

VOL. X

NO. 3

THE SAGE  
FEBRUARY, 1915



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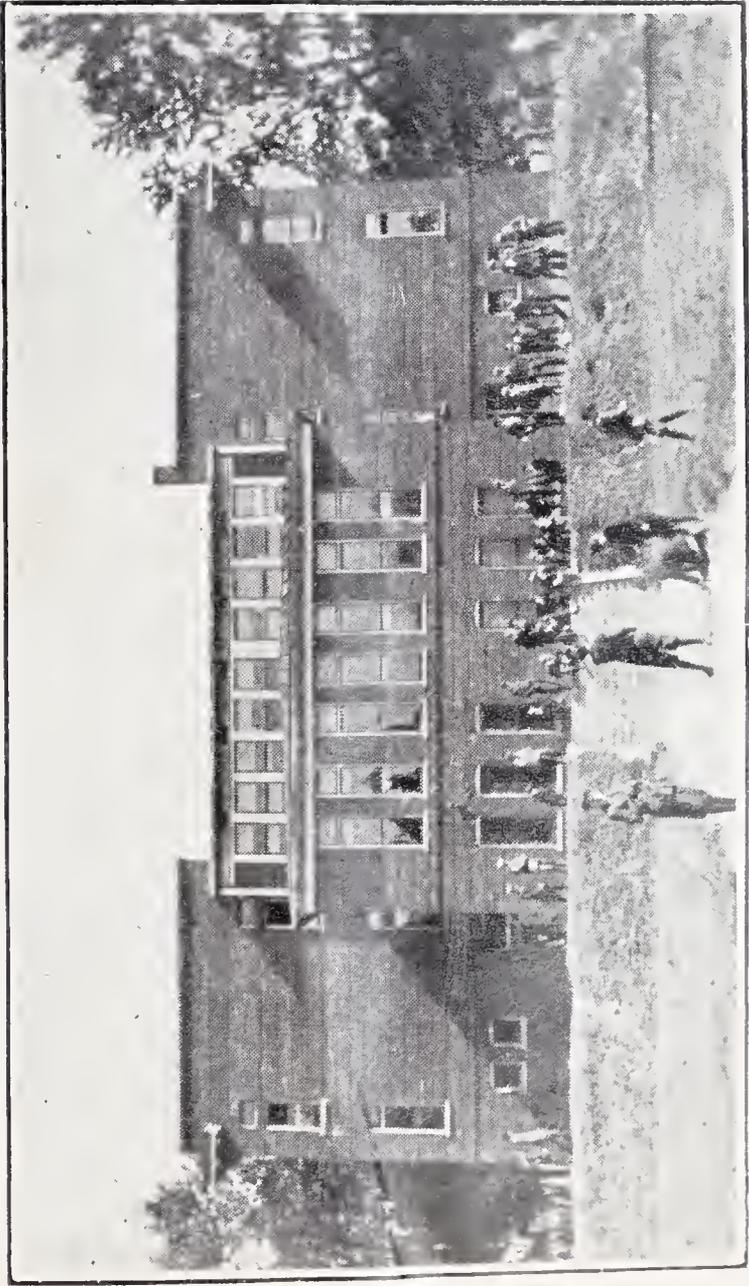
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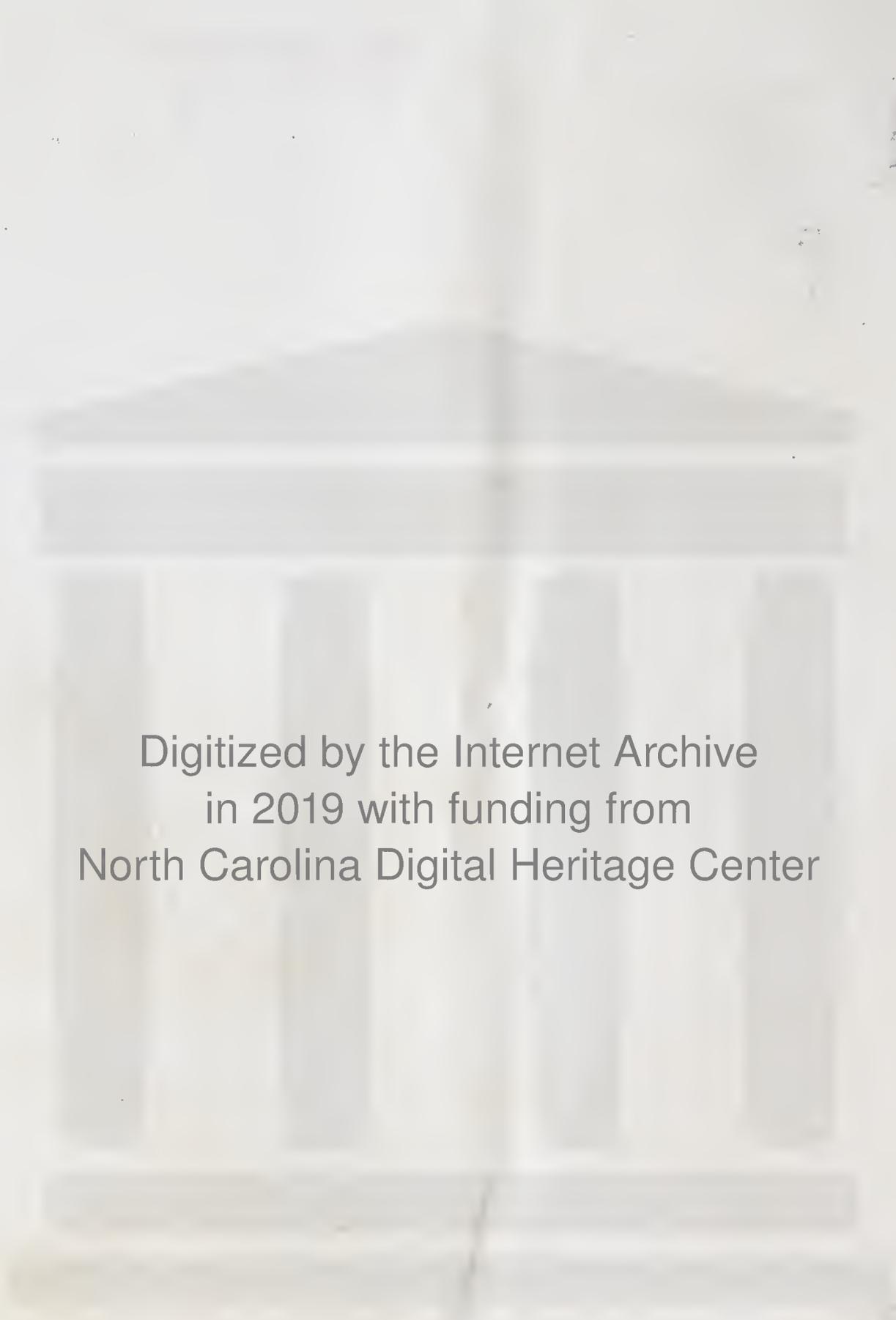




