Democrats, 67. Those figuring here are Miss Ruth Kernodle, Miss Carrie Goforth.

Number of Suffragettes, 77. Most dangerous, Miss Gladys Emerson.

Number of Anti-Suffragettes, 4. Suffragettes do not allow their names to be read.

Our class is descended from Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English, Dutch, French—and German. 24 are Scotch-Irish, 2 Scotch, 1 French, 3 German, 1 Welsh, 39 general mixtures.

Besides our ambitions to be teachers, doctors, theologians, dentists, lawyers, journalists, designers, inventors, president, ambassadors, and army dietitians, there are a few things that our very souls should revel in our doing, such as: Wearing caps and gowns at commencement, stumping the state for suffrage, giving Mrs. Vernon Castle a few points, being a cook for some good man, spending a day without bacon and grits, walking a tight rope, attending faculty council (as an invisible guest).

Number of petitions sent to the faculty, innumerable.

The number granted, about 4.

The number of tournaments we have entered into, all.

Number of cups won, 3.



## Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1917

We, the Senior Class of the State Normal College, realizing the slight possibility of passing our final examinations and thus forever losing all chance of further existence in this world of activity, do hereby declare this to be our first, last, and only will and testament:

### *Item I*

To the class of 1918 we do hereby bequeath:

A lovely vision of yourselves in academic dress at commencement. This vision is absolutely warranted to last no longer than the sending of your first petition to the Faculty Council.

In spite of the objections of Miss George, we wish to leave a generous supply of "pep" to add to your meagre store.

A book, entitled, "The Scientific Method of Sopping Molasses and Other Matters of Table Etiquette," by Caroline L. Goforth. Miss Goforth has given the subject her careful investigation and speaks with authority. We feel sure that this little volume will give you valuable information as to the proper manner of presiding over a table.

### *Item II.*

To the class of 1919 we bequeath:

Our sincere love and the charge of the new little "Blue and Whites." May your little sisters mean as much to you as ours have meant to us.

If you desire them, our "May Day" plans for financial reimbursement.

The right to become chief cook and bottle washers, also mercenary and grasping wholesale grocers, in order that you may have a sufficient supply of the "root of evil" to support all of your plans for Junior-Senior.

### *Item III.*

To the class of 1920 we leave:

Our commendation of the democratic spirit which you have so far shown in your class. It is our hope that you will continue on the way in which you have started.

A sufficient store of conceit of yourselves to last throughout the Sophomore year.

### *Item IV.*

To the class of 1921 we give:

Our colors, Blue and White, to inspire you ever to be true.

The liberty to adopt our emblem, the friendship circle, as your own.

### *Item V.*

To the Student Government Association for use in mass meetings we leave:

Miss Kernodle's dexterous use of the handkerchief for concealing amusement.

Miss Dillon's fundamental assumptions concerning Roberts' Rules of Order.

Miss Goforth's convincing argumentative power and Miss McDougald's tears.

### *Item VI.*

To the Y. W. C. A. we bequeath:

Miss Richard as special supervisor of the Gibson Twins.

### *Item VII.*

To the Athletic Association we give:

A set of drain pipes and a tent to cover the hockey field so that the tournament may be held not later than April.

### *Item VIII.*

For chapel exercises we bequeath:

A wedge to be inserted in the mouths of the students before the singing of the hymns so that a stretch

may be obtained sufficient to please Mr. Brown, although we realize that this will utterly destroy his means of distinguishing a Freshman from an upper-classman.

For all show-off occasions we desire that the *rust* and *thud vuses* of hymn number *thuteen* and "Ju-rusalem the Golden" be sung.

*Item IX.*

To the head of the pedagogy department:

In order that he may be assured of 100 per cent. happiness each day, we leave all of the "pomes" which we have clipped from newspapers this year.

*Item X.*

To the gym. piano we bequeath:

A period of freedom from use for at least two hours during each week at which time the inmates of South Wing Spencer may rest their quivering nerves.

*Item XI.*

To the Infirmary we desire to leave:

A sufficient number of splints, crutches or plasters to furnish every member of the student body with at least one of the said articles.

*Item XII.*

To the physical training department for use by future Senior dancing classes we bestow:

A pathetic dance entitled, "Little Fairy Kangaroo." This dance was originated by the members of the class in pathetic dancing and is accompanied by a piece of descriptive music, mysterious in character, composed by Miss Richard. We feel that this will give a greater opportunity for expressing the emotions of the soul than any hitherto tried.

*Item XIII.*

To the members of the Carolinian Board we leave:

The permission to be seized with mumps, measles, diphtheria, nervous prostration or any other disease they may desire just before the annual goes to press.

*Item XIV.*

To the fire chief we leave:

The ability to sleep calmly through any real fire; also the suggestion that faculty members be presented with a chart of the fire drills for the year in order that they may know when to skip chapel exercises.

*Item XV.*

To our own Miss Fort we give:

Our undying devotion and gratitude for the interest she has always shown in our class. We also leave to her the charge of our little tree, with the request that she protect it from any future butcherings.

*Item XVI.*

To our Alma Mater we leave:

A promise that our loyal "Service" will always be rendered in return for the great things we have received from her. May she ever strive onward to the realization of the dreams of her noble founder.

