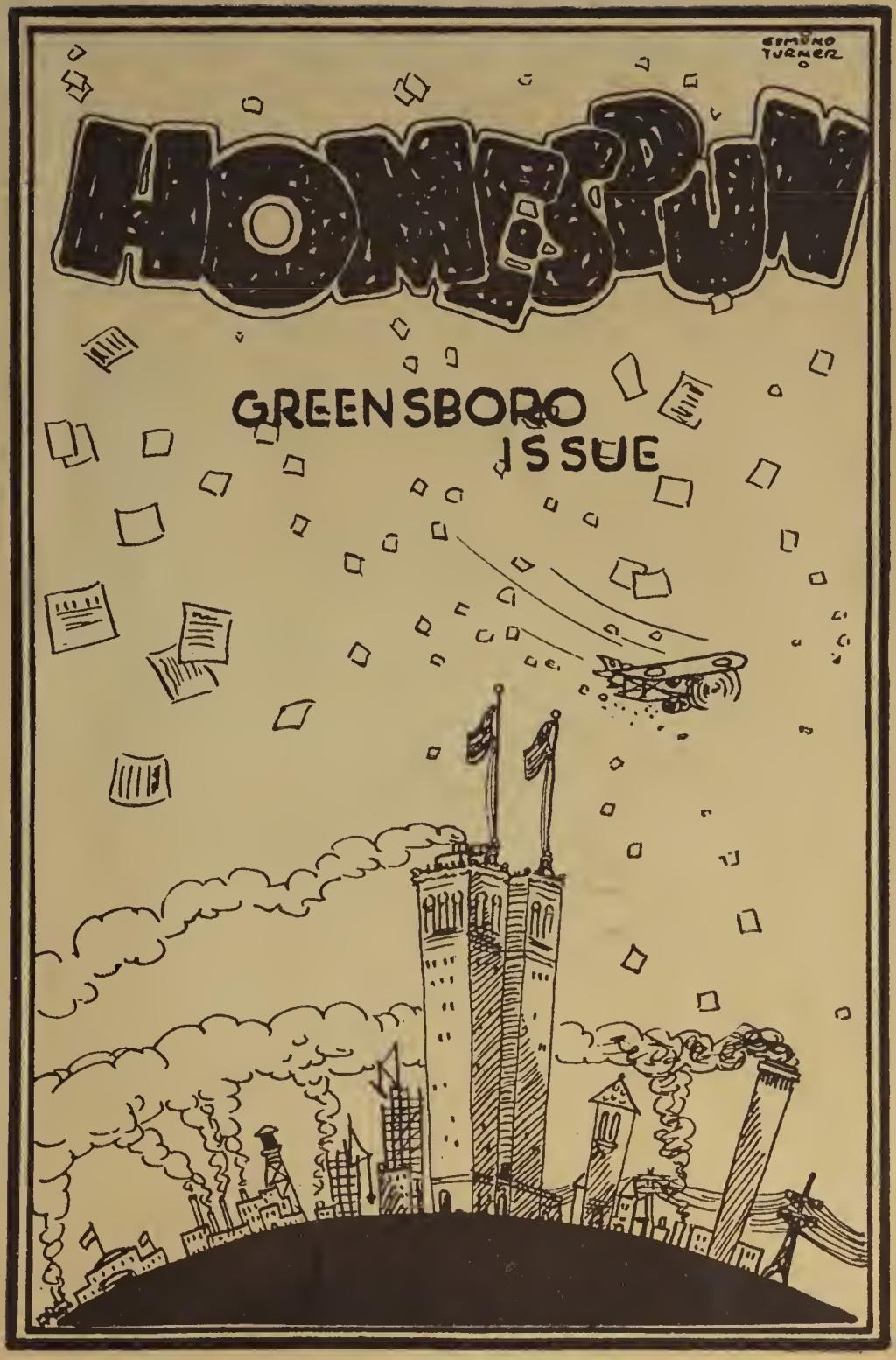
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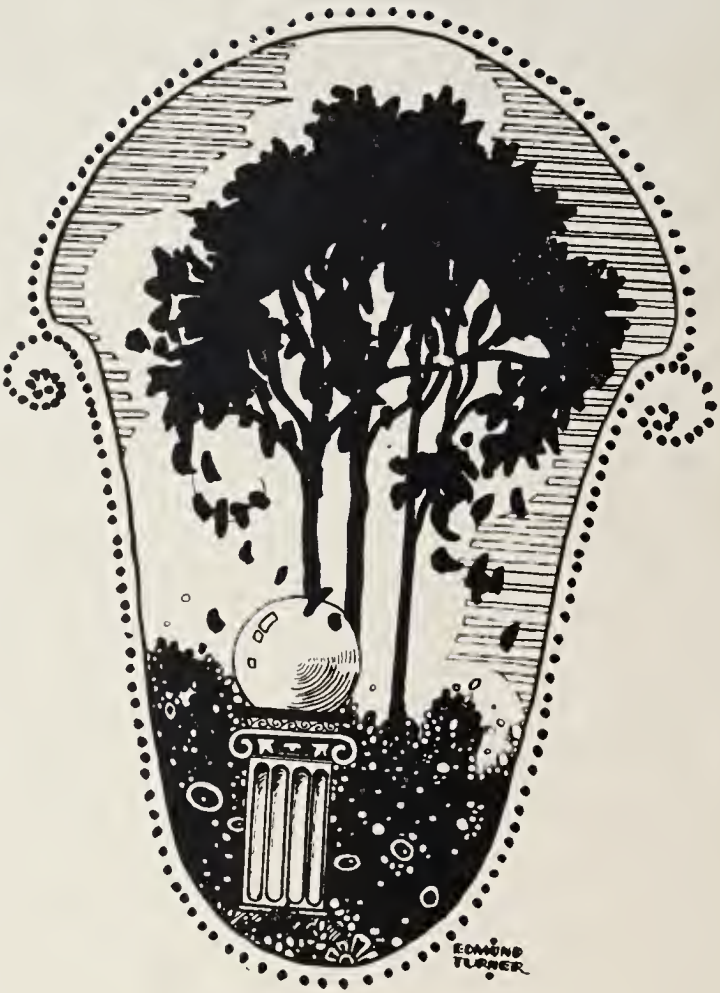

EDMUND
TURNER

THE WEAVE

The Logan Home

Gladys Holder

WITHIN two blocks of the busy hum and bustle of traffic at Jefferson Square there is a spot from the old South—the South of Civil War days. Inside the fancy picket fence surrounding the large lot (it covers over half a city block) is a quaint little old cottage sitting back among ancient magnolia trees. In the back yard is a flower garden, such as our grandmothers used to prize above all other possessions, with four-o'clocks, peonies, coxcombs, snap-dragons, and hollyhocks all mingled in a profusion of colors.

Up until nine months ago the casual passer-by, if he were lucky, would see an old lady puttering about among her flowers or under the cool shade of the fragrant blossoming magnolias, if it were summer. He would rub his eyes and look again—surely he must be dreaming! This old lady was herself a flower of the old South—she symbolized all the chivalry, the courtesy, and the charm of it in her face and movements. That old house and lot served as a back-ground for her, and the whole scene was a bit from the quaint, sleepy old South that is gone forever—superseded by the busy hum and hurry of the modern industrial age. But she has passed on to another world to join companions who walked the streets of Greensboro when the town was young and really beautiful.

One night as I walked down West Market Street I heard an owl hoot from the top of an old dead sycamore behind Mrs. Logan's house. Inside lamps burned, and the cloying scent of the magnolias drifted out from behind the picket fence. Outside, on the street, huge street-cars and busses roared by, and sleek limousines hummed softly as they passed. I saw visions of chivalrous young officers in Confederate gray, who called on Mrs. Logan and her sisters, for

they were the belles of the town in those days. And then I collided with a big cop, and came back to the brusque, business-like present.

An old negro man called Jake keeps solitary vigil over the old home. The old man may be seen working about the lot, spading up the soil around the flower beds or mowing the grass.

"Ole marster and old missis tole me to watch over de old place long as de Good Lawd spared me," he says. "Des' all gone now, gone to de good land cross de Jordan—all my white folks is gone now," shaking his head as his eyes grow moist. "T'wont be many more years befo' ole Jake follers along after 'em."

The old negro was a slave for Mrs. Logan's father long "befo' de war." He refused to take his liberty when the slaves were freed, and he served the family all his life.

There is a movement to preserve the Logan home as a memorial of the old days. Greensboro would indeed lose a good bit of its charm if the Logan home were torn down.

A Memorial

Louis Brooks

Aged
Yet youthful;
Old in years
But young
In the spirit
Of its departed owner—
A memorial to her
Who for fourscore years
And four
Dwelt within its bounds
In the heart of a city,
Yet undefiled.
A monument
To the graceful expression
Of her taste,
Its wooded grounds
Resist the encroachment
Of commercial greed.
A garden spot
Dear to the public,
Not for its architectural beauty,
But for the memories
It retains.
Greensboro,
May you ever keep
This sanctuary
In some form,
Nor sacrifice it
To the mercenary ideal
Of those who see beauty
Only in wealth.

Early History of Greensboro

Mary Lynn Carlson

BACK in Revolutionary times, in fact up until 1808, the capital of Guilford County was Martinsville. This village was not in the middle of the county, however, so an act of the legislature was secured giving permission to the county to move the capital to a more central place. By this act, Ralph Gorrell bought forty-two acres of land in the middle of the county for ninety-eight dollars. It was on this land that Greensboro had her beginning a hundred and eighteen years ago.

The property was divided up into forty-four lots and sold at public auction. None of the lots brought more than a hundred and fifty dollars and several were sold for seven dollars and a half. The profit that was made was used in moving the court-house, jail stocks, and whipping post to the new capital. The first court-house was merely a log cabin and was placed about where the east end of the post office is now. The jail was built where the *Daily Record* office used to be, and the combination stock, pillory, and whipping post was located where the old city hall is now.