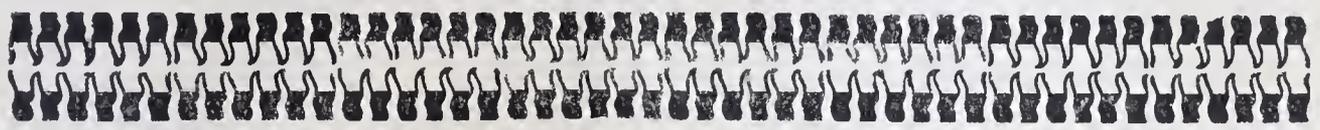
	PAGE
Winter to Spring—Mary C. Wilson, '17.....	1
The Good Widow—Irma Shaw, '18.....	2
The "Can You Imagines"—Mary Rees, '15.....	3
Methods of Modern Warfare—Ben Cone, '16.....	4
A Summer Shower—Mary Glenn, '17.....	5
Deities of High School—Fletcher Ridge, '17.....	6
April Fool at College—Jessie May Young, '16.....	6
A Summer Night—Lillian Merrimon, '15.....	8
An Evening Scene—Grace Cox, '16.....	9
A Ghost Story—Carol Shelton, '15.....	10
An Acrostic—Jessie Howard, '16.....	11
A Smile and a Frown—Mary C. Wilson, '17.....	12
Grace's Valentines—Hilton West, '15.....	12
Senior Sayings—Anon .....	14
A Storm at Sea—Page Johnson, '18.....	15
A Disagreement—Irma Shaw, '18.....	16
A Scene on the Pacific—Mary L. Low, '16.....	17
A Senior Lament—Kemp Clendenin, '15.....	18
Freshman Game—Anon .....	18
Alumni of the High School .....	20
Editorials .....	22
Organizations .....	26
Athletics .....	31
Events of Local Interest .....	35
Jokes .....	37
Exchanges .....	42



Boys' Ground.



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# THE SAGE

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WINTER TO SPRING.

M. C. W., '17.

All the trees are gray and bare,  
All the grass is brown,  
Not a green leaf anywhere,  
Cold and hard the ground.

Southward all the birds have flown,  
Seeking warmer climes,  
Snow has come and winds have blown,  
This is winter time.

But this winter time won't last,  
Birds back home will come;  
Flowers will peep up so fast,  
Everything will bloom.

The sun will shine much warmer,  
The birds will sweetly sing,  
Everyone will feel so glad  
In this time of spring.

## THE GOOD WIDOW.

IRMA SHAW, '18.

It was Saturday night, and the widow of Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her three tattered children by her side, endeavoring, by listening to their prattle, to dispute the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year her feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter. A mysterious Providence had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens.

The last herring smoked upon the hearth before her. It was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her heart was filled with despair. Many years before, her eldest son had left his forest home to try his fortune on the billowy wave of life; of him she had heard no note or tidings. In later times Providence had deprived her of her husband. Yet to this time she had been up-borne; she had not only been able to provide for her little ones, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the poor.

As she bent to the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, for she felt that her prayer would soon be answered.

The smoking herring was scarcely laid upon the table when a gentle rap at the door attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted food," said he. The widow's head bled anew, for her sympathies lingered not only around her fireside. She did not hesitate even now; rest and a share of what little she had she would gladly give to him. "We

shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer more for an act of charity." The traveler drew near the table, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward her in astonishment. "And is this all you have?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to a stranger? Then I never did see charity before. But madam," he continued, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last morsel to a stranger?"

"Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed from her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a dear son, somewhere on the face of the earth, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only treat you as I wish others to treat him." The stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "Your son has found just such a place, for he has returned to you, with his good fortune. My mother! Oh, my mother!"

It was her long lost son who had returned to her from the West Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might more completely surprise his family, and never was a surprise more perfect.

That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable and beautiful in the city, and the widow lived with her dutiful son in the enjoyment of plenty; and to this day the passer-by is pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches, broad and green, above her grave while he listens to the recital of this story.

---

### "THE CAN YOU IMAGINES."

1. Can you imagine—Kirk Callum being serious for a period of five minutes?
2. Can you imagine—Adelaide Van Noppen getting zero on any lesson?
3. Can you imagine—Clarence Angel keeping his mouth shut for one second?

4. Can you imagine—John Walker looking pleasant and making pleasing remarks?

5. Can you imagine—Connie Stout doing otherwise than returning Hilton West's affections?

6. Can you imagine—Robert Frazier's love for Kirk Callum growing cold?

7. Can you imagine—Miss Howard saying, "Class, I'm not going to give you a geometry lesson for tomorrow, because you work too hard and I want you to rest?"

8. Can you imagine—Prof. Gantt talking real loudly and distinctly?

9. Can you imagine—That you are making good in your school work?

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## METHODS OF MODERN WARFARE.

BENJAMIN CONE, '16.

