



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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No. 8

We all know that the U. S. has immense credits against the world at present, and that by the end of the war these credits will have increased a great deal. If we wanted, we could not stop sending out goods as we are in the war and in it to the last penny. These credits must be paid comparatively soon after the war if the world is to remain solvent. The question is, how shall these debts be paid?

Naturally, when we speak of paying debts we at once think of money. Let us look into the matter and see whether or not it is best for these debts to be paid with money. In the first place there is not enough gold in the world to permit this. If the other countries tried to pay us in money they would not have enough left to carry on their own trade. All the resources of these countries are being severely taxed and they will need the money themselves.

On the other hand, do we want any more money in the U. S.? We now have more money in circulation than

we need. That is one reason why our prices are so high, since the more money there is in circulation the higher prices will go. We see, therefore, that more money would be disastrous to us in that it would demoralize our prices.

The next form of payment that we think of is that of goods. Here again we are confronted by difficulties. We can no more afford to import an over-supply of goods than we can afford to have an over supply of money. Our home industries would be hampered, as there would be no market for their output. This would mean that thousands of men would be without employment. Of course then this is out of the question.

Right here, the question arises, why is it that England can afford to have such an excess of imports? For years England has been rendering great services to the world, besides the great amount of goods she has sent out. Just as a man, who has worked hard and saved his money, can afford to stop working when he grows old, so England, which is an old country and has immense credits against the world,

can now live to some extent, on her imports. The U. S., however, like a young man just starting in life, cannot stop working and live on her income from credits against the world.

Since it is not best for these debts to be collected, entirely, in either gold or goods, how shall we collect them? Right here, the U. S. has one of the best opportunities possible to aid in the establishment of democracy. To put some of this money in some charitable cause—such as helping to rebuild institutions of learning in France or Belgium—will not only help the cause of democracy, but it will also help in sustaining our national character.

C. M. '21

During the last month, the two literary societies, which hold **THE OLD** so vital a place in the **ODER** life of the student- **CHANGETH** body, have taken the radical step of making their officers known and the college is yet gasping at the sight, now frequently observed, of the two presidents consulting in intelligent, and authoritative terms over matters of common interest. It is a sight to gasp at, for have we not spent large portions of our time for the past twenty years in surreptitious interviews and tortuous messages not to say ambiguous hintings and round about methods of all sorts, whenever we wanted to communicate with our own officers or find out the opinion of the other society? We may say, without question, that our societies are closest to the hearts and most helpful in the life and training of any of the or-

ganizations in the college and so it is with marked pleasure that we see them realizing the disadvantage in which their officers worked, not only by the indirect method necessarily employed and the embarrassment incident to a large amount of secret work not counted in the point system, but the humiliation of pretending to keep secret a thing known abroad. We believe that there is a new spirit of openness and cooperation stirring in the societies already and that this cannot but end in bringing the members of each society into more efficient work, and the two societies into their proper relation of co-workers.

Dynamite's an awfully useful thing if you handle it just right.

DYNAMITE Did you ever run up with a girl who insisted on telling the botanical classification of every flower you observed, or a man who gave you the mathematical dimensions of every star as it appeared in the evening sky? Did you ever see a college graduate who was determined to give you all fifty-seven reasons just why your favorite song was not good music or your most trusted sign for good luck without foundation? Did you ever meet a woman on the train who told you the economic history of each town you passed and just why each was not a New York, or a man who explained that the trouble with civilization lay in the hypoglossal nerve?

Knowledge is an awfully useful thing if you handle it just right.

My Own Goes Forth

My own goes forth today
To war's wild sea.
Be kind to him Neptune, Mars,
For he is kind to me.
And he is brave,
Or else he would not volunteer
To breast the wave
With mines beneath and bombs above.
He would be glad
More to confirm his love by death,
But oh! in life
My own is dear to me.
Be kind to him Neptune! Mars!
My all goes forth to sea.

—Verla Williams, Adelphian



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The Ten Spot

AGNES WILLIAMS, '19, ADELPHIAN

"In a swee - - cct
By - um by - ye" sang
Lee Wong to the thumping accompaniment of the heavy laundry iron, his long pig-tail, pendulum-like, keeping time with the slow swaying rhythm of his song. To one experienced in the ways of the Chinaman, the very pious verbal, and the extremely forlorn and hopeless facial, expressions, with which Lee went about his work, would mark him as the prize back slider of some struggling mission board. Nay more, such an unprovoked expression of piety would assure one initiated into the mysterious habits of the Oriental that Lee had recently lost money at his favorite game.

"In a swee - - ee—"

"Hello Lee," interrupted a rather high boyish voice.

"'Lo, lilla kit," responded Lee, with great contempt, not ceasing his droning song and pendulum-like swaying.

"Aw Lee, cut out that "kid" business. I'm a man, I tell you. Say Lee," continued Jim, a small, wiry jockey and Lee Wong's most dreaded tormentor, "say, fix up this shirt for me by tomorrow night. I gotta to ride Friday evenin'," he added by way of explanation.

"No can do. You pay dollar-hop; I wash shirt. No dollar-hop—no shirt. In a swee - - ee —"

"Aw Lee, come on now, I'll pay you Saturday. More than a dollar and a half, I'll pay everything. Honest, now, Lee, I gotta ride and I gotta have a clean shirt. I'll have money Saturday."

"No dollar-hop, no shirt," reiterated Lee, continuing his song.

"Now Lee, don't get sore. I tell yuh I just gotta ride and get money. That's straight. I gotta get enough money to take Jennie out o' this old swamp. Honest, Lee, Doc says she'll die if I don't get her to Arizona soon. I—"

"What that? What matter wit lil gel," broke in Lee.

"She's got something bad wrong with her chest-lungs; coughs all the time and white like paper. Come on, Lee. I gotta have my shirt to ride for Jennie. I'm bound to win. I got the best horse on the races. I'll be rich Saturday. Sure I'll pay you every cent and then me and Jen for Arizona."

Seeing that the idea of betting, chance appealed to the Chinaman, the little jockey grew eloquent in citing the

merits of his mount. Finally, Lee's face relaxed.

"Well, I do shirt for lil gel. You pay dollar hop Saturday, sure?" he called sharply after Jim who wasted no time, after securing Lee's consent, in leaving the laundry.

"Yes, honest, I'll pay it all," lied Jim seriously enough.

"Lait, Lait," screamed Lee after the vanishing boy. "What name that horse what win Fliday?"

"Twenty-four-fifty" called back the jockey, giving the race track number of his lumbering old horse.

Outside the laundry, Jim was not so sure of winning as he had made Lee Wong think he was. This ride was his last hope, however, and he had determined to stake all of his small wealth on it. Only the mediocre horses of the surrounding stables were entered for the race, since the regular racing season would not start until the following week. With Johnson's "Black Star" not entered on the day before the races, and assurances from Johnson's stablemen that he would not ride on Friday, Jim felt that his big-jointed old "Luck," sole survivor of his father's once well-stocked stables, had a faint chance of winning.

"If only the stubborn old beast won't get winded in about the last quarter of the race!" he groaned. "I can't lose. I got to get Jennie out o' this hole or she won't last thru the summer," he resolved as he entered the little house where he and his younger sister had lived since their father died, two years ago.

As usual Lee Wong made his nightly visit to the scene of his only recreation. Placing his money on the revolving bowl he hopefully awaited his fate. Ten minutes later he looked disgust-

edly at the small dirty card that he had drawn, drew in his voluminous robes—which no amount of Western association could induce him to abandon for the tight fitting trousers and coat—and disdainfully picked his way out of the crowd and went toward home. Never, he vowed, would he patronize that game again. Yet the next night his resolution was forgotten and Lee Wong staked his last dollar and eighty-seven cents on the chance of drawing the coveted "ten spot."

Friday dawned grey and foggy. Billy Houston, a neighboring jockey, and Jim's only real friend reported no signs of Johnson's entering the race. As Billy was not riding, he had arranged to remain on the outside and "invest" both his and Jim's savings in the winning horse. At two o'clock the boys started for the race track. Jennie bade them good-luck, but begged them not to worry about her, for, she insisted, her little cough would be better when the warm weather came.

"Little cough—, ain't that enough to kill you! We just gotta win for Jen's sake," vowed Bill and Jim together.

At the race course everything was in readiness. Jim was feeling more than ever that he was bound to win, when Bill frantically signalled to him.

"What d' yuh think," he gasped, when Jimmie came to answer him, "That Johnson stableman was foolin' us all the time. *Black Star* is gona race!"