Realizing the amount of awe and fear with which the students have gazed on the room in the library, otherwise known as "Faculty Council," we have converted this room into a standard American authors reading room. This we leave to our Alma Mater with the hope that it may be of pleasure and profit to all.

In order that all of our wishes may be speedily executed we appoint William Peebles as sole executor of this our last will.

In testimony whereof, we, the testators aforesaid, hereunto subscribe our name and affix our seal this seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred

and seventeen, at the State Normal College, Greensboro, North Carolina. (Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS.  
Martha Biggers, Testator.

Believing in the equal representation of men and women, we have chosen as the witnesses of this will: Aunt Mandy and Zeke.

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## Commencement Events

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### Senior Recitals

Miss Alice Vaiden Williams, organist, gave the first of the series of Senior recitals on the afternoon of April 17th, 1917. Miss Williams' program represented each of the four great schools of organ composition and was exceedingly well rendered. Miss Florine Rawlins, soprano, assisted.

The song recital of Miss Minnie B. Long thoroughly charmed her hearers. Miss Long possesses a lyric soprano voice of unusual beauty. She was ably assisted by Miss Sara All, pianist.

Miss Annie Folger, pianist, gave a well-balanced program of classical numbers which was skilfully rendered.

Miss Bess Whitson gave a pleasing piano recital. Her rendition of a group of Grieg numbers was especially creditable. She was assisted by Miss Imogen Scott, soprano.

The piano recital of Miss Frances Howard was greatly enjoyed by her audience. Miss Howard's remarkable technical skill was especially adapted to her program.

Miss Martha Biggers, pianist, showed unusual musical ability in the rendition of a difficult program of classical numbers.

The voice recital of Miss Maggie Staton Howell, soprano, delighted her audience, the French group being especially pleasing. Miss Howell was assisted by Miss Alice Vaiden Williams, pianist, who possesses talent and ability in a marked degree.

Miss Dorothy Hunt, pianist, gave a highly creditable recital which was enjoyed by all. Miss Hunt was assisted by Miss Annie Moran, contralto.

### Post-Graduate Recital

Miss Claire Henley, a pianist of unusual ability, gave a post-graduate recital in the college auditorium on

May 11, 1917. Miss Henley's faultless technical skill and interpretation delighted her audience.

### Class Day

The first event in the twenty-fifth commencement of our college was the class day exercises of the class of 1917 given in the auditorium on the evening of May 19th. After passing through the beautiful daisy chain, held by the Juniors, the class

songs, from Freshman through the Senior, were sung. 1917's poem, written by Miss Alice Vaiden Williams, was given, followed by the statistics, by Miss Sadie Fristoe; the class will, by Miss Martha Biggers; the prophecy, by Miss Katie Pridgen,



and the history, by Miss Margaret Blythe. The beautiful and original program ended with the singing of

the affecting farewell song and the Seniors were well begun on their task of becoming alumnae.

## Baccalaureate Sermon

The first feature event of the twenty-fifth commencement was the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Robert Watson, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church of New York City. Dr. Watson preached on the "Law of Growth," and he proceeded with his proof that appetite was essential to development morally and spiritually as well as physically. The sermon was about the "Beatitude Christian," a person who is exceedingly rare, according to the admission of the preacher himself. He asked, "Did you ever see a beatitude Christian?" and he didn't undertake to tell his audience that he had. Dr. Watson read the "Sermon on the Mount," as contained in the fifth chapter of Matthew, the first sixteen verses. He placed the reference to the "Pure in Heart" after that to the "Peacemakers," and challenged the minds of his hearers to determine why. He said early in his address that he would like to talk of the war, but wouldn't except through indirect reference, but he declared the war "Is a blessing if we are able to obey the teaching as laid down in the beatitudes."

Dr. Watson made a profound im-

pression. He said that some people have the idea that Christianity is negation throughout, a series of continual "don'ts." In connection with this assertion, he announced as his text the fourth beatitude, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." The three which precede this one, he observed, are negative, but the three which follow it are gloriously positive. It is not enough for a man to refrain from doing vicious acts, he must aggressively obey the teachings of Jesus to qualify as a Christian is the definition of Dr. Watson.

Man's birth is relatively unimportant, Dr. Watson believes, and what is done afterwards is only significant. He told the Senior Class of the college, to which he especially directed his sermon, that they will be remembered by their alma mater not for what they have done on the campus, but for what they shall do when they reach the outside world. An intellectual birth is theirs, if they have profited by opportunity, and upon their appetite for knowledge, which is supposed to have been whetted, they can rely for the real education.

## Dean Stacy

On Sunday evening, May 20th, the Y. W. C. A. vesper services were put in charge of the Senior Class. They secured Dean Stacy, of Chapel Hill fame, to speak to the students in the open air theatre in Peabody Park. His theme was service to one's coun-

try, telling the beautiful story of the young Jewess "Esther" in an entirely new and most interesting way. On the whole our commencement Sunday evening was one of the most appreciated of the year, and one which filled everybody with new inspiration and new eagerness for service.

## Elijah

The performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," on the evening of May 21st, was a triumphant one, the choral work and the soloists being of a high musical order. The former reached its finest point of development here in the oratorio, and the audience gave full evidence of appreciation of this fact. The conductor, Prof. Wade R. Brown, had perfect control of his chorus and the singing of the 200 men and women delighted. When the chorus reached that point where it sang "Blessed are the men who fear Him; they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate: He is righteous," the applause was led by Dan Beddoe, the tenor soloist brought from New York for the occasion. Throughout the chorus showed perfect training and adequate power.

