



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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MAY—JUNE, 1919

No. 6

We want next year's magazine to be the best that has ever been published. There is no reason that we can see now that should prevent this. Everything points towards progress. Beginning with the first number next year it will bear a different name which we hope will be a more suggestive one than the purely practical commonsense one that we now have. Then, next year the magazine will not be hampered by having to have its editors devote so much time and energy to getting the local happenings recorded. The newspaper, the "Carolinian," will have these matters up while they are fresh and the magazine will discuss only those vital ones of lasting interest. The newspaper will thus permit the magazine to devote more space to literary work.

A few people have been as tactless as to inquire from what source this material was coming—they thought that the magazine editors had a hard enough time trying to get material to fill up space as it was! This is partly true. The editors have had

to rummage quite a bit to get material that was fresh enough to be worth paying two dollars a page to get published.

Writing for the magazine is a privilege for the writer; for it is in this way she shows what she can do now, and what she might do in the future. It gives her a chance for wholesale criticism that may lead to development. Some girls think they are doing the editors a special favor when they hand in anything relying on them to correct, copy, or work over, if necessary. Such an idea is wrong. The editors are not that fond of work; the college is not that fond of spending money. To have anything published at all, should be a great honor. There should be competition. Every girl should feel delighted to have her work considered at all and should not go around secretly pouting if it is not available for publication. The editors are at your service. They are willing to do anything within reason if they think your work shows a germ of promise, and they know that you could not do the work better yourself

even if you had the time. But do not, when you positively know your work is careless, hand in work to be renovated when you could easily do it yourself. Again, I say, the editors are at your service. If your work is too deep for them to understand or appreciate they will try to find some one that can; and will even go so far as to have notes compiled that the readers may understand it when published! Do not think the editors will make fun of anything you hand in, or will show it around. Any writing will be handed back if so requested when it is submitted.

Everyone complains of having no time to write in the winter. The trouble is most of them do not care to write because if they did they would find the time. The magazine now appears to very exclusive; for the same people do all the writing each month. They are usually the ones that have most of other work also. For those would-be-artists who can not achieve greatness because of lack of time in the winter session, the summer vacation offers an opportunity. Every girl should come back to school with poems, essays, and stories packed as religiously in her trunk as jams and jellies. This work should be turned into the magazine and the best chosen and published. Then the magazine would mean something.

The magazine board is not at all particular about the manner, or form, you use in writing. What the editors want is your sincere feelings. If you can invent something new, why do it! Be yourself always! Do not think you have to live some abnormal experience before you can write. You only have to look around you and see

and feel and then tell the world about it, and before long some of its inmates will slap you on the back and say, "Why, old sport, you are a genius. I too, had the colic when I was a baby." Write up anything if you can make it interesting no matter how small and ordinary it seems to you. But let me warn you not to wait until next fall and come back here and hurriedly write some dry account of "Math" or "Bacon." If you do take a subject that is dead write some life into it.

During this past year our magazine has been reviewed by few, if any, other college magazines. We do not know what the trouble is. We think we will at least be noticed next year if it is for no other reason than revenge! Until then we will have to criticize ourselves. We think that the heavy essays of our magazine are as good as any of those we find in college magazines of our size. Most of these essays have been written for class work and the people were either deeply interested in their subjects or were deeply interested in getting good marks. The publication of these essays were secondary importance to the writer. Our magazine needs essays of the personal nature. These are not at all difficult to write. Why not someone try their hand? The poetry of our magazine has also as a whole been good. But most of this has come from the very same individuals every month. Our short stories (if the things should go by that name—) have been punk—absolutely punk! This has brought a great deal of unfavorable criticism by students who read no other part of the magazine. Why are our stories so inferior? We hate to say laziness is the cause, but we must

confess that it is something like that. There has been no short-story course this year in the college; so students have not been able to kill two birds with one stone by writing a short story and getting a good grade and by having it published also. The editors will confess that some of the stories that they were forced to print this year were the scraps of a short-story course of several years back. There may have been a few from time to time that did not have an ancient, medieval and modern history attached. People in the winter here do not seem to have the time, energy, or inclination, to devote in mastering technical rules to write a story merely for the fun of it. We put little faith in the assertion that some one made when they said girls at college had not lived enough to write any story well. While school girls are by no means mature they can at least write about what they know about. Stories of children, animals, and fairies are not to be spurned even tho most girls may think themselves college women capable only of writing love stories. Not that the editors disdain the latter when they are not of a slushy variety, but they do think college girls not sophisticated enough in such matters as to write about them successfully—college girls do not have time to fall in love! As big as North Carolina is, as old as it is, and as interesting as it is, there should be some story for each girl to tell.

Our magazine has been criticised as being a purely literary magazine with a lack of college life portrayed. "The Contributors Club" has been put into the magazine to meet just this need. It serves as a place to put many interesting things, many

of which are hard to classify. Interesting letters, extracts from diaries, reminiscences and many other things find their place there. This part of the magazine also covers that part formerly devoted to "Normal Specials" in which "jokes" were put. The "jokes" were sometimes good ones which had been passed over the campus earlier; but usually if they were not old, were at least rather blunt around the point. If any joke happens that is too good to keep out of print, write it up in a good style and the editors will not be too "high-brow" to consider it.

We have had our say. It is our last word. You can get your word in next year. Why not write it this summer?

Because of his valuable contributions **DR. GUDGER** to science, Dr. Eugene Willis Gudger **OBTAINS** **LEAVE OF** head of the biology **ABSENCE** department of this college, has received life membership in the American Museum of Natural History, as well as fellowship in the New York Zoological Society. Dr. Gudger has been appointed to edit the third volume on the Bibliography of Fish. Two volumes have appeared. The third volume will contain the titles that were omitted from the first volume; and will contain a complete index under the names of the fishes and will be crossed-indexed by the subjects treated of in the books and papers listed. This task which he is undertaking will require an immense amount of time and work; and, in order to fulfill his appointment as editor of this volume, Dr. Gudger has found it necessary to obtain a leave of absence from the college for one

year. He was chosen for this work because of his broad knowledge of fish and excellent skill in bibliography. He has put in 2500 missing titles that were omitted from the first volume or titles of papers which have since been published. Several of his papers have appeared from time to time on the library shelves and have been read and enjoyed by many of the students.

Dr. Gudger came to this college from Johns Hopkins University in the year 1905. When he came the Biology department was in a very weak and uncertain condition; but during his stay of fourteen years the department has made marvelous studies of progress and today is obtaining much recognition from many of the higher colleges with advanced courses in biology. Not only has the Biology department grown and broadened in the past under Dr. Gudger's careful and wise supervision, but it is still growing and enlarging each year in the fulfillment of his ever new ideas and plans.

Not only has Dr. Gudger shown splendid ability as supervisor and instructor of the condensed and thorough courses in the subjects he has offered and taught but he has been of the inestimable value to the students who have been fortunate in choosing his courses. As Freshmen, they have entered his courses with that lack of ability to use their time and opportunities to the best advantages; and through Dr. Gudger's strict and careful discipline have developed clear minds for thinking and much skill in organizing their studies. The students in the Senior and Junior (and most in the Freshman) classes find that in the Biology department there

is pleasure which makes it seem like play and not drudgery in work.

It is with much regret that we grant to Dr. Gudger his leave of one year, realizing what a loss it will mean to the College during this time. And in losing him many of the students will lose a true friend upon whose wise council they could at all times unhesitatingly rely. It is our earnest hope that while at work in this broad field into which he is preparing to go, which is a great honor not only to himself and his college which he is representing, but also to this state of which he is a native, that his interests here will keep him always near in spirit and sympathy, and that he will return to the College after his leave of absence, bringing with him many of his broad ideas and help make the Biology Department and this college still bigger and broader.

When we are planning how to fix our **WHAT WILL OUR WALLS SAY?** rooms next year, what things are we going to consider? Are we going to leave our walls entirely blank, or are we going to make them speak? If we make them speak, what are they going to say? Our rooms are our homes; they are the places where we think, meditate and live. Then we want our rooms to speak happiness, encouragement and inspiration to us. How are we going to make them speak to us thus? To make our walls speak correctly, we must put pictures on them that mean something, instead of crowding them with magazines sentimental ones. Where are we to get good pictures? If we can't buy pictures, we can find in any good magazine some pictures that has a mean-

ing worth our time to look upon.

Why not have it framed and bring it to college next fall and let it speak to you and every girl who enters your

room next year and every other year that you are in college. Let us make our walls represent the beautiful.

V. P. '21 Dikean.



Senior Class Poem

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, DIKEAN

For native land revealed and justly proud,
For chosen times and fulfilled hopes untold,
For strength and grace sustaining thru the years,
For home's great love and valiant sacrifice,
For out grown goals and dormant powers revealed,
We offer gladsome thanks for all that was.

For faith in God that keeps us sane and sure,
For friends unfailing, yielding, steady strength,
For standards set by each life's touching life,
For wholesome minds to value all we meet,
For all we mightily can be and are
We harbor hope, nor fear the open road.

O Spirit lofty as the noblest thought,
Lovely as thy humblest ministering,
Unfaltering, unswerving, undying,
Move thru our utmost bounds of being,
Circle of gladness, circle of faith, circle of flame.

Patient builder, potent builder,
To thee we dedicate the work of heart and hand,
The steady, natural service we have wrought;
Ennoble it, and give us vaster goals,
Till we are one with all our soul desires.



State Normal Magazine

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GREENSBORO, N. C., MAY—JUNE 1919

No. 6

The Call of Humanity

LUCY CRISP, '19, ADELPHIAN

Awarded first place in the Inter-Society Oratorical contest.

One day away back in those years before histories of human kind were written, something went wrong. Altho we do not know what it was, or how, or why, we do know that when that thing happened, sin and its attendant suffering and unhappiness were established in the world. Turn back the pages of history, and read the story of the great human family from the days when our forefathers lived in their caves in the hillsides on up until today, when you and I are surrounded by all the modern comforts of civilization—and you will know the story of peoples and nations who have suffered because they have been denied the happiness that was their right.

There is unborn in every normal human being the desire to make good. To each of us is given a certain talent, a certain amount of power; and the true happiness comes to us only when we are able to make the best possible use of that power and to develop it into the fullest extent, and to use it for the noblest purposes. Take away from a man his chance to make his five talents ten, or his one talent two, and you inevitably rob him of the happiness that makes his life worth

living. As we look around us in the world, and turn back thru the ages, we see in an ever-moving, gigantic panorama the nations and peoples of the world, who stood with outstretched hands, calling and pleading for the happiness that is their right—the happiness has been denied them because the forces that make for happiness in the world have not listened, and have not heard.

The same call comes from all the nations—from the women, children and men. Go over to India and Turkey, and listen to the call of the women there. For years they have lived behind those stifling veils that are in truth apt symbols of the lives of the women behind them. There they live, day after day, shut up in the walled domains of their lords and masters, having no contact with the great world outside—simply living out their monotonous lives, either as mere ornaments or as mere drudges, as the case may be. And yet they are women, created in the image of god, with all their potential possibilities and powers crying out to be used as the Creator intended that they should be used. You and I know the hideous significance of

those veils worn by the women of India and Turkey—they signify the barriers that shuts the Oriental woman's mind up into the narrow walls of her so-called home, when her whole nature longs to know and have a part in the greatness and wonder and beauty of the world outside.

We pity those veiled women of the Orient, and yet we do not have to go away from home to find women compelled to suffer the unhappiness of a starved, stifled life. I am not arguing woman suffrage tonight, and when I say that thousands of American Women are actually unhappy because of the narrowness of their lives, I do not mean that women in general desire to leave their homes for public life. I simply mean that a woman cannot be happy when she does not have a chance to use the full power locked up in her mind and soul and body. Hundreds of American girls have grown up into womanhood and have stayed away from the right ways of living simply because they did not know, and were not taught the wonderful channels thru which they could use their powers toward the uplift of human society. Some of these girls have come from so-called "Backwoods Homes," but ignorance does not begin, nor does it end, in the Backwoods Home. What chance have the ignorant women who enter our wide-open gates, in the low murk and impurities of the shameful slum districts of our cities? Can they find in such an atmosphere the happiness they sought when their eyes eager turned toward free America? As we listen to the call of the veiled women across the seas, there is ringing out insistent-ly names our ears the call of women of America who have had no chance

and the call is the same—the call for the chance to know the true happiness of a fully developed life in the great panorama of the ages. Standing with their tiny, helpless hands out-stretched, we see the children who have had no chance, and they are calling, even as the women, for the happiness that is their right. We have all heard the horrible story told by missionaries from heathen lands, of how the helpless children are thrown as sacrifices into the red-hot arms of grinning idols, simply to satisfy the ignorant superstitions of parents. The cries of those children come back to us tonight, and with them we hear the cries of those children of our modern world who are the victims of superstition, ignorance, and selfishness. Go into our mills and factories and see children toiling away at tasks that sap their youthful strength and break their minds and souls and bodies until their lives are empty mockeries of the lives that would have been. Go into the hundreds of homes and communities, and see the dirty unsanitary conditions in which children must spend their babyhood days, and see the food that is prepared for them and see those children grow up into pale, listless, and, practically speaking, useless citizens. What chance have such children at happy, useful lives?

