

Annie Sue Walker

VOL. X

NO. 4

THE SAGE

APRIL, 1915



Greensboro High School
Greensboro, N. C.

GET IT AT ODELL'S
QUALITY FIRST

Sweaters, Jerseys, Foot Ball, Basket Ball,
Track and Gymnasium Clothing a Specialty

Complete Athletic Outfitters

ODELL HARDWARE COMPANY

WATCHES

DIAMONDS

JEWELRY

DIEGES & CLUST

Jewelers & Silversmiths

Munsey Building

1325 Pennsylvania Ave., WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLASS PINS

MEDALS

LOVING CUPS

PLAQUES

Represented by J. V. Mulligan

Ellis Stone & Co

"GREENSBORO'S STORE OF FASHION AND DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE."

Offers the newest and best to be had today in Women's and Misses' Tailored Apparel
Fine Dress Goods, Fashionable Silks and Every known good thing in Ladies'
and Misses' Furnishings

STORES: GREENSBORO AND DURHAM

ELLIS-STONE & CO.

FOR

**Pure Drugs, Sodas, Cigars, Candies,
Etc.**

GET THEM AT

CONYERS & SYKES, Druggists

The Home of "Sy-Co"

**The North Carolina State
Normal and Industrial College**

Scholarship

Culture

Self Support

- ☞ Offers to women a liberal education, and professional training for remunerative employment.
- ☞ Four well-planned courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science, Pedagogy and Music.
- ☞ Special courses in Pedagogy, Manual Arts, Domestic Science, Household Art, Music and the Commercial Branches.
- ☞ Teachers and Graduates of other colleges provided for in both regular and special courses.
- ☞ Equipment modern, including furnished dormitories, library, laboratories, literary society halls, gymnasium, music rooms, teachers' training school, infirmary, model laundry, central heating plant, and open air recreation grounds.
- ☞ Dormitories furnished by the State. Board at actual cost. Expenses:---board, laundry, tuition and text books---\$195 a year. Tuition free to those who pledge themselves to become teachers.

—FOR CATALOG AND OTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS—
JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

EVERY BOY IN GREENSBORO---

LIKES TO { Play
Read
Swim
Have Friends

All this—and more too—you can get at the

BOY'S DEPARTMENT

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

WHAT IT OFFERS...

Shower baths, gymnasium, swimming pool, educational classes, Bible study, socials, entertainments, clubs, hikes, camps, books, magazines, cue roque, ping pong, basket ball, and a whole lot more.

WHAT IT COSTS...

Midgets, 9-11.....	\$3.00	High School, 16-17...	\$6.00
Juniors, 12-15.....	5.00	Employed boy, 14-17..	4.00

Every self-respecting boy in Greensboro may become a member.

1889 **Elon College** 1914

“THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE”

The Lowest Rates in the South

For both men and women : Character—Health—Culture
Clean athletics—Two unexcelled gymnasias
Three hundred thousand dollar plant
Twenty-two professors
Four hundred students from thirteen states

For full particulars address

PRESIDENT W. A. HARPER, LL. D.

ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

The College You Need



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center



Spring—Kirk Callum, '15	1
Spring—Mary Adele Glenn, '17.....	2
Marie Cooper—Susie K. Hogshead, '17	2
Roses—Mary D. Murray, '16	7
The Bear That Wasn't—Lucy Meyers, '18	7
Value of Electricity—Osmond Pate, '16	9
James' Sleepless Night—Winfree Alderman, '16.....	9
To The Faculty—Fletcher Ridge, '17	10
Miss Briggs' April Fool—John Johnson, '17	12
How Mount Mitchell Was Named—Mary Murray, '16	15
Aspirations For Seniorship.....	17
A Moonlight Scene—Grace Cox, '16	18
Behind The Scenes—Frank Patterson, '16	19
A War Story—Washington Clark, '18	20
A Million in the Snow-Storm—Mildred Chrismon, '18	22
An Honest Confession—Miriam Lindau, '18	24
The Lost Sunbeam—Elizabeth Smith, '16	24
The Aeroplane Spy—Ernest Broadnax, '16	26
A Day With a Moving Picture Photographer—Jas. Witherspoon, '16	27
A Southern Maid—Irma Shaw, '18	28
Boys and Old Man	29
A Ghost Story—Magdalene Monroe, '16	30
Causes of the War of Nations—Felix Brockmann, '17	31
An Exciting Time—Alice Maude Johnson, '17	33
The Captain's Sore Foot—Williard Taylor, '17	34
A Gift From Santa—Irene Perkins, '18	34
Editorials	38
Organizations	41
Athletics	44
Events of Local Interest	46
Humor Department	48
Exchanges	54



G.
H.
S.

FAREWELL!



THE SAGE

VOL. X

APRIL, 1915

No. 4

SPRING.

KIRK CALLUM, '15.

Lovely spring again is here,
The days are fair and warm;
The cold and snow of winter's year
Have passed away unharmed.

The trees are budding everywhere,
The flowers are blooming too;
The skies are beautiful and fair,
The grass is green and new.

The winds are even warm and sweet
With perfumes of the flowers;
The earth smiled at heaven to greet
The pretty April showers.

The great sun holds his sceptre high
Among the clouds so blue;
And scatters sunbeams far and nigh
O'er places old and new.

The song of the bird, soft and low,
Resounds through the air sweet and clear,
Beautiful nature is aglow,
For lovely spring is here.

"SPRING."

MARY ADELE GLENN, '17.

Spring! Ah that one word, Spring! One repeats it over and over, and as ever it conveys a new meaning to the minds of young and old, for Spring is the incarnation of nature and the resurrection of Mother Earth from her long winter's sleep. The Earth awakens, fresh and dewey-eyed as a child from a misty dream; Nature attires herself in a robe of delicate green, which spreads itself over the whole land, and touches up the brown lanes and dreary meadows into fairy walks and children's playgrounds. Little birds chirp in the fast-budding branches; fruit trees blossom forth and shed a sweet fragrance round about; flowers push their tiny heads above the boggy black ground, to drink in the pure, fresh air. Then all the world is aware it is Spring.

MARIE COOPER.

SUSIE K. HOGSHEAD, '17.

In a remote little town among the Catskill Mountains of New York State, lived a very peaceful workman and his wife by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. They were very fond of children but had none of their own so they often thought of adopting one.

There was an actor and his wife by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper and their little baby, Marie, who had been visiting in that part of the State and had heard of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, how they loved children and kept their home open to them all the time. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were going abroad with the American Play Company and could not possibly take their baby with them. After careful consideration Mrs. Cooper de-

cided to leave her with Mrs. Mathews until she was old enough to be an actress and travel with them.

One cold night in mid-winter Mr. Mathews heard a noise on the porch and went out to see what it was and found a basket. He took the basket in and opened it and found it was a little child, just what they had wished for. There was a letter pinned on the child's dress: "This baby's name is Marie, and each year a sum will be sent for her education. When she is sixteen she must go to boarding school and we will call for her in the future."

Marie grew year after year. She had all the advantages of other children, and went to school in the little town until she was sixteen. She was very popular with her schoolmates and also her teacher's favorite, because of her beauty and sweet disposition.

The child liked her quiet life in the little town with Mr. and Mrs. Mathews very much, but if she had her choice she would like to go out in the world and travel.

On her sixteenth birthday Mr. and Mrs. Mathews could hardly give her up, for she had been with them so long, but if it were the wishes of those that sent her money each year, they were willing to let her go.

When the morning came for Marie to leave Mr. and Mrs. Mathews escorted her to the station. This last hour was a very sad one, because Marie had not left them since she had been with them. Mrs. Mathews kissed her goodbye with tears in her eyes, and even Mr. Mathews shed a few tears, and poor little Marie broke down, but Mrs. Mathews cheered her up by telling her she would like college and being with so many girls. It had the opposite effect, she hated it from the first.

One thing she liked about it was that they had a play in which she took the leading part and did it so well that one of her teachers remarked, "Marie, you are a born actress and some day you will be famous."

That night she laid awake thinking about what her teacher had said. She resolved to start upon her career at once as an

actress and not let anybody know it, not even Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, or her room-mate.

She had been at school for six months before she decided to run away. Marie would not have been there that long if it had not been the cheerful letter that Mrs. Mathews wrote each week.

Marie decided to go to New York and knew when the train left. She got her clothes together and left without telling any one goodbye. She did not know anything about the expense of traveling and did not have but fifty dollars in her purse.

In New York she had a very hard time before she could get any work of any kind, finally she secured a position in a telephone office. She made friends with the girls and they all liked her so much because she talked so interesting about her life.

Marie was not the girl for that place. It was too confining for her; it was too much like boarding school. She saw an advertisement in a paper that wanted girls to be fancy dancers. Marie said, "This is my chance." She answered it and they took her on a month's trial. During that month Marie did her best. The stock company decided to keep her, for she did so well and the manager thought that it would be better to have one good fancy dancer.

She stayed with this stock company for two years until she was one of the best actresses they had. She was so friendly that she made many friends in the various towns she visited.

During all of this time Mr. and Mrs. Mathews had looked everywhere but had not succeeded in finding her, for she went under an assumed name, Sarah Doban. They had given her up as a hopeless case.

The next year a very much larger company, the American Play Company, offered her a larger salary, and she accepted it, for she needed more money.

The manager of this larger company was Mr. Cooper. He and his wife were very fond of Marie and she grew to like them very much. Sarah, as they called Marie, was always so

bright and cheerful and willing to play any part they wished her to.

Mr. Cooper was Marie's own father and Mrs. Cooper her own mother, but neither Marie or her parents knew it.