The part of "Elijah" was sung by Andrea Sarto, of New York. His role demanded strong emotional power and he proved himself capable in a manner which won for him popular commendation. In the recitatives and arias he was able to get the most out of the dramatic possibilities of the part. His greatest moment, possibly, was in giving the aria, "Is not His word like a fire; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?" which follows the test of strength between the God of Elijah and Baal, worshipped of the people. His voice

is mature, of great strength and range.

While given less work to do by virtue of the lines, Mr. Beddoe was hardly less pleasing than was the delightful basso-baritone who sang the prophet. He was warmly applauded at each effort. There is a thrill in his singing which held the audience tense.

The other soloists are well known to musical visitors at the college, being local women. Miss Kathryn M. Severson, soprano, was equal to the demand upon her voice made by the oratorio. She sang the solo part of the "Widow" and into the role put all of the pathos of the mourning heart which had lost a son. Then when that son was raised from the dead, the jubilant tone ran high when Miss Severson sang "The Soul of My Son Reviveth!" In the part of the youth who watched across the sea for the coming of the rain for which "Elijah" prayed, the voice of Miss Severson was made to convey full dramatic significance.

Mrs. Wade R. Brown, contralto, was the fourth soloist. Her beautiful voice is well known for its dramatic qualities. She sang especially well and received a full share of the applause.

Hardly second to the achievement of any artist on the program was the triumph scored by George Scott-Hunter at the organ. His was a difficult feat and his ability met every test superbly. Miss Alleine Minor was highly pleasing as pianist.

## Graduating Exercises

The graduation of the eighty-four members of the class of 1917 occurred May 22nd, with simple but very impressive exercises. Although this was the twenty-fifth commencement it was

the first time that the honor of the principal address to the Seniors fell to a woman, Mrs. Walter McNab Miller, of Washington, D. C., being the speaker. Mrs. Miller spoke of waste

elimination, a subject which drew special attention to the occasion. She made a tremendous impression. Her style of delivery was already known to some in Greensboro, who heard her on her former visit here, but those who had not heard her were equally delighted with the meaningful eloquence she commands.

Judge J. D. Murphy, of Asheville, of the board of trustees, was asked to deliver the diplomas to the candidates.

He made a brief address on the significance of the occasion. Copies of the Bible were presented and each graduate received a copy of the constitution of the United States and one of the constitution of North Carolina.

Rev. J. Clyde Turner spoke fittingly in presenting the Bibles, and Judge Murphy paid a gallant tribute to womanhood when he presented to the graduating class their hard won and treasured diplomas.

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## At Evening

ORINE COVINGTON

I sit by my western window  
 And watch the sun unfold  
 The beauties of the hilltop,  
 Tree-fringed against the gold.

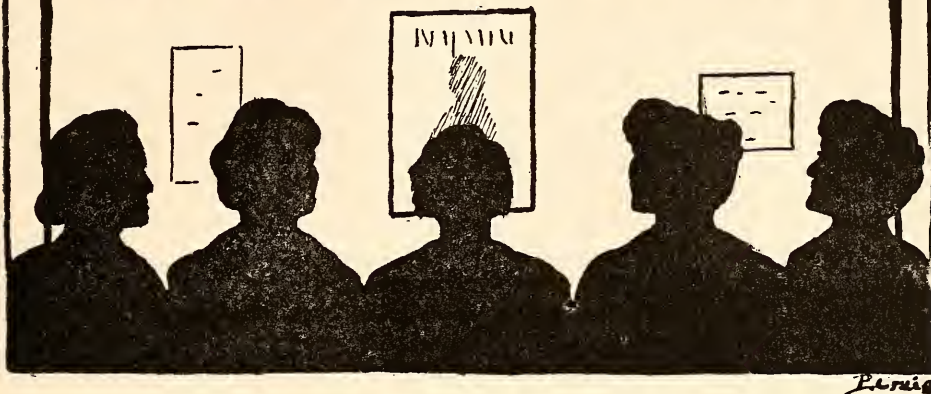
The tall pines, dark and slender,  
 In the distance I can see;  
 'Tis a picture glad and peaceful—  
 Fair nature in unity.

The cloud colors change to crimson,  
 Then deepen to purple hues;  
 At the foot of the hill, the meadow  
 Grows white with evening dews.

Then the hilltop's outline softens,  
 The color fades from the skies,  
 And the mourning shadows gather  
 To grieve for the day as it dies.



# BULLETIN BOARD



## Miss Ida Gardner

A great treat was given to the students on April 12th when Huntley-Stockton-Hill Company gave us an exhibition of the Edison phonograph. Miss Ida Gardner, contralto, sang many beautiful selections in competition with the Edison re-creation of her own voice. Mr. Harold Lyman, flutist, assisted her, playing also with the machine. The program, which was most interesting and enjoyable, closed with the exquisite "Barcarolle," from the "Tales of Hoffman," given as an encore by the Edison, Mr. Lyman and Miss Gardner. On the whole, the Normal owes a great vote of thanks to its down town friends for this splendid entertainment.