If we could fully understand the call of a little child, we should know that what a little child wants more than anything else in the world is to be taught. Those children whose lives were burdened out in the red-hot arms of idols never knew the cry of learning to love the trees and birds and flowers of God's great out-of-doors. They never knew the happiness of marvelous pilgrimages thru

the wonderful land of books; they did not know the thrill that fills a little child's soul when he hears beautiful music. The children who call to us tonight have had no more chance at those things than did those Chinese children who were sacrificed. We cannot hope for a world wide Brotherhood when the children of the nations are not trained into efficient world citizenship. The children of today are the citizens of tomorrow. They call to us that we teach them. It is our duty and privilege to answer that call.

As the great panorama moves ever onward, we see the men who have had no chance. There is no more pitiable sight than a man who has been beaten down, down, down until he is a cowed worm of the dust, willing to live forever in low, sullen indifference. True happiness comes to the man who, having been trained and taught the noblest use of his strength, goes out into life to conquer the things that beset him, and to set right the things that are wrong, with all the strength of his magnificent manhood glorying in his right to honest freedom. The world knows no more inspiring sight than such a man. In Russia, the men have been beaten down until finally the worm has turned, and the rising passions of men who have been denied their rightful happiness have grown into a great tide of uprising and revolt. Russia is a terrible example, and yet there are men all over the world who, like the Russians, have been crushed until they cannot get on their feet again. They call to us tonight, and plead for a strong hand that shall pull them out of the mire.

During these last years, when the attention of the world has been fo-

cused on those western battle-fronts where the fate of nations hung in the balance, we have learned to listen for, and to hear the call of those who suffer. It was impossible for the nations to look coldly and calmly on those fields that ran red with blood of the nation's sons. Our men heard a call and answered with their lives many of them. We hear a call tonight and must answer, if we would carry on the torch held high by the man who fought.

"In Flanders' Fields the poppies
blow

Between the crosses row on row
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, the poppies blow
In Flanders' Fields."

There is one human agency that reaches all people, and through this medium we must answer the call of the people. This agency is the Law. In order that our laws may meet the divine needs of the people, we must go back to fundamental things, and model our laws upon the principles of that master Lawmaker, the Man of Galilee. The root and foundation of His method of dealing with people was that that every creature should have a chance to make good. He gave the children a chance for he said "Suffer the little children to come unto me—for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." He gave the women their chance, too. There was Mary Magdalene, whose name was tainted with the dust of the streets. When he had helped her show her better self. She was last at his Cross and the first witness of His resurrection. And there was Peter, who had the "gift of God." Peter had used this power of his mostly in swearing, but after

Christ had taught him to use his tongue, we see Peter on the day of Pentecost, stand up and preach a sermon that reached home in 2,000 hearts. We need laws embodying this principle of Christ—laws that gives every person a chance, laws that prevent crime, laws that are constructive.

The people do not make their laws. They elect law-makers whose duty is to make and enforce the law. Laws that embody the Christ principle can proceed from the minds of unscrupulous, law, money seeking, narrow politicians whose votes and ideas are always on the market for the highest bidder. We must have politicians who, like our President, have the vision of the ultimate aim of all law, and have the strength of character to make their work fit their vision. As we give our earnest support to law makers whose lives are clean, whose principles are just, whose methods

are honest, we answer the call of those who suffer, the Call of Humanity.

Standing on the threshold of a new era, in the midst of nations and peoples purified and uplifted and made ready for nobler things, we dare to look ahead into the glorious future and say that the call of those who suffer *shall be answered*. Looking on into a world in which little children shall have the rights of citizens, and manhood and womanhood find true happiness in lawful freedom and noble self-expression. there comes to us the vision of the new world, and with one accord we sing

“O beautiful for patriot’s dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears,
O glorious world, O happy world,
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in brotherhood,
Thy liberty in law.”



Butter & Eggs

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

Awarded first prize in the Inter-Society Short-Story Contest.

Eggs, eggs, eggs! Everywhere I looked I saw eggs, smelt eggs—fairly felt eggs in the air. Of all the days in the world for wifey to have eggs for supper! I felt like a small boy does at the end of an Easter Sunday after he has eaten eggs, cracked eggs played with eggs, and fought over eggs all day long. Wifey did not know my feelings on the subject, or I guess she would have abstained from having eggs on that night. In fact the only thing that wifey did know was that I had been gone from her for two whole days. That was the reason she was trying to be so sweet to me—I do not mean trying much, for wifey is sweet without trying.

In spite of all my grouch I could not help but notice how lovely she looked sitting up there at the head of the table in her fluffy white dress pouring tea into a glass filled with tinkling ice. Her eyes looked much bluer than usual, and her hair more golden. But just then I glanced down and saw that dish of eggs and the sick feeling came over me again. I thought I would faint if I had to stay near that dish another moment. Suddenly an idea seized me. I became, or appeared to become, interested in a bit of rosy sunset and purple hills that I could see through the opening between the fluffy white curtains at the window just back of the fluffy

little wifey. Wifey has curiosity. She tries to hide it sometimes but it will just pop out anyway. When she saw her hubby absorbed in something she just had to turn to see what it was that interested him. I seized the golden opportunity and the golden dish of eggs and using a trick similar to those used by slight of hand performers, I managed to get that dish under the table and then safely to the floor. While I was manoeuvring with that dish I used more adjectives than most women do when gurgling over a poodle dog, a new hat, or a landscape. Wifey grew suspicious. It was just her woman's intuition to smell a rat. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes grew large. Really, wifey had a peculiar look. It was enough to make her have one I guess to find that her husband had an aesthetic soul buried somewhere in his manly bosom.

"Oh hubby dear, I forgot to put the eggs on the table," she suddenly remarked and started for that six-by-eight kitchen of ours to get them. I realized in just what a ticklish position I was in. Acting on the spur of the moment I grabbed the dish of eggs off the floor and slid it behind some dishes on the buffet while she was out of the room. Then I called to her. "Never mind; I am thru

supper anyway. I am going in and read the paper."

But I did not read the paper. I kept it lying in my hands and gazed at it, but I was not reading it by any means. I was trying to think of a way whereby I might suggest to wifey that my favorite dish would never be placed on my table again. But I could not think of any way except one that would involve the telling of the truth. I sat there in the firelight gazing into the glowing coals, thinking, thinking, thinking. Wifey came in just then and perched herself upon a little stool on the hearth without saying a word. I knew she was pouting about something. The only thing that I could think of that could have peeved her was the rather cool way I had treated her after my two days absence.

I knew she did not know anything about the whereabouts of those eggs and I thought perhaps that she had even forgotten to look for them while busying herself with other matters. Wifey does like petting. Now, I had been rather indifferent to her bubbling spirits ever since I had come home. Perhaps I should have shown more appreciation of her pretty white dress, and her nice supper, that she had prepared for my homecoming. But to tell the truth I felt more as if I needed petting myself.

Wifey knew something was wrong but was a bit too proud to ask. She merely sat there on that stool looking very much like a persecuted interrogation point. They very air between us seemed saturated with interrogation points. This state of affairs seemed to last an eternity. Finally I decided I had better say something or both of

us would be demolished by instantaneous combustion.

"Say do you know Simmons Tartan?" I ventured at last. Then wifey went off into one long tirade. "Simmons Tartan, Simmons Tartan, do I know Simmons Tartan? Why whats wrong with you? Of course I know Simmons Tartan. Haven't you been bringing him around here at least once or twice a week all during the whole long year that we have been married? And then you come here and ask me if I know Simmons Tartan! Why, now, I do want to know just what is wrong with you. You did not suddenly discover that you found some other woman you loved while you were away did you? If I did not know for certain that you were a total abstainer I'd think you had been drinking you've been acting so strangely around your wifey ever since you came home."

It was a rather stiff lecture she had given me but I was glad she had said every word of it for one could breathe easier with those invisible question marks in the air turned into real ones. Her speech had at least given me time to get my wits together. For a few minutes afterwards I tried to act unconcerned though, by sitting back in my chair, propping my feet on the mantle, lighting a cigar, flipping a match down into the coals of the grate and clearing my throat. Then I proceeded to get eggs out of my system.

"Oh, of course I know that you know Simmons Tartan," I said, "That was merely my way of starting to tell you a story—a true story—a story that concerns Tartan and I."

Wifey began to listen. She kept very quite and still. Not for worlds would she have shown any curiosity

or impatience when she knew that was the thing I was trying to create in her. In the mood I was in then, and knowing her as I did, I resolved to try her patience to the utmost by being as long winded as possible. I looked at her again and continued my yarn wondering just how long it would be before she would become exasperated with me.

It's this way. Tartan came over here the other night—in fact it was only two nights ago. While you were out of the room seeing to the supper we concocted a little business scheme which we perfected after supper when I went around to his house.

“Of course I ought to have explained the whole thing to you and should have asked your advise, but I just knew you would find some flaw in it somewhere—though to save our lives Tartan and I could not find any. I have always felt that your wee fluffy head contained more sense in it than most men's do—but somehow, I do not know why, I could not bring myself to tell you about it, or anyone else. We flattered ourselves in thinking the scheme would work beautifully if only given a few days trial. Then we thought when it did succeed, every one that would have nipped it in the bud before it had had a trial, would be only too anxious to laud it.”

“You know just how much we really need money in the summer time?” I continued, “there's one thing that is wrong with teaching school; the money comes in all right in the winter, but in the summer there is no work or no money. Tartan knew this state of affairs and wished to help us out; so here's where the scheme comes in.”

“It was concerned with a patent churn that he wanted me to help him

sell for a company on commission—which was to be a large one since the churn was a very new invention and the company was anxious to get it introduced. The churn was a wonderful thing that someone with springs in their brain must have invented—at least the churn had enough spring to it. There was about fifty feet of it that encircled a huge tin can in which one put the milk. All that one had to manipulate it was to crank up the spring by means of a handle at one side and leave it to slowly unwind and churn the milk. Now, Tartan showed me exactly how it worked the other night when I went around to his house.” (Then I looked down at wifey and enjoyed the puzzled look I saw registered on her upturned face) “Of course he did not have any milk in his room, but he did get some corn meal from his landlady and mix it with water to use in the churn when he gave me the private demonstration. Such a demonstration would have converted the most incredulous! I never have seen anything work so beautifully in all my life. As Tartan and I sat there and watched it smoothly unwind minute after minute we let our tongues and our imaginations unwind also. We thought we really could make money out of it; we both certainly did need the money. There was nothing to invest. All that we had to do was to go around with a sample one and take orders for the company and when the churn was delivered and the purchaser turned in the money we were to get the commission that we were going to divide fifty-fifty. Tartan already had a little Ford that we could travel around in when making our campaign, and he had also ready a speech to use in the campaign. He

practised it that night, and asked my criticism while I sat on the bed and gazed at that fascinating churn."

"I am beginning to see just why you were called away on business the other day," wifey blurted in. "Also the reason for all those vague explanations you gave me. But go on with your story maybe I can make heads and tails out of it sometime." Then she added in a half-playful, half-irritated way, "Just to think this is the man that I said I understood perfectly a year ago."

I ignored this last remark and hastened on with my story determined to get eggs off my system whether living or dying, surviving or perishing, was the result of it.

"Yes that was the reason I was called away on business. Tartan and myself started on this trip in his little Ford with the sample churn strapped on the back of it. I did not dare leave this house with so much paraphernalia; so we left from his lodgings a few minutes after I kissed you good-bye down here at our gate. Of course, you naturally thought I was going to take the train. Now, I never actually said I was, I only said I was going to Kairo on business—but by a rather round about way," I confessed humbly.

"It was a beautiful morning when we started out. I never felt better in my life except when above the racket of the Ford and the rattling of that churn on the back of it, I could hear my conscience saying that I had not been fair to you. We stopped now and then at a farmhouse as we went along but did not sell anything.

About dinner time we dropped in at one and the farmer's wife asked us for dinner and of course we accept-

ed the invitation. Even though we had not yet sold a single churn I knew I had at last found my life work as I sat there on the porch with the farmer's family and helped myself continuedly to the fried chicken, ham beans, potatoes, cake, pie, and a thousand other things that the good people delighted in poking at us. I could undertsand also the fascination that the wandering life has for some people when we cracked jokes after dinner and watched the yellow hound dog in the yard snap at flies. Selling a churn there was a very simple matter when Tartan did at last approach the subject. How proud we were over the sale of it as we continued up the road with happy hearts and full stomachs! We tried a few more places but with no success. No one wanted to buy one just then but every one seemed impressed."