One night after they had finished one of their great plays and had gone to the hotel for the night, Mrs. Cooper thought while she was playing her part that night she remarked to Mr. Cooper that the child resembled their little baby that we left on Mrs. Mathews' porch. Mrs. Cooper went to Marie's room and asked her to tell her history. Marie began where she was left on Mrs. Mathews' porch and how kind they were to her during her childhood. At sixteen years it was the request of those that sent her money each year to go off to boarding school. She told Mrs. Cooper about being in a play at school and the remark of her teacher because she played her part so well. She also told her how she had run away from boarding school and what a hard time she had before she could get a position anywhere, but finally secured one with the telephone office. She had answered an advertisement in a paper for fancy dancers and was accepted.

Mrs. Cooper's eyes filled with tears and she came up to Marie and put her arms around her and said, "You are my own daughter I left on that porch and sent you money each year."

She called Mr. Cooper and Marie told the whole story again. They thanked God that their little daughter as they remembered her was with them. She was just what they wished her to be and had never dreamed that little Marie, who they thought was still at boarding school was going around with them and was the most popular of all their actresses.



A FOND FAREWELL
to
Dear Old G. H. S.

ROSES.

MARY D. MURRAY, '16.

See the first roses of Springtime,
Swinging in the breeze;
Fairies, dropped from Fairyland,
Dancing among the leaves.

They play hide-and-peek all Summer,
Till north winds chase them away;
Under warm snowy blankets all winter
They are sleeping, and awaiting for May.

Kind deeds are like the roses,
Scatter in the lives of friends,
They bloom in their hearts forever,
Blessing their lives till the end.

THE BEAR THAT WASN'T.

LUCY MEYERS, '18.

It was in the late afternoon of a beautiful October day, and all of us girls were sitting around the camp fire, telling ghost stories and tales of the most ferocious wild animals. The twilight was deepening, and the fire cast deep shadows all around, and made the trees and bushes have a "ghostly" and spectral aspect.

We were on a camping trip which one of the girl's parents

were giving just before we went back to old "G. H. S.," and this was our last night by the camp fire.

One of the girls and her father had gone for some late fishing, and being interested in the sport, did not realize how late it was growing. They had left the other five girls and our chaperon sitting by the camp fire, roasting chestnuts and apples in the red embers of the dying fire, and recounting, with many backward glances into the deep shadows, the most scary and blood-curdling stories.

One of the girls was just telling how a party of campers had once been surprised by a bear, who had stolen all the provisions that were lying around, and nearly paralyzed the girls with fright, when suddenly a blood-curdling cry was heard from the very blackest shadows, and something came crashing through the underbrush.

For a moment every one was paralyzed with fear, but the second moment found the most agile shinning up the nearest trees, pulling out their hair on the branches, yelling that they were being eaten and swallowed by an enormous bear, and calling for help at the top of their lungs. Others hid behind the largest rocks in sight, scattering in their haste the last remaining portions of the supper to the four winds of heaven. One, being too scared to move, and too fat to climb a tree, buried her head in the sand, and waited to feel the bear's teeth.

The fishing party, hearing the lusty cries for help from the direction of their camp, began to run for the camp to see the cause of the disturbance. What was their indignation, when, breathless and panting, they came running into the circle of light made by the camp fire, to see a baby calf, standing in the middle of the circle, and bawling to high heaven for its mamma!

Please don't ask for the names of these girls, for it is now bitterly denied by them all, but the father and the calf can both vouch for its truth.

VALUE OF ELECTRICITY.**OSMOND PATE, '16.**

Did you ever pause to think when you turn on the electric light what a valuable agent that undefined something is to humanity, which lights our homes so conveniently? Did you think that, were it unknown to man, thousands of lives would have been lost to the seas' fury, and that we would not be able to converse, in less than thirty minutes, with our friends in California, much less with those of our own locality within a moment's time? If so, your thoughts probably went on, and you saw thousands of factories turning out millions of dollars' worth of goods every day without a sign of black smoke hovering over the buildings. You saw interurban cars, without a steam engine at the head, carrying freight and passengers between cities at cheap rates. You probably saw huge trucks heavily loaded moving along the streets, without noise, and just behind it a pleasure vehicle running along with absolutely no noise, and just behind this you see another vehicle in which electricity plays the most important part, moving along with somewhat more noise, but more powerful than its all-electric brother. You probably saw more, but if you ever thought along this line, you no doubt agreed that electricity is one of man's most valuable and helpful agents.

JAMES' SLEEPLESS NIGHT.**WINFRED ALDERMAN, '16.**

It was a cold and wintry night, James had been in bed for about an hour and could not go to sleep. At last he thought that he would try the old way of getting to sleep by imagining

he saw sheep jumping a fence and counting them as they jumped.

He had reached his one hundred and third sheep, and was about to pass into the land of dreams, when his brother in the other side of the room fell out of bed and at the same time his father came down the steps three at a time to ask the boys if they had felt the earthquake. Therefore James' slumber was broken up for another hour.

About an half hour when the house had again settled down in silence, James decided to give the old saying another trial. He began to count, had reached his one hundredth sheep and was on the verge of passing into the land of dreams when two cats in the backyard started to see which could out mew the other. The contest was close, but not interesting. James reached for the alarm clock and made a beautiful throw towards the two cats. By some unforeseen means the clock alarmed half way between the boy and the cats and gave the creatures warning and they escaped without being hurt.

James once more returned to bed and once more took up his interrupted task of counting the sheep in order to get to sleep. He reached his seventy-fifth sheep this time and was swiftly passing into the land of slumber when the family rising hour sounded its loud blast. A moment later James' father came into the room grabbed James by the neck and pulled him out of bed. Thus ended James' sleepless night.

TO THE FACULTY.

FLETCHER RIDGE, '17.

Here's to Mr. Warren,
"The man of the year,"
We'll be lucky indeed
To get him next year.

Here's to Miss Howard,
Of mathematical fame,
Algebra and Geometry
Is her middle name.

Here's to Mr. Gantt,
With the wisdom of Maury,
If we forget what he taught us
In time we'll be sorry.

Here's to Miss Sutton
And her knowledge of man,
We've all got to admit
She's a woman who "can."

Here's to Mr. Ferguson,
Well known athlete,
To all those who know him
He's a pleasure to meet.

Here's to Miss Alexander,
"The eighth grade's delight,"
She would get their attention
Though she kept them all night.

Here's to Mr. Williams,
"The god of the tongue,"
About him the students
Many praises have sung.

Here's to Miss Berg,
Who never gets mad,
A better-liked teacher
We never have had.

Here's to Mr. Sink,
The newest teacher of all,
Our earnest hope is
That he'll return next fall.

Here's to Miss Waterhouse,
"The short-hand queen,"
Many a polished stenographer
She has made from the "green."

Here's to Miss Michael,
Who teaches the eighth grade,
'Tis hard to believe
A better teacher was ever made.

Here's to Miss Bondurant,
Who is a Kentucky belle,
She knows a lot about cooking,
And teaches sewing well.

MISS BRIGGS' APRIL FOOL JOKE.

JNO. M. JOHNSON, '17.

Miss Briggs was the matron of a select boarding school for young ladies, which was situated about ten miles from the quaint little village of Brooksville in Vermont. Just why Miss Briggs was engaged in this work no one knew, although it was a known fact that she had a dislike for men. Anyway Miss Briggs was of a peculiar nature, she always wanted things done her way, and another one of her weaknesses was that she was an ardent lover of pets. She had two cats, one canary bird, a poodle dog, and last, but not least, a parrot. Of all her pets the girls liked the parrot the most, and let me say

right here that this old parrot was a wise one. Miss Briggs purchased him from a sailor, and it is needless to say that he had a large and varied vocabulary. Mr. Briggs, as the girls called him, soon settled down to the quiet life of the country, and in time became the main pet of the school.

It was just one week before April and the girls were planning some way to give Miss Briggs an April fool joke, not an ordinary joke, but something out of the ordinary, not mixing salt and pepper, or sugar, are anything like that, but something that would go down in Miss Briggs' memory to stay.

Up till Monday no new idea had been brought forth, and the girls were beginning to despair. On Tuesday Miss Briggs went to town, on important business, leaving the girls with no one but the cook and the old driver.

Edith Andrews, one of the ring leaders, got the girls together, and they decided that they would have a few of their young men friends from town come out to see them. So the girls got the old driver, and after having bribed him with some tobacco bought for that purpose, they sent him to town by a different route than that taken by Miss Briggs, to deliver the invitations. The cook was bribed with a few boxes of snuff to cook an excellent supper.

Promptly at the appointed hour the boys began to arrive, and such fun as those girls and boys had would require an extra page to explain. Anyway after supper the girls made candy and played games. At about 10 o'clock the boys left for town. Everything was straightened up and the girls retired, Miss Briggs having not yet arrived. But, what had happened to Mr. Briggs all this time? Why he had been fed with parrot luxuries until he was nearly dead, which was equivalent to bribing him, and he, like the girls, had retired before Miss Briggs returned.

Miss Briggs arrived at 11 o'clock and being tired she did not notice that anything unusual had happened. The next day everything went on excellently. The girls were unusually at-

tentive to Miss Briggs, and nothing at all disclosed the feast of the day before.

All the girls but Edith had forgotten about the intended April fool for Miss Briggs; but, this young lady had been busy, and had planned a real April fool joke all by herself. She decided to teach Mr. Briggs a funny poem, and put him in Miss Briggs' room and let him recite it at night. So, accordingly she took Mr. Briggs along with a box of crackers to the woods to teach him his piece, and after a few hours of hard work she got him to say:

“Woman! Woman! Wake up,
Why do you lie there sleeping?
If you do not know, I will tell you so,
That you are an April fool this morning.”

When he had perfectly memorized the poetry, Edith took him back to the house, and after putting him in her room, went to join the other girls.

The next morning Edith arose early and taking Mr. Briggs, quietly tip-toed to Miss Briggs' room. She opened the door and placing Mr. Briggs on the foot of Miss Briggs' bed she said: “Now, Mr. Briggs, do your duty.” Then she started back to her room. She got no farther than the door when she knocked over a chair, and woke up everybody in the house.

