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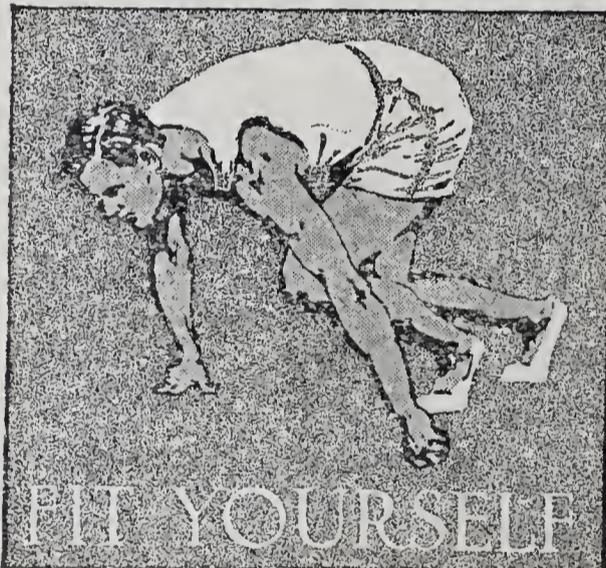


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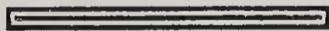
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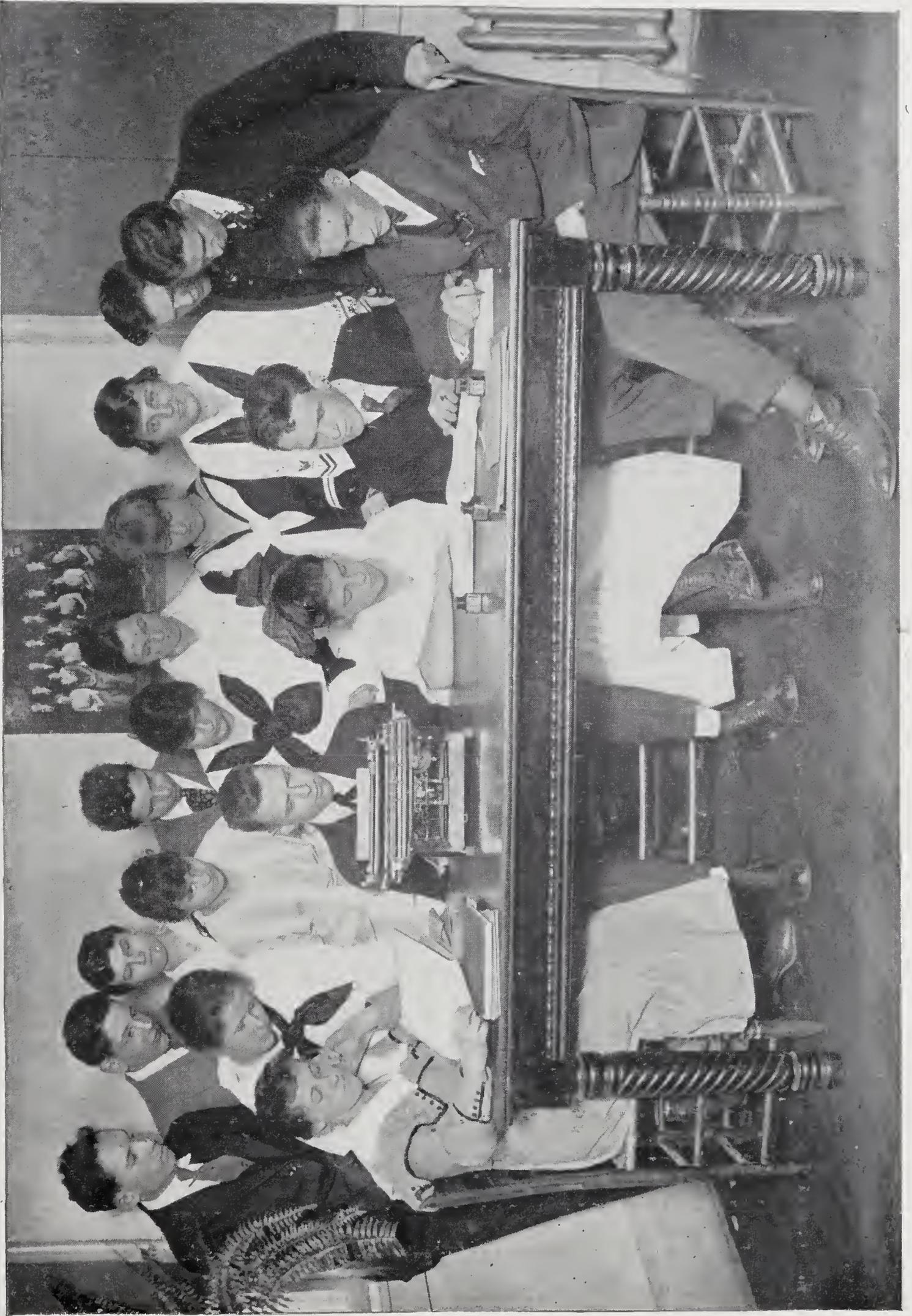
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THE EDITORS



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THE SAGE

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DECEMBER, 1916

No. 2

DECEMBER.

—
N. L. B.
—

Summer lies dead, and soon the dying Fall
Will follow her; the last leaves sink to rest;
The cheerless ivy shivers on the wall
And mournfully a bird chirps in her nest;
From leaden clouds piled high as in a mound
Drop endless flakes of snow, to shield from cold
The tiny seeds safe-hidden in the ground
Waiting the west wind's whispers manifold
And now the gallop of the hunter's hale
Scares skipping rabbits, and the squirrels grey
Pause trembling, while across the lonely dale
The sounds of chase grow near, and die away
December's melancholy wraps the heart;
Sadly we watch another year depart.

THE MAN-HATER.

EVANGELINE BROWN, '17.

Great bunches of holly and mistletoe tied with brilliant red ribbon were in every available and convenient place in the long room. The couples danced merrily and the music floated up tantalizingly from behind a screen of small fir trees.

Tessman Durwood had just ushered Lily Manning, the ever present wall-flower, to her seat. He now made for the attractive little hostess, Rosemary Hollan, who was standing completely surrounded, as usual, by admirers. She did not see him until he planted himself squarely before her, demanding her attention.

"I say, Rose, I've danced exactly five times with Lily Manning and have scarcely gotten a peep at any one of those four beauties you brought from school, and now I demand that you knock me down to that little lady over by the door."

Tessmon Durwood was one of those people that a party is not complete or successful without. He was tall, nice looking in his dress suit, but not unusually good-looking. Never a girl in Chester dared have a party without him. He was one of those convenient persons that entertain wall-flowers. So when he came and demanded to meet the little beauty by the door Rose gave him her undivided attention, but when her gaze rested on the girl he designated she gave a little gasp, then laughed.

Gwendolyn Marshall did look quite a little beauty as she stood gazing uninterestedly at the dancers. The heavy dull blue curtains made an attractive background for her pink tulle dress. Her bronze hair was piled high on top of her head. A crescent of brilliants nestled gleamingly in the heavy coil. An impatient pink slippered foot tapped a tattoo. Altogether she looked bored.

"Tes," said Rose, "not Gwen, the one in the pink?"

"The very one," answered Tess.

"Oh, she's absolutely impossible. There was never a more attractive person in the world. All of us adore her. But she's a man-hater! Every night she ends her prayers with 'I'm thankful I love none of those beastly creatures—men.'"

"Lead me to her," was all he replied—and she did.

"Oh, Gwen, just a moment," Rose called, as she approached the attractive little man-hater, "allow me to present Mr. Durwood, Miss Marshall."

Gwendolyn Marshall turned and confronted them with an indifferent expression. The gray eyes met the steady brown ones and the little man-hater extended, as etiquette demanded, a slender cold hand, that was completely enveloped by the large strong one.

"Awfully glad to meet you," said Tess.

"How-do-you-do?" and withdrew her hand.

It was all over in a brief moment. But some one has said our briefest moments are often our greatest.

Rosemary rushed off leaving them alone.

"Do you dance?" he inquired.

"Why yes, when I want to," she answered.

The next thing she knew she was circling, dipping and gliding in swift rhythm down the length of the room. He danced very well and she followed his step perfectly. When she had time to regain her breath she spoke sharply.

"You are very abrupt, I must say."

"Just why, please?" he asked.

"You didn't inquire at all if I cared to dance. In fact I think you are like the rest of them, rather brutal."

"Thanks, awfully!" he exclaimed and swung her about so quickly that her feet nearly left the floor.