"Now ain't that the luck!" growled Jim. "Well, there's nothing to do but ride and you do the best you can to make us somethin' on the bets. We just gotta win for Jennie's sake," he finished doggedly.

At last the lineup was forming, the judges were in their seats, and the

crowd settled itself for the send-off. The referee arose to start the racers, but before the final word was said, all except three of the restless horses dashed over the line and into the fog. Before Jim realized what was happening, old *Luck*, restless for want of exercise for the past few days, had passed the quarter mile post. Drawing his horse to a stop, Jim realized that he had made a false start, yet he could not understand why someone had not been sent to recall him. Back at the line the other riders had been angrily recalled and started anew. In the confusion and fog, judges and referees all failed to notice the absence of one of the riders in the second line up. Out at the quarter mile post, the first realization of this fact was one of pure joy to Jim. Of course he could win now! But then, could he go on with this unfair advantage? He couldn't go back, he told himself. Why, they'd already started the second time.

Jim's early life had not been such as to cultivate a rigid sense of honor.

"Why should I go back?" he asked. "None of the men play fair; it's all cheating, as far as that goes, betting, racing and everything. And I've got to win; none of the others would be hurt by losing. They've won more than they'll lose. And I've got to get Jennie out o' this swamp." With this thought in mind, Jimmie decided to ride on slowly until the others came up far enough to allow him a small lead.

In the crowd everything was turmoil and confusion. *Black Star*, the only real racer among the entries was the center of all the betting. Bill was anxious. He had missed Jimmie at the second line up and could not understand where he could be. Now, he was only waiting for the bets to reach

their highest point for him to place all of their money on *Luck*.

* * * * *

A roar burst from the grand stand. Two horses raced forward on the last stretch of the course. *Black Star* was in the lead but Bill saw that for some reason he was slowly dropping behind while the big loose-jointed horse behind seemed to be practically fresh. Rushing into the crowd he tried to secure bets but to his utter astonishment and dismay all of the stakes had been bought up and he could only secure one or two low bids.

Chagrined and disappointed at heart he returned to watch the finish. *Luck* had gained on *Black Star* and now led by fifty or sixty feet. All of the other riders had dropped out on the way. Spectators settled back, with astonishment and a feeling of empty pockets, to watch the end, too surprised to make any outcries.

That night Bill and Jim and Jennie held a council of consolation and consideration. What could they do? Bill had only been able to gain about fifty dollars on the race. This would hardly take Jennie and Jim to Arizona; then what were they to do after getting there?

"I can't understand it," said Bill for the twentieth time. "Somebody made hundreds of dollars on that race, but who it was, I can't find out, but every bet was taken."

In the midst of their discussion some one was heard at the front door. Bill went to attend to the late caller.

"A Chinaman wants to see you on important business, it seems; he declares he must see you tonight."

"O Lee!" exclaimed Jim. "I owe him a dollar and a half for laundry. I

promised I'd pay him tonight, but I forgot about him."

"No want dollar hop" interrupted Lee who had forced his passage thru the house. "You keep dollar hop. I draw ten spot. You tell me 24-50 bes' horse on race. I get heap money from ten spot. I bet on 24-50. Me ve'y rich. You rich; me rich," he ended pouring out money from all the folds of his flowing Chinese robe.

"What does he want?" asked Jim unable to understand the excited Chinaman.

"Why, you told him how to make more money. You told him *Luck* would win. Lee bets all his money on *Luck* and has won all the money at the race. That's who took up all the bets.

Now he wants to divide square with you. A Chink will do it everytime I've never known it to fail. The one that puts you on to a safe bet wins as much as the better, if a Chinaman's bettin'," explained Bill.

Lee forcefully and beamingly expressed his approval of this interpretation of his wishes.

"Yes, you rich, me rich. Lil gel go 'way for clough."

Late that night after Lee had taken his joyous departure, leaving half his recently gained fortune with Jim and Jennie, they began making plans for the trip to Arizona.

"What I want to know," burst forth from Bill, "is where you were at the second line-up."

Dawn

LUCY CRISP, '19, ADELPHIAN

Today as the sun was crossing the sky
 On swift, fleet wings of golden hue,
 And the blue-shadowed shades of night drew nigh,
 Pink-lit by splendours stealing out in the blue,
 I came with a heart that was heavy and sad,
 And a brain grown dull with the toil of the day,
 To a spot I loved—for it made me glad
 With the gladness of springtime in clean, sweet May.
 Then over my tiredness and into my heart,
 Quickly came stealing a still, sweet calm;
 And there in that place in the woods apart,
 There came to my soul a heaven sent balm
 'Twas there that my wavering faith grew stronger,
 The faith that was dying in doubtful despair;
 And the God of my Mother was myth-like no longer—
 His Love had reached down to me there

Sedalian Heraldry

MARGARET HAYES, '19, CORNELIAN

"Please, Miss Angeline, can't I git a drink of water?" As the meek voice broke the silence in the school-room, an expectant hush settled over the little negroes.

Miss Angeline Johnson cogitated. Should she or should she not, on this her first day as schoolma'am, allow the children the privilege of getting water between recesses? She settled her flowing tie nervously and adjusted the pin bearing the coat of arms of the Sedalia Coeducational Colored College.

"Well, William, one should say,—if it were—er— quite necessary,—er." Evidently it was and William departed with a general wilted appearance indicative of great drouth.

Fifteen minutes elapsed; still no William. Miss Angeline had settled the Sedalia pin and was clearing her throat preparatory to making inquiries about the size of the opening in the well, when William sidled in with an air of being refreshed and a bulge in his pocket. Miss Johnson's tone was severe.

"Well, William, one should say—er—that is—," the coat of arms was in plain view by this time,— "where have you been?"

"Yes'm" William's tone was conciliatory as he slid into his seat. He was so palpably innocent that Miss Angeline dropped him from her consciousness and became again absorbed in the romance she was writing. For, be it known, Miss Angeline "wrote things."

Her attention was attracted by a slight stir in the back of the room. Her

eyes roved vaguely over her children. Suddenly they came to rest on William and discovered him in the act of transferring a pink ice cream cone to a brightly be-ribboned member of the gentler sex.

"William, what are you doing? Come to the desk immediately!"

William betrayed all signs of embarrassment except the blush as he dragged his lagging feet one after the other, to the front of the room. William's instinct told him that further subterfuge was useless and he put on his most engaging manner.

"Miss Angeline, you knows I jus' couldn' he'p it when I heard de ice cream man,—and sides he wouldn' come no more today,—an'—an'—"

Miss Angeline was at a loss so she took refuge in severity. "You may take your seat, William, over in the corner by yourself, and if you get into trouble again today, I'll think up the awfulest punishment I can for you!"

With this dread admonition Miss Angeline heaved a sigh and settled herself to work again. She could see no humor in the situation and she dismissed the grade as soon as possible.

William's base behaviour was the last straw. Only that morning she had been driven almost to distraction by the obstinacy of the school-board who had wrangled over a paltry fifty dollars per. Miss Angeline sat and meditated on the blessed regions where school boards are not, all children are angels, and the pursuit of literary fame is always attended by success. She

heaved a lady-like sigh, gathered up her belongings, settled the Sedalia pin, and walked with a dignified mien suited to one of her position, down the street to the postoffice.

One letter—and it was so flat looking! She opened it, quaking. It was all too familiar,—the same old yellow rejection slip. And she had considered that last love story really good. Some editors are simply incapable of appreciating true literary worth. And the awful thing about it was that it made the third in the last month.

Miss Angeline Johnson was sick of life. When one has tasted life and found it stale and unprofitable there is nothing left for the high-minded except to find peace in oblivion. She could at least be dramatic. She wended her way in the gathering dusk toward the railroad crossing which lay between the school and that part of the village in which she had her apartment. As she went she turned over in her mind the startling idea that had come to her. She pictured the glorious sensation it would make. The village was small and there would be glaring headlines in the weekly newspaper. And there would be an elaborate eulogy by the fluent reporter of the "Morning Torchlight." If only she could read the account of it and experience all the thrills before she died,—but it couldn't be done. She carefully adjusted the Sedalia pin, and then stretched herself on the railroad track so that the light from the approaching train cast a glimmer on the spot where rested her Sedalia pin.

* * * * *

Booker Washington Wilkins, colored highbrow, never could see why the no-account uneducated negroes couldn't

do all the fighting for Uncle Sam and leave the intellectual colored gentlemen to represent the negro interests at home. His opinions did him little good, however. The draft law made no distinction as to grade of intellect, and Booker had to go with the rest of the boys. But they had to hand it to Booker that he went cheerfully enough when he found that he couldn't get around it.