About this time Mr. Briggs started up:

“Help! Help! Fire! Thief!”

“Woman! Woman! Wake up. The girls are all making fudge candy. Why do you lie there like a knot on a log?? If you do not know that the girls had some of the boys out here from town, I will tell you so. And shiver my timbers if this ain't some school. Wake up! Wake up! You old April fool.”

Miss Briggs screamed for help, and the girls every one got under the cover, scared to death. The cook woke up and the old driver came running in with his gun. The light was lit, and the girls came running to Miss Briggs' room to find out

the trouble. Instead they got trouble. Right then and there Miss Briggs settled that thing. She made the girls confess everything. The cook, the driver, and the girls were all sorry for what they did, so Miss Briggs having a kind heart let them go, after they had promised never to have such another feast without her permission.

No one ever knew who put Mr. Briggs in Miss Briggs' room, and no one ever knew what had happened to Mr. Briggs, to make him tell on them, but two things they did know were that if they ever had another fudge party, Mr. Briggs would never know anything about it, and that they had all had an April fool joke that had been intended for Miss Briggs.

HOW MOUNT MITCHELL WAS NAMED.

MARY D. MURRAY, '16.

North Carolina has the honor of having the highest mountain peak this side of Mississippi River. This peak is located in the Blue Ridge Mountains, about twelve miles out from Black Mountain station. The mountains in this section of the country are called the "Alps of America," because they are so beautiful, and this specific peak is one of the most picturesque and at the same time most dangerous to climb in the whole ridge. Up until about fifty years ago this mountain had no special name, but now it is known all over the world as Mt. Mitchell.

This name means nothing to so many people, but I think every son and daughter of the "Old North State" should know how this peak was named. The following is the story that is told by the old people around Black Mountain station.

Mr. Mitchell, a civil engineer, and his son, together with a party of men were camping on this mountain, spending their time surveying, hunting and fishing. One day the party went on a longer tramp than usual and several members were separ-

ated from the others. Mr. Mitchell wandered off farther than any of the rest and lost his way. Night came on and he was still wandering around trying to find some sign to tell him where he was. When he didn't turn up in camp by bed-time the men thought nothing of it and went to sleep; but in the morning they began to feel uneasy about him, and several of them with dogs went in search for him, but it had rained overnight and the dogs couldn't track him.

By evening the men were really beginning to feel frightened and they sent to Black Mountain station for help. Then began a long and dreadful search. The men paired off in companies and searched every corner of the whole mountain ridge. They didn't stop to sleep or eat. Their wives had to send baskets of food to them when they could.

After two weeks of search the men decided that they would have to give Mr. Mitchell up for lost, but Mr. Mitchell's son prevailed upon them to stay through two more days.

Late in the evening of the second day a few men led by Mr. Mitchell's son turned into a beautiful, but narrow patch between two ridges. They followed it over the mountain and down the other side, then came a sudden turn and the path stopped abruptly on the edge of a precipice at the foot of which was a small but very deep pool. In the pool was the body of a man, floating with his face up. Every one recognized Mr. Mitchell, for the ice cold water had perfectly preserved his features.

And so this mountain bears the name of the man who lost his life so tragically on it, and now there is a tall monument of stones built on the very top of the mountain in memory of Mr. Mitchell.



ASPIRATION for SENIORSHIP

1916—45 strong

1917—100 coming along.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

GRACE COX, '16.

The western sky was all aglow
With streaks of red and gray,
The night was soon approaching
And the day was fading away.

The distant lowing of the cow,
The lonesome whippoorwill,
Gave warning that the night was nigh
And soon all would be still.

The darkness gathered deeper yet,
And a star peeped in the sky,
Then the great round moon, so pleasantly
Was the next thing I did spy.

The "milky way" was beautiful,
Yes, lovely to behold,
This scene, if I could paint it right,
Should not by me be sold.

The deep blue stream flowed peacefully
Beneath the moon's bright smile,
It roared and flowed o'er hill and dale,
Flowed on for mile and mile.

I gazed upon this moonlight scene,
For many a long, long hour,
And when at last my eyes I closed,
I slept, charmed by nature's power.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

FRANK PATTERSON, '16.

Much to my surprise I received a telephone call from the manager of the "Musical Boquet," asking me to assist in putting up scenery, pulling curtains, and other work in general behind the scenes, the very day before the opera was signed to appear at the Greensboro High School.

After studying my lessons for the morrow I hastened to the old G. H. S. to take up my duties. When I arrived I found several of the world's famous actors, as Sir Hampton Carter, who has played in Mutt and Jeff minstrels, and several other of the world's most famous operas, there before me.

While we were awaiting the appearance of several other stars, Mr. W. F. Warren rendered us a most beautiful violin solo, which was appreciated by the entire troupe and also curtain jerkers and scene shifters.

Finally the rehearsal started, as it was the rehearsal we were having. Sir H. Carter appeared a black-face comedian and made a hit, together with Sir Nixy Scott, as his black-eyed Susan.

The second act was started after much shifting of scenery, which kept us too busy to pass a few words with the little opera lassie. This act was simply great and all the actresses were brought back time and time again. The star of this act was Miss Thomas, the "prima donna," who sang "When the Maple Leaves Were Falling," in such a lovely manner that she brought forth a burst of applause that seemed unceasing (from the scenery shifters).

We, the scenery shifters, think the musical boquet to be the best opera we ever attended, at least the most enjoyable.

A WAR STORY.

WASHINGTON CLARK, '18.

In 1844 in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia there lived a man and his wife and their two little baby sons, who were twins. These two little babies looked so much alike that in order to tell them apart, their mother tied a grey string around the little finger of the one named Robert, and a blue string around the same finger of the other baby, whose name was Samuel.

Ten years went by, and the twins were no longer babies, but strong, well-developed boys of 12 years, and as time went on it became a noticeable fact that whenever Blue Sam said one thing, at once Grey Bob would declare the opposite. At night when they all gathered around the fire to eat nuts and to listen to a friend who was living with them tell of the exciting times he went through in the war of 1812. It was upon such occasions that their father, knowing his sons' tendency to disagree on every question that arose, would exhort them to unity by telling them Aesop's fable about the bundle of sticks, which as long as they were united were unbreakable, but as soon as they were taken apart could be easily broken.

The father and mother who were of Scotch-Irish descent had come to this country in 1840 and had settled in the mountains of Virginia. The father was a small farmer and his farm was situated in that part of Virginia that was divided on the great questions that in that day, 1856, were burdening the minds of the nation, namely slavery and secession.

It was 1861 and Virginia had cast her lot with the Confederate States. About the same time a call for volunteers was issued by each government and it was a time for the men of this section to make up their minds as to which call they would answer. The fault of disagreeing of the boyhood days of the twin brothers had followed them into manhood and despite the earnest pleadings of their aged parents, Grey Bob

went to join the boys in grey, while Blue Sam went to the boys in blue.

Blue Sam, having the natural gifts of one having been raised on the frontier, was made a scout in General McClellan's army, which was on its first march to Richmond. Grey Bob had also been made a scout and was a good piece in front of Johnston's army in order to let the Confederates know of the coming of the Federals. Grey Bob had been out about a week and had seen no signs of the approaching army. When one dark night after he had put out his fire and rolled himself up in his blanket with his gun by his side and was dreaming about a little girl in western Virginia, for you know there is always a brown-eyed Mary for a soldier boy. It was while he was dreaming that a scouting party under Blue Sam found him. After awakening him and searching him, they commanded him to tell where General Johnston's army was and how many men Johnston had. With true Southern bravery Grey Bob refused to say anything and the order was given to fire. As has been said all this took place on a dark night and the rawness of night gave a hoarseness to Grey Bob's voice, so he was not recognized by his brother, nor did he recognize Blue Sam. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye.

Blue Sam and his men lay down to rest and to wait for reinforcements. When they awoke the men made ready to depart, and as they were leaving Blue Sam went for a last look at the dead rebel and it would be impossible to express in black and white the feeling of horror that filled his heart when he beheld his brother, Grey Bob, lying dead before him.

This is one of many of the horrible tragedies that occurred during that awful war of 50 years ago, and to think that this tragedy all started when one brother as a little boy disagreed with his brother in everything of no importance.

“United we stand, divided we fall.”

Three cheers for President Wilson who stands for *peace*.

A MILLION IN THE SNOW-STORM.

MILDRED CHRISMON, '18.

One cold night in January as the snow was falling fast and the wind was whistling all around, a farmer, his wife, and three children were sitting around a bright warm fire telling stories and cracking nuts. Suddenly a faint knock was heard at the door.

The farmer, on opening the door, saw outside in the snow a tired old man who begged to be admitted to the warm fire. A chair was fixed for him by the fire. After he had warmed a few minutes, the farmer asked him why he happened to be out such a cold night. He told this story:

"I and my wife and children live in a town quite some distance from here, probably a hundred miles or so. I am a merchant and two weeks ago last night I was called to the town, Shirley, which is about seventeen miles from here. I was called here by an old schoolmate of mine who was very ill. His name was Jim Colman, he was the rich banker of Shirley and mayhaps you have heard of him. He died last week and asked me as a dying wish to find his disinherited son and give him this will and tell him that he had forgiven him for everything. His son's name is Richard Colman. I was lost this afternoon in the storm as my horse was killed from fatigue and hunger and I have been wandering all the afternoon until I am nearly dead from cold. My name is Walter Foote."

The farmer had fallen into a deep revery but aroused when the old man had finished talking. "My friend," he said, "I will now tell you that I am Richard Colman, the disinherited son of this banker. Many, many years ago he became angry with me because I was so extravagant and turned me out of his house. I mended my ways, however, and soon afterward I married and bought me a small farm. I have since bought more land and increased my farm. I have often wanted to see

my father but I didn't suppose he would want to see me, so I didn't go. I didn't even hear of his sickness."