The great tragedy in Europe has brought out several wonderful inventions; most of these destructive machines were perfected by the Krupp Company of Germany. The giant howitzers of the German army are an example of great genius on the part of the inventors. These guns hurl shells with wonderful precision at a distance of three miles. They are easily transported by motor cars and their wonderful reevel system of glycerine chambers allows them to be fired from their carriages.

The submarine has lately proven its use as a destroyer of battleships. The strongest dreadnoughts are powerless against these craft. They can run below the surface for several hours and shoot torpedoes with accuracy from great distances. The only thing showing on the surface is the periscope by which the navigator sees on the surface of the water. This instru-

ment is composed of mirrors and lenses. The only drawback of the submarine is the bubbles rising from its propellers and the decreased speed under water to that on top.

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“A SUMMER SHOWER.”

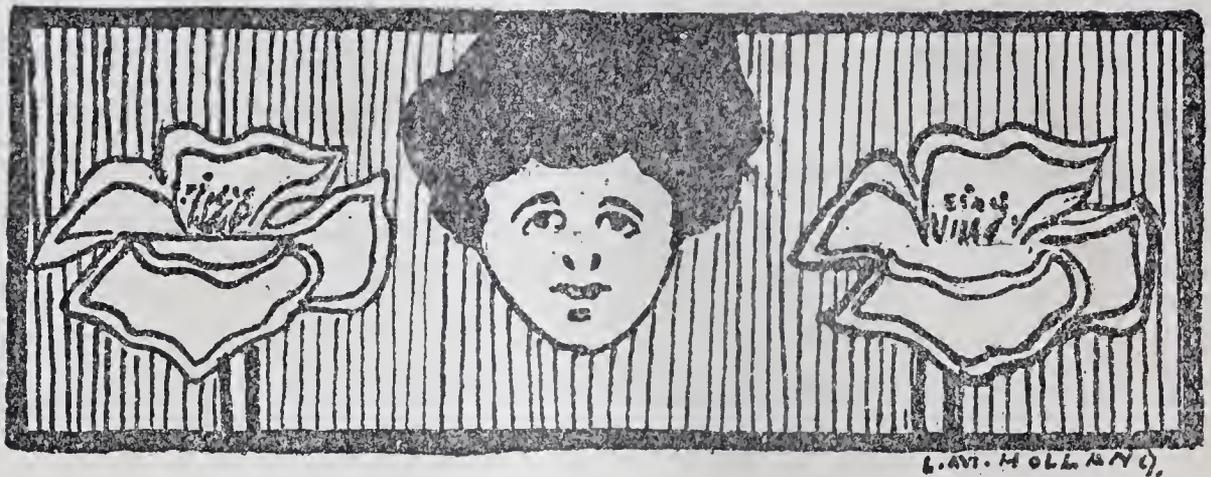
MARY ADELE GLENN, '17.

An oppressing stillness, like a sulphurous cloud hung over the city, that hot August afternoon.

Even the draymen on the streets went by with less noise, and their plodding horses looked thirstily at the spraying fountains in the parks.

People had deserted the hot pavements and had sought soda fountains, with their electric fans and cooling drinks.

In the distance the thunder boomed warningly of the approaching storm. Then the lightning came and pierced the black clouds, as with swords of fire. Then the rain — that blessed cool rain that washed and watered the parched earth with its generous waters! It poured in torrents that seemed would never cease, but it finally abated, till it was a mere drizzle. Then the sun came out in all its evening glory, and made the raindrops on the trees in the parks look like diamonds put there magically by fairy fingers. The ground too looked more refreshed, and the people put on happier faces after the cooling shower.



## A TABLE OF THE GREAT DEITIES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

FLETCHER RIDGE, '17.

- Dr. Mann—supreme god.  
Mr. Williams—god of the zea, (ro).  
Mr. Lasley—god of poetry, wisdom, etc.  
Mr. Warren—god of war.  
James—god of fire.  
Mr. Gantt—god of the wind (3 m. in 31 min. 32 sec.).  
Miss Howard—goddess of math.  
Miss Sutton—goddess of the history of the men.  
Miss Berg—goddess of music.  
Miss Michael—goddess of the tongue.  
Miss Waterhouse—goddess of all the business.  
Miss Bondurant—goddess of kitchen fire and home.

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## APRIL FOOL AT COLLEGE.

JESSIE MAY YOUNG, '16.

On the 31st of March, way out on the edge of the beautiful, green campus of Bingham College sat six boys. They were William Corn and his five companions, Edward Tree, Paul

Wheat, Charles Fields, Carlisle Oats and Samuel Barley. They were all worried with their school day's work and troubles.

William said: "We never have any good times. It's always the same old round every day and never any changes. I do wish we could have something new and more interesting."

Up spoke Paul, as he clapped his hands together, "I have it. We had forgotten that tomorrow is the 1st day of April, and therefore April Fool Day. Let's think of some way to fool the other boys. What can we do?"

"You are a fine old fellow, Paul," said Charles, "nothing ever escapes your notice. Now, what shall we do?"

Charles was right for Paul was witty and he soon had a plan, for laughing, he said, "Let's take the things out of the dining room and kitchen and hide them so that we can't have any breakfast in the morning."

From that time until the bell for supper rang, the boys were busy planning for the surprise. After supper they could scarcely study for thinking of the time after the Professor had been around for his last time that night.

When it was supposed that all in the school were sound asleep the six boys stole very quietly down the hall to the dining room. They took all the tables down the road from the school, set the tables and poured molasses in every plate. Next they put the chairs up in the trees all around the campus.

Next they turned to the kitchen. Now, here the school had a very large stove, made for the purpose of the school where there were so many to cook for. So William ran up to the stove saying, "Oh! if we hide the stove-pipe and lids they can't get any more except to wait for them to be made at the factory and they will have to give us a holiday tomorrow."

So every lid and joint of the pipe were soon hidden safely away; and each set his alarm clock so that he would not sleep late and therefore be suspected.

The next morning the boys were walking around the campus, our six with the rest. Suddenly some of the boys saw a chair

in a tree. Later they looked around and one boy hollered out, "Just look. they are in all the trees all over the campus!"

The cooks had found out about the mischief earlier than the boys, for as they came up they saw the tables down the road fixed for breakfast.

So after a long chat and search for the pipe and lids of the stove the Professor stood up and said, "Now, no damage has been done yet and I am sure every one has enjoyed the joke, and if some one will kindly find the pipes and lids of the stove we will not give any demerits or punish the boys who did it, but I think it is time to quit now."

Then every one went to work searching again and in less than five minutes the pipes and lids were found. But after all our six got into trouble, because they thought the cooks would cook breakfast before school started, so they went up town to get something to eat. When they returned they found that school had taken up without any breakfast and they had to pay a fine.

---

### A SUMMER NIGHT.

LILLIAN MERRIMON, '15.

It was a beautiful night in June. The moon was shining brightly on the banks of the little stream and silence reigned in the little wood, except for the occasional rustling of the breeze through the leafy trees. Surely Shakespeare had in mind just such a night when he wrote "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." In this wood all the little birds had gone to rest and many tiny wild flowers nodded their little heads in sleep. But suddenly the song of a distant nightingale was heard and music added her charm to this scene of perfection.

## AN EVENING SCENE.

GRACE COX, '16.

As the western sun was sinking  
Back behind the hills of gray,  
I was watching from my window  
The departure of the day.

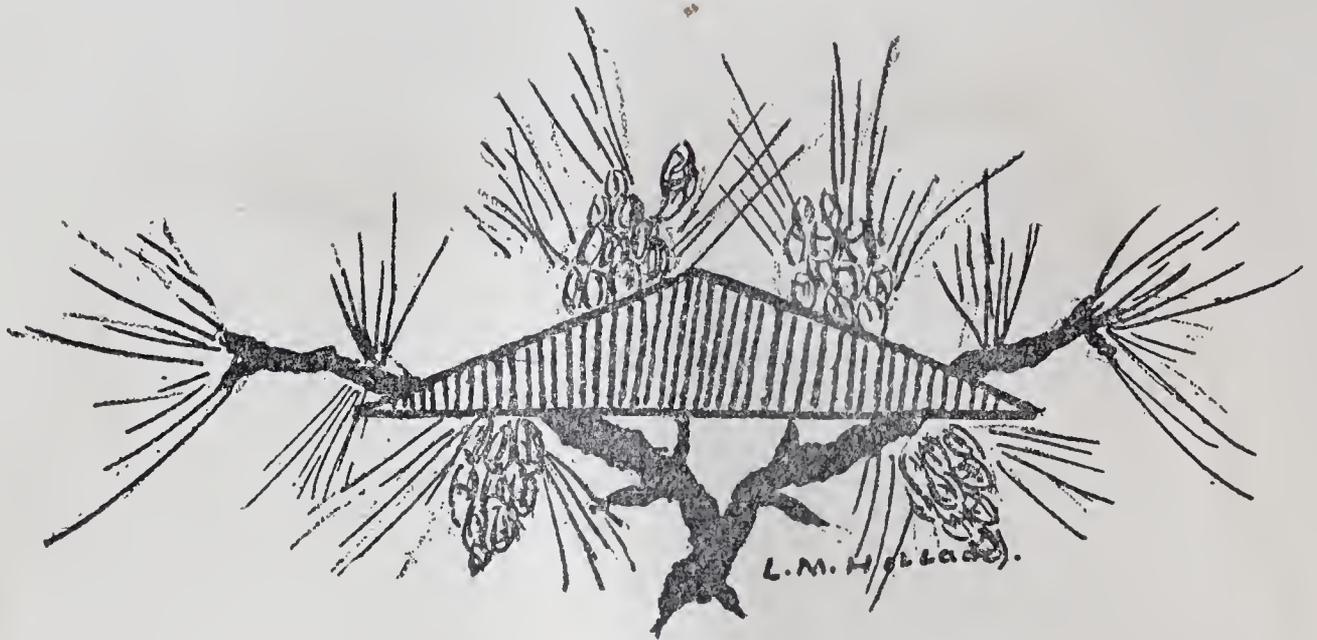
First the sun with waning brightness  
Sank and sank, until at last  
All it left for me to look at  
Was a vision of the past.

Long I stood and gazed and wondered  
Out into the evening dark,  
"Nature's beautiful," I whispered,  
As I saw a shining spark.

"Tiny star, so far above me,"  
Said I to the far off light,  
"Thou art there to guide the traveller  
And to make the world more bright."

And there seemed to come an echo  
From the tiny spark of light,  
"Yes, I am where God has placed me  
And I shine with all my might."

So we all should learn a lesson  
From our friend, the little star,  
Do our best where we are stationed,  
Prove our worth, and what we are.



## A GHOST STORY.

CAROL SHELTON, '15.

Along the dusty road staggered the village loafer. As usual he was drunk, but this time he was even drunker than usual and did not know which way to go to find the little shabby hut he lived in.

After walking on down the road for some time he stumbled over a fallen trunk of a tree and so sat down upon it. Little did he know that the house only a few yards away was the "haunted house" of the community and neither did he know that at one o'clock, only a few minutes off now, the ghost was due to appear.

The time seemed to fly and at exactly one the ghost appeared. The man was too surprised to speak but just sat there staring. Then he heard a voice speak and he looked up to find that the ghost was still there.

"If you will promise faithfully never to drink another drop of strong drink, I will tell you a very great secret," said the ghost.

Of course the village loafer thought it was only a dream but he said, "All right, Mr. Ghost, I promise anything you wish."

Then the ghost said, "Under that very tree trunk that you are now sitting on, about three feet down in the ground you

will find a bag of gold coins. These you may have but if ever you get drunk again they will disappear."

As the loafer turned around to ask the ghost a question he found that it had disappeared but had left a pick-axe and spade lying on the ground.

By this time the man had recovered from his drunkenness and was ready to find the treasure. With the aid of the pick-axe he succeeded in digging down three feet and there, as the ghost had told him, was the bag of gold.

The people of the village have always wondered what caused the wonderful change in their village loafer; what caused him to give up drink, and how he came by his wealth, but little did they know that his success was due to their much-feared and dreaded ghost.

---

### AN ACROSTIC.

JESSIE HOWARD, '16.

- T* In *Tyree* but not in *Winfree*,  
*E* In *Albert* but not in *Hobart*,  
*N* In *Benjamin* and also *Merrimon*,  
*T* In *Lenette* but not in *Leland*,  
*H* In *Bush* but not in *Elwood*.
- G* In *Goldstein* but not in *Schiffman*,  
*R* In *Mary* but not in *Eva*,  
*A* In *Pate* and also *Kate*,  
*D* In *Stroud* but not in *Low*,  
*E* In *Gracie* but not in *Lacy*.
- G* In *Greensboro* but not in *Monroe*,  
*H* In *Henry* but not in *James*,  
*S* In *Slack* and also *Smith*.

## A SMILE AND A FROWN.

MARY C. WILSON, '17.

I met a person on my way,  
One with a smile and something to say,  
One who was always merry and bright,  
One who brought sunshine, happiness and light.

I met another, gloomy and sad,  
Who had the power to make all feel bad,  
She met me with a scowl and a look  
That from my heart all happiness took.

As I think on these two, the frown and the smile,  
I say to myself it is worth while,  
Worth while to smile as onward we go,  
Trying the seeds of happiness to sow.

---

GRACE'S VALENTINES.

HILTON WEST, '15.

Grace was not as well blessed in the matter of beauty as she desired. She had red hair of the ugliest shade, her face was covered with freckles, and her eyes, instead of being blue, were green. The boys at school made all manner of fun of her, calling her "a strawberry blond." Grace had a cousin who lived several doors from her, named Florence. Florence was a perfect beauty, with dark curly hair, beautiful blue eyes, and a beautiful complexion.

For several years Florence had had a very ardent suitor, James Cawley. At Valentine day he sent her a beautiful valen-

tine. Thinking he would have some fun, he also sent Grace a valentine, but the one he sent her was a comic one with the picture of a red-headed girl on it. Grace, who was the same age of Florence, was very much hurt when she received it.

The next time James went to see Florence, she had to go to her cousin's and James went with her. He was not received as cordially as he might have desired. Grace's mother answered the door, and upon recognizing James she proceeded to give him a piece of her mind, telling him what she thought of a young man who would make fun of a young lady in such a manner.

What she said to James must have frightened him, for soon he stopped going to see Florence for fear that he would see Grace or her mother.

Many years passed. It was the valentine season again, and James Cawley sat at his desk, for he was then owner and manager of the largest stationery store in a town of 50,000 inhabitants. He called up the Employment Bureau of the Y. W. C. A. and asked them to send him a clerk as soon as possible, as he was rushed in this valentine season.

In a few minutes a girl with red hair came to his office, and who should it be but the same Grace Bass to whom he had sent the comic valentine many years before. He did not recognize her, because she had changed so. She was no longer the ugly freckled face girl of former years, but a beautiful girl. She recognized him as soon as he spoke, and started to leave, but then is when he recognized her.

"Stop!" he said. "Where have you been these many years? I have not seen you since I sent you that comic valentine."

"We moved away soon afterwards," she said, "and just recently father failed in business, and we thought maybe we could get along better here. I wanted to help him to get started again, so I told the Y. W. C. A. to let me know as soon as they had a call for a new clerk."

“Did you think of me when she told you to go to ‘Cawley’s Stationery Store’?” said James.

“No, I did not. I was so worried I couldn’t think much, but I haven’t forgotten you.”

He apologized for having sent her the comic valentine, and she accepted the position.

In the next few days he found some excuse to be near her counter most of the time. On valentine day, which came on Sunday, he called to see her. He offered her his heart as a valentine this time and this valentine was received gladly.

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#### SENIOR SAYINGS.

Ellebre: “Oh, horribility.”

Edward: “Hamlet said so.”

Hilton: “Gosh! Ding!”

Clarence: “May I raise the window?”

Mary F.: “I’m ’bout to freeze!”

Kemp: “Let’s do dat thing.”

John M.: “A la diable.”

Mary R.: “I’ve got to catch the 5 o’clock car.”

Adelaide: “On a very cold day I like very hot tea with very much lemon in it.”

Connie: “And er—he er—did er—it.”

Kirk: “Laissez-vous!”

Carol: “That’s tacky.”

Robert: “You nut.”

John W.: “Oh! Hamlet!!!”



## A STORM AT SEA.

PAGE JOHNSON, '18.

One wild night in March many years ago, a girl sat in a fisherman's cottage awaiting the return of her father who was away in his fisherman's boat.

Many times the poor girl walked to the window and shading her eyes, looked out into the black storm for some sign of the boat. She at last put a candle in the window and sat down to await the arrival of the poor man.

Her father had gone out early in the morning in the frail, little boat of his and had said that if the fishing were good he might be gone all day. At two o'clock this terrible storm had begun and grown worse and worse until now the house rocked in its fierce grip.

The fisherman had gone in the early morning to the shoals some few miles down the bay and cast his net overboard. The fishing was so good that he did not notice the clouds that began to gather up in the sky. The first intimation he had of the storm was the roaring of the wind, which came ahead of the storm. He quickly gathered in his nets and started homeward, but seeing he could not make it, he ran into a little cove near

and waited for the storm to abate. He knew how anxious his daughter must be. The waves rolled mountain high, the wind roared, the rain came down and stung the cheek like pin pricks. Such a wild night he had seldom seen.

Suddenly he saw in the distance a tiny gleaming light. Then the boom of a gun told him that a ship was in need. The storm raged on and peering through the gloom the man saw the lights come nearer. He heard the cries of the sailors, and suddenly saw the lights go out; heard a dual crash and knew the shoals had claimed one more victim. He shuddered and held on to the rock to keep from being blown out to sea himself. Suddenly he saw a white object being tossed from wave to wave and saw that it was a human body. He got out a line, tied it to the rock and sprang into the foam. After struggling and battling at last he reached the poor form. He grasped it and began to pull himself back. When he was thrown upon the beach, more dead than alive, he began to work with the sailor he had picked up and thus the hours wore on till dawn. The storm died out and the fisherman and the battered and bruised sailor went home. The fisherman's daughter was very glad to see him, but in ministering to the man he had rescued she soon forgot the danger her father had been in and was only thankful that a human life had been saved.

---

#### A DISAGREEMENT.

IRMA SHAW, '18.

In the land of old King Legend,  
In the times of "It-is-said,"  
There arose a mighty conflict,  
Between the needle and the thread.

What the cause was, of the trouble,

---

I could never well make out,  
Nor discover by my searching,  
What the fuss was all about.

One thing tho', was very certain,  
Those who had been friends so long,  
Now were quarreling, each one claiming  
That the other one was wrong.

"You're of no account without me,"  
Were the words the needle said,  
"I don't want you here about me,"  
Angrily replied the thread.

Separated, both are useless,  
When united, they were good.  
They would never have been quarreling,  
If they'd only understood.

---

#### A SCENE ON THE PACIFIC.

MARY LOUISE LOW, '16.

One afternoon at sunset I stood on a bank overlooking the ocean. The sun's rim was just sinking below the horizon lighting the blue waters into shades of crimson and gold. A fresh breeze was blowing from the west bringing the cooling salt air of the ocean. The sun sank lower and lower until he "went down into the sea." A beautifully roseate glow was in the west and the peace and quiet was broken only by the booming of the waves telling their tale to the land.

“A SENIOR’S LAMENT.”

KEMP CLENDENIN, '15.

(To the tune of “Dolly Wally Doodle.”)  
 Tried to study *English*, but it wasn’t no use;  
 Cause I couldn’t tell head from tails;  
 The work was piled on me just like the deuce,  
 And I couldn’t tell head from tails.

CHORUS.

O hear! Oh hear! Oh hear my many wails,  
 And stop piling work on me, so  
 That I can tell head from tails.

Tried to study Math., but didn’t do it much;  
 Cause I couldn’t tell head from tails,  
 For it was piled on me in such a rush  
 That I couldn’t tell head from tails.

Found I couldn’t study any lesson at all;  
 Cause I couldn’t tell head from tails.  
 If this keeps up, I surely will bawl,  
 ’Cause I can’t tell head from tails.

FRESHMAN GAME.

Once upon a night so cheerly, while I watched, joyful and  
 merry,  
 Over a quint of merry boys on the floor;  
 While I hollowed, nearly screaming, suddenly there came a  
 streaming  
 One’s and two’s, two’s and one’s, over the board of score,

---

“Tis some visitor, being defeated, Freshmen one and four,  
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was *Blakie* who was so limber,  
That each jolly Freshman wrought his form upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow—gladly I had sought no sorrow  
From the team which stars and wins on every floor,  
For the good and expert playing of the boys we all adore,  
G. H. S. forever more.

And the quickness and alertness of the boys upon the floor,  
Thrilled me—filled me with successful feelings never felt be-  
fore;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
“Tis some visitor being defeated on the Y. M. C. A. floor,  
Some good visitor being defeated on the Y. M. C. A. floor:  
Thus it is—*Plus the score.*”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
“John,” said I, “lift that Freshman from off the floor;”  
But the fact is John kept playing, and the Freshman went a-  
straying,

And so easy he came saying, saying the ball was on the floor,  
That John wasn't sure he heard him—here they ran up the  
score—

Only five and some more.

Deep into that good game peering, long I stood there wonder-  
ing, fearing,  
Doubting, seeing scenes no mortal ever dreamed of seeing be-  
fore;

But the score was unbroken, when *Pruden* gave a token,  
And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word—  
“*Some More,*”

This I uttered, and an echo murmured back the word, Some-  
More;"

Merely this and nothing more.

Then when *Lacy* half a smiling set his opponents to riling  
By the brave and stern decorum of the physique he wore:  
"Though thy crest be big and raving, thou," I said, "art sure  
not craven,  
Jolly big and ancient *Freshman* wandering from the college  
shore;  
Tell me what thy purpose is, on the gymnasium floor,  
Quoth the Freshman, "*Hard to score.*"

But the score, sitting lonely on the score board, spoke only  
That one word, as if it wanted to greet the boys some more.  
Nothing further then it uttered until *Clary's* feathers fluttered,  
Then it said we change the word to another score,  
And thirty-six was the number, with the opponents sixteen  
under,  
Quoth the board "Over and over."

"Be that word the sign of parting, boys and girls!" I yelled,  
upstarting:  
"Get thee back into the campus and train your Freshmen some  
more!

Leave friendship as a token of that game thou hath spoken!  
Leave our good spirit unbroken! quit the ball upon the floor!  
Take thyself from out our class, and take good cheer as you go!  
The word now is '*Play some more.*'"

(With apology to "The Raven" by Edgar A. Poe.)

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ALUMNAE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL—1913-1914.

ELBERT LEWIS, '14.

*University of North Carolina*—Roland McClamroch, Medical  
Student; William Boyst, Special work in Chemistry.

*A. and M. College*—Ben B. Stockard, Electric Engineering; Elbert Lewis, Mechanical Engineering.

*Elon College*—William Simpson, Academic Course.

*Davidson College*—Woodrow Clark, Academic Course.

*Virginia Military Institute*—William Watson, preparing for West Point.

*Converse College*—Annie Fred Foushee, Jennie Vanstory, Pauline Justice, Margaret Justice.

*Normal College*—Florine Rawlins, Nellie Rickmond, Katie Brooks, Flossie Denny.

*Greensboro Loan and Trust Co.*—Gurney Reece.

*Southern Life and Trust Co.*—Frank Pritchett.

*Patterson Bros. Co.*—William Johnson.

#### OTHER HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

Ben D. Glenn—*A. and M. College*—Textile Course.

Kennith Pinnix—*Elon College*—Prep. Department.

William Bush—*Woodbury Forest*—Academic.

“Tommie” Thompson—*Woodbury Forest*—Academic.

Gordon Pruden—*Woodbury Forest*—Academic.

Ed. Fordham—*Augusta Military Academy*.

William Bain—*Warrenton High School*—Prep.

Margaret Armstrong—*Hollins*—Preparatory Department.

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# THE SAGE

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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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VOL. X

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 3

## Editorials

The editors of the Reflector, the High School annual, are working hard to make this edition better than any before. The Senior class has assumed the financial responsibility for the annual this year, so won't you co-operate and help make this a paying proposition? There are several ways in which you can do this. First, subscribe

*The Annual*

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to the Reflector yourself. Think how nice it is to have pictures of yourself and all your classmates, and to be able to look back over the annuals and see the progress of your grade, year by year. Second, talk up the Reflector among your friends and relatives. Many of them will subscribe if they know about it. Third, contribute something yourself. If you draw, hand in a sketch; if you are a poet, write a poem; if you can, write a good story; and if you can't do the things mentioned above be sure to hand in some jokes that have occurred in your room. If all of you will help the editors in the three ways mentioned, this Reflector will be the best ever published.

---

One of the editors of THE SAGE recently had the privilege of hearing Mr. Richard Wyche, the famous story teller, discuss the European War.

*War, According to Mr. Wyche*      "The allies," said he, "are now fighting for the good of Germany, and the worst harm which can befall her is for her to be victorious."

Mr. Wyche then went on to say that the Germans are simply crazed with the idea of war. Their prominent writers have changed the beatitudes of Christ to a gospel of war by such sayings as: "Blessed are the warriors, for they shall inherit the earth," and "Blessed are the valiant, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." The prophecy of Mr. Wyche is that the war will end as suddenly as it started: that Germany will find herself in a critical condition with no means of escape and then, but not until then, will come peace.

He concluded by saying that this war has proven that the popular idea that preparation prevents war is a fallacy, and when nations prepare for war the war is sure to come. If Germany is defeated in this war, she will be obliged to give

up her "Gospel of Militarism," and then, being a nation of teachers, she will send forth such teachers as the world has never seen to spread the truth among all civilization.

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In 1807 on a bright morning in July a ship sailed out of the little port of Boston bound for France. It was during the stirring times just before the War of 1812 when England refused to acknowledge that "neutral ships make neutral goods" and seized American ships whenever the opportunity presented itself. So it was no easy matter for a ship to reach France. However "The Ranger," for such was her name, was a staunch little craft and as the day was fine those on board had every hope for a bright and prosperous voyage and the thought that they were not already prepared to deal with adverse conditions nor to defend themselves against the enemy never entered their heads. One morning about 10 days out of Boston a sail was seen on the horizon and as the newcomer drew near, the British flag was seen floating from the masthead. The Ranger was in a dangerous position—there were only three ways to escape: First, to surrender; second, to run, and third, to fight. The first plan was unknown to a ship sailing under the American flag, and the second plan would only be used as a last resort, so the order was given to man the guns, thereby taking the last plan. But to their dismay they found that neither powder nor shell had been placed on board the ship. The second plan was therefore put into operation as quickly as possible, and "The Ranger" was soon under full sail for America with the British ship in hot pursuit.

We have now found out that there are four things that are essential to a successful voyage. One a staunch ship; two, fine weather; three, high hopes, and four, a thing which the good ship The Ranger lacked—preparation, or that which is necessary to successfully handle adverse conditions.

We will let the ocean between Boston and France represent

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the Battle of Life. None of us doubt the strength and the trying power of this battle, none can dodge it, all have to face it, it is a question of either "sink or swim," "buck the current or drift." And we will be the ship. I do not doubt that every boy and girl in this High School is as good a ship as the next one. Furthermore it is no doubt true that whether we stop school in the eighth grade or the eleventh grade to enter into the business world we enter with high hopes for a successful career. But as with the case of the ship, "The Ranger," there is one other thing to be considered and that is—have I got the best preparation that could be obtained from my opportunities? School is nothing more than a place where we can prepare for this battle and our hardest lessons strengthen our will power and prepares us for business.



## IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Jan. 8, 1915, the Ionian Literary Society met in Room No. 10. As this was the first meeting of the new year, officers were elected, consisting of the following:

President—Connie Stout.

Vice-President—Edith Haller.

Secretary—Kathrine Keith.

Treasurer—Margaret Gold.

Critic—Virginia Lea.

Censor—Mary Delle Glenn.

Press Reporter—Lillian Merrimon.

Monitors—Roberta Strudwick and Claire Stafford.

After other business and a short miscellaneous programme and reports of the critic and the censor, the meeting adjourned.

The last meeting of the Ionian Society was held on Jan. 22, 1915. After the business the following programme was rendered:

Recitation—Francis Rankin.

Reading—Mildred Matthews.

Reading—Susie Hogshead.

Song—Lillian Merrimon, Virginia Lea, Irene Grimsley, Mary C. Wilson, Mary Delle Glenn, Julia Silver and Mary Foust.

Recitation—Mary Louise Donnell.

Drags—Kathrine Keith.

Reading—Vadah Bryant.

Recitation—Alice Maude Johnston.

Reading—Flora Porter.

Reading—Mary Patterson.

Dialogue—Eva Thomas and Claire Stafford.

After the reports of the critic and censor, and suggestions by the teachers in charge, the society adjourned.

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#### MCNEIL LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Jan. 8, 1915, the McNeil Literary Society held its first meeting of the new year. The following officers were elected:

President—Mary Rees.

Vice-President—Adelaide Van Noppen.

Secretary—Elizabeth Smith.

Treasurer—Mary Murray.

Censor—Kirk Callum.

Critic—Celia Goldstein.

Press Reporter—Carol Shelton.

Monitor—Jean McAlister and Evangeline Brown.

Historian—Magdalene Monroe.

After reports of the censor and teachers, the meeting adjourned.

The McNeil Society held its regular meeting on Jan. 22, 1915, in the chapel. After the business, the following programme was carried out:

Instrumental Duet—Carol Shelton and Nettie Smith.

Debate—Resolved, that immigration should be restricted. Affirmative, Janie Angel and Evangeline Brown; negative, Willie Cutts and Mary Hendrix. The decision was in favor of the negative.

Instrumental Solo—Corinne Justice.

Life of Alexander Beaufort Meek—Juliet White.

Recitation—Celia Goldstein.

Play—"Cousin Frank." Characters: Adelaide Van Noppen, Mary Rees, Magdalene Monroe, Mary Morrison, Mary Thomas.

Recitation—Eva Clark.

Instrumental Solo—Jean McAlister.

Instrumental Solo—Mary Murray.

Instrumental Solo—Marie Tessier.

Recitation—Eunice Pearce.

Instrumental Duet—Ethel Rowe and Elizabeth Clary.

The reports of the critic and censor and suggestions by teachers in charge were heard, then the meeting adjourned.

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### DIAPHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On January 8, 1915, the Diaphesian Society met in the Di. Society Hall. The following new officers were elected:

Edward Mabry, President; Hilton West, Vice-President; Kemp Clendenin, 1st Censor; Ryland Olive, Secretary; Leland Porter, Treasurer; Robert Frazier, Press Reporter; Robert Pearce and Wakefield Mowery, Monitors. After election of officers, the society adjourned to chapel to practice for entertainment.

On January 22 the following program was carried out:

"History of Ship Subsidy"—Charles Causey.

"Joseph E. Johnson"—Robert Frazier.

"Panama Exposition"—Hampt. Carter.

“Recitation”—Joe Goldstein.

Query of debate: “Resolved, that the United States should increase the defenses of the country.” On the affirmative were Eugene Shaw and Wakefield Mowery; on the negative, Gilmer Sherrill and Harry Fluharty. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

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### PHILOMELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Philomelian Society held its first meeting of the spring term Jan. 8, 1915. As this was the day for election of officers, all business was postponed. The following officers were elected: Gordon Hunter, President; Clarence Angel, Vice-President; Ellebre Broadnax, First Censor; Winifree Alderman, Secretary; Ernest Broadnax, Second Censor; James Witherpoon, Treasurer; John McAlister, Press Reporter; Elsworth Tessier and D. Wicker, Monitors.

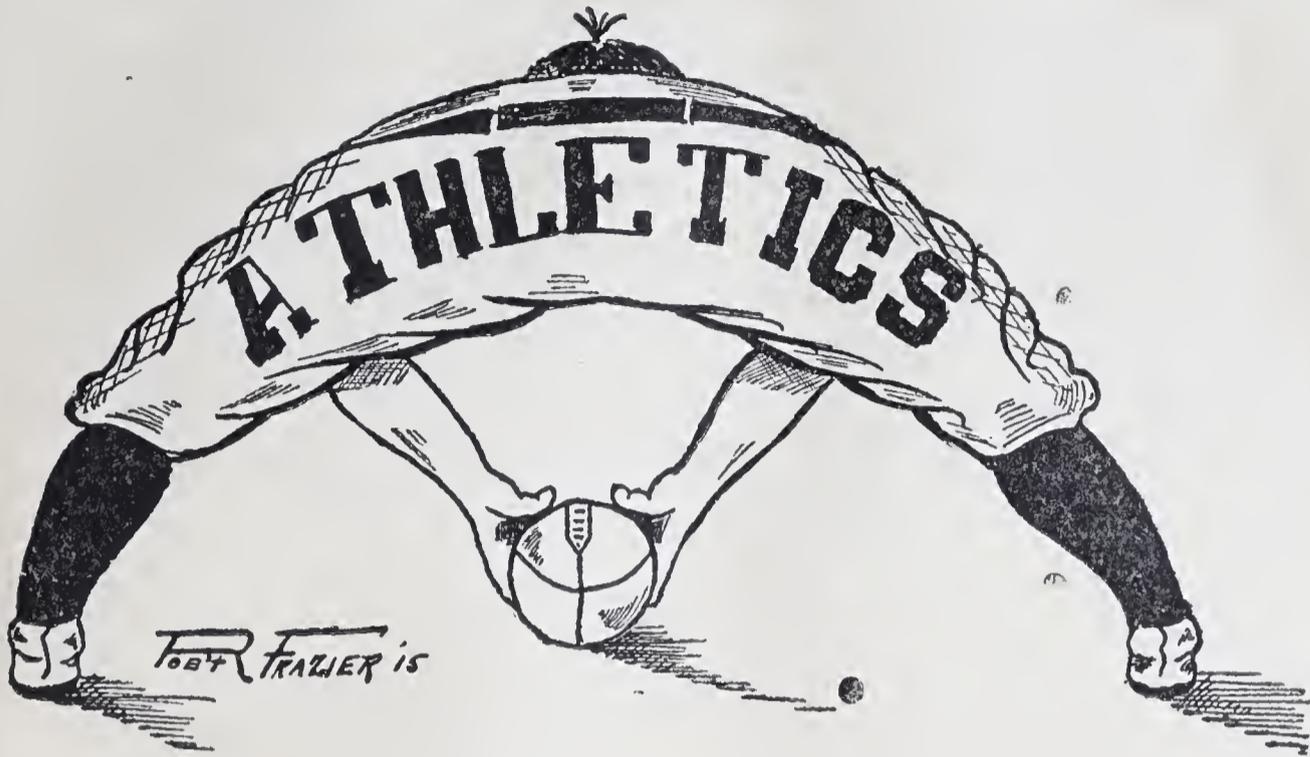
After election of officers short talks were made by Messrs. Hunter, Angel, McAlister, Broadnax, Blake and Gantt.

On Feb. 5 a very interesting program was carried out, the question, “Resolved that the Government should own and operate all railways in U. S. A.” was one of heated discussion. The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Tyre Dodson and F. Patterson; the negative by Messrs. A. Schiffman and Sam