

State Normal Magazine

Vol. 21

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 2

CONTENTS

	Page
SPIRIT OF AUTUMN (Poem) —Mary Gordon, '18, Adelpian	32
THE PLUS STUDENT (Essay) —Caroline L. Goforth, '17, Cornelian	33
NOVEMBER (Poem) —Madelyn Thomson, '18, Cornelian	34
HEELS (Sketch) —Hope Watson, '17, Cornelian	35
A THOUGHT (Poem) —Alice Vaiden Williams, '17, Cornelian	35
THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY (Story) —E. Collins, E. Rountree, '18, Adelpians	36
NIGHT (Poem) —Caroline Goforth, '17, Cornelian	38
INITIATION (Sketch) —Sadie Fristoe, '17, Cornelian	39
THE HILLS OF THE MIDDLE GROUND (Poem) —Marjorie Craig, '19, Adelpian ..	40
THE SILVER LINING (Sketch) —Annie Lee Stafford, '19, Cornelian	41
MIRACLE (Poem) —Caroline L. Goforth, '17, Cornelian	41
“AW, SIS!” (Story) —Margaret Blythe, '17, Adelpian	42
THE HAPPIEST DAY (Sketch) —Willard Goforth, '20, Adelpian	45
WORK (Poem) —Nancy Yarbrough, '19, Adelpian	45
A SECRET (Poem) —Linnie Albright, '19, Cornelian	46
CARROTS (Poem) —Anonymous	46
EDITORIAL—	
Preparedness —C. G.	47
Sunday —F. H.	47
Our Monday Creed	47
Preparation in Dress —L. H.	48
Work —L. C.	48
Character —A. V.	49
BULLETIN BOARD	50
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT —Caroline L. Goforth, Juanita McDougald	53
NORMAL SPECIALS —Eliza Collins, '18, Adelpian	54
ORGANIZATIONS	55
ADVERTISEMENTS	

Spirit of Autumn

MARY GORDON, '18, ADELPHIAN

Come on, hurrying, dancing feet,
Wild Autumn, Spirit lone!
Clad in trailing skirts windblown,
And hair entwined with bitter sweet.
Enchanting spirit of the Fall
With laughter over bright,
Come, and trip a measure light
Lest sad tears gather to their fall.
Bright herald of Winter, brown and sere,
Beneath thy hectic mood
Vague joy and sorrow commingled broad,
Restless Gypsy spirit of the year!



State Normal Magazine

VOL. 21

GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 2

The Plus Student

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN

Study, effort, concentration, ever plying at class room tasks, ever reading correctly Latin assignments, ever working precisely the required number of Trigonometry problems, ever stating with perfection the laws of science—these things bring high scholarship, a warm exultation over self-achievement, and a realization of high mental attainment to the efficient student. And herein is the student truly efficient, being a student; but herein is the woman not efficient, being a woman. A woman must be a plus student. If she is only a student, she neglects important opportunities of enlargement of vision and of service by which the woman is made, and this is only half efficient.

In college life this enlargement of vision and opportunity of service come to the student only when she realizes and makes her own that other "good" (indefinable as it may seem) which every college offers to its students as a "good," as important as that "good" which comes from classroom work itself. Most colleges offer this seemingly intangible "good" in a most tangible manner—they offer it as the privilege of complete citizenship in the college community. The citizenship which your college offers you is just as important, and just as much to be desired, carries with it as many responsibilities and as many

privileges as any citizenship you may achieve in any town, state or nation.

In a college community every citizen is engaged in a very important, very significant business—the business of acquiring an education. But that member of the community proves herself unworthy of citizenship who, engrossed solely in her own business, neglects either to have an interest in, or to take part in the affairs of government of her community, its religious life, its literary achievements, its public welfare movements, and its common pleasures. It is almost inconceivable that such college citizens should move about in this community, *but they do*, just as in a republic, many men live, and move, and enjoy the blessings of freedom which come to them because they are a part of organized society, but never vote, never lift a hand to advance the interests of their republic, or plan for its *continuity* and welfare. Such men may be very efficient in their particular business, very efficient cogs indeed, but not efficient men; for the efficient man must be the plus man, the good citizen. The same is true of that member of a college community who plies always at her business of getting an education, and never grasps the fact that citizenship carries with it duties which she must share, and responsibilities that are her very own; for an

efficient woman must be a plus-student, a good citizen.

Whether it be a republic, or whether it be a college community, which, after all, is a republic, if the duties of citizenship are not appreciated and performed in the spirit, the life of that community becomes stale, or else its true citizens, the plus men and women, and plus students give too freely of

their time, their talents, and their energy to keep vigorous that life and spirit which oblivious members deaden by their inertia. Of the two evil results I know not which is the worse; whether to let a community die with a few dead members, or to stay alive and active through the efforts of citizens who, by keeping it alive, must neglect sorely their business. Which?

November

MADELYN THOMSON, '18, CORNELIAN

November—

For your weather cold and fair,
 For your pure, refreshing air,
 For your sunshine rich and rare,
 We're thankful.

November—

For your flow'rs which seem to cheer
 All the meadows bare and sere,
 For your fruits without a peer,
 We're thankful.

November—

For your day, Thanksgiving Day,
 On whose morn we can but pay
 Tribute to our God, and say,
 We're thankful.

Heels

HOPE WATSON, '17, CORNELIAN

There are several kinds of heels besides "Tar Heels," though you might not find it so easy to convince a Tar Heel of this fact upon the mere face of the matter. But I would not have you believe after the aforesaid manner. Life is spread before you. Where is that person who does not acknowledge that life is often concerned at the expressive revolution of the calcaneum as the man who was "face fronts" but had another idea about position? "Even the worm will turn when it is trod upon," a wise philosopher, who no doubt dealt in heels, once observed. Perhaps he was gazing upon a passing heel—or perhaps he was feeling—and, woeful truth, draws conclusions.