While Mr. Colman was talking, Mr. Foote had taken the will out of his pocket. When he finished speaking he handed it to the farmer. After he had read it he handed it to his wife and said, "Here, Dolly, I can hardly believe my own eyes." When she finished she exclaimed in surprise, "Oh! Rich, is it really true? Why, how good it sounds!"

The farmer turned to Mr. Foote and said, "My friend, I guess you are wondering what it is. My father has left me all of his property and money, which all together is about a million dollars."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Mr. Foote, "I also have a note which he said to give to his son." He handed the letter to him and he read:

"My Dear Son: I have fully forgiven you and have repented of my attitude toward you long ago. I have often needed my only child in my old age, but when this reaches you I will be dead. I wish you to come and take possession of my house and I leave everything to you. My son, think kindly of your old father.

Lovingly,

YOUR OLD FATHER."

"Daddy," said Madge, aged six and the youngest child, "are we going to leave this nice farm? May I take my dog and kitty with me?"

"Yes," answered her father, "we are going to Shirley to live. You may take your pets with you."

"Oh!" said James, aged 10, and Dorothy, aged 12, together, "what a good time we will have."

"Yes, and go to the Academy, too," added Dorothy.

The next day Mr. Colman went to town to see a lawyer and Mr. Foote went with him. Mr. Foote returned to his own home the next day and promised to come again soon and bring his wife and children.

The next week was moving week. They did not sell their farm, but just rented it with the house already furnished. Mr. Colman took a position with the bank.

The following summer Dorothy was allowed to have a house party. Her guest of honor was Winifred Foote. Many visits were made between the two girls and Dorothy Colman grew up to be the "Belle of Shirley."

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

MIRIAM LINDAU, '18.

They ask me to write for The Sage;
A thing far beyond my age.
But even with this bad trait in view,
I will at least try to give what's due;
To one who's so inexperienced and new
For such great work that some one must do.
Although I sit and think; think, think,
My brain and eyes seem only fit to blink,
And in despair I must decline
To even try to make a rhyme.

"THE LOST SUNBEAM."

ELIZABETH SMITH, '16.

It was Spring time, beautiful Spring time everywhere. In the domains of the great King Sun all his subjects were rejoicing over the downfall of Winter. Orders had gone out from the old monarch of the sky; for his children to hasten to their respective tasks of getting ready for the Summer Festival that he gave the little brown earth just below his kingdom, once a year.

Everybody was busy, everybody happy. Lady Moon was

giving her shadows instructions as to what nooks they should visit. The larger Sunbeams were busy sweeping the grey clouds left by their old enemy Winter. But among all this busy throng there wandered one who was idle and restless, the tiniest Sunbeam of all, the pet of her father, the old King Sun, for she had seen this little brown earth, from a fleecy white cloud, and a longing had entered her tiny breast to explore this mysterious place.

So while her father was busy giving orders she slipped away and skipped down to Earth. Then she found it was bigger than she had imagined. She was delighted, she skipped over the beautiful green fields, kissed the tiny flowers. On and on she went, her golden locks flying in the breeze, her eyes twinkling. After bathing in a tiny brook she hastened on toward a bright colored flower she saw flying just in front a short distance. She was not chasing this flower alone, a little Earth child was also in the chase. For some time this pretty chase continued. Now the little earth child would almost grasp the tiny bit of flying color, then it was gone out of her reach; then the gay wee Sunbeam would dance ahead, tremble for a few minutes on mischievous little flying flower—but just as each ardent pursuer would be on the brink of success, then the tantalizing, deadly, wee decoy would flit away.

On and on it led the chase—farther and farther away from the green fields toward the dark green forest in the distance. At last the miniature chase reached the forest, where pausing a few minutes on the edge it entered unaware of the danger that lurked in its deep shadows; for the child was young, the Sunbeam tiny, and the flower thoughtless. At length these small adventurers grew weary of their fun—and the flower was gone—the child cried—and the Sunbeam grew pale.

In the mean time the work for the day had ended in the kingdom of the Old King Sun; the old monarch called his children together that he might close the gates of Day—and then—but where was little wee Sunbeam, the tiniest one of all. Great was the dismay of the King. Swiftly the Old King dispatched

searching parties. The searchlight of the skies was turned in at a tiny cottage where a mother sat weeping for her lost child. The Sun's children searched in the fountain's cup, in green fields—everywhere—but for once they were at loss—for they did not once think to look in a dark, green forest, where even they never wandered.

The Old King cried aloud in his anguish and the sky grew red with excitement over this terrible misfortune.

Where, oh where, was the little Sunbeam was the cry. At last the wise Mother Moon turned her face toward Earth with a wonderful soft smile of joy, for she had guessed. Quickly down into the dark forest she turned her all-seeing eyes—and there under the big trees lay a little Earth child asleep and nestling softly in its golden curls lay a wee, wee Sunbeam.

“THE AEROPLANE SPY.”

ERNEST BROADNAX, '16.

Capt. John Ruskin was commander of the aeroplane corps of the United States army. There were fifteen machines now in use. One evening in July Captain Ruskin was ordered to sail over the enemy's forts, across the river to the U. S. forts to convey a message. He was also ordered to make an outline of the enemy's fortifications. Capt. Ruskin rose from the ground in his machine about 3 p. m. and mounted steadily skyward until he was about 2,000 feet up. He then headed westward over the German forts. He made the voyage successfully, although fired upon by the forts. On his return his assistant began making an outline of the fortifications with shells screaming about them. One shell slightly damaged a wing and others were coming close. All at once a shell ripped the rudder off and Capt. Ruskin's machine began to go downward toward the earth at a fast rate. By this time the forts had

almost been passed and Capt. Ruskin endeavored to volplane to the U. S. forts. The soldiers on the ground were horror-stricken by the sight of the aeroplane coming towards the earth. They closed their eyes to shut out the horrible sight as the machine hit the ground. Capt. Ruskin and his assistant were mangled almost beyond recognition, but the assistant still clutched the outline of the fortifications. By these plans the U. S. was enabled to defeat the Germans.

“So die these men in defense of their beloved country.”

A DAY WITH A MOVING PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHER.

JAMES WITHERSPOON, '16.

One day in March we were sent to the city of Greensboro, North Carolina, to photograph a play which was to be acted by some of Greensboro's own people. The hero and heroine had been chosen from the young people of the city by a voting contest and the picture was to be primarily an advertising scheme. The fact that we were going to take the pictures had been made known and there was a large crowd out to be “taken.” The first scene was at the Southern depot and was begun just as the southbound train Number 7 came in sight. Pictures were also taken of Number 36 northbound. The hero got off of Number 7 and went into the waiting room. He then came out and securing an automobile proceeded up the main street. Pictures of all the important business houses and concerns were taken on the way up and in front of one of the most important the heroine dropped her purse; the hero immediately descending and rescuing it. He introduced himself and in return for his kindness received a dazzling smile from the young lady. Here the picture of the story came to an end for the day, but it will continue in the next reel which will follow soon.

One of the amusing happenings occurred when, down at the

passenger station there was such a crowd endeavoring to get in the picture one of the policemen thinking there was a fight on hand tried to break it up.

Everywhere, when the people found that they were in the picture, they turned and smiled, many waving hat, handkerchief or hand. The officials of the city and all the clerks were photographed and altogether the picture was very successful and will prove a good advertisement for Greensboro, as it will be sent all over the Keith circuit.

“A SOUTHERN MAID.”

IRMA SHAW, '18.

I.

Ah! maiden, of the land I love,
 'Neath the sunny azure skies;
 In a dream she stood, by the orange grove
 With her lovely soft, brown eyes.

II.

'Twas the songs of the birds she loved to hear
 She listened with rapture divine,
 Till a tender chord, soft and clear,
 Came from her mandoline.

III.

Then there came along the orange grove
 Such a sweet and melodious strain,
 As she lifted her voice in her songs of love,
 And sang them again and again.

IV.

Ah! the birds were mute, at the beautiful tone,
 That came from her rosy mouth:
 They wanted no music but her's alone
 The sweet maid of the sunny south.



BOYS AND OLD MAN.

“Yes, we’re boys—always playing with tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?”

“Then here’s to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys!”

.. A GHOST STORY.

MAGDALENE MONROE, '16.

The day has long since passed for people of an average amount of intellect to give any credence to tales about ghosts, spirits, haunts, and the like. In fact every one knows that the temporary "ghost" invariably turns out to be some person or animal in real flesh and blood; but there has been one very strange coincidence of which I have heard all my life, which neither I nor any one else has been able to account for.

In Fayetteville, North Carolina, there is an old-fashioned house situated on N—— Street, and is built almost on the street. There is a side door which leads from a bedroom to a level sandy yard which stretches about fifty yards to the south, in a parallel line with the door.

The first occupant of the house had locked this south door, and in some way so completely lost the key that it was never found. However, as the room was to be left unused for some time, she neglected to have a duplicate key made.

Many years passed. The house was left unoccupied until everything about the place was "run down" and presented a dismal and dilapidated appearance, so that any seeker of a new home passed by without so much as a second glance at the place.

At length, however, a family from a small country village near Wilmington, migrated to the famous "city" of Fayetteville, and as chance would have it, rented the house with the locked door. In looking over the place with the landlord, the father of the family was informed of the fact that there was no key to the door, and that the locksmith who had made the original had long since died and gone to heaven. After a moment's thought the would-be-renter asserted that he would try the lock with all the keys he had, and if none of them fitted he would simply allow the door to remain locked, and so give

him no further trouble. But in vain did he insert key after key in the stubborn lock, so without any further consideration assigned the room to his young son Harry, to be occupied by that young man as a sleeping apartment. So without so much as one thought of the door, Harry spent the nights of three years in this room with the foot of his downy bed about three feet from the door.

