



F. W. (to Freshman at table):  
“How do you like your alma mater?”

Freshman (taking big bite of croquette): “Just fine!”

Freshman (to Junior sister):  
“What do you do when you feel sort of dull and unable to get interested in anything?”

Junior: “I try Homer’s Iliad.”

Fresh.: “I will go right over to Lewis’ store and get a bottle.”

Dr. G. (to Fresh.): “See here, young lady, what do you mean by coming into my class day after day—never taking notes on my hygiene lectures?”

Freshman: “My mother finished here twenty-five years ago, and I have hers,” was the complacent reply.

Mr. S.-H. (reproving class for coming late to class): “This is a class in harmony, not an afternoon tea.”

At next meeting a girl was twenty minutes late. After she took her seat Mr. S.-H., biting: “How will you have your tea?”

She: “Without the lemon, please.”

Senior caller: “I am rather late in leaving.”

Freshman: “Better late than never.”

Dr. Lipscomb: “Excuse me a moment.”

Freshman: “Where are you going?”

Dr. Lipscomb: “Before beginning work on you, I must have my drill.”

Freshman: “Great Scotts, man, can’t you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?”

Freshman (to new faculty at head of table): “Say, Freshie, you’re getting on to it fast, sitting at head of table.”

Faculty: “I may look green, but they say I am faculty.”

Training school teacher: “Why, John, what is the matter with your jaw—have you a toothache?”

“No’m, I’ve got an abscess and the doctor’s going to lynch tomorrow.”

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# STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpkian and Cornellian Literary Societies.

Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, 15 cents.

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VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 2

What does it take to be a "Hooverite?" No time, no money, in fact it takes nothing but a little determination and a good deal of judgment. In our dining room we may do "our bit" in as big a way as in any other department in enjoying the meals that are served and in conserving in every way the food placed on our tables. One of the little things that can be done that will make for great results is the saving of seasonings. Salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar and cream are not given us to kill the flavor of our foods with, but rather to add, in the few cases when necessary, to things that by some chance have not been properly seasoned in the kitchen. The present day American girl is notorious for her cultivated tastes. Used in this sense "cultivated" carries with it no very pleasing suggestion. It means that the foods to which the taste has become accustomed have been so highly seasoned as to warp the faculties of taste and in some cases even to impair the wholesomeness of the food. The sense of the right proportion of flavorings is lost. Everything tastes alike and

nothing that is not "killed" with seasoning "tastes good" to the girl with a "cultivated taste." Then there is sugar and cream. A goodly number of patriotic souls among us are learning to drink tea and coffee without cream and sugar—some of them have even come to like it! Well done, says the Magazine; they deserve a slap on the back. While sugar and salt for the individual "cultivated taste" costs the college but little, compute Mr. Forney's bill, if you can, by multiplying that "little" by 820 (girls) by 3 (meals per day) by 245 (days per college year). What is the answer? It's beyond my meagre store of mathematics to estimate, but it's enough to make me a "Hooverite". How about you?

She was gay and happy and popular to everybody except herself and one other person. Everybody envied her her eternal grin and happy disposition. She had some good in her and some bad, and sometimes she showed the good and sometimes the bad, but most of the time she didn't show either. They said she was in-

YOU NEVER  
CAN TELL

different and selfishly happy. But sometimes she dropped the grin and thought about things and people and hated herself. Why? Because she was unable to be herself. One person understood her, but she was afraid to approach such a happy person with any suggestions that might make her not happier. But finally one day the happy grin was so obviously stretched for the public benefit, and the person underneath was so plainly miserable to the one who saw a little deeper, that she dared to talk to her. Things were even worse than she had thought. *Perhaps, you never can tell.* Try it anyway.

"In all phases of our relations this year," said Dr. Foust  
**TRUST** in one of his recent talks to the students, "I want to see the spirit of trust which characterizes the dealings between honest people." The words, honest people, are as beautiful as they are plain and virile and they hold up no small aim for those who take them as the star to which to hitch their wagons. If we could but be honest in the deepest, broadest sense of the word, in all our dealings with the students, with the faculty, and with ourselves, what a mighty mind power we would develop in estimating a situation, in thinking through a problem on basic principles—how clean and simple life would seem shorn of its unessentials—its petty deceptions.

Can your friends depend on you for your honest opinion given in an easy, courteous manner when it is asked, or do they find that for fear of hurting their feelings you have pretended to approve a policy which you believe unwise and have then expressed your disapproval to others in no uncertain tones? Have you, in open-minded,

honest valuation of the opinions of others, justified the trust of your friends? Do they feel that you are honest enough to put personalities aside and understand the spirit of a friendly suggestion? Honesty is not only the best policy; honesty is the only basis for any friendship which is to mean anything constructive, whether it be with yourself or another person.

This friendship with yourself is an interesting matter to ponder on, a valuable asset to keep, and a difficult quantity to regain when lost. You can only be friends with yourself when you dare look that intimate, though evasive person in the face, and that is only when your relations with her have been in the spirit of trust which characterizes the dealings of honest people.

We came to college to get learning at the hands of our state and give it back to her people—our people. We are using the state's money and our families' money to do this and we should drive a good bargain. Yet we fritter away our years of opportunity in unessentials; we rejoice at any opportunity to slide. "College is the only place I know," said a member of our faculty not long ago, "where a failure to get value received results in pleasure." We cry that our college treats us as children in its class room methods, but are we honest enough to be treated otherwise? Many of us are not even honest enough to rise or fall by our own use or neglect of our powers, but parasite on the powers of others.

This must be stopped and will be stopped—not by any rules, not by any spy system, but by the fine, red-blooded, clean honesty of the women of North Carolina in her woman's college.

Recently we have had serious trouble with the fire alarms. **HOW OLD ARE WE ANYWAY?** and this trouble must stop. Any unauthorized person who turns on a fire alarm is punishable by expulsion. It isn't pleasant to know that there is a person in our community who would do such a thing, but the fact remains, whether we like it or not, it is up to the students to stop it. If a system of fire protection were inaugurated in a "young ladies' boarding school," such occurrences might be expected, even thought of as "cute" and sporty. We, however, are a *college for women*, and we must conduct ourselves with the dignity of women. Our great cry is, "More privileges," and we cannot understand why they are not granted. Open your eyes and see what is written only too plainly over the face of everything on this campus. We are immature, silly, unbalanced school girls, without judgment enough to know whether what we are doing is attractive or—disgusting. The Student Government Association voted to inaugurate fire drills and the same organization accepted the fire regulations. Objections were not raised then and it is too late now. It is up to us to stand by our fire chief, help her in her efforts to stamp out opposition and make our system a success. It is well worth while. Are we going to kick like children or are we going to stand up and put the thing through like women?

It was given me by a member of the faculty. Yes—a thing **"THE FOOL THING"** of that character, brazenly labeled by that appellation and yet recommended as a thing to be cherished. Give ear and I will impart it unto you.

Did you ever have the dining room doors close before you as you buttoned up your sweater and transferred the last hairpin from your mouth to your hair? Did you ever follow this by a flat flunk first period, a jostle into a faculty in the postoffice as you went to get your call to see Miss Moore, three bills and no sign of your home town postmark or even a flag anywhere in the vicinity? Did you ever fall down the steps in your hurry to get to the lunch room and disturb the training school; follow this with a few more experiences just to enrich your inner life and incidentally your vocabulary, and then proceed to relate the whole matter in lurid colors and raucous tones at the most inopportune moment, realizing all too late that the member of the faculty you like best, look up to most and whose respect you desire above that of all others was standing just behind you?

Then did you go home and howl yourself sick? You did wrong. This is where the "fool thing" comes in. For every day, says the member of the faculty whom I quote, you have a certain number of fool things allotted. It's just natural and justified for erring mortals to do fool things, so up to a given number (I would advise you to make the number large) just let them go as your legitimate "fool things" and don't waste time and energy worrying over them.

For any over the given number you can usually find some reason or justification, and at any rate, the habit of not worrying will have grown strong enough to dispose of them. This matter of worrying is no negligible factor in woman's use of her brain force and the waste should be stopped—and if the "fool thing" will stop it, make the "fool thing" your own.

# And Eyes Were Lightened

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

The world was one vast circus tent  
For you and me;  
Beneath its outspread wings we hoped  
To spell our destiny.  
The part we played did seem full small  
To you and me,  
But simple parts pleased simple hearts  
Like you and me.

\* \* \* \* \*

But all the while dark lowering clouds  
Gathered gloom above us,  
Low mutterings faintly pierced within;  
Unseen the lightning, till a blast  
Of driving rain and wind  
Seized the frail canvas and tore it  
From between us and the sky.  
Then, only then, we saw and heard  
The fury of the storm,  
As in the onrush lashing winds  
Swept from the trembling earth  
All petty and vexatious cumbrances,  
Leaving nature's visage stern but clear;  
Then, only then, our hearts began  
In unison to beat  
With stricken, sorrowing humanity.  
And while together struggling on  
Toward the far, faint hope of safety,  
Our souls, despising much the narrow  
Self-content that housed us,  
Leave far behind its littleness,  
Nor seek its shade again.