Four months of camp life had made Booker. From a slouchy looking, long haired representative of "the hope of the Black Race," he had become a well-set up, though chocolate colored member of the "species homo." Now Booker was going to France, but in all the "Jim Crow Car" Booker was the cheerfullest. He joked incessantly, flirted with the dusky belles at the various stations, and in general kept up the spirits of the crowd. And the train rolled on.

Miss Angeline sat up with a gasp and stared at the rapidly passing train.

"Er,— I should surmise,—er— I must have made an error in judgment!" Then it dawned upon her that she had not thought of the double tracking. A swift wave of relief swept over her and she could not recollect the recent urgency of suicide. When one has come so near being extinguished, life becomes less stale and unprofitable.

At that moment the last car swept by and for an instant her eyes met a pair of large, laughing ones and she caught a glimpse of white teeth and a flutter of white paper on the ground before her.

She picked up the little slip and read it curiously. "Corporal B. Washington Wilkins. 336 Machine Gun Corps;" and down in the corner she read "Somewhere in France." Her

heart gave a little leap. Romance was not dead, although cold blooded editors evidently had ideas to the contrary. What more romantic situation could ever be found? A lovely maiden (Miss Angeline wasn't really conceited but lovely maidens give "atmosphere" to creations of the fancy) is about to end her life because her environment is so mundane. She has a hairbreadth escape (modified to suit the air castle) and at this opportune moment the handsome hero enters. Such a setting simply must not be wasted. Anybody could build a romance on such a splendid foundation.

The next day was a trying one for Miss Johnson. The little negroes, William especially, insisted upon interrupting at the most crucial points in the composition of the fateful letter. At last it was complete and Miss Angeline regarded it with satisfaction. It expressed admiration and sympathy, certainly,—and just a wee shadow of the romantic. Miss Angeline inwardly plumed herself upon its beauty of construction as she posted it.

Mr. Washington Wilkins had evidently been delayed in his departure, since an answer arrived in less than a week. Miss Johnson's thrill at first sight of the letter was nothing as compared with those accompanying its

perusal. It was very long and Miss Angeline thought she had never seen sentiments so beautifully expressed. For Mr. Wilkins professed undying love, kindled at first sight and he couched his sentiments with a delicacy that appealed to Miss Angeline's sense of the aesthetic. Its conclusion held still more romantic possibilities.

"And now, Miss Angeline (if I may be permitted to designate you by this perhaps prematurely familiar term,)" it ran "for fear that you should doubt my perfect sincerity in this matter, I am sending you under separate cover what is in a measure a proof of my devotion. This has been dear to me through years of past associations and achievements and it is for this reason I send it to you.

"Believe me, yours respectfully and devotedly,

Corp. B. Washington Wilkins."

Miss Angeline Johnson haunted the post office until the package came and when it did she opened it with trembling fingers. There it lay, with all its lines of familiar beauty,—a pin bearing the letters S. C. C.

Romance was again in Miss Angeline's heart and there were two Sedalia pins where before but one shone in solitary splendor.

May Morning

PEARL SOUTHERLAND, '20, ADELPHIAN

Hail to the dawning,
New morning today!
Feel its new freshness;
Gather its beauty.

Webs dewy-studded,
Hang on the copses;
Violets new-born—
Breathe their wet fragrance.

Misty grey billows
Roll to the hill tops,
Shot by the sun light,
Pierced by Apollo.

Morn plays her lyrics;
Darts her bright arrows;
Looses them flying,
Soft in the veiling.

Ferny green meadows,
Glistening emeralds,—
Morning's baptism,
Happy *reveille*.

Quick flee the shadows
To the deep valley;
Morning no longer,—
Day, the fulfillment!

School Gardening in Your Home Town

LOLA PHILLIPS, '18, CORNELIAN

Patriotism! What word do we hear more often? What word do we express with more feeling, more reverence? It has, as it were, taken on a new aspect, almost a new meaning to every real American. It fills him with a big, true spirit of service. And every real American who possesses that feeling of patriotism is asking himself or herself the question, "What part is there for me to play in the big fight of today? What can I do?" Some find themselves on the way to the front, some in munition plants, some in experimental laboratories and others in various lines which to them seem the place of greatest service, but have we not heard over and over again that, without food a country cannot stand? Then who is really the backstop for the boys in the fight, and all of the others of whom we speak as doing the big things? Who is the important man after all? The one who produces food and who conserves food?

Of course that means the farmer. We honor and value him but he is not producing enough. Where then shall we turn?—We turn to the school children.

It has been tried and proved that school gardens are no small force in production.

It will possibly be of interest to know that it was first in Germany that the people became interested in school gardens. The movement arose from the desire of the educators to provide

employment for the city children. Quite an efficient system was established in Germany, and from there it spread rapidly over all of Europe. The various governments taking steps to encourage and even force it forward in the public schools. It has reached America only recently and is beginning to take root here.

We find the thinking people eagerly endorsing the idea of school gardens, and giving them their best support. The educators, and the mothers and fathers seem here to find a more common meeting place than ever before. They each one grow to trust in the other more. To show you that these gardens should be encouraged, that they find a real place in the life of the boys and girls, we shall discuss the social and economic merits of such a system.

The city high school boys and girls as well as those of the elementary grades always find much leisure time and possess an infinite amount of energy. What do they do with it? We can answer this for ourselves when we look back into our own small town at the children there. They are continually active, for their minds and bodies demand it. But they are rarely usefully active, and sometimes harmfully so, simply because they lack leadership and common organized interests in vital matters which demand energy, mental and physical.

We would find things changing very quickly if a system of school gardens was introduced. One would find boys and girls with a purpose, with a pride in themselves, and with fast developing habits of industry. The stored energy would be turned into a beautiful broadening channel and we would find cleaner and more energetic boys growing into citizens. Would this movement not pay socially?

There can be no question as to the economic value of such an institution. There are in America five million school children. Think what it would mean, if every child could make one dollar. We know that this would mean large quantities added to our nation's food supply—a patriotic duty, and one that would thrill every school girl and boy.

There are no reasons why this system of school gardening should not be placed in every small and large town.

There must be in the school, at least, one teacher well trained in agriculture and some funds to meet general expenses. Each teacher must study and meet her own problem, but there are some general principles to be laid down for the organization of the work. Plots of land may be secured from patrons or there may be some part of the school grounds used as a demonstration garden. In a brief talk to the children, the teacher should tell them her full plans. A good idea is to give them registration blanks to fill in and impress upon them the obligations under which they are placing themselves when they sign. Clubs of children of the same age and sex may be organized from those who register. Each child should have in the back lot

at home or in some vacant lot of the town his own garden, while the school garden is used for demonstration purposes. The teacher must aid the children in the cultivation of the land, the choosing and planting of the seed, the care of the growing plants, and the harvesting and marketing of the products. In order to be of greatest value, the gardens should contain the vegetables most in demand. The teacher should require a strict account of the income and outgo of each garden and where possible, the child should be the sole possessor of the net profits. Credit in the curriculum for the work will incite effort. Also cultivate among the children the idea that the one who fails to do his work is a slacker. Above all, make the children feel the patriotism of their work. It may be that the teacher cannot be secured for the entire year. Then for the summer months let the school board elect a man in the community who is wide awake, who knows how to carry on team work and knows how to manage boys and girls and who, above all is interested in the work and in the welfare of the children in the community. This man is to keep a watch on and visit the gardens frequently; he is to be a big friend and co-worker to the children.

This can be done and is being done in many cities. See that your town is among the leaders in the state. Interest your school board and your commissioners in the matter as soon as you go home and start with a few gardens for late canning. Add to this number as you can and see that you have a permanent organization with efficient leaders before you leave in the fall.

‘Pickin’ Tater-bugs’

KATHERINE WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

‘How I wish’d I wuz a kid agin! Yes, them wuz the ‘appy days.’ How I would like to be the little tom-boy I used to be, with the sun-burnt face, the blue-checked apron, and—and yes, the stumped toes! I can picture myself now as I tagged along behind a crowd of little boys and tried to do everything they did. But it never made any difference whether I was turning somersaults, playing leap-frog or crying because I could not “skin a cat,” there was always a wiggling dog held upside down in one arm and a doll with no hair, hugged tight in the other.

They were the smartest boys in the world I thought then; and even now I will admit that at least two of them were clever. My father held them responsible for all weeds that grew in the garden, and all the “tater-bugs” that crawled on the potato vines. They used to give me two cents a hundred to pick the bugs off the vines, while they hoed the corn in between the potatoes. I thought then they were really paying me for the bugs, but since then, having become accustomed to the cleverness of men, I have decided that it was only a scheme to have me near when they wanted a cool drink of water from the spring.

