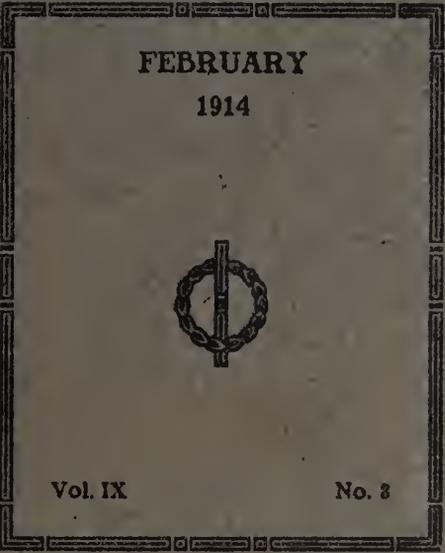




**THE
SAGE**



**FEBRUARY
1914**



Vol. IX

No. 3

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Voices of Wind, Florine Rawlins, '14.....	1
Calamity Annie, Cinnie McDuffie, '15.....	2
Stretching Things, Grace Cox, '16.....	4
When Cupid Takes a Hand, Oscar Boyst, '16.....	7
An Exciting Election, Benjamin Cone, '16.....	8
His Only Son, Bryan McCullen, '15.....	9
The Lost Chord, Margarette Jackson, '14.....	11
A Dream of the Past, Pauline Justice, '14.....	12
The Burning Cartridge, Woodrow Clark, '14.....	13
A Mountain Home, Lillian Merrimon, '16.....	16
My Algebra, Nellie Smith, '16.....	17
Scenes Behind the Curtain, Louise Clegg, '15.....	18
An Unconscious Heroine, Adelaide Van Noppen, '15.....	21
Greensboro High School, Nellie Rickmond, '14.....	24
Dorothy's Aunt, Edith Haller, '16.....	25
Our Aim, Esther Kirkpatrick, '14.....	27
Editorials.....	28
Organizations.....	30
Athletics.....	35
Events of Local Interest.....	36
Humor.....	37
Exchanges.....	41





THE SAGE

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 3

VOICES OF THE WIND.

FLORINE RAWLINS, '14.

I.

The whispering winds, the sighing trees,
In accents meek and low,
Are calling me amid the breeze,
To places I feign would go.

II.

From up 'mid the clouds where the song birds reign
And sing in perfect delight;
The wind brings their music again and again
To cheer the darkening night.

III.

In visions, in fancies, I soar with the wind,
Far from the noise of the deep,
And the cadence of voices that never shall end
Lulls the weary one gently to sleep.

IV.

Off when the world, with its push, and shove,
Goes wrong, and the heart grows drear;
Hark! the breeze whispers a message of love,
A message of good will and cheer.

V.

If we turn our faces away from woe,
And list to the wind that blows;
To us who are waiting and working below
The right message may come—who knows?

CALAMITY ANNE.

ANNIE McDUFFIE, '15.

"Anne! oh Anne! where are you child?"

"In the library," answered Anne.

Mrs. Marshall, on entering the room, found her daughter in a huge chair by the fire diligently preparing her lessons. She had not been in there but a few minutes when Anne was wanted at the phone.

"Now hurry back to your lessons, dearie."

Anne carefully closed the door behind her, also the next door, then rushing eagerly to the phone, grabbed the receiver and recklessly put it to her ear.

"Hello! Hello! yes, this is Anne—Huh? Sure, I'm crazy about the idea, but don't know how I can manage to get away for it's a school night. A ladder! Swell, ha-ha-ha! That's the thing. Well, Ichqua Bibble, for we are not young but once. Meet me at 8.30 sharp. So long, Jack. See you later."

Mrs. Marshall in the mean time had suspicioned something by her daughter staying at the phone so long, and she knew there was to be a big dance that night too.

"Oh, she's not that kind and I'm not going to accuse her of such a thing," thought Mrs. Marshall.

Anne had slammed the receiver down, then slowly re-entered the room and with a long sigh sank into her chair and was at her work again; but, alas, if her mother could have read the young active brain she would have been horrified.

"I wonder which will be most effective, my pink crepe de chine or my blue charmeuse," mumbled Anne to herself. "I can't get this old geometry—no, I'll wear my Nile green satin—O dear! two sides and included angle of one is equal respectively to er—er—a—and my satin slippers to match."

"Ding-a-ling-er-ling!" "Oh, there is the supper bell, mother, and I haven't gotten hardly any of my lessons, and gee, I've got an awful headache."

The family went into supper and Anne pretended that she was sick and could not eat, although she was terribly hungry. After supper she got her books again and started studying. She had not been studying but a short while before she commenced complaining with headache.

"Oh, mother, dear, please let me go to bed, I am almost dead. I'll get up soon tomorrow morning and study."

"Well, I guess you may if you are very sick," answered her mother, sharply.

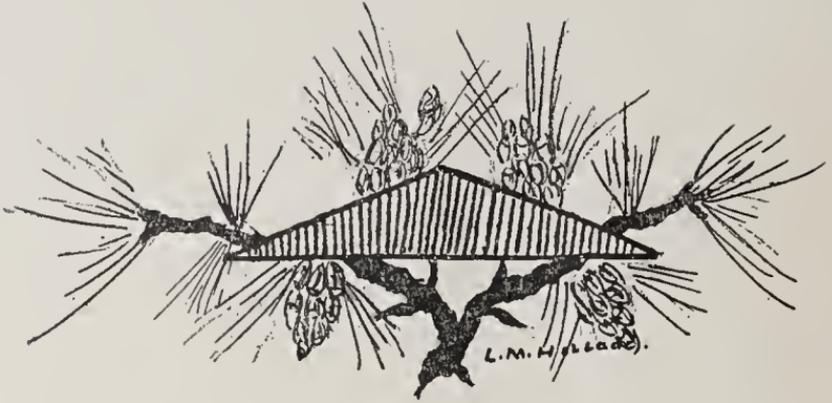
At this Anne put her books up, kissed her mother good-night and went slowly upstairs. Now her scheme would work, for Jack was going to put a ladder up to her window and she was going to the dance, regardless of a school night. She threw her clothes on her in a hurry, for eight-thirty was drawing near, but when the ladder was ready Anne was ready too, and off for the dance she and Jack went.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Marshall had to go to Anne's room for a paper she had left in there, and on entering the room she found that Anne had gone. At once she knew what had happened, so she went running downstairs and told her husband she was going after her.