# State Normal Magazine

VOL. 22

GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 2

## The Weavers

NELLE BARDIN, '20, ADELPHIAN

Somewhere in the Garden of Dreams, a place of drowsy murmurs and drifting perfumes, among hills that roll ridge upon ridge like the waves of a great sea until they are lost in the pale blue of the sky, is the Castle of the Great Beyond. Like a pearl in its soft luster, the castle stands in a setting of emerald, a setting of trees; weeping willows like silver fountains; many-branched elms like gold-green candlesticks; white birches like the rays of the sun. There it is, silent save for the soft tread of many feet and the sea-like murmur of the trees.

Always one could see there the shadows of men, moving back and forth, for the lord of the castle is the "All-father," and his children are without number.

From his castle every day the "All-father" sends some of his children down to the Land of Man, where they must learn by experience how to rule in his many mansions. Before they can come back, however, each one must weave his own Garment of Life, by which he will be known on his return, and, in accordance with the manner of weaving, will be either accepted or turned away at the Gates of Eternity. To each one when leaving is given a loom and a ball of thread, time, uncolored, but to be dyed according to the will of the weaver.

Thus one day two souls set out from the Garden, and entered the Realm of Man. Together they began to weave, and always, wherever they went, their paths ran side by side. Gradually, however, a feeling of restraint grew between the two. When the world was locked in the icy grasp of Winter, the soul of one felt only the chilly breath of the Frost Monarch, but the other saw the diamond glint of the snow. With the coming of the Spring Maid, the one saw the damp mists, while the other gloried in the new greenness of things. Summer was a time of grumbling for one, while for the other it changed the sands into molten gold, and painted the country sides brilliant with color. One hated autumn, because of its forebodings of winter, yet the other loved it because of the gay dress of the trees and the crisp tang of the air.

And, strange to say, as the dispositions of the two diverged so widely, the patterns on their looms began to differ in hue and texture. Of him who saw only darkness, the pattern had become discordant and dull in shades; black where there had been a black thought on a gloomy day; sickly yellow for an envious desire; gray for discontentment; violent red for hours wrongly spent; drab for wasted time. The weaving as well had become loose and careless, as the weaver, always

hoping to forget the ugliness of the past, wove faster and faster, straining at the thread, until one day the tension became too forced, and the cord snapped before the garment was finished. Frightened and dismayed, the owner took the garment to the Gates of Eternity, which open into the Garden of Dreams, and sent it in to his father. The gatekeeper soon came back, returned to him the garment, and spoke to him thus:

“Get thee to yon hut in the wilderness, for so thy father ordereth, saying that thy tapestry is a failure, and thou hast wasted time, a crime unpardonable. He deems thee unworthy to rule in his mansions.”

All this time, however, she, who had ever seen the beautiful, had from day to day been carefully weaving her thread into a pattern of wonderful beauty. It had the sapphire born from the sky and sea; the topaz from

the golden sands; ruby from a deed bravely done; white from the glitter of the sun on the snows; amethyst from the violets of spring; opal shades from the flames of irised fancies and dreams that lived but for the space of a thought, then passed away. All these she wove, and more, as carefully she put each thread in its proper place. Until one day the thread gave out and the garment was ready to be taken to her lord. Timidly, yet hopefully, she went, and with loving hands spread out the garment before the keeper that he might take it to his master. After one glance, however, the guardian of the gates took her by the hand, led her through the gateway, and pointing to the garden, said:

“Daughter, go take thy abode in the Mansion of Love, for thou hast embroidered the tapestry of thy life with lovely thoughts, and truly hast thou lived.”

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## The Storm

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELLIAN

The blinding glare of afternoon is gone,  
 The heat is rent apart,  
 A strong swift-rushing wind has swept it far,  
 And great dark clouds begin to creep and dart  
 About the ragged skyline.

And now they rear and charge across the sky,  
 Black-wingèd steeds in flight,  
 Careering at the distant thunder murmur  
 And at the little rents of blending light  
 That flare above the distant mountain peaks.

The rain begins to fall in great round drops,  
 Forming black splotches in the ash-gray dust;  
 The earth drinks thirstily, its odor sweet  
 Scenting the breeze which comes in strong cool gusts.  
 The world is fresh and sweet in re-creation.



## Burglars Alarmed

ELIZA AMELIA COLLINS, '18, ADELPHIAN

It was a midsummer night in New York. It takes a year round New Yorker to realize just what that means. It is then that the Dago children dance around the grind organ, heedless of the blistering cement, and the tenement dwellers take to the fire-escape.

A prosperous looking young business man was making his way up a rather poorly lighted residential street when his attention was called to an apparent runaway. It looked as if the cab would capsize at any moment; but after some difficulty the driver, a sizable African, succeeded in bringing the vehicle to rest in front of a three-story brick house. Being the only pedestrian, the business man concealed himself behind a nearby tree and watched to see who might be in the almost runaway cab. Bringing his horses to a stop with a jerk the driver waited a full minute, carefully pulled off his gloves, looked at his watch, and opened the cab door. After a low conversation a girl got out. She was dressed in evening clothes, a blue velvet opera cape covering a fluffy yellow party dress. Evidently she was very much excited, for, after glancing furtively around, she ran up the front steps, tried the door knob several times, and finally walked back to the street, looking despairingly at the waiting driver.

The young man thought that perhaps now was the time for him to appear on the scene, so sliding across the poorly lighted street he unconcernedly recrossed to where the cab was standing.

"You seem to have been locked out.

Is there anything I can do for you?" he inquired courteously.

"Oh, thank you so much, if you would help me to get in without arousing the family, I would appreciate it so much. I seem to have lost track of time tonight."

The girl had quickly summed up the man to be a down town business man, returning from some place of amusement and—perfectly safe. The young are quick and usually sure in their judgment.

"Perhaps my latch key will fit," he suggested.

"Let's try it," she prompted.

All keys proved useless, however, and when he turned to her nonplussed, she suggested that they try the first dining room window. Picking their way through numerous flower beds they managed to reach the window she designated. After a good deal of muscular persuasion, the dining room window allowed itself to be raised and the man, turning to assist the girl, noticed that she was talking with the cab driver. She evidently gave him permission to go, for as she turned to leave he drove off.

For the first time a suspicion entered the man's head. Why should this girl be locked out at this time alone, and why shouldn't she ring her front door and enter as would be natural for a member of the family? He decided to quiz her before proceeding further.

"Er—er—it's rather late to be out alone, isn't it?" he stammeringly asked.

"Well, I have been out later."

"Not alone?" he persisted.

"What does it matter? An escort would probably flee in time of danger anyway," she impatiently remarked.

"It would depend on the escort," he answered.

Then after a pause: "You know it is not altogether the usual thing for a man to prize open the window of a respectable house for a person he has never before seen."

"I know it isn't," she laughed, "but I thought you were going to prove a true Sir Galahad and perform the knightly act of giving service without demanding an explanation. It must look queer, but I can easily explain. I have been to a dance without my family's permission, in fact, that permission was withheld because of my escort, and naturally I was afraid to let him see me home, so you find me in the predicament of apparently burglarizing my own home. Will you please let me in now?" she asked appealingly.

Her nervousness and haste did not serve to appease the man's suspicions, but after quizzing her concerning her family history he let her pass. When she stepped into the dining room he heard her carefully slip off her slippers and then—all was quiet.

It's a pity we can't watch the girl in the blue coat and yellow dress further, but since we are endowed with only two eyes let us fasten them on the less brilliant figure of the young business man.

After thoughtfully surveying the situation he concluded it would be better not to arouse the people in the house. So he briskly walked down the street and turning the corner, leaned against a tree and devoted himself to thought for a few minutes.

"It's worth trying," he was finally heard to mutter, and then the man hurried off to consult his accomplices.

It is now past midnight and the

man who had aided the girl was again on the scene, accompanied by another man.

"Now it means a good deal for us if we carry this job through, Ned," he was heard to confide to his friend.

"If I could catch a sure enough live burglar I'm sure father would feel better toward me," the girl murmured just inside the dining room window.

"I believe that driver was an accomplice," muttered the man to his companion.

"I told Mercer to leave his cab around the corner and shadow that man. I hope he did it," whispered the girl to herself.

"She had a queer manner," thoughtfully, "but she surely was good looking."

"I didn't like his ways from the beginning," thought the girl, "but he surely was strong to prize father's pet burglar-proof window open. I meant the second dining room window, but after he had tried I didn't have the heart to discourage his efforts."

"Well, here goes, it will be safer this way," and with that the window for the second time that night creakingly gave and the man prepared to enter.

"Heavens, what shall I do?" thought the girl, glancing wildly around. "He will most likely make for the silver first, so I will hide behind the portière, and catch him in the act and then arouse the house: and she stepped behind the heavy green draperies while the man clambered in and was turning to help his companion in, when he stumbled over some small object on the floor. Stopping to investigate, he picked up a small gold slipper and dropped it into his pocket. For what reason I do not know, perhaps to serve as a means of identifying Miss Burglar. He then helped in the other man.

"She's likely to be after the jewels. We will go up and see." It took a full minute for the man's true meaning to dawn on the girl behind the curtains.

"What shall I do?" she gasped. "He thinks I'm the burglar and I'm positive he is or he would never have acted so strangely."