## History Lectures

During the month of April the students had the privilege of hearing Dr. R. D. W. Connor give two very interesting and profitable lectures. The first lecture was on "How to Write a County History," and the second gave us "Specific Instances of County History." Both of these lectures reminded us that we are a part of the

world's great history of today, and that it therefore behooves us to have an intelligent knowledge of our own state and its counties.

## Student Government Conference

From April 18th to 21st the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government held its second annual conference at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C. At this conference there were forty delegates present, representing twenty of the South's leading colleges. The purpose of the association is the propagation of anything pertaining to the advancement of student government in our colleges through the medium of exchange of ideas. The conference this year was very helpful, many new ideas being given and many old ones being worked over, which the new student government presidents will find helpful in their work for next year. The conference selected for its next place of meeting Florida State College, Tallahassee, Fla. The following are the officers elected for next year: President, Marie Lanning, from Randolph-Macon; vice-president, Grace Lotterage, from Florida State Col-

lege; secretary, Bonnie Jean Byrd, from Mississippi Industrial Institute and College; treasurer, Ray Ballard, from Wesleyan.

### Easter Egg Hunt

On Easter Saturday afternoon, the Juniors were taken on an Easter egg hunt by their "little sisters," the Freshmen. On arriving in the park, just in front of the "Old Guilford Summer House," all joined in such delightful games as little sisters at home play with big sisters. Then one, two, three was counted and everyone ran here and there to find eggs in every stump and nook and even on the boughs of the trees. When all had returned to show the finds, Belle Kornegay held up twenty-seven colored eggs and won the prize. The unfortunates who found none were lined up for a relay race for the booby prize. Attractive songs rang back and forth between little and big sisters and the wonderful afternoon ended with the Freshman and Junior class songs, the college song and finally the thrilling "Star-Spangled Banner."

### Tree Night Exercises

Around the beautiful Evangeline willow growing on the front campus, the Class of 1917 celebrated its annual Tree Night. The costumes were modeled after the Arcadian peasant dress, and each dainty maid and her escort held high a blazing lightwood torch. The procession formed in front of Main Building and marched down through the trees. The spirits of the class gave a graceful dance around their tree, and then presented to the onlookers white and blue friendship circles, the emblem of the class. After this the beautiful "Tree Song" was sung and then the program closed with 1917 class song.

### Seniors' Farewell Banquet

The Class of 1917 held its farewell banquet in the dining hall on the evening of April 24th. Miss Frances Morris, with her usual ease and grace, presided as toastmistress. The following toasts were proposed:

To the classes, Hattie Lee Horton. Response, Nell Bishop.

To our honorary members, Ernestine Kennette. Response, Miss Mary Tennent.

To our faculty, Gladys Chadwick. Response, Mr. W. C. Jackson.

To Sophy More, Ruth Kernodle.

To our college home, Marianne Richard.

To our ideals, Mary Fisher.

The menu consisted of: Grapefruit and cherries, veal timbales and sandwiches, chicken salad, cake, coffee, mints.

The favors of the occasion were blue enamel friendship circles, the class symbol. Good fellowship held sway and each member of the class was more closely bound by its friendship ties.

### Miss Moses

On April 24th, one of our most attractive lyceum numbers was presented in the auditorium of Students' Building. This was a song recital by Miss Myrtle Moses, contralto, and Mr. Louis Kreidler, baritone, of the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Moses' "Vous Dausez Marquise" and "Oh, No, John, No," were received with enthusiasm by her hearers. Mr. Kreidler's baritone was excellent and in "Danny Deever" and the "Toreadore Song" he was superb. The delightful program closed with the wonderful duet, "Barcarolle," from the "Tales of Hoffman," by Offenbach.

### College Week End

One of the biggest events of the

spring term was college week end. Thus the "college season" has been started by the City of Greensboro, our own college and Greensboro College for Women cooperating. Greensboro hopes to make this custom of feting college students for a spring week end a state-wide custom.

The first event of this first college week end was a reception at the Country Club given to the Juniors and Seniors of the two Greensboro colleges and visiting students from university. Though few of the university guests could be present, the beautiful club rooms were thronged with college girls enjoying the spirited music, the dancing, and the delicious ices. Each guest was made to feel that there could not possibly be more hospitable hostesses than the wives of Greensboro Chamber of Commerce members.

Friday night the College Chorus and the Glee Club from Chapel Hill gave a concert in the city auditorium. The program both in the way of rendition and selection spoke well for both colleges.

Saturday afternoon the event of college week end was staged—Virginia-Carolina game, except this time we gladly correct the name to Carolina-Virginia, for Carolina won. The game was a very exciting one, the final score being obtained by playing off the tie at the end of the ninth inning. The fact that for several years Virginia has always beaten U. N. C. made the Tar Heel enthusiasm all the greater. Carolina boys and Normal girls joined in madly giving "Caro-lina." The game ended, a jubilee snake dance was given by the Carolina men. At the Normal the girls gathered in groups on the campus after the game, excitedly discussing the various stars, and singing, "Hail to the Brightest Star of All."

## Freshman Tree Night

"Freshman Tree Night!" That was the exclamation that brought shades up and surprised heads into the windows as the words, "1920, We're a Loyal Band," broke the stillness of study hour. Looking out from their windows the girls beheld a long line of stately, mysterious figures in caps and gowns moving slowly in a stately line, enveloped by the witching light of lanterns. Still inspired by the "Love, Honor, Loyalty" which had filled each one of them when they gathered around their class tree to perform for the first time its secret and solemn rites, they followed their "Banner of Lavender and White" and poured out their hopes and ideals right valiantly in their song.