The first residence in Greensboro was built by a Dr. Chapman, who was also the first physician in town. The house stood on the corner of West Market and Ashe Streets.

In 1829 the first town government was organized. The following year patrol regulations were adopted, and all men over twenty-one and under forty-five years of age were organized into groups of five to patrol the town at night. These men had authority to give fifteen lashes or less to slaves caught out at night or in kitchens where they did not belong. Free negroes caught out after ten o'clock were arrested. The patrolmen also arrested "any and all disorderly or suspicious persons found on the streets or in nigger kitchens after ten o'clock at night." The only reward the members of the patrol received was exemption from the fifty-cent poll tax after they had served for a year.

The records of the early meetings of the boards of commissioners are very amusing. At one meeting it was ordered that all of one dollar be paid to Wm. R. D. Wharton for money which he

had advanced to the town two years before for the mending of the town pump. It was also ordered that the treasurer have ten fire hooks made, and advertise and let the contract, to the lowest bidder, for winding, setting, and oiling the town clock.

At a meeting in 1839 provisions were made for setting out elm trees on all the main streets of the village "at regular distances from each other and from the houses." Elm Street got its name from these trees, which grew to be splendid old trees before they were cut down a good many years ago.

In 1849 a great fire burned nearly all of the business section of the little town. There was no fire prevention of any kind, and the flames spread rapidly. An attempt to blow up a tailor shop with a keg of powder to stop the blaze failed, and the fire was stopped only when it encountered a broad, old-fashioned chimney. A traveler from the North who was stopping in Greensboro at the time wrote, "I never saw a population more thoroughly frightened; and when I returned to my lodgings, far from the fire, every bed was packed ready for flight." Soon after this fire the town bought a pumping engine, the "General Greene," and installed four cisterns.

During the Civil War period, the dried blackberry trade was an immense industry (for the times) in and around Greensboro. Odell and Company shipped from thirty to forty carloads of the fruit, much of which was sold in foreign countries. The sumac trade was also a large industry, the leaves being used in tanning.

The greatest snow in the history of the county fell in Greensboro in 1875. It took the train from Jamestown to Greensboro (ten miles) five days to make the trip. The conductor said that the snow reached as high as the smokestack at times.

James W. Albright, in the preface to his little book on the history of Greensboro, says: "Those who know the Greensboro of today would little think that from the old freight depot to the old market house was covered most of the year with water; and that I had shot snipe and ducks where now is the center of trade. I have seen the stage-coach give place to Pullman cars; the hog-driver, who came from Tennessee with his hundreds of hogs on foot, supplanted by the pork-packers of the west; I have heard the 'curfew' warn the small boy and the slave to hurry home when the town clock struck nine; the old wooden landmarks torn down and replaced by

modern hotels, stores, and residences; the Mount Heda Cotton Mill give way to the mammoth White Oak Mills.

"Yes, there is change everywhere! And one sees more in a day now than he did in a year in the Greensboro of years ago."

The Mermaid Tavern of Old Greensboro

Joe Mann

If you had approached Clarke Porter's drug store forty years ago, a very different scene from the one you get in the present O. Henry drug store would have met your eyes. Instead of the paved streets and sidewalks, the beautiful two-story building, and the hustling crowd, you would have found a muddy road with a smooth path as a sidewalk, a small one-story brick building, and a few men sitting in the shade of a tall sycamore tree discussing the topics of the day. The windows bore the type of decoration which was then as much a part of the store as a wooden Indian was a symbol of a tobacconist's shop or a red-and-white striped sign is a part of a barber shop of today: namely, huge bottles filled with strangely tinted liquids.

On entering, instead of seeing the many tables, the mahogany show-cases, the cashier's cage on the right, and the elaborate soda-fountain on the left, you would have faced the bare partition that cut off the prescription counter in the rear and had on your right the cigar case, while on the left was the small soda-fountain. Behind this fountain you would have seen a young man, William Sydney Porter, drawing "merciless sketches of some pompous citizen," or eagerly listening to the varied conversations.

Although many gathered in the store, the room containing the prescription counter was the real center of attraction. You would have seen in the middle a large stove around which were scattered several chairs, generally decrepit, but nevertheless to the taste of the frequenters of the place. A quartet of these men arrived so consistently with the kindling in the morning, there to remain until

the lights were put out at night, as to gain from the young clerk the name of the "Fire Brigade."

At the rear of the building you would have found a wooden addition, in which were two more rooms, one the proprietor's office, the other set off for the use of the doctors and a few lawyers or others who gathered for a quiet game of checkers or dominoes.

Back of this, instead of the tangle of garages, warehouses, shops, and what not, making up the west side of Davie Street, you would have seen a broad expanse which was simply the State of North Carolina. In this field the horseshoe pitching and marksmanship champions were decided.

Out of that "Mermaid Tavern" there has come a genius of the short story. In that store of Porter's was laid the foundation of one of our most popular writers, namely, O. Henry, or as he was known in his early life, William Sydney Porter. There O. Henry had his first insight into human nature, which he later portrayed so cleverly. Bits of conversations, jests and characteristics of his customers were stored up to be later used in the weaving of plots.

Gillis, the Bugler Boy

Edyth Matlock

The Revolution was nearing its close. Cornwallis had begun his pursuit of Greene through the Carolinas, which ended in the battle of Guilford Court House on March 15, 1781.

General Greene had sent a small body of soldiers, with "Light-horse" Harry Lee as commander, to scout around the country for British dragoons. Lee and his men had stopped at Charles Bruce's plantation for food when Isaac Wright, a neighboring farmer, rode up with the report that he had seen some dragoons. He said that he would go with some soldiers to find them if they would lend him a faster horse.

With Lee's legion there was a small lad known as Gillis, the bugler boy. It is not known where he lived or who his father and mother were, but it is thought that he may have lived in Virginia.

This boy owned and rode a strong fast horse, and had for it a boy's affection for horses. So it was given to Wright to ride.

Captain Armstrong, with a small detachment, was chosen for the task. When they rode away with Wright as guide, the boy, being unwilling to lose sight of his horse, mounted Wright's small one and followed. After going about two miles without seeing the British, Armstrong refused to go any farther. But Wright, wishing to prove his statement, was allowed to go on with two soldiers. They had gone no more than two miles when they came upon some dragoons. By quickly wheeling their horses the men escaped, but the boy was overtaken, pulled from his horse, and slain while begging for quarter. When he was missed, a company went back to search for him. They found the British soldiers grouped around the dying boy. Thus the lad gave his life for his horse and also his country.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have erected a monument to him near his grave on the Bruce plantation. There is also a monument to "Gillis, the Bugler Boy," at Guilford Battle Ground, which was erected by some Oak Ridge students.

The Beacon

Marguerite Tilley

In the silent blackness a grand spectre stands in sight
Gleaming very brightly like a beacon in the night.
The Jefferson points out Greensboro, high above the rest,
The queen of Carolina with a jewel on her breast.

A healthy, growing city, a friendly smiling place
For everyone and all who want to join us in the race.
"Greensboro! Greensboro!" pass from mouth to mouth—
"The Pivot of the Piedmont, the Gate City of the South!"

Life in Old Greensboro

Jack Coble

WHILE travelling over Guilford County's excellent roads one can hardly help noticing that there is a scarcity of those beautiful old plantation homes—the marks of money and culture left by the Southern country gentleman of the nineteenth century. In the eastern sections of our state any number of these homesteads may be seen—old places, where North Carolina's wealthy planters lived in luxury before the war. Since none of these landmarks are to be found in Guilford, it is supposed that this particular county was not so wealthy, in her country districts, as her neighbors.

Although Guilford was not a wealthy county, her one leading town made up, somewhat, for the lack of money in the country. Greensboro was the home of some of North Carolina's most prominent and well-to-do families. It was here that the social and civic life of the section held sway.

There are several families whose names appear prominently within the records of the city. The Moreheads, the Gorrells, the Gillespies, the Dicks, and the Logans stand out as people of importance. Governor Morehead held an exalted position, both in the village and the state, of which he was Governor, while his two children, Letitia and Eugene, were members held in high respect by the younger set. The Honorable Ralph Gorrell, Esquire, lawyer and statesman, was another of high station and intelligence—truly a gentleman of the old school and a product of Southern culture. Daniel Gillespie, John McLintock Logan, Judge R. P. Dick, and his kinsman, John McLintock Dick, all held places of esteem in the early life of the village.

Naturally, with such people as those mentioned above, Greensboro had several beautiful and comfortable homes. Hence we find many landmarks in our city which are of vital interest to us because of the fact that they were the seats of the city's aristocracy of fifty years ago.

"Dunleath" (then in the northern suburbs of the village, but now in the heart of the city, and the home of Mr. Trotter on Church Street) was the sumptuous residence of Judge R. P. Dick. This was a show place, not only because of its elaborate appoint-

ments, but also because it was the center of much merry-making when Jessie, the Judge's worthy, beautiful daughter, received the young gallants of the town.

"Blandwood," Governor Morehead's old home (now the Keeley Institute) was probably the most noted place in the village. This fact, I suppose, was due partly to the distinguished citizen who occupied it, partly to its beauty, and partly to its social prestige. Here it was that all the large gatherings and balls were held, up until the time of the Benbow House. Here it was, also, that Letitia and Eugene Morehead entertained their young friends. As to its beauty, that fact may be established by a look at the place as it stands today on West Washington Street.

Picturesque in its simple beauty was the old John Logan place, which was situated on the property that is now the corner of Gaston and North Elm Streets. Descended from a line of Scotch ancestry, the Logans were natural lovers of flowers, hence behind their home there was to be found the most beautiful garden of the village. Carefully weeded and cultivated, as it always was, it was indeed both a beauty and a wonder spot. The fact might be of interest that here it was that the first red rose in Greensboro was grown, and it was an object of much admiration when it was proudly presented to the neighbors by its owners.

The Gillespie place, on the southern edge of town, the Gorrell place in South Greensboro, and the home of John McL. Dick, situated across from the O. Henry Hotel were also show places and were looked upon with much awe and reverence.