The music closed with a hypnotizing wail, a burst of applause followed demanding its continuance. Her partner's hand on her arm guided her instead into the hall and to a little alcove under the stairs before she could utter a protest.

Two big wicker chairs, a table with a soft rose colored lamp on it, and a few palms made up the pleasant little retreat.

He dropped her arm and motioned to a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

She dropped meekly into one of the chairs that was three sizes too large for her. She had stood rebelliously for a moment, a hot demand for an explanation at tongue's end, but how could one speak angrily to one who so provokingly took so much for granted? Just at this moment he lounged carelessly into the other chair and regarded her with a curiously amused expression on his face.

Slowly, as if talking to himself, he said, "You're a funny one."

"Thanks, you are not," she remarked, dryly. "You are just like the rest of them. Now I suppose you will proceed to make love to me."

He threw back his head, laughed a delightfully boyish laugh, she had to admit to herself, but it irritated her nevertheless.

"Quite contrary to your expectation nothing was further removed from my mind. But however if you really wish to be made love to, it will be no trouble at all, for just now the way that lamp shines on your hair and makes your eyes sparkle, you are quite easy to look at."

"You are abominable," she exclaimed angrily, "and as I have said before, you are just like the rest of them, also horribly conceited."

"Whew! I'd never thought of that. By the way, what do you think I have to be conceited about besides my manly figure and handsome face?"

She flashed him a quick glance. Yes—he was absolutely serious, although his eyes did sparkle rather mischievously.

"Search me! I have, as yet, to discover all the beauties you have just stated," she replied sarcastically, "and now I am sure you have some other dances filled out, so please just leave me here, if you have that much kindness."

He jumped up quickly and apologetically, "I beg your pardon, I should have been more thoughtful than to monopolize you. I'll have all the fellows after me."

"Not that, at all, I'll enjoy staying here *alone*. I don't care to meet any more of the boys, so please leave me, or," she added, more truthfully than she knew, "I'll have all the girls after me."

"Oh, wait a minute, not all the fellows are as bad as I; don't you want to meet some of them?"

"I have said once and for all, I don't care to meet any more of them. Will you please go? I don't care to talk any more."

"Suppose I stay and talk anyway?" he asked.

"I refuse to converse," she answered stubbornly.

"Then may I stay and just look at you and talk to you?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Well, in the first place ——— because," she could think of absolutely no reason why she wanted him to leave. He so provokingly agreed with everything she said. In fact if she had truthfully faced the matter, she didn't want him to go!

"And in all the other places, first second, third, ninth, eleventh, etc.—*Because*, so, I shall stay and talk and you will really make me very happy if you will thaw out and talk too, Little Miss Indifference." With that he "broke loose" and talked as he had never talked before.

A few minutes later promenading couples were impelled by the happy chatter and sounds of a boyish laugh pleasantly mingled with a musical one to peep into the little alcove. There was Gwendolyn Marshall, a picture of sweet loveliness curled up in the big wicker chair three sizes too large for her, her fingers happily playing with the tulle rosebud at her waist, and Tessmon Durwood leaned forward from his chair, toward her, unconscious of his attractive posture, relating some little anecdote that strangely amused the little man-hater.

These two were unconscious of the uproar that had suddenly arisen in the hall room until some one rushed by and seeing them cried, "Merry Xmas!" Gwen uncurled herself and arose, Tess by her side. At the door she turned, and looked back at the pleasant little corner with a strangely changed feeling. She looked up at him, after a moment, extended her hand, *not* as etiquette demanded this time. His large, strong one completely enveloped it.

"I've enjoyed this more than I can tell, little Miss—Man—"

"No, I don't believe I am, at least not all of them anyway," she interrupted quickly and withdrew her hand that had remained just a moment too long.

The young people from the hall room thronged out and seeing these two that had been so sadly missed, rushed to them, completely surrounding them.

"I say, Tess, where have you been?"

"Well, Gwen, I never thought it of you," etc., etc.

That night after the crowd left and Gwen was alone in her room, she knelt to say her prayers. She started, as usual, ending with "Dear Lord, I thank Thee that I don't—*do*—love one of those beastly creatures—*men!*"

THE LITTLE FAN'S STORY.

CORINNE JUSTICE, '17.

I will start my story at the time when I, a small, white fan covered with little shiney spangles, was put into a pretty white box and packed with lots of other fans in a big case. We were put on a train for a nice long trip. When we arrived at our destination we were taken off the train and carried to a large store.

The lid was taken off my box and I was placed in a

window. I alone of the fans I had come with had the good fortune to be put in a show window. For several days I stayed in there and watched throngs of people hurry by. Frequently a young girl or an older person would stop and look in the window and, I felt sure, at me.

Then one day a man reached in the window, picked me up, and took me with him to the side of the store. A young lady was waiting there and when she saw me she said I was just what she wanted. So I was wrapped up in a paper and given to her.

Now my happy days had started. The dear little lady put me in a box and I rested there for a few days. Then one night she took me out and tied me to her arm with a pretty ribbon. I was very excited and could not imagine what was going to happen. After awhile a big, handsome man came and took the little lady and myself to a large house where a reception was being given.

I worked hard for awhile keeping people cool and later in the evening accompanied the little lady to a secluded corner behind some palms. Pretty soon the big, handsome man came up close and talked to her long and earnestly. I won't tell you what he said, but after awhile she said "yes" real low. Then I tried to help a little and she opened me up and held me up before her face.

When at last we went home the little lady said I was the dearest little fan in the world and that she would always keep me. I'm glad I was of some use in the world and I guess I'll spend all the rest of my days resting.

THE FAIRY CROSS.

LEWIS B. SCHENCK, '17.

In the quiet, sunny glade nestling among the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, there came one day

a woman who was old and gray and bent with the chill of many a winter's day. She told no one from whence she came nor whither she was going, but in a most mysterious manner she seemed to be searching for some treasure that might be hidden in the earth. For days she searched but all in vain. She had almost given up her quest when lo! she found imbedded in a rock a little cross and with this treasure she left as mysteriously as she had appeared.

In far away France, during the summer of 1915, a daring aviator was brought down by a German bomb. With his machine all crushed and broken, they pulled his body from underneath its wreckage and gentle hands bore him to the nearest hospital. For days he lay unconscious and at times the battle of life seemed almost over for him. But one day hope revived and the surgeon said, "He will live." Some weeks afterward as he lay convalescing, learning how to live again, he was suddenly conscious of the fact that he was learning another lesson—how to love—for was not fair Cecile, his beautiful, gentle nurse bending over him? She was always there to cheer him with his struggle for life and had not she nursed him all through the long days and weary hours?

One day she came and placed in his hands a little stone cross and told him it was found in his pocket. He smiled and said: "My Fairy Cross; listen and the legend I will tell."

"In the rugged foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, way across the great Atlantic, the good fairies flourished and inhabited this beautiful mountain region. Once while the fairies were dancing around a spring of limpid water, an elfin messenger arrived from a strange city, far, far away in the land of the dawn, bringing the sad tidings of Christ's death. When they heard the terrible story of the crucifixion, they wept and as their tears fell down upon the earth they were crystallized into little pebbles on each of which was formed a beautiful cross. When the fairies had disappeared from the enchanted spot the val-

ley was strewn with these unique mementos of that melancholy event and for a century the people of the country have held these little crosses in superstitious awe, being firm in their belief that they will protect the wearer against sickness and disaster of all kinds. My mother travelled far to get this little cross when she learned that I had decided to join the aviation corps and fight for France and the day I left home she placed it in my pocket with a last farewell. And has it not brought me good luck after all—Life and You?"

SENIOR CAKES.

FRANCES RANKIN, '17.

I.

Sing a song of two cakes,
Each one cooked and iced.
Now what we do not understand
Is why no knife has sliced.
Of these two cakes we feign would taste,
Rather than let them go to waste(?)

Cakes, cakes, cakes!
"Angel" and the "White" one.
Keep these names dear one,
Even if of *these* you taste none
Some day *you* may make one.

II.

"Now tell me," said the teacher
To her cooking class one day,
"Just how you made those two cakes
And what is the proper way."

“I think, dear teacher,” said one,
 If only they were sliced,
 Each one could tell much better,
 Because you see they’re iced.”

“No, no,” she said, very slowly,
 “The icing’s soft you see,
 We’ll wait until another day.”
 She coughed uneasily.

“Now, class, the bell is ringing,
 You all may be excused.”
 We turned and went upstairs
 With our appetites abused.

About these cakes there’s a mystery
 Which we have not yet solved;
 They disappeared so suddenly
 We know not who’s involved.