"I do not understand Anne—Oh, she has changed so lately and is such an anxiety to me."

She got her hat and coat on and off she started to the dance. Anne was having a huge time "tangoing" when all of a sudden her mother walked up to her and said, "What does this mean?" The child was so dumbfounded she could not say a word.

Poor Anne never tried to slip off on another school night, and Jack wasn't allowed to come to her house for two months, which seemed like ages to Anne.



STRETCHING THINGS.

GRACE COX, '16.

"I'm most dead! It is as hot as fire, and I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt!"

Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" inquired his father.

"I went over to Briggs' corner and back by the bridge."

"That is a little less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful, I don't suppose, if I'd take it moderate; but I ran like lightning and became heated."

"You started about five o'clock, my son, and now it lacks a quarter of six," said his father, consulting his watch.

"Yes, sir; just three-quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.

"Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, father, but I ran all the way, because I expected the whole town would be here tonight to see my new velocipede," explained Andrew reluctantly.

"Whom did you expect, Andy? I wasn't aware that such a crowd was to be here. What will you do with them all?"

"Jim, Eddy and Tom told me they'd be round after school; and I wouldn't wonder if Ike came, too; that's all."

"The population of the town is five thousand and you expect three persons. Well, as you are very sick, I am glad no more are coming; you couldn't play with them at all."

"Sick!" cried Andrew, springing to his feet; "who says I'm sick?"

"Why, Andrew, you said that you were almost dead; doesn't that mean very sick?"

"You are so particular, father, about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead (to be sure), but I did some tall running, you bet. There were more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band of them! Where did they all come from?"

"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep-dog, and Rush's store-dog, and two or three more, and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."

"There looked to be fifty, anyway," answered Andrew, somewhat impatiently. "Carter's ten-acre lot was full of dogs just making for me; and I guess you'd have thought there were fifty if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousand; have you any idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate, for it occurred to him what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation.

"But," his father continued, "I know of no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children of the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning; encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thousands; travelled more than a dozen miles to get one and a half miles in a straight line; expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede, and when you reached home you were nearly dead!"

"Please don't, father; the boys and girls will all laugh them-

selves to death, and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be as old as Methuselah!"

"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not; but hope, rather that it will set them to watching their own manner of stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes in time so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts unless you check the foolish habit in which you indulge every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvelous tales.

I must write for the Sage,
But I know not what to say,
My mind is in a rage
Over a girl I saw today.

Yet I know that I must write,
So I sit me down to try,
I will stick to it all night,
Though the thought does make me sigh.

I find that I am sleepy,
And unable to write,
So I abandon my resolution,
And turn in for the night.

I am somewhat ashamed,
And I want you all to know it,
That I am not to blame,
For as you see I am no poet.

K. C.

WHEN CUPID TAKES A HAND.

OSCAR BOYST, '16.

On the beach by the shore,
On that ever flowing land,
They come closer more and more
When cupid takes a hand.

And together in that rolling sea,
Together in the sand,
They only wish one to be;
When cupid takes a hand.

On the street car riding home,
In a taxi with a man,
They both become one,
When cupid takes a hand.

In their new home they may be,
With that wondrous little band;
And just how it happened, I don't see,
When cupid takes a hand.

On through life they go,
Happy in the home and in the land;
While others say they do not know
When cupid takes a hand.

Year after year passes by,
And they are the happiest in the land;
Their little one's begin to sigh
When cupid takes a hand.

One after one goes their way,
Until the mother is left very sad,
But there will be another day
When cupid takes a hand.

AN EXCITING ELECTION.

BENJAMIN CONE, '16.

In the year A. D. 1930, I chanced to stop at the town of Lewisville during the time of a most exciting town election. All the women voters, under Mrs. Spankimfurst, were trying to eradicate saloons, while the male inhabitants of the community were determined to keep saloons in the town.

As the male voters exceeded those of the opposite sex, "The Ladies' Temperance Union" would have to formulate a plan or all would be lost. Mrs. Spankimfurst rose to the occasion and stated her plans in a soul-stirring oration. All the wives were to steal their husbands' trousers. All janitors' wives were to steal those belonging to hotel-dwelling bachelors, and women who took bachelor boarders were to steal their's. This was done and every pair of trousers in that town was hidden under lock and key in an old warehouse, except one pair, which belonged to Deacon Austin, who was considered as a friend of the union, although a woman-hater.

In the early morning, Deacon Austin called on Mrs. Spankimfurst, who was out, so her husband nabbed the deacon and used his trousers to go to the polls, where he put in his vote for a wet city. Then Mr. Spankimfurst lent the trousers to Mr. Jones, who did the same thing. Finally every ten minutes a man in the deacon's trousers would walk up to the polls, cast a vote and enter his neighbor's house. Three hundred men in all voted that day, while only two hundred and sixty-eight women voted. It is needless to say that the deacon's trousers were about worn out.

When at last all the trousers were regained, all the males, even the deacon, went on a two-day spree of celebration.



HIS ONLY SON.

BRYAN McCULLEN, JR., '15.

The old light-house keeper was busily engaged cleaning the large searchlight. He was an old man of about sixty years and lived alone on the island with his adopted daughter, Alice, and her pet dog. His son, Richard, was a student at the United States Naval Academy. Twenty years before he had watched Alice and Richard, then small children, play various games and he had joined in the fun, when his work would permit. But now his son was away and he was too old to take any part in games of any kind, so Alice was compelled to amuse herself by running over the small island with her dog.

One day in June the old man received a letter that filled his heart with joy. It was from Richard, and he said that he would reach home on Wednesday to spend a month with them. On the appointed day the old man with Alice and her dog set out for the mainland where they expected to meet Richard. They found him waiting for them when they arrived in the town. They were ready to leave when Alice missed her dog. They immediately went in search of him and he was found fighting with another dog. They were separated and all of them started for the island.

A few days after that Richard was bitten by the dog. The old man sent the dog off to see if there was anything the matter with him. While the old man and Alice were away,

Richard received a letter saying that the person bitten by the dog must take the treatment at once or he would go mad. Richard tore the letter up and said nothing to Alice or his father about it. They noticed that he acted strangely, so they left for the mainland to see what could be done, planning to get back in time to light the searchlight. When they returned it was dark, and on going into the house they found Richard with an axe in his hand, and his eyes blazing, standing by the ladder leading up to the light. He defied them to try to climb the ladder, and it was growing darker outside every minute.