Since at that time there were no theaters, dance halls, and country and city clubs to furnish the young people amusement, their time was naturally devoted to the small parties which the citizens might choose to give. At these parties such disgraceful recreations as dancing were rarely engaged in, and that at the most reckless of moments. Instead, the time was spent in promenades, conversations, and, most often, general literary discussions. This last seemed to be a greatly favored pastime and was entered into by all with great gusto, as most of the young people were members of highly cultured and well informed families.

One might ask how these young bloods and belles carried themselves to and from these gatherings, and one might receive the answer "on foot." To get the buggy or carry-all was a thing unheard of for the young man, except in rainy or bad weather.

Much of the life of the village centered around its two schools, one situated near the present Southern Railway Station, and the other, the Edgeworth Seminary for girls, on Edgeworth Street. These schools, as well as being attended by the Greensboro boys and girls, brought many young people from other sections of the state to the town, and thus added much to the gaiety of the place.

On the whole, Greensboro in its early days was inhabited by a hard-working, thrifty people of Scotch-Irish origin. Her population was cultured and well-to-do. They lived well and enjoyed life, but were not extravagant or unreasonable in the way they spent their means and time. This fact, I think, has done much toward making Greensboro the progressive city that she is today.

Greensboro's Literary Notables

Evelyn Rives

There are three men, especially, in the literary world whom Greensboro may claim. Two of them are best known for their short stories, while the third is known for his work in the field of non-fiction. The first two mentioned are Wilbur Daniel Steele and William Sydney Porter, the latter better known as O. Henry. The writer of non-fiction whom Greensboro claims is Dr. C. Alphonso Smith.

Greensboro cannot claim Mr. Steele quite as unquestionably as she can the other two. Wilbur Steele, however, was born in Greensboro in 1886. He lived here until he was two years of age, at which time his family moved North. He is spoken of quite frequently, along with O. Henry, as a Tar Heel literary light. He says, however, that he cannot claim North Carolina as his native home because he lived here for such a short while. He adds that he would like very much to claim this state as his home, but he feels that he belongs more to New England, because his forefathers always lived there.

Mr. Steele has written many short stories, some of which have been awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story

of the year. In 1925 he had two stories in the one volume of the O. Henry prize stories. This is the first time, it seems, that there have ever been two stories by the same author in the same volume.

Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, in a recent number of the *Yale Review,* says that she considers Steele the best short story writer of America. She has written, "He is not Kipling, but he is, I believe, at present our American best." So Greensboro, naturally, wants to claim such a writer.

The other short-story writer whom Greensboro claims has, perhaps, even a wider popularity than Steele. He is William Sydney Porter, whom everyone knows as O. Henry. Greensboro can lay full claim to this man because he was born in Greensboro and lived here most of his life.

He was born in 1862. His mother died when he was a very small boy, and he was reared by an aunt, Miss Evelina Porter. Miss Porter had a private school, and it was there that William learned the three R's.

When a young boy, William worked in his uncle's drug store. He was a success as a young druggist, but, like all adolescent boys, wanderlust seized him, and he went to Texas. Here he remained for quite a while on a ranch; then for a while he worked in a bank at Austin. It was while working in Austin that he was put in jail for some offense of which he was perfectly innocent. During the time he was in prison, however, he wrote many short stories. Then upon his release he went to New York, where he took up writing as a profession.

There he studied human nature, and wrote hundreds of stories revealing it. As a writer of short stories, however, he is known particularly for the abrupt and often anticlamactic ending of the story—an ending which now even has won the name of the "O. Henry ending." Such a writer has certainly helped to advance Greensboro's claim to literary fame.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith is another one of Greensboro's own. He was born in Greensboro on May 28, 1864. His mother and father were highly cultured people, and from them Dr. Smith inherited many good qualities.

He attended a regular public school in Greensboro. After finishing here, he went to Davidson College, from which he was graduated in 1884. He received degrees from many of the large colleges of the country. In 1909 he was elected Edgar Allan Poe

Professor of English at the University of Virginia. He was very successful as a teacher.

In 1910 he was called to the University of Berlin as professor of American Literature. He made his inaugural address on November 10 before a very large and distinguished audience. Dr. Smith was the first Southerner to hold this lectureship in the University.

From the time he left the University of Berlin until his death in 1924, he was head of the English department at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was considered one of the best English teachers of America.

He was also well-known as an author, having written several books on the study of the English language. Probably his best known works, however, are *What Can Literature Do for Me?* and his *Biography of William Sydney Porter.*

So, one can see, that Greensboro's roll of honor in the world of literature is one of which she may justly be proud.

Jefferson Davis in Greensboro

Elsie Palmer

During the eventful days following Appomattox, when the seat of the Confederacy at Richmond was voluntarily disbanded, making it necessary that the officials of the Confederate Government, including President Jeff Davis and his cabinet members, flee southward, the quickest route to safety was by the old Richmond and Danville railroad, which at that time had been extended to Greensboro for military reasons.

President Davis and his staff boarded a train in Richmond and did not stop until they reached Greensboro. The train was not a very handsome one; the President, in fact, was quartered in a freight train.

Few people in Greensboro knew that the President's train was to occupy a siding near the present passenger station.

Governor John Motley Morehead, however, received the news that the President was in Greensboro and immediately sent him an

invitation asking him to spend some time in safety at the governor's home at Blandwood, now the Keeley Institute. He did not accept this invitation.

But President Davis remained in Greensboro several days, and in secrecy, too. Mr. Patts, a young Virginian, learned where he was and later called on him, asking him to remain over in his home a few days in order to regain his strength after the trying journey from Richmond.

The President accepted and was taken to Patts' home, a short distance to the rear of Greensboro College for Women. The house is still standing and is today known as the Scarborough home on McGee Street.

Not only did Davis remain in Greensboro, but some of his officials did likewise. One of these officials was Judah P. Benjamin, who was seen in the city for several days. The story is told that Benjamin got lost in Greensboro, although the town at that time was a mere village.

At the point where the present courthouse is situated, the old Salisbury pike branched off from West Market Street and extended on by Blandwood Avenue and thence to Spring Garden Street. The old Scarborough home was only a short distance from this road.

Benjamin got into difficulties when he chose the wrong road. Instead of going out the Salisbury pike, he went out West Market and became lost in a cane patch on top of the hill. He finally got to Mendenhall Street. A youngster by the name of Bumpass, who had just returned from a rabbit hunt over on what is now Tate Street, set Benjamin on the right path. He finally got back where President Davis' train was.

Just how long the presidential party remained here is not known, but Union troops did not occupy the town until after Johnston's surrender near Durham.

An Educational Statesman

Mary J. Wharton

THE cause of education in North Carolina and in the South owes much to Dr. Charles Duncan McIver. Upon the subject of education he was always a rational, intelligent enthusiast. No man in our history has done more to forward this movement, and he has been considered a national figure in the educational world. The women of the state are deeply indebted to Dr. McIver, for through his efforts the North Carolina College for Women was organized. He fought valiantly for the college and later became its head. The good he thus accomplished is inestimable; however, the State College for Women will always stand as a memorial to him.

Charles McIver was born September 27, 1860, on a farm near Sanford, North Carolina. His parents, who were Scotch Presbyterians, had a great influence upon his life. He entered the University at Chapel Hill in 1877. He led his class in Greek and French and shared with three others the honors in Latin. He loved his Alma Mater greatly, and he had deep admiration for his professors. After his graduation, though he had received interesting offers in law and the business world, he entered educational work, which he continued until his death. He died in 1906 during his term of office as president of the North Carolina College for Women.

As I have said, Dr. McIver was greatly interested in education. He was one of a group of young men who strove to decrease the illiterate element in our population by entering upon an educational campaign. The audiences to whom these young men appealed were very unfriendly, since they were most unwilling to pay taxes to support schools. He assisted in the organization of the public school systems of Winston and Durham, and in 1886 joined the faculty of Peace Institute in Raleigh. Later he was state conductor of teachers' institutes in nearly all parts of the state. When the educational movement took organic form, his service and ability were recognized by an official position as Superintendent of Normal Schools. He was also the President of the North Carolina Teachers' Association and of the committee which secured the appropriation for the establishment of a state school for girls.

Dr. Lyman Abbott called McIver an "educational statesman." He was always interested in all civic improvements and all movements to raise our standard of living. As a public speaker he was distinguished for his eloquence and great readiness and power on all occasions. He was famous for his wit and unlimited store of amusing anecdotes and incidents. Greensboro claims him as her leader in the educational world.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith

Cynthia Vaughn

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith was a son of Greensboro, who reflected great credit on the town, and in turn loved it devotedly. He was born in Greensboro on May 28, 1864. His father was Dr. Jacob Henry Smith, for a long time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. His home was on the corner of what is now Church and Smith Streets—it consisted of many acres with nothing below it but woods.

As a boy, Dr. Smith loved sports, and spent a great deal of time hunting and fishing. Guided by his father, and with access to his large library, he early developed a taste for literature. He attended the Greensboro schools and later Davidson College, where he was graduated with distinction. He taught for a year or two, then went to Johns Hopkins University, where he received his Ph.D. degree.

He was a born teacher, it seemed, for he was Professor of English at the University of North Carolina and Edgar Allen Poe Professor at the University of Virginia. While serving in the latter capacity, he was elected to the Roosevelt Exchange Professorship, and went to Berlin where he taught American Literature. This work he found most interesting; his lectures were attended by the Kaiser, and he in turn was a guest in Welhelm's home.