And what are the conclusions drawn as it comes by—this parade of imaginary heels; low heels, medium heels,

high heels, high-plus heels, and the heels which have known the dear days of "plusness." The low-heeled maiden swings along. Athletics is the thought. "Or perhaps," the commentator says, "she knows the Corn Laws or Bunyan's (Pilgrim Progress). "The golden mean," loudly shouts the medium heel. The high heel tells us there is a girl in the shoes who prides herself in dress, and gazing in the mirror is a pleasant vocation. Those heels which were "high plus" and now are rapidly approaching the ground as a limit solve and check the maiden as one who once indulged in mirrors, but now soars and lives only in regions of parallelo-pipeds, magnetic dips, and theory of exponents.

Truly, there is much of life's philosophy in heels.

A Thought

ALICE VAIDEN WILLIAMS, '17, CORNELIAN

If 'neath my wall should blossom
 A flower, sweet and rare,
 I'd bring it to your gateway,
 It's fragrance sweet to share.

If in my soul I cherished
 A thought, pure, calm, and wise,
 I'd bring it out where you could see;
 'Twould smile deep in my eyes.

The Unknown Quantity

E. ROUNTREE, E. COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIANS

"Isn't it divine?" murmured Billy Rankin, as she carefully balanced herself on the window ledge, "but, oh, if we could only be a little nearer. Oh Nancy, did I tell you that that good-for-nothing brother of mine is playing out here? I wish *I* were the musical member of the family and then I would be over there this minute. There goes that wonderful cornet again. Don't you suppose we might just walk a little way and listen?"

"Billy," said Nancy, reprovingly, "we mustn't break study hour again tonight. You surely seem to be enamored of that horn. It really is too bad that you can't be there to see the player's inflated cheeks! Close that window now and let's study physics—quiz first thing in the morning, you know."

"You heathen, to pull me back into the sordid realms of *physics*," she grumbled as she obediently closed the window and picked up the text-book from the table. All was silent for a few minutes. Then, as an entrancing snatch stole through, or rather under, the window, Billy slung her book aside saying:

"Nancy, I cannot stand it! If you won't come with me, I am going alone. I have got to hear that waltz!"

Nancy sighed, laid down her pen, and slowly rose to her feet.

"Well, if you must, I suppose you can't go by yourself. But remember, we are to stay only a few minutes."

Slipping out of the building, the two were soon hurrying toward the assembly hall where the weekly orchestra practice, with some additions

of downtown men, was being held. The usual line of machines was out in front and the two girls, picking out the smartest looking, a dark green roadster, climbed in. They listened intently for a few minutes, when Billy, sniffing delightedly, exclaimed:

"There are *grapes* in this automobile! Don't you smell 'em?"

"Let's investigate," returned Nancy, and the two began excitedly to poke about in the bottom of the car. When Nancy victoriously brought them forth, the pair fell to them with a vim. As the last one disappeared, Billy said, sighing:

"Aren't you *glad* we came? This beats even the cornet."

Nancy suddenly sensed her surroundings and exclaimed, "Yes, but we had better make a clean get-away while we can. They will be out now pretty soon."

"Nancy Battle," broke in the other, "*do* you realize that we have *stolen* these grapes? The only decent thing to do is to scribble a line of thanks to the poor robbed man."

Without more ado a note was printed hastily to this effect:

"The music was fine, but the grapes were better. Do you by any chance play a cornet? Thankfully,

Two Unknown Quantities, *x* and *y*."

This was carefully attached to the handle of the despoiled basket and placed in a conspicuous place.

At the time of the next orchestra practice, the two girls, unable to resist the thrills of a repetition of their adventure, were found exploring the dark region about the starter and

brakes of the same innocent little machine.

"Oh, look," exclaimed Billy, as she straightened up, flushed, but triumphant, "it's Nunnally's this time!"

"How big?"

"*Five pounds*," thundered the reply, "and here's a *note!*"

"Oh, do hurry and let's have it," giggled Nancy, "you are too slow for anything!"

"Billy, leaning as far forward to the arc light as possible, read aloud:

"Some folks like adventure, some folks like music, and some like candy better than both. I endeavor to play a cornet. Why?"

The other unknown quantity, *z.*"

Billy finished triumphantly and looking past Nancy caught the cold gleam of a pair of watching eyes. There was no mistaking—the dean, their acknowledged enemy, possessed the only pair of green eyes on the campus. Billy uttered a terrified little shriek and clutched her companion's arm, whispering:

"It's Miss Wendell, we are lost!"

"Maybe she doesn't recognize us. Let's run," gasped the horrified Nancy, as she made a grab for the candy and leaped to the pavement. The pair had hardly taken a dozen steps when a cold voice announced with precision:

"You need not run. I know who you are."

The words served only to increase the speed of the flight. Arriving in their room, breathless, the culprits sank in a terrified heap.

"It's home for us this time for sure," gasped Billy as soon as she could speak. "The faculty have stood as much as they will, already."

Their fears were realized when a restriction of two months duration was doled to them with the severest, most grieved of lectures. They tried pleadings with tears and promises, they

tried cajolery, but all in vain—the long-suffering dean was obdurate.

In the meantime, the cornet player in the case had heard that two girls in school were in trouble over some study hour pranks. He inquired further and found that the tale exactly fitted in with his own experience. He tried every conceivable way to find out who the girls were and even wrote the dean to assure her that the whole affair was absolutely harmless. He felt in large measure responsible, so as a last endeavor to get the girls out of the scrape, he decided to call on Dr. Smithson, the rector.