Out on the sea was a ship. On board were many happy people unaware of the danger ahead of them. The captain, by his chart, knew that there must be a light-house somewhere near, but he knew not where, and he was in danger of floundering on the rocks. Suddenly a welcome sight met the eyes of all on board. About a half mile off, a bright light flashed out of the darkness and disclosed the hidden rocks that would have probably been the cause of the death of many.

In the light-house there were three figures. On the floor lay Richard, standing over him was Alice and his father sobbing. The old man had killed his only son, in order that he might do his duty and save all passing ships from foundering on the rocks.

You can drive a fool to talk, but you can't make him think.

Life is so short to take in all of the details. Get down those main points, those that will count, and learn them.

If before complaining you will consider what you are complaining about, its value and immediate relation to yourself, you will find that in most all cases you will not be so disagreeable to friends.

THE LOST CHORD.

MARGARETTE JACKSON, '14.

One cold, cloudy day, an organist sat at the organ in the grand old Cathedral at Rome. His fingers rambled idly over the keys, producing harmonious sounds, resembling the far away tinkling of bells and the low peal of thunder. The notes seemed to sound forth, in harmony and discord, the inmost feelings of the organist. As suddenly as a streak of lightning on a hot summer's day, his fingers struck a chord that seemed to vibrate in the heavens and echo in the mountains and valley. His soul seemed to respond to the sounds and his fingers wandered over the keys in vain, to produce the heavenly chord again. He became greatly excited and the blood in his veins seemed to throb in anticipation. In vain he worked, until the shadows of the evening began to lengthen and he became so fatigued that he could scarcely sit upon the organ bench. Slowly and sadly, he arose and left the church, realizing that the chord was lost forever.

AN APOLOGY.

J. W., '16.

Poets are born, not made,
Even though they've reached the Junior grade,
And if poetry I can't compose,
It's not my fault, God knows.

I have thought and thought o'er and o'er,
And scratched my head till my fingers were sore.
This is the result as you all can see;
If you don't like it don't blame me.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

PAULINE JUSTICE, '14.

In the evening just at twilight,
While shadows fall thick and fast,
I sit alone in my old arm chair
And dream a dream of the past.

True, my hopes are no longer buoyant,
My beauty has faded and gone;
But still I sing my song of the past,
While waiting my second life's morn.

Amid life's cares and troubles,
While the world is still going on;
I alone sit and dream
Of the days when I was young.

The future holds no hopes for me,
And long I cannot last;
But nothing brings me greater joy
Than my fragrant dream of the past.



THE BURNING CARTRIDGE.

J. WOODROW CLARK, '14.

In 1947 A. D. a great explorer of the U. S. navy, while sailing around in the Pacific ocean in search of a lost island, discovered another island which was not on any map he could find nor had any of the sailors ever heard of it. He went ashore and claimed it for the United States, thinking it was uninhabited. But when the island was explored it was found that a most savage race of heathen people inhabited it. These people had developed a very high order of civilization, but on investigation were found to be ardent fire worshippers. They feared and revered fire greatly and if their huts caught afire or they fell into the fire, they made no effort to save themselves or their possessions. So their chief city, which was about five miles inland, was made of marble and granite, there being large granite and marble quarries on the island. The walls of the city were also made entirely of stone so that there might be no danger at all from fire. The inhabitants were of large physique and seemed intensely hostile to the American invaders.

As the walls were almost insurmountable and the inhabitants were very hostile, it was a most difficult task for the men off the battleship to conquer them and form them into a province of the United States. The inhabitants of the island did not know much about the art of warfare, but with the walls to aid them they could repel almost any kind of an attack. Even the big guns had very little effect upon the massive stone structures of the city or the walls, since they could

not be brought off the ship and lost almost all their force after going five miles. It was an easy thing to drop a big ball into the city, but the explosion killed very few of the inhabitants, as they all hid when they saw a ball was coming that way. At last the discoverer determined to leave a company of picked men to guard the island while he and the rest returned to America for better equipment with which to conquer the city. The explorer showed such persistence in trying to capture the island because it was reported that somewhere on the island there was a large field of radium bearing mineral. He thought that the inhabitants might know where this field was.

Among the picked men he left on the island was a young boy sixteen years of age who was somewhat of a chemist. This young boy took off the ship, before it left, a number of his favorite chemicals, including sulphur, iron and a quantity of pure oxygen. He intended to pass away his superfluous time by working with his chemicals. Day after day when not on duty he worked with these, having a very enjoyable time. At last one night while about to fall asleep an idea popped into his head. He ran to his room where he worked with his chemicals and began mixing sulphur, iron and oxygen in various proportions. At last he seemed to have obtained the right proportion for he became very nervous. He then made this compound into the shape of a ball and applied a flame to it. The ball burst into flame and burned for a long time, while our hero danced about with delight. While the mass was burning it retained its shape and seemed to retain its hardness. He then fell into profound thought. After some time he mumbled something to himself about the explosion of powder having the same effect as a match on the compound. He then made another mass of the same compound in the shape of a rifle ball. He then fitted this mass into a rifle shell from which the ball had been extracted and obtaining his rifle he started out toward the walls of the city. But just then day began to break and he put off his exploit until the next night.

He was on duty as picket the next night and as he went on duty he took the cartridge he had made the night before along

with him. When on that part of his boat nearest the city walls he fitted his cartridge into his gun and aimed near the guard standing on the wall. He fired. From the mouth of his gun he could see a ball of fire, like a comet, shoot towards the guard. It hit a building near the wall and bounced to the feet of the guard. He dropped on his knees and began to pray to the little ball of fire and he was evidently greatly terrified. Our hero was almost mad with delight; he had discovered a means of conquering the people in the city.

The next morning he told the captain of guards about his discovery and it pleased the captain very much. He was a little doubtful but he told the boy he would try his invention if he would manufacture enough cartridges and cannon balls of the compound. The captain called his men together and told them of the discovery. They were eager to try it and so after two days had passed, during which time our hero had manufactured one for every gun in camp, the whole squad of men came before the city as if to make an attack. All the inhabitants gathered near the walls, and some on top of the walls, to protect the city. The Americans opened fire and from almost every gun a ball of fire sped towards the city. The inhabitants fled in terror to all parts of the city and some even fell off the walls. Some few were hit by the balls and died of sheer fright.