Just at this moment the big bull dog of the house scented his mistress and let out one joyful little bark before she could suppress him. The man heard the bark and rightfully guessed its meaning. He noiselessly entered the dining room and found the girl vigorously stuffing part of the blue evening cape into the dog's distended mouth.

"Caught in the act!" they both exclaimed in one breath.

"Of what?" she demanded.

"You were getting in rather late," he taunted.

"You were deeply interested in the family history," she replied. "I understand why now."

"How long have you been running this game?" he asked.

"If you touch me I will scream," she replied as he took a step forward.

"For whom?" he inquired.

"The police."

"That will save me the trouble."

Just then the girl spied a tiny golden point protruding from the man's

pocket. "You have the jewelry in your pocket!" she excitedly exclaimed.

"No such thing," protested the man.

"Let me see," she demanded.

His hand closed over the slipper toe while he blushed furiously.

Further accusations were prevented, for just then the master of the house, resplendent in a red-dragon bath robe, angrily strode into the room, demanding the cause of this uproar.

"Dorothy, what do you mean by camping down here this time of the night?"

Spying the man who was preparing to take flight by means of the window: "What in the name of —? Irving King, of all people! Where did you come from, my boy?"

Dorothy: "Father, is it possible you have already met Mr. King? He was just seeing me home from our dance."

King gallantly offered the old gentleman a chair. "Well," grumbled the old man, "time for you children to be getting to bed," and with that he was gone.

The Burglars remained in order to get better acquainted—and to explain the meaning of the golden gleam in his pocket.

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## The Evening Star

WILLARD GOFORTH, '20, ADELPHIAN

Star of the evening,  
 Shedding soft glory  
 Over earth, weary and lapsing to rest,  
 Lend me your calmness,  
 Send me your power,  
 Teach me to smile on a world sin-oppressed.

## War Songs

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

"A camp has the world been since it began!"

But never before has the entire world been a camp at one time and never before have the hearts of all peoples been beating in time with martial music. Some, it is true, beat to the measured time of the funeral march; some to the quick, frantic time of a last desperate attempt at self-preservation, some to the steady, on-pushing time of conscious assurance of ultimate success, and some to the jubilant tune of overconfidence not yet retarded by the echo of the funeral march. In the hearts of all the world, however, the yet unwritten war songs are sounding and the war songs of past time find an answering echo.

On the pages of history records of wars are indelibly written. Whether you look among the primitive peoples or among those who have attained the highest point in civilization, it is ever the same. To the ancient Hebrews Jehovah was a mighty God of vengeance, the Lord of Battles. They, through their matchless valor, aspired to glorify Him. The heroic Spartans considered warfare the most honorable pursuit of man, and when they returned from battle they either came victorious or borne on their shields. Roman manhood paid profound homage at the altar of Mars, and by their bravery conquered all the known world. The savages in Africa and the Indians in America were stirred by the same impulses, were filled with the same love of conflict and conquest.

But it is not necessary to go back to the barbarians of the past for a record of wars. Every great nation on earth has been shaken by them, not once, but many, many times. The greatest war in the history of the world is being waged today, and it is between most highly civilized nations of the world. War is indeed the production of no single age, the pastime of no individual people. It is a great universal experience, and because of its universality, because on the battlefield of this world the destinies of nations are wrought, it has become a universal theme in literature and art. Page after page of history is filled with records of it. Inscriptions on numberless monuments of marble and bronze are silent testimonies of love for the heroes who died for their native country. But the truest expression is not in books, not in bronze, but in song—the outpouring of the heart of man.

The war song has always been a vital factor in shaping the events in a nation's history. Some one has said: "Let me make the songs of a people and you may make its laws." When James II was king of England there was written in opposition to him by Lord Wharton a political ballad, "Lilliburlero." So great was the influence of this doggerel, for it was nothing more, that the author with truth could boast that it "sang James II out of three kingdoms." In Scotland the great martial ode which has led them to victory is Burns' "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." Many a Welshman has given his life for his little mountain country while the strains of "Men of Harlech" were

still ringing in his ears. For who does not feel a thrill of patriotism when he hears the heroic lines:

“Men of Harlech! in the hollow  
Do you hear like rushing billow,  
Wave on wave that surging follow  
Battle’s distant sound?  
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foe-men,  
Saxon spear-men, Saxon bow-men,  
Be they knights, or hinds or yoemen,  
They shall bite the ground!  
Loose thy folds asunder,  
Flag we conquer under,  
The placid sky now bright on high,  
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
Onward, 'tis our country needs us,  
He is bravest, he who leads us,  
Honor’s self now proudly heads us!  
Freedom! God, and Right!”

Robinson, in his “History of Western Europe,” says of this brave little nation: “The long and successful resistance which the Welsh made against the English must be attributed not only to their inaccessible retreats, but also to the patriotic inspiration of their bards.” And why we readily see.

The same “spirit that made those heroes dare to die and leave their country free” has brooded over our Republic since its foundation, here again helping to shape the course of events. It throbs in “The Star-Spangled Banner” and “The Bonnie Blue Flag.” It has echoed and re-echoed over hill and valley in the strains of “Yankee Doodle” and “Dixie.” Especially in the War between the States was the influence of the war song made manifest. “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” resounded along the lines of northern soldiers; among those of the south it was “Maryland, My Maryland.” Almost everybody went wild over the “Bonnie Blue Flag.” The same intensity of feeling manifested during the war finds expression in the sad

and tender tribute of a defeated people to their flag:

“Furl that banner! softly, slowly,  
Treat it gently—it is holy,  
For it droops above the dead:  
Touch it not, unfold it never,  
Let it droop there draped forever.  
For its people’s hopes are dead.”

And in the same strains we have these lines from another of Father Ryan’s poems, “The Sword of Lee:”

“Forth from its scabbard! all in vain!  
Forth flashed the Sword of Lee!  
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath  
again,  
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,  
Defeated, yet without a stain,  
Proudly and peacefully.”

Thus we find that war has its song of conflict, its song of victory, and its song of defeat, all of which react on the lives of the people who sing them.

As an expression of a universal emotion, there have grown up several types of war songs. First, there is the rude chant of the savage as he dances around the campfire, beating his breast, uttering weird and guttural sounds. Then, as he advances in civilization, he puts his feelings into words. He has been nourished on tales of fighting and bloodshed. “His happiness is in battle and his beauty in death.” Hence his song of war is impersonal, impassionate.

“I have marched with my bloody sword,

And the raven has followed me.

Furiously we fought, the fire passed over the dwellings of men.

We sent to sleep in blood those who kept the gates.”

This is the reply of a Danish youth of long ago when some one called him faint-hearted.

As society progressed, however, the tribe or nation, rather than the individual, became the most active factor in warfare. Principles rather than prejudices became the causes of war. Now the war song is no longer impersonal. It is filled with bitterness against tyranny, with hatred for an oppressor, and with scorn for an invader. Such a song is "Scots Wha Hae." Listen to the defiant ring in these lines:

"By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurpers low,  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!"

And just such a song is "Men of Harlech," quoted above. Such poetry of indignation comes from every heroic people when their liberty is threatened, or when as a defeated and oppressed people, deprived of the sword, they seize the pen as the weapon. It then becomes a veritable sword of freedom. And mingled with indignation there is often a note of sadness, as in the songs of poor old Ireland.

"Oh, mother of the wounded breast!  
Oh, mother of the tears.  
The sons you loved and trusted best  
Have grasped their battle  
spears."\*

\* The song of the Transvaal Brigade.

And here again breathes the patriotism of the sons of Erin:

"God save Ireland, said the heroes;  
God save Ireland, said they all;  
Whether on the scaffold high,  
Or on battlefield we die,  
Oh what matter when for Erin dear  
we fall!"

Another type of the political war song, one which stands in curious con-

trast to the fierce, soul-stirring lay, is the light, nonsensical air, a song which does not boast of any distinguished literary characteristics. It is a song like "Dixie," that is loved for its associations. It is a song like "Tipperary" or "Lilliburlero," that is snatched up by soldiers as they march into battle.

"Ho broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilli burlero bullen a la!

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero bullen a la!

Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero, lero,  
bullen a la!

Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero, lero,  
bullen a la!"

These words do not mean much, but through them as an expression of popular dislike and distrust fell the Stuart monarchy. Of similar significance in the history of our people is the familiar "Yankee Doodle." It runs just like "Mother Goose."

"Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Good'in,  
And there we saw the men and boys  
As thick as hasty puddin'."

Cho.

"Yankee Doodle, keep it up!  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy."

And further on:

"And there was Captain Washington,  
Upon a slapping stallion,  
A-giving orders to his men;  
I guess there was a million!"

This is the kind of song that soldiers themselves write. The grand, soul-stirring song of battle that awakens responses in the hearts of all men are, for the most part, written by those who never went upon a battlefield. They stayed at home and felt the greatness of the cause. The sol-

diers at the front, however, always feel the dread import of the conflict. Had they not deemed it a worthy cause they would not be offering their lives as food for cannon. They show their patriotism by *deeds* of valor. Their songs are to make them forget the awful realities of war.

Songs of conflict and conquest filled with the hopes and fears of

noblest men in the greatest hours of national and international life are today weaving themselves together. We are, however, as yet too close to the scene of action to hear the echoes of its underlying music. But it cannot be other than a great literature that shall follow today's mighty drama. Tomorrow's song of battle will be the noblest of them all.