One beautiful fall afternoon Billy and Nancy were having tea with Mrs. Smithson, a dear little lady who had not yet forgotten her own school days. The doctor was entertaining a caller in the study so could not be with them to hear from Billy's own lips the exciting tale. Just as the climax was reached the door opened and the maid announced:

"De Doctah say will yo' all please come in de study. Miss Billy's brother is here."

"Oh, wonderful," cried Billy, "but *what* will my esteemed family say when I have to tell them what idiots we've been?"

Greetings over, the party sat down as the doctor said with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"Miss Billy, your brother has an important request to make of you, and I think you will be able to help him. Go on, Bob."

Bob: "Sis, you know I've always been a good brother to you and I'm in the deuce of a mess!"

Billy, sarcastically: "That especial talent must be hereditary, anyway, go on."

"Well," he questioned, "what have you done now?"

"I suppose I might as well break the news," sighed Billy. "Well, it's this

way: I have had a rather good adventure, at least I thought so until a few days ago. You see, Nancy and I are restricted all because we left a couple of notes in a cunning roadster in front of the assembly hall on orchestra nights. Of course, we had to slip out during study hour, but really there was no harm done. We just ate up some boy's grapes and he didn't seem to mind because he left a note himself the next time with a wonderful five pound box of Nun-

nally's. It really was beginning to be terribly interesting and that awful Miss Wendell had to go and catch us. Now it's *all* over and we are in no end of trouble. Disgraced for life—just my luck!" she concluded mournfully.

Bob's face had acquired a strange expression during the recital and at the end he could stand it no longer.

"Billy," he seized her arm excitedly, "This beats all. I am the unknown quantity."

Night

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN

Nighttime, and rest from daytime cares,
 And peace of darkness, strong and deep,
 Quiet, and calm, and winds that breathe
 And soft dew, restful as sweet sleep

Come to me, weary, tired and dumb
 Like magic. Sloth and tiredness flee.
 Clarity of vision, firmer faith,
 And keener thoughts take hold of me .

My mind throws off its gathered scum;
 Clear now I see things hid complete
 By day-time glare; and day-time tasks
 All stern, by night seem strangely sweet.

Nighttime and peace of soul, and rest
 Of body tired from toil, and deep
 Clear thoughts to plant in untilled soil.
 Of daytime—then sweet sleep.

Initiation

S. FRISTOE, '17, CORNELIAN

Some sages in our midst go so far as to say that half of the joy, *or otherwise*, of an experience is the anticipation of it. Now, to be sure, by human-kind, experienced and unexperienced, and by goat-kind, always experienced, is the anticipation of initiation especially pertinent.

The old girl, or the experienced, has her anticipation highly seasoned with memories, which make her full of sympathy for the new girl. Does she not remember those nerve-racking pictures she, herself, conjured up in the wee small hours of the night? How vividly she saw her mad flight through mid-air, seated near or on the caudal appendage of a ripping, snorting, billy goat? To this day she can remember how she dreaded going to sleep at night in case she should not remember the laundry list in the morning!

But perhaps in this day and time, the new girl is braver. Perhaps she does not dread the "William-goat" nor the greasy pole. Yet she had made various and sundry suppositions as to the behavior of the goat; the advisability and necessity of the "gym." suit; the date of the occasion.

We may think the old girl and the new girl anticipate initiation, but their anticipation is nothing in comparison with that of the billy-goat. His leads to strenuous preparation. In order to produce muscle instead of fat, he must "simply gorge" on tin cans and red flannel shirts. Systematic exercises must be taken in butting, turning somersaults in mid air, and in running the fifty-yard dash. But his secrets are his own—we must not intrude. Yet we must remember if we are "simply thrilled" at the word initiation, so is the goat.

Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more;
talk less, say more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

The Hills of the Middle Ground

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

Behind us lie the mountains,
 Towering silently.
Upon the shore the sounding surf
 Beats eternally.
But 'round us stretch the smiling hills
 Where answering smiles abound ;
For Tar Heels love their native hills,
 The hills of the middle ground.

Ever new and changing,
 And yet ever the same.
Their soft spring tint no brush can paint
 Nor wondrous autumn flame,
As through their valleys, widening streams
 Splash on with joyous sound,
They leave behind a cooling kiss
 On the hills of the middle ground.

While the glow of the summer sunset
 Is mingling with the gray,
The mists ascend from the hollows
 And the whispering breezes play.
The firefly swings his flashlight
 Over slopes where cattle graze,
And through the hush of the twilight
 Sounds a gladsome hymn of praise.

Praise to the God of all life,
 Who blesseth the labor of men ;
Who filleth their borders with plenty,
 And followeth the flood and the rain
With his wonderful rainbow of promise,
 And the peace he alone can send.
'Tis the happiest of this wide land,
 The hills of the middle ground.

The Silver Lining

ANNIE LEE STAFFORD, '19, CORNELIAN

The first "cloud" of the day is not seen, but heard, in the form of "prep.," which, in sending forth its unwelcome call, rouses us from dreams of home, of wonderful lands where math. is an unknown quantity, where every night is a Saturday night and every day a holiday, to a petty round of tasks to be performed, to a sordid existence at best. The lining of this cloud is breakfast, not the sumptuous meal itself, but the coming in contact with some one who knows just about as much, as little, rather, about the day's work as you do. This restores self confidence and happiness reigns.