"Finally we came to the store in the village of Republican and stopped our Ford. There was a crowd of men on the porch as usual. You've seen the place and know how it is," I said to wifey. "Old Luke was sitting on an upturned lard keg, spitting occasionally from a cheek punched out tooth-ache style, silently watching a crowd of overall clad boys drinking strawberry pop, and listening to an argument that two fellows sitting on Post Toasties cartons were having over an open Bible. We created a sensation when we stopped in front of them. The attention of all was focused on that churn strapped on the back of our Ford. Tatran started his long speech about the beauties and usefulness of that churn even before we had time to get out of the car. He took it and deposited it in the midst of the crowd and proceeded to give a talk far more

eloquent than any stump speech that I have heard any politician make. Luke quit spitting and the boys stopped drinking pop, bottles half way to their mouths. All during his speech Tartan was constantly turning over the machine and showing them some new beauty. He called on Luke to fetch him some corn meal and he mixed it with water and showed them just how it worked—of course there was no milk convenient for him to use."

"All during this performance I was greatly interested in Luke. I knew the heart of that man only too well for I could guess just how much he did hate to churn. You remember the times when we used to go out to his house and drink cider and how we would a'ways find him with a blue checked apron tied around his neck studying an almanac or a seed catalogue while he churned?' I inquired of wifey. She nodded assent and I began again. "I always did think that poor old Luke was hen-pecked. Sometimes he murmured, and sometimes he swore, but he never did get up enough courage to revolt against his wife's tyranny. Poor fellow," I added and looked at wifey with a wink, "I hope I wont ever be in quite his state."

Wifey only turned up her nose and remained silent. "Well," I commenced again, "While we were doing all that talking and demonstrating, Luke seemed carried away. I just wish you could have heard the comments he made. Every now and then he would slap his leg and exclaim, 'By ging, I'm gonna take one home to Matildy. I'm a-gonna take a dozen of 'em to Matildy. Poor Matildy did always have to work so hard.' All

of those people knew she did not do the churning and that Luke always had to do it, but they were so interested in the churn themselves they did not notice any inconsistency in anything that he said."

"Luke bought a churn and I guess we took orders for a half dozen others right there in that crowd—all on account of Tartan's eloquence and no credit to me."

"Certainly," said wifey a trifle too sweetly. I hastened on with my story. "After we took orders for the churns Tartan and I decided to rest a while since we had accomplished such a good days work already. Luke and all the others went off in various directions, but Tartan and I stayed on, loafed around the store a bit, talked politics, pitched horse shoes, and amused ourselves by trying to get a gold watch by punching for a lucky number on a board that was in the store. Every now and then some one would come in and would want to know about that wonderful churn we had for sale. It seems that Luke and those other men who had seen the demonstration had spread glowing accounts of it far and wide. Tartan certainly talked that churn up to any reputation that it had been given. We took orders for churn after churn without the slightest effort thruout all that afternoon. Tartan would occasionally take me aside and tell me how rich we were becoming. We thought that if we stayed there much longer we would be millionaires."

"About five o'clock we decided that we had best be moving; so we strapped our sample churn on the back of our Ford and started on our way for the hotel at Kairo where we thought we would get supper and spend the night.

Oh, say, you remember Cleton's hotel there, where they kept so many summer boarders and where we both stopped just after we were married?" I asked in the midst of my yarn.

Again wifey just nodded her head; so I took it as a meaning for me to keep on. There at the hotel our reputation had preceded us. A crowd of the coolest, dressed-upest people were lying around fanning in the hammocks in the yard and leaning on benches on the porch—men in white flannels and women in thin dresses. All of them immediately produced enough energy to rise to their feet and crowd around us clamoring to know about that churn. Luke, it seems, again had been before us and had aroused the curiosity of all by his wonderful picture of it—doggone him! Now Tartan and I were rather hot and tired and all of those people were rested and cool. We felt the differences in our appearances very much too. We were both very dirty after traveling on that dusty road and would have liked very much to have ben allowed to freshen up a bit and not be bothered by hearing any more about that churn that day. The subject was begining to grow monotonous to us anyway. But those people were bent on us giving a demonstration and Tartan said he guessed he would have to do it if the proprietor of the hotel would give his consent."

"He did very readily. We carried our churn around to the back porch and all those clean dressed-up people followed asking all sorts of non-sensical questions to us poor, tired, dirty, agents. Even Tatan's eloquence failed. He gave a half-hearted speech of some sort though while I prepared the churn for the demonstra-

tion. That was no make-believe demonstration either—the proprietor brought a whole can of the thickest clabbered milk I have ever seen and dumped it into the churn. I began to crank and Tartan regained a bit of his long lost eloquence. I cranked on and on, and he elocuted on and on. At last I concluded I had cranked enough and therefore turned loose of the handle for the people to watch the spring slowly unwind and churn the milk and make the 'luscious golden butter' that Tartan was talking about so much. The spring turned a few times and then to our dismay—stopped. Tartan flew to the crank and began to wind it up again and also to wind his tongue much faster upon the advantages of 'luscious golden butter' made with such a churn. He then turned the handle loose and stood waiting to see the results of his labors. The churn worked beautifully for fifteen seconds, and then—stopped! Some energetic young man in the crowd came to the crank this time and the crowd elbowed closer trying to see. I pulled Tartan back very gently and whispered hoarsely, 'Come quick! Let's go while going's good! He followed. A few minutes later we had rounded the corner of the house, and run down the walk, hurdled the fence, cranked the Ford in the road and were ready to depart in a hurry. But the crowd in the meantime had missed us and were in the front yard yelling. 'Rotten egg 'em, rotten egg 'em,' at the top of their voices.'

"I turned the wheel of the Ford and worked as hard as I could pulling every gear in the car; but something was wrong. I think we were about a hundred yards away from there when it

stopped too. I jumped out to start cranking *it* this time. The crowd saw what was happening and lost no time I can assure you in coming after us. I cranked desperately. You know the nature of Fords? That was a typical Ford. I cranked with all my might. Then eggs began to come our way. I commenced to sicken. Tartan worked his way as far down in the car as possible to avoid eggs and I dodged them as best I could while I cranked. But in spite of all my efforts I was hit several times by eggs that would delight the heart and stomach of a Chinaman."

"Then Tartan screamed, 'Get in this car; maybe it will go now,' or I guess I would still be there cranking that car and dodging eggs. I did. The car moved! The car began to run! Tartan worked up speed. He worked a bit harder. The car actually ran swiftly at last. In a few seconds we had turned the bend in the road with one last shower of eggs falling around us..

"Tartan gave a sigh of relief. Then, 'Old Boy, we are fools,' came from him. 'Why in this world did we not have enough sense to try real clabber in that churn before, instead of that corn-meal preparation? Now, who would have thought that a spring that was strong enough to churn a thin corn-meal mixture would not be strong

enough to work with clabbered milk? I did not pay much attention to his remarks for I was sick. I had come to the same conclusions a few minutes earlier, anyway, when I had seen that fatal demonstration given."

"We stopped at the very next house that we came to. The farmer's wife laughed and laughed at us but we did not care as long as she consented to give us some supper, to keep us all night, and try to clean our suits. I must say she worked faithfully on the latter while we were asleep, but the results were not absolutely satisfactory even then.

"Early this morning Tartan and I started for home. After we were in the car it certainly did not take us long to come to town. It was about ten o'clock,' I guess, but I did not dare to come home just then in my condition. I went around to Tartan's lodgings to recuperate first. We sent our clothes to the pressing club first for another cleaning and then went to bed for a rest. Late this evening our suits came back and I put mine on and came home."

Wifey who had listened calmly for so long, also said quite calmly, "I believe I see why you hid that dish of eggs on the buffet."

Wifey is some wise guy! What am I?

In A Crowded Church

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22, DIKEAN

These things I noticed in the Crowded Church—
The self-same pose of every member of the choir.
The color, style, fit of every dress
The same kind of corsage, at the same place on every woman.
The weak, simpering singing woman,
The strong, wholesome, singing woman.
The buxom, gaudily dressed singing woman.
The strong, full blooded men with gladsome chests rising and falling
with their music.
The pink and effeminate man who fingered his book as he sang
The monotony of the preacher's voice as he baptised the children—
The disgust of the little red-haired boy as the water trickled down
his back.
The look of regret on the face of the well dress child whose ribbon
was baptised.
The hungering eyes of the thin, pale girl who stood alone from the
others—
The glad eyes of the grandfather who saw his grandchild baptised.
The sleepy, happy eyes of the tiny girl who, slipping her hand in the
hand of her father, fell asleep.
The tender touch of the father as he folded and unfolded the tiny
limp hand in his large one.
The meaning eyes of the bride who softly reached over and brushed
off the coat of her husband.
The returning smile of the husband.
The restless glance of the young debonair as she sought thru the
crowd for the eyes of her lover.
The hard gray eyes of the widower light up as the child across the
aisle whispered softly "Mother."
The light of the Easter Morn fall softly thru the stained glass window
and rest gently on the Easter Lilies around the pulpit.

North Carolina Superstition and Folklore

MIRIAM GOODWIN, '22, DIKEAN

There lies hidden among the coves and valleys of "our dear native mountains," and throughout the pine forests of our eastern coast, an element of our civilization that most of us know little about.

I fear that the influence of the folklore and superstition of our people has been somewhat under-rated, for many are the quaint and beautiful teachings to be found in them.

Every people has a body of household tales, which whatever their antiquity, have been transmitted through recital from mother to child for generations. While poets were forming the literature that fills our libraries, the unlettered people were repeating to each other these familiar poetic tales. Now and then some romancer would take one of them and set it forth in finer, more fantastic garb, but for the most part the form was a homely one which did not vary greatly from one age to another.

In speaking of folklore we mean the popular superstitions, traditions and legendary tales that have been handed down in both song and story from father to son for generations and numbers of those we have in our "Old North State" today, date back to when Annadas and Barlowe landed on the coast of eastern Carolina in 1584.

It is where myth and history combine that legend in most interesting and appeals to our sympathies most

strongly, and it is not too early for us to begin a collection of those quaint happenings and those spoken reports that gain in picturesqueness with each transmission.

There are historical ballads in our folklore that tell us again of events that took place within our own border and of which we are justly proud. North Carolina has ever been a great State. Her sons have done great deeds and one of our ballads tells us of a bold step many of our forefathers took part in. Thus,—

"You have heard of bold exploits
And deeds of daring done?
You have heard of matchless valor,
In battles, lost and won;
You have heard of armies fighting
With frenzied desperation,
But what I now relate was done
With cool deliberation.

"The patriots of Mecklenburg
Were men of spirit bold,
Who scorned to wear a tyrant's chains
Or profit by his gold;
They loved their native forests,
Their mountains and their streams,
And freedom was the only thought
That filled their daily dreams.

"All hail to Carolina!
First of the "Old Thirteen"
To face the wrath of Britain's king
With calm and peerless mien;
All honor to old Mecklenburg

And her great Declaration,
And to the men who first conceived
The freedom of our nation!"

And again the sons of our own old
Burke added to the tales we love to
hear when they helped to drive the
"Red Coats" of King George from
off King's Mountain.

"Our own McDowell, brave and true,
Are forming now a rendezvous,

On Quaker Meadows fair;
Hambright, Lenoir and Cleveland
stout,

With Vance and Winston have come
out,

To join their forces there."

Among our historical ballads we
find some very humorous ones, as,
"The Turkey and the Judge." That
Judge Spencer, one of our early emi-
nent jurists, met his death through
the rage of an old turkey gobbler is
not a myth but a bit of real North
Carolina history.

The ballad runs as follows;—

"While scorching rays of the sultry sun
Were beating through the trees,
An old judge lay, one summer's day,
Reclining at his ease.

"His hairless pate was shining
Like the mighty gilded dome
That towers o'er St. Peter's
Near the Vatican at Rome;

"And many pleasure seeking flies
Had exercise that day
By skating on his cranium,
To while their time away.

"A scarlet night-cap then he finds,
To keep away the flies,
And meanders through the garden
Till a shady nook he spies;

"And then his slumber he resumes,
Lulled by the humming bees
And the odor of the roses
That wafted on the breeze.

"Soon a stately turkey gobbler
Sauntered down the winding path
When his honor's flaming turban
So stirred his inmost wrath,

"That then and there he gobbled out:
'I'll punch his old bald head!'
And, flying on his prostrate form,
He struck the jurist dead."

The little ones of our eastern coast
sit by the evening fires and listen to
tales of "Blackbeard the Corsair,"
and never grow weary as they are
told,—

"He had thirteen loving spouses
To share his earthly joys.
He had several little daughters
And ninety little boys;
And when within the nursery
Those brats began to cry,
He'd start on a voyage,—
In a ship he didn't buy."

Probably owing to the influence of
certain tales handed down from father
to son among our southern high-
landers, the Anglo-Saxon race in our
section of the country owes to a large
degree the preservation of its author-
ity. The Ku Klux Klan undoubtedly
sprang into existence in our southern
foothills and the rites by which it
lived and the laws by which it was
governed were based on the happen-
ings in far off Scotland, which the sons
of Scottish Klansman had recited and
celebrated in their mountain cabins
of our Confederate States. Now that
the prejudices of that time have been

forgotten all of us must feel a debt of gratitude to those who kept alive in day the ideals of self-government for which our boys now are dying in France. The spirit of Democracy lived then and lives now in our southern highlands.