Those boys were either delicate or lazy. No one ever knew them to hoe more than a row of corn without stopping in the cool shade of the apple tree by the old rail fence for a rest. There

they sat each time they completed a row, and smoked a corn silk cigarette and a rabbit tobacco cigar a piece, while I took the “tater-bugs” out of my pocket and counted them. Then after all this ceremony was completed I brought them a cool drink of water from the spring, while they invented some new way to make me cry when I should come back. I cried just as regularly as a row of corn was completed. Anyone would have, who went thru all the things I did. They tried to teach me to say bad words; they tried to teach me and my dog to smoke. And one time they went so far as to play barber-shop and cut off my hair and all my dog’s wool.

As soon as I had a hundred bugs I would demand my pay and each boy would produce a copper with great reluctance and a sly wink. They knew that inside of five or ten minutes I would be spending one penny at “Reefs” for red gum drops and the other penny at “Roses” for yellow gum drops. This was another thing those boys had taught me. Every time they had a nickle they would divide it into pennies and send me to buy a penny’s worth at every store, while they stood on the corner and held the sacks. These clever youngsters knew that a small girl with a famished look and one copper could wheedle more candy out of a store-keeper than could a big husky boy with a nickle. But when the boys stayed

in the field to hoe corn, there was no one to hold the tell tale sack outside and it was necessary at the next store to hide it the best I could underneath my apron.

But after I bought my candy and returned to the cornfield, I do not think that I ever found a boy there. The only trace of their whereabouts was the shrill screams that came from the direction of the alder bushes around "Swearing Creek" swimming-hole. Oh, will I ever forget those

laborious climbs up the old rail fence and the longing glances I cast in the direction of the shouts? How I wished to be a boy! Then with face smeared with red gum drops, with gold and black "tater-bugs" crawling out of my blue-checked apron pocket, and my little dog gazing up sympathetically from below, I cried and cried and cried. Cried for what? Cried for what women always cry for—their rights.

That Cur'ous Feelin'

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

When the sun gits back ter shinin'
 Like ter make this ole earth hot,
 An' the kittens gits ter whinin'
 As they pick er sunny spot,
 An' the birds gits back ter singin'
 Where the buds is bustin' out;
 When it's time fer carpet flingin',
 An' my wife's er-dustin' 'bout;
 When the yearlin's gits ter kickin'
 Dust up in the pasture lane,
 An' the biddies 'gins ter pickin'
 Fer ter find the fresh-sewed grain,
 Then I move my place of settin'
 Ter the open in the trees,
 Jist ter watch the earth er-hettin'
 An' ter smell the flower breeze;
 Fer then, like pigs that's allus squealin'
 Jist ter be jist where they aint,
 There's round' my heart that cur'ous feelin'
 Jist ter do jist what I can't.

That Haunted Plank

EZDA DEVINEY, '19, ADELPHIAN

"My land, Emmer, stop whacking on Bill like that. Don't you know grandpaw said fer me to 'tend to the drivin'?"

"Well, Buddy Skeen, I'de like to know what time tonight you're aimin' to git home. We've got to pass that ol' hanted house yit, and if I don't 'suade Bill a little it'll be dark 'fore we git there. You needn't act so mighty brave; you're as scared as I am inside and you know it. Besides, I'm not a drivin', I'm a whippin'."

"Emmer" and "Buddy" had been sent by their grandfather on an errand to a farm some three miles distant one hot August afternoon. To add more zest to the expedition they had been allowed to drive Bill, a super-annuated mule, hitched to a shackly buckboard. They had stayed longer than the time allowed them, and it was almost sunset when they started home. The road was up one hill and down another, and as Buddy, aged ten, expressed it, "bout half way home there's that hanted house." There the entire family had been killed by lightning several summers before. The gossip of the negroes who lived nearby had hung many interesting tales about this promising center. The old ramshackled house did present a ghost-like appearance as it squatted in its grim, unlighted pine grove far back from the road.

The sun had just set and the frogs were croaking mournfully as the two

children crossed the bridge over the little creek just beyond the haunted house. Buddy was whistling hard to keep up courage, while Emma was beating on the peaceful and unmindful Bill. Suddenly down the road, back of them, they heard the "flap, flap" of running feet, and the shrill cry of, "Wait there."

"Whilikins", said Buddy, as he and Emma turned timorously to see what new terror threatened. Two little negroes were flying down the hill towards them.

"You kids like to have scared Emmer to death. Want to ride?"

"Yessah, yessah," panted the ebony chip about Buddy's size. "We'se been over hepin' Mr. Hill dig his taters and he's done kep' us so long I'se afered we wan't gwine ter git no suppah."

"Aw go off Jeems Monroe," snorted Magnolia with her two years of added wisdom and insight, "don't we'uns all know that you wuz jest runnin' 'cause you's afered, and wanted to ride past this here house?"

"Climb right in behind," cut in Emma, "I'm kinder glad of more company myself;—not that I'm 'fraid, but Buddy won't do nothin' but whistle."

As old Bill started on with his increased load, Buddy seemed to be thinking. "Say, Jeems Monroe," he asked suddenly, do you suppose this ol' house really is hanted?"

"Dat I does, Mister Buddy; my brudder Sam said him and Slocum done seen a plank riz in that ol' porch one night as they is comin' from a frolic. 'Bout the same time as the plank riz somethin' up and sez 'C-r-e-e-k'. Sam 'lowed they didn't wait fer no more."

"Gee Wihlikins, do you reckon that was ol' man Smith comin' back to dig under his porch for the gold what they say is hid there?" demanded Buddy, propping his feet against the dash board and getting a better grip on the rope lines. His very attitude was expectant. His hair bristled up thru the holes in his battered straw hat.

By this time they were directly even with the old house and Bill was being lashed harder than ever by faithful Emma, while Magnolia was giving a discourse on Sam's and Slocum's worthlessness and the improbability of their having seen anything like a hant. However, two other pairs of eyes were glued on that fateful porch. Just as Buddy's and James Monroe's visions were becoming strained past their strength, up flew a plank in the old porch floor and out shot a white streak straight for the road

"Jeeminy crickets, we're done ruint now," gasped Buddy.

"Oh, Lawd, you knows we'se tried to be good," groaned both little negroes at once.

Bill, seeing the white streak and feeling the whip plied on harder than ever, then and there decided to renew his youth and a Ford had nothing on him for getting into high. With a snort he tore off, depositing two kinky heads on the floor of the buckboard and four dusky heels in the air. Buddy's hat flew back like a pop-gun wad and Emma dropped her whip to hold to the seat. None of them glanced back and not a word was spoken until Bill had finished his race of half a mile. He then resumed his walk as suddenly as he had departed from it.

"Good night," disgustedly snorted Buddy as he looked around. "Jeems Monroe that wasn't a thing but your old fox terrier that had been under the porch floor huntin' rats. Here he comes right behind us. I wasn't scared nohow."



War's Reserves

VERLA WILLIAMS, ADELPHIAN

The battle-day was ended, and the blood-drenched fields
Were seen reflected against
 the ruddy glow of evening skies
The war of King against King was done,
And one commander led two armies from
 the plains, one defeated, the other proud
But ere these passed a new commander
Had marshalled forth his troops to battle
 with Humanity that night,—
The troops their commander, War
Had long held in reserve. Their bony feet
 tracked in the late-spilled blood of men
And the wind wrapped their long black mantles
Against their ghastly limbs and in their pale
 hands they carried banners bearing:
 “Disease,” “Desolation,” “Poverty,” “Death.”
These were the reserves War brought forth
 to battle with Humanity that night.

Calories

WILLARD GOFORTH, '20, ADLPHIAN

What do you think calories look like anyway? I've heard various descriptions of them, some making them look like wiggly worms, others creepy, crawly things, and, well, any of those things that Riley describes as "things that girls are scared of." The other night I had a vision in my sleep—or rather a night mare. It was a few nights after the food conservation lecture on calories and I saw them plainly. There marched up and down over me speckled "Multilegulous" varmint with hard shell-like backs, somewhat on the order of the sheds Caesar's men used to suspend above them when they were storming a wall. Don't you remember seeing pictures of them in your Latin book? (Well, maybe the reason I do is because they used to attack me on nights when I sought my downy couch before I read my lesson). Anyway these hard backs of the calories made them look awfully formidable. Nor could the eyes of the rats from the pit in Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum" be compared unto their eyes so red and bulgy they were. To add to their horrors they all possessed little swords like those katydid's carry, which, when drawn up rattle out, "I am calorie and I am legion." Always they were were making a mad rush for my mouth which occasionally from force of habit opened wide and engulfed great numbers of them. Then the fact that I was already the host of my allotted two

thousand five hundred for the day would impress itself upon me and I would renew my defenses against the invaders. You think that it was funny that they were so willing to be engulfed? Well, it didn't hurt them for you see like Br'er Rabbit they "wuz born an' bred in a briarpatch" and weren't at home until they got there.