The monotony of the days is recorded in the almanac as "rainy days." The dull, cloudy days accompanied by low mutterings of thunder are the tests which come. These days are sure weather signs of the big storms—the examinations. Finally, however, the sun comes out and we are happy; for a holiday has arrived. Then we are so free from care that each of us gets up with the feeling expressed in the lines:

"I arose at dawn and fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor bar,

And reached the ship and caught the
rope,
And whistled to the morning star."

There is one time in the weather of our scholastic year when the silver lining precedes the cloud, when the rainbow comes before the rain. This time is Christmas, which fortifies us for that tempest, cyclone, earthquake and tornado which, combined, make up midterm examinations. This great upheaval is followed by a gentle shower of soft white flakes about two by three inches, adorned with 5s and 6s.

One cloud is hanging black and ominous just now, the cloud of initiation. Behind this cloud there is a rainbow. Half of the girls will follow the rainbow to one end and half to the other; but there is a brimming pot of gold at each end.

The latest weather forecast for North Carolina's State Normal girls says: Many clouds, some rain and snow, and a few storms; but
"Be still, sad heart, and cease repin-
ing,
For every cloud there's a silver lin-
ing."

Miracle

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN

I went into the woods today
Unnerved;
My brain was tired, my strong faith
Swerved.

I came out of the woods today
Calm;
My spirits soothed, and in my heart
A psalm.

“Aw, Sis!”

MARGARET BLYTHE, '17, ADELPHIAN

Camden's younger set was in quite a commotion. There was but one topic of conversation among the girls, an answer to the question, "What will you be?" A question always asked with a rather worried, puzzled expression, indicating previous consideration of the same. As for the boys, the usual remark at meeting was: "Oh, awful lot of trouble, but we will have to rig up somehow." And the wherefore of all this? A quite sufficient wherefore. Mrs. Clegg had just issued invitations to her long promised Fourth of July dance, which was to be a costume affair strictly masque—lot of guests, and the first masque dance in several years.

In the later part of the afternoon on the McAlpins' porch, Clary McAlpin, his sister, Anna, and several others were playing bridge, but the silence necessary to the proper playing of bridge was frequently punctured. For instance, "Clary, do you suppose I could get a costume from the costumers at Nixon on time? What was led?"

"Anna, I do wish you would pay attention. You're bad enough bridge player anyway. Hearts were led."

"Auntie, can't you get the lead in your hand? Five is my book, isn't it?"

Impatiently pushing back his chair Clary answered, "Yea, don't chatter so much. I don't believe you will ever learn to play bridge."

A telephone bell calling Anna interrupted and Clary listened with impatience to the one-sided conversation that followed, expressing his impatience in various remarks to his

aunt. "Anna will gossip till supper. She does talk the most! Telephone or anywhere."

"But Clary, Anna is discussing with Helen plans for their costumes. It is quite important."

"You'd think so from the fuss she's making—just like her."

Anna on returning had announced that Helen had asked her and Clary to come around after supper for a little music and dancing for two or three couples. As brother and sister approached the Mayhew's later in the evening they knew the gayety had started, for the Victrola was doing valient service. From the broad front porch of soft lights and roomy chairs laughter and gay bits of conversation floated out to them.

"Oh, we're so glad you've come. What are you two going to be? Anna, come sing for us," was the chorus that greeted them.

"For my sake, at least," remarked the big brother of their household. "Helen has been trying to, but I was about ready to leave."

Presently the chairs were pushed back, the Victrola was turned on again, and soon the guests, host and hostess were engaged in the various versions of the foxtrot. Perhaps it was because they seemed to use the same combination of foxtrot steps that Dick danced most of the time with Anna—perhaps it was some other reason. And in spite of the fact that Dick had, earlier in the evening, repeatedly told Helen that she didn't "do the thing right at all and was deucedly hard to lead," the lady mentioned seemed very much in demand as a

partner, particularly by Clary McAlphin, who quite monopolized her.

As they straightened the chairs several hours later Dick remarked to Helen:

"Anna McAlphin is some attractive girl; she is lively, talks a lot, and never leaves a fellow to make conversation."

"But Dick, you are always telling me not to talk so much and saying you can't stand people whose tongues are always going," cried Helen.

"Well, aw, sis—a—that's different. Have you got your costume for the dance yet?"

"No. I just know I want something blue."

"Aw, sis, why don't you quit wearing blue all the time. Try yellow some. It's a whole show prettier."

(Note: Anna McAlphin usually wore yellow, and as an explanation it had never occurred to Dick that Helen was a perfect blond and Anna a decided brunette.)

The next morning there was a run on the drug store for crepe paper, and the leading department store telegraphed for more black calico and also a bunch of masques. As Anna and Helen walked down the street at 10:30 they still looked puzzled.

"Anna, have you an idea you have not already torn to pieces?"

"Yes, one lone one, a crepe paper dress of soft lavender shade and cap of green, violets in my hair—representing a violet, you see. Oh, mercy! I believe I'll go and do it."

"I think that would be very attractive, use it. I've about decided on goldilocks, a short blue dress, a childish bonnet of blue and a teddy bear to carry."

"Oh, precious!"

"But Dick said 'don't wear blue!' He's never satisfied with what I do or say," laughingly, "he always quotes you as a model."

"Clay to a T. I can't play bridge, talk, ride or do anything to suit him. You hate to be so a—a, oh, so obnoxious to your brother. He quotes you, too."

"It isn't very pleasant to have your 'bud' always fussing either," sighed Helen.

"No, but you know, I think sometimes—by way of consolation—that maybe it's just because we're their sisters."

"Maybe—but, Anna, I hate it. Still I can't please him however hard I try, and what shall I do?"

"I'm going to break Clay," declared Anna. "I don't know exactly how." Suddenly, "Helen, I have an idea!"