The Folksongs of our state are many and beautiful and are practically the pure old English. A noted collector of English Folksongs has said that those to be found in the mountains of our southern states, our own included are much purer and nearer the original than those to be found in rural England, owing to the fact, that the inhabitants here are shut off from the outside world to a very great extent and have thus kept their beautiful "legends in song" free from the contamination of the popular songs and "rag-time" of today. He said too, that those whom he asked to sing the old ballads and folksongs did not understand what he wanted until he asked for "love songs." We find then too, in "Barbara Allen" where we find this,—

"Love, there is a call for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen."
And in "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinore," and many others.

"Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?" is not as, many would think, a popular rag-time of today, but in its entirety found in the mountain coves of Western North Carolina and was probably handed down by our fore-fathers from some ancient war in far-off England or Scotland, perhaps centuries before the present war was ever thought of.

The nursery songs and rhymes are not a few and we do not wonder that

the wee ones love the quaint "Bird Song" and "The Frog He Would a-Courting Go," The latter is indeed a quaint and amusing contribution, and the little tots, as the evening shadows fall, wonder if the frog out there in the woody glen, "has his sword and pistol by his side," and is getting ready to court "Miss Mousie."

"No sar, bless yo' soul, dis chile ain't a-goin' in dat house, hit's ha'nted."

Have we ever realized what this really is, this and many other similar sayings current among the negroes of our land? It is superstition, but it does not exist only among the negroes, and too it is well nigh impossible to trace the origin of these superstitions as they have changed in the handing down.

Recently I sat through a long afternoon listening to the tales of a dear old colored auntie, and as she talked, she said, "Honey, did you know that an owl hollerin' in de woods at night was a sign ob death? An' do you know how to make him quit his screechin'? You git out o' yo' bed, an' turn yo' shoe up side down, or put a hat-pin in the lamp-chimney, or a poker by de fire and let it stay until it gits red hot, an' he'll sho' quit it." "If a cow lows just before milking time, someone is near dying." "Never let a bird fly in the house, and never have a light before the window in a vacant room,"—they are indications of the approach of the death angel.

We all want to be attractive looking, I am sure, and there are small defects, we ourselves, can easily remove. Are you annoyed with tiny warts on your hands? We are told

to steal someone's dish-rag and bury it under the eaves of the house where the rain will drip in it is an infallible cure.

Would you that Dame Fortune attend you always? For "good luck," as the darkies say, always carry with you the right fore foot of a graveyard rabbit. Never pass a pin whose point is toward you; pick it up, it's "good luck."

But "bad luck is the worst luck yet," and many are the things you must do to avoid it.

Are you interested in fine fowls, ever annoyed by the stealthy hawk? To drive away the thief, place a white flint stone in the fire and let it remain until it is red hot. This burns his savage claws and henceforth your chicks will rest unmolested. If a rooster crows at the front door, he is

telling you that a guest is coming for a meal, and you had just as well add your prize dish to the menu and dress to receive the visitor.

As Huckleberry Finn says, "The signs is mostly for bad luck" and it is impossible to enumerate them.

Each of us have our own pet superstitions. Laugh as we may at the ignorant and foolish among us. Who would be robbed of the delight of seeing the new moon clear over his left shoulder? Who would fail to knock wood when overtaken by the spirit of boastfulness? Who would pass the four leaf clover?

It is owing largely to the frailties of human nature that life is so attractive. The songs, the stories, the superstitions which mirror the humanness of us, have certainly played their part in our state's civilization.



Two Rings

JOYCE RUDISILL, '22, DIKEAN

Awarded second prize in Inter-Society Short-Story Contest.

Henry Dare stood in his mother's old-fashioned sitting room, and thumped nervously upon the rickety table. His straight black hair stood in irregular ridges where his fingers had ploughed through it, and thoughtful furrows puckered his youthful brow. His black eyes were usually mischievous, but now they wore a puzzled look as he gazed fixedly before him. What was it that Jim had said about taking a girl to the class picnic?

In the little village of Winslow, where everything changes the regular order of uneventful social life causes excitement, a picnic was a great event indeed. This particular picnic had been planned by the seventh grade students, twelve in number, in order to celebrate their near graduation from Grammar school. For days now the seven girls of the class had refrained from wearing their stiff muslin dresses, saving them for the joyful occasion, and the masculine half of the class had been caught looking ruefully at too short trousers and protruding wrists. The picnic was to be down by the river, five miles from the village, but Henry had lived on in serene happiness; little thinking how the girls were to get there. It remained for his old Pal Jim, only two days before the picnic, to disturb his happiness.

"Say Henry," he said in a confidential whisper, "who's your girl at the picnic Saturday?"

"What!"

"Who you gonna take to the picnic?"

"Who you gonna take to the picnic? I'm taking Carrie."

"Do you haf to take girls?"

"Yes, you dunce, how do you think they're gonna git there?"

"Well—well, I hadn't thought."

"You don't think we'll have papa and mama taggin' along, do you? 'Spect they'll come anyhow to keep the darlins from drowndin'."

"Well—well—I couldn't."

"Scared, I guess, oh, Henry! Ha! Ha!"

Henry was pitcher for the school baseball team and at the dignified age of fifteen his spare time was still taken up with baseball. Those feminine charms of frills, ribbons and curls, he had looked at with admiration and awe, but as for going with them, *never*. But now Jim's taunting words lingered in his mind. "I guess you're scared." Ha! Ha!" Henry clinched his hands. The other fellows were going to take girls—well—there was nothing else to do. Again those fingers ran through his hair, and another strand of the unruly pompadour fell flat. The seventh grade girls appeared before him. There was pertty

Alice Morris, of course. She was the only girl that he had ever really noticed. Often when the teacher's sharp eyes were turned, he had cast admiring glances at her curly head, and one day he had gone so far as to throw her some candy hearts. But—no—he couldn't ask her. All the fellows were crazy about Alice, and of course she would go with some of them. Then there was Margie.

Only the other day she had told him a word he didn't know in spelling class. If she only were not so skinny. Her braided pigtailed were plain too, but she might go with him. That settled it, he would ask her. Henry heaved a sigh of relief, and then frowned again. How would he ask her? What could he say? Perhaps she wouldn't go with him! No—he would not go, he could not go. Oh! Happy thought! He could ask her over the phone. Then if she wouldn't go—well it would be much easier. He gave a nervous hasty glance about him. No, there was none of the family around. Summoning up all his courage, he grasped the bell and rang two jingling longs on the party line of the village. With trembling hands the receiver was raised to his ear. The usual buzz of the party line rose in his ears. The distant indistinct squeak of a woman's voice rising in a protesting command, and the next instant, the muffled voice of a man. Two women mingled with their neighborly gossip about the weather, and the faint wailing of a child came harshly over the wire. Henry's knees were shaking and just as he was about to obey the instinct which said, "Run!" a receiver clicked and a childish voice

sounded in his ear above the general discord.

"Hello," it said.

"Oh! Hello—"

"Who is this?"

"Henry Dare. Can I—er—m-may I—"

"What?"

"Oh—the picnic—will you go with me?"

"Yes, Henry—"

Silence, except for the grating voice of two women holding an animated conversation. Henry stood first on one foot and then on the other and the conversation flowed on. Then the childish voice again,

"Goodbye, Henry—," and the receiver clicked on the hook.

Henry started to hang up and then another voice came over the wire,

"Hello!"

"Er—Hello, Margie, is this you? I thought you hung up."

"What?"

"Why, why, I heard you say goodbye."

"Goodbye! I just now came to the phone!"

"Oh!" Henry gasped with surprise and his paralyzed brain refused to work. "Goodbye, I just—just wanted to say—hello."

The receiver dropped from his hand, and he sank into a chair with an exhausted, dazed look on his face. He had asked to take somebody, and she was going, but *who*? He slouched forward in his chair, his head in his hands. A half an hour before, he would have been glad not to have had a girl, but now—well, somehow he wanted to know who the girl was, and he wanted to take her. There was something tantalizing about her voice. He had heard it before, but

who could it be? And now he wanted to know, but the puzzle was too complicated.

* * * * *

The day of the picnic arrived, bright and clear. The village assumed a holiday air. High hearts beat under stiff ruffles, and new sashes waved and fluttered in the breeze. Mothers bustled around after frisky daughters and crying children, clamoring to go with "sister." Rebellious pompadours were relentlessly brushed and Sunday neckties were donned.

Henry stood and gazed listlessly out of an upstairs window. Try as he might, he had not been able to solve the puzzle. He had tried to find who the other boys were taking, but they looked at him so queerly, that he gave up trying to find out anything from them. Of course they should never know. Now they were going to the picnic and he—should he go? They would be there with girls, he could be along. Jim and one of the girls passed by. They looked so happy. No, he would not go, he could not go. Perhaps they would think he was sick, oh! no matter what they thought, he *could* not go. Then a thought smote his heart like a blow. She was expecting him! Perhaps she couldn't go! Oh, the misery of it all! Suddenly he started up and began to dress with feverish haste. Perhaps something would happen and he could find her. He would get ready and then maybe some plan would suggest itself.

Finally last summer's suit was donned and Henry started out in his father's little Ford runabout, borrowed especially for the occasion. The pride usually felt at such wonderful occasions was lacking, and the empty seat be-

side him grew large and mocked him. The little car rattled over the dusty street of the little village, its driver lost in deep thought. Plan after plan entered his mind, each growing more ridiculous. Perhaps he could stop at the homes of all the seventh grade girls. Perhaps—Oh! It was useless anyway. The car traveled on over the hot dusty sun-burned roads toward the river. When nearly there Henry's mind changed and he turned back toward the village. His mind seemed to be paralyzed. He entered the village and again turned toward the picnic grounds. His head felt like lead under the glaring sun and forgot to look about him. Suddenly he heard a shout, and thinking that something was wrong with his car, brought it to a sudden stop. Looking up he found himself in front of the Morris home. A dainty figure in blue waved to him from the old-fashioned front porch, and before he could recover his senses, Alice had crossed the lawn, and was seated beside him in the car.

"Why, Henry," she said, "didn't you see the house? I do believe you were going right by."

"Why—why—I w-was just thinking."

Henry's heart gave a great bound as he regained his wits. Alice had answered the phone! She was really going with him. He gazed admiringly at her crisp yellow curls and her sparkling blue eyes, scarcely able to respond to her gay chatter. Sudden terror siezed him. What if she should guess the truth! What would she think? He must never let her guess. He renewed his effort to say something, but his tongue was tied. Alice did

not seem to notice for her tongue ran on merrily.

Bang! Henry threw in the brake and the car stopped with a sudden jerk—a blow-out of all things! Now the whole day would be spoiled. Henry ground his teeth. But Alice gave a delighted little giggle and scrambled out of the car. "Oh lets sit down under this tree till somebody comes along to help us."

"Lets do," said Henry with unusual interest.

They sat on the grassy bank, the lunch box between them. Henry looked at her admiringly. "Gee! I thought girls were sissy! Why, you didn't even whimper when the car stopped."

A car, which would have brought relief whizzed by, unnoticed.

Alice gave him a look of gratitude, and then looking frankly into his eyes, said, "Are you sorry I came?"

"Er what?"

Alice suddenly turned her head, her face was scarlet, "I mean, are you sorry I—I—ans-answered the phone?"

"What?"

"Why—why when you were ringing Margie and-and I-I answered."

"You, you knew I was ringing Margie?" with sudden eagerness.

Guilt was written on the downcast face, "why, yes—y-you rang two. That's her ring."

"Well why did you?"

Alice looked up shyly, "Be—cause I wanted to."



Spring

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22, DIKEAN

Spring
And the birds a-mating—
Spring
And the soft gay laughter of the wind thru the leaves.
The laughter of the sunbeams on the baby leaves.
The soft, sweet laughter of the dainty blue Hypaticas,
Peeping thru the dead leaves.
Laughter of the bubbling brooklet
Chattering madly over the rocks.
Laughter of school girls
Swinging gayly arm in arm adown the street.
Laughter of child with child, of man with man.
Laughter of crowds that stir the world.
Laughter of life—
Spring.

Nearness

ROUSS HAYES, '20, DIKEAN

God, in your world above us
What makes the stars so bright
Do they toil and work the same as me
To keep their twinkling light?
Do they have temptations to overcome
Is their path as rough as ours
Or is it because they are near to thee
During the long night hours?

Brothers

IRMA SADLER, GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

Awarded First Prize in High School Short-Story Contest

It was in the early spring of 1902 that Herman Kaufmann came to America from Germany bringing with him his wife, two flaxen haired little daughters, and a baby boy named Karl. In a blaze of enthusiasm Kaufmann had sold his little patch of land and his household goods and prepared to come to America. However, when the money was counted there was only enough for five fares and no amount of skimping and saving would produce the rest. Very sorrowfully the two parents decided that one of the little flock must be left behind. Herman was the oldest and, and as an uncle agreed to keep him in return for his help on the farm, it was decided that he should stay. The great day arrived and after separating Karl from his "big brother" by force the little group went on board ship and sailed out of sight, leaving Herman standing stolidly upon the deck while the tears welled up in his big blue eyes.