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## Twins

LUCY C. CRISP, '19, ADELPHIAN

Come here, pore lil' yaller dorg; me an' you is twins;  
 Don't nobody love us—dey all knows us by our sins:  
 I won't hurt you, lil' dorg, don't you be so skeered,  
 I knows jes how you's feelin'—so lonesome an' afeared.  
 Ain't it awful, lil' dorg, ter feel so tight inside  
 Tel it feels jes lak a funreal, when somebody's up an' died?  
 Naw, it 'twon't your fault, you pore lil' yaller cur,  
 Ef dat fine coon you trailed wuz jes a ole cat's fur.  
 I git so tired er settin' 'roun' in ever'body's way,  
 Kase I don' never do things right, an' never will, dey say.  
 But I cain hep it, can I, pup, 'bout dat ole doll I broke  
 When 'twuz settin' dere so dirty an' I put her in ter soak?  
 Is your froat ahurtin' wid er lump er swellin' in it?  
 Looks ter me lak mine's er gittin' worser ever' minit.  
 Lil' dorg, don' you wish you wuz a great big houn'  
 Wid a nice grown man ter call yer when he takes his ole gun down?  
 I wish I wuz a man and had a big ole gun,  
 I'd take you off ter hunt wid me, an' den we'd have some fun.  
 Jes lemme git a ole tin can dat cain spill out an' leak,  
 An' me an' you'll go fishin', down dere by de creek.

## Heaven

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

There mus' be heaven fer everything,  
 Er else this sinful worl' ain't fair,  
 Fer crows they crow an' birds they sing  
 An' frogs they croak and give their share  
 To make this place a pleasant one,  
 An' shorely death don't end their fun.

We had a yearlin' onct las' year  
 That wobbled with the staggers blind,  
 An' didn't look like nothing here  
 On earth. It just wan't like its kind,  
 An' I jist think it's mos' a sin  
 If heaven don't take that heifer in.

An' onct we had a shepherd pup,  
 Er good dog 'cordin' to his lights;  
 He'd run an' fetch the yearlin's up,  
 An' then he'd mind the house o' nights;  
 An' shore's you're born, great heaven won't miss  
 To take in dogs that's lived like this.

An' cats, oh, yes, I know they say  
 They wus just back an' forth from hell;  
 But when you watch the kittens play  
 An' hear 'em meow an' purr a spell,  
 You can't but think in heaven's space  
 The kittens shore mus' have a place.

And I jist think it's this er way:  
 Jist all the worl' is meant fer jokes;  
 Pups, kits and birds make night and day  
 Lots happier for us human folks.  
 An' shore's you're born it ain't quite fair  
 If man takes *all* the room up there.



## Rhododendron

MARGARET HAYES, RUBY SISK, '19, CORNELIAN

The big car came to a stop half way up Lamb Mountain. Frank Trent got out and gazed around him with an air of disgust. He examined the carburetor, but the trouble was not there. There was no lack of either gas, water or oil. Frank, who was more familiar with the outside of an automobile than with its inner workings, banged his tools under the seat and walked rapidly up the road in search of help.

After half a mile of unbroken woodland, spruces, buckeye, chestnut and mountain ash, a chinked and daubed log cabin caused Trent to stop.

"Hello!" he called. There was no answer. After several shouts, each louder than the last, Frank elicited a response only from the echoes which bore back, his voice growing fainter with each repetition.

"Howdy, stranger; anything I kin do fer ye?" A man came leisurely out from among the corn rows, leaned over the rail fence and looked expectantly at Frank.

"Can you tell me where I am? How far is it to the nearest garage?"

The mountaineer told him that it was only two miles further to the little town of Highlands and that he would find an "automobile blacksmith shop" there. Frank's spirits, however, were not much lightened by this information, and as he descended to the machine he reflected upon his own hard luck. Why had he promised his Aunt Joe a visit this summer anyhow? It had rained every day he'd been on the road. Besides, these mountain roads were far too narrow

for a decent sized car. And, hang it all, how was he to get that machine up the mountain?

An unexpected turn in the road brought Trent to his car. He stopped and stared, for in the driver's seat lay a large bunch of lavender rhododendrons. Frank stood still for a second gazing at the perfectly formed, purple-tinted flowers. He could almost smell their delicate fragrance. Although the young man had never seen a rhododendron blossom, he knew instinctively what they were. Curiosity soon overcame admiration and conjectures flashed through his brain. Where had they come from? What mysterious person had so kindly donated such beauties to him? Frank was quite sure no one had passed him on the road and to the city trained man there was no visible trail along the rocky mountain sides. A careful search of the ground immediately surrounding the car revealed no signs of his visitor.

"Thanks, old chap. But I'll have to admit you've got me stumped." Frank's eye roved carelessly toward the slope on his right; half way up the bank lay a single lavender flower, a replica of those in the car. Frank cleared the bank in a couple of leaps: another rhododendron blossom marked an opening in the underbrush, where an ill-defined trail led up the mountainside. In the soft clay a few feet further up the path the print of a shoe was clearly visible — only a woman's walking boot, not a large one at that, could have made such a track. Frank eagerly followed the trail as it

wound in and out among the rocks, marked at regular intervals by flowers.

Half an hour later a tired, dilapidated young man, grasping a wilted bunch of rhododendron flowers firmly in one hand and his collar in the other, emerged into a clearing in front of a spacious green and white bungalow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice had not enjoyed her stay at Highlands. Of course she loved the mountains, admired the scenery, and was interested in the manners and speech of the inhabitants, but time hung heavily on her hands. She had not seen an interesting man; she had experienced none of the romantic thrills usually associated with the mountains. Somehow, today, Alice felt desperate. Inaction seemed impossible; she must go somewhere, anywhere!

Alice had walked for perhaps three hours, had covered several miles, and climbed the mountain by the "near way" when she parted an especially thick place in the underbrush and came out into the road. Directly in front of her stood a large grey machine, loaded with bags, gun cases, and fishing tackle—but the machine was empty. She experienced a little thrill of pleased surprise. She climbed in, took a seat at the wheel, and let her imagination run riot. She could see a tall, athletic young man, tired out with business, spending his days in Highlands, fishing, hunting, tramping about, with her as his guide. Suddenly she started. Was that a step on the road above? She scrambled out hastily, took a few steps up the bank, hesitated and returned. A queer smile was playing about her lips, as she divided a large bunch of rhododendron, gathered further down the mountain, and placed half of them

carefully in the seat behind the wheel. In a flash she was up the bank and had disappeared.

She wondered what the man would say—would he try to look for her? Another thought crossed her mind; she dropped a flower in the trail—soon another.

Soon a great crashing of underbrush set Alice's nerves aquiver. She was being followed! The pursuer caused her to quicken her pace and she arrived at her aunt's bungalow only a minute before the unseen person. Curiosity prompted her to take one swift glance over her shoulder. She caught a glimpse of a man striding rapidly toward the house. Terror seized her. She realized that her hair was down, her dress ruffled; he must not see her yet!

Frank strode hurriedly up the hill. As he neared the house and began to examine his surroundings, his pace slackened. Soon an exclamation broke from his lips.

"Well, I'll ——. It is the place! What luck! And I just happened on it. What will Aunt Joe think to see me break into her house like this and—who is the girl? Lord, suppose she catches sight of me like this!"

Thinking hard, he encircled the house looking for some entrance besides the front door. Finding none that looked in the least possible, he marched resolutely up the steps and reached for the bell. At that moment he caught sight of his face in the glass door and stopped paralyzed with surprise, then feverishly began smoothing his hair and putting on his collar. His effort produced little results, but knowing it was the best he could do, he gave the bell a vicious punch, then waited nervously. Maybe Aunt Joe would come to the door and he would yet be able to make himself presentable.

Meanwhile Alice quickly arranged her hair, put on a fresh blouse and in an incredibly short time was applying a powder puff diligently to her nose. She was startled by a loud ring of the bell. It was the man—he had not gone away after all, although he had been quiet for sometime. She was all in a flutter. Suppose he shouldn't be good looking! Did her hair look all right? What should she say? Surely this was an adventure, a real adventure, tinged with romance.

Alice slipped cautiously down the stairs, her rubber-soled shoes making no sound as she approached the door.

Frank's composure was somewhat

shaken. He hadn't expected an answer so soon. With a last glance into his improvised mirror, as it swung inward, and a last pull at his cravat, Frank was conscious of a blurred mass of white, sparkling eyes and brown hair—the rhododendron girl.

Trent's face became very red and the girl blushed as her eyes traveled upward over the disheveled young man.

Then a peal of hysterical laughter made him wince. He was furious at this girl who laughed at him and would not ask him to come in. The laughter continued and Frank, his face crimson, looked up to meet the merry eyes of—his sister.

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## Me an' James Bud

VERLA WILLIAMS

Me an' James Bud's been to preachin';  
 Never had been dere befo',  
 But 'less somethin' awful happens  
 Us ain't goin' to miss no mo'.

When the 'lection hat got to us  
 Wasn't nuthin' hardly lef',  
 But James Bud he got a nickel  
 An' I got two bits myself.