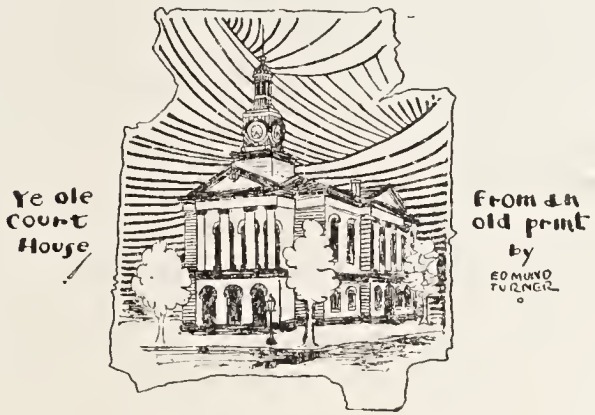
Returning to the United States, he resumed his work at the University of Virginia until, urged by Woodrow Wilson, he accepted the headship of the English Department of the United States Naval Academy. He felt that the boys at the Naval Academy represented

this country in every land and that to teach them the best use of their own tongue would enlarge their usefulness. The ideals he set before them made new boys out of many of them, and carried his influence far.

During these years he was a busy teacher, but found time to write a number of books. Among his works were text-books, biographies, and keynote stories of the Bible. Probably his best known books are his *Biography of O. Henry* and *What Can Literature Do For Me?* He also made a collection of O. Henry stories. (He and O. Henry were childhood friends and had great admiration for each other.) He edited one of the volumes of the *Library of Southern Literature*. He was a noted speaker and made lectures throughout the country.

While in Virginia, he made a collection of old ballads, and rendered notable service in this field. He loved music and played both the banjo and guitar. It was a great pleasure to his friends to hear him sing some of the old ballads, playing his own accompaniment on the banjo or guitar. His outstanding characteristic was his love of people and his ability to make warm friends.

He was a lover of Browning, and his last days found him thinking of death as did the great poet. His last message to the boys at the Naval Academy was a quotation from Browning, "Tell them," he said, "that I go out to 'Greet the unseen with a cheer.' "



Colors in the Weave

Saturday Night on Elm Street

Clyde Conrad

ONE Saturday night I was standing in front of the National Theatre. Not having the price of the show, I was making a great success at doing nothing. I contented myself with the thought of sitting in one of the comfortable seats inside, ever so near and yet so far, and watching a "Pathe Review" picture of some American city.

Across the street the general run of sheiks with their girls were dropping in at Grissom's Drug Store to get some refreshments. Outside the store the crowd wormed its tireless way up and down the street, some in search of amusement and some on business.

Suddenly, far up the street, I heard the shrill cry of a siren. The crowd on the sidewalk grew tense, and stood at the curb to watch. All of the traffic stopped and cleared a right-of-way. A motorcyle cop roared by, and in his wake came the fire-truck with its motor wide open, its din drowning out all the other minor noises. At last it turned a corner, and gradually the noise ceased.

The sheiks began to pour in and out of the drug store. The crowd began to mill up and down the street. Automobiles chugged by, with a honk of warning as some pedestrian jumped for his life. The street car clanged its own bell of warning as it rumbled on into the maze of traffic further up the street. People dropped into the show in couples, crowds, and now and then only one who seemed as if he was a stranger. The city had settled down again to the regular old Saturday night routine, as it would do on into eternity.

I came to myself with a jump as my cigarette burned my lips. What was wrong with me anyway? I was hailed from the crowd. A figure emerged from it and grabbed me by the arm. I came out of my spell, and with my friend became a part of the scene.

Rummage Sales on East Market Street

Frances Coble

I think that the mere mention of East Market Street will suggest the idea of a rummage sale to most of the citizens of Greensboro, particularly the women. For years that particular street has been the scene of countless sales of this kind. Mrs. S. C. Dodson, an obliging old lady of our city, rents the porch of her home exclusively for such purposes. Her fee is decidedly small in order to help church circles and auxiliaries of all kinds. Sometimes she has three or four rummage sales scheduled for one day, especially on Saturdays. This day is preferable to all others because it is pay day, and also, because a large number of negroes have a half holiday; consequently, they have plenty of time and money for bargain hunting.

The job of saleslady at rummage sales provides a great deal of fun. It is necessary to talk incessantly, praising the clothes, and describing just how beautiful the women will look in them. Some of the colored people take in all you say, while others come only to criticise the display.

"Everybody look at this hat—isn't that plume gorgeous? Can't you just imagine Lady Vera de Vera wearing it? Fifty cents! Oh, come, this is worth more than that. It cost fifty *dollars* when Lady——Seventy-five cents——who'll raise it to a dollar? Going to the lady in pink for seventy-five cents. A dollar? Gone——sold to the lady in black for a dollar.

"Now this red dress would look lovely on a real dark-complected person. There's just one little spot on the back—a real slender person could fix it in a moment. A quarter? Listen here, we're not up here just to talk. We're selling goods. Who'll raise the bid? This beautiful wine-red dress—oh, how about you—that lady in the orange scarf? Will you make it seventy-five?"

It was sold. A great, gaunt negress in orange wobbled down to claim it.

"Aren't these lacy curtains wonderful? So soft and inviting. Wouldn't you love to have James, or John, or Harry feel that way about them? And yet they can hide a lot—now, not that I'm insinuating, but you know when lovers——what? Why, surely they would make a lovely bridal veil. Listen here, you in blue, don't you go and pay a big price for a second-hand lace or net. No one will ever know that these hung in Miss So and So's window. You cut this yellow spot out and patch it with net. No one will ever know. Fifty cents? Who'll raise it? Sold to the blushing bride-to-be."

And so on until the saleslady has to stop from sheer exhaustion, and wipe her wet forehead.

Hallowe'en in Greensboro

Martha Talman

Greensboro, unlike other cities of any size and importance, sets aside the celebration of Hallowe'en as one of the main frolics of the year. Everyone, older persons as well as the young, turn out on this particular celebration and just see how ridiculously they can act. In most other cities one hardly knows that it is more than any other ordinary day; of course there are plays and parties given in honor of the day, as has always been the custom, but otherwise the routine of the day is unchanged.

The festival with its snowing confetti and joyous crowds is expressive of a strong community spirit, one that is seldom encountered in cities of Greensboro's size. Besides the colorful effect—the street dances, the costumes, the lights, and the music—the tension of a year is for one night broken, bringing again a touch of youth and adventure to a modern morose existence. The whole city is refreshed; the air is cleared for another year of work. It is a picturesque custom in which Greensboro is leading the other cities of the state.

The McAdoo Mirror

Paul Wimbish

ONE of the most important places in the history of old Greensboro was the McAdoo House. The place was built by W. D. McAdoo, who at that time was one of the leading citizens of the village.

In connection with the hotel service there was a horse-drawn bus which carried the hotel patrons to and from the railway station. This bus was one of Mr. McAdoo's greatest prides. Several of the women who patronized the hotel asked that a mirror be placed in the bus.

Mr. McAdoo liked to please his patrons, so after taking the measurements, which were forty-eight inches by thirty-six inches, he wrote to the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company and placed the order.

A few days later a reply from this company came; this letter stated that such a glass would be rather expensive and was not carried in stock, but if Mr. McAdoo desired one of such dimensions, they would have it made for him. The letter also stated that it would be necessary to have the mirror made in Europe. The order was confirmed by Mr. McAdoo and so the matter stood for several months.

Finally news came from Norfolk that the mirror had arrived from Germany, and the railway officials requested that Mr. McAdoo come to Norfolk before the glass was taken from the boat. The hotel-owner hurried to the seaport and found a freight bill of over one thousand dollars awaiting him. He went down to examine the mirror and found that in writing the order he had said forty-eight *feet* by thirty-six *feet*. Due to the size of the glass, the railway company was unable to carry it to the Gate City as the glass when loaded was too large to go under any railway bridge.

The mirror was carried to New York City by boat and put on exhibition as the largest glass in the world. It remained there for several years, but was finally cut into small parts and disposed of.

Due to a hastily written letter, Greensboro is able to boast that one of her citizens once owned the largest mirror in the world.

At Mike's Place

Dorothy Hardin

"PRETTY puppy, nice puppy, get 'em red hot——"

"Good morning, Mike. How're the hot-dogs today?" I asked.

"Fine as dey ever was," he replied in his broken English.

"Well, then, let's have a couple," I said, as I flipped the smallest piece of silver down on the counter.

"With onions?" he asked.

"Sure, n'everything else," I answered.

As he slowly adjusted the onions and chile sauce over the "unknown" and applied the finishing touches—a dot of mustard, I found myself gazing at him with a questionable glance.

"By the way, Mike, what's your real name, and where'd you come from?" I questioned as my teeth sank into the familiar Greek concoction.

"My name is Asa Movra Pelion, and I come from Macedon." As he said this, a broad grin covered his visage.

"Gee, that's some name. You must have been named for some Greek god," I said sarcastically.

"Sure, four of dem. You see my mother was the granddaughter of Philip of Macedon. He liked dese men and made my mother promise to name her first child after dem; so I got de name," he added with a flourishing gesture of the hands.

My eyes popped open when I heard him say that. Just to think that Mike descended from Greek royalty, and was now selling "ze hot-dogs" or "pretty puppies," as he called them, was unbelievable.

As I walked out of the stand I could hear Mike's shrill voice singing:

"Pretty puppy, pretty puppy, nice and brown;
Smother them with mustard and they frizz around.

"Pretty puppy, pretty puppy, get 'em hot,
Pretty puppy, nice puppy, eat a whole lot."

Greensboro in Gray

Ruth Heath

A great misty-gray circle, darkly-edged, is Greensboro from a roof-garden at the close of a bleak November day. The sun, not quite hidden by the angry, purplish clouds, manages to send down faint, almost invisible rays to gather up water somewhere near. Scattered around, thin spirals of smoke rise up a little darker than the atmosphere. The ribbon-like roads weave themselves into various patterns, and some disappear beyond the curve of the gray circle.

The city looks drab and perhaps a little desolate. The buildings loom up gaunt and dull. A train creeps mysteriously towards the North. It seem powerful, yet—cold. Over in the distance homes are dim and seem far away. Even the trees are bare, and wind-tossed, and gray.

Somehow the scene reminds me of London; for to me London has always meant mists and fogs. But this little world wrapped in gray is Greensboro in November.