Herr Kaufman and his wife and children reached America safely and settled on a tiny farm. Here they were successful on a small scale and became true Americans. Herr Kaufmann became Mr. Kaufmann and the K in Karl's name was changed to C. Every day they loved their home more and longed for the time to come when they could send for Herman and include him in their joy. His mother especially missed him and her love

for him grew stronger day by day. He was her eldest son and held a place in her heart that no other could fill.

At last, after six years, when the home had been paid for and money enough saved for a passage to America they sent for Herman. A month later he arrived, a big, stalwart lad of fourteen, not at all like the one who had trotted Baby Carl on his back. In vain they sent him to school and tried to impart to him some of their love of America's freedom, for loyalty to "Der Fatherland" seemed to have been burned into his soul and always he talked of the greatness of Germany.

Three years passed and although he spoke English, Herman still worshipped at the shrine of German accomplishment. "Germany," he would say, "is the greatest of all nations. Her people are God's chosen people and some day the world will be forced to realize this." Then would follow a long tirade on her progress in science and all other branches. The rest of the family were grieved at the stand he had taken and Carl was especially worried. Carl was convinced concerning American superiority and many and long were his arguments with Herman on this subject. Each member of the family except his mother, acknowledged to himself that they were disappointed in Herman. They had thought that he, too, would honor and love America.

Herman's desire to return to his native country was fed continually by the letters he received from his friends there and finally on his seventeenth birthday he asked his father's permission to return to Germany to enter a Military School. As Mr. Kaufman knew that the boy's heart and interest were in Germany, he consented and once more the family was divided. This time Carl did not cling to his older brother; they had grown apart. The family went with him to the ship and after he had sailed they turned and went home to dream, not of Herman to whom they had just said goodbye, but of the bright-faced boy they had left behind in 1902.

Time went on and every two weeks letters came telling of Herman's success. For two years he led his classes and in the third year, 1914, Germany declared war, and started her bloody invasion of Belgium. Herman was swept away by the great dream of power for Germany and seeing, in true German fashion, only the one side of it and forgetting that such things as honor, fidelity, and truthfulness exist, enlisted and was made an officer in the army of the Huns.

The news of his enlistment reached his family along with the news of the destruction of Belgium and Carl, ashamed that a brother of his should participate in such a carnage, snatched Herman's picture from the mantle and told his mother, if she wanted to keep it, to hide it from view.

For two years they heard almost nothing from Herman and his mother drooped more and more. Her hair was rapidly turning white and her eyes told of nights of torture and suffering. In vain they surrounded her with love

and care, for she wanted her boy, the idol of her heart, and nothing else would suffice. Then in 1917, America awoke to her duty and joined the forces trying to turn the Hun from his course. Although only a boy Carl enlisted and became a sergeant. After eight months of training he was sent across with thousands of other enthusiastic boys. His mother went to the camp to tell him goodbye and her last words were, "Carl, if you meet Herman, remember that he is your brother and that I love him." Yes she loved him, loved him more than she did any of her other children because he needed her love more. Carl promised. He could not do otherwise for her body was shaken with sobs and her eyes were dark with pain.

All the way over each boy pictured himself going "over the top" and planned how he would serve the Germans. They were attacked by a submarine but the gunners sank it and with big grey transport sailed safely on to its port. At last they reached England and stayed there in a rest camp for two weeks, but little rest was to be had for the quarters were cramped and it rained almost continually. Finally, however, the weather cleared and one bright, sunshiny morning they sailed across the English Channel to France. After disembarking they were taken in trucks to an oversea training camp and during that ride the full horror of war dawned upon them. Mile after mile they saw only ruins, and yet more ruins. Ruins that one minute made them sick at heart and the next called forth deep oaths for vengeance. Carl caught himself trying to re-people this devastated region in his imagination, but the contrast was too painful and only

strengthened his determination to help conquer the Germans and rebuild the happy homes of France.

After they had received the last necessary training they were packed into tiny, queer little cars, and sent to that awful indefinite place called the "front." They were placed back of the lines and here they waited a few days until they were accustomed to the shrieking and screaming of the shells. On entering the trenches they met coming out the men they were relieving. Haggard, muddy and tired they were, but still cheerful. Almost all of them were smoking cigarettes and sometimes one of them would shout a word of fun to the fresh forces.

That first night in the trenches was a nightmare of weird lights and noises. All night long one thought kept hammering away at Carl's brain. "What if Herman were in the trench beyond? What if he were? What if he were?" It formed a sing-song and repeated itself over and over. To Carl it seemed that he would go crazy unless relief came. For two days they held the trench and then they were relieved and sent to a rest billet behind the lines.

The second day there were numerous rumors went around. "A German spy had been caught behind the lines.—He had been dressed in an American Officer's uniform and could speak English, but would tell nothing.—They were bringing him there for the night and he would be shot at sunrise." Of course all the boys wanted to see the spy and when they brought him in they watched. The prisoner was sullen and aggressive and something about his attitude seemed familiar to Carl, but it was not until they passed directly by him that he knew.

"Herman!"—almost he said it, and wheeled on his heel to hide the look of recognition on his face. The little squad marched on and Carl sought a place where he could be alone to think.

What should he do? It was his brother, his brother! and he was to be shot in the morning. Suppose they should select him for one of the firing squad. Dear God, suppose they should! What would he do? Could he shoot his brother even for the sake of the "Cause?" Swept away in an instant was his disappointment in Herman. He did not see him in terms of an enemy but as only the "big brother" of his babyhood days. He knew that some way he must free him. But how? He was on guard duty that night but that would not help him unless—. Just then an orderly came up and informed Carl that instead of the regular sentinel duty he was to help guard the spy. This was his chance and he must succeed.

Carl went on duty promptly at two o'clock that night and many and complex were his thoughts as he did so. Drearly he took up his watch to endure as well as he could the struggle raging within him. The minutes dragged by like hours and all of the time Carl's mind was running like white heat. What if in his attempt to escape Herman were caught? Then his sacrifice would be in vain and there would be two lives lost instead of one—Herman dying as a spy, he as a traitor. A traitor! Surely God would not let them think him a traitor. He who had given up everything to come and defend his country's honor. And yet if he did this thing he would be shot as a traitor to America. Oh, it was too much to ask, he could not go through with it. But then how

could he face his mother knowing that he had deliberately allowed Herman to be killed. He knew that he would blurt out the whole story when she asked him if he knew any of the particulars of Herman's death. He could not look into those trusting eyes and lie. In his imagination he saw her look of love change into one of horror and a shudder ran through him. Finally he knew that he must make his decision and act quickly if Herman was to have time to escape in the darkness before the next guard came on duty. Which should it be, a traitor to America or a traitor to his mother? It seemed that all nature was still awaiting the decision, and Carl felt that his heart would beat itself out of his body. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead and he trembled so that he could hardly stand. Then like all men he turned to the only One who could help him. "Oh Thou, who died for all men," he prayed, "show me the way."

A moment later he raised his head and opening the door, went in "Herman," he whispered. In the dim light he saw the man turn and look toward him. "Damn you," growled Herman, "what made you come? Don't you know they'll get you?" Carl heard the words but the ugliness of the tones made no impression on him for he had risen above them and his eyes were shining with a high resolve. "Herman," he said "the door is open and no one will know until morning. Go quickly." Herman stood quite still for a moment and at that time he reached the height of his manhood. "No," he said hoarsely and his voice trembled with his desire, "No, I will not go. I have chosen my work and I alone must pay

the penalty." Then Carl began to talk, to plead for the mother waiting in America. "Oh Herman," he almost sobbed, "it will kill her, kill her, and it is almost too late now. Hurry! Hurry!" Unconsciously he had taken hold of his brother's hand and was drawing him toward the door.

Outside all was excitement. Everyone was running to and fro. There was an air raid on, but inside the two men heard nothing but Carl's low voice. They were almost at the open door now. Hark! What was that whirring noise? The next second they felt a terrific explosion and they knew no more.

* * * * *

Slowly Carl opened his eyes and tried to see where he was but something warm and sticky was in them and he could not see. He wondered dully if it were blood and if so where it was coming from. He wanted his mother too and it seemed to him that he would give everything he possessed to lay his head in her lap and let her pat it like she used to do. What had he been saying about her and to whom? Was it—Herman? Yes, that was it, Herman. Where was Herman? Was he making that queer little noise he had been hearing? It sounded directly to his left. Oh, if he could only see. Clumsily he lifted himself on his hands and dragged his mangled body toward the sound. Yes, it was Herman for he could feel him in the darkness. After much fumbling he got his arm around Herman's neck and snuggled up close. It was good to have someone you loved. "Dear God," he prayed, "forgive us all." Then his head fell back and the two brothers went "West" together.

The Lake

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

There's a calm on the lake—
Not a swish of trees,
Not a sigh of breeze,
In the air;
Just the moonbeams glimmering,
Just the moonbeams shimmering,
On the liquid mirror there.
And the water-lilies white
Ever gleam in the night
Their purity,
While, ferns, feathery, fair,
Fringe and kiss the water there,
Tenderly.
And the dusky mountains 'round
Seem to listen to the sound,
Sweet and low,
Of a paddle, faintly dipping,
Of a boat, gently slipping,
Rippling water to and fro.

Contributor's Club

We Aint Worthy

RACHEL CLIFFORD, '20, ADELPHIAN

There are some scenes too pathetic to describe, for the human heart can not stand the repetition of a story which has once brought tears to the eyes. It is with great trepidation that even after six months, one musters up courage to give an account of an incident which transpired last November, near our college.

Late one afternoon there were seen going across the college campus, five threadbare, hungry-looking figures—the sight of which could not but have touched the hardest heart that beats. Of course we all wanted to know who they were, and what they were doing; so after much earnest inquiry, we learned that they were the Hostettors, a poor family living at Pomona in privation and misery. In their tattered clothes, going from house to house begging they were a picture which no one could forget. The poor mother was almost dead with palsey; one daughter was a deaf mute; another was a little lame consumptive; and the poor blind grandmother ninety years old was enough to bring tears to any one's eyes when one saw her groping her way guided by a tottering boy of six years.

As they went on their pitiful mission they went to the back door of each house and with all humility asked whoever met them to read a note

saying, "Hit speaks for itself." The note read:

"Can you turn a deaf ere to the pitiful call of a lowly brother? We are in need of help from such as you." If you has ever felt the crule fangs of hunger you will no that you will be givin to a worthy caws if you give us a bite. A morsel that you will never need is all we ask. Thank you!"

Tho they were invited to come in to the fire, their heartrending answer was always, "We ain't worthy." Could anything be more pathetic than to see human spirits so crushed by poverty and suffering as this? Or if they were given something to eat even a dry biscuit, their gratitude was so deep and sincere that the donor could not but see the true meaning of "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

As an illustration of their heart felt gratitude, and an insight into the true character of these people, we quote in full a letter which we chanced to find several days later. It was written to someone who had given them some fruit cake and it reads, as follows:

"Dere Mr. and Miss—. We think you are very kind, good hearted folks to help us pore starving people that piece of cake you gave us was the first mouthful weed had in nie onto 2 days we live out at permoner but

we haint been living there long enuff to git work yet. I reckon you noticed little hiram's tooth being knocked out that was where some mean boys rocked him an nocked it out when he was down town sellin papers. He was trying to hope serport the family and we think that it was mighty ugly in them boys to treat hiram that way. Mr.— we no you are a fine man and we wish you all would have the boys put in the lock-up. Hiram disremembers there names but you will no them caws they are so mean. We are pore folks but we mean well. To let you no we are alrite I will tell you about my paw. These childrens grandpa was a brave man and fought in the Civil War and was a corporal or a third lieutenant in General Lee's army and one day was settin hisself on a log and General Lee come along and said, 'Good morning,' and paw he said 'Howdy, General.' Also we had a

boy to die in France and his name was little Willie and one day he was in a restruant eating horse meat and somebody hollered 'wo' and he choked to death! We are very grieved but we think it is a honor for him to give his life for his country like that. We must stop now, with love and gratefulness—

Yours truly

"We ain't worthy; we ain't worthy." Maybe those pitiful words ring out eternally to those who sent those poor beggars away hungry, for "hunger breeds madness." And not "charity begins at home" and the hungry, yea, the poor "we have with us always," for perhaps—oh whisper it softly if you see Dr. Foust or Mrs Mc-Iver— you wouldn't have had to break your quarantine to identify this piteous "unworthy" Hostettors family.

My Life as a Missionary

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

Lou wanted to be a barberess and I wanted to be a missionary. That was when she was ten and I was nine. I know the reason for my ambition but I never could quite reason out hers. Mine was the result of belonging to numerous Sunshine Circles, Friendship Bands, Glistening Jewels, Willing Workers and other societies. But I never have heard of her ever being in any way even remotely connected with a barber's association, and then too, that was a long time before there was all this talk about women occupying men's positions. Explain this as you will, but the fact remains, Lou was deeply in

earnest. No one would have doubted her sincerity that knew her as I did.