## Seniors Celebrate May Day

The students were awakened on the morning of May 1st by the sound of "May Morning" and of "Spring Song" coming from various parts of the campus where the Seniors had gathered to remind us before sunrise that May had come with all her beauties and mysteries. At seven o'clock the bugle call summoned every one to the front campus to witness the dance given by the Class of 1917. Fifteen Seniors dressed in delicate green robes danced "The Robin" in a very light and graceful manner. In the dining hall each individual found a sprig of dogwood blossoms given by the Seniors which added much to the spirit of May Day.

## Red Cross Organized

After a series of talks given by Dr. Gove, on Red Cross work, the students organized an auxiliary to the Greensboro Chapter, with Miss Bess Parham as chairman, Miss Catherine Burns as vice-chairman and Miss



Frances Medearis as treasurer. The girls went to sewing in earnest with the view of fitting out nine hospital outfits.

### New Staff Entertained

Soon after the election of the new Magazine staff, the retiring board entertained them with a delightful dinner given in the dining hall. To this, besides the guests of honor, friends of the college, of the staff and a representative from our sister college, Greensboro Woman's College, were invited. During the excellent meal the following toasts were given:

Toastmistress, Miss Caroline L. Goforth.

To the new board, Miss Margaret Blythe. Response, Miss Elizabeth Rountree.

To the masses of copy of next year, Miss Eliza Collins. Response, all the students.

To the North Carolina College Press Association, Miss Margaret George. Response, Miss Claire Harris, of Greensboro Woman's College.

### Co-Society Debate

On the evening of May 10th, the regular co-society debate was held in the main auditorium of Students' Building. The query for debate was, "Resolved, That the ballot should be given to the women of North Carolina on the same terms as to men." Misses Craig and Yoder ably upheld the affirmative, while Misses Hedrick and McLean, in spite of the fact that they were addressing a prejudiced audience, presented excellent argument for the negative side. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

### Mr. and Mrs. Stone Entertain

On the afternoon of Saturday, May 19th, one of the jolliest parties of the year was seen leaving the college in

automobiles at about two o'clock. The reason for their jollity was not far to seek, for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stone had invited the staff of the Normal Magazine to spend an afternoon at their country lodge, Kellwood. The charming hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Stone, the beauty, comfort and artisticness of their lovely rustic lodge, and the delightfully wild naturalness of the surroundings combined to make the afternoon one of the most enjoyable affairs in which the Normal girls have had a share in many months. The afternoon was spent in boating, fishing, tramping and finally in cleverly arranged contests, after which delicious refreshments were served. Those present were, Misses Caroline Goforth, Juanita McDougald, Elizabeth Rountree, Ina Belle Coleman, Margaret George, Marjorie Craig and Maud Gillikin, and Messrs. John Kellenberger, Robert Irwin, Duke Robins, Charles Stroud and Moody Stroud.

### Adelphian Society

The Adelphian Society enjoyed an interesting variation in the literary program on April 28th, when a Glee Club concert was given. Every selection was excellently rendered, but that which especially delighted the audience was the medleys by the Mandolin Club. The program was as follows:

Love's Dream After the Ball, *Czibulka*—Orchestra.

Kentucky Babe, *Geibel*—Glee Club.

Medley—Mandolin Club.

Nearest and Dearest, *Caracciolo*—Annie Moran and Florine Rawlins.

Doan' Ye Cry, Ma Honey, *A. W. Noll*—Glee Club.

Medley—Mandolin Club.

Daddy's Sweetheart, *Lehmann*—Annie Moran.

"Marguerite" Waltz (Faust), *Gounod*—Orchestra.

Good-Night, *L. Deuza*—Glee Club.

On the evening of April 14th the Adelpian Society was charmingly entertained by the Freshman members. The program consisted of a delightful play entitled, "The Hoodoo." Miss Rouss Hayes as "Billy Jackson," the heartbreaker, and Miss Catherine Cobb as "Doris," played the leading roles. They were supported by an excellent cast, conspicuous among whom was Elma Farabow as "Hemachus Spiggot," who delightfully furnished the comic touch. The cast was:

Brighton Early ..... Henrietta Alston  
 Billy Jackson ..... Rouss Hayes  
 Solomon Spiggot ..... Elma Farabow  
 Hemachus Spiggot ..... Bessie Pitchford  
 Malachi Meek ..... Natalie Coffey  
 Amy Lee ..... Katharine Willis  
 Mrs. Perrington-Shine ..... Elsilene Felton  
 Gwendolyn Perrington-Shine

Ruth Robinson  
 Dodo de Graft ..... Mary Winn Abernethy  
 Mrs. Clinger ..... Edith Tucker  
 Angelina ..... Emily Brooks  
 Doris Ruffles ..... Catherine Cobb  
 Mrs. Spiggot ..... Celia Goldstein  
 Miss Longnecker ..... Clara Bell Swain  
 Lulu ..... Ruth Polk  
 Aunt Paradise ..... Florine Boone  
 Little Spiggots ... Olive Jones, Annie Mae  
 Galloway, Lillian Connor, Lila Bell,  
 Annie Preston Heilig