The Signal

Melene Burroughs

The stillness of night had settled over Greensboro as a train whistle was heard far off in the distance. As the train drew nearer one could plainly hear that a tune was being played on the whistle.

A group of workmen were gathered around the store at the railroad round-house as the last note died away. For a time there was a silence; then one old work-worn engineer said, "There comes Tom Eames; I can always tell when he has arrived by the tunes he plays on the whistles."

"Why does he blow them like that?" asked a young call-boy. "There must be some reason for his doing so?"

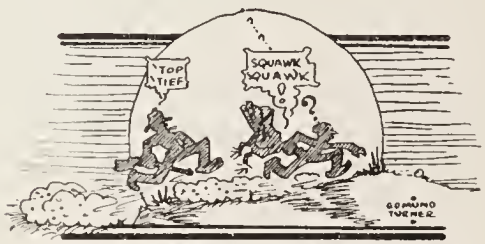
"Yes, I believe there is a reason," responded the old engineer. "When I first became a fireman, Tom Eames was just a young chap with a great desire to become a pipe organist. His father used to tell us that it was his son's ambition to finish school and study music. But Mr. Eames died suddenly without leaving provision for his wife and family. Tom, being the oldest boy, received the brunt of the responsibility. Having to go to work, at once, he accepted the first job which came his way—one on the railroad.

"He worked himself up from call-boy to what he is now. He is the youngest engineer on our division.

"Time went on, and Tom was forced to give up his ambitions in music; he gave vent to his longing to play by picking out some clever tunes on the train whistle. Everyone knows him by those tunes.

"Why, the other week an old woman was dying. She had not belonged to any church, because she was not perfectly convinced of some of our accepted truths. Just before she breathed her last she heard the train whistle playing 'Jesus, Saviour of My Soul.' The poor old soul thought it was the angels, and her last words were, 'I believe.'

"The boy uses that playing as a signal to his mother. She can always tell when he is safe in town. Very, very remarkable, isn't it?"



'BOUT THIS TIME O' YEAR

WARP AND WOOF

Our Purpose

WHEN it was announced that the motif of this issue would be "Greensboro," no doubt some of our reading public at once thought of something closely akin to the pamphlets issued by the Chamber of Commerce. They are fated to disappointment, however. We have an entirely different purpose in view; we are not trying to advertise Greensboro. Instead we are trying to express it.

There is a far gap between the respective significance of these terms. Advertising has for its motive the object of making a sale or some equivalent transaction, commercial or otherwise. It always seems to imply an exaggeration—at least an accentuation of one side of the subject matter, naturally the favorable side. On the other hand expression seems to imply something fuller; a faithful presentation of all the values involved—in other words, merely

putting the original on paper with no emphasis where it would not naturally fall in life.

What we have tried to do in this issue is to reach the "soul" of Greensboro. We have tried to penetrate beneath the sleek exterior which almost every community manages to present to the casual world. We have tried to reveal the things that really count—the colorful background of past; the people in their moods of laughter and sorrow; beauty, the evanescent, elusive quality that flashes for a moment in landscape, faces, lives, and is gone; everything which this vast web of life we call a community has caught in its clinging meshes.

Carlton Wilder

Greensboro as an Educational Center

The days of the educational awakening, especially in the sphere of higher education for women, slipped by some twenty-five or thirty years ago. The period was not unusual in itself. It was a time of bitter political strife; that is about all that can be said for it; the affairs of petty men who lived then are as forgotten as the names of the institutions, the Greensboro Female College and the North Carolina State Normal, which they both directly and indirectly fought. But even as these men are forgotten the names of Aycock and McIver live with the great woman's college that they helped make possible. With the laying of the first corner-stone and the execution of the first humble plans, Greensboro assumed the role of an outstanding educational center.

Its climb to eminence has been slow: a wooden structure and a score or more of students, the first state college for women in North Carolina. Now Greensboro boasts the second largest women's college in the United States with an enrollment of over seventeen hundred students. There is also a denominational school for women, Greensboro College for Women; a co-ed college six miles distant; and a military prep school. The city is now a veritable hub of learning for both the white and colored races, there being within

the city limits two white and two negro colleges; and, through these priceless resources, Greensboro is rendering the highest service to the state.

The accomplishment of local educational projects, long retarded by statutory entanglements and other difficulties, is now possible. It is, therefore, safe to surmise that Greensboro will continue to retain its leadership in the state's educational circle.

Henry Biggs

TANGLED THREADS

Room

Miriam Block

ROOM, room, room! Would she never stop hearing that word! June was returning home, tired and hot from an afternoon's shopping. Everybody on the street-car seemed to have something to say about "room." The young lady in front of her remarked upon how roomy the house was that they had just passed. As the conductor stopped to let on more passengers, he yelled in a deep, surly voice for the people standing to make more room. In another direction Jane heard a little talkative looking woman lean over to a friend and whisper, "There was a roomer that Mrs.——," and so the choice bit of gossip went.

Jane thought if she heard another person say anything about roomy, or room—what was that—did she hear her name mentioned? Two women were talking behind her.

"I really do feel sorry for Jane Kendrick; she's seen such a hard time since her mother and father were killed, for you know the Kendricks weren't any too well-off before they died!"

The other lady nodded. "Yes, and it's a wonder to me that Jane isn't dead herself, the way she slaves from morning till night keeping roomers. It seems to me that she could find something better to do."

"Yes, roomers of all——"

Jane did not listen to the rest; she didn't want to hear any more. It took all she could do to restrain the tears. How horrible, how unkind people were, talking about her. No, she would not work behind any counter, and she certainly was not trained for a stenographer. Her mother had been proud; Jane was proud, too. But what was the difference—life held nothing in store for her—nothing but drudgery, drudgery, drudgery.

Jane rode on, thinking. What must she do? There must be joy in life somewhere. Roomers! Oh, how she hated them all. Her thoughts were broken by the same gruff voice of the conductor.

"Lady, this is as far as the car goes. D'you wanta get off of it here?"

Jane looked around. She was the only passenger left.

"Oh, why certainly, sir, this is where I want to get off."

She stepped into the open. It was a glorious day after all, out here away from the hustle and bustle of the city. She decided to walk a bit to ease her mind, and then take the next car home. She followed a winding path into a summer wood. Jane sat down upon a stump of tree left by the wood-cutters. Sitting with her face cupped in her hands, she tried to decide what would be the best thing to do.

"Young lady, could this, by a lucky chance, happen to be your purse? I came across it while observing Mother Nature."

Jane looked up to behold an adorable blue-eyed young gentleman. He was smiling boyishly at her.

"Oh, thank you, sir. I hadn't even noticed that I had lost it. There's not much in it, but then a person's pocket-book is a pretty good friend, sometimes."

"You bet. I hope you don't mind, but I opened it to see if I could find the owner's name. I noticed your card, Miss Jane Kendrick, and also a clipped ad of yours stating that you wanted another roomer."

"Yes, you are right."

"May I answer the ad?"

"And may I ask what your name is?"

He looked at her with the same boyish smile. "Funny how we've taken each other as friends without any questions, isn't it? Oh, pardon, please—my name is Hal Bishop."

"The wealthy Bishops of Los Angeles?"

Hal quitted his smile. "Yes, but you may be sure I wish we weren't. The *mater* thinks it's silly for me to work, but it's the thing I am hungering for. She refuses to let me work in an office —says it's a disgrace; so I'm trying to write a book. I must know a lot about roomers; so I want to live among them for a while. Please, won't you let me be your roomer?"

"But it is a most uninteresting life; you would not enjoy it at all. You could not possibly write anything interesting about roomers."

"Ah, young lady, I already see you are not an observer of human nature. Roomers are people just like you. You just never have met them. But anyway, did you say I may be your guest?"

"Well, I don't know. I had about decided to give up keeping roomers. Let me see—"

Jane began to contemplate again. How wonderful it would be to have a friend like this to talk to; he was so different from the roomers she had now. Maybe she hadn't taken interest in them, and they *were* people just like her. She looked up at him.

"All right, Mr. Bishop. When do you wish to move in?"

* * * * *

A month of utter happiness followed for Jane and Hal. They became the greatest friends. The two worked together during the day and went out for entertainment at night. Jane learned what life really was. She found that her roomers were most charming and interesting people; she learned that happiness could be found anywhere.

However, one day they found that it was more than a friendship. They loved each other! Hal's blue eyes were looking into Jane's hazel ones.

"Jane, dear, you know how much I love you! Can't you make just a little room in your heart for me?"

Jane smiled up at him. "Room," she murmured, "isn't that a beautiful word!"

Miss Lizzie

Zaidee Smith

THERE is a dot on the map of Virginia, at the end of the little row of bristles representing Shenandoah. The dot is named MacDowell. It is composed of a road that goes on (here the houses stop) across Shaw's Ridge to Monterey. Shaw's Ridge is very dark. It is so close that it holds its shadow always over Miss Lizzie's cabin, except for a very few minutes each day.

A tall persimmon stands nude by the fence. The cold little path from there to the door is only three yards long. Miss Lizzie, dear heart, leaves no sign of life outside her domain. A rag is sewed discerningly over the barbed wire on the stile, and the window holds a browbeaten piece of Nottingham lace. Hence we are sure Miss Lizzie is inside.

She is, for I discovered her once. The door was closed, but I did not knock! I was very bold. I saw nothing when I stuck my head in. A dingy old smell filled the corners and rushed out to meet me. Some important objects were tumbled over each other. Yes, something was there. The little place was a veritable store room with the goods arranged by Miss Lizzie in an eccentric, haphazard way.

Figured sharply against the square of Nottingham, a little slip of a thing was bending up and down like a sewing-machine shuttle. She confronted me as a trespasser; and I was.

"Hello," I smiled. "Doing the wash? I came over to help you."

She examined me suspiciously, and I realized then that she was half dressed. "I thought I'd take thome exstherthitheth to reduth," she explained with a cute little affected sigh. "Mithter Shteve thaysth I'm gettin' too fat."

I nearly laughed. Mr. Steve was the town tease. If he told Miss Lizzie she looked pale, she would hurry home and fall into bed in a faint.