She practiced her art on everything. The dog and cat never had any hair on their tails if Lou could catch them. Her doll frequently had the latest styles in hair cutting applied. I have seen Lou rub soap over her own entire face and try to shave time after time; and then I have seen her stand before the mirror and try to cut herself bangs. Never will I forget just how she kept me in front of the barber shop waiting for her while she with nose pressed against the window pane watched every movement the barber made; or will I ever forget the times, too, that

she filched her sister's hair tonic to use on her own hair to make it grow long so that he could go on the other side of the window pane and sit in the big red plush chair with a towel around her neck and have her hair bobbed?

One day we decided that we were growing old and that it was time for us to begin upon our life work. We did not have enough money to carry us to Africa, or Siberia, and we did not even have enough money to buy a barber's chair or shaving soap. After much thinking we at last came to a decision that made us feel very sanctimonious. It was a fine sensible plan, but like most such things it did not work. Our plan was to start missionary work down in the "slums" around the depot in the small village in which we lived. Lou's objection to it was that she would not get no practice at all. But she finally consented on condition that later on in life I would help her to carry out her ambition if she would help me to get a start there.

It was early in the afternoon when we started on our first crusade. The village idiot, "Cluty" was the first victim of our charity. "Cluty" had more sense than we did, I think, because that evening as we opened the little gate and started up the shell-boarded walk he changed his song of "Scoots, scoots, sack full of guinea-pigs," to "Scoots, scoots, sack full of Sunday shirts." Cluty lived in a tiny, old, tumbled down house covered with several varieties of climbing plants, clematis, morning glory, hop, Virginia creeper and honey-suckle. The yard too was loaded with a conglomeration of old-fashioned flowers such as phlox, marigolds, petunias, bachelor's buttons and dabbias. It

was in these surroundings that this fat idiot boy lived. Every day that it did not rain he sat on a three legged stool on the porch and pieced quilts by drawing a needle with yards of course black thread thru squares of pink flannel, red calico, and grey meriono that lay over everything. All the while he sang monotonously, "Scoots, scoots, sack full of guinea-pigs."

I told you Cluty had more brains than we did? He believed in charity being mutual. No sooner had we sat down than did he calmly reach over and wipe our noses with a red bandana that he had secured from somewhere. We tried as hard as we knew how to convert Cluty, but he had some sense, I told you. He did not see any use of repenting when he could get away with any sort of wickedness on the plea of feeble mindedness. All the time we were praying, pleading and singing, trying to save him, he just slobbered all over his chin, sang some too, and sewed calmly on. Every now and then I could see him scratch his head and at the same time I could see Lou looking as she were itching too. Almost before I knew what was happening Lou had grabbed up a pair of scissors from his sewing basket and had jerked a fine comb from her pocket and had started raking that poor fellows head. Raking was not all either. In a minute she had begun cutting his hair at the roots. I protested; he protested—all in vain. Lou soon had soap and water on his scalp too. I do not know which one suffered the most agony, "Cluty" or I—Lou enjoyed herself. With a sort of fascinated horror I watched her until she decided that it was clean. But it took a very long time to ever

come to that conclusion, and when she did, it was time for us to start home.

It was a very little stream we had to cross on our way back home but our parents had positively forbidden us to ever wade in it because they were afraid we might contract some disease. Now, we did not really intend to disobey them but the water looked so inviting we could not help but fall from grace. There our parents found us after they had phoned all over the village and had finally traced us to

“Cluty’s” house and then to the branch. What a good time the mud-smeared missionary and the water-soaked barberess were having paddling in the water underneath the willow tree! What a pity that they should suffer martyrdom via the willow switch! Was it Browning who said that, “It’s wiser being good than bad?” Perhaps so; but do not make your piety irregular—the consequences of reactions are painful.

Our Campus Dogs

SYBIL BARRINGTON, '20, ADELPHIAN

Heretofore dogs meant to us only another name for the aggravating little—or—big animals which our small brothers were allowed to have if they kept them in the back yard and out of everybody’s way. But now the old order hath changed! We can hardly realize that in our minds we have condemned the dog to such a lowly place. It was only because we did not then know our campus dogs—did not know their dignified manner and awe-inspiring bearing.

Here the dogs are the most privileged of characters—excepting perhaps a very few members of the faculty. They have absolute freedom and more privileges than the Seniors even after quarantine. They may enter the dining-room at any time during the meal the door is opened. They may spend study hour in any part of the campus. They may spend the night in any house on the campus they may desire. (They usually choose Spencer Building). They may make any room on the hill theirs and no girl

must complain or even show surprise if she walks into her room and finds a sleeping dog curled comfortably upon her pet rug or window seat. On the contrary—she must meet any one who happens to knock at her door at that time with a hushed, “sh! you’ll wake the dog.” If one of these should approach your table you—by the new order of things—must not draw away, but must offer to him your choicest morsal and try to make friends with him. “Why all this change of attitude towards the dog?” You ask. That is plain and simple. One of our most dignified Seniors pointed out last fall to two girls who were not showing any very friendly feeling toward the dogs that they not only had the college colors, but that dogs were wonderful and never failing rat and mouse killers. The news spread and not another girl dared harm a dog for fear he would not visit her room and rid it of that fearful object—the mouse. The dogs evidently have a means of communication, even as we, for the

news has spread throughout dogdom that the North Carolina College Girls are kind to dogs; and the number had increased from two yellow and white dogs last fall to at least ten various colors.

We are hoping that between Miss King and Miss McLean they may be gotten rid of during the summer for we believe we had rather have rats and mice.



Locals

INSTALLATION SERVICE

It was a service beautiful and simple, the installation of the members of the New Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. The white purity of it all, against the shadows of the twilight hour, the earnestness of the dearly loved retiring president and the equal enthusiasms of the incoming President—all were so real that the assembled congregation held its breath at the awe of the occasion.

Silently, quietly they marched in, the old members taking their accustomed places and the new falling in behind. Then came the sweet, heart-felt words of the Old President in behalf of the old Cabinet, followed by the sincere opening address of the incoming President in behalf of the new Cabinet.

After that the candles were lit and the old members filed out. They have gone out into the world to "let their lights so shine before men that others, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven." The new have still their work among us as our leaders. They are to burn the candles of interest and Enthusiasm and Hope and Love. They are to lead us on until we reach all that is perfect and good—the goal for which we are striving.

We realize that our cabinet this year has been working under stressing conditions. And yet what have they not given us! We regret only that they could not have the opportunity of showing us their greatest powers.

Members of the New Cabinet, Welcome! We are expecting great things from you next year. You may count on our hearty cooperation in the tasks which befall you. And with seven hundred girls working for the right thing in the right spirit, what can they not do!

DR. CALKIN

It was the great pleasure of the faculty and students of this college to have as their guests from April twenty-first to twenty-fifth Dr. Raymond Calkins, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts. During his short visit Dr. Calkins delivered a number of very interesting talks on religious subjects which are always of keen interest to each of us. Although each of his talks was most helpful in its message, the one on "The College Student and Her Church" will always stand out most prominent in some of our minds, for, have not some of us been like one of the students of a sister college who said: "Our pastor is just a blockhead! He bores me to death every Sunday." May we, too, not return to our own churches and find some message to carry home with us if we will only look for it. Also in his talk, "Some Things the Boys Have Taught Us," Dr. Calkin has shown to us that our happiness does not depend upon our physical comforts, but that His presence and love may be shown in a simple verse or line of a song. There are many other truths he left with us

in his messages which will be of lasting interest to us all.

Not only did he reach each one with his inspiring talks, but he also became a personal friend to many of us. He was ready at all times to answer questions on any subject one might wish to ask.

In the years which are to come, many of us will remember Dr. Calkins as one of the dearest and truest friends we found during our college days.

CONTESTS

The college has had two contests between the societies, orations and short-stories. The winning stories of the latter are printed in this issue of the magazine. The oratorical contest took place on Saturday night before commencement in the auditorium, two girls from each society taking part, McBride Alexander as president of the meeting, and Lucile Mason as secretary. The subject of the orations was the "Call of Humanity." They showed a wide variance in thought and expression. Lucy Crisp won the first place, Charlie Mac Criddlebough second place, and Branson Pierce third place. Others taking part were Edith Russell, Gladys Wells, and Marie Davenport. In addition to the inter-society contests the societies have followed their usual plan of giving a prize for the best short story written by a High School Girl of the state. This winning story is also printed in this issue.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

On Commencement Sunday Morning, Dr. Candles, of Emory University, preached the Baccalaureate Sermon to the happy congregation. Taking all

his theme the words of Christ "As these things shall pass away, but my words shall not pass," Dr. Candles brought to his hearers a strong message embodying the foundation stone of the Christian faith, namely that the other religions have and will continue to fail because of their interpretations of nature, God, man, and the future Destiny. Christianity shall stand firm. The members of the Senior Class were fortunate in having such a message to take out with them as a memory of their commencement Sunday.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement this year has been a rather unusual one. Never before has there been so many relatives and friends present to see the seniors graduate. Then too this is the first year that caps and gowns have been worn. On Sunday morning of the eighteenth of May at eleven o'clock Rev. Candler of Atlanta delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon in the students building. The sermon was an inspiration to the audience and especially the Seniors.

That evening Vesper Service, which is held annually in the open air theatre of our park was very beautiful and impressive. Hon. O. Max Gardner spoke stirringly of the college woman and the life abundant.

Mrs. Van Noppen, who is a real mother to all the North Carolina College girls entertained the Seniors one evening during commencement by given them a garden party on her beautiful lawn.

On Monday morning, the eighteenth the literary societies had their meetings of both students and alumnae, in which the officers for the coming year were installed. At seven o'clock on

the same day a large assembly gathered on the front campus to enjoy the class day exercises. All eyes were directed on the loveliest sight that has ever appeared on the campus, when dozens of "sweet girl graduates" dressed in dainty organdies of every color of the rainbow, passed down between lines of sophomores, who carried the daisy chain for their "big sisters." A most attractive feature of the exercise was the little mascot, who is the daughter of Dr. Lipscomb. She wore a dainty white frock and carried the class banner. The program was delightful, and reflected the capability of the graduating class. Miss Poteat was historian; Miss Craig, poet; Miss Hathaway, prophet; Miss Sisk, testator; and Miss Hayes, statistician. Miss Shipley sang the farewell song, which was skillfully written by Miss Everett and set to music by Mr. Scott-Hunter, Professor of Organ at the College. Miss Annie Lee Stafford, the president of the class presided over all.

The graduating exercises were held Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. This was the most interesting graduating exercise in the history of the college. The faculty appearing in their caps and gowns had the line of dignified Seniors who were dressed also in caps and gowns. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who is very dear to the heart of every North Carolina College girl and whose previous visits have long been remembered with pleasure, gave the commencement address. In order to do this, Dr. Shaw was kind enough to postpone a trip that she had planned for this time. (Some steps have been taken to call the new dormitory for her).

After the address, Dr. Foust gave the diplomas to eighty-three Seniors.

Then everyone collected on the outside of the student's Building to watch the Seniors as they bestowed upon their successors the caps and gowns as symbols of the opportunity and responsibilities of Seniorhood. In two lines the incoming and outgoing Seniors marched to the library. There first a verse of 1919's song was sung and the Red and White banner was lowered and the Lavender and White went up to 1918's song. We wish those who have newly donned their badge of Seniorhood achievement greater and joyfuller than that of any past class.

CLASS DAY

Welcome.

We need extend no welcome to anyone, here unless there be some stranger within our gates. Our mothers and fathers, our teachers and friends, these Class Day exercises, as well as all the commencement exercises are yours. The supreme love and sacrifice of you, our mothers and fathers, that have come to us across the miles; the confidence and faith of you, our friends; and the guidance and standards set for us by you, our teachers have made all this possible; so we need not welcome you to what is yours, but only hope that you may be satisfied with your possessions.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

"Why to those cliffs of shadowy tint
appear
More pleasing than all the landscape
near?"
"Tis distance lends enchantment to the
view.
And robes the mountain in its azure
hue."

It is the tendency in the human mind and heart that causes us, before we depart, to cast one long and retrospective glance over the life that we have lived as good comrades and classmates here together. The story is not a long one for in the light of the world events which have transpired since our college life began, we have moved calmly yet ever persistently toward our goal, feeling always the opportunity and the responsibilities calling to us from the great tumultuous, heart-torn world outside, and prepare ourselves for the task which has already come to us. If, in the years that are passed, history has been conceived of as a chronological account of the militaristic events that have taken place, it is no longer so. It is a story of evolution of growth and development, and the class of 1919 comes forth today happier because the view is growing dim, wiser because it has been, and rejoicing because it is eager for the call of the future—be Ready!