### Nathan Hale

Owing to the stress in our present national affairs, the revolutionary drama, "Nathan Hale," was again presented by the Adelpian Seniors on the evening of May 19th in the Auditorium after the class exercises. This thrilling story of a famous incident in that other great crisis in our national life, that war against our mother nation, when the United States was born, is the story of a great decision made by Nathan Hale which meant service to his country, but the forfeiting of all that life held for him, a broken promise to his sweetheart and death in the cause of liberty. Frances Morris masterfully

portrayed the title role, while Kate Jones played "Alice Adams" with a charming vivacity that captivated her entire audience. Annie Folger, as the conventional villain, "Guy Fitzroy," ably played the part of jealous lover and Tory leader. Other members of the cast who were worthy of especial mention are Elsie Sparger as "Ebenezer Lebanon," Flossie Harris as "Colonel Knowlton," Margaret Blythe as "Mistress Knowlton," Louise Maddrey as "Angelica Knowlton," and Katie Pridden as the "Widow Chichester."

### Cornelian Society

On the evening of April 28th the Cornelians were delightfully entertained by a clever dramatization of the immortal tale of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Sadie Fristoe, our ever popular comedy star, found her fullest expression in the part of "Mrs. Wiggs," and her audience was continually convulsed at her grave, realistic rendering of the quaint, pointed philosophy and wit of her part. Among the children, Elizabeth Evans and Lilla Rosenbown were particularly realistic, figuring energetically and ingeniously in the Sunday school scene. Miss Minerva Jenkins and Miss Annie Laurie Lawrence, as Mr. "Bob Redding," and "Miss Lucy," took the audience by storm and the Wiggs family could scarcely out-do the audience in enthusiasm when they were reconciled after their quarrel.

As refreshments, stick candy, prize boxes and little cakes were served, adding much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

One factor which played no little part in making the evening a pleasant one were the many visitors from the Adelpian hall. At the business meeting on that evening the Cornelians

had voted to open their programs to members of the other society, following the example of that society, so that both halls were filled by both Cornelians and Adelphians while the two delightful programs were given.

On the evening of Saturday, May 19th, the Cornelians, new and old, gathered together in the midst of the flurry of the twenty-fifth commencement of the college, for a family reunion. No one outside this "family circle" knows what occurred during this meeting, but if one may judge from frequent and lengthy applause from behind closed doors and earnest and enthusiastic conferences among those issuing from those doors, one might surmise that matters of no little moment are discussed at Cornelian reunions.

### Y. W. C. A.

The visit of Mrs. Eddy, from New York, was indeed a treat to the college. Mrs. Eddy talked to us most appealingly on "Social Service Among Immigrant Girls," presenting in a broad and realistic way our responsibility toward these sisters of ours, and the work, which we, as college girls, are capable of doing among these girls.

Mrs. Gladding, of the National Board, has been with us for a stay of four days during the past month. Mrs. Gladding is a woman of high intellectuality and broad sympathies. These qualities, together with her charming personality and her deep understanding of the hearts of girls endeared her to every one of us. At the Sunday night vesper service she gave us an earnest and stimulating talk on "Christianizing Missions." Her talk was made all the more vivid and interesting on account of the many personal touches which she gave us of her stay in India.

Always glad to have the mothers of our girls with us, we were very fortunate this month in having Mrs. Van Noppen and Mrs. O. G. Jones speak to us.

Mrs. Van Noppen talked to us in her usual delightful manner on Sunday school work among the little folks. Mrs. Jones spoke to us on Mother's Day most beautifully and forcefully.

It is always a delight to us to have members of our faculty speak to us. We consider ourselves very fortunate in having Mr. Jackson and Miss Womble with us for two of our Wednesday evening services. Both Mr. Jackson and Miss Womble brought us interesting and worth-while messages.

At one of our Sunday evening services those girls who had eight-weeks clubs gave us delightful sketches of their work during this past summer. When we went away we felt that we were going home this summer and organize an eight-weeks club.

### Athletic Notes

On account of rain, regular field day events planned for April 13th were superseded by a mock field day in the gymnasium. The events of the morning, with the happy winners, were as follows:

- 100-yard toe dash, L. Farmer.
- Standing broad grin, Ruth Kernode, whose grin measured one foot.
- Cracker and water race, K. Strickler and J. Kirkpatrick.
- Turkey race, M. Ratchford.
- Peanut race, M. D. Murray.
- Pie eating contest, R. Patterson.
- Cock fight, L. Farmer.
- Wriggle race, the Seniors.
- Relay race, A. Reid.
- Hottentot Tache (when everyone was fooled).
- Suitcase relay, L. Cheek.
- Grand march.



Then came the presentation of a tin loving cup to Senior class, and badges of honor to winners.

Regular field day events were held Saturday, April 21, the cup going to the Senior Class, which held the greatest number of points.

Basket ball tournament began May 9th, with a game between the Juniors and Freshmen, the Freshmen being victorious. The following day the Seniors won out in the Sophomore-

Senior game. In the final game, between the Freshmen and Seniors, the Freshmen proved themselves worthy of the cup which was awarded to them.

At a regular meeting of the Athletic Association May 3rd, the following new officers were elected: President, Mary Moyle; secretary, Mary Nell Hartman; critic, Ruby Sisk; treasurer, Bess Hoskins; Senior vice-president, Mabel Smith; Junior vice-president, Margaret Higdon; Sophomore vice-president, Lela Wade.



# STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies.  
Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, 15 cents.

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For a long, long time, centuries, perhaps, last words have had to be said by retiring ones. Departure from this life, getting married, leaving a penitentiary or giving over the editorship of a magazine to a new board of editors—all these departures and all the other departures made from no matter where to no matter where must have associated with them certain last words. To speak fitting words which shall go down as your very last when you are about to give over the editorship of the State Normal Magazine to a new board, is a task of no small moment. Our board, like President Wilson, has never been averse to breaking precedents and we would demonstrate the fact here, but the precedent set for us for saying our last word is of so great age, and of so mighty power, that we dare not rupture it all at once. We make our last word brief, however, in order that next year's retiring board may be exempt entirely, and the crash from the broken precedent be much mitigated. And now to our last word—we utter it sin-

cerely: Know folks, deal with them interestingly, think about them frankly, talk about them vigorously, write about them as it pleases you—and your magazine will be a success.

It is with trepidation and many sinkings of the heart that we of the new staff of our Magazine watch this year's seasoned journalists remove their notebooks and red crayons from the editorial table and depart from the sanctum sanctorum. With tears we bid them stay—but no! Their hearts hardened by the chill of many manuscriptless board meetings, are stone, and they bid us march on into the year nineteen seventeen-eighteen, assuring us of the multitudes of matchless short stories, poems and essays that await in the minds of our college contributors. We are depending on these epoch-making manuscripts to help us carry on the splendid work that the retiring board has begun this year. Our goal is the making of our college magazine one of the leading student publications of the south and this may be approached

only as we, with the support of every student in college, build upon the firm foundation structure laid for us by the old staff.

The North Carolina College Press Association has come into existence not in answer to a whim for multiplicity of organizations, but as the solution of a concrete problem.

As in all phases of present day endeavor, it is felt that the greatest efficiency can be obtained only by a comparison of problems and their solution, of methods and their improvements. So the editorial staffs of the college publications of North Carolina, realizing the force in their hands for the molding of the college mind and the expression of its thought life, banded together in this association to form a clearing house for difficulties and improvements and a source of high, uniform literary standards.

Not only does the association stand for literary worth of college publications, but for closer sympathy and understanding and more perfect cooperation between the colleges of North Carolina. With this aim in view, the editorial staffs of the Davidson College publications invited members of the staffs in the other state colleges to meet and organize into a college press association. This meeting, held in Chapel Hill, was the beginning of a great movement in North Carolina that will mean the improvement and standardizing of our college magazines and the production of a real southern literature.

Truly we are broadening here in our college and slowly placing more freedom in the hands of the students. We have for three years been a self governed body, but during

those three years small opportunity has been given us of falling by the wayside. We have been, and still are, for that matter, hedged about with so many rules and regulations that we have had no margin in which to govern ourselves. But that system, so needed to help us until we outgrow it, is gradually changing to another—a system which will allow of real *self* government by strong, mature *women*. The two great steps toward this goal that we must reach that have already been taken seem small to many, but are large in things they foreshadow. These are the privileges of attending a moving picture theatre without faculty chaperonage and of observing walking period at any time during the day with no pressure upon that observance save individual responsibility. In these two things we are having trust and confidence placed in us to do the right thing and having such we have freedom of choice, which used aright means growth.

Having heard much during our eight months stay at college of opportunity — opportunity to serve, to grow, to broaden, to work, to climb and to prepare ourselves to guide the future citizens of our state, and many other equally noble and strenuous performances, many of us clutch eagerly at the remaining four months as an opportunity to do none of these things. This is exactly the right attitude if these things could be accomplished in one way only—in the way we have been doing things all year in college. This way, it must be acknowledged, is exceeding hazardous and, while our summer work must not be so systematized as to prove stupid, still it's a splendid thing if a certain part of each day can be set apart for constructive work. Dur-



ing the school year we have had opportunity to read nothing—not even the newspapers. Let us take the good old lazy summer time to catch up, to find out what the world is doing and to make for ourselves a worth-while literary background by reading worth-while current literature.

Age is surely a serious inflection. Do what we will we cannot help passing on from youth into middle age, and then fast into old age—old age, with its rheumatism, its deafness, its miserable propriety! Recently a far-seeing, kindly friend of man hit upon a happy qualifying adjective for the ill-sounding, inexorable term “middle-aged.” He said that those persons whose years proclaimed them as nearing the median line of life, but whose hearts, and minds and limbs were still in the golden age of youth—that those should be called “*young middle aged persons.*”

It was directly after I had learned that there might be young middle aged persons that I went to hear Dr. Anna Howard Shaw lecture. When she began her lecture, I began to cast around in my vocabulary for a qualifying adjective for *old* age; for did she not herself tell us that she was seventy? As I listened I gave up my quest, and by the end of the first ten minutes of her lecture I decided that this woman's age needed no qualifying adjective, unless it be vigorous, strong, or virile. All these I found myself applying to this young woman who was holding expectant and eager an audience of a thousand people.