One warm, sultry June night, when the moon was shining in all its glory, and any wind conspicuously absent, young Harry lay in his bed thinking of things far more interesting to the youth of eighteen years than locked doors and mysterious happenings, suddenly with a slow but decisive "click" the door opened and, summoning momentum, struck the foot of the bed with a thud calculated to arouse any normal person from "day dreams in the night time." Springing from the bed, Harry darted to the door to see who his uninvited guest might be. Without result he searched the yard, and, after waking the other members of the household, subjected the entire premises to a thorough search, but to no avail.

Suffice it to say, young Harry did not sleep any that night, because his brain was full of the thoughts of the mysterious. However much he may have pondered the situation, Harry has never yet reached a satisfactory conclusion, and unless some one can enlighten him on the subject this must lie over to the final reckoning time when all mysteries are cleared away and understanding rules supreme.

CAUSES OF THE WAR OF NATIONS.

FELIX BROCKMANN, '17.

The German people have for a long time looked upon themselves as a nation that is gradually being crowded out of the ranks of the powerful nations. They saw many years ago that

their homeland in Europe would in a few years be crowded with the increasing population. So not wanting the Germans by birth to go to other lands not owned by Germans and becoming citizens of some foreign country, they planned to take possession of some of these lands so as to have more room to scatter out. In a short time they took up a large tract of land in South Africa and then a little strip in China with a few islands, which totaled about five times as much land that they owned outside of Europe as they had in Europe.

About this time France extended her land possessions in Africa and Italy took possession of Tripoli.

Now as the Germans looked over their record they saw where they had failed to get as much land as their rivals had in the land-grabbing game. Still another thing of more importance that she saw was that her possessions in Africa and elsewhere would be unsafe until she had a navy that had the efficiency of that one of the English Empire.

So the Germans built up a strong navy and a very strong army so as to protect her possessions. But after looking over her army and seeing that her navy was of good size, she began to think of a Germany extending from the North and Baltic Seas to the Mediterranean Sea and including the United Balkan States with Austria-Hungary under the rule of the German king.

Now Russia some years ago had a harbor in the Japanese Sea, but the Japanese took it away from them, leaving them without a free harbor to any warm sea, so for the last few years the Russians have dreamed of a Russia extending down to the warm harbors of Greece.

Just a few months ago Austria declared war on Servia because of some quarrels that they had had from time to time, the which, it seems could not be settled by arbitration.

So when Austria declares war, Russia saw an opportunity to get in with Servia and perhaps secure the much wanted harbor, while on the other hand Germany, fearing that Russia might break up her plan of uniting the countries between Ger-

many and the Mediterranean under the German rule declared war on Russia and brought in the allied armies against her.

AN EXCITING TIME.

ALICE MAUDE JOHNSTON, '17.

The coming of a fair always brings with it its following of pickpockets, forgers, thieves and such people. The opening day of the Central Carolina Fair brought its usual motley crew. The crowd of people on Main street was so dense that one could scarcely breathe, squawkers deafening the ear, toy balloons making a rainbow about you and peddlers crying their wares.

I was in the thick of this mass of humanity looking at a tight rope walker doing his stunts. Suddenly I felt a touch at my purse, which I held lightly in my hand and before I could speak my purse was snatched away and the rogue pushing his way through the crowd. I cried "Stop thief" loudly and followed him. The crowd took up the cry and a merry chase began, a regular moving picture chase. The thief darted in doors and out at the back and finally he sprang into a passing wagon. A policeman stopped the wagon and pulled him out, but no sign of my purse could be found.

I knew he was the same man and he had not dropped it for I saw it when he got into the wagon. We could not find it in the wagon and we knew the man driving the wagon could not be his confederate. Where could it be? We noticed the man held his hat rather more carefully than such a person would, considering the appearance of the hat anyway, so we decided to have a closer look at it. On close inspection we found that he had a sort of pocket in the top of his hat which was so skillfully concealed that one would hardly think of looking there.

So I recovered my purse and straightway took myself home,
determined to have no more to do with fairs.

THE "CAPTAIN'S SORE FOOT."

WILLIARD TAYLOR, JR., '17.

When the faithful team fails to mote,
And tearing your hair you rave by rote,
Don't call yourself all kinds of a goat,
But blame the "captain's sore foot."

When stalled upon a hilly path,
Unless both skill and time one hath,
Uncork your limitless viles of wrath,
Upon the "captain's sore foot."

If in mud they meet in patches great,
And almost though they feel elate,
And not one minute to hesitate,
Still "kick" the "captain's sore foot."

But if they are coached they jump, they leap,
The other team? Why they fairly creep,
And in every game they conquering sweep,
Then "praise" the "captain's sore foot."

A GIFT FROM SANTA.

IRENE PERKINS, '18.

Mary was a bright child of only six summers and lived with her father far over the mountains. Her mother died when

Mary was but an infant. Her father, who was a typical mountaineer, spent much of his time hunting game that he might have food for himself and little child, hence little Mary was often left in the humble little home alone. One day when the little girl had been left alone a crowd of gypsies came along and persuaded Mary to accompany them, promising her many pretty things with a pony to ride, etc. All these things of course appealed to the little girl who had been deprived of many pleasures.

When night came on Mary was very tired and wished to return to her father, but was told she was too far away. Thus the little girl spent many weeks of unhappiness and always fell asleep at night sobbing for her father, but as time passed on and the gypsies moved from place to place Mary's memory of her home and father weakened. It was while they were camping in the edge of the city of B—— that some wealthy people came to the camp in their automobile. The lady who owned the car was attracted by Mary's bright face and on being asked about the child's mother heard the pitiful story of how she had been persuaded to leave her home and follow them. This good woman told Mary that if she would go with her she would give her a little home, so little Mary said, "I wants to lib wif you," before the old mother gypsy knew what had happened Mary was speeding swiftly away to the large city. Immediately after arriving at the home of Mrs. J., she was given a general overhauling and was delighted with her new home. She entered school in a few days and learned very fast and was a favorite with all her playmates.

Mary grew to young womanhood and when less than twenty she became the bride of the nephew of Mrs. J. They lived happily together for only a few years when they were forced to leave the city and seek the mountains on account of her husband's health. Two bright little girls had come to brighten their home, Maud aged 5 and Elsie 3. Little Elsie was an invalid, having been paralyzed after a severe attack of diphtheria. Most of their means had been spent in search of health for

their father, yet they enjoyed as much as possible their home in the mountains. Maud would often wander far out into the woods admiring the birds and often chasing a rabbit or squirrel. It was one day she had unconsciously wandered quite far from home when she spied a small house quite dilapidated on the mountain side. She noticed an old man bent with age with long hair and beard walking around talking to himself. Maud kept creeping up a little nearer and nearer until she was close enough for the old man to see her, when she timidly said, "Is ou Santa Taus." The old man remembering his bright-eyed little daughter who had been taken from him, said, "No, me, chile, but come in, and I will show 'ye' somethings," and he went to an old chest from which he took out a doll and began telling her the story of his little lost Mary, stopping long enough to swallow a sob or wipe a tear. Little Maud was touched with the story, but said "will eu dive me is doll to take to my little sister for Tismas, her is trippled and tant walk?" The old man replied that he would hate to part with the doll that he had seen his little Mary play with so much, but he would give it to her as a gift from Santa Claus for her little crippled sister.

Little Maud's mother in the meantime had missed her and went out in search of her, leaving little Elsie and her father, who was now unable to leave his bed. She walked until she was almost exhausted but had managed to keep track of her, when she too came in view of the little home. When she was near enough she recognized the voice of her little Maud. On drawing near the door she saw little Maud sitting on the old man's knee with the doll in her arms. The mother was overjoyed to find her lost child. The child was so happy because she had a doll to take to her little crippled sister. When the old man had told the story of his little lost Mary, how he loved her and had looked at the doll every day hoping that he might find her before he died, it all came back to Mary's mind as if a dream, that she had a doll like that and when shown a picture,

recognized it as a picture of herself. She said, "Father, I am your lost Mary."

The old man was to overcome with joy for utterance, but could only clasp his daughter in fond embrace. When they had quite come to themselves the story was told of why they were living in the mountains and Mary would have her father accompany them to the little home where the two invalids were anxiously awaiting their return. Elsie was happy because she had gotten the doll; father and mother rejoiced that the lost was found.

THE SAGE

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, IN THE MONTHS OF
OCTOBER, DECEMBER, FEBRUARY AND APRIL, BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

EDITORIAL STAFF:

ADELAIDE VAN NIPPEN - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

LACY MCALISTER	- - - -	Athletic Department
KIRK CALLUM	- - - -	Exchange Department
NELLIE JEFFERSON	- - - -	Personals and Locals
MAGDALENE MONROE	} - - - -	Sketch Department
WASHINGTON CLARK		
MARY FOUST	} - - - -	Organizations
ELLEBRE BROADNAX		
JAMES WITHERSPOON	} - - - -	Humor Department
JEAN MCALISTER		
JULIAN TURRINTINE		
JAMES WITHERSPOON	- - - -	CLUB EDITOR

Price 50 cents the Year; 15 cents a Copy.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

JOHN WALKER	- - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER
LEWIS SCHENCK	- - - -	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
JAMES ALBRIGHT	- - - -	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER APRIL 10, 1913, AT THE POSTOFFICE
AT GREENSBORO, N. C., UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

VOL. X

APRIL, 1915

No. 4

Editorials

Boys and girls of the Greensboro High School, the editors of The Sage want to thank you for the hearty interest and co-operation which you have shown in getting out this, the last issue of The Sage. We are sorry not to be able to publish all the selections handed to us, for all were splendid, but that is impossible. If you pupils had only shown this much interest



Editorial Staff.

in the previous issues of The Sage we assure you that they would have been one hundred per cent. better.