"Didn't he kiss you last week, Miss Lizzie?" I asked solemnly.

"No, he never! The old cheat runned me all over hith yard when I come to thee Mith Mary," the little old eyes flashed with mock triumph, as she made the dramatic, toothless climax, "but he *never done it!*"

Hours passed. It was hard to leave Miss Lizzie. At last I pulled up and got out, closing the door gently, for fear I would pull it down. What was it she had said about that sunset?"

"The thadowth—thee the thadowth?" Yes, I saw the shadows, if she meant the burst of flame that shot of a sudden through the tiny window and lay in royal folds over the old broken things. The sun had dropped to the niche in Shaw's Ridge, and the little cup of MacDowell was running with light.

"They're all mine—mine!" she had waved the hand of a withered Sarah Bernhardt. "Mr. Orb Gardiner thold me theeth two acres and the thadowth ith mine!"

Autumn

Ruth Simpson

The autumn leaves are yellow,
Some are turning brown;
Some have early fallen
And lie upon the ground.

The grass is dying slowly;
Winter's drawing nigh;
When the surly wind blows,
All the old trees sigh.

The rocks along the brookside
Are looking very gray,
Blue skies hold the sadness
Of this autumn day.

Mrs. Norwood

Mary Lynn Carlson

MRS. NORWOOD was singing lustily, so I knew she must be in a good humor. Strains of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" came from the kitchen in her cracked old voice, accompanied by the continual banging of pots and pans. All during the years that Mrs. Norwood had been the cook at our farm, I had wondered about her life before we knew of her, and I decided that now was a good time to satisfy my curiosity.

As I entered the kitchen door and looked around for a chair that was not piled high with everything that a kitchen could possibly contain, she looked up but did not stop her song. I removed a heavy blue patched coat and a new red felt hat trimmed with pinkish flowers from a chair and sat down. Mrs. Norwood stopped abruptly and watched my actions. "That's all right about the coat," she said; "just put it on the floor if you want to. But I'll ask you to be sorter careful about that hat. Here, I'll hang it on this nail over here."

I suppressed a smile. "It's brand new, isn't it?"

"Yes, I got it at Sears and Roebuck for a dollar and ninety-eight cents. It sure was a bargain. It don't look so well on, but the colors is pretty, ain't they?" She did not stop for an answer, but continued her monologue. "Now that old coat there, I don't care what happens to it. I've had that coat ever since I got married. My husband gave it to me."

"How long ago has that been?" I ventured to ask.

"Nigh onto eleven years now. My oldest youngun is nearly ten." She hesitated a moment, wrung out her dish-rag, and hung it on the sink, then turned to me again. "Don't you ever marry a good-looking man, young lady. It don't pay. Look at me here with two younguns to support, and that Henry of mine the Lord only knows where." Again she paused and a smile gradually spread over her homely face. When she went on again, she seemed to have forgotten that I was there.

"Well do I remember when I got married. It was in August that we went down town to the justice of the peace and got joined for better or for worse. We came back to live at his mother's house. It was boiling hot that week—hotter than it had been all

summer, and the men were coming to thresh wheat. Of course, since I was the new bride, I had to show the family what a good cook I was. The first two days after we were married I spent baking pies and cakes and bread for the men's dinner on threshing day. Folks don't spend their honeymoons like that so much nowadays.

"I didn't like Henry's old ma, so after 'bout a year me and Henry built us a house. We had about five acres of land, too. Pretty soon after we got there I began to see how shiftless good-looking men are. He started sorta getting shiftlesser and shiftlesser. I stood it as long as I could, and then I started making it so hot for him he up and left. I ain't seen him since.

"You better take my advice and don't never marry a——I don't know, though. You might do better to marry a good-looking man if you want to, and then just tell him where to step off at when you want to. I'm a lot better off without a husband than lots of women are with one. And good-lookin' men are nice."

I left, having shamelessly appeased my curiosity again.

Chatter

Dorothy Miller

"Oh, Jack! I just love dancing. Don't you?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, sure."

"The orchestra is swell, isn't it?"

"Yeah, sure."

"All the girls at our sorority house say it's real good."

"Do they?" he said, with an indrawn sigh as she stepped on his toe.

"Wasn't the weather nice today?"

"Oh, yeah."

"But the weather was terrible yesterday, wasn't it?"

"Well! What of it?"

"Oh, I don't like bad weather, do you?"

"Yeah—I mean no, I don't."

"Oh, please excuse me! How awkward of me, but the heels on these slippers are wobbly, and I can't seem to keep my balance."

"Oh," and with a slight groan he looked away, for she had landed squarely on his sore corn.

"One of the girls at our house was dancing on a wobbly heel and sprained her ankle and had to have it in a cast for weeks—or a month or something. Isn't that terrible?"

"Yeah, tough."

"Oh! Those disgusting people are doing the Charleston."

"Yeah. Let's sit out the next one."

Autumn in Irving Park

Margaret High

There is hardly a prettier spot anywhere in autumn than Irving Park. The woody lanes and shady paths are fresh and sweet with the breezes of fall. Mother Nature used a lavish hand when she covered the trees with coats of various-colored leaves. She employed all tints and shades of yellow, brown, red, orange and all the other bright colors of autumn. The graceful curving drives are arched by the trees above, and at every playful gust of wind a sprinkling of flaming leaves comes dancing down to earth.

Asters, chrysanthemums, and dahlias grow in colorful clumps around the door-steps of the stately homes in Irving Park.

To see the wide sweeping lawns, the beautiful shrubs, trees, and flowers; the lovely homes and the good roads, makes one appreciate the home-owners, as well as nature, both of whom have helped to make Irving Park the beauty spot of Greensboro.

The Young Poet Weeps

Zaidee Smith

I who know Hebe, where she stands,
The nymph cheeks hung with nectar smiles,
The cup and plate in laughing hands—
Dare not, tho' she beguiles.
And while her love slays Diomed,
I stay, shaking, home in bed.

The sweet nymph sings to me of stars
In Trojan skies, all innocent
Of blood and iron, or valiant wars
In rolling clouds magnificent.
I shall not take the subway——oh,
It tells me *Hebe is not so!*

Can I forget my gallery,
Daphne, Hero, and the rest,
With Carthage and Pompeii,
Who ride through fire unprofessed?
Can I throw ice on burning Troy,
Or hop a circus wheel with joy?

That last pinnate spring, it pains me still,
Still champs within my heart the thud
Of heavy fragrance; and on a hill
Those dogwoods still possess my blood.
But querulous, gaping streets, they scare
Me. Though Hebe calls I do not dare!

I loved that spring, I love it yet,
The pearly call in gray and blue
From intense summer's parapet.
And what business, pray, had you,
Urbane tawdriness, in those
Crushed, liquid bridal clothes?

Your marble in the violet skies
Rocks with my wild imagery;
Heaven's in your nocturne eyes
When I build my fantasy;
But in the streets you stare and stare.
You frighten me——I do not dare!

The trees' black arms, denude of dress,
Bend frantic over miry leaves
Like cornflakes trodden in the press.
Sudden round the corner heaves
The autumn wind. The autumn pools
Of black rain quake like laughing fools.

I who know Hebe, when she sings
To rising Aurora, Olympian skies,
To moaning autumns, beckoning springs—
I am he whose weeping eyes
Might trace the unicorn to his lair,
Or burn the Phœnix——if I dare!

"There Is Hope"

Virginia Douglas

The leaves have lived through the spring and the summer. They have felt the light rains of May, and they have stood the storms of September. Now, though, they are tired; the frosts have proved too heavy for them. They have given up the battle.

In all their glory of red and orange the leaves fought one last fight and were conquered. The cold and the winds were victorious, and many of the leaves, dying, have dropped to the ground. Only a courageous few, in their tarnished finery, are left to battle alone. The old trees are almost bare against the gray sky, and only the pines can whisper, "There is hope."

A Social Light

Beverly Moore

"BUT, my deah, how can you say that? You know very well that I cawn't ask that Mrs. Smith to my reception, even though she is a distant relation of yours. One must guard one's social position, you know. I simply cawn't afford to invite her. Isn't there someone else you might suggest? I must have at least a dozen more on my list. Oh, yes, I almost forgot Mrs. Rockebilt. It wouldn't do to leave her out."

"Did you put Mrs. Nelson's name on your list? And I know you'll want to ask Mrs. Maynard and Christine Brown."

"Mercy, not! I consider them all far below my clawss. Why that Maynard person, of all people, awsked me to join her bridge club. They say the Nelson woman had no social position at all where she came from. I'll put Christine's name down, though I may strike it off if I find someone else more favorable. Such cattle!——Oh, I know. I'll ask—awsk, I meant to say—one must be modern in speech as well as in manners, you know—I'll just awsk Mrs. de Pester. By the way, have you seen her new imported English caw? Elegant!——But say, she cawn't put one ovah on me so easily. I'm going to order a *Mercedes* town caw directly from Madrid. You should see a picture of one. I'm sure you've never seen one of the caws, for there are none in the city. The town-limousine is only twenty-five thousand—so very moderate for a fine motah. It's getting so late, I fear I must be going. I enjoyed the tea immensely, and I don't know what I'd do without your aid and suggestions in the planning of my pawties. Ta-ta."

As her chauffeur helped her into the luxurious sedan, I wondered how Alice Jones, a country-bred farm girl, could have affected such mannerisms, and I wondered how her poor, dead husband had managed to keep up his life insurance premiums.

At the Movies

Cynthia Vaughn

THEY were at the movies one afternoon, when a plain little woman with a beaming face and three tiny children came in.

"Can you imagine bringing such a troop to a crowded place like this?" whispered one of the girls.

"Why shouldn't they come?" asked the other. "They will enjoy it more than we."

"Yes, but think of the people around them. I can't think of anything worse than sitting near children at a show; they always talk out loud the whole time. I think people should have enough respect for others to leave their children at home when they come to the movies."