III.

That some one may return our loss,
 We hereby advertise:
 “They’re white as cotton, topped with nuts,
 And very large in size.”

“We will be glad to give rewards
 To those who answer this rhyme (?)
 We’ll give them anything they ask,
 Except the cakes they find.”

“THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HOMELESS KITTEN.”

MARGARET STROUD, '17.

When I was a tiny, baby kitten my mother left me in somebody’s barn and she never came back again. There I

waited for her until I grew so hungry and cold I was afraid I might die, so I screwed up my courage and crept to a little crack in the barn wall and with my strongest voice (which isn't very strong) I began to cry, "Meow! meow! meow." For some time I kept this up, but no one came.

Finally a timid little hand grasped the door-knob, and opening the door just enough to see me, peeped in. Then I saw the dearest little girl imaginable come in and all at once I was cuddled up in her arms and she was running across the field with me as fast as ever she could.

When we got to her home she put me down and went after some milk. She placed the saucer before me and I never had been so glad to get anything in my young life. I drank the milk so fast my small benefactress could hardly keep me supplied. But at last I had had enough and as I looked up at the child I tried to put my thanks into my "Meow, meow." I was petted and fondled all day and when night came I had a bed of softest cotton.

But the next day I was astonished at hearing my little girl's mother saying in a rather cross voice, "Where did you find that horrid, dirty kitten? Stop playing with it at once, and come to breakfast."

I thought to myself, "After all I wonder if I have found a home." I soon discovered that I hadn't, for my little girl's mother didn't like cats and I was picked up roughly by the cook and thrown over the back fence.

For several days I wandered around, eating the scraps I found in people's backyards. I soon grew tired of this, but I couldn't very well stay where I wasn't wanted. At last I decided that no one wanted to care for poor little me, so I stretched myself out on the soft green grass to take a nap.

I had been there only a short time when I heard a voice saying, "Oh nursie! come, see what I've found. This pretty little kitten, all gray and fuzzy." And the next moment I was grabbed by two very small, dirty hands belonging to a very little boy who danced up and down with joy at having found me.

He took me home with him and fed me milk and bread until I was no longer hungry. Then he went into the house. He stayed so long I was afraid he had deserted me, but at last I saw him coming, holding by the hand a tall, pretty lady whom he called mother.

He was saying, "Mother, I found this little kitten, half-starved, out in a field, may I not keep it for my very own?" and his mother answered, "Yes, my boy, if you will promise to be very good to it and never play roughly and hurt it." Boy promised and I have made my home with him ever since, and I have been just as happy as any little kitten could be.

THE GHOST.

DORIS CHAPPEL, '17.

"Jo," said Mary, suddenly one afternoon last summer, "Everything is dull. Let's go to that old nigger burying ground on the back of your place tonight and see if we can scare up a ghost."

"All right," I answered, "but we mustn't tell mama or she won't let us go. I tell you. we'll just give her the impression we're going to George's, not tell her so and not tell her a lie, understand."

Well when it got dusky we started, just missed Dad coming from the barn, and gained the woods without adventure.

"How far is it over there?" asked Mary.

"Oh, about a half mile," I replied. "You know we have to go along the branch about half the way, then up that big hill and down the other side where all those big trees are. After we get past the large oak we can see the cemetery."

We talked merrily at first, but conversation lagged as we got to the top of the hill. Mary had in some way managed

to push me in front and I was by no means satisfied with my position. I determined to change positions as soon as possible. An owl hooted, a little breeze sprung up, and the leaves rustled softly. The little branch nearby chattered loudly over the stones. I stepped behind the oak tree. Mary went on a few steps. She stopped, looked around, and rushed back to me. A large, white, bulky shape in front of us wavered a moment then came directly toward us.

“Jo, Jo,” gasped Mary, despairingly. “It’s no use to hide, he’s big enough to get us both.”

I could say nothing; my knees shook, but I was thanking my stars my dress was dark and Mary’s light. Perhaps he wouldn’t see me.

The shape drew nearer. It seemed to expand. The darkness deepened. When it was within a few yards of us we buried our eyes in our sleeves and waited for the end. A noise, something like “Moo-oo-oo-o-o,” fell on our ears. We looked up and—it was just our old white cow.

THE ROMANCE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

VIRGINIA DAVIS, '17.

After being very finely woven and having gone through many processes in a large factory, a dainty little piece of fabric was brought forth, with numerous other handkerchiefs, to one of the well known department stores in a large city. Here having been unpacked, and having passed through the tired hands of one of the saleswomen, it was placed in an attractive fashion with others in a show-counter. Although resembling the other handkerchiefs, this particular one seemed to stand out as one to itself, because of its special daintiness.

This lovely little kerchief was admired by many custom-

ers, passing to and fro. After lying there a few days, it attracted the attention of and was bought by a lovely young girl, very stylishly attired.

Not bothering to have it wrapped, she placed it in one of the pockets of her beautiful plush coat. In her haste she failed to put it in with very much care. As a result of her carelessness as she went to step into her car, her handkerchief fell at her feet on the walk.

A casual passer-by would naturally never have noticed this small incident, but an attractive looking young man passing this particular spot was immediately attracted to this young girl by her sweet, lovely face and her gentle manner. Turning around to get the last glance at her, he saw her handkerchief, but too late to restore it to her as she had driven off; so picking up the lost article he walked on his way.

All the remaining day the lovely face of the girl was before the young man in his work, but being a newcomer in this large city and not having any idea who she was, he gave up all hope of meeting her again to return her lost article. When he thought of her, which was very often, he would remove the dainty parcel from his pocket and seek consolation by taking a look at it, being always careful to replace it in its original folds.

Finally, while at his work one day as private secretary to one of the leading cotton brokers in the city, who should pass through his office en route to the office of his employer but the lady of his dreams? Indeed he really thought it was a dream, but he was more fortunate than that. She inquired very pleasantly of him, "Is Daddy in?" Not knowing who "daddy" was but not daring to answer such a charming person in the negative, he also with a smile replied, "Yes ma'm." Nodding to her he showed her into the office of his employer, as he must naturally be the man wanted, for no other person was supposed to have been in the office.

After a brief visit with her "daddy" she re-passed the desk

of the young secretary. "Now is my time," he thought. So rising up to open the door for her, he told her that he had witnessed the losing of the handkerchief and that he had tried to find its owner, but all in vain. Then reaching in his pocket he drew out the dainty little lost purchase which had become dear to him. Thanking him and with a smile of gratitude, she left the office, not to dismiss him from her thoughts however.

As days rolled on, she was a frequent visitor at her "daddy's" office, her daddy, of course, being conceited enough to think he was the honored one. It is unnecessary to say that the young man also made frequent visits to see the daddy—at home however and not at the office, and rather strange to relate the visits were always when the daughter was also at home.

THE STORY OF A CAPE.

BESSIE DENNY.

"Grandmama," exclaimed Marjory, the pretty, attractive grand-daughter of Mrs. Robert Longstreet, "may I wear that old cape of yours to Marion Gray's masquerade ball?"

"Yes, dear, but be very careful with it. The memories clinging to it are very dear to me," answered Mrs. Longstreet.

"Oh, Granny, do tell me the story of that cape. I've always wanted to know about it," quickly said Marjory, with youthful romance shining in her beautiful blue eyes.

"Very well, come and sit by my side and I'll tell you the story." Quietly putting away her knitting the dear old lady began her story.

"As my family were refugees of the War of '61 we were all scattered and I was at the home of my sister's (your Aunt Clara) in Chapel Hill.

“The 19th of December, 1864, the night of my marriage, was the coldest night I had ever experienced; snow was thick on the ground. Oh, how anxious I was about your grandfather. We had prepared a great wedding supper and all the guests had assembled for a merry time.

“Robert was captain of the North Carolina 13th Regiment and I knew he had obtained his furlough. But as the hour came nearer I became very nervous, and many thoughts rushed thru my mind; maybe he was killed or taken as a prisoner! They all tried to comfort me, saying “that in war time weddings and other things are uncertain.” At last, giving up to their entreaties, I consented in having the supper. They made it very merry and joked me, saying “Robert had forgotten me.” I tried to be one of them, but it was so hard to do. After the supper the guests went to their homes and we all retired. I retired but not to sleep a wink.”