We, The Sage editors, ask you to forgive the mistakes we have made during the year. We are much wiser now, and were it ours to publish The Sage another year we feel sure that we should be much more successful. As it is, remember that it isn't the easiest job on earth to edit a High School magazine and without the cooperation of the student body it is an impossibility. Wishing the editors of next year all success, we lay down our pens and give up our job.

Every one must admit that this has been an unusual year in many respects. Now we have one more unusual occurrence to add to our list. This is the white Easter. Just as the housekeepers were having their spring cleaning with houses open and curtains and rugs on the line; just as the young ladies were appearing in spring bonnets and slippers; just as the young gentlemen were ordering Easter flowers sent to their girls and were buying gay new socks, and just as the children were hiding Easter eggs among the grass and flowers — it snowed. The north wind howled through the spring-cleaned houses. The young ladies had to appear in furs and overshoes; the young men had to put aside their new socks, and the children found the grasses and Easter eggs buried beneath a foot of snow. We don't usually associate Easter with snow in this part of the country; we think of Easter flowers, but it was a beautiful surprise on Easter morn to look upon a pure white world.

We have heard it said more than once that Greensboro is the most democratic town for its size to be found anywhere around. Well, that is about the biggest compliment that any citizen

could wish paid the place of his nativity. Democratic, according to the Standard Dictionary, means first "devoted to the principle of popular government," but that does not explain the remarks that challenged our attention; the same definition if followed will be found to also mean "tending to level distinctions of rank." There it is in a nutshell—no cliques, no circles of "better than thou," thinkers of themselves more highly than they ought to think; but abounding in brotherly love. The idea that God made of one blood all nations should everywhere bring about this democratic spirit. May it be Greensboro's lasting heritage with the comforting light as if a city set upon a hill. It is up to us, the future citizens of Greensboro, to maintain this reputation, and now that vacation is drawing near it is a good time for us to begin upholding this standard.



McNEIL LITERARY SOCIETY.

Since the last issue of *The Sage* there has been only two meetings of the McNeil Society. The first meeting was held on Friday afternoon, March 5. As this meeting was held in the chapel the programme was mostly musical; also there was a very interesting debate: Query, Resolved that the United States is entering upon an era of prosperity. Affirmative, Jean McAlister and Mary Murray; negative, Mary Morrison and Mary Thomas. The decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

The Society accepted a challenge from the Ionians to play a game of basket-ball.

The next meeting was held in the business room. As many of the girls on the programme were absent there was only a short miscellaneous programme, after which each member of the Society did some "stunt," which was greatly enjoyed by all.

IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Ionian Society has held only two meetings since the last

issue of The Sage, one being held on March 5th, the other on April 9th. One being held in the chapel the greater part of the programme was music, while the other consisted of miscellaneous selections, such as recitations, dialogues, plays and debates. Both programmes were greatly enjoyed by all. At the meeting a challenge was sent to the McNeils for a basketball game, which was accepted.

DIAPHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Diaphesian Society was called to a regular meeting in the Di. hall Friday, March 5th. After roll call and reading of minutes the following program was carried out:

Part I.—1. Ship Purchase Bill, John Walker; 2. U. S. Neutrality Policy, H. Jacobs; 3. Life of O. Henry, H. Southers; 4. Humorous Talk, Berton Oakes; 5. Current Events, D. Clapp.

Part II.—Debate. Query, Resolved that U. S. should grant the Philippines their independence. The affirmative was represented by H. West and J. Shenk. The negative was represented and won by Messrs. Lewis Schenk and W. Rainey.

On April 9th the following program was rendered: Debate, Query, Resolved that the U. S. should place further restriction upon foreign immigration. On the affirmative were Messrs. Taylor and Johnson; on the negative, Messrs. L. McAlister and Boyst. Following the debate were a declamation by Robert Pearce; talk on Recent Events of War, Leland Porter; Germany's Submarine Blockade, K. Clendenin; Prospects for the G. H. S. Baseball Team, Gordon West; and the meeting concluded with a humorous selection by Jacob Shenk.

PHILOMELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Philomelian Society held its regular meeting in the So-

ciety Hall March 5th at 1 p. m. After usual opening exercises the following program was carried out:

Debate: Query, Resolved that compulsory arbitration is best method of settling disputes between capital and labor. The affirmative was represented by H. Blake and Mark Bush; the negative by J. Witherspoon and Wm. McLarty. The remaining part of the program included declamations by Messrs. Hunt and Martin, a composition by B. Cone, and a talk on the effect of war on America by C. Angel.

On April 9th the following program was carried out:

Debate: Query, Resolved that the U. S. should annex Mexico. Affirmative, J. Morton, T. Dodson; negative, L. Milton, E. Faulconer. The debate was won by the affirmative.

Remaining part included a talk, Naval Losses of War, by S. Robinson; humorous selection by F. Patterson; composition, Duncan Wicker; declamation, O. Pate; Conditions in Mexico, A. McAdams; and a talk on Stupendousness of Panama Canal by E. G. Broadnax.



WINSTON VS. GREENSBORO, 26-18.

The basket ball season closed for the boys with another defeat at the hands of Winston. The game was played on the afternoon of January 12th on the local Y. M. C. A. floor. Although the score would indicate that Winston had an easy time, any one who saw the game will verify the statement that such was not the case. It was a hard fought game from the first, but at no time was there any evidence of "dirty work." The playing of Blake for the locals was considered the best for Greensboro, while Douglas and Liipfert were the mainstays of Winston. The Winston boys returned home almost immediately after the game carrying with them the best wish from every one for success in the championship contest.

MCNEIL LITERARY SOCIETY VS. IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY, 20-20.

After many changes in date, Saturday, April 3rd, was chosen as the date for the game. The game was called promptly at 8 o'clock and was witnessed by a large crowd of rooters. The

boys turned out in force to root for which ever team on which their particular friends played. It was fast and close from the first.

G. H. S. GIRLS vs. POMONA H. S. GIRLS, 18-10.

This game was played at the Y. W. C. A. on the night of April 8th. Pomona had every advantage from the first, and it was a rather one-sided affair. However the game was fast and interesting, and was very much enjoyed by all who witnessed it.

BASEBALL.

Several practice games have been played but the season opened with

G. H. S. vs. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 3 TO 1.

A game with Charlotte High School was scheduled for Saturday, March 27th, but the game was cancelled at the last moment, so a game was arranged with the Chamber of Commerce. It was a fast game throughout and was greatly enjoyed by the few who saw it. The G. H. S. boys scored one run in the first inning and two more in the third. This ended the scoring until the ninth inning when the Chamber of Commerce rallied and with two men out, made her only run.

BURLINGTON vs. GREENSBORO, 12 TO 5.

On Friday, April 2nd, the first real game was played. At first Burlington had everything in her favor, but G. H. S. rallied in the fifth and sixth innings and tied the score. But that was all for Greensboro. Burlington changed pitchers and then they began to hit. From this point the game was slow and uninteresting, but it finally ended, thus making our first (and we hope our last) defeat. Owing to the fact that it rained all during the game a very poor crowd witnessed our defeat.

Events of Local Interest

On Friday evening, March 19th, the Ionian Society gave an attractive play, "A Musical Boquet," in the High School chapel. It was well gotten up and was enjoyed by a large audience composed of the students and patrons of the school.

On Friday afternoon, March 5th, the preliminary debate on the ship subsidy measure was held in the chapel. The speakers who were chosen for the annual triangular debate between the Raleigh, Charlotte and Greensboro High Schools were as follows: Ellwood Mitchell, Willard Rainey, Gordon Hunter and Lewis Shenck. The entire student body had the pleasure of hearing the debate.

The triangular debate, always an event of interest to the students, was held on the evening of March 26th. Greensboro was represented here by Ellwood Mitchell and Willard Rainey, who were defeated by the two Charlotte debaters. In Raleigh, Gordon Hunter and Lewis Shenck ably defended the negative side of the query, but the decision of the judges was in favor of the opposing team.

On Saturday night following the debate, a reception was given the Charlotte boys at the home of Miss Edith Haller on Morehead avenue. Conversation was engaged in, after which delightful refreshments consisting of cream, cake and punch were served by the hostess. Every one present had a most en-

joyable time, and departed declaring Miss Haller the very best of hostesses.

The McNeil girls are selling ice cream on the yard at recess, instead of presenting an entertainment for the public. Nothing seems to "hit the right spot" on a warm day like pure, wholesome ice cream. The girls will be glad to supply your wants and will appreciate your patronage.