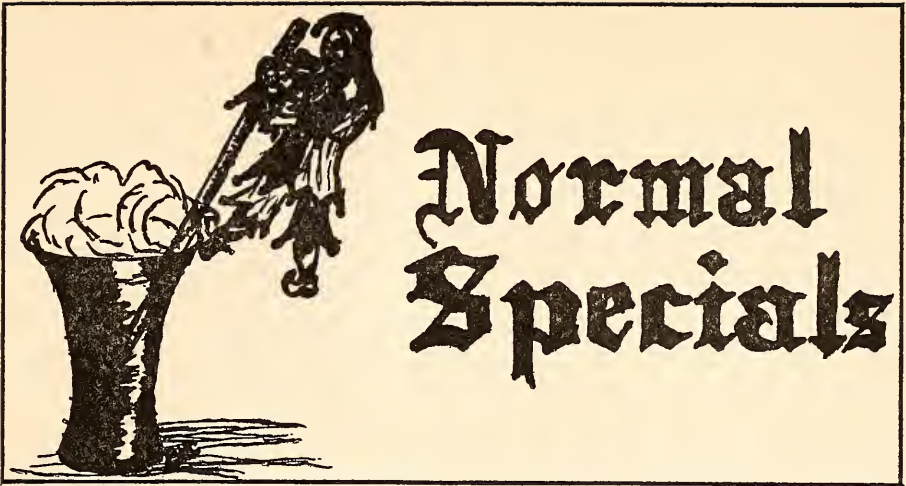
Mind and soul and wit each appeared in well ordered proportion. Of course Dr. Shaw talked to us about democracy—and who indeed among our people is better qualified to speak of and for democracy than she who

has given forty years of a magnificently full life to securing and establishing democracy? She talked and we heard her, and we marked her down a democrat, a prophet, a miracle of noble womanhood!

When I think of Dr. Shaw and her short visit to us, it is not so much what she said to us that I remember; it is the woman—and yet not the woman, but the soul of vigor and might which has stood the storms and buffets of a half century of fight for a complete mind, soul, and body emancipation of the womanhood of her country—for true democracy for her country. I remember that the results of her fight have been very meagre, and I think again of her only as tolerant, gracious and understanding, and say again, “A miracle of noble womanhood.”

We measure the growth of our minds and souls by contrast with the giant minds and souls that come within our ken; and finding our measurements low, far below standard, we set about to grow to become standard—or even greater, if we may. The good then that a giant soul does, I should say, is measured by the cubits he adds, or inspires others to add to their own statures.

A remark made by a little girl as she left the assembly hall after Dr. Shaw's lecture, and the only remark she made, is a good estimate of the power of Dr. Shaw's personality, and the magnitude of her influence on the growth of the souls of people. This little girl said, “I wish I knew my Trig. tomorrow. I shall know it after this.” We all felt just this way about it. We wished that the everyday things we do were done better; and the marvel of it is we are doing them better—and we are growing, too, and some day we shall be women. O miracle of noble womanhood!



# Normal Specials

Lonnie (wishing to speak to some one in the dining hall, to the head of her table): "May I speak?"

Guilford visitor (horrified): "O mercy, I have been speaking all this time without permission!"

May (on the morning after the election of marshals): "When do the proctors have to buy their sashes?"

T. H.: "Did your side win in the geometry contest?"

C. H.: "No, for Lila had to sit down on the pyramid."

Mr. Brown (striving to arouse interest): "This is one of the old, old folk songs written in Shakespeare's reign."

J. McD's. application for a position brought this response:

"P. S. Understand, young woman, there is to be no dancing, moving pictures, card playing, or *courting* in this school."

J.: "My goodness, what am I to do? My reputation has spread even down there!"

Laura (the maid): "Miss Martha, Miss Veritas am a Senior, ain't she?"

M.: "No, she's just a Freshman."

L.: "Well, do hear dat! I thought she wuz a Senior, 'caz she's so pious and refined."

## FACULTY PATRIOTISM

Mr. Hall: "When I go to war there'll be three of the best men of the country there."

"How's that?"

"Me and the two it takes to carry me."

Dr. Hewlett: "You know when I'll be in the front ranks? When the fighting gets too hot in the rear."

## MODERN CHRISTENING

Hello youngster! What's your name? Haven't any. That's a shame.

Well this is how it came about,  
Before my turn came names gave out,  
And so they hitched on to me  
The shell of dad's, I'm just "E. C."

*I. Alexander, '20, Adelpian.*

## DE WEDDER

De wedder am so changeable,  
I never seed de like;  
De rain it jes come pourin' down  
De day we'd planned to hike.

Dat night it snowed to beat de land,  
Next day we though we'd slide,  
But when we got up in de morn  
De wind dat ground had dried.

But a boy has to 'dapt hisse'f  
To fair and stormy wedder,  
And if de sun do cease to shine  
I'm happy still, my brudder.

*Alma Winslow, '19, Cornelian.*

## ORGANIZATIONS

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### The Student Self-Government Association

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

### Marshals

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#### Cornelian

#### Adelpian

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Adelpian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

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### Y. W. C. A.

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Minnie Long . . . . . Vice-President	Artelee Puett . . . . . Treasurer

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Lois Campbell . . . . . Senior Vice-President	Ruby Patterson . . . . . Special Vice-President
Annie Newton . . . . . Junior Vice-President	Nancy Yarborough . . . . . Critic
Kathleen Strickler . . Sophomore Vice-President	Lucy C. Crisp . . . . . Secretary