“About one o'clock we were awakened by a rude knock at the door. Quickly I thought “It is Robert.” Jerry, the old family darkey, opened the door and soon after brought me a note written on a scrap of the hotel ledger. Oh! how happy I was! It was from your grandfather, asking me if I could be ready at sunrise to marry him, so that we could leave on the early stage coach for Milton, N. C. With joy I replied, “Yes.” Getting from my bed I dressed again in my wedding dress with aid from Mamy Dicey and Clara. In all the excitement I had forgotten that my oldest and favorite sister Susan was not in the house. Our horses were stolen by the Yankees and I could think of no way to get her, but Jerry came to my aid.”

“‘Missy,’ he said, ‘I’ll jest go fetch Miss Susan wid de wheelbarrow.’ So piling the wheelbarrow with soft blankets he went over to sister’s house and got her. Now quite contented I awaited my belated bridegroom.

“Just as the sun was rising he came up the drive. He looked grand that morning, altho his suit was rather tattered and worn. His delay was caused by lack of transportation, which was in turn due to the heavy snows. The

only means he had was riding an old mule to Chapel Hill.

“After our marriage we ate a hasty wedding breakfast, said goodbye to every one and left for Milton. It was so cold that morning and after riding such a long distance I became chilled through and through. Robert had no extra cloak for me. So he suggested that we stop at Greensboro, where he bought me this beautiful cape, the first purchase made for his bride. You see, dear, why I love and prize it so dearly.”

A NEGRO SERMON.

MARY POOLE, '20.

It was at Island Creek church about 12 o'clock one Sunday morning when Brother Jerry was preaching a sermon on Adam and the creation of the earth. The following was heard:

“Bruders and sisters, I or fer to preach to you on de life of Adam and de creation of de earth.

“God made dis earth dark. He said ‘Let there be light’ and it were light. He seen it were good work so he cut de light apart from the night. He called the light day time, jest like it ar now. De darkness he called night time jest as we do. That be one of God’s day’s work.

“God said let de firment come from de waters. He made earth to divide de big waters. Like yonder big sea. Dat made another morning and after dinner time’s work. Dis what he done on de second day.

“God telled the grass, herbs, de fruits, and de seed to grow. Dey grew and God seen it were alright. So dis is what he done on de third day.

“He said let dere be two great lights which are to keep de day and de night from running into each other. He made

der sun fer de day, and de moon for de night. He made all de stars too. He stuck all of dem stars and things in der places, and do you know, broders, the North star hit stuck so tight hit ain't moved since. De sun was to watch de day as you see on yonder window. God saw dis be good, so hit was done on the forf day.

“On de next day he made all de critters dat creep on dis here earth. Den he sot down an' look at dem flying up in de sky and a creeping on de ground. He seen dis here were good too.

“Den he sot dere and thought, and thought, and thought what he was to do next. Cause there were no one to plow dem grounds, and so dem seed, nor tend to dem critters. So he thought of a man. Den he seed some mud a lying dere, and before he or nobdy else knew it, he had made a man, and set him up agin a fence to dry. He called his here man Adam.”

Then came a voice from an old bruder in a corner, “Say, Parson, how could de Lord sot him up agin a fence to dry when dere ain't no man to maul dem railings for to make a fence.”

But the parson said, “Let us pray.”

THE WAYWARD SON.

BARRE PRITCHETT, '17.

I.

The night was cold,
 The hour was late,
 'Twas the night of Christmas Eve.
 The ground was covered with a blanket of white
 Whose depth was hard to believe.

II.

The station was dark
When the express rolled in,
 And there swung from the moving caboose
A boy who was almost dead from the cold,
 When his hands from the rod turned loose.

III.

His clothes were ragged,
His shoes were worn,
 His hands were purple from cold;
But the expression in the dark blue eyes
 Was of one who was young, not old.

IV.

He climbed the hill
With lagging step,
 To his father's large estate,
Where once he had played in childhood days,
 But where now he must hesitate.

V.

He rang the bell;
Heard it jingle within,
 And looked with anxious eyes,
For the one he knew would answer his ring;
 One whose voice he could never despise.

VI.

At last he appeared;
A gray-haired man,
 Who was ever watching for one
Whom he now recognized and took in his arms
 And with faltering voice said, "My son."

THE LAST MINUTE GIFT.

ALICE MAUDE JOHNSTON, '17.

I had been working on my Christmas gifts for many nights and I heaved a sigh of relief as I finished crocheting Grandma's slippers, the last of my gifts. That night, for the first time in weeks, I went to sleep in peace.

Next morning armed with seals, ribbons, and gaily colored papers, I was busily employed in wrapping and addressing packages, when suddenly I upset a bottle of ink. My heart sank as I saw that the most of the ink had made a blotter of Grandma's slippers. What could I do? I had tried to observe the "Shop Early" motto. Yet here at the last moment I was without a present for the most important person in the household.

I hurriedly threw on my hat and coat and rushed up town on a last minute bargain hunt. My purse was in such a depleted condition that nothing except a very great bargain would suffice.

I reached the large Department Store all out of breath and felt as though I had entered fairyland. It was a scene that Turner would have reveled in, with its ribbons of various colors, abundance of Christmas flowers, wreaths of holly, festoons of cedar, and Santa Claus' beaming face peeping forth from chimneys.

I made my way to the handkerchief counter, thinking I might select from this snowy pile of linen a gift befitting my meager purse. Then I remembered hearing Grandma wish for a shawl, so I hurried to the second floor in search of one. I looked about and found one which I thought just the thing, and as luck would have it, I had exactly enough money to pay for it. As I was about to purchase it I noticed a woman, old, bent, and very thinly clad, looking longingly at a heavy woolen shawl. At once I felt a rush of pity

and forgetting Grandma, I bought the shawl and wrapped it about the old lady's thin shoulders. She looked at me gratefully with misty eyes and said, "My child, you have an old woman's blessing. May God give you such a happy Christmas as you have given me."

As she went away and I, realizing what I had done, stood gazing at her, I said, "I have let my foolish heart overrule my head again. There goes Grandma's present and not a penny left in my purse." Just then I heard a voice at my elbow saying, "That is the best Christmas gift I ever received." There stood Grandma who had come to buy yarn.

"Grandma," I said, "you will have to be content with a smaller gift."

She said gently, "Don't spoil the spirit of true giving, for no gift could make me happier, and after all it is not the gift but the amount of pleasure we give that counts."

A LETTER FROM A HIGH SCHOOL MOUSE.

ELIZABETH CLEGG, '17.

G. H. S., Nov. 3, 1916.

Dear Friend:

Where you are staying now I cannot imagine. I have been in room after room searching for some signs of you, but as yet have seen nothing that would tell me in which part of this enormous building you might be. There seems to be no end to the rooms and desks. I am leaving this at the door of the room at the head of the stairs and next to that large room, and I hope that you or some of your family will find it.

I would like to know if you are finding enough to eat. It seems like days since I have had a whole meal. Last night I hunted all night for food and just before day I found some

lunch in one of the desks. It took some time to remove the paper and I had just started in for a feast when I heard bells ringing. This did not frighten me, but in a few minutes I heard people walking around. I peeped out and saw that the room was almost filled with girls and boys and that one girl was coming straight towards the desk I was in. I tried to slip out without being seen, but several girls saw me and all began to scream. The boys chased me, and the only way I could escape was to climb up the door and out the window at the top.

There is only one room in this building that I like. It is way down stairs and has stoves and tables all over the room. I spent several nights there and had plenty to eat, but one day I came out while there were some girls in the room—you have never heard such screaming in all your life. They climbed on top of tables, stoves, and everything they could and frightened me so I have never had the courage to go back into that room.

I see nothing before me but starvation unless you help me in some way. Talk about church mice having a hard time! I do not think it can possibly be worse than being a high school mouse.

I must close now. Hoping to find a letter from you real soon,

I remain,

YOUR NEEDY FRIEND.

THE ROMANCE OF POLLY.

ROBERTA B. STRUDWICK, '17.

It was during the last three minutes of the Thanksgiving football game between Columbus and Gates that Donald Redwood made the memorable dash over Gates' goal line with the "pig-skin" held firmly in the crook of his arm. The

goal was successfully kicked, thus bringing the score from 7 to 6 in favor of Gates to 13 to 7 in favor of Columbus.

Polly Ainsley stood waving her Columbus banner madly on the side lines. In her enthusiasm she said, "Oh, I could love that Redwood person." Looking up she found the same "Redwood person" not two feet away, towering above her on the shoulders of the joyous Columbus boys, who were bearing the victorious team from the field. She caught Redwood's eye and he smiled. She wondered if he had heard her impulsive speech! But of course he hadn't in such a crowd. It was at Christmas that she found out differently. Polly was invited to spend a week-end during the holidays with one of her schoolmates, Helen Nash. Helen had written that there were to be two of her brother's friends there also.