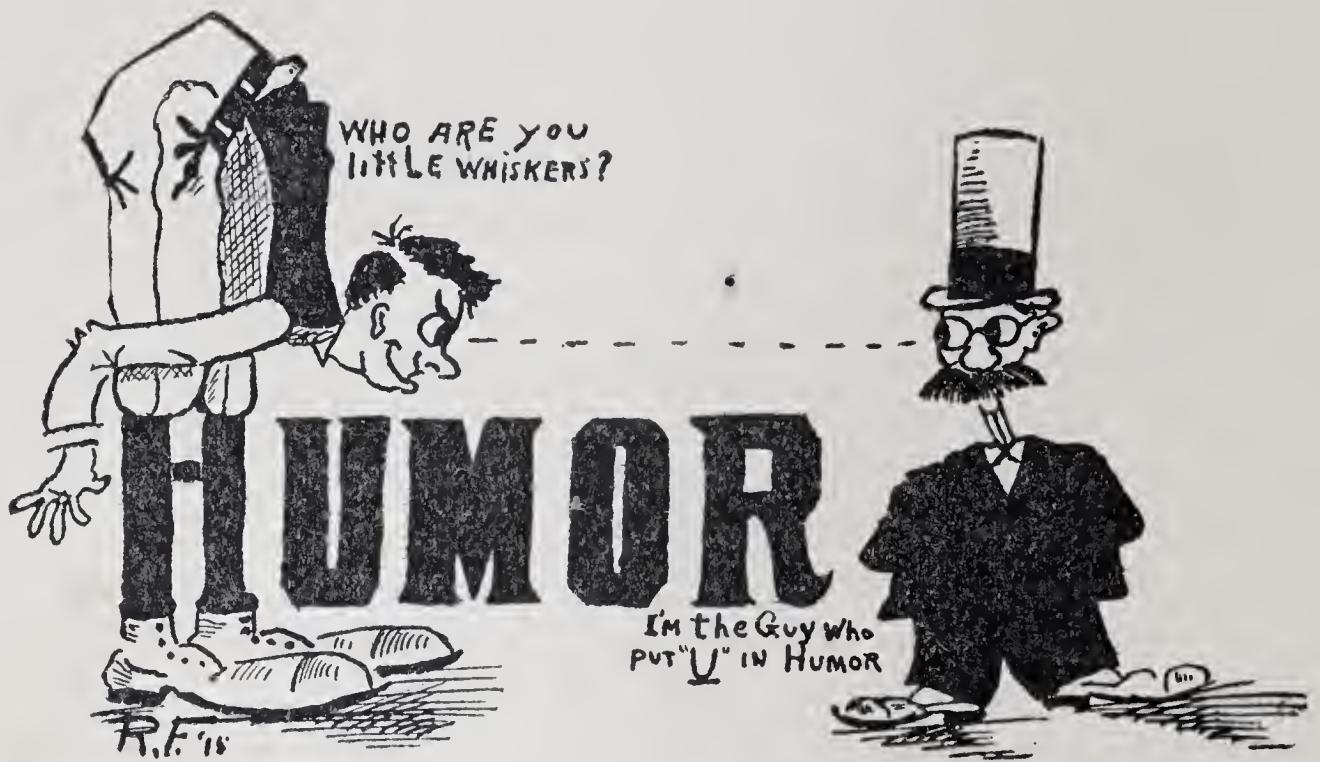
We are sorry to relate the illness of one of the faculty, Mr. T. W. Ferguson, who has undergone an operation at St. Leo's Hospital, but is rapidly recovering. However we are very glad indeed to welcome Mr. J. M. Williams, who is now successfully carrying on Mr. Ferguson's work. We are also glad to welcome Mr. Sink as a new member of the faculty.

The "moving picture man" has visited the school and familiar faces may be seen on the Piedmont screen whenever the Greensboro movies are shown.

"Community Service" was the subject of an interesting talk given by Mr. Dawe, of Washington City, to the school on March 31st. By a rising vote of thanks the students expressed their appreciation of Mr. Dawe's lecture.

On Friday night, March 9th, following the Greensboro-Pomona basket ball game a reception was given at the home of Miss Ruth Dillon in honor of the visiting team. The affair was one of the most enjoyable of the spring season.

Every spare moment is being devoted to the crowning event of the year, the Pageant to be given in the Opera House on May 27th. The students are showing their interest by the enthusiastic practices which have already begun. Let every one do his duty, and make this the very best home-talent play ever presented in our city.



Miss Alexander: "Stokes, when did Columbus leave Genoa?"

Stokes R.: "I don't know."

Miss Alexander: "Look on page 48, what do you see?"

Stokes: "Columbus, 1492."

Miss Alexander: "Well?"

Stokes: "But, Miss Alexander, I thought that was his phone number."

An American and a Scotchman were discussing the merits of their separate countries. The Scotchman hollered "Hello," and ten minutes later the echo came back. "That's nothing," said the American, "when I was camping in the Rockies I put my head out the window before I went to bed and yelled 'S o'clock, time to get up,' and next morning the echo came back and woke me up."

Clyde Brooks: "Harry, what have you to do this afternoon?"

Harry F.: "Build a chicken coop to keep my new Ford in."

(Stokes Rawlins came to school the other day wearing a very loud tie.)

Nixy S.: "Stokes, I bet I know where you got that tie."

Stokes R.: "Where?"

Nixy S.: "Around your neck."

(Mr. Gantt had been explaining the absorption of heat by dark substances.)

Sam: "Mr. Gantt, do negroes get hotter than white folks?"

Miss Howard: "Adelaide, are those square feet?"

Adelaide: "No, mam."

Miss Howard: "What kind are they then?"

Adelaide: "Just plain flat feet, I guess."

Near-Sighted Mother (looking over her bills at the first of the month and finding a delinquency mixed with them): "Bills, bills, bills, I never saw anything like it. Even the school is sending me a bill for Charlie's algebra 10c., and a physical geography 20c."

Joe Maddox (teasing Lucy): "You have enough powder on your face."

Lucy: "I haven't."

Joe: "Yes, you have."

Lucy: "Well, if I have any on my face you have too."

Sid Pruden (to Joe Maddox, who has a tear in his trousers): "Joe, why don't you have your pants mended?"

Joe: "A patch is a sign of poverty, while a tear is a sign of an accident."

Miss Michael: "Washington conjugate possum."

Washington: "Possum, more possum, most possum."

Mr. Ferguson: "Now, Miriam, if there were four flies in a row and I killed one, how many would be left?"

Miriam: "One—the dead one."

Kathrine K.: "This wind is cold on my back."

Teacher: "John, pull down that window on her head."

Teacher: "Where is Venice?"

Answer: "It is in the eastern part of Italy, down south."

Miss Howard: "John, tell me what susceptible means, and make me a sentence using it."

John S.: "It means tender and the turkey is susceptible."

Teacher: "There is something beautiful in everything."

Voice from rear of room: "Then it must be that artificial beauty spot, when it comes to Coonie Stamey."

Miss Alexander: "Irma, on what side of the Antietam creek was the battle fought?"

Irma Shaw (looking interested): "On the other side."

Here is a letter that was recently received by one of the High School pupils, which will probably interest you:

Atlantik Oshen, May the 7.

Deer Kuzin Looez:

Dot I vill now dake my pen in my hand und let you know

wat yure deer unkle is ded. If he would have leaved till Kristmas he vould pe chust siks months ded. After yure deer unkle vas ded, de doktors gift up all hopes of saving his life. You are de only leeving relatif besides two kuzins vot was killed by der Fillpeens.

De reezon I vas not rite sooner is bekauz ve dont leeve vere ve did, ve moofed vere ve are. If you vas not git dis ledder let me know and I will written you anudder von.

Hoping to see you py red next mail, I stay yure kuzin,
HANS VEENERWURST VON ARCADIA.

P. S.—Please don't open dis ledder, der is sad news in it.

Here are a few words from Jumbo Jum, regarding his experience:

“Bredderin' and sisterin', I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs, 'specially downs, since I jined de church. I stole chickens and watermillins. I cussed. I got drunk. I shot craps. I slashed udder coons wid my razor, and I done er sight er udder things; but I thank der good Lawd, bredderin' and sisterin', dat through it all I never lost my 'ligion.”

Enoch: “Say, Clarence, what's a mixed metaphor?”

Clarence: “That's a new one on me. Let's go over and ask Bill, the soda perker.”

—————: “Why is Washington Clark such a good fellow?”
—————: “Well, you see, a preacher's son can be good for nothing.”

Mabry: “Ryland, have you the program for a week back?”

Olive: “No, I would advise that you get a porous plaster.”

James: "Was George Washington an honest man?"

Gilmer: "I donno'. They always close the banks on his birthday."

Mr. Williams (upon mispronouncing a name): "What is your name?"

Mowery: "They all call me Wake, but my maiden name is Wakefield."

Prof. Gantt: "Miss Thomas, what is the Equator?"

Mary: "It is an imaginary lion running around the earth."

Shaw: "Miss Berg, what do you think of my execution?"

Miss Berg: "Eugene, I am in favor of it."

Mr. Lasley: "What are you reading, Gertrude?"

Gertrude: "That's my business."

Mr. Lasley: "Have you any other business?"

Mary Hendrix: "Don't you think my voice should be brought out?"

Enoch Stamey: "No, I think it should be pushed in."

Washington Clark (having witnessed a scuffle at recess): "If a fellow knocked me around like that, Nixie, I would sue for damages."

Edward Scott: "I've been damaged enough already, what I want now is remuneration."

EXCHANGES

"The Forum."—We are glad to welcome this magazine to our exchange table. It is well arranged and the humor department is fine.

"The Electrone."—The sport department is good and the story, "The Call to Arms" is splendid.

"Gastonia High School Magazine."—The debate on "Germany, the Aggressor in the Present War" is well written and instructive. This magazine seems to lack poetry.

"The Mountaineer."—The "Sonnets on Spring" are very realistic and the story, "The Little Mascot," is splendid.

"Tileston Topics."—"Sunset on the Cape Fear" is a well constructed sketch and one of much feeling.

"The Virginian."—The story, "The Fool and The Fairy," is certainly humorous and the athletic department is excellent.

"The Palmetto and the Pine."—"A Freshman's Complaint" is a very cute little story. A table of contents would add a great deal to this magazine.

"The Student."—This is a "nifty" little magazine. The poems are very good.

"The Tatler."—This paper is very interesting and attractive.

"The U. N. C. Magazine."—This is one of the best magazines we receive. Many of the stories are very instructive as well as well written, and the poetry is very good.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Excluding the college papers, "*The High School Enterprise*" from Raleigh and "*The Sage*" from Greensboro contain the

more well rounded material than any magazines yet received.—
“*The Tatler*,” L. G. M.

“*The Sage*.”—Your magazine carries a line of good jokes,
but is lacking in good stories.—“*Tileston Topics*.”

“*The Sage*.”—Your editorial department is very good. Your
magazine has a great many poems and stories, but do you not
think your stories are just a little too short?—“*The Virginian*.”