After a short time their leader appeared on the walls with his arms outstretched towards the Americans and the great ponderous stone gates of the city began to swing open. The capture was complete; all the inhabitants slinked about in the most remote corners and hid their faces. The triumphant squad of American soldiers entered the wide-open gate and just then in the distance could be heard the siren whistle of the returning battleship.

A MOUNTAIN HOME.

LILLIAN MERRIMON, '16.

A short distance from the road which wound around the mountain, almost entirely surrounded by tall, green trees, stood the house. Not far from it a little stream murmured along on its way to the distant sea. From the porch of the house one could see far down into the fertile valley below.

The house, which contained four rooms, was well-built of great logs, giving it much the appearance of a large log cabin. In the living room was a great fireplace and on either side of it were wooden seats built in the wall. A large table covered with the latest magazines and papers occupied the center of the room while the several chairs were large and very comfortable. Nothing in the room was fine, but everything was in good taste and altogether the room presented a most home-like aspect. There were two large, airy bedrooms and a tiny kitchen, which was spotlessly clean.

The only occupants of the home were an old gray-haired gentleman and his lovely young granddaughter, Eleanor. The doctor having advised him to leave the city on account of ill health, he had brought Eleanor, whose parents were both dead, with him to this mountain home.

MY ALGEBRA.

NELLIE SMITH, '16.

I sit and study and try to learn
To work my algebra,
And to late hours, the lights I burn
To work my problems in algebra.

In latin I am quite a swell,
But not in algebra;
In history I do very well,
But, O you algebra!

The zeros, O the zero fall
On me, because of algebra;
In vain upon my brain I call,
But naught can get for algebra.

I close my book and give a sigh,
All for my algebra,
For twelve o'clock is drawing nigh,
And still it is not done—my algebra!

SCENES BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

LOUISE CLEGG, '15.

At six o'clock the largest department store on Main street closed, but the advertising office works until it gets through, "White Sale" or no "White Sale." Before the people could recover from Christmas indigestion, this popular store prepares the greatest "White Sale" ever launched in that city.

May Mason, advertising manager, gave a hasty glance at her watch, for on the six-thirty train she was going out of the city for the week-end and to attend her first party in her honor. Her thin eager face, of one who lives too hard wore its best expression.

Ting-a-ling! She jerked off the receiver with a joyous haste. "Hello! Yes, yes."

"You have not gone yet?" the general manager's tone was one of great relief. "Then you can delay your departure and come to my office."

"Now? Oh, certainly; I'll be right down," in a very blank little voice. "I suppose it was altogether too much to expect that I should ever have a party, a real party, like other girls," quavered the advertising manager.

As she entered the office the general manager was waiting with an expression as near human as is conceivable in a general manager.

"About the White Sale"—he started without delay.

"Oh, that's all settled," said the advertising manager, brightening.

"I have reliable information that our rivals are to start their sale on Tuesday, two days before ours," replied the general manager.

"How perfectly outrageous of them! Why don't they start it on Christmas eve and be done with it? Why, that leaves us nothing"—gasped the little manager.

"But to start ours on Tuesday, too," he added. "It would certainly be advisable if you can manage it."

She threw back her head and set her small teeth. Before the emergency and the vision of her long hoped for pleasure, a conflict was waging within her heart.

It was the general manager's anxious voice that aroused her from her reverie—"But can it be done?" he asked. "Can you get up any kind of ad. between now and Tuesday?"

For an instant the red satin rosettes blurred and her soft evening dress vanished from her mind; then she threw up her chin with the proud little gesture that meant duty before pleasure.

"We shall be satisfied with the best you can give us, Miss Mason," said the general manager kindly.

"That's just it, any kind of an ad. And I so wanted it to be a masterpiece."

"No cuts! A White Sale without cuts." She wrung her hands at this fresh tragedy. "And people are so spoiled and unreasonable. They expect cuts. And every artist gone hours ago."

She walked soberly back to her office. No possible hope now of the party and never again in all the world could there be a first party like that one was to be.

The advertising manager sat down limply on a chair and a chill crept over her. "Not even unpacked yet! And there are so many hundreds of dozens. It will take hours and hours to sort them out and write the descriptions alone!" The chill grew. A White Sale without goods, without prices, without cuts, without help. A panic akin to sickness seized her with this realization.

She had managed dozens of white sales. Couldn't she take the last one, change the talk here and there. She ran through her thoughts, but no satisfaction was in that, it was not according to her usual way of working. She threw back her head and laughed at the idea, but the laugh ended in a silence as blank as the white paper that must be filled.

"And people think that ads just happen. They read them and crumple them up, or use them on their pantry shelves,"

and the next moment she was leaning with bent brows above a sheet of paper.

As she glanced from the window she saw a snow storm raging over the city. An idea beamed in her mind, snow birds a leading point in the ad. Swiftly her hands flew over the white space telling how the snow birds brought to the white city the greatest snow white sale, piled on table after table of snowy whiteness.

The sharp jingle of the telephone interrupted. She pulled down the receiver impatiently. "Oh, yes, I'm here still. Is it that late? I'm managing very nicely. Supper? No, I haven't thought of it."

She hung up the receiver and laughed softly, feeling that the white sale would be a success, matchless and complete—and after all a masterpiece for an ad.

AN UNCONSCIOUS HEROINE.

ADELAIDE VAN NOPPEN, '15.

"Chubby" Thomas trudged home from school with a heavy heart. Life was certainly hard to bear when the children at school laughed at her old-fashioned woolen dresses and home-knitted stockings. They had never noticed her clothes until Frances White, with her fashionable clothes and ways, had come to school. Yes, life was hard indeed.

Before she realized it, she found herself in front of her home, a small but clean cabin with a cleared space about it. Lifting the latch she walked in, and was met by her mother carrying a baby.

"I'm so glad you've come, 'Chubby'," her mother said. "Please take baby now, for I have some necessary baking to do."

A few minutes later found "Chubby" curled up in a large rocking chair with baby in her lap. She was reading the story of Joan of Arc in her little primer and was just at the most interesting part. "Oh, wouldn't it be grand to be a heroine like Joan of Arc," she said, giving baby a squeeze.

Just then her mother called from the kitchen, "Chubby, please skate down to Mrs. Young's and borrow some yeast for me. I haven't quite enough and my bread is just ready for it. Please hurry."

"Chubby" reluctantly gave up the baby and laid down the book. Picking up her skates she started out. Higgins' pond was only a short distance from her home and from the pond she could skate down the mill race, almost to the Young's very door.