Immediately upon arriving, Polly went up to dress for dinner. As she tripped down the stairs, one of the boys said, "I say, who is that little dream coming down the steps?"

Polly was indeed a dream as she ran lightly down the broad stairway. Her golden hair was piled high on her head and she wore a fluffy pink evening dress. Her brown eyes were star bright; her cheeks were flushed. Polly was very pretty.

"Why, Don, I thought you knew Polly Ainsley," said Helen. "Polly, dear," she said, "I want you to meet Donald Redwood." That was the beginning.

After dinner they sat around the big fireplace before going to the Country Club dance. Donald, looking at Polly, whom he seemed to have taken possession of, said in a rather meditative voice decidedly tinged with mischief, "I could love that Redwood person." Polly blushed and tried to see no point in his remark.

At the dance that night she had several dances with Don, and he "broke her," often. He teased her incessantly and she was very cool to one, Mr. Donald Redwood. Of course

she wasn't really angry, but as all girls will, she made him ask forgiveness.

"You see," he said, "I just inherit a teasing nature from Dad, and I have so many sisters it's the only way I can keep 'em straight."

When the girls retired, both Helen and Kathryn Bingham, her other guest, decided that it certainly seemed to be a case of "love at first sight."

Next morning as the boys and girls started out for a skate on the lake, Polly received a telegram. It summoned her home on account of the sudden illness of her father.

As Donald took her hand to say good-bye he said, "I'm coming to see you if I may, and I intend to write anyway—Polly."

So Polly went whizzing back home to become a faithful and tender little nurse to her father. After a long illness her father recovered and Polly again began to lead her gay life.

She saw Don often. Special delivery letters, candy and flowers arrived constantly from him.

The following summer Polly and Judge Ainsley went to Atlantic City to spend a month. While they were there, Donald came up to see them, and he and Polly had a wonderful time.

They went in the surf with thousands of other pleasure-seekers and rode the waves for hours. They bought novelties from the numerous shops along the board walk. They sailed, rode in the chairs on the board walk, danced and motored. They heard Vasselli's Band and Martin's Symphony Orchestra on the steel pier; the Hawaiian music played by native musicians on the million dollar pier. They went to Steepel Chase, saw hundreds ride the merry-go-round and go up in the Ferris wheel; watched children scream with delight over the miniature train in the shape of a huge dragon and the ludicrous "barrel of love," and a hundred other things that make Steepel Chase pier a very necessary part of "the play-ground of America."

The night before Donald was to leave, he and Polly were invited on a sail given by some friends. It was a beautiful night. The hearts of all danced to the music of the waves, while the wise Lady Moon gravely watched. The multitude of lights in "The City by the Sea" vied with the stars as they twinkled. They listened, too, to the conversation of two mere mortals in a cozy nook of a spacious yacht. It was such an oft repeated dialogue that the stare of the moon and the twinkling of the stars remained unchanged. It ran thus:

"Could you try to love me, Polly?"

After a pause, absently—

"I believe, I *could* love that Redwood person!"

"DE GUSTIBUS—"

L. B. A.

There was a young fellow named Ingle
With Republican spirits a-tingle,
He voted for Hughes, but rooted for Root,
In season and out for them he would toot!
And yet as the slow days drifted by
He lost the election, but won a tie.
This statement—a seeming paradox
Is proved by the tie—you can see it for blocks!

THE SAGE

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No. 2

EDITORIALS

Christmas, as usual, finds us rushing to and fro from one task to another trying to collect our scattered wits. This year, though, we are enabled to draw a few extra breaths since the cause of so much of our trouble our beloved (?) Bi-Monthlies—has become a matter of history. We are delighted to say that under our new administration, the bi-monthly examination no longer exists and—finals—are changed to Semi-Finals. During the coming vacation our souls will no longer be burdened with a load of care; our minds will not be haunted by that familiar line—"I have

failed! I have failed!" Youth lives in the present and—*tomorrow* is a long way off—so, we care not for those Semi-Finals, the approaching New Year has in store for us!

The school year has reached its first goal post in more ways than one. Soon our first exams. will be over and we'll have no others to bother us till Spring. Already the last game of football has been played and the boys are beginning to get in training for basketball. Then also the girls' phase of athletics, girls' basketball, has reached a notch higher than it ever has before. G. H. S. should be proud of the spirit that has made this team a good one. Several times there have been more than four whole teams at a single practice. The practices have been regular and the girls have played hard. Not only has the faithful practice made the team, but the loyal support of the High School boys has helped it to reach and hold a high position.

Cheating is a hard word. It grates on our ears and we would like to substitute some gentler term; but this is impossible because one way or another taking information and passing it as your own when it is not, is certainly cheating, whether on examination or on class. It seems strange that any one should make any difference between playing square in school and playing square outside. When a football team comes to Greensboro and plays dirty, we naturally have a pretty poor opinion of that team. Now what are people going to think of us if we go through High School stealing good grades while others take a straight course, making with hard work only fair marks. Can anyone possibly have a good opinion of us? It hardly seems so. We can certainly have no respect for ourselves (and even less if we only do it because some one else is doing it) and where a person loses his self-

respect there is not much chance of his being respected by others. When we leave High School and go out into life we leave behind us our marks, good or bad. No one ever remembers them. But oh! they do remember something. They remember what kind of character we had, what stand we took between right and wrong, and whether we always "played square!" If we were square they remember—and—if we were not—they do not forget it!!

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver, is bare.
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself—his hungering neighbor—and Me."

Always when Christmas comes rushing on, we think—"giving, giving, giving," but do we always think, "loving, loving." And—this, after all—is what counts! The love that prompts the thought and gives the personal touch to our gift has much more to do with the joy of the receiver than the gift itself. Do we not sometimes think "have to give," instead of "love to give"—and thereby miss that sweet spirit of Christmas that dwells around in the air and everywhere, if we'd only look it up.



FOOTBALL.

G. H. S. vs. WINSTON, OCT. 28TH.

We were defeated by Winston the second time, 28 to 7. Our team showed good team work and did not weaken until the last quarter.

Winston scored two touch-downs in the first quarter. The first was pushed over by off-tackle, line bucks, and a forward pass that netted 17 yards. In the fourth quarter two more were made by off-tackle plays G. H. S. could not stop. Whaling added four more points by kicking all four goals.

Our touch-down came in the second period. The kick-off from Winston was carried back by a 40-yard run to Winston's 20-yard line. A fake play with off-tackle plays carried the ball to the three-yard line from where Captain Pearce crossed the goal line. Cox kicked goal.

The stars of the game were Pearce and Clary, while Boyst showed rare judgment in the running of the team. The line was not behind the backfield in either offensive or defensive work, making possible the touch-down and keeping the Winston score down.

Line-up: Schiffman, left end; Barnes, left tackle; Forsyth, left guard; Cox, center; Rawlins, right guard; Callum, right tackle; Shelton, right end; Boyst, quarter; Clary, left half; Milton, right half; Pearce, full back.

Substitutes: Rawlins for Callum; Berg for Rawlins; Stamey for Shelton.

Score by quarters:

W. H. S.	14—0—0—14	28
G. H. S.	0—7—0—0	7

G. H. S. vs. ASHEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, Nov. 4th.

On Nov. 4th, G. H. S. played Asheville High School in Asheville. The game started out much in our favor, and we should have scored several times, but lost the ball to Asheville. The game was hard fought as is shown by the score 6 to 0 in favor of Asheville.

Asheville's touch-down was made in the third period when a forward pass was intercepted and carried 20 yards to our five-yard line. There Asheville was held for three downs and only on the fourth down was the ball carried over.

The stars were Pearce, Clary, Rives and Schiffman.

Line-up: Schiffman, left end; Callum, left tackle; Oakes, left guard; Cox, center; Forsyth, right guard; Rawlins, right tackle; Shelton, right end; Rives, quarter; Dorsett, right half; Clary, left half; Pearce, full backk.

Score by quarters:

A. H. S.	0—0—6—0	6
G. H. S.	0—0—0—0	0

G. H. S. vs. ASHEVILLE SCHOOL FOR BOYS, NOV. 6TH.

Playing against a much heavier team and stiff from the Asheville High School game on the preceding Saturday, we were defeated by the Asheville School for Boys on Monday, Nov. 6th, by the score of 47 to 0. The team fought as hard as ever but was disheartened by being continually penalized.

Line-up: Shelton, left end; Callum, left tackle; Oakes, left guard; Cox, center; Forsyth, right guard; Rawlins, right tackles; Schiffman, left end; Rives, quarter; Clary, left half; Milton, right half; Pearce, full back.