Now for some ADS.



— FOR YOU —

The Magazine does not end here. It is not complete until you have read these next few pages. Look carefully through them; you will find something. BUSINESS MANAGER.

WALKER MAKES THEM BETTER

T. A. WALKER TAILORING COMPANY

116 SOUTH ELM STREET

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

EUTSLER STUDIO

R. K. DAVENPORT, Sole Proprietor

Portrait Photography

Quality Photographs

All of our workmen have been trained in photographic colleges. This means we can give you the very best in workmanship.

The Science of Getting Rich

Is to save part of your earnings. Form a habit of saving a certain portion of your salary, then keep it up regularly, and in a short time you will be surprised to see how much you have accumulated

Bring Us Your Account.

GREENSBORO LOAN AND TRUST COMP'Y

“The Bank with the Chimes.”

Greensboro's Main Drug Stores

The store that appreciates your business is **FARISS-KLUTZ DRUG CO.** who are exclusive agents for Huyler's Candies, Rexall Remedies, Eastman Kodaks and Supplies. If it is kept in any Drug Store, they have it and the price is never too high.

“**ON THE SQUARE**” you will find **Greensboro Drug Co.**, where every customer gets what she wants. They carry the best assortment of Toilet articles in the City and their Fountain Drinks and Ice Cream cannot be surpassed.

Dick's Laundry Co.

SHIRTS

COLLARS

AND CUFFS

A SPECIALTY

Phone 72

WE INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE

STILL DRUG COMP'Y

NEXT TO POST OFFICE

57

PHONES

302

C. W. BANNER, M. D., GREENSBORO, N. C.

Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2:30 to 5 P. M.
Practice limited to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

BANNER BUILDING.

MONEY TO LOAN

On personal property. Bargains in Unredeemed Diamonds, Watches,
Jewelry, etc. Business strictly confidential.

A. W. KAPLAN

334 South Elm Street

Greensboro, N. C.

CAROLINA INSURANCE AGENCY

GENERAL INSURANCE

HEALTH AND ACCIDENT, LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Paul W. Schenck, Pres. J. W. Scott, V.-Pres. F. L. Fry, Sec. & Treas.

BE CONVINCED

Our Photographs will appeal to you, and will be appreciated by everyone who is fortunate enough to have one of YOU.

MOOSE & SON

215 1-2 South Elm Street

BERNAU JEWELRY CO.

Leading Jewelers

Our Goods are of the Highest Quality. We will be pleased for you to call on us.

208 South Elm Street

FOR ALL KIND OF PORTING GOOD

The Goods Always the Best. The Prices Always the Lowest. We hope to see you.

Beall Hardware & Implement Company

DR. JOHN H. WHEELER

DENTIST

Room 305

Banner Building

TO THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS OF 1914-15

The pleasure we have had in fitting you in your knee pant suits is increased when we put the long trousers on you. We have always enjoyed a nice patronage from the High School boys and teachers and it is our earnest desire to continue doing business with you.

Ready-made Suits and Suits Made to Order. \$1.00 Regal
Shirts Always a Bargain at \$1.00. Savory Shirts \$1.50.
Boyden Shoes \$6.50.

CRAWFORD & REES

300 S. Elm Street

Cut FLOWERS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Summit Avenue Greenhouses

HOWARD GARDNER, Prop.

Burtner Furniture Co.

Is a good place to look before you buy. We furnish the home complete. Window shades made to order.

Phone 731

GREENSBORO, N. C.

BURLINGTON, N. C.

START YOUR OWN ACCOUNT

If you do not have an account with this bank, start one, even though it is small. We are interested in your success and business welfare. We want to help you to the very best of our ability. Come to us for advice. You are welcome to ask questions freely and consult us as often as you wish. It will be a pleasure to us if we can be of assistance to you. We pay 4 per cent on savings.

American Exchange National Bank

GREENSBORO, N. C.

R. G. VAUGHN, Pres.

F. C. BOYLES, Cashier

See M. G. NEWELL CO.

For Iver-Johnson, Rambler and Crescent Bicycles, Racycles and Motorcycles. Everything for the Bicycle. First-class Bicycle Repair Shop.



Right Side Up, Please!



Come to us for your wants and your right side will be up.

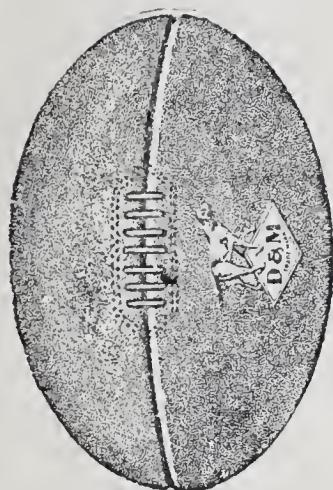
RICK-D ONNELL-MEDEARI CO
Everything in Men's Wear
Cleaning and Pressing

ANYTHING YOU WANT IN THE SPORTING GOODS LINE

Can be had from Spalding.

We are Spalding's Greensboro Agents.

WILLS BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.



Full line D. and M. Base Ball, Foot Ball and Tennis Goods, Striking Bags, Boxing Gloves, Croquet Sets, Base Ball and Foot Ball Shoes.

We appreciate your business in all lines. Give us a call. "We've Got the Goods"

Greensboro Hardware Co.

Phone 131

221 S. Elm St.

Let us Dry Clean your Suit, Waist or Skirt. We can give you entire satisfaction and the cost won't be much. We do genuine French Dry Cleaning and Dyeing of all kinds.

Columbia Laundry Co.

112, 114, 116 Fayetteville St.

Greensboro, N. C.

THE SUGAR BOWL

Delicious Home-Made Candies
AND PURE ICE CREAM

The Art Shop

Art Pictures

Picture Framing

Art Novelties

105 W. Market St.

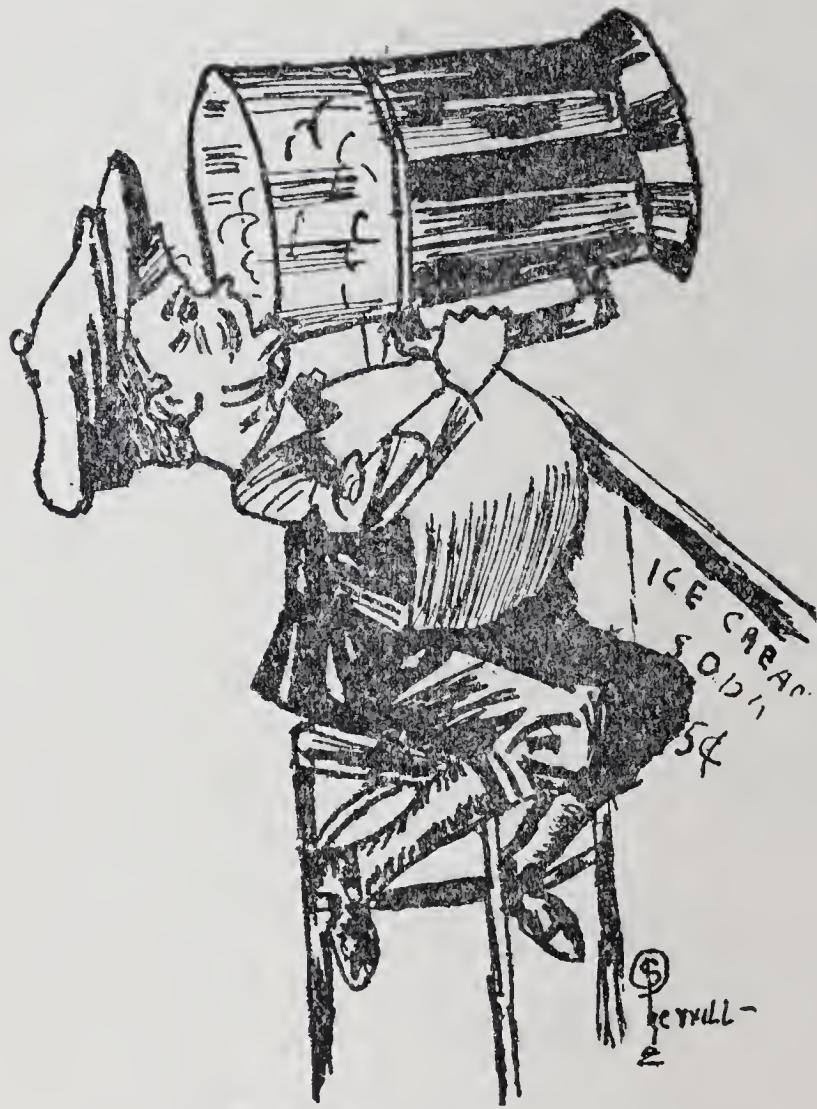
Phone 905

Greensboro, N. C.

MISS LAURA DOUB, Teacher

of Piano and Harmony. Classes in Musical Kindergarten

115 1-2 W. Market Street



THE END.

Keep Greensboro Money in Greensboro

Take Your Life Insurance in

THE JEFFERSON STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE CO.

**and enable us to invest thousands of dollars
more in Guilford County**

**Largest and Strongest regular Life Insurance Company
in the South**

George A. Grimsley, President. Chas. W. Gold, Treasurer.

P. H. Hanes, Sr., Vice-President. Julian Price, Agency Manager.

J. Van Lindley, Vice-President. J. P. Turner, Medical Director.

H. C. McQueen, Vice-President. A. L. Brooks, General Counsel.

C. C. Taylor, Secretary. Ralph B. Coit, Actuary.

JOS. J. STONE & COMPANY

110-112 EAST SYCAMORE STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Printers and Binders

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES and BOOKLETS

Greensboro Commercial School

Teaches Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Business English and the allied subjects. 25% discount during May and June Phone 1086.

CATALOGUE FREE.

CALL ON US