But the worst part about it was that not only the ones that I had had dealings with since I came to know of their being thru, the food conservation lectures were there tormenting me, but all that I had devoured in my young and innocent childhood came back on this particular night to reek their vengeance on me. Those inhabiting every grain of sugar (that I had stolen) and all the cookies and jam which had disappeared from the pantry shelf and for which, with a great show of innocence, I had helped my mother search now rushed madly upon me. Then there were the multitudinous and uncountable number who accused me of making them die useless deaths on the last twenty odd Christmases or so and various circuses and shows. It seemed that now I was in their court-room and the judge of the calories was angrily charging me with wholesale massacre of his race on certain rainy days when I had sat before the open fire for hours eating nuts, candy and oranges. In vain I plead innocence. Right valiently he told me how, like soldiers, they wanted to die for a good cause

but that the death I had brought upon many of them was shameful and unnecessary. As a punishment, he told me that the calories judge had encased me in a several-inch-thick, soft, flabby substance which fitted me, as does the cambium layer of a plant, from head to foot. O cruel, cruel punishment, for one who had committed these crimes in innocence! I was still in the courtroom before the implacable judge of the calories (who was saying that if I repeated my offense my judgment would be doubled) when I woke.

You can say all you please about your horrible childhood dreams of dogs and snakes and Indians and worlds coming to an end, but I don't believe any can rival mine in terrors. Even now when I put to my mouth a pleasing morsal, I can feel my teeth come down on these hard shell-like calories' backs—just as hard as Midas' nuggets of gold. I have seen the time when I welcomed the coming of a box of candy as a great treat, and could sit

and eat by the hours but now alas! in every piece I see the great bulging red eyes of a calorie and I hear the calorie judge threatening me with another layer of fat. Tantalus, how my heart goes out in sympathy for you! To want to eat and not be able to! And yet in a way you are more fortunate than I for things did continue to look good to you; but who can relish a piece of cake that is fairly alive with calories?

The worst part of all about it, however, is that many, many of the calories are pro-German. Somehow they try to find their way to fat old men or to school girls instead of to the men in khaki, where there little hard backs would serve as a protection. Not only are they cowards but they're German propagandists for no sooner does one get a large number of them together than they begin to make him so contented and comfortable that he loses all interest in the war. The calories, then, must be closely watched. Don't let them get the best of you.



When America Was Young

HARRIET CHRISTY—SPECIAL—CORNELIAN

There are in the western part of this state many mountains and peaks which still bear the names handed down to us from our earliest settlers—the Indians. The Indians still living in this section tell many interesting legends and stories in connection with these peaks. The legends of standing Indians and Big Bald mountains are closely connected, and carry with them interesting characteristics of the Red Men.

Long ago when our forefathers were struggling with this native tribe for possession of the land that was their home, many of the Indians sought refuge in these mountains. One band, led by their brave chief Junaluska, saw on the high mountain just before them the stately figure of an Indian, standing as a sentinel, guarding the little valley below. As they advanced the figure receded and at last disappeared. This was taken as a good omen, so they settled here to be protected by what they imagined was the good Spirit, and gave the mountain its name, Standing Indian.

Things went well with Junaluska and his band. They forgot the pale-faces with their terrible firing sticks and lived on at the foot of Standing Indian, enjoying the freedom of their hills. It was here a son was born to Junaluska. Every one in the little settlement loved this child. He was their future chief and must be taught many tricks with the bow and arrow,

and other things that only the Indians can do; and it was the great delight of every brave to do his part in training him.

It was on the birthday of the little boy that a great shadow fell upon this happy band. They were dancing around their chief to the music made by the rattling of beans in the dried gourd shells, when suddenly in the midst of it all a cry was heard, and, there, rising high above them, was a huge eagle with the chief's small son in his scaly talons. The revelry ceased; each man seized his bow and ran screaming after this Evil One. But the eagle rose higher and higher, soaring his way up the rough side of the mountain opposite Standing Indian, and then was lost from sight in the cliffs. They followed to the foot of the mountain but found it impossible to climb to the heights where the eagle's nest was hidden. Nothing was left now but to hew steps in the mountain side and if possible make pathway to the top. For days they worked, but all in vain; in no way could they reach the nest.

Then they all met with Junaluska to decide what to do. Since the child could not be recovered they must have revenge, so their chief commanded them to pray to the Good Spirit to destroy the evil bird. Each day they gathered at the foot of Standing Indian and prayed. At last a terrible storm came. The wind blew, till the last tree on the

summit was torn up by the roots, the cliffs were rent by the lightning and the eagle killed. Then the Good Spirit promised that never again would a tree grow on this peak, and today it stands with its rugged top and bare sides, and for this reason is known as Big Bald Mountain.

Ole Life

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

Ole life is jist one mixture shore,
 The more we live the more we learn,
 The more we take ter good the more
 Ole hell itself will fiercer burn.
 We's mixed up so that being good
 Jist makes us worse erlong some lines,
 And being worse, if worse we could,
 The better gits our good designs.

I's lived right much these sixty year,
 And farmin's been my only trade,
 I sees the things that's living here
 Jist like the way the Lord has made.
 And all the bad in part's the best
 And all the good's jist mixed with bad;
 Fer look, with health there comes er pest:
 The more we've bloomed, more thorns we've had.

And too much good is worser still
 Fer bad that's here and meant ter grow,
 Jist like potash fer things we till;
 Too strong burns up the seeds we sow.
 Jist like the flowers and stagnant pools,
 Ter take what's bad, the other dies.
 And if it weren't fer slime and fools
 There'd be less blooms and none that's wise.

So as fer me I takes this part,
 Fer bad's jist good that's gone erstray,
 I never tries to make er start
 Ter dodge the bad that comes my way;
 Fer dodgin' bad we're dodgin' good,
 And missin' pain we misses joy;
 And I'd not dodge, if dodge I could,
 Fer dodgin' kills each good employ.

Childhood Tales

THE "MAY APPLE" PIXIE

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

Oh, deep in the woods
 'Neath a rustic bridge
 Where tender-stemmed "May Apples"
 grow,
 There lives in a crackly, brown curled-
 up leaf
 That daintily rests on a pebble reef,
 A pixie whom all may know.

Whom all may know well
 On a jolly day
 When blest breath o' spring blows by—
 For then, in his glorious garb of green,
 Of beautiful, magical young-leaf sheen,
 He trips out to play "I 'spy."

And he frolics with glee
 In the golden glow,
 In the shade of the "May-apple" tree;
 He teases ye, laughs, and is
 Vexing ye sore,
 When quite flashy quick,
 Ye see him no more—
 Instead, a wee flow'r, waxen fair!

MR. JONAH AND HIS WHALE

NANCY YARBOROUGH, '19, ADELPHIAN

No, this story does not take place in the Bible; it happens out in the woods; woods that are full of bears, and creeping things, and chestnuts.

One day little Johnnie came running in to his mamma where she was cooking in the kitchen and said:

"Mamma, mamma, can't I go get chestnuts s'evening?"

"That you can't, sir! Don't you know there are bears and bears in that woods, and they'll eat you alive. That's what they will."

But little Johnnie asked again,

"Mamma, can't I go? I ain't afraid of no bear that ever was."

"Well, forgetting all about those bears, have you filled up my wood box yet?" demanded Mrs. Mamma.

"No'm" replied the small boy, ashamed, "but I will do't soon's I come back. Mamma, can I go?"

A short silence, then

"I'm goin' mamma."

"We-ell," said Mrs. Mamma, "but don't let the bears get you. Here take this flour sack, and if you know what's good for you, you'll bring it back full."

That was all that little Johnnie wanted. He jerked his cap on in double quick time and was out of hearing distance before you could say "Jack Snapper."

Well, on and on ran Johnnie as fast as his chubby little legs would carry him 'till he came to the dark, wild woods. He jumped over sticks and bushes, and briers 'till he came to the chestnut trees. Then he stopped and looked around him everywhere to see if there was anything, or even plain bears that would jump out and nab a fellow when he wasn't exactly looking. Johnnie was scared, and kinder wished that he hadn't come, but he was 'fraid to go back with his empty flour sack. There wasn't anything to do but start to work.