As she strapped on her skates and started down the ice, she heard laughter from around the bend. Speeding on she came in sight of Frances White and two other girls skating facing her. They passed with only a cool nod, and "Chubby" skated on, lonelier than before.

Mrs. Young was not long about getting the yeast, and in a very short while "Chubby" was speeding home again. It was getting late and she must hurry, so by skating fast she soon left the race and was on the pond again. Just as she was nearing the last bend and wondering what had become of Frances White and her crowd, she heard a piercing scream. What had happened? Who was it?

She sped around the bend and almost ran into a large gap in the ice. On the sides stood only two girls and Frances White was not there; one glance at their white faces and the hole in the ice told the story. Without a word "Chubby" "flopped down" on the ice and digging the toes of her skates into the ice she stretched out until she could reach the hole. There was a cracking of the ice bordering the hole, but it did not give way.

Just then Frances' head rose to the surface and she threw up one arm. Quick as a flash "Chubby's" fat little arms flew out and grasped the girl firmly. "You girls catch hold of me and pull," she said, and the girls quickly obeyed. With almost superhuman strength "Chubby" pulled steadily, inch by inch, and dug her skates back farther into the ice. It was slow and painful work but at last Frances lay stretched out on the ice, and the three exhausted girls sank down beside her.

"She's alive all right," said one girl, feeling Frances' pulse.

"Well, then, one of you skate down the race to Mr. Young's and tell him to come quick," murmured "Chubby."

One of the girls rose slowly to her feet and skated off, leaving the others resting on the bank.

After what seemed ages to the waiting girls, their companion skated back, carrying a large steamer rug. "Mr. Young is coming as soon as he can get the sled," she panted, "and he says to wrap her in this." It took but a minute to strip off the soaking coat and wrap the girl in the rug. Then "Chubby," who had somewhat recovered her strength, rose slowly to her feet.

"I hate to leave you girls," she said, "but Mr. Young will be here in a minute and mother is waiting for this yeast." As

she reached the end of the pond she looked back and saw Mr. Young approaching with a large sled and she knew that Frances would be safe.

* * * * *

After supper, although tired and sleepy, "Chubby" sat up to finish the story of Joan of Arc. When at last she finished the story she laid the book down with a sigh and murmured, "Oh, I would give anything to be a heroine like Joan of Arc, but I don't believe there are any heroines these days."

"A PLEA."

ANNIE FRED FOUSHEE, '14.

There's a saying dear to all our thoughts,
 By a poet now above—
 "In the spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This speaks for the young men,
 Let me speak for the maids—
 It is thus ordained by nature
 That reality into day dreams fade.

Then why? O stern and cruel masters,
 As the spring approaches near,
 Do you crowd our days with toil
 And our thoughts with doubts and fears?

The Reflector, our Senior essay,
 Even this thing for the Sage—
 Keeps our poetic minds from wandering
 One minute from school days.

Let us plead with eyes so tearful,
 That you cannot but relent,
 Give us just a few spare moments
 To be in fancy spent.

GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL.

NELLYE RICKMOND, '14.

G-irls in the old Greensboro High School
R-arely ever break the rule.
E-vrything goes on in its order,
E-very one behaves as she ought to.
N-ever is a word in school spoken,
S-eldom is a real good rule broken.
B-ut best are we when the teachers' away,
O-r really, that is the time for play.
R-eally we are very fond of this place,
O-lder we get, more it suits our taste.

H-istory and English are very interesting,
I-ndeed we love reciting,
G-eometry is considered by some a pest,
H-ere we think it one of the best.

S-o here we will praise our boys,
C-ertainly they are not mere toys,
H-appy are they to help others,
O-ften they are nearly as good as brothers.
O-ver the world we may all stray,
L-et us never forget this our happy day.

A good ideal is one of a person's most valuable assets.

DOROTHY'S AUNT.

EDITH HALLER, '16.

It was the fourth of August and everything was in tip-top shape in the Clayborne Hotel on Clayborne Beach. The hotel was crowded and every one was enjoying themselves. The afternoon train brought Mr. Newton to the popular resort, and he was to occupy the last vacant room.

It was after supper, the twilight was softly falling, and every one was enjoying the refreshing sea breezes. Before the dance Dorothy Wharton and her spinster aunt were out taking their evening stroll on the beach.

"O! Aunty," exclaimed Dorothy, "Here comes the gentleman that took the room across the hall from me. Isn't he handsome, though?"

"Dorothy," said her aunt, "I am surprised at your conduct."

Just then Jack Newton passed and Dorothy turned her head so as to see him, for he was "so good looking," as she put it. He must have thought the same thing, for he turned the same time she did. Aunty was shocked and reproved her.

Dorothy Wharton was the attractive daughter of Mr. L. G. Wharton. Dorothy's mother died when she was quite young and left her in care of her aunt. Being a spinster herself she has tried to make Dorothy one, and for herself she tried to win Mr. Wharton. But in vain.

By the time they were back from their evening stroll it was time for the dance. Dorothy is a very good dancer and is very popular wherever she goes. Among the many that asks for a dance is Mr. Newton. (Dorothy is in a flutter, for this is what she wanted and what her aunt did not want. For aunty likes him for herself and makes out to Dorothy that she does not like him.

The night is well spent and Jack just must have one more dance with Dorothy. But instead of dancing, they go for a

stroll on the beach. Aunty's careful eyes is watching them, for I think she is jealous.

When Dorothy reached her room aunty was waiting for her, for she wanted to scold.

"Dorothy, dear," she began, "what would your father say if he knew that you were dancing and talking so much with a young man of a few hours' acquaintance?"

"O! aunty, I do wish that you were young and cared for pleasure, but instead you never want me to have a good time when I meet a young man. You expect me to be grouchy, nod, and grunt whenever he says anything. I tell you I am young, aunty, and not old like yourself."

This was not the first speech of its kind, for Dorothy has to remind her very often that she is young and enjoys a good time.

A week later Dorothy and her aunt are busy helping the maid pack to go to the mountains, as aunty is tired of the beach. This is much to Dorothy's sorrow, for she has to leave Jack, and the gay times she has been having.

On the train to Golden Springs, aunty spies a young man for Dorothy. She learns from his conversation that he is going to Golden Springs.

Golden Springs is reached at last. That night when Dorothy came down to supper a letter was handed to her. This arouses aunty's suspicions for she thinks it's from Jack. Dorothy handed her the letter and she read:

Dear Daughter: Just a line to let you know that I will be with you in the morning. Your telegram missed me, for I was on my way to Clayborne.