The history of any nation is the story of its people and the story of the people and their leaders I relate. The incidents are but little happenings which have taught us that "there is much learning in a college because the Freshmen bring it and the Seniors leave it." Gathered from the mountain peak to the seashore a group of timid girls of varied types formed the Freshman class in the fall of 1915. We heard of the strength of the Red and White before us and we purposed in our hearts to prove worthy. In order to be worthy we must be ready and to be ready—we chose Adelaide Van Noppen for our leader.

Although we pride ourselves chiefly on legislative and diplomatic achieve-

ments, our success was more or less a militaristic feat. No team could check the oncoming Freshmen and on Thanksgiving afternoon 1915, the whole State knew that 1919 was the champion in basket-ball. From the later facts one would infer that the flush of victory was on us to the degree that further success was unlikely. We contend, however, that it was due to rulings not our making that detained the come back until the hockey tournament of our Senior year. Many times fate and the weather were against us but even Mock field days won fame for Sophomore participants—Jennie Kirkpatrick, Kathleen Striler, and Aline Reid. The Jolly Juniors played ball and had a fine time but they won no laurels. Then after three year's rest, the class came back in 1918 when the banquet as well as the cup was ours.

This account of athletics would lead one to believe in inspiration and inspiration we have caught from the words of our second President, Virginia Walsh, in the class song. Raw recruits we were in those first days, but then all Freshmen show promise if they have the spirit and we know where to look for it. It was in our song and in our motto that we put the best of us at the first. Many times when we failed, their ideals helped to pull us back into line again, to strive and to attain.

Socially, we're of the most social, starting early in our career, and continuing late. We entertained and we were entertained. The Y. W. C. A. tea and the green and White circus, for instance, were occasions when we were the honored guests. College as it Ain't (the first college masquerade party) and the Feast of the Little

Lanterns and many others followed. We attended all—good, bad and indifferent for even Freshman Math never rivaled the training School in its encroachments upon social engagements. A jolly good time we had and a pocket full of money, too, after the first Carnival and the sale of the strange and mysterious and widely advertised Remui sandwiches, so named from the initials of the girls preparing them, and sold for twenty five cents each. Strange to say, money has always been a problem with us and our fortune has been extremely variable, for when we again tried the same scheme the next year—but wait for Ye Old English Pageant with its practices, its lines, its beauty and its worry is ushered in to crown the tumultuous life of our first year in college. We had sunk to the depths of vaudeville and carnival and risen to the heights of Shakespeare—all in one short year, so we went home in high spirits, looking forward to the time when we would return, no longer the uninitiated.

In the fall of 1916 we came back greatly diminished in number but greatly increased in self-respect and the dignity of Sophomoric bearing. It now became our duty to entertain the Freshmen and help all those who were a little worse off than we. It was when we began to serve others that true merit was discovered in our class. The Realm of Night, presented to the Freshmen, was a beautiful bit of pageantry which marked a change in the character of our activities and was the beginning of the development of a higher conception. After this our thoughts and efforts were directed toward undertaking of a more serious and permanent nature.

But there must be variety if we would add spice to our lives and certainly rain as well as sunshine has contributed to the whole of ours. Some of these drops we would fain have forgotten at the time if we could, but now they are too far in the past to occasion more or less than a smile. Forsake completely the materialism of this work-a-day world we could not. The horrors of quarantine which have been perpetuated, in a constantly increasing degree for the past three years forced us only once more into the path from which we had departed. It took money to entertain, why not entertain to make money? Again we tried the Happy Hollow Carnival but the secret was out; the night was cold, and the revellers appeared with appalling scarcity. Long was the memory of this financially embarrassing episode forced upon us by the presence of the stage gracing the lawn in front of Woman's Building. We gave up forever the idea of vaudeville and carnival for anything more than a bite, and turned our efforts in our Junior year to the lunch room, which proved a source of much annoyance and limited commercial gain. We must give it credit, however, for furnishing us with three hundred dollars for the War Relief Fund even when it failed to provide for the hoped for Old English Garden Party in honor of the Seniors. The idea of Service which had at first occupied such a tiny place in our thoughts was growing into something worth while when we found pleasure in sewing the little clothes for the Belgian baby and contributing to the support of two little French orphans whom the student body had adopted. These new interests gave us a keener insight into

the needs of humanity, broadened our sympathies and made us feel it was indeed a privilege to live at such an hour.

One of the most beautiful and inspiring associations of our college life has been the loyal friendship of our Blue and White sisters—both big and little. We shall never forget the Red and White and Blue party nor the closeness of the bond which exists between us. The courage of Red and the fidelity of blue are intertwined with pure white in the everlasting circle of friendship. Mutual help and strength has been derived and an idealism implanted that has been an incentive to higher scholarship and greater service.

In the great outside world many changes were wrought between the years 1915 and 1919 and changes are still going on. It is an evidence of growth and a natural procedure when "the old order changeth giving place to the new." This change has been registered in our class, individually and collectively. It had seemed a long way when we started four years ago; the barrier was high and wide, the mountain side steep and rugged, but through steady climbing Seniorhood, with its privileges and responsibilities, was finally attained. This, our last, has been a very happy year for us for it brought us into closer sympathy and understanding with those who have been patient with us and instructed us and trusted us. Shoulder to shoulder we stood, eager to help where we could. The epidemic of influenza created a situation which was new to the college world and forced each one to do her part. The quarantine lasted for five long months and deprived us of certain privileges

we otherwise would have enjoyed, but even then it furnished occasions for originality of the curiosity-provoking type. To relieve this monotony, the Seniors planned to do something. One Thursday morning in November they appeared at breakfast wearing red question marks. On Saturday morning the mystery was further complicated by the request of our splendid President, Theresa Williams, to turn the question mark upside down. To us that announcement meant that the weather was fine and permission had been secured for a real camp supper and all the accessories in the pasture that evening. Two months ago another good thing came to us. The faculty council granted petition for Senior week-end and along with it—caps and gowns for commencement. May we prove worthy of their trust and climb ever higher in scholarship and true womanly character.

Looking upward and onward we feel that the life of our class has been as that of our silver poplar—one of steady growth—and we welcome into our midst one who to us represents so truly this ideal. During her previous visits to us, she has left a sweetness and an inspiration in our lives, she has helped us to grow, and welcome as our commencement orator and our sincere friend, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

With her coming, the first volume of the history of the class of 1919 comes to a close. But the process of growth is not at an end. It is opening and widening into a greater future, for our class hopes to bring from this college in the fall a little Serbian girl, who will take our place. She will find here the opportunities which

are denied in her war stricken land and which will make her an inspiration to us and a blessing to her people. She will be a Red and White and in her life, we shall live on. Over the hills the piper still calls. We are nearer and can hear the notes more distinctly than we heard them four years ago—but there is yet a long way to go.

The path each year is filled with woosings aside but with courage to do what's right and faith in the Unseen, Red and White will lead us on. Knowing not what the future holds for us, we trust the interpretation of our class history as the clarion call of the age-grow that we may be ready for Service.

Mary Poteat.

PROPHECY

Hearken all ye people,
Be strong and of good courage;
fear not
nor be dismayed.
Let thine eyes be open and thine
ears attend unto
The First Book of Chronicles
of the tribe of 1919 of the line of
Red and White
From the year 1919 to 1940 A. D.

Now the acts of the tribe of Red and White thru the course of one and twenty years (all the manner of workmanship of every skillful woman for any woman of service) first and last, behold they are written in the first book of the Chronicle.

These named herein are daughters of the same tribe that dwelt together in the land before they were separated one from another—and the name of their city was Greensboro. And when four years of their wanderings were

come to an end they gathered themselves together—and with them came their families on the nineteenth day of the fifth month of the year 1919 A. D.

And they were numbered from twenty years old and upward and their number by their polls was three and eighty—four score and three of them in all.

And thereafter in short time they separated one from another.

And all of them were valiant women, women able to bear buckler and sword and skillful in war, three and eighty that went out to battle.

Now eastward and westward they inhabited into the mountains and the sea. And they dwelt in all the towns and cities and in the country round about.

And they began to be mighty in the earth and wrought mighty and marvelous works in the land; and certain among them were more honorable than the rest and prevailed above their brethren; and certain were blessed with great riches; and certain were exceedingly poor. But even to the humblest, the doings of all of them are herein chronicled, as well the small as the great, the teachers as the scholar.

Now in the sixth month of the same year, in which they sat together for the last time, Lucy the daughter of Sellars Mark, having turned her course from the land of her fathers went by sea to the region of the heathen and there remained throughout all the days of these happenings, singing, destroying idols and teaching the whole world to all as would listen. For she rejoiced in goodness; and moreover she subdued her enemies.

Thus she was preserved whithersoever she went.

Likewise in the seventh month of the first and same year, Bell the daughter of Carolyn was married to an holy man who went about preaching and they moved from year to year and had their habitatism in many places and the number of their cities was five and their villages that were round about the same cities were fifteen. These were their habitations.

Great fame came to certain of them so that their names were spoken from coast to coast even unto foreign lands. For in her thirtieth year, Edith, the daughter of a certain man, Robert, was named the greatest amongst all of them that did play upon the stage for the people to behold.

In like manner, Sara, the daughter of Jones Henry Columbus did excell in the making of fine music so that she would be named among the first, but in her first and fortieth year she was married. And there was peace in her household.

And others of them still came to be reckoned as wondrous in the dance and they did dance day and night and throngs did receive them so that they received great riches. And these were Evelyn, the daughter of John, and Rebecca whose father was a judge and certain of them prevailed above their brethren and became officers and rulers in the land. These had a name among the mighties.

Ruby, the daughter of Roy, waxed greater and greater and when she was yet five and twenty she took her place in the Senate Chamber among the wise men and they marveled at her sayings.

And there was yet one, Adelaide,

the daughter of Charles. And it came to pass that she attained the highest seat in the land and ruled over the country eight years and executed judgment and justice among her people.

Now it happened that she chose a certain one from among the tribe, Virginia, the daughter of Horton to be for an ambassador to foreign lands and the travels of her whom she sent were far and wide—to the uttermost parts of the earth.

And others also of the tribe were for the outward business, for officers and judges, women of valor and in the service of the State. And these were Macy, the daughter of Maston, a tax-gatherer in many cities, whose work continued morning and evening, early and late.

And Aline the daughter of Lena, and Bessie the daughter of Betty, excelled in the knowledge of the law. And the fame of them went out into all the lands.

Moreover Banks, the daughter of Minnie, was in like manner well versed in the words of the law and served many years and condemned many people with her wisdom.

In those days, Ida, the daughter of George and Francis whose brother was a certain other called George, were clothed with piety and preached on the Sabbath and on week days. Yea, there assembled a great congregation every time they opened their mouths. These did many good works in the land.

Besides certain others did also the work of the house of the Lord. Their duty was to cleanse the house of the Lord. They opened the door each morning, filled the lamps with oil and lit the candles in the temple. These were Mary, the daughter of Richard,

and Millie, the daughter of Barney, and likewise Annie whose surname was Pruitt. Three of them in all who were inclined toward these things.

And there was yet one other. For indeed Mary, the daughter of William and Diana had set office over the music both for the singing of praises and music with loud instruments. And she performed her task with diligence.

And some of them were skillful with the needle and ply their knowledge to fine handiwork in purple and crimson and blue and fine linen. And the names of these were Alma, the daughter of William, and Hilda, the daughter of Sara and James, and Agnes whose father was William.

And certain others also were tailors by trade: Rebecca, the daughter of Josephine, and Margaret the daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth.

Certain from among their number did live idle all the days of their life, whose names are these: Laurinda, the daughter of John, and Mina, whose mother was Minta.

And others had great riches and wealth and wore fine apparel and raiment of great beauty, and chief among these were Theresa, the daughter of Mehala and Louise of Alonza.

And in the days when there was no longer in war, Camille, the daughter of William, joined herself to the army and was imbued with quickness and understanding so that she came to the rank of Captain and was placed in command over great numbers while she was yet of a tender age.

It came to pass that Catherine of large stature, whose mother was also called Catherine, waxed great exceedingly and rose to the governorship of the state and she charged all those under her thruout the land that they

be upright in all their doings and there was satisfaction in her rule. Now she was two and thirty when she began to rule and she ruled four years; so that she was six and thiry when she had ceased to govern.

And the rest of the daughters and their acts were these. Helen who had a sister called Mildred, Lucy the daughter of William, Louise, the daughter of Ernest, and Mary, whose father was Forrest, and another Mary, the daughter of William and Corrinne. Likewise Elizabeth the daughter of William was amongst them. These were they which were called teachers, wisdom increased with age. And there were many others besides, Ethel, the daughter of Eva, Elizabeth the daughter of John and Martha, Viva, the daughter of Thomas and Mary, whose mother was Cora.

Ten of them in all which taught with great patience and wisdom. Behold these were honorable among the two and eighty. And certain of these fixed their habitations in the regions where they taught and certain did not. These also the people declared great.

Furthermore, Margaret, the daughter of Mary, had charge over games and play of little children, and Mary, whose father was Britton, the teachings of songs.

But as for Fannie, whose surname was Keel. The same taught one year alone and when the end of the first year was at hand, straightway she began to travel about buying and selling books of every kind, and all the people fled before her.