'Bout the time that the bag was most full, poor little Johnnie heard something scratching in the dead leaves behind him. That one little boy was some kind of scared. His hair stood straight up on end. His cap fell off, his knees knocked together. The thing moved around, getting closer and closer, and then out from under a bush walked the biggest, blackest bear that you have ever seen. His great green eyes looked hard at the little fat

boy, and his red tongue stuck out the corner of his mouth. Poor Johnnie couldn't move.

"What are you doing in here?" asked the bear.

"Gathering chestnuts for my mamma," came the answer in weak tones.

"Well, you will make me a fine dinner! Think I'll eat you up." growled the big, old bear.

"You'll have to catch me first," thought Johnnie as he began to run as hard as he could. The bear started in behind him as hard as he could. And there they were. Johnnie running and the bear coming right behind. Well, 'fore long, Johnnie lost his way, and there wasn't anything to do 'cept keep on running. And the poor boy was so tired! Then all of a sudden, when he wasn't looking, he stumped his toe and fell down. All was up then, he could feel the bear's hot breath no his bare legs. How he did wish he had stayed home with his mamma! Well, why didn't the bear come on and eat him? He turned his head and who do you reckon he saw standing there? Nobody but Mr. Jonah!

"Good morning, little boy," said Mr. Jonah, "What has this bear been doing to you, son?"

"Goin' to eat me up for his dinner," answered Johnnie.

"Well, no he ain't," said Mr. Jonah, "I'm going to sic my whale on him." And he did.

It was a sight worth seeing! The whale took right in after that bear, round and round in a circle, hard as he could go, lickety split! Every time they went round, the whale got closer and closer, and the bear ran harder and harder.

"Get that bear," yelled Mr. Jonah.

"Splush, splush," answered the whale, as he nabbed the bear by the tail and ate him up.

Johnnie was about the gladdest little fellow that you ever saw. He walked up to Mr. Jonah and opened his bag said;

"Have some chestnuts, Mr. Jonah. I picked them for my mamma, but I

know she'll like for you to have some."

"Thanks," responded Mr. Jonah,"

"I will take a few for my whale."

With that he walked off into the woods, calling,

"Come on, whale."

And Johnnie took the bag full of chestnuts home to his mamma.

"PRINCESS TINKLEBELL"

ELIZABETH JONES, 21, CORNELIAN

In Fairyland there lives a little fairy princess called Tinklebell. Tinklebell was just like her name—a silvery, tinkly kind of a fairy. One morning, when the Fairy Moon had hung himself away up in the sky, Princess Tinklebell was lying on her dear little fairy bed, made of rose petals, thinking very hard. This was a sign that something unusual was going to happen, for Tinklebell thought *hard* when she wanted to do anything naughty that she hadn't ever done before. Suddenly she jumped up and whirled around on the tips of her pretty little fairy slippers. She whirled so fast, that she made the fairy moon look in the window with a puzzled look on his face. He thought at first that she was a star, and he wondered how a fairy star could be out so soon. Tinklebell soon stopped whirling, and after looking all around the room, and peeping under the bed, she said in an awe-struck whisper, "I will take a sail down Rippling Water. She then tip-toed out of the palace, and in a few fairy moments, found herself on the banks of Rippling Water. Tinklebell looked every where for a boat, but could not find any. Her father, the

Fairy King, had forbidden little Princess Tinklebell to go anywhere near Rippling Water. He had the boatman, a long-legged tad-pole, to hide the boats. Princess Tinklebell however, was determined to sail on Rippling Water.

Soon she spied a beautiful fairy water-lily.

"Just the thing," she tinkled, and hopped in the lily-boat. She then pulled a long, fairy reed from the bank, for a paddle, and pulled away from the bank. At first the lily-boat turned around and around. Soon, however, it started going straight. Tinklebell paddled for a while, and then almost dropped her paddle in surprise.

"Why there is the Palace of Sleeping Beauty," she tinkled. "I wonder if she is awake yet?" Soon Tinklebell came in sight of the Three-Headed Giant's home. By standing on the edge of one of the lily petals, she could see the Giant, sleeping in the warmth of the fairy sun rays. Then she passed the house of Jack, the Giant Killer, and a little further on she saw Moother Goose, feeding her fairy geese. Tinklebell sailed on and on.

The next house she passed belonged to Little Bo-Peep. Suddenly Princess Tinklebell has a wonderful idea.

"I know what I will do," she tinkled, "I will go to see the Robber Gnomes and Elves, who live in Hidden Forest. I read about them in my little fairy book. Won't it be fine to visit them, see their caves and dens, and sit around their camp fires listening to wonderful tales that they tell?"

Just then Princess Tinklebell came in sight of the house of the Fairy Witch. "Perhaps the witch fairy can tell me where Hidden Forest is," thought Tinklebell. "I believe I'll stop and ask her." So she paddled to the bank, and hopped out. After tying her lily-boat securely, with Fairy grass, Princess Tinklebell ran up to the home of the Witch Fairy. She knocked twice before the Witch Fairy would open the door. When she did open the door, she said in an awful voice: "What do you want?"

"Will you please tell me where 'Hidden Forest' is?" said little Tinklebell. "I want to find the Robber Gnomes and Elves."

Princess Tinklebell had to give the Witch Fairy her lucky talisman—a Fairy Stone, which she wore around her neck, before the witch would tell her anything. Then the Witch Fairy said, "sail on down Rippling Water, until you come to a large grove of Fairy Trees. That is Hidden Forest. Stop there, and hunt till you find a path, leading into the woods. Follow it, and you will find the Robbers."

Princess Tinklebell thanked her politely, and ran back to her boat. Once more she climbed in and pushed off the bank. She sailed on and on, and on. Finally, she got so tired and sleepy that she curled up in the bottom

of the lily-boat and went to sleep. Two of the big lily-leaves folded themselves over her, for covers. Soon the Fairy Sun, sank lower and lower, until he was completely hidden in his bed. Then the Fairy Moon came up to take charge of the sky. The little Fairy Stars popped out one by one and tinkled when they saw little Tinklebell fast asleep in the lily-boat. The Fairy Moon saw her too, and smiled a big golden smile.

"Such a funny boat," he thought, "But," he reflected, "A funny boat suits little Princess Tinklebell, for she is a funny little fairy. I will have to take care of her, for her father and mother, the King and Queen, would be very sad if anything happened to Tinklebell. I believe I will send my fairy moon-beams to tell them that she is safe, and in my care." So the kind Fairy Moon sent the moon-beams to the Fairy King and fairy Queen. All the while, little Princess Tinklebell slept on. She was awakened suddenly by a jar of the lily-boat. It had bumped against a rock. Princess Tinklebell sat up and rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"Oh there is Hidden Forest," she tinkled, "I must be many, many fairy miles from home." She paddled to the bank and climbed out, but she was so excited, she forgot to tie the boat. It sailed on down Rippling Water by itself. Tinklebell soon found the path and started out to find the robbers. She went deeper and deeper into Hidden Forest, but being a very brave little fairy, she wasn't the least bit afraid. The Fairy Moon sent her Moon-beams down through the fairy trees to light up the path. After walking about three fairy miles, Princess Tinklebell heard something that

made her stop short. Somebody was shouting in a loud, gruff, voice. A few fairy rods away she could see a big light. Around the fire were a group of robbers. They were all talking or rather yelling, at the top of their voices. Suddenly, she heard something that made her brave little heart go pit-a-pat. One robber Gnome, bigger than the rest and evidently their chief, raised his voice above the din, and said, "Well mates are we going to do the trick tonight?" He pulled out the clock-leaf that he had stolen from Hop-O-My-Thumb, the fairy police chief, "It is now nine-o'clock. If we intend to rob the palace of the Fairy King we had better be moving. By the way, it wouldn't be a bad plan to kidnap Princess Tinklebell. The King Fairy would give us a lot of money to get her back."

Just then one of the robbers saw Tinklebell. "There she is now," he cried, and they started running toward her. One of the Fairy trees bent over and said, "Run, little Tinklebell, run,"

so Tinklebell turned and ran as fast as she could. But the robbers came closer and closer. What could she do? "Will no one save me?" panted Tinklebell. Suddenly her Fairy God-mother appeared, and snatched her poor little Tinklebell up in her arms, just as the robbers were about to grab Tinklebell. The Fairy Godmother flew to the palace, and tenderly tied little Tinklebell in her little rose-petal bed, and then flew away.