"These children seem very well behaved," answered the other; "then, too, I don't expect the mother could come unless she brought the children."

"Then she should stay at home," promptly returned the other.

"She deserves some pleasure in life, as well as the people who have money to pay servants to keep their children," said the second girl.

"She actually looks happy," observed the first girl.

The older girl glanced at the little group, cuddling against their mother with happy flushed faces, and said, half under her breath, "I don't see how she could seem any other way."

Sacrifice

Ruth Heath

TWO tired girls, with tattered clothes, faced each other in the close, dark room. The damp, hot atmosphere was almost unbearable. Unconsciously they drew nearer until their rigid figures blurred into one. Then their stiff bodies gradually relaxed from sheer exhaustion. Janet rose after a few moments, and peered out of the tiny window. Sheila dragged herself to an old broken chair.

It was Sheila that broke the silence.

"Will they *ever* come, Janet? I can't stand it much longer!"

"I know, Sheila, but think of the soldiers out there suffering—dying, perhaps."

"What about me? Maybe you don't think I'm suffering. Oh, it's my arm, Janet! I tell you I can't bear it."

Janet hurried to her and tried to relieve her.

"Isn't there something I can do? Rub it—or anything?"

"Yes—there! Oh, that's better. No, don't stop—please! Oh-oo-oo! I believe it is broken—and my leg—it's killing me!"

"Be brave, Sheila. They will be here in a few moments to fix your wounds. I'm sure it was worth it, Sheila. Think, dear, the fort would have been lost if we had not come. Yes, I'm sure it was worth it all."

"Don't!" said Sheila shuddering. "Those bullets—those woods! We never ran so fast, did we? What do you suppose they will do to us? Give us a ribbon for bravery?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter, now that the fort is saved. Sheila, did you see the colonel's face when we told them to prepare for an attack? That alone was enough to make me face a thousand enemies' lines."

"Oh, my arm! I know it is broken. Janet!" she sat up startled, "I—I won't—that is, I won't die, will I? People don't die from broken arms, do they?"

"No, no, of course not." The situation was too strained to laugh.

Sheila moaned.

"I don't know whether I'm shot or not. I feel horrible. And it's *so hot! Won't* they come! Didn't those briars scratch you,

Janet, and didn't those stones cut your feet? I'm cut from head to foot."

"No, not much. I'm awfully sore and stiff, though. It *is* hot, Sheila. I wonder if I can raise that window?"

"No! No! No!" Sheila clung to her. "Don't leave me. This darkness frightens me."

Janet sighed and came back.

"I can't stand it!" the other cried out. "It's my leg now. A bullet must have hit it, or—"

The door suddenly opened, and Janet sprang up with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Doctor. Sheila's hurt——"

The doctor, a serious red-faced man, said but little as he lighted the candle and examined Sheila. In a few minutes he raised his head.

"Nothing much," he said casually. "Bullet grazed her leg—has a slightly sprained wrist. Now, let's see you."

He dropped the candle in time to catch Janet as she fell. Her dress was soaked with blood.

October

Marion Geoghegan

In October, nature makes itself felt in silence and repose—still skies, still waters, still woods. Silent animals wander over the hillsides. The skies are pale; the sun no longer blazes over them, but shines in veiled rays. White clouds float silently over the heaven like beautiful swans. The few birds are hushed, and are hiding beneath the flaming leaves of autumn trees.

The Old Oak Tree

Beverly Moore

"Paw, Sam Wicks jest shot at me ag'in!"

"Wal, you want no Sugg if'n ye never fired back at 'im. I hope ye did."

"Naw, I didn't hev no gun. I was a-tyin' our cow to the old oak when sumpin' whizzed by my year like lightning. I looked up and who should I see but Sam Wicks a-p'intin' his gun squar' at me. 'Whut's the idee?' says I. And he says, 'Don't *idee* me. You jest lay off'n that oak. You Suggses ought to know by now it's owe'n.' "

"You don't mean to stand thar and tell me you took thet off'n a Wicks? Whar's your backbone, boy? Get me a gun; thar's gonna be trouble. Thet makes the second time he's shot at ye this week."

"Now you wait, Paw, an' let me finish tellin' ye. I told him that he wuz a cow'd by a-harmin' me whut was unarmed. An' when I seen thet he put his weepon back into his belt strop, I said thet the only right thing to do wuz fuh all men-folks whut wuz related on both sides t'meet together, with rifles and they other weepons, to the oak at sun-up tomorry for to argy. I said it was common sense to argy before a-fightin' about. He fin'ly come round and said 'twas right and thet he'd tell his men-folks. An' so we ain't to start nothin' till tomorry."

"An' thet's a purty come-off. The Suggs wait for no men, I want thet Wicks to understand, and the right thing to do is to pitch in right now. But since it's said and I've got some fodder to lay up, we'll let it go. 'Pears like we ain't gonna have no action, though. Jest look at thet cloud over tha, an' listen to the wind a'howlin'. Looks like a cyclone. But we cain't do nothin'; they aint no man whut kin stop that."

Old man Sugg was correct in this particular prediction, although his comments on the weather, in general, were not to be relied upon. The wind storm—and it was a very terrific one—swept the adjoining plantation of the Suggses' and the Wickses' with all its might and main. It wrecked the Wicks' chicken shed and completely

ruined the elder Suggs' corn crop. Especially, however, did the storm—not a cyclone, as Mr. Sugg had termed it, for cyclones do not occur in the Kentucky Mountains—ravish a certain old oak tree, which stood on the division line between the two farms.

The storm surely must have been a godsend, for it had destroyed an object that had been, for twenty-five years, the innocent cause of a bitter feud between honest neighbors. Ollie Wicks was the instigator of the trouble. When he had "one o' them furrin surveyies" to mark off the line, and the old oak, which was the only tree in a large area of bare land, was placed in the line of division, the Suggs became peeved and so did Ollie, who first shot Will Sugg in the shoulder. The feud, which had been going on for the last twenty-five years, fortunately had resulted in no deaths, and so the struggle was not continuous but only flared up now and then when ownership of the oak was in question.

The sun, having come up as the storm cleared out, found Wickses and Suggses intermingled, viewing complacently the splintered remains of the tree, whose trunk was now lying horizontally across the sod. No words, either of greeting or of comment, were exchanged.

Finally, old Will Sugg found courage to speak: "Wal, what are we a'goin' to do?" There was a moment of silence. Then he continued, "It just struck me fer the fust time thet we been a-warrin' over naught. Now thet this year tree's been tuk down, looks like we aint got nothing to fight o'er. Thet's my opini'n and I figgur ever'one o' my men'll stick by me. What's your cal'lation, Ollie?"

There seemed to be a general disturbance in the group. Several nodded assent while the others, of the Wicks clan, looked at Ollie for an answer, for they would act just as Ollie should desire. Then Ollie came forward to give his answer. All eyes were fixed on the bent and aged father and leader, and he said, "Ye've struck it right, Will. We wuz fools to ever be enemies. We haint no idee to fight and I know the Wickses is wi' me, whin I say it. Yais, we're gonna be peacely here on. How many o' you Suggs is they? Seven? Wal, I ax you all now to come up to the house and let's talk over old times. Lil's got some o' thet pumpkin pie left, too, whut she made yestidie."

Bribery

Virginia Vanstory

"I wonder if it'll make eighty," mused Jane to herself as the speedometer of her Packard roadster rolled past seventy. "I'm in such a desperate rush and this 'bus' just won't go. Wonder if Jack's still waiting?"

"I'm sorry to bother you, miss—you seem to be in such a hurry; I've been chasing you a half an hour. You know the speed-limit is thirty miles an hour," said an officer of the law, quite breathlessly as he pulled up beside Jane.

"So's your old man; anyway the speedometer doesn't register, and I simply must catch the four forty-five; I'm late already," gasped Jane, who was prepared for sudden interruptions like this.

"All right, let's have the cash or come to jail, and I think this will end your driving. You've won quite a reputation for yourself. You're in Barney Oldfield's class now."

"I can't go with you now. I am already late; I told you I had to catch the four forty-five train."

"I've heard better excuses than that, miss; I'm sorry."

Jane thought a minute to herself, "I hate to do it; it was dad's Christmas present, but I've just got to catch that date." She threw her car in first and dropped a tiny diamond bracelet into his hands. The stunned cop was left gasping for breath.

Reminiscences

Joe Mann

As I look back over my ten years of life in Greensboro, there are certain incidents which stand out vividly in my mind.

The first and one of the most outstanding is my first day at school. I can see myself now, trotting to school holding to my sister's hand. That first day I made friendships which have lasted until now.

I remember another time when the branch behind the school was flooded because of the heavy rains. I can see a group of small boys throwing sticks in, and then racing down the banks to try to catch them. Suddenly one of the boys slipped and went in up to his neck. He came out wet and shivering and too scared to go home to change his clothes. So we took him back to school where a kind janitor placed him near the furnace to dry.

As other pictures race through my mind, I see another one which is brighter than the rest. One dark Christmas morning a shivering little boy raced down the steps to see if he really did get a bicycle. He did, and he was so anxious to ride it that he didn't even wait until it was light enough to see, but rushed out in the dark and pedaled up and down the street.

Another time I saw a boy (who thought he was a man) getting fitted for his first long pants. Then he returned to his home to strut before his mother and the neighborhood girls.

Many pictures of my high school life are before my eyes, but I pick as one of the most important a picture of a scared freshman rushing to his first classes in high school. Now that boy is a senior and is struggling over themes, phonetics, and theorems.

An Autumn Day

Cynthia Vaughn

A dash of red, then tones of brown
Mixed in with bronze and yellow;
A sky of blue, and filtering thru'
The leaves so soft and yellow
The golden rays of autumn sun
That prove a perfect day's begun.

A golden ball behind the hills,
The glorious color fades,
And when the shadows thicken fast
Jack Frost the air invades,
A smoky mist, a dying sun—
And thus an autumn day is done.

PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

Ellen Glasgow—*The Romantic Comedians*

There is a wistful charm about Miss Glasgow's style which borders on sentimentality, yet it maintains its dignity. The smoothness of that style, the beauty of phrasings, and the atmosphere of Southern chivalry that pervades it, make her unique among modern writers. Miss Glasgow is at her best in description. She paints pictures of autumn with its falling leaves, sunsets with their golden glory, and spring with the spirit of love, that seem to live. The effect of the surroundings upon her characters is realistic yet poetic. Her style is the greatest feature of her new book, *The Romantic Comedians*.

It has been said that unless a book has some character in it whom the reader can admire, it is not truly a great book. We cannot exactly admire the characters here, yet we feel that the book is worth while. It offers a contrast between old age and youth that is excellently pictured. Judge Honeywell in his last days is a typical old man. His feeling, his reactions, and desires are essentially those of old age, while Annabelle, his young wife, is the very personification of the brilliancy and lustre of youth.

The plot of this book is the time-worn "triangular" love affair. The ending is not unusual but conforms with many of the modern stories which picture the righteous husband who allows his wife to run away with someone else and offers no resistance because she loves the other man. The book offers no solution to the problem, but relates it and leaves it as it is.

This is not a great book. It stands out in its class at the present; it will appeal to the present age, but will not last for the future.

J. D. McNairy, Jr.

RAVELINGS

A Newcomer's Impression of Greensboro

Joseph Hendricks

Greensboro is a typical Southern city, full of the quaint charm and hospitality of the old South, yet making great strides in industrial progress.

Most Northern cities have great material advantages, but the Northern people usually "live unto themselves."

But the people make a city what it is, and that is why I like Greensboro so much. Greensboro is cordial and hospitable especially to strangers.

The Fallen Hero

By Mabel Horton

She was a visitor in the village, and was very attractive—boyish bob, short skirts, and seventeen.

Betty had been in the little town only a week, but all the young Lochinvars of the village had "fallen" for her. That is—all except one, and he had fallen, too, but was too bashful to make any advances; in fact, he didn't even respond to the invitations of Betty's hostess to call on her.

After a week of entertainments, most of which he had been left out of, young Thomas began to wake up. He saw Betty going to dances, parties, automobile rides, and having a good time in general, with other boys, yet he seemed a social "outcast." He

plotted and planned how he would assume a bold, brazen air and march over to see Betty. He would show her who was the gallant young swain of the village!

So, on a beautiful, sunny afternoon, he hied himself down State Street to call on the winsome young miss. Betty, her hostess, and the family of her hostess were seated on the porch. Tom, with his bold, brazen air, went breezing up the walk, and made a dash for the steps, taking two at a time.

But alas! Our hero stubbed his toe, and fell back down the steps—but Betty realized, and remarked in a joking manner, that Tom, too, had fallen for her—for now he was, indeed, a "fallen hero."

A Babbitt Toast

Zaidee Smith

High Life takes the national prize;
Fight 'em, Greensboro!
Homespun "goes" with one year's rise;
Bite 'em, Greensboro!
How 'bout Biggs, and Wilder, too,
McNairy and the rest, who
Debate 'em blue!

Purple and Gold, and Lipscomb, rah!
Touchdown, Greensboro!
All the faculty, who are
Peerless, Greensboro!
Competitors—we make them dance;
Nothing, *nothing* stands a chance
With Greensboro!

How to Rate

Nell D. Thurman

Now listen, my friend, and I will relate
The means by which you're sure to rate.
First, don't get discouraged and don't have the blues,
But be careful which tie, suit, and knickers you choose.
Keep your hair well greased with vaseline "white,"
If your locks are not black, they're bound to be light.
And if they're such with never a curl
You'd best to the barber immediately whirl.
Have them made black or curly, you see,
And have them sleeked down and as long as can be.
A hat you must have with bright-colored band,
Red, blue, or green with the crown of tan.
Your overcoat new in checks must abound,
For you must become a local teahound.
Your suit—I will leave it for you to decide—
But the trousers are long and at least a yard wide.
The tie must be flashy—not a delicate hue —
And your socks tumbling down of bright orange and blue.
I advise you to walk in a leisurely way
And if you're to rate, as the town people say,
You'll walk very little, but ride in your car,
Be the distance two blocks, or be it too far.
That which I've mentioned is important, I know,
But here's where your talent is more apt to show:
The air of the worldly, that look in the eyes,
That indifferent poise is not so despised.
Now take this advice and follow it through,
And if you succeed you'll never be blue;
But if you don't, don't tell it to me,
I can't squeeze blood from a turnip—see?

THE SHUTTLE

Edited by RUTH ABBOTT

The Easterner, Easterner H. S., Washington, D. C.

There's a fine school spirit expressed in your publication, but why not feature your literary section more?

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.

A most interesting and well-arranged magazine. "Class Articles" is a unique and very helpful way of encouraging writers throughout the school. The poem, "Morning," included in that section, is especially worthy of mention because of its artistic treatment of the subject.

The High School Observer, Camden, N. J.

The High School Observer is very interesting from a local news standpoint, but is somewhat lacking in substantial literary material. "The Value of a Newspaper to a Community" is a splendid article; but the addition of some interesting short stories would be a great improvement.

The Chameleon, Davidson College.

We hold it quite a privilege to have *The Chameleon* on our exchange list. The story, "Walker-In-Shadow," was most unusual and was both well written and holding in its intensity.

The Wissahickon, Roxboro High School.

"Have You 'Scene' It" is an interesting section of your magazine, and the "Literature" is very good. Why not have more of it?

Forebodement

Harriet Bale

The crimson curve of a dagger moon
  Slinks low behind a tree
As I drift out in my long canoe
  To a night of mystery.

A star above, and a star below,
  And the star of a light between;
The water's black as the sky is black,
  And deep as a dream of green.

A stillness tense with its own intrigue
  Is born of the heavy night
To fill my heart with the vague unrest
  Of an utter and strange delight.

For I alone, out of all the world,
  Am here in the dark to see
What the curve of a dagger moon will do
  To a night of mystery.

—*The Red and White* of the Lakeview High School of Chicago.

To the G. H. S. Students:

There's a great deal of interesting material to be found in the pages of each of these magazines with which we exchange, and in order that not only the editors of Homespun, but everyone in G. H. S., may enjoy reading them, we have placed the current ones in the library on the magazine tables. Read them; they are for you!

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Edited by MARY JANE WHARTON

JETSAM

HELEN FELDER

THE bronze man looked down at the hobo in sympathetic compassion, and the hobo nodded his head.

"You understand, I reckon," he remarked to the statue. "You must 'a' felt like this some time in your life."

The hobo's eyes again fastened upon the inscription at the base of the statue: "Abraham Lincoln, the Savior of the Union." The hobo looked up again: "Now, haven't you?" And Father Abraham nodded back at him.

John Smith (we will call him that to avoid argument) was a tramp; he had only three cents in his pocket—pocket, we say, because he had only one pocket—there were merly holes where the others had formerly been. He was an honest-to-goodness tramp all right. He had tramped all day—all of several days; in fact, months. His feet testified to that. He was afraid to take his shoes off; he might be unable to get them back on.

The hobo nodded again. He had a sneaking feeling that his bronze friend had experienced the sensation of having three cents in one pocket and holes in the others—of having feet that almost smoked with the burning heat and pain of them. He didn't know, though, whether the great man had ever been as hungry as he was at that moment. It didn't seem possible. Yet one never could tell. He had not thought a great many things possible that had happened already. But then Abe had a home—which was one thing —one, of many things that John Smith *did not* have at the present.

Abe was a good old scout. He apparently wanted to help the hobo all he could, for his outstretched arm pointed out the way

to a small coffee shop nearby. But John shook his head. No coffee shop for him. Even a cup of coffee cost ten cents—which he didn't have. It looked might refreshing, though. A white-clad waitress was moving around near a window, at work before a small stove. The tramp wondered what she was doing. It would do no harm to see.

"See you later!" He waved one hand to the statue as he limped away.

Just in front of the window he paused. The girl—rather a pretty girl—was engaged in making flapjacks. From the open door came a cheery whistle which the evidence of her pursed lips proved to be hers. Not a bad job that—airily flipping pancakes about. Hobo John Smith's eyes described a complete circle in company with that described by a soft, golden-brown cake. His mouth astonished him by flying open and allowing saliva to trickle out of the corners. This would never do. The sign said: "Pancakes 20c" —and he had three pennies. John looked up into the suspicious eyes of a cop and decided to move on. A snicker from the doorway caused him to glance back at two waitresses whispering. A dull, unbecoming red suffused his face and crept down his neck to where, in the absence of a collar, he had turned his shirt in. Meanwhile he limped away, stopping only long enough to shake his fist at the statue.

A few blocks down the street he leaned up against a building and took a deep breath. Where should he go?—What could he do?—on three cents? Then his eye chanced to catch sight of a shop window just across the street from him, and he started up again. Naturally he would be obliged to wait interminable minutes for the correct traffic signal—naturally a car or two coming around the corner would impede his progress. But, finally, all destinations are reached—or, at least, John Smith's was.

A slight pause before entering the shop gave him time to reassure himself that all three of his pennies were yet with him. Still another second was lost in re-reading the sign in the window. Then the hobo disappeared.

In a few seconds a man came out of the shop—a man dressed in tatters, but, nevertheless, a man who carried himself proudly erect—a man who grasped lightly in his hand a doughnut from which one bite was gone. Hobo Smith held the doughnut up in the direction of the bronze figure down the street.

"Have a bite, old man?" he inquired hospitably. "No? Sorry. It's mighty good."

Whereupon, John Smith sank his teeth into the fragment of warmth of the steaming doughnut and dived into the surging crowd of the city.

The following telegram was received by the editor-in-chief just as this issue was going to press:

Nov. 20, P. M. 11.

Asheville, N. Car.

CARLTON WILDER,
Care of Charles W. Phillips, Greensboro, N. C.

HOMESPUN is all wool and a yard wide. Congratulations to editors, contributors, and advisers.

BOB WUNSCH

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