Substitutes: Pearce for Rives, Schiffman for Pearce, Schaffer for Schiffman, Davidson for Oakes, Oakes for Cox, Callum for Milton, and Dorsett for Callum.

Score by quarters:

Asheville School	6—0—13—28	47
G. H. S.	0—0—0—0	0

G. H. S. vs. DANVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, NOV. 30TH.

The second game with Danville High School was played in Danville Nov. 30th. Danville was defeated by 6 to 7. The close score was due to the inability of Captain Pearce and others to play and in filling these positions the team was weakened.

The Danville touch-down came in the first quarter. Danville's punt to G. H. S. was misjudged and recovered by Danville on our 10-yard line. It was then carried across by line plunges. Danville failed to kick goal.

When the whistle blew for the second quarter the ball was on Danville's 20-yard line; it was carried across by Callum in three plunges. Cox kicked goal. After this the ball was kept in mid-field.

Callum's touch-down was the feature, but was backed by Clary's great playing. The line was strong.

Line-up: King, left end; Barnes, left tackle; Forsyth, left guard; Cox, center; Oakes, right guard; Rawlins, right

tackle; Shelton, right end; Rives, quarter; Clary, left half; Callum, right half; Schiffman, full back.

Substitutes: Pruden for King.

Score by quarters:

D. H. S	6—0—0—	6
G. H. S.	0—7—0—0	7

This game ended the 1916 schedule.

CANCELED GAMES.

Three games were canceled during the 1916 season. The game with Charlotte High School was canceled by us on account of injuries to our players. The games with Salisbury and Reidsville were canceled by these respective teams because they had disbanded.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

G. H. S. vs. DANVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, Nov. 17TH.

The first girls' basketball game was played Nov. 17th, and resulted in a very close game indeed. When the whistle blew for the end of the final quarter the score was tied 7 to 7. It was decided that the play should continue until one side should make a goal. The ball was at one goal and then the other, guards for both teams playing as for life, the forwards taking every chance for a goal until Mary Jordan succeeded in making one and winning the game.

The star was Mary Jordan, who made six of the nine points.

Line-up: Mary Jordan and Ruth Dillon, forwards; Virginia Davis, center; Mary Patterson and Pearl Elliott, guards.

G. H. S. vs. REIDSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, Nov. 24TH.

On Nov. 24th the girls' basketball team went in automo-

biles to Reidsville, where they met the Reidsville High School team on an outdoor court. G. H. S. was again victorious, winning by the score of 12 to 2.

The team played well. Our guards kept the ball under the Greensboro goal most of the time. The forwards took advantage of this by throwing six goals for the 12 points.

Mary Jordan starred with four goals, while Ruth Dillon made two.

Line-up: Jean McAlister, Pearl Elliott, and Mary Patterson, guards; Sarah Britton and Love Ireland, centers; Mary Jordan and Ruth Dillon, forwards.

G. H. S. vs. REIDSVILLE, DEC. 8TH.

On Dec. 8th the return game with Reidsville was played in Greensboro, G. H. S. winning by 40 to 6.

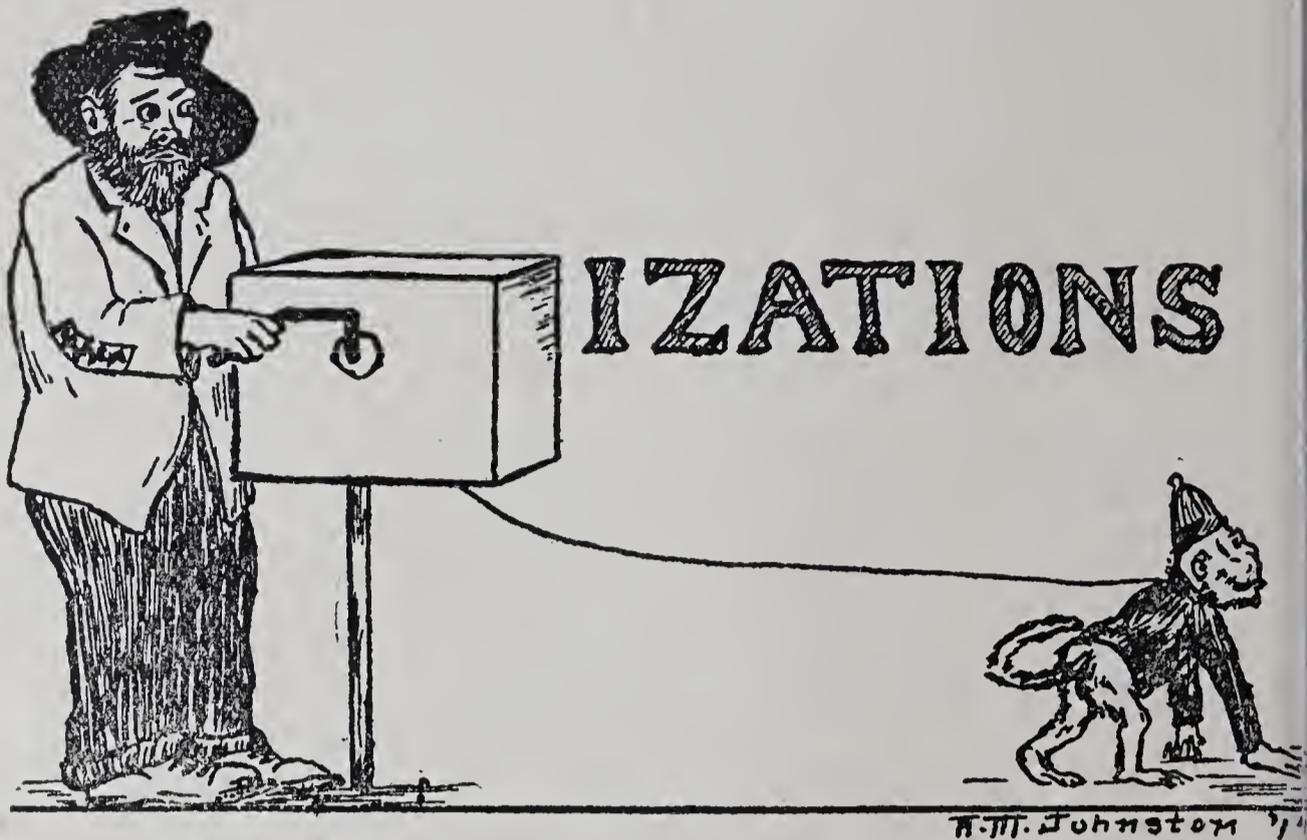
Reidsville seemed to be at a disadvantage on account of the low ceiling of the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium. The playing of Mary Patterson and Pearl Elliott at guards also kept Reidsville's score down considerably. Mary Jordan led in the score for our team, securing nine field goals. Sarah Poole made five, Sarah Britton four, and Ruth Dillon one.

Line-up: Sarah Britton and Mary Jordan, forwards; Virginia Davis and Love Ireland, centers; Mary Patterson and Pearl Elliott, guards.

Substitutes: Sarah Poole, Ruth Dillon, and Katherine Keith.

OTHER GAMES.

There remains but one more game to be played before Christmas, that with Danville, Dec. 15th. The manager is putting forth every effort to get more games after Christmas.



THE IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Ionian Literary Society met in the Senior room Friday, November 3rd. Miss Gressitt was elected an honorary member of the society. As the Ionians gave no play last year, they planned to do some work in this line and it was decided that the Society should give a play some time during the second semester. A committee was appointed to arrange details.

After the business meeting, a most entertaining program was given. The life of Longfellow was discussed by Miss Mozelle King and many interesting facts about the poet's life were given to the Society. Several songs, a few conundrums, two short plays, and Drags, helped to make the program a success.

The Ionian Literary Society held a regular meeting in the chapel on November 17th. After the business transactions Miss Waterhouse gave a few suggestions and Miss Gressitt made a short talk in accepting honorary membership into the Society.

The afternoon's program was begun with a story of the life of James Whitcomb Riley by Miss Alice Johnston. An amusing play was given by a number of the girls, who played

their parts unusually well. The other members of the third section gave delightful musical selections and recitations.

THE MCNEIL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The McNeil Literary Society held a meeting in the chapel on Friday, November 3rd. The president read a letter from Miss Monroe, one of the members of last year. The Society greatly appreciated Miss Monroe's letter and decided to have the secretary answer it. A committee was appointed to plan more definitely the year's work for the Society. Miss Davis was unanimously elected captain of the basketball team and Miss McAlister was elected manager.