Then the Fairy King came in, and Princess Tinklebell told him about the robbers plans. The King put a guard of fairy police around the palace, and locked all the doors and windows. But the Robber Gnomes and Elves didn't come. They were scared to, for they knew that Princess Tinklebell would tell the King all about their plans to rob the palace. But Little Tinklebell stretched in her rose leaf bed, and in a sleepy, tinkly, little voice said: "O well, it was fun anyway," and then she fell fast asleep.



Locals

MISS HELEN FRASER

The College faculty and students feel that they were unusually fortunate in being able to have Miss Helen Frazer, sent out by the English government, with them on April 4th and 5th. In addition to the three splendid lectures she gave on, "Woman's Part in This War," "The Woman's Land Army" and "The Money Behind the Guns," she devoted the greater part of both days to having personal conferences with individual classes and girls, desiring special information. Miss Fraser has been and is one of the leading women of England, and to hear of her own personal experiences and of the heroic work of the women of Europe, made all of her listeners want to do more, not only in food conservation but in every way for winning this war.

COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTS "THE ADVENTURES OF LADY URSULA"

The adventures of Lady Ursula, by Anthony Hope, a very romantic play, was very successfully presented by the College Dramatic Club, on the evening of April 6th. There was display of no little dramatic ability, on the part of all the cast, and especially on the part of Misses Marguerite Jenkins, Mildred Thorpe, and Willie John Medlock. Miss Jenkins very splendidly played the part of the hero, with Miss Thorpe as Lady Ursula, who, by her extraordinary talent won admiration of all who saw her. Miss Hayes also deserves mention in the role of the

very gallant brother of Lady Ursula.

The cast was:

Sir George Sylvester

-----Marguerite Jenkins

The Earl of Hassenden,--Rouss Hayes

The Rev. Mr. Blimboe

-----Willie John Medlock

Mr. Dent-----Eliza Collins

Mr. Castleton-----Anne Newton

Mr. Devereux-----Catherine Wilson

Mr. Ward-----Minerva Jenkins

Sir Robert Clifford--Laurinda Hooks

Quilton-----Macie Parham

Mills-----Marie Richard

Servant-----Clarence Winder

Mrs. Fenton -- Mary Winn Abernathy

Dorothy Fenton-----Julia Cherry

The Lady Ursula Barrington

-----Mildred Thorpe

The play was produced by Miss Edith Russell, to whom no little credit is due for its success. The proceeds from the play were given to the Red Cross work at the College.

JUNIORS ENTERTAIN THE ADELPHIANS

On the evening of March 16th, the Adelphian Juniors presented a most delightful modern drama, "The Great Divide." The cast was:

Philip Jordan-----Virginia Walsh

Polly Jordan, Philip's wife

-----Mina Freeman

Mrs. Jordan, Philip's mother

-----Rebecca Cushing

Ruth Jordan, Philip's sister

-----Theresa Williams

Winthrop Newbury --- Mary Wooten

Stephen Ghent-----Mary Howell

Dutch-----Mary Bradley

A Mexican ----- Hilda Loftin
 A Boy ----- Marie Hodges
 Act I—Interior of Philip Jordan's
 cabin in Arizona.
 Act II—Stephen Ghent's home in the
 Cordilleras.
 Act III—Sitting room of Mrs. Jordan's
 home at Milford Corners, Mas-
 sachusetts.

The acting was good throughout and the characters were well interpreted, especially by Misses Williams and Cushing. Appropriate stage scenery helped to produce the western atmosphere, which made the play more charming. This is the first thing of its kind to appear on the Normal stage, and we hope to see more of the modern drama.

WITH THE ADELPHIANS

On March 23rd, the Adelphian Society was well entertained by a program which gave, by means of tableaux, illustrating characteristic stories, the history of the short story. The program was as follows:

- I. The Forerunners of the short story.
 1. The Bible Story—*Esther*.
 - a. The touching of Esther with the golden sceptre.
 - b. The presentation of the ring to Mordecai.
 2. The Eastern Tale—Alladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.
 - a. The appearance of the genii to Aladdin.
 - b. The death of the wicked magician.
 3. The Medieval Tale—Prologue of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.
- II. The American Short Story.
 1. A short story by a North Carolinian—"Strictly Business."

- a. Appearance of Winona Cherry, first as a country girl, then as a New York belle.
 - b. The shooting accident.
 - c. The final happiness.
2. The Modern Magazine Story—Cobb's "Boys Will be Boys."
 - a. Peep o' day before Judge Priest's desk.
 - b. Peep sharing pop-corn, peanuts, etc., with the urchins.
 - c. Peep presenting Judge Priest with all-day suckers.

The stories were read, and at intervals very attractive tableaux were presented. The selection which the audience especially enjoyed was Chaucer's Prologue. The scene was laid in "Southwark, at the Tabard." Chaucer, represented by Miss Maude Long, sat at one side of the stage, and read parts of the Prologue, as the characters appeared. Before leaving, the pilgrims sang "Barbara Allen." The characters represented were, the Knight, the Squire, the Nun, the Wife of Bath, the Monk, and the Parson. The program had genuine literary value, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be present.

WITH THE CORNELIANS

On the evening of March the 23rd, the Cornelians enjoyed a double program, part given by student members and part by one of the Cornelian faculty. The first half of the program was a debate on compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes. The debating teams from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, showed remarkable ability and training. Their speeches were well organized and developed, and the delivery of all four young ladies was remarkably easy and convincing. The rejoinders showed broad

knowledge of the subject and the ability to think clearly and quickly. Miss Elsie Yarborough's organization was particularly clear and Miss Caroline Mercer's delivery would have been convincing to the most inattentive audience. Miss Marjorie Mendenhall, having the last rejoinder, utilized it to the fullest degree.

The debaters were:

Affirmative:

Lois Wilson

Marjorie Mendenhall

Negative:

Caroline Mercer

Elsie Yarborough

The decision rendered by vote of the entire literary society, was in favor of the Negative.

The Cornelians feel that they have the making of some strong debaters in these four young ladies.

The second half of the evening brought the privilege of having Miss Clara Booth Byrd give a paper on *War Poetry*. As Miss Byrd said herself, it is only thru the poetry of a people that we read real history and the Cornelians felt that they had a rare glimpse of the spirit of the nations, as Miss Byrd read and interpreted bits of the poetry from our own wars and those of other nations, leading up to poetry of the present war. After "Little Giffin" and others of the Confederacy Miss Byrd passed to the virile, peculiarly startling poetry of the present war. Among the poems she interpreted were those of suppressed emotion, those of exalted patriotism, those of poignant pain and suggestion and even those of brutal, savage hate, produced by Germany. In peculiar contrast to the latter was *The Young Ambulance Driver*, by Charles Hanson Towne, and that exquisite expression

of the spirit of the French people, today—"Vive La France."

FIELD DAY

Friday, April 12th, was a holiday on which the students are accustomed to entering the Field Day exercises with great enthusiasm and athletic spirit. The rain prevented the expected athletic contests on the hockey field, but it did not prevent a good supply of wholesome fun which all enjoyed who attended the mock Field Day exercises, held in the Gymnasium, where many contested in such as, "the suit case race," "the crocher race," "the broad grin," etc. The highly prized cup was won by the Special Class. The regular Field Day contest in Athletics will be held some Saturday afternoon very soon.

NORMAL REGIMENT ENTERS THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE PARADE

Saturday morning, April 13th, all the leading organizations and citizens of Greensboro joined in a big patriotic parade and meeting to stimulate interest in the Third Liberty Loan drive. The Normal Regiment, led by Colonel Mary Fay Davenport on horseback, marched four abreast by companies down street, and there with the camp Lee Band, they joined the parade, which marched out to the Normal Hockey Field. After the companies, with all military rhythm and spirit, were quickly lined up on the field, and the rest of the parade had arrived, Mr. A. M. Scales, of Greensboro, made a short but thrilling patriotic introductory speech, in which he introduced the two speakers for the occasion—Mr. Charles Lapworth, former editor of the London Daily News, and Mr. Charlie Chaplin, of England.

After encouraging and praising America, and especially President Wilson, Mr. Lapworth made a very patriotic speech, at the end of which he introduced the "little man Charlie," who in spite of his inborn humor and fun, tried hard to be serious and to "get down to brass tacks" in impressing all present of the needs for a big response to this call. Everybody present was thrilled over his American patriotism, and Greensboro is expecting big results—and the Normal College will not be lacking on that big list of buyers of Liberty Loan Bonds.