Me an' James Bud's been to preachin';  
 Us ain't goin' to miss no mo';  
 And when that 'lection hat starts roun',  
 Us won't be back at de do'.

## The Old Beech

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

### I

Out of the thick-grown wood of black dwarf cedars  
 Where soundless footsteps fall on padded earth  
 And soft grey twilight fashions every tree  
 Into a fairy gnome or wizard dour,  
 We come upon a little open hilltop,  
 Sunflecked with wavering shadows, dancing free,  
 About and up and down and through the branches  
 Of a great towering beech which stands fast guard  
 Over this little fairy rendezvous.  
 Here sprites and elves come out at night to play  
 And weave the threads of destinies of men  
 As weaves the golden warp of moonshine pale  
 Across the woof of velvet shadows deep,  
 As high on mighty spreading branches, hoar,  
 The gay leaves dance in ecstasy above  
 The airy, potent conclave.

As this great monarch of the rock-ribbed hills  
 Rears his head higher toward the great blue vault,  
 Stretches his mighty limbs on every side,  
 The wood nymphs, meddlers in the fates of men,  
 Meeting by moonlight 'neath these mighty boughs  
 Watch close the smooth, gray bark encrusted o'er  
 By lettering some full a century old,  
 As here they group about the massive trunk  
 Carven with names of men for ages past,  
 Deep hewn with blackened letters tall and wide,  
 Then crusted o'er with lighter tracery,  
 Some bold, outstanding, isolated far,  
 Others close interwoven, some in hearts,  
 Some half effaced by storms and growth of years.

Each new name entered thus within their books  
 Marks one more thread new-fastened in their looms,  
 For all those carven here are greatly blest  
 In multiplicity of fairy gnomes,  
 For godmothers more quaint than Cinderella's  
 And thousand times more potent. He whose name  
 Is written on this magic living book  
 Possesses, if he will, a powerful charm.

When life's sore burdens grow insufferable  
And little things rear mountains of despair  
That blur the vision of the great and true,  
When simple truth is buried far beneath  
Complexities of form and vacuous creed,  
'Tis then the charm works best.  
Turn back the pages of the book of life  
To that bright page in early written chapters  
When on the fairy book you wrote your name,  
And live again your happy, carefree hours.  
Rest in the matchless calm and sure repose  
Of mighty forests, tiny rivulets, and leafy carpets deep, of  
    odorous pine  
And filtered sunlight or the moonlight clear—  
Or, if the breeze be whispering in the leaves,  
Dance with them, listen to their whisperings  
And let your soul fly upward to the heights  
Where tower the topmost leaves of the Old Beech.



## The Night Girl

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

She was a tall pale girl who grew flowers and lived in a dingy little cabin at the forks of the turnpike road with two old women who dipped snuff and grumbled when the weather was wet. It was there by chance that I ran upon her, singing in front of the door as she pressed the warm earth about the roots of a potted fern.

"Who is there?" she asked gently as I rounded the curve and stopped to make sure of my way. "Your step is strange. We never heard it before."

"I—I am a stranger and—"

"A stranger?" she broke in. "And me a blind girl. Would you harm a body that can't see where you are? There's no one anywhere about here."

"I—I was looking for help," I blundered and backed a little.

"Welcome then," and her voice was tender. "Let me be your help. What's your trouble?"

"My horse," I ventured, nervously slapping my boot with the big end of my whip, "fell at the foot of Pike's Hill yonder and her knees are bleeding. I wanted a rag or something to bind them with."

"We'll be back in a moment," she tossed back at me as she ran up the steps and away.

I slapped my boot more nervously, and paced to and fro till a soft little voice at my elbow said suddenly: "Will that do?" It was one of her old worn-out petticoats evidently, and looked like the very thing I wanted. I took it and modestly offered to pay for it and her services.

"There is no charge," she said, and drew nearer. "But perhaps you can

help me, too. I know the world is big and bright and beautiful. My flowers tell me that. Yet I am a night girl. Everything is dark for me. I never saw anything in my life. Tell me, please, dear stranger, about the color and the bright things; red, blue, and green, all of them, you know. Tell me; I've waited long to hear."

I shifted my weight to my other foot and slapped my boot again. It had all been a common thing to me and I didn't know what to say. Poor girl! Night was her day. Yet she saw more clearly than I had ever seen. She felt more than I had ever felt. She lived more in a day than I had lived in all my life. And when I told all I knew how to tell about the colored world, she smiled and whispered softly: "I know, and He's great. With you it's color, with me it's God."

That afternoon I wandered deep into a wooded recess and paused on the bank of a stream. It was wonderful: God and His nature. There I flung wide the eye-gate of my soul and the beauty of the world flooded me, dispelled the fog of doubt, swept off the dust of disbelief, and I stood face to face with something grand. There were little bluets and purple violets on the bank beyond, while in the marsh and stagnant slime pearl-white lily buds were blooming. The young leaves were silky and dogwood heavy with bloom. A glow stretched across the west as the afternoon sun sank out of sight, and great circles of gold mingled with the blue, while soft pink clouds with the scarlet-like sky behind

floated lazily over the deep green of the distant pines; color and beauty everywhere. Yet I had never seen it before. The night girl felt God Himself and understood. Through rhythmic sounds she knew the land was broad and busy, that there were men mighty and men weak, that there was war and laughter. Heaven was hers and hers to give to others, though for her the door of vision was strongly barred and the world as black as the midnight sky.

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## Autumn Leaves

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

Leaves of scarlet,  
 Leaves of saffron,  
 Motley leaves, and  
 Leaves of brown,  
 Whirling, twirling,  
 Flying, lying,  
 Blowing up and  
 Blowing down:

Fill the air with  
 Blurred color,  
 Swish against the  
 Window pane,  
 Fall in crackling  
 Heaps, then scatter  
 Far, but soon are  
 Back again:

Drop from branches  
 Gray and bony  
 As they seek the  
 Earth below.  
 Having done their  
 Summer's task, they  
 Spread a pallet  
 For the snow.

## Pa Perkins' Peppers

ELEANOR ROBERTSON, '18, ADELPHIAN

The sun beat down warmly upon the bent form of Pa Perkins as he stooped stiffly to pull the last of the dry dead pepper plants from the ground. But when he raised up, his wrinkled face with its twinkling blue eyes showed only a good natured perplexity such as a child wears when he cannot reach the moon. He gathered up his tools and went slowly toward the cool side porch of the house where Ma Perkins was sitting, crocheting and rocking to and fro.

"Well, Ma, I guess we're doomed as usual not to have any peppers this year. Those last plants have all withered and the neighbors'll have their annual laugh. But never mind, nobody else has got as fine a garden as ours this side the state line." And he walked on toward the tool house.

Ma sighed half tranquilly, half resignedly. It was rather trying not to be able to grow any peppers. Of course Grandma Perkins always had plenty for both families and supplied them bountifully, but it had been for years their chief aim in life to grow some of their own.

Year after year Pa had plowed up a little corner of the garden and with great care had set out his pepper plants and year after year the powers that controlled the growing of things frowned upon Pa's peppers and they wilted and shriveled away. Always the Perkinses had to suffer from the gibes of the neighbors who boasted of whole patches of thriving peppers. The cook Delilah constantly quoted her deep-rooted belief that:

"Yo-all can't 'spect no peppers to grow less'n yo' plant 'em when you's good and mad."

She even declared that one tempted fate if one tried to plant peppers without the necessary rage. Many and dire were her warnings of evil to come. But the Perkinses were a notoriously good-humored family. They continued to laugh at their failures; they continued to laugh at Delilah's words of wisdom; they continued to plant peppers and the peppers continued to die.

Every member of the family had tried. Remembering the fate of previous years, Ma had waited until one day when her sister Flora and her family from the city had been coming. Delilah had deliberately and carelessly churned the cream she was saving for dinner and cooked steak instead of chicken. How mad Ma was! She pulled up a dozen or two pepper plants from the window box always kept ready for cases of emergency and hurried out in the heat of her wrath and of the day. But, unfortunately for the peppers, her eyes happened to fall on her brood of young turkeys that had just reached a safe age. She stood looking at them for a minute or two and her anger left her. She went on into the garden and half-heartedly set the plants out. They struggled for a day or two, then died deliberately and good naturedly.

Pa Perkins, outwardly laughing at Delilah, but secretly determining to try everything, had made many attempts. One warm May evening he had gone out in his easy slippers to take the cow from the lawn where she was grazing, to the barnyard. "Daisy" had decided to take a nip at Ma's choice pansies and verbenas just about three inches above the ground.



To save them, Pa kicked her. His foot landed on her hard hip bone and a broken toe was the result. Groaning with anguish and vowing vengeance on all cows, he hurried in to get it dressed. Ma had never seen Pa so mad. She called the doctor, but he was out. Then when she started to dress it herself, she thought of the peppers and told Pa to go plant some. That made him madder than ever, but he finally consented to go. Ma got the plants and together they set out for the garden to the row that stood ready at all times. Pa had set out two plants when he suddenly broke out laughing. He laughed and laughed louder and louder. The neighbors thought some one was in trouble and came over to help. Pa laughed on. The funny side of it had struck him. Also his toe had quit hurting. When he got through laughing he set out the rest of the pepper plants. The first two lived, the others quickly and resignedly died.

Sammy Perkins had tried. Sammy was twelve years old and always in a good humor. But one day Billy Johnson, his best chum, had gone home with Sammy's girl. Sammy would have taken it good naturedly, but Billy, feeling awkward about it himself, had met Sammy on his return trip and "landed him one." Even good-natured boys of twelve will fight when thus accosted. It lasted an hour. First one and then the other gained the ascendancy in the form of a seat on the other's stomach until Billy had taken Sammy's new baseball. Sammy went home dirty and sullen looking. Ma had observed and had said nothing, but handed him some pepper plants and a quarter and rushed him out of the room. Sammy understood and went, stopping on the way to look at his white mice. When he found them, one was dead. He sorrowfully took the deceased out and

buried him in a seldom used corner of the yard. Then he took the pepper plants and set them out, planning all the while how he'd spend the quarter. Just as he finished, Billy came along, threw him the new baseball, and together they walked on to the diamond. The pepper plants withered that night and died the next day.

Then Sally Perkins had come home from boarding school. It hurt her more than the others that her family was a laughing stock for the village, and so she determined to grow some peppers herself. She bought agricultural papers and journals, even writing the state experiment station for specific directions and for an analysis of the enclosed sample of their garden soil. She followed these directions faithfully. The plants had flourished whole-heartedly for a time, and then when there was a slight drought, one by one they turned to a sickly hue, withered and died.

Sally was disgusted, but she was determined. She didn't believe in getting mad herself, but if it took that to make pepper plants, her family would just have to get mad.

About that time she began to flirt with Harry Langston, whom Pa Perkins had expressly and especially forbidden her going with. In fact, she stopped going with anybody but Harry. Pa and Ma watched this affair a bit anxiously, but philosophised that Sally "had been brought up right and would not carry it too far." Sally herself only knew she was having a good time and did not think further.

Then one night while she was serving Harry sandwiches and tea on the lawn, and other things were happening, she thought she heard an unusual sound in the tree just opposite the one under which they were sitting. Looking up she saw Sammy and Billy peering through the leaves.

She pretended, however, not to have seen anything, and Harry later wondered why she had suddenly become so cool and why he had to leave an hour earlier than usual.

At breakfast the next morning Sammy was in high spirits. Every way he could he teased Sally without saying anything directly. About the middle of the meal he could stand it no longer. He began and gave his unabridged views of the happenings of the evening before. At first Sally merely ignored him, then she began blushing and finally ended in getting good and mad to such an extent that

she boxed Sammy's ears. Well, Ma and Pa got mad, too; mad that they had not stopped the thing long ago when they saw the diamond on Sally's finger and mad that they couldn't make Sammy hush. Sammy was mad because he could not finish his tale. Breakfast ended by the whole family's adjourning to the garden with pepper plants. Sammy set out two, Sally ten and Ma and Pa four each before their anger cooled enough for them to speak to each other.

The next fall at school Sally got the following telegram:

"Peppers took first prize at fair.  
"Pa."

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## Ambition

RUBY SISK, '19, CORNELIAN

I'm sick o' wastin' all my time  
A rollin' on the floor;  
Th' eternal jolt and tumble  
Makes my muscles stiff and sore.

Though I walk like fortyleven  
Up and down the steepest hill,  
And feel 'most like a soldier  
Who's just come in from drill;

Though I squander precious hours  
A training in the gym.,  
And work and sweat, and toil and fret,  
I simply can't get slim.

I want to gain some knowledge,  
To be famous and all that;  
But first of all, I'll tell you, girls,  
I want—to lose some fat.

# The Epidemic

EDITH RUSSELL, '19, CORNELIAN

Since the burning of Forest House last winter the campus has been more or less in the throes of an unusual disease, hitherto unknown, at least in these parts. Its methods of attack are peculiar unto itself, and resemble nothing so strikingly as the lightning flash. The approach of an attack is heralded by a tense expectant atmosphere that usually is prevalent whenever paper is being handed out in the class room for a written test; whenever a study hour is despairingly full and sleep threatens to pounce down upon its defenseless prey; and whenever in the dining room the clock registers one forty-five and the pudding looks unusually good.

Even as fire is supposed to follow smoke, so there follows in the wake of this atmosphere a sudden and horrible noise, which appears to be a combination of bell, whistle and Mexican bull fight. If it is a morning attack, long lines of temporarily speechless girls are observed to file out of Main Building or McIver, as the case may be, and stand obediently outside until the sound of a small, but shrill, whistle is heard, when the lines, still with that strange silence upon them, march solemnly back to their respective rooms.

Does the attack inflict the dormitories at the propitious moment at which weary heads have sought more or less downy pillows, its effect is more startling. Lights flash from every hitherto dark window; those self-same windows which, in accord-

ance with hygiene lectures, have duly been raised from the bottom and lowered from the top, are swiftly closed. The sound of wild scrambles is heard as the girls don shoes and coats, and snatch anything from sweaters to bureau scarfs and waste paper baskets with which to cover "rolled up" hair. Suddenly all noises cease, however; hall doors are silently opened and the motley procession files out into the dark and cold, muttering vague unheard and unmeant imprecations upon the author of all this misfortune. A whistle, like unto that of the morning, summons the line in again; lights go out; windows go up; peace rules once more.

Attacks of the malady are not unusual at dinner time, when the dining room is full to overflowing and it is almost time to serve the dessert. At the sound of the gong last bites of bread and swallows of tea are snatched, loathed silence descends, and forth into the sunshine march the drillers, there to wait until the dining room is empty and the imagined fire is in solitary possession. Then, in they go again—and decide that they are not ready for dessert yet, anyway.

Verily, the malady is a persistent one; but, even as scarlet fever brings curls to the head of its victim, so fire drills, well organized and well executed, bring a sense of safety and satisfaction to the hearts of the faculty, the fire chief and those of us who are born optimists.

## Her Talisman

SYBIL BARRINGTON, '20, ADELPHIAN

Mabel Thornton rearranged the cushions on the window-seat in her pretty room thoughtfully. This was her last night at home for quite a while, as she was to leave in the morning for college. It was hard to think that this was to be the last quiet talk with her mother for so long, but she simply was not going to be a baby about it.

Just as she had come to this conclusion, Mrs. Thornton came in and took her place on the window-seat by her daughter. For several minutes neither spoke and then Mable said:

"Mother, aren't you going to give me a talisman before I leave?"

"A talisman? Why, dear, I don't believe I know what you mean."

"Well, you see, when Lillian left for Meredith, Mrs. Dixon gave her a Bible—"

"But you have the Bible I gave you four years ago."

"I know, and I just love it and wouldn't use another for anything, but I don't mean a Bible especially. This morning Mr. Hicks gave Blanche a new ring with 'Home' engraved inside and told her that was to be her talisman while she was away."

"You have the birthday ring your father gave you the other day. Surely you don't want another so soon."

"No, I don't mean that, either." Again there was quiet for a while. Then Mrs. Thornton, stroking the hair from her daughter's forehead, said:

"I think you have a talisman, Mabel. I hope you have, anyway."

Immediately Mabel raised her head and, looking into her mother's face, asked:

"What is it, mother? Have we already packed it?"

Mrs. Thornton did not answer for a minute and then she said smilingly: "I think I shall see if you can't find it out for yourself, dear."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks later Mrs. Thornton read, and re-read several times, a letter which she had just received from her daughter. It ran as follows:

Sunday afternoon.

Dearest Mother:

I have found what my talisman is! But let me "begin at the beginning" and tell you all about it. I wish I could tell you, for I hardly know how to write it. You see, it is in the nature of a "'fession."

I am sure you remember that I have always had trouble with my math. Well, it is even worse here. But I have been getting it all right until Friday. Thursday night, I for some reason did not study my algebra lesson as I should have and had been formerly. And Friday morning we had a written lesson. We only had three examples, so you see how important it was that I work every one of them. I worked the first and last without any trouble, but I could not remember anything at all about the second one. I had given up and was ready to hand in my paper when the girl next to me finished a page and placed it, right side up, in plain view. I saw at a glance that it was numbered "II."

Mother, I know you will sympathize with me when I tell you that I was sorely tempted to copy that example.

I didn't, for right then I found my talisman.

Do you remember that day, several years ago, when the grocer's boy left at home an extra dozen eggs besides the things you had ordered? Perhaps you have forgotten, but I remember very distinctly that, although it was Saturday morning and we were both very busy, you had me take them at once back to the store. Just as I started to copy that example I remembered that incident and what you had said when I asked you why you were so particular about having them carried back that morning. You said: "They aren't our eggs, Mabel, and we never get any good from anything that we get in that way."

After that, I couldn't bear the thought of copying that example. And right then I knew that you were right when you said that I had a talisman. And my talisman is you, mother. Or rather, it is what your life has always been. I don't know whether this is what you meant, but I do know it is the only talisman I want or need.

Love to all from your daughter,

MABEL.

As Mrs. Thornton finally tucked the letter back in its envelope, a happy smile played over her face. Then, with a far away look in her eyes, she whispered to herself:

"The reward is more than I deserve."