A splendid program was carried out by Section III. Musical numbers composed a greater part of the program. After the regular program members from the ninth grade favored the Society with impromptu selections.

On Friday, Nov. 11th, the McNeil Society met in Room III. The committee which had been appointed to plan the year's work, reported that they had decided to divide the Society into two sections as to their work in the programs. The two music sections will study the life of musicians and composers. The literary sections will take as their topic the lives and works of some noted authors or poets. Very little other business was attended to.

A really excellent program was rendered. Edgar Allen Poe's life, art, genius and travels were discussed by different members. "Annabel Lee," "The Raven" and "The Bells," were recited beautifully, and Miss Margaret Murray displayed real talent in telling the story of "The Gold Bug." A "Poe" program was naturally greeted with much enthusiasm as his works are ever dear to the Southerner.

DIAPHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Diaphesian Literary Society held a regular meeting

in the Di. hall October 20th. After the roll call and reading and approval of the minutes, a very interesting program was carried out.

PART I.

1. Current Events Walter Mills
2. Jokes Wakefield Mowery
3. Life of Dr. DeWitt Talmage.....Henry Jacobs
4. Why the Panama Canal would be useless to the
the United States in time of war.....Oscar Boyst
5. Recitation Selma Blaustein
6. Humorous Talk James King
7. From Pleasant Garden to New York...Gilmer Sherrill
8. Results of the World's Baseball Series...John Callum
9. Latest Improvements in Aeroplanes.....Gordon West
10. Cause for High Cost of Paper.....Ralph Price

PART II.—DEBATES.

1. Query: Resolved, That a bicycle rides you instead of you riding the bicycle. Affirmative, Odell Watson; negative, Wade Dorsett.

2. Query: Resolved, That the Philippines should be granted their Independence. Affirmative, Jno. M. Johnson and George Rankin; negative, Martin Berg and Hampton Carter.

The decision committee reported in favor of the affirmative in both debates, with John Johnson best speaker oratorically in the second debate.

A regular meeting of the Diaphesian Society was held in the Di. hall Nov. 3rd. After the roll call and reading of the minutes the following program was carried out:

PART I.

1. Current EventsHugh Armfield
2. Humorous Selection Harold Pugh
3. Present Disadvantages of Rich Men.....Burton Oaks

4. Recitation Nosco Lewis
5. The Story of Liberty Bell Enoch Stamey
6. Early History of Yellowstone National Park
Dwight Clapp
7. Jokes Harley Mourane
8. Recent Submarine Attacks Samuel Kerr
9. The First 4th of July Celebration.... Willard Bloxton
10. His Only Study—Algebra Claude Pearce

PART II.—DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, That Student Government should be adopted in G. H. S. Affirmative, Robert Pearce, Willard Rainey, John Schenck; negative, Fletcher Ridge, Lewis Schenck, Eugene Shaw.

The decision committee decided in favor of the negative with Fletcher Ridge best speaker oratorically.

A regular meeting of the Diaphesian Society was held Nov. 17th in the Society hall. One of the most interesting meetings of the year was held. The following program was carried out:

PART I.

1. The U. S. Navy as a Fighting Machine. Hampton Carter
2. Life of Fletcher Ridge..... Gilmer Sherrill
3. Current Events John Callum
4. How Pittsburg is Solving Its Smoke Problem
Gordon West
5. The Transformation of Montana Selma Blaustein
6. Humorous Selection Wakefield Mowery
7. The Discovery of Diamonds and Their Value
Martin Berg
8. Review of the New York Milk Strike.... Henry Jacobs
9. Effects of Prohibition Walter Mills
10. Recitation George Eichorn
11. Life of Samuel Adams..... Bryan Davidson
12. Success of Military Training in N. Y.. Howard Johnson
13. The Value of Table Salt..... Charles Hodgkin

PART II.—DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, That Congress was justified in passing the Adamson Eight-Hour Law. Affirmative, Oscar Boyst, Jno. M. Johnson; negative, George Rankin, Willard Taylor.

The decision committee decided in favor of the negative, with George Rankin as the best speaker oratorically.

PHILOMELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Friday, October 20th, the Philomelian Literary Society held its regular meeting in the Society hall. The interesting features of the program were as follows:

PART I.—DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, That the Philippines should be granted their Independence within five years. Affirmative, Clyde Brooks, Harper Best; negative, Harry Schiffman, Charles Stout.

The judges decided in favor of the negative.

PART II.

1. Declamation Vanderford Bouldin
2. Composition John Carson
3. Humorous Reading Archer Shelton
4. Latest Inventions William Smith
5. Recent Improvements in Greensboro..... Jack Rees
6. A Day at the Fair Joe Lesser

A regular meeting of the Philomelian Literary Society was held Nov. 3, 1916. One of the most interesting programs of the year was rendered.

PART I.—DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, That football is more helpful than harmful in G. H. S. Affirmative, Ed. Denny; negative, Harry Moore. The judges rendered a decision in favor of the negative.

PART II.

1. Current Events Herman Thacker
2. Declamation Harold Ross
5. Humorous Recitation Frank Stansbury
4. Latest Invention in Areoplanes William Stout
5. Composition on a Football Game..... Sidney Pruden

The Philomelian Society held a regular meeting in the Society hall Nov. 17, 1916. The following program was carried out:

PART I.—DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, That the Adamson Eight-Hour Law was Constitutional. Affirmative, Stokes Rankin, Wm. McClamroch; negative, Arnold Schiffman, Raymond Pearce.

The judges decided in favor of the affiramtive.

PART II.

1. Humorous Selection Wallace Stamey
2. Current Events Eldridge Clary
3. Discussion of Result of Election..... Herman Edwards
4. Prospects of Result of Va.-Carolina Football Game
Earle Rives
5. Idea of Self-Government in G. H. S... Fenner Anderson
6. Humorous Recitation Saul Lesser



NEWS

One of the most enjoyable receptions of the season was given at the beautiful home of Miss Corinne Justice in honor of the Winston-Salem football team on October 28th. Progressive conversation and dancing proved to be very entertaining. Frozen punch and nuts were served.

On the 15th of October the members and chaperones of the Danville Girls' Basketball Team were entertained at the home of Miss Corinne Justice on Park Drive. The home was artistically decorated in autumn leaves and ferns. Dancing and progressive conversation were the main features of the evening. The High School orchestra furnished the music which afforded much pleasure to those present. Ice cream and cake were served to the guests. It was a very enjoyable evening. The visiting girls said that they had a wonderful time and hoped to return to our city soon.

Misses Sarah Poole and Evangeline Brown entertained the Senior class at a Hallowe'en party at the home of Miss Poole. The guests upon arriving were met at the walk by ghosts, who ushered them around the house. After falling over numerous obstructions they finally reached the door of entrance which was at the opposite side of the house. Each one present, dressed in some weird costume peculiar to the night, — witches, farmers, Indians, Spanish girls, dudes, babies, goddesses, fairies, Bo-Peeps, clowns, etc.—had a jolly time together bobbing apples, toasting marshmallows, popping corn, and amusing themselves as they pleased. An attractive corner hidden by corn-stalks was discovered as the home of an old witch who told each a marvelous story and prophesied a wonderful future for all. Queer fortunes, hidden in nut shells also revealed each one's character. Music was rendered all thru the evening by the High School orchestra. Refreshments consisted in a fruit salad served in apples, crackers, nuts, olives, etc. The majority of the class of 1917 with the faculty and a host of ghosts together made about eighty-five to enjoy the evening. At the mystic hour of twelve the guests departed for their respective homes, declaring that they had enjoyed one of the best nights of their lives.

A crowd of our High School boys and girls on Friday, the 24th of November, went over to Reidsville in cars to witness the basketball game there between G. H. S. and R. H. S. Girls. The team was cordially welcomed and entertained by the girls of Reidsville, who not only gave our girls a good time.

The Thanksgiving holidays were enjoyed by every one. After having Thursday and Friday both, the entire student body came back in better spirits, feeling more like working, but still the faculty claims that Monday, as usual, was a black one.

Miss White substituted for Miss Albright while the latter went to Wilmington to take part in the Albright-Robinson wedding.

Our chapel exercises have been made very interesting and entertaining by the good music furnished by our orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club. One morning this month, Wednesday, December 6th, Miss Claire Henly, of this city, rendered a very beautiful piano solo at our chapel service.