There was a certain one among them, Catherine the daughter of Walter, who was possessed with a great love of knowledge and wisdom and

it was told she found great pleasure all her life in books such as none that have been before, neither shall there any after her.

And over the treasury of the land and the money of the people, was Pearl, the daughter of Susan, skilled in accounts, both for collecting and expanding thereof even unto the last shekel. And she gathered together all the treasures below her and said unto them:

“Go out into the cities and gather up all the money and see that ye hasten the matter.” Thus they did day by day gather money in abundance.

After certain years, Ezra the faithful, the daughter of Samuel and Hannah had worked diligently among the scientists and was weary and full of days. Behold she discovers a cure of certain diseases so that she was revered among her people.

Furthermore, Lucy, the daughter of John and Alma, whose father was Jones, because skilled in the use of the telescope for viewing the stars and moon, for there were no heavenly bodies concerning which they did not have understanding.

And a certain one of the tribe of Red and White—Leontina, the daughter of Solomon, had understanding of vision and dreams and had power to communicate with spirits and had great knowledge of signs and omens. And so many people came to her to be advised concerning the future happenings that she was obliged to have helpers and chief among them was Carrie, the daughter of John.

Now in the sixth month of the seventh year of the first Chronicles, Moffat the father of Bride gave a great marriage feast for his daughter

and the singers sang and the trumpets sounded and all this continued until the going down of the sun. There was much plenteousness and gladness and singing and loud instruments and the people rejoiced for the thing was done suddenly.

In like manner one of their number was Christina, the daughter of Romules, who had much business as a merchant, but it came to pass that Arch came and when he had plead sufficiently with her she granted to him that which he requested and bestowed all her goods upon him and there was peace amongst them.

Now in the ninth year of the Chronicle, Marjorie, the daughter of Bertie, and Eoline the daughter of Jesse and Penelope brought forth a book inscribed by them with their own hand of the things which were in their hearts and wondrous was work; so that they were honored above many.

And there was a certain one Mildred by name, the sister of Mary; and because she did despair of the work of imparting knowledge to young children, and because her liking was turned towards these things she did prepare a market place wherein were sold things made of gold and silver and of brass onyx and stones to be set, glistening stones of divers colors and all manner of precious stones in abundance.

At the edge of the sea, to the east side of the law dwelt Lena, the daughter of Thomas and together with Mariotte, the daughter of Milton. And they had great possessions of ships and nets and servants that had knowledge of the sea; and they went and took up in nets out of the sea many fishes in abundance and sold them for much fine gold.

And lo three among their number for a short time only turned away from the path of service and joined the order newly sprung up in the land of such as mocked the keeper of the laws and despised their words such as slew with the sword and had no compassion upon young man or maiden or him that stooped for age—such as burnt houses with fire and broke walls so that all he people fled before them. And the names of these as set down upon the prison records were Mamie, the daughter of Robert, Janet, whose father was called John, and Carey, the daughter of Prudence and John.

But they early left off their wicked ways and dwelt in peace in the land and certain of them excelled in the knowledge of many trades and prospered in business. Mary the daughter of Samuel and Levenia was a writer of figures of the accounts of such as did buy and sell.

Two of the tribe, Nancy the daughter of Mary and David, and Martha of Augustina, were overseers of such as did work with stone and wood. Likewise Clarence, the daughter of Lester, was a maker of fine coffins and Annie, who sat at the head of the last council of the tribe, the same a daughter of William dealt in the buying and selling of horses and cattle and she prospered greatly. Even Blanche, the daughter of James, who also had charge over such as were craftsmen.

And these are they that dwelt among the plants and hedges for it rejoiced them exceedingly much that did work the field for tillage of the ground. There they dwelt and had their habitations—Bessie the daughter of James and Sara, and Netus, the daughter of Charles, Conner the daughter of Annie, Gladys, whose

father was called Columbus, and Amy, the sister of Nettie—they and their husbands possessed good land, fat pastures and great inheritance for their children after them.

Now Harriet was the daughter of Eugene, and she had the set office over the things that were baked in the pans both for the fine flour and meat, and for that which is fried, and all manner of measure and size. And she prepared abundantly for such as did eat at her table, and they gave her in return a goodly price.

Mary the daughter of Joseph, on the new moon, morning and evening, on the Sabbaths, spake unto thousands and hundreds to the judges and to every governor, and multitudes; even to three score and ten thousand came and sought her that she might speak the message of freedom and liberty for women.

Whereas Margaret, the daughter of James was chosen for the building of houses and the making of patterns even the pattern of the porch and the inner parlors thereof, and of the chambers thereabout.

Now it came to pass that Ione, who had a father Charles, who was old and full of days, took up his work and began to inscribe noble writings which all the people of the village did read.

And it happened that there was a great need in the land for such as did speak many tongues and the rulers of the land called Conley, the daughter of James, and Flora, the daughter of Elizah, that they might interpret the messages and writings from foreign lands. And their fame was spoken from coast to coast.

From the beginning Margaret, the daughter of John, was always filled

with kindness and spake kind words to them and did that which was good and right all the days of her life for she had compassion on the poor of the cities did perform many good deeds among them.

Likewise certain of them had their work among the sick and afflicted; day and night did they minister unto them and were faithful to their duties. And the names of these were Annie, the sister of Joseph, and Marie, the daughter of Thaddeus.

And others still were physicians skilled in the knowledge of medicines of divers kind, of spices prepared by the apothecaries art — Bessie, the daughter of Elizabeth, and Alma, whose father was Joseph, and they healed many people.

Now the rest of the acts of the tribe of Red and White and their ways first and last behold they are written in the second book of the Chronicles of the tribe of 1919.

—*Arnette Hathaway.*

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

N. C. College, Greensboro, N. C.

We, the members of the Senior Class of the aforesaid college and city, being of unsound mind and considering the uncertainty of our collegiate existance, do make and declare this our last will and testament.

First:

We hereby give and devise to our beloved Alma Mater—

Two Liberty Bonds worth onto \$150, the same to be added to the McIver Fund to be loaned to the girls to enable them to have the advantages we have had. Also one large picture of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the greatest woman in America, the same to be framed and hung in the library.

Also we leave her—our thanks, our deepest love, our thoughts and sincere good wishes.

Second:

To the Student Government Association we would devise and bequeath Adelaide Van Noppen who is one of our good workers who can follow us beyond the college life. We, therefore, leave only the memory of her judgment, her spirit, her tact. Also lest it's sessions last indefinitely we leave to the Student Government Association Macy Parham's never-failing habit of resting majestically with "Madame President, I move we adjourn.!" This habit or inborn capacity, as the case may be, the Association may confer on some worthy member next year.

Third:

To the Y. W. C. A. we leave our promise to assist in paying for the Hut—which shall remain among our most prized Senior memories.

Fourth:

To the Adelpian, Cornelian and DiKean Literary Societies we leave any abilities we may have to serve them as alumnae.

Fifth:

To the Junior Class we hereby devise and bequeath our caps and gowns, also, that minus quantity sometimes called Senior dignity. Also eighty-three chapel seats occupied with pleasure more or less by us, three times each week, this year, also our ability to preside over tables with grace, also, one small room in the basement of Kirkland Hall now dignified by the name "Senior Sitting Room" and appurtenances that may be left therein. To the incoming Seniors we will, in addition, the poise of our class, especially that of Lucy

Crisp, Macy Parham, and Banks Credlebough.

Sixth:

To the little Sophomore Class, our sisters, we bequeath our ideals, of service, also two dolls—Kewpies named “Sophie Moore” and “Reddy”—good luck charms for Blue and White.

Seventh:

To the Freshman Class we leave a hope that they may enjoy the high estate of Sophomority as much as we did in 1917.

Eighth:

To the Class of 1923, next year's Freshmen, we hereby devise and will our dearly beloved colors Red and White, and our fireplace in the Y. W. C. A. Hut reserving only a slight interest in the latter that we may feel at home there on future visits to the College. Also to the next Red and White we give our permission to use our banner until they get their own.

The following property we also bequeath to them—one costume and property box now located in the basement of Woman's Building, our interest in the rose bushes on the lawn northeast of the Infirmary. Lastly, the love of the old Red and Whites for the new.

Ninth:

We hereby constitute and appoint our trusty friend Mr. J. M. Sink, our lawful administrator to all intents and purposes to execute this our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, and every part and clause thereof, hereby revoking and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we, the members of the said Senior Class of the said College do hereunto set our hands

and seals this the 19th day of May 1919.

Senior Class (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the members of the said Senior Class to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request and in their presence, do subscribe our names as witnesses hereto.

Laura Hawkins, Head maid.

Percy Donnell, Chief Truck Driver.

Ruby Sisk

DR. SHAW SPEAKS

The auspices under which the graduating class yesterday respectfully severed relations from its alma mater and entered the broader life was most impressive, and those who have a kindly interest in the welfare of the students were aware that no more timely or inspiring message could have been given them than the one received from Dr. Shaw. Glancing from the rows of young women in front of her, Dr. Shaw looked into the future, as it were, taking into consideration the most important things that will affect their future, advising them, but never preaching to them.

When the new phase of life is begun, Dr. Shaw told the young ladies, they should abstain from useless hurry, urging that they should pick their way slowly, carefully and joyfully, lest they should become discouraged and give way to the things demanding least resistance. “Do not tread the beaten path,” she advised them; “but assume the new duties dictated by your conscience.”

After centuries of subjection, during which time women have risen but slowly from the degradation of the darker ages, she related, fear has be-

greatest curse in a woman's life. "But fasten your lives to some great goal; create a deep passion for some important reform; and develop a big human love." These two accomplishments, Dr. Shaw declared, are essential to greatness among women. "The infinite is one great goal; all reforms are one; all truths are one, because truth is of God, and God is one." Fear is greater than all other evils, she said, because fear is conducive of nearly all evils, asserting that fear has caused practically all cruelty and wars and that it has been an agent bent on the destruction of civilization.

Of course, there will be opposition and criticism in life, she predicted, commenting that society more frequently kills a woman by criticism than a man. But this condition should not exist necessarily, she added, giving an illustration from a recent incident in her own life. Only a short while ago Dr. Shaw was in Texas, she related, and some agency sent propaganda ahead of her declaring she was a "socialist, anarchist, and feminist." "The charges were ridiculous and decidedly conflicting," she remarked. "I am not a socialist; maybe I might be if I had more sense; but if I were a socialist, how could I be an anarchist? And if I were an anarchist, how could I be a feminist?"

Feminism she declared as the quality which leads a woman to aspire to true humanism. "And I don't believe I'm good enough to be called a feminist," she added. But do not pay too much attention to the so-called conservatives she urged. "Although these qualities do not apply to all conservatives of the sort described, prejudice, ig-

norance and cowardice will make any person a conservative. This always holds true.

Any woman who aspires to a more noble place in life than that offered by man and time worn precedent, Dr. Shaw averred, is accused of going contrary to the will of God, "just as though God had appointed North Carolina legislature and the United States senate to define the will of God and of nature." But nature cannot be dwarfed, after so long a time; it becomes combatant, refusing to yield further to the will of its oppressors, she declared. And the rights of women will be gained she added, if only they will aspire to noble things. Discussing the peace conference, Dr. Shaw wittily remarked that there is a trifle too much reverence for the Monroe Doctrine," she added; "it is the only thing that has not been used as an argument against woman's rights."

Looking still further into the lives of her hearers, Dr. Shaw foresaw the reaction, and the discouragements of which it is inevitably conducive. "There will be a longing for sympathy, for understanding," she said, "but do not commit the fatal error; do not indulge in self-pity. The person who pities herself will come to the conclusion that she is not understood. Her life will be spoiled." But there is a consolation, she added happily, and this sympathetic understanding may be found in the works of great people. Then, too, she continued, we always find in life the things for which we look. If we look for pity, failure, success, inspiration, or any other thing, life is so big, that thing will be found. Therefore, she urged that the young come intuitive with them; it is the

ladies should be careful to seek the right things in their future lives.

Discussing briefly but suggestively the effect of woman's position in the past on her religion in the present, Dr. Shaw remarked: "We have heard Jesus spoken of in the pulpit as the ideal of man, but, somehow, they neglected to offer Him as the ideal of woman, and I never heard Him spoken of as such until I preached of him that way myself. Can we think of a noble quality of man that Christ did not possess? And can we not say that he had all the tributes requisite for perfection in woman? Can not she determine through a glimpse of His life whether or not she is worthy?"

In an apologetic manner for ensuing personal reference, Dr. Shaw

stated that on Manday she, in company with 19 men, was presented the distinguished service cross. "As I stood in line, the only woman among generals, colonels and majors, each waiting for the expression of appreciation from our nation, I glanced about me, eager to learn what they would think when they saw that I, a woman, was there. But they seemed to reveal in their greeting, that it is as noble to inspire as to combat, and I believe the world is fast realizing that there is something in women. For years men have loved us, fought for us, bled for us, and died for us; but they did not respect us. Through our choice of the bigger life, we have led them to respect us."