## House President Pro Tem

EDITH RUSSELL, '19, CORNELIAN

It has been said that Responsibility rests with a vast and overwhelming weight upon the shoulders of her upon whom it is thrust, that it lengthens her face and shortens her days, and causes more than one discord to occur for her in the playing of that "grand sweet song" which poets would fain have us believe constitutes college life. True, true! But, I ask you, what of her roommate?

"The house president is going out of town for the week-end," announced the responsible young person in question, and added with an air of consciously subdued importance, "I am to take her place."

"Um-m, interesting," I replied, obligingly—and unwittingly spoke the truth.

Noon saw the hilarious departure of the regular president depotward; late afternoon witnessed the solemn and potential entrance of hand bell, alarm clock and fire whistle into the newly inaugurated official's quarters, and the appearance of a hunted, baffled glint in her eye. The beginning of study hour saw the glint become more intense and found her standing distractedly in the hall with the bell in one hand and the fire whistle in the other, wildly beseeching everybody within her range of vision to seek her own and special abode. By dint of hard persuasion the aforementioned roommate succeeded in inducing her to leave her appointed station and to take up the usual duties of more prosaic study hours.

Never had the borrowed alarm clock enjoyed such popularity, for never had it been consulted with such eager-

ness and anxiety. Eyes, in which the hunted, baffled glint had become a glare, sought advice and approbation at its hands with a regularity not even surpassed by its own measured ticking. I was trying to read three languages at once, in view of the pressing needs of the morrow, when I was rudely interrupted by hearing uttered in a rapturous tone:

"Oh, I'll have to tell 'good night,' won't I?"

Being engrossed in trying to preserve the balance of power among French, Latin and German, I missed the full purport of that tone, and absently replied:

"No, not necessarily; the proctor will do it for you."

Glancing up at that moment, I suddenly realized that I had done the wrong thing, as it were, for, with a look of utter scorn in my direction, the president arose and the clock yielded its place as chief consultee to the mirror. A half hour later, I observed that the clock had not yet been reinstated and a gentle wonder took possession of me.

"Going to a party, or anything like that?" I asked.

"Of course not," said the president, apparently to her own reflection, "but I ought to look nice when I tell 'good night,' you know."

She patted the little black velvet bows with which she had tied back the curls at the sides of her head, and concernedly powdered the end of a nose that already evinced an unnatural pallor.

"Perhaps you ought," I agreed, "but I would suggest that you ring

the bell for fifteen minute period some time before prep."

The president gave an agonized glance at the once more important clock, saw that it was two minutes past time for the bell, grabbed that article, and made a mad dive for the hall. With small regard for the Responsibility and its weight, I went visiting as usual during fifteen minute period, and left the president standing on one foot in our door in a perfect tremor of fear lest I be a second late. Every time I passed her, she implored me in piteous tones to come in and stay in. Literally, my time was not my own. By the time room bell rang, I was beginning to feel deeply concerned about my poor roommate's condition. I told myself I would be glad when the Responsibility could be shifted back to the shoulders of its rightful bearer. I resolved to get the poor child's mind off her troubles, if possible, and with that end in view, I discussed fluently and lengthily certain plans for a certain event of the future. I succeeded—nor is that all. In the midst of my self-congratulation my eye accidentally fell on the clock.

"Eer—er, was the proctor going to ring light bell?" I stammered and fled into the closet, or rather fell in, and shut the door. When I finally gathered courage to come out I heard the president telling "good night" in a soft voice conducive to dreams. On her return, she remarked in an agrieved tone:

"It isn't half as nice telling 'good night' as I thought it was."

"Why?" I asked, mildly interested.

"Half the folks don't even answer you. And what do you suppose one of them said to me? She turned over and mumbled something like: 'Has prep. rung?'"

"Perhaps," I suggested, sweetly, "she isn't accustomed to being waked

up at all hours to hear some one tell her good night."

We went to bed—but not to stay. Just as I had succeeded in throwing off the fetters of the thoughts of day, and was preparing to be wafted far away from the realm of bells and clocks and house presidents *pro tem*, there came a horrible knocking on the door, our door, and a kimonaed form entered noisily.

"Say!" commanded the form, pounding me over the head with an innocent history notebook, "Ain't you acting as house president?"

"No," I murmured, too far away to resent the implication, "next bed, please."

The form ceased hostilities in my direction and lurched across the room to the bed of the unfortunate person, weighted with Responsibility.

"Say!" using the same method of attack, "Ain't you acting as house president?"

"I—I guess so," faltered that dignitary.

By this time I had dragged myself back to consciousness sufficiently to take part in the conversation; I always was unlucky.

"She means by that that she's perfectly sure of it," I offered.

"Well," said the kimona, "there's a girl down the hall that's awful sick and wants to go to the infirmary. She's a new girl, so I thought I ought to ask you to take her over there."

"Your powers of deduction are marvelous," I said. "I heartily approve. Of course, the president will be glad to be of service."

Once more I beckoned to the slumber god, but, before he had time to respond, the valorous house president, with rare foresight and insight sweetly murmured:

"Since you're so keen on seeing that the girl gets over to the infirmary, why don't you take her? The

air would do you good. I deputize you to go in my place. It'll be all right; I'll explain that you wanted to do it so much that I couldn't refuse you."

Caught fairly. There was nothing that I could do and keep my self-respect at the same time, but arise and clothe myself in everything at hand, and follow the kimona down the hall to the sick girl's room. Early Christian martyrs? Bah! Beside the roommate of the house president *pro tem* their claims are as naught.

After a slight difficulty in making the trained nurse understand which of us was the dying woman, I shuffled back and crept into bed, preparing to woo Orpheus a third, and, I fondly hoped, a last time. Several minutes of unbroken quiet had passed, when with a whirr and a clatter one of the shades in the room next door rose unceremoniously to the ceiling. The president sat straight up in bed, the wild glare in her eyes distinguishable even by the pale moonlight.

"Heavens!" she shrieked, "what was that?"

"Anything you choose to call it," I said, "go on, don't mind me."

Responsibility shifted its weight and came down heavily on a tender spot.

"Do you think I ought to go see what it is?" the victim inquired anxiously.

"Undoubtedly," I answered, "you better make a complete round of the entire house."

"I—I'll wait and see if it does it again," was the compromise.

"Just as you please," said I, icily.

The night wore on, and morning came; and, not less welcome than its light, came the only original, true and tried house president. Back to their rightful owner went clock, bell, whistle and Responsibility. Shorn of these insignia, the house president *pro tem* became once more a normal, rather likeable person, free from care and wearing no baffled glint in her eye—but, I ask you, what of her roommate?



# Locals

## Founder's Day

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of our college was very appropriately celebrated on October 5th. At 10:30 a. m. the student body and faculty gathered around the statue of Dr. McIver and marched in an imposing procession to the auditorium. The program was opened by a prayer and patriotic music was sung. President Foust made a short talk in which he spoke of the changes the state has witnessed in the last twenty-five years in education, and Dr. McIver's part in promoting this change. Then Dr. Archibald Henderson, the speaker of the day, was presented. The subject of his address was "Woman's Service During the War," and was as thorough as limitations of time would permit. Governor Bickett was present and made a short talk in which he gave America's reasons for entering the war.

## Organ Recital

On October 5th, a splendid organ recital was given by the head of our organ department, Professor George Scott-Hunter, assisted by Miss Alice E. Bivins, soprano. The program included the "Sonata in C minor, Op. 10," by Ralph L. Baldwin; "Andante con moto," by Schubert, played by Prof. Scott-Hunter; and two beautiful numbers by Miss Bivins, "Dawn in the Desert," and "Night in the Desert," by Gertrude Ross. Our college has long been proud of its wonderful organ, and it is delighted with its new addition to the music department, Miss Bivins.

## Freshmen Organized

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of October 6th, the Freshmen of the college met in Curry Chapel and, under the guidance and direction of Mr. Forney, organized the class and elected their leaders for the first term of this their all-important year. Miss Frances Mitchell was made their president and the office of vice-president was given to Miss Grace Rice. Their other officers are: Miss Helen Eskridge, secretary; Miss Kathleen Mosley, treasurer; Miss Mary Blair, critic; Miss Mildred Barrington, monitor; and Miss Josephine McCorkle, cheer leader.

With such capable and clever officers we can expect nothing but the very best from the new citizens of our community.

## With the Societies

On the evening of September 22nd, the Cornelians were delightfully entertained by a patriotic program presented by a group of the society members. Tableaux of the farewells to the soldier boys of '76, of the Civil War, and of the present war, were very appealing to the feminine audience. Various patriotic songs and a patriotic story and poem completed the charm and enjoyment of the evening. The Marsailles, sung in French by Miss Margaret Jenkins, proved so inspiring that the audience spontaneously rose and sang the Star-Spangled Banner.