SENIORS PRESENT "TRELAWNEY OF THE 'WELLS'"

On the evening of April 13th, the Senior class presented "*Trelawney of the 'Wells'*", by the well known contemporary dramatist, Arthur Wing Pinero. The play was very different from anything before presented at the college, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience, made up of students in college, people of Greensboro and many of the Carolina boys in town for the game. In the large and varied cast of the play there were characters rich in comedy, naturalism and pathos, and the theme of the play, the passing of the old transitional drama of "turgid trash," for the newer realistic school gave opportunity for representation of the old Shakespearian actors, by Mr. and Mrs. Telfer and Sir William's memory of Keene, the restoration drama of empty lines, by Ferdinand Gadd and Avonia Bunn, and the new realism by Tom Wrench and Rose Trelawney. Sir William Gower, played by Miss Eleanor Robertson, was decidedly the center of interest thruout the play, and her audience felt that she really created a character

who will live in their memories as a definite entity. Miss Lucile Reams, as Rose Trelawney, gave us an admirable bit of character development throughout the four acts and Miss Elizabeth Rountree, as Tom Wrench, the *raisonneur* of the piece, sustained a high quality of interpretive acting throughout the play. The persons of the play were as follows:

THEATRICAL FOLK:

of the Wells Theatre

Tom Wrench	Elizabeth Rountree
Ferdinand Gadd	Marie Lineberger
James Telfer	Catherine Wilson
Augustus Colpoys	Leta Tripp
Rose Trelawney	Lucile Reams
Avonia Bunn	Elsie Anderson
Mrs. Telfer	Gordon Thompson

of the Olympic Theatre

Imogen Parrott,	Laura Linn Wiley
<i>prompter at the Pantheon Theatre</i>	
O'Dwyer	Susie Brady

of the Pantheon Theatre

Mr. Denzil	Sue Ramsey Johnston
Mr. Mortimer	Margaret McIver
Mr. Hunston	Blanche Howie
Miss Brewster	Nancy Porter

NON-THEATRICAL FOLK:

Vice-Chancellor	Sir William Gower, Kt.	Eleanor Robertson
<i>his grandchildren</i>		
Arthur Gower	Clara de Foenix	Frances Walker
Miss Trafalgar Gower,	Miss Trafalgar Gower,	Bessie Brandt Brown
<i>William's sister</i>		Victoria Mial
Captain de Foenix, of the guards	Margaret Matthews	
Mrs. Mossop, a <i>landlady</i>	Bessie Parham	
Mr. Ablett, a <i>grocer</i>	Charles, a <i>butler</i>	Pauline Benton
Sarah, a <i>maid</i>	Lula Disosway	
		Kate Hunt

SYNOPSIS

Act I. The Telfer's apartment in Mrs. Mossop's lodging house in Brydon Crescent.

Act II. Sir William Gower's, Cavendish Square.

Act III. Mrs. Mossop's, in Brydon Crescent

Act IV. The stage of the Pantheon Theatre

MR. SMITH TALKS AT EASTER
SERVICE

Feeling that of all the services of the year, those at Christmas and Easter should be the most meaningful and the most inspirational, we asked Mr. W. C. Smith, of our faculty, to bring us a message at this Easter time.

On entering, each one was given a little card, on which were hand-painted Easter lilies and a short Easter message or prayer. The stage, all white and green, was beautiful with its Easter lilies, and soft candle light. Special music, in the form of an Easter cantata, was well-rendered by the Association choir. After that, Mr. Smith talked to us most beautifully and impressively, on the "Meaning of the Ressurrection." The service closed by the choir's singing softly, "My Peace I Leave with You."

Y. W. C. A.
DR. NOBLE

One of the biggest opportunities that has come to the College this year came to us during the first week of April, under the auspices of the Young

Women's Christian Association. During that time Dr. Marian Noble, of the Woman's War Work Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, gave us a series of educative and intensive lectures.

Her introductory lecture was taken up in discussing patriotism and the war from the standpoint of personal, physical well-being. Very clearly and forcefully did she point out that the war is as much a war against the social evils of civilization as anything else. Her theme might be said to be, "Making the World Safe from the Physical and Social point of view." Especially did she stress woman's patriotic duty in the effort to bring about this ideal. In by far the greater number of her lectures she discussed the problems and significance of adolescence from both the physical and the psychological point of view. To many, her discussion was truly an eye-opener. This I think, was Dr. Noble's real aim, for she said that just now we cannot close our eyes to conditions about us, and it is only through a true knowledge of conditions as they exist that we can hope to bring about any sort of reform in thought and attitude.

Her last lectures were taken up in discussing Social Morality, with regard to the man, the woman, the community and the nation. It is only when the women of our nation, and especially the college women, wake up to the need of action, are courageous and sacrificing that we can hope to effect any change in present conditions.

Exchange Department

The Trinity Archive greatly interested us this month, since it was a co-ed. number. We wondered why, in a coeducational college where men and women supposedly stand shoulder to shoulder, we should have a co-ed. number. We can not help questioning the broadness of outlook where we find a line drawn between men and women in a group where the men and women are engaged in exactly the same activities and interests. In the issue, however, we found a great deal of pleasure in *Brother o' Mine*, *The Battle Line* and *The Pass Word*, which are real poetry and a striking contrast to the other attempts at verse. *Margaret Wade Deland* is a well written essay on a woman of present day interest, and is the sort of thing we like to see in college magazines. In *A Man Belongs*, we found a very good story, tho it is a little too didactic in spots—If the attitude of the writer had been more clearly shown in the essay on Confederate textbooks, the reader would have felt less aimless as he read the very interesting facts detailed. On the whole, we feel that the women of Trinity did not do themselves justice in the other contributions and we suggest that they represent themselves in every issue in competition with the men rather than isolate their work and perhaps use material below standard to fill out a particular issue. We would like to note in closing that the articles by women in previous issues seemed to set a high standard.

We have thoroughly enjoyed the issues of the magazine from Carolina this year. We may, of course be

prejudiced;—within the family it is difficult to be otherwise. We feel however that there has been a fine spirit of patriotism ringing thru its pages which deserves no little mention. Its poetry has perhaps fallen below standard and we feel that this is a time when really exalted poetry can be written, but in the essays we have found inspiration and uplift.

The Woman's College of the state, we feel, have fallen short in this element of patriotism. We include our own publication in this accusation, and while we are making good resolutions for next year, we are asking others to join hands with us.

Since we do not hear from our State Press Association (whose president came from Davidson, we believe,) and can not meet with representatives from the various colleges and put this and other matters to the motion, may we not consider this page a forum and here launch matters of common interest from time to time. We would like to propose, then, that much more space than heretofore, be devoted to essays and articles on matters of present day, nationwide, or world wide interest. We believe the general tone of college publications would be decidedly raised by the omission of many amateurish attempts at romance and the publication in their place of orations, discussions—even debates on topics of present day importance. We move that we publish stories only when they are exceptionally good and fill our pages with vital discussions of public questions. All in favor make it known.



“The magazine is a great invention—
The College gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.”

Mr. McM.: “Miss W., will you read that selection from Stevenson.” After she had finished, Mr. McM. (absently) “Thank you, Miss Stevenson.”

Two friends trying to be very poetic and sentimental had been quoting various poets—a few minutes later Mary G. said: “Poor Evelyn Hope!”

Marguerite G.: (innocently) “What? Is she in the Infirmary?”

Senior (in T. S.—): “Well, children, name some inventions for transportation.”

Worth (very quickly) “Horses and mules.”

Extract from M. P.’s. Junior Theory Notebook: “Miss D. says to always make note of any *queries* or suggestions for children’s games—”

“Calories, calories,
Mere mention makes me blue.
In the fancy of a fat girl
What horrid shapes are you,
You threaten, you beckon;
Your number I reckon,
Till the calculation maddens me, too.
You shadow my footsteps and every-
one sees

You will drive me distracted,
O, calories!”

Ruby Sisk, '19, Cornelian.

“Tempus fugit, says the Romans,
Time is quickly passing on;

Ever coming,

Ever going,

Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But when I think of next vacation—
Poring o'er these lessons huge;

Ever longer,

Ever harder,

All I say is “let her fuge!”

Ava E. Olive, '21, Cornelian.

DE FAIR

Bill, he thinks he is a man,
Jes' caize he seen de Fair;
He acts jes' lack de richuns can,
And eben smokes a cigarin.

He brought Morandie a pictur frame,
And Susie Anne a squeedunk;
Fer Lina Bell, his city jane,
He fotch all kinds er sweet junk.

He smacks ole' gum betwixt his jaws,
And walk about so frisky;
'Twon't fer dem pro'bision laws,
I'd know he's full er whisky.

Ef dat's de way fo'ks gotta ac',
Jes' caize dey seen de Fair;
I'll tell yer dis is sho' one fac',
I ain't er gwine dare.

Elma Farabow, '20, Adelpian

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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