Miss Moore has recently announced the names of those who make up the Girls' Glee Club. The following have proved to be the lucky ones: Evangeline Brown, Gertrude Dick, Love Ireland, Jessie Keith, Mary Hendrix, Fannie Sue Donnell, Virginia Rawlins, Frances Shaw, Margaret Sweeney, Grace Forney, Frances Gilliland, Edith Wilson, Ruth Pickard, Elizabeth Foust, Katherine Klingman, Elizabeth Davidson, Claire Stafford, Mary Mosely, Julia Dixon, Margaret Stroud, Pauline Morefield, Evelyn Thacker, Nellie Morris, Nelle Wescott, and Mary Poole.

Many must have noticed the absence of Mr. Hammel from the High School during part of this month. He was not deserting the High School, but was absent for a very good cause, being sent by the Chamber of Commerce to Springfield, Massachusetts, as a delegate from Greensboro to a Municipal Convention. His first stay of any length was in New York City, where he spent some time as the guest of Mayor Mitchell and other officials and inspected most of the municipal interests of that city. During one day he visited thirty different places and travelled one hundred and eight miles around the city, examining the streets, the electric lights, the docking, etc.

After enjoying his short stop in New York Mr. Hammel went on his way to Springfield. The convention had seventeen different organizations, the Municipal League, the Civic

Secretaries' Meeting, Chamber of Commerce meeting, etc., most of which Mr. Hammel faithfully attended.

In his spare moments he also took in other things of interest. One whole day he spent in inspecting the school system. Especially did he delight in the New High School recently opened and costing \$1,000,000, consisting in everything for the welfare of its boys and girls.

Mr. Hammel said he was also much interested in the way the lunch rooms were conducted. But the thing which seemed to strike him most was the particular care that was taken of the boys' and girls' health, the care and the trouble that was taken to give them the best physical instruction possible, and to provide for them the wonderful parks and play grounds. He is only hoping that in the near future the citizens of Greensboro will rise up and provide these things which will tend to give this city better citizens in the future.

Several of the G. H. S. boys and girls, May Belle Penn, Winifred Cobb, Edwin Denny and Clyde Cobb, spent Thanksgiving in Danville, where they attended the G. H. S. vs. D. H. S. football game.

Miss Gressit, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Smith spent Thanksgiving in Raleigh attending the Teachers' Assembly.

We were delighted to have with us in chapel on the first Friday of December, Mrs. Heaton, travelling for the Victor Company, who was demonstrating the School Victor machine. Selections were played in such a manner as to give us the contrast between the different kinds of voices.

Miss Katherine McCurry spent the week-end of the first

week of December in Durham, but has now returned to her work.

A short time ago the German students met in chapel in order to organize the Vorwarts Club, this word signifying not only the name but the motto of the club. This is the first time in the history of the High School that such a club has been organized. Miss Berg was unanimously elected president; Miss Katherine Keith, vice-president; Miss Lucy Blake, secretary; Miss Christine Maus, treasurer, and Miss Sarah Britton, press reporter. The purpose of this club is to encourage German conversation. The club plans to have typical German socials.



Miss Waterhouse—"Who can name a word with an "i" in it."

George—"Needle."

Miss Berg—"Why do we put a hyphen in bird-cage?"

James—"For the bird to sit on."

Mr. Hall—"I noticed you got up and gave your seat to a lady in the street car the other day."

George—"Yes, since childhood I have always respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

Paul—"Mr. Hall, what is meant by liquid music?"

Mr. Hall—"Liquid music? Er—well, it must be the kind which comes from the kettle-drum."

George McLarty—"Mr. Hall, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

Mr. Hall—"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."

Found on a teachers' file:

Dear Miss _____: Please excuse _____'s tardiness. She fell in the mud. You will oblige me by doing the same.

Sincerely, _____ her mother.

Did you ever see a smile on the mouth of a river?

Have you ever seen a corn on the foot of a hill?

Or a frown on the face of the earth?

And how about a wink in the eye of a needle?

To say nothing of muscles in an arm of the sea.

Have you ever read any of Mr. Ingle's poetry? Here's an epitaph he wrote for a friend's tombstone in Elon College:

"Neath this pile of rustic stones

Lies the body of Mary Jones.

Her name was Smith,

It was not Jones.

I called her Jones

To rhyme with Stones."

Geometry Proposition—Required to find the number of ends (n's) to a banana.

Given: A banana.

Proof: The word "banana" has two "n's" and neither of them intersect (because "a" is the bisector of "n's").

(By substitution) "N's" equals "ends."

: A real eatable banana has two ends. —Q. E. D.

Miss Alexander—"Elections are always held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November of the even-numbered years."

John Johnson—"What if the first Tuesday should come on Sunday?"

Mr Ingle—"Enoch, give a quotation from Bacon's Essays."

Enoch—"It is the glory of a man to pass by a-fence (offence)."

Mr. Ingle—"Lewis, have you permission to sit with Elizabeth?"

Lewis—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Ingle—"Well, I didn't give you a season ticket."

Miss Berg—"What are you doing, Margaret?"

Margaret—"I was just looking."

Miss Berg—"Well, please don't look so loud."

Miss Albright (teaching Silas Marner)—"Lois, what did the neighbors think about Squire Cass?"

Lois B.—"The women all liked him because his wife was dead."

Mr. Webster—"If you all don't be quiet I'll keep the last one in."

Katharine K.—"I surely am glad I'm not the last one."

Miss Berg—"Do be quiet, girls. I have been through so much today. Why this morning I even slapped a boy upstairs."

Julia G. (moving to the back seat)—"Safety first. This for me."

Margaret Thomas—"Gordon, what is your favorite Christmas decoration?"

Gordon West—"Mistletoe, with yew under it."

Miss Alexander (in Civic's period)—"Bessie, how else does Congress get enlistments for the army besides voluntary enlistments?"

Bessie D.—"By postscript (conscript), don't they, Miss Alexander?"

Miss Alexander—"Did any one see Bessie's sewing bag coming to school this morning?"

Helen Chandley—"Why, yes, Miss Alexander, it passed me down on Walker Ave."

Mr. Rogers—"Why did you laugh?"

Boy—"If you had sat on a pin you would have laughed—or—or something."

Mr. Webster—"George, what are you and Edwin fighting about back there?"

Ed. D.—"We are trying an experiment."

Mr. W.—"Yes, that's what you always say."

Geo. R.—"We are really, Mr. Webster. We are trying to see if two objects can occupy the same space."

Exchange Department

"The Student," Portsmouth, Va. We think your magazine is exceptionally good. It appeals to every one, for it's full of "pep."

"The Virginian," Norfolk, Va. Your athletic department is very good. Your magazine's cover is one of the most artistic and appropriate we have seen.

St. Mary's Muse, Raleigh, N. C. Your opening number was full of interest for the St. Mary's girls, but couldn't you make the interest more general by using some of the literary talent of your school?

The Messenger, Durham, N. C. You have a very good literary department, but don't you think that you could use a few more drawings?

The College Message, G. C. W., Greensboro, N. C. This is a top-notch magazine, and we enjoy reading it very much. G. C. W., you should be proud of such a magazine.

The Lenorian, Hickory, N. C. Yours is a very good magazine, but we believe a few more stories would add to its interest.

Townsville High. As an exposition, your magazine is very good.

"Black and Gold," Winston-Salem, N. C. You have a fine magazine, *"Black and Gold,"* your personal department is especially good.

"Hillbilly," Asheville, N. C. Your "Crazietts" and Class Happenings are fine.

"The Columbian." Add a few more stories to your magazine and it will be first class.

The following papers are all splendid. They are full of "pep" and interest every one. We are glad to welcome them to our desk: *The Davidsonian, The Chronicle, The Guilfordian, The Tar Heel, The Ring-tum Phi.*



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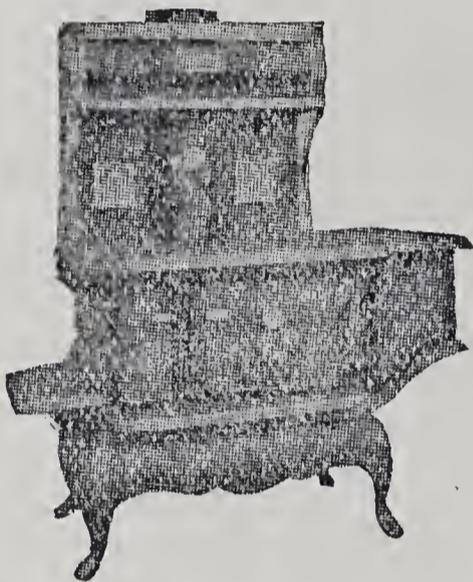
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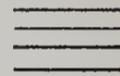
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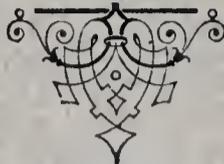
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