Mr. Barrie's charming little sketch, "The Twelve Pound Look," was ably presented by the Adelpian Society

on the evening of October 6th. Miss Mary Wynn Abernethy as Kate was the acknowledged star of the evening. Miss Abernethy was most ably supported by her "leading man," Elsie Anderson. The cast was as follows:  
 Sir Harry Sims . . . . Elsie Anderson  
 Kate . . . . . Mary Wynn Abernethy  
 Lady Sims . . . . . Laura Linn Wiley  
 Tombs . . . . . Macy Parham

### Dr. Knapp at the College

The first number of our lyceum course was indeed a rare treat. On Friday evening, October 12th, almost the entire student body gathered to hear the illustrated lecture of Dr. Charles Knapp, philologist, of Columbia University. In his clever and pleasing manner he took us back to the "Life in Ancient Rome," and presented to us the theatre in its various stages of development. After a discussion of the theatres, we were next presented to the comic and tragic actors of the Roman stage. From works of Terence and Plautus, Dr. Knapp gave us several scenes which were readily appreciated.

We feel that we have been particularly fortunate in securing Dr. Knapp, for he is an authority on the subject on which he speaks, a scholar of no small attainments and withal a delightful speaker.

### Mass Meeting

At our mass meeting on October 13th, the student body was gratified to have Miss Long, of our domestic arts department, talk as a representative of the Faculty Advisory Committee. At this time she gave us an interesting and practical discussion on "suitable dress for all occasions." At this time when all are advocating conservation in all things, it was very appropriate and helpful to have one who is an authority on the subject

discuss with us suitable clothing which is both economical and becoming.

We congratulate ourselves on having the members of the faculty talk to us before our monthly business meetings, and take this opportunity in hoping that they will continue.

### Chapel Exercises

Our chapel exercises for the past month have been interesting and constructive. Dr. Foust gave us a series of short and practical talks on important phases of college life during the first week of October, in which he emphasized a wise use of our time by careful planning of our work, and by balancing college work with outside activities. Since college work develops the individual mainly and outside activities pertain to the group, he urged that every student should strive to find the golden mean between these two extremes and thus make each student mean the most possible to the whole college community.

During the second week of October many of the city ministers came out and not only gave us a hearty welcome to the city churches, but also gave inspiring thoughts for the day.

On October 12th a musical program was our privilege. Misses Green, All and Bullock showed great skill and talent in their selections, which were enjoyed exceedingly by all. We are glad that we are again to have musical programs on Friday. We feel that the new plan of giving the chapel period of two days of the week to the various college organizations who have business to present to the student body will meet a long felt need of the college.

On September 28th, our chapel period was rendered unusually delightful by an organ number by Mr. George Scott-Hunter, the second movement of the Concerto of the Cuckoo and the

Nightingale, and two songs by Miss Alice Bivins, "Come Down to Q in Lilac Time," and "A Moorish Lullaby." Miss Bivins comes from the University of Wisconsin and her repertoire so far as we have been privileged to judge is of song modern in spirit and form of verse and music. Our college is most fortunate in securing so gifted and well trained a director for its department of public school music.

### Sophomore-Freshman Entertainment

About seven o'clock of the night of October 13th, a number of cars appeared on the switch in front of the college campus to take the Freshmen and their hostesses, the Sophomores, to Lindley Park for the evening. Great was the merriment on those cars and eager the mob which, after alighting, found its way up the festively lighted avenue. Arrived at the brilliant pavilion, dancing was in order for some, and for the others two campfires blazed invitingly. The aroma of toasting marshmallows and coffee boiling in huge caldrons soon attracted quite a crowd to these resorts, where ghost stories, jokes, songs and banjo music produced a strange medley. When the crisp invigorating autumn air and the aforesaid odor had sufficiently whetted the appetites, great trays of sandwiches and apples were brought around, which every one was invited to lighten. Then more frivolities were engaged in until at the bugle call, everyone assembled to sing patriotic songs. When the guests and hostesses reluctantly withdrew to the car line, much to their surprise no cars awaited them. A merry period of waiting and then a realization of circumstances came to them. A live wire was on the track! Gayly making the best of circumstances, those who were not given a lift by kind passersby walked in to the college.

### Y. W. C. A. Notes

On the night of October 14th it was our good fortune to hear Miss Harriett Elliott speak on "World Citizenship." Miss Elliott spoke of American patriotism as related to "World Citizenship." At this time when each human being is being introduced to his next door neighbor and American citizens have gone beyond the borderline of the United States in thoughts, interests and deeds, we are not being patriotic American citizens unless we carry into other lands the ideals which are symbolized in our national hymn and our flag; the ideals of cooperation and toleration as opposed to annihilation and retaliation.

Miss Elliott is an able thinker and a rare speaker and we feel that it was indeed a privilege to have heard her.

During the past month we have had two of the ministers from the city, Dr. Myers, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Turner, pastor of the First Baptist Church, to speak to us at our Sunday night services. Both Dr. Myers and Mr. Turner always receive a most hearty welcome from the girls and faculty.

Miss Yopp, Travelers' Aid in Greensboro, and Miss Ewing, the city General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, talked to us at our Wednesday evening vesper services. Miss Yopp gave us a very interesting sketch of her work here, and Miss Ewing told us about the work the Young Women's Christian Association is doing in the present war crisis.

We feel that our student life is greatly enriched by the glimpses of the work in the world at large, brought to us by the pastors of the city and the social service workers. They meet a need of our community.

### Athletic News

The Athletic Association had its first regular meeting on Saturday, September 29th. The new officers elected were the following: Vivian Draper, president; Martha Speas, Junior vice-president; Elizabeth Jones, Freshman vice-president, and Ethel Lovett, Special vice-president.

We have played several interesting games of hockey, and as soon as the Freshmen are organized we hope to begin our hockey practice in earnest.

This year promises to be a lively one in athletics at the Normal, and it is the aim of the association to stimulate and utilize the enthusiasm which is already making itself felt, to the end of a solid year of good clean college athletics.

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## Exchange Department

Our friends, the magazines of other colleges, we invite you most cordially to find your rightful place among the exchanges on our editorial desk. There you will find a hearty welcome. On this page, in the months to come.

we shall try to give to you frank, constructive criticisms and we hope that you will give to us such exchanges as will help us to make our Magazine bigger and better. Again, we say to you, exchanges, welcome.





Freshman (to talkative roommate):  
 "I got to shut up and study, for that English teacher said I must write a *biology* of my life for tomorrow."

Junior sister: "Well, little sister, what are you crying about?"

Freshman (sobbing): "Pa wrote me that Nancy is dead."

Junior (horrified): "Who's Nancy?"

Freshman: "My cow."

Senior (teaching Training School English): "Now, children, remember that a preposition is one word which a sentence should never end *with*."

Freshman (to Senior Magazine editor): "You are a mighty young Senior."

Senior: "Why do you think that?"

Freshman: "After your name in the Magazine was an '18'."

Freshman (to English faculty):  
 "Did Poe write 'Mid-night Summer Dreams?'"

Math. teacher: "Your mid-term examination questions are now in the hands of the printer. Any questions?"

Freshman's piping voice broke the silence: "Who is the printer?"

Senior (teaching in Training School): "Now, Johnny, here's a sentence: 'The man broke his arm.' What case is man?"

Bright pupil: "A hospital case."

Sentence from Freshman theme:  
 "Then the family, including father, moved to Raleigh—and this brings my past life up to the present."

Senior (in Training School):  
 "What is the world?"

Pupil: "A pasteboard globe."

# STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

## ORGANIZATIONS

### The Student Self-Government Association

Lucile Reams	President	Lucy Crisp	Secretary
Victoria Mial	Vice-President	Rouss Hayes	Treasurer

### Marshals

Chief—Dorothy Phelps, Sumter, S. C.

#### Cornelian

Margaret H. George	Alleghany County
Sue Ramsey Johnston	Gaston County
Margaret McIver	Moore County
Katherine Phillips	Edgecombe County
Edith Russell	Wake County

#### Adelphian

Eleanor Robertson	Robeson County
Susie Brady	Mecklenburg County
Laura Linn Wiley	Rowan County
Mary Wooten	Edgecombe County
Arnette Hathaway	Perquimans County

### Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

#### Senior Class

Mildred Ellis	President	Mary E. Walker	Treasurer
Winnie Leach	Vice-President	Frances Walker	Critic
Annie Bell Harrington	Secretary	Laura Linn Wiley	Cheer Leader

#### Junior Class

Macy Parham	President	Bessie Boyd	Treasurer
Jennie Kirkpatrick	Vice-President	Ruby Sisk	Critic
Margaret Harris	Secretary	Bessie Stacy	Cheer Leader

#### Sophomore Class

Nelle Bardin	President	Ethel Boyte	Treasurer
LaRue McGlohon	Vice-President	Natalie Coffee	Critic
Sybil Barrington	Secretary	Henrietta Alston	Cheer Leader

#### Freshman Class

Frances Mitchell . . . . . President

Grace Rice	Vice-President	Mary Blair	Critic
Helen Eskridge	Secretary	Mildred Barrington	Monitor
Kathleen Mosley	Treasurer	Josephine McCorkle	Cheer Leader

#### Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Reade	President	Mary Johnson	Secretary
Mary Gordon	Vice-President	Veritas Sanders	Treasurer

#### Athletic Association

Vivian Draper . . . . . President

Mabel Smith	Senior Vice-President	Ethel Lovett	Special Vice-President
Martha Speas	Junior Vice-President	Mary Nell Hartman	Secretary
Lela Wade	Sophomore Vice-President	Bessie Hoskins	Treasurer
Elizabeth Jones	Freshman Vice-President	Ruby Sisk	Critic