Your devoted father,

T. G. WHARTON.

P. S.—Have a big surprise for you.

The next morning Dorothy and her aunt were down at the station to meet her father, and who should get off the train

with him but Jack. It was a surprise for Dorothy, but rather a shock for aunty.

That night aunty had a headache, so retired early. Mr. Wharton told about knowing Jack's father and the good times they had had together. During the night aunty is taken desperately ill and has to be taken home. This meant another parting for Dorothy and Jack.

A year has passed and Dorothy is at Clayborne again. This time she and Jack are on their honeymoon. They love to walk on the beach and tell of their first sight of each other. They are now free from the watchful eye of aunty, for she has had her wish come true. She is Mrs. Wharton.

OUR AIM.

ESTHER KIRKPATRICK, '14.

Our strong band can ne'er be broken;
For we are doing our best.
Our deeds will remain behind us unspoken;
For we are trying to surpass all the rest.

This year's work is swiftly passing;
Let us one and all unite.
While with love and zeal unceasing,
To do our best with all our might.

Memory will cling to the G. H. S.,
And around the hearts of the faculty
Of this year's Seniors who are doing their best,
Trying to surpass all the rest.

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

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AT GREENSBORO, N. C., UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

VOL. IX FEBRUARY, 1914 No. 3

Editorials.

With its capable and efficient management, the annual for 1914 ought to be the best ever published by Greensboro High School. Since it is the students' work and represents the progress in the past year it ought to be considered an honor by any student to be on its subscribers' list. The editors are planning to do their part,

but this will not amount to much without the co-operation of the students, and this is especially necessary in contributing jokes for the humor department.

This year the Preliminary, which will be on February 20, 1914, seems to be of more interest than usual, perhaps because no one is sure of his place. The question is, "Resolved, That the Constitution of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow the Initiative and Referendum in State-wide Legislation." It is this debate more than anything else that shows what the Societies have accomplished towards developing the art of debating. We hope that we may be able to pick from the seven candidates four men who are able to represent our school as she has been represented in the past. We have always managed to get one side, and several times both sides were won in the final contest with Raleigh and Charlotte.

There are many entries for the prizes of \$5 offered by Mr. J. A. Williams for the best essay on "North Carolina Romance." Great interest has been shown so far in this and it is evident that the judges will have a hard time in picking the winner. We are looking forward to the time when the declamation contest for the eighth grade will come off. The eighth grade has some good talent and we are looking for it to be displayed in this coming event.



McNEIL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the McNeil Society before the Christmas holidays was held in the chapel of the High School building. All the business of the term was satisfactorily attended to. An interesting feature of the program was a play, "A Midnight Feast," written by a member of the society, Miss Reube Alley. After the conclusion of this unusual addition to the program, several enjoyable recitations, dialogues, and instrumental and vocal solos were rendered.

On January 9, 1914, the first meeting of the McNeil Society after the holidays convened in room No. 3, for the purpose of electing new officers. It was voted by the society that none of the officers should be re-elected to the same places. The following officers were elected:

President—Lola May Holland.
Vice-President—Flossie Denny.
Secretary—Kathryn Shaffer.
Treasurer—Mary Louise Low.
Critic—Adelaide Van Noppen.

After the election of officers a short program was carried out.

On the 23rd of January the McNeil Society held its bi-monthly meeting in the chapel. After a discussion of all business, the society invited the Ionians to attend their meeting. An interesting program was rendered, the most entertaining number being a sextette, "Darling I Am Growing Old," by Margaret Armstrong, Kathryn Shaffer, Adelaide Van Noppen, Margaret Stroud, Mary Rees, and Kirk Callum. At the close of the program a few numbers were rendered by members of the Ionian Society, including an amusing debate, "Resolved, that examinations should be abolished in public schools." The affirmative won.

On February 6, 1914, the McNeils held no meeting, as they attended the meeting of the Ionians.

IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Ionians held their last meeting before the Christmas holidays in room No. 12. A very amusing and interesting play called "The Six Kleptomaniacs" was rendered. It was enjoyed by the society; especially were the historic talent of Julia Silver as an Irishwoman, and the starring of Leone Blanchard as a negress appreciated. A chorus by a number of girls completed the program.

A meeting was held on January 9, 1914, for the election of officers. After some dispute it was voted that none of the present officers could hold any office whatever, and the following new officers were elected:

President—Florine Rawlins.

Vice-President—Nellie Rickmond.

Secretary—Edith Haller.

Treasurer—Lillian Merrimon.

Critic—Annie Fred Foushee.

⁴² On January 23, 1914, the Ionians attended the meeting of the McNeil's.

It is customary in the Greensboro High School for one of the girls' societies to entertain the whole school annually. On February 6, 1914, the Ionian Society invited the High School to attend its meeting, and the following program was carried out:

1. Piano Duet Annie Fred Foushee and Pauline Justice
2. Pantomine....."Reveries of a Bachelor"
3. Recitation Edith Haller
4. Vocal Solo Jennie Britton
5. Recitation Pauline Justice
6. Piano Solo Annie Fred Foushee
7. Vocal Solo Florine Rawlins
8. Play "The Honor of the Class"
9. Piano Solo Lillian Merrimon

PHILOMELIAN SOCIETY.

The first meeting after Christmas was held on January 9, 1914. Since the Society always elects new officers at this meeting the old officers were re-elected. The following question was debated: "Resolved, That the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be repealed." After the debate a very interesting program consisting of the following pieces, current events, recent inventions, athletic records of G. H.S., life of Edison, humorous story. One of the most instructive parts of the Society work is the report of Critic Williams.

In the second meeting after Christmas all the old officers resigned and the Society refused to elect new ones. An amendment to the constitution was made regarding the election of any officer from any grade. The negative side, consisting of Glenn Wyrick, Ben Stockard and Eldrige Clary,

won the following debate, "Resolved, That as society is now constituted the liquor saloon performs desirable reforms."

DIAPHESIAN.

Since the Christmas holidays the society has held but two meetings. In the first meeting the following officers were elected to serve during the spring term:

President—William Johnson.
 Vice-President—William Boyst.
 Secretary—Kemp Clendenin.
 Treasurer—George Brandt.
 First Censor—William Watson.
 Second Censor—Lacy McAlister.

After the election of officers and passing on other business of importance, a very interesting program was read and executed. The following committees were appointed for the spring term:

Query Committee—Wm. Boyst, W. Stamey, F. Pritchett.

Finance Committee—Byran McCullen, Jr., Henry Jacobs, Harry Fluharty.

Committee on Appeals—Roland McClamroch, Kenneth Pinix, Elwood Mitchell.

Substantiation Committee—Wm. Watson, Clyde King, Leland Porter.

Section Committee—Wm. Simpson, Ryland Olive, Charles Lewis.

In the second meeting in January the society was called to order by President Johnson. After the roll call a very interesting program was executed. The debate on the query, "Resolved, that the present prohibition law had proven a success in North Carolina," was argued with much enthusiasm. The debaters soon discovered that the question hinged on the

word success and both sides fought with facts and statistics. The negative won.

After the program, business was called for in regular order—unfinished business, several standing committees reported; new business, marshals were elected for the Triangular debate, class day exercises, and commencement. Bryan McCullen, Jr., was elected chief, and Kemp Clendenin sub-marshal. Business in regard to the Triangular debates was also discussed. Under miscellaneous business, nothing of importance was brought up.

The society is looking forward with much interest to the Triangular debate with Charlotte and Raleigh. Out of the seven who have entered the preliminary, six of them are Diaphesians. Here's hoping that the four lucky ones will be Di's. Two of the boys will debate Charlotte in the Queen City, and two will debate Raleigh in the Gate City. Win we must. How? Let everybody come to the debate at home, and wish for the boys who go to Charlotte.

The Di's wish to extend to the Ionian Society their heartfelt appreciation for the splendid entertainment given in the chapel at our last regular meeting. The program was certainly a success in every way, and we are sure that the entire school was much benefited. Public programs are always interesting, inspiring and elevating.



DISBANDING OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The results of this move have already become evident from the character of the games which the students are indulging in. We were looking forward to put out a champion track and baseball team, but our hopes have been smothered. When the books were settled it was found that the Association had about \$50 on hand and by the request of the members twenty-four jerseys were purchased to be given to all who tried regularly for the team and to all coaches. In doing this we have decreased the value of jerseys and shown little or no appreciation for the donations which have been given to us this year by those who wish to help athletics.

GOOD-BYE.

On account of our uncalled-for meeting,
Which was accompanied by much shouting,
It has been decided by a very firm hand
That our Athletic Association should disband.

Events of Local Interest.

We are sorry to say that a few pupils have been demoted since Christmas.

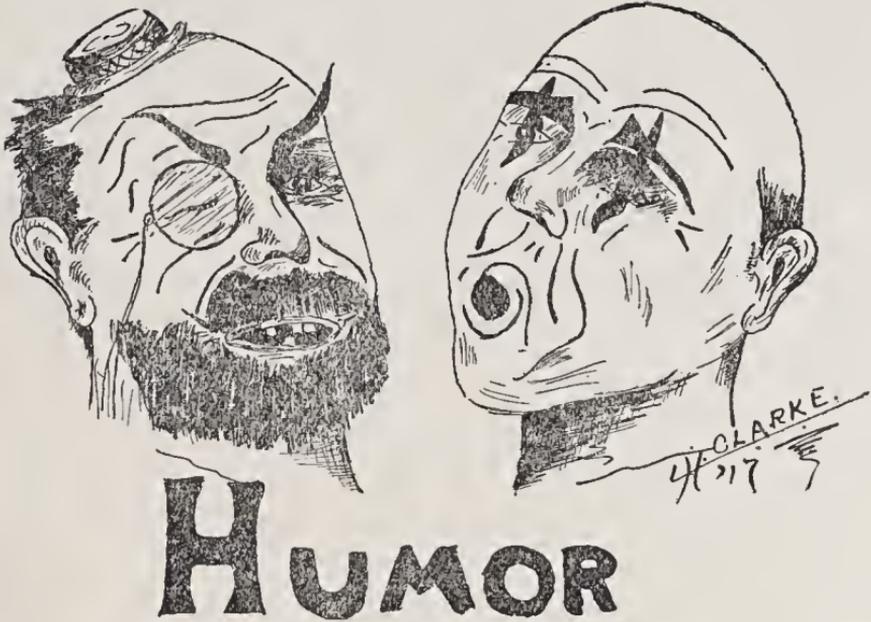
Several new rules have been made regarding our marching. Now both boys and girls march out to the street without speaking or breaking ranks.

One morning in chapel Mary Wilson had "something good for us" in the form of a piano solo. It was immensely enjoyed and we hope that she will soon play for us again.

We were sorry Miss Sutton had to miss several days from her history classes on account of sickness. Miss Ruth Gillikin, of Greensboro College, had her classes during her illness.

We greatly regret that there will be no athletics this spring, owing to Dr. Mann's insisting upon pupils making the required average, 78 per cent., the Athletic Association has disorganized and we fear that there will be no more athletics this year.

The Ionian Literary Society delightfully entertained the school Friday, February 6th. Every individual performed her part nicely and the program was declared by all to be "perfectly grand." There were several amusing recitations and several instrumental selections, but perhaps the most enjoyable numbers were "Reveries of a Bachelor"—a pantomime, and "The Honor of the Class"—a play. For the success of the program the Ionians are greatly indebted to Miss Preyer and Miss Waterhouse for drilling them so thoroughly.



Clarence—"I always did like a Rube, they are so beautiful."

John W.—"There are many Jewels to be selected, but as for me, "Give me liberty or give me death."

If Sir Walter Scott had a garden would "Ivanhoe?" (Ivan hoe.)

If the "Abbot" costs a dollar what is "Kenilworth?" (Kenil worth.)

Miss Sutton—"William, what does it mean by saying that Mohammed was a prophet?"

Johnson (after long cogitation)—"He must have bought something for 98c. and sold it for a dollar."

Mr. Williams (during Latin period)—"Bush, you don't put enough life in your reading."

Bush—"Well, it's a dead language isn't it?"

Prof.—"After man came woman."

Roland—"Yes, she's been after him ever since."

Mr. Stanton (coming into the room and finding Paul out

of position)—“Paul take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.”

Teacher—“What does Ph. D. stand for?”

Pupil—“Philosophical dance.”

Mr. Gantt—“Roland, you oughtn't to throw peanuts on the Lab. floor. What do you think Dr. Mann would say if he saw it?”

Roland—“Oh! shucks.”

W. J.—“Mr. Gantt, what property would you give to the expansion of gases?”

Percy Mc (answering out of time)—“Why, that's called expanibility.

Pupil—“And Hydrogen Dioxide bleaches the hair red.”

F. R.—“You needn't be looking at me, I haven't been using any of it.”

Inquirer—“Florine, what made your hair turn red?”

F.—“Nothing, specially, rain fell on my head one day and the hair up there just rusted.”

Mr. Warren: Please excuse Percy's (Mc.) absence yesterday, because it was absolutely necessary since I washed his socks. This will not happen again this year. Mrs. ——

Mr. Gant—“Who was the first woman?”

Gordon—“Adam.”

Mr. Gant—“Next.”

Gordon—“Yes he was too, for he was the first made (maid).”

Teacher—“Clarence, how would you punctuate the sentence: Miss Jones was walking down Market street alone yesterday?”

Clarence—“I would make a *dash* after Miss Jones.”

Mrs. Alexander—“Settle, give me a sentence with seldom in it.”

Ichabod—“I had some crutches but I solded 'em.”

Mr. Gantt—"Cecilia, how was iron discovered?"

Cecilia—"Why—a they smelt it."

Ma—"Lewis, your report is lower than it was before Christmas."

Marks—"Well, you know's everyting is marked down after Christmas."

Miss Howard (on test)—"No, Florine, you can't borrow a pencil, what would you think of a soldier who went to war without his gun?"

Florine—"I would think he was an officer."

Geo.—"If you tell me what you had for breakfast this morning, Ben, I will tell you what you are."

Ben—"All right, I had grape fruit, quail-on-toast, frog-legs smothered in mushrooms, two mocking birds, and three nice California canteloupes."

Geo.—"Well, you are either a millionaire or a liar, and I know you ain't a millionaire."

Let music sound while Johnson makes his choice between oratory and geometry, but let him not make a swan-like end fading in music (of the voice).

Roland to Elbert—"Say, Elbert, what do you mean?"

Elbert—"Well, 'skin,' if you have to know, I was just *hyperboleing* about a matter that wasn't your business nor mine, so that ends it."

Frank Pritchett (after much deliberation)—"Just one glance at you, dear, makes me forget the present and think of the happy days about twenty-five years ago, 'when you and I were young Nellie'."

Lacy to Frank—"Come on Frank and let's go."

Frank—"Go where?"

Lacy—"To the gym."

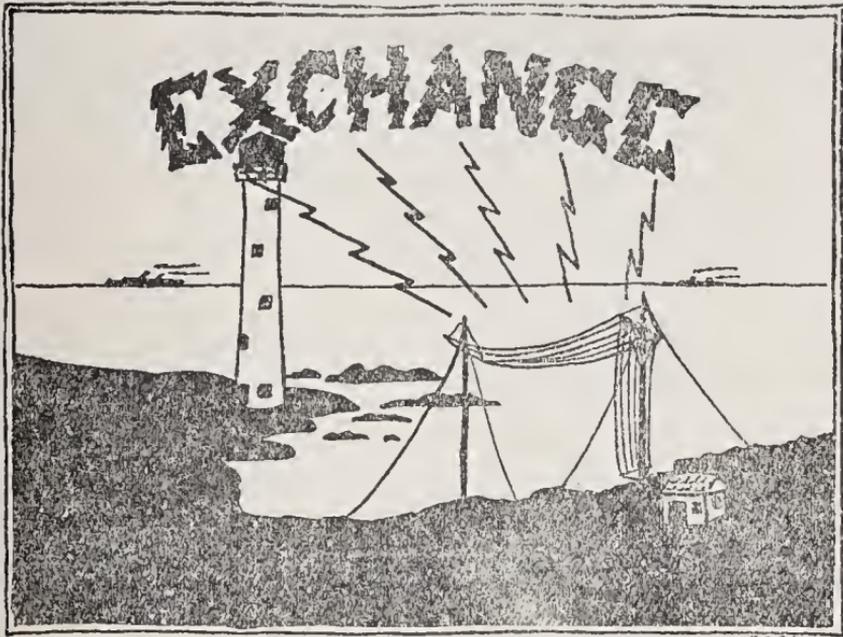
Frank—"It is a matter of impossibility."

Lacy—"Why?"

Frank—"Because I have got some Sut(t)on my face."

ADMITTED FACTS.

A Dude	Bryan McCullen
A Flirt	Margaret Justice
An Orator	Wm. Johnson
A Pessimist	John Walker
A Pretty Girl	Annie Fred
An Athlete	Glenn Wyrick
A Cute Little Girl	Celia Goldstein
A Dandy Scholar	Woodrow Clark
A Talker	Florine Rawlins
A Man (Jeff).....	Lewis Marks
A Boy (Mutt).....	Kenneth Pinnix



B.S. '14

The best way to strengthen a magazine is to strengthen the Exchange Department. This cannot be done by the editor alone; if it can we would be glad to know how. But it can be done by the other magazines in the State, if they will send us their's. We have had the pleasure of receiving quite a few this time, all of which we welcome among our list.

The Davidson College Magazine is the best we have had. It contains an abundance of good poetry and an excellent story, "A Christmas Violin." The editorial is also good.

The Messenger from Durham is a good magazine this time, but could be bettered with more poetry. "Ratscat" is too overdrawn, we think.

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.

You Can Have a Walk-Over

if you wear our Shoes.

WALK-OVER SHOES GIVE YOU THE WALK-OVER FEELING.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.

The Home of Good Shoes

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2. We have the finest line of Moulding and Pictures in central N. C.
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4. You will receive courteous treatment.

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DR. C. T. LIPSCOMB, Dentist

Office Opposite Meyers'

Phones 793 and 1399

Greensboro, N. C.

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**How about the B. & B. Manufactured by
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Furniture and Undertaking

Slate Vaults any Size

Office Open all Night

Universally
Acknowledged!

the high quality and artistic
skill of *our* portraits. *Prices*
within reason, too. . . .

In figuring on that graduation picture, *count us* in.

The Eutsler Studio

REMEMBER

that the best furnishings for Men
and Boys are always to be found at

VANSTORY CLOTHING CO.

Phœnix Cafe and Restaurant

BEST MEALS IN TOWN

114 W. Market St.

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Three Doors from Court House.

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Attractive Millinery and an up-to-date line of fancy
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MONEY TO LOAN

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A. W. KAPLAN

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Greensboro, N. C.

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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

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"The Bank with the Chimes."

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PATTERSON BROS., Inc.

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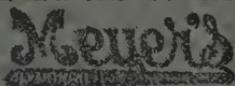
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