"What, on the dresses or critics?"

"Both! Oh, exactly! The fun it will be. Listen."

However, we cannot listen, for the girls have entered a store, so we can only surmise.

Picture the big reception hall—almost lobby—of Mrs. Clegg's home, brilliantly but softly lighted by swinging lanterns of red, white and blue colors that were reflected in the glistening floor beneath. Listen to the entrancing orchestra that seemed to say, "Come, one-step with me. I know you can't resist," the rise and fall of happy laughing voices, for the room was filled with gaily dressed figures in masque floating around waiting for the dancing to begin. In one corner a cowboy was flirting violently with Mother Goose, and in another Dr. Domino was trying to secure every third of Miss Gypsy's dances. Pinks, roses, colonial dame, French count, lord in blue and silver, all were in the brilliant assemblage.

Outside by the hatracks a troubadour with his guitar across his shoulder asked a gaily clad Russian count at his side:

"Did you finally get Helen here?"

"Yes," grumbled Sir count, commonly known as Dick Mayhew. "However, as usual I had to wait a week for her."

"You'd better be glad she doesn't start at sunset like Anna," answered the troubadour. "What is she to be?"

"Made me swear I wouldn't tell, but don't imagine she'd mind you knowing. Dolled out in some kind of lavender paper and green somewhere about it—supposed to be a flower. What does Anna look like?"

"Short blue dress with a big bonnet effect and carrying a bear."

"Guess we'll know them all O. K.," drawled the glittering count.

In a moment the dancing began, the maze of color turned and whirled in rhythm with the throbbing music. In the first dance, the second and most of the others the troubadour might be seen dancing with the violet. In fact, they were even discovered sitting out a *one-step* on the steps to the rose garden. Along with various pretty speeches the troubadour might have been heard to murmur, as he twirled the violet around in a waltz:

"You are dancing wonderfully tonight, but as for that you always dance well."

And Goldilock's card was largely a succession of L. Z. (Lord Zorewesky of Russia). One time the initials were C. Mc. In other words, the count was giving Goldilocks a dead

rush. When she didn't have a dance with him, he usually broke on the encore anyway, and thanked his lucky stars and Dick that he knew how Helen was dressed, for the Goldilocks was completely covered, face, hair and all.

When the intermission and refreshments arrived, the count and Goldilocks were again together, and having chosen two *quiet* porch chairs, the count proceeded to insist that she be his partner in the final wind up, the grand march. It's true, Goldilocks had made some rather puzzling remarks in the course of the evening, but really to the count she had never seemed so witty and so entertaining. However, she answered the grand march question quite satisfactorily, with a "If you like." A violet around the corner had just given a similar answer to the troubadour.

At a late hour the music called the reluctant guests to the grand march, meaning unmasking at its close and then with a deep bow "after the dance." Behind the count and goldilocks came the troubadour and the violet. Up and down moved the long dazzling line until finally with a crash the music ended. Then a moment's tugging and off came every masque. Helen bowed to Sir Dick and Anna to Clary. As for the boys, each one's mouth fell open with an astonished "Aw, sis!"

Find the best that's in a human life, and appeal to that

—Thos. Mott Osborn.

The Happiest Day

WILLARD GOFORTH, '20, ADELPHIAN

One day of my life stands out for its brimming fullness of pleasures. It seems to me as though it was absolutely perfect; for as I look back on it there was nothing from daylight until dark that marred my happiness, not a call to do a chore, not one "bring back" to the world of grown-ups. This memorable day came in that far distant period "when I remember to have been joyful and free from care." We were planning a doll wedding than which no more serious affair had ever occurred. All morning, as expert dress makers, we fashioned, cut, sewed on the most elegant trousseau that ever a young lady possessed. Then we were milliners. And such hats! Plumes obtained from chasing the old rooster, floated from every fitting angle. Next we ravaged

fields and forest for flowers, moss, and leaves to convert the playhouse into the veritable Eden it was. Moreover, the dining room and kitchen were raided and forthwith bread became cake; onions, ham; apples, ice cream; water, punch; and so on until we had a groaning board. The ceremony was impressive—and entirely original, for none of us had seen a real wedding. The bride was the delight of my life. How wonderfully beautiful she looked in her satin dress and long veil of window curtain laciness! What could have more fittingly ended the day than the couple speeding away in an elegantly lined shoe box on their wedding tour. Then we—well we were put to bed. And the evening and the morning was the preparation and the wedding and—my happiest day!

Work

NANCY YARBROUGH, '19, ADELPHIAN

I'm tired of work. It ain't no fun
Gettin' up mornings before the sun,
Copyin' math. with a no 'count pen.
Wish't I was home.

There ain't no chance for a bonehead like me
To eer git through, as I can see.
It's work from mornin' until night,
Losin' my temper and appetite.

Be careful, girl; watch what you say,
Who gave you license to talk that way?
Put interest and self in your work each day,
And courage and joy will be your pay.

A Secret

LINNIE ALBRIGHT, '19, CORNELIAN

Dem's de funnies' girls I evah seen,
 Dey's quare es day kin be.
 Do dey sho' nuf think a Freshman's green?
 Dey looks puore white to me.
 An' I ain't by myself atall,
 Don't dey look white to you?

Hit sho' seem like ef dey *wuz* green
 Dey'd show hit by dey skin.
 If green de yis, it's gwine be seen
 Dey's white, puore white widin.
 I'll tell a secret to you-all,
 Ef you ax me a thing or two.

Now tellin' secrets ain't perlite,
 But I ain't so powerful swell,
 An' ef you'll set an' listen right,
 Hyer's what I's got to tell;
 An' I ain't by myse'f atall:
 I druther be green dan blue.

Carrots

ANONYMOUS

It's easy for some folks to smile all day
 And be in love with all humanity;
 But then there's other folks just can't be gay
 With freckley nose and hair just carroty.

Folks talk 'bout smiles till setting of the sun
 And say, "When luck's wrong, keep a sunny air."
 But s'pose your luck is always on the run
 Scared off by freckly nose and carrot hair?

But easy things don't count much in the race,
 At least I've found it true;
 So if you have red hair and freckled face
 I put this up to you.

What though your nose *is* full of freckles brown,
 What though your hair *is* red!
 Just grit your teeth and smile at all around,
 And see how it will spread.



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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

Board of Editors

Cornelian

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, '17, *Chief*
JUANITA McDUGALD, '17
MARGARET GEORGE, '18

Adelpian

MARGARET BLYTHE, '17
ELLEN ROSE, '17
ELIZA COLLINS, '18

Business Managers

EVELYN McCULLERS, '18, *Assistant*

KATIE PRIDGEN, '17, *Chief*

VOL. XXI

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 2

Preparedness is of no more importance in the lofty realms of governmental departments than it is in the plain, every day doings of simple college folk. Preparedness and success have come to be almost synonymous terms. Realizing how important this great ideal is to real effective college life the editors of the Magazine have attempted to give you the ideas of representative members of our college community on ways and means of attaining preparedness in different phases of college life.

c. g.

In this day of preparedness when time must be dealt out with great definiteness and preciseness if everything the busy college girl has to do is done, nothing is more important than time budgets. Time budgets insure work done, and well done. In preparation for the school day, a time budget is indispensable; for in no other way can the great miscellany of college tasks be accomplished. And then comes Sunday. I wonder if any one ever thought of a time budget for Sunday—and why not? Surely there is need for a definite apportionment of time for preparation for this day if it be worthy of the name *Sabbath*.

ation for this day if it be worthy of the name *Sabbath*.

The Young Women's Christian Association has endeavored to help us find definite Sunday work along a line which, if followed, promises spiritual growth. This line of work comes in the form of splendid courses in Bible study taught in the various Sunday schools of the city. Teachers of broad sympathy and consecration conduct these classes. The work offered is of that nature that commands definite study, thought and intelligence. A wonderful opportunity this scheme presents for an earnest preparation for Sunday—a soul preparation that every girl needs. Let us go very carefully over our time budgets and if necessary readjust them in order that the Sunday time budget may be made possible. Surely this would be worth while.

F. H.

I believe in blue Mondays. Such being the case, I fritter away my Saturday afternoons. On Sundays I take too much food and too little exercise and wholesome rest. When Monday comes if the sun shines very

**OUR MONDAY
CREED**

bright, and the birds sing unusually well, I sometimes forget and act as though I were happy; but this is not my rule—but rather to be glum and miserable—never to answer a question and seldom to appear interested.

A wonderful creed this, don't you think? Wonderfully stupid and inappropriate for supposedly wide awake college women. Neither am I alone the possessor of such a creed—the whole of us students, with the exception of a few happy ones, alike share it.

“Let's throw it away, girls. Let's put our enthusiasm and energy to the task of abolishing “blue Monday.” And how?—by preparedness for Monday's tasks. ?

There is much value attached to dress, and justly so—value from the standpoint of comfort, beauty and dollars and cents. Yet there is constant danger in rating value; the best value does not mean high price always, but reasonable price. The spending of the least money for clothes, with the results of comfort, womanliness, and beauty marked by fineness of fit, harmony and delicacy displays a woman's wisdom.

The purchasing and the making of the right kind of clothes does not conclude the matter of being well dressed. No, take care, lest your carelessness destroy real fineness of your clothes. If you wear them wrinkled, pinned on askew, dusty, and accompanied by unpolished shoes, tousled hair, and unkept nails the beauty and fineness of your most exquisite dress is destroyed. Likewise in the simplest dress you may be “well dressed” if care is taken of the minor essentials.

An exquisite daintiness and neatness of appearance may be every girl's possession. Elaborateness is never to be coveted; it seldom adds to the sense

of being “well dressed” which gives us that feeling of “inward tranquility” described by Emerson as being the possession of the well dressed person.

L. H.

In no phase of college life is the slogan *Preparedness* of more importance than in college work; in no phase will strict adherence to this slogan bring better, more far-reaching results.

There is such a great miscellany of tasks for the college student to do. There is class room work, and work on multitudinous committees of multitudinous organizations that claim our attention and time. A good honest preparation of ourselves for our work is verily of great importance, of as great importance as the arranging and designing of time budgets for our several tasks. To my mind the three essential qualities of real preparation for work are the cultivation of a willing spirit, the gaining of the power of concentration, and the training of ourselves for great endurance and perseverance.

Without a willing spirit no task is ever well performed, for tasks grudgingly done had best been left undone. I know of no better rule to offer for acquiring the willing spirit than the adoption of the “smile habit,” preceded by a general mental house cleaning.

Concentration—let the psychologist tell us how to acquire this great asset to preparation for work. Let me advise you of the fact that once you obtain it, use it. Never let the habit leave you. If you do, then, goodbye success.

Perseverance is ours only as we persevere. Every day gives us training in gaining this important essential; every day tests our progress. Let us not be cowards. Let us meet our tasks bravely and courageously.

In conclusion, if preparedness is to be a great strong plank in our platform of college work we must have a willing spirit, the power of concentration and the will to persevere in all things. If we properly cultivate these qualities while in college, we will be better able to do, not only our college tasks, but also that work which awaits each one of us somewhere "out in the wide, wide world."

L. C.

College life, like all other phases of our life, is full of ups and downs, and the girl who has character prepared for these vicissitudes is the girl who makes a success of her college career.

The girl who is *prepared* meets triumph and disaster with the same calm philosophy. When she fails on a subject, instead of giving up, she grins and goes to work again, "with a heart

for any fate," for she realizes that it is what she *knows* that counts and not the various symbols she receives, supposedly the numerical equivalent of her amount of knowledge. If this girl has "greatness thrust upon her"—is getting good marks and other college honors, she realizes that "where much is given much is required," and conducts herself accordingly.

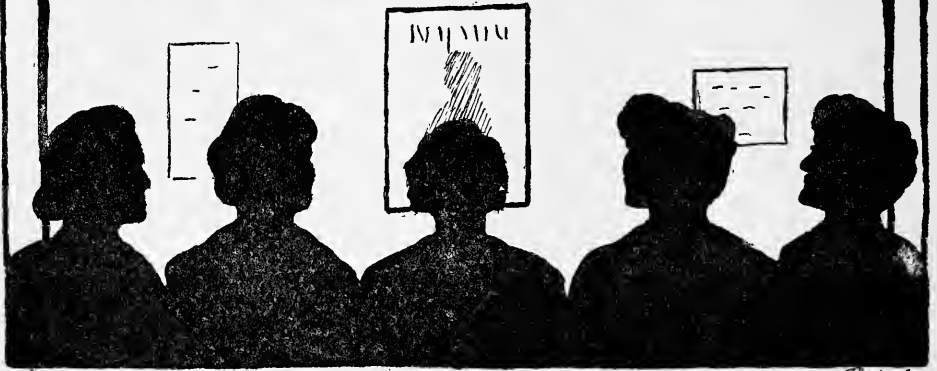
The prepared character is ready for the little things of the day. No class finds her with work undone, no opportunity for service passes unheeded. Sometimes in almost every one's day there is a bit of lonesomeness. The girl who is ready with just the right kind of smile, a word of sympathy, or cheery greeting for everybody makes not only college life brighter and happier, but she is preparing for herself the personality of a character that will be or is surely hers for all time to come.

A. V., '19.

A high brow is a man who is educated above his intelligence.

—*Brander Matthews.*

BULLETIN BOARD



The city of Greensboro, the Normal and the Greensboro College for Women joined in the enjoyment on the evening of October 5th of a recital by Madame Maud Powell, given at the opera house of Greensboro at that time.

As Madame Powell's recital was one of the numbers of the lyceum course of our college, nearly every student was present to enjoy the musical treat which all knew was in store.

While Madame Powell's program

by no means catered to the popular taste, so perfect was her technique and so vivid her interpretation of her numbers that the most uninitiated could not fail to be carried away.

The student body felt particularly fortunate in the last number of our lyceum course. Dr. Mawson's marvelous motion pictures, showing in a most interesting way all the peculiar animals and plants of the arctic regions. These things were held together by an interesting tale of adventure of the explorers.

With the Societies

Adelphian Literary Society

On the evening of October 13, 1916, the Adelphian Literary Society held its annual initiation. After the chamber of horrors had been visited, the Adelphians, old and new, adjourned to the dining hall, where the society's annual banquet was held. The tables, arranged in the shape of a diamond, carried out the idea of the society pin, and were beautifully decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. In the center of the hall was the Adelphi Greek temple, whose massive white columns were entwined with

southern smilax. Screened by a bank of palms, the orchestra added the charm of music to the occasion. The evening was spent in delightful feasting, material and immaterial. The *material* feast consisted of:

Chicken Salad		Sandwiches
	Olives	
Orange Ice		Cake
	Coffee	
	Mints	

The *immaterial* consisted of the following toastes, with Miss Elizabeth

Moses as toastmistress, gracefully presenting each toaster:

Our New Adelprians

Louise Maddrey
 Response Annie Bernard Benson
 Our Guests Laura Linn Wiley
 Response Edith Avery
 Adelpri Sara All
 Response Greek dance
 Sister Cornelians . . Frances Morris
 Response Flora Garrett
 The Faculty Martha Blakeney
 Response Miss Severson
 The Press Annie Folger
 Response Mr. G. W. Johnston

The dancers were: A. L. Bonney, B. Alexander, O. Cox, A. Daniel, A. Hathaway, L. Howell, M. Howell, E. Kennette, M. Kennette, L. Lytle, A. Picket, M. Smith, R. Symes.

On the evening of Saturday, October 28, the Seniors of the Adelprian Literary Society delightfully entertained in honor of the new members. The patriotic drama, "Nathan Hale,"

was presented in the auditorium, starring Frances Morris in the title role. Kate Jones played opposite as "Alice Adams," with a charming vivacity seldom seen on the amateur stage, while Annie Folger acted well the despicable part of chief Tory, "Guy Fitzroy." The principals in the cast are as follows:

Nathan Hale Frances Morris
 Ebenezer Lebanon Elsie Sparger
 Guy Fitzroy Annie Folger
 Colonel Knowlton Flossie Harris
 Captain Adams Nancy Stacy
 Tom Adams Marianne Richards
 Charles Cunningham. Bessie Whitson
 Alice Adams Kate Jones
 Mistress Knowlton. . Margaret Blythe
 Angelica Knowlton. . Louise Maddrey
 Widow Chichester . . . Katie Pridgen

Between the acts the society orchestra rendered many of our best loved national melodies. After the program the guests were served with delicious refreshments in the society hall.

Cornelian Literary Society

On the night of October 14th, the Cornelian Literary Society opened its doors to one hundred and sixty-nine new members. After the encounter with the goat and greasy pole, the members, new and old, including many alumnae, who had returned for this occasion, joined other guests in the college sitting rooms whence they made their way to the banquet hall.

Here in the soft glow of candle light the guests gathered about the tables decorated in smilax and yellow chrysanthemums, and to the accompaniment of music from an orchestra behind palms, an hour and a half was spent in delightful social intercourse.

The menu cards of leather carried out the shape of the society pin and bore the following menu:

Fruit Cocktail
 Pressed Chicken Wafers
 Olive Sandwiches Stuffed Celery
 Peach Cream
 Gold and Silver Cake
 Cafe Noir Mints
 Miss Maggie Staton Howell graciously presided as toastmistress, introducing the following toasts:
 The Latest Link in our Chain
 Miss Laura Holt
 Response Miss Hazel West
 Our Recent Foe, the Greasy Pole
 Miss Sadie Lee Holden
 The Adelprians
 Miss Katherine Phillips
 Response Miss Louise Howell
 Service Miss Carrie Goforth
 Response Dr. Anna M. Gove
 Cornelia Miss Eleanore Elliot

Honorary Members

Miss Wilma Green

Response Miss Mary Van Poole

Our Friends

Miss Alice Vaiden Williams

Response Mr. C. M. Waynick

America Miss Minnie B. Long

After the regular business meeting on October 28th, the Cornelian Seniors entertained the society. The Grecian comedy, "Pygmalion and Galatia," was charmingly presented by the following all-Senior caste: Pygmalion, an Athenian sculptor

Grace Lucas

Leucippe, a soldier Estelle Dillon

Chrysos, an art patron

Carrie Goforth

Agesimos, Chrysos' slave

Hattie L. Horton

Mimos, Pygmalion's slave

Gladys Emerson

Galatea, an animated statue

Maggie S. Howell

Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife

Alice Poole

Daphne, Chrysos' wife

Sadie Fristoe

Myrine, Pygmalion's sister

Minnie B. Long

Pygmalion, the inspired sculptor, was well done by Miss Lucas. Misses Dillon, Goforth, and Howell are of dramatic fame in the college and need no word of commendation. Miss Fristoe, as "Daphne" was easily the "howling" success of the night.

Cream and cake were the refreshments served afterwards to a delighted house of guests.

For will any one of sound mind and discretion approve of my being beaten as a boy, because by playing at ball, I made less progress in studies I was to learn, only, that as a man I might play more unbecomingly.

—Confession of St. Augustine.

Exchange Department

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, JUANITA McDOUGALD

The only magazines which have come to us as yet are the Wake Forest Student and The Concept from Converse College. We greet them right heartily and await with eager expectancy to give the hand of fellowship to the other members of our "exchange family," and while we wait we chide the awaited ones for their—uh—undue tardiness in arriving.

Not long ago we read a scathing criticism of college magazines by a man eminently fitted to express himself along this line, a man who has been one of the keenest and most unsparing of our modern critics. It is with reluctance that we admit the partial truth of his remarks, but honesty forbids our withholding them. We would that they might be the goads to

drive us on to higher things in the way of literary production. In his criticisms of college magazines in general this critic says that one finds in them no wit, no fancy, no imagination, no ideals. Health, he says, does not interest them, it is scores they want. Education does not interest them, it is smokers and dances and popular songs and plays. Truth does not interest them, it is namby-pamby opinions, mere gossip and triviality.

We long for every college magazine to mirror truly the genius of the college it represents, its ideals, its higher pleasures, and most of all, its opinions of the great fundamental truths that prompt its activities, and makes for influence and power. Can this be done, is this too high an ideal for a college magazine? We do not think so.

A great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect
sweetness the independence of solitude.

—Emerson.



Normal Specials

ELIZA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

Freshman, wishing to buy some solidified alcohol: "Mr. Lewis, please give me three boxes of petrified gasoline."

Training School child: "I don't want to come to school any more."

Senior: "Why don't you want to come?"

Pupil: "I can't ever learn how to spell, you keep changing the words on me."

New Girl: "I don't see how Mr. Jackson manages to teach history and keep enough for all these girls to eat."

Mr. Jackson: "In what part of the country do the Indians live?"

Senior: "They live out west in a reservoir."

Green Freshman: "I've just had my first soda water, and my nose feels like my foot is asleep."

One result of Maud Powell's concert:

"Aspiring pianist: "Oh, I'd give anything if I had that man's hands."

Gentleman friend: "What would you do with them?"

She: "I'd play with them."

Sophomore's theme: "The Normal College girls are divided into three rough classes." I wonder which is the roughest.

MY PALS

How dear to my heart are these faithful old glasses,
My dear old eyeglasses that hook o'er my ear.

When they're hooked there I'm safe, I'm prepared for all weather;
I know when a friend or an enemy's near.

But when they are broken, alas, it's distressing;
I don't know my kin from the man in the moon.

So I'll pick them up tenderly, gently handle them;

Arrange them quite carefully over my ear.

Sadie Fristoe, '17, Cornelian.

INITIATION

PATTIE JORDAN, '20, CORNELIAN

Oh, Freshman, sigh! Your hour is nigh;
The goat has left his stall.

The old girls come to make things hum;
The greased pole's rearing tall.

The old girls come to make things hum;
You'll hum the laundry list,

And though you pray to be struck dumb,
You'll find you can't desist.

Where is your gym. suit, Freshman, pale?
Prepare to climb the pole.

The goat awaits and cannot fail
To winnow out your soul.

The Freshman shakes from head to toe.
In her best clothes she'll climb;

She's learned by experience full of woe
To believe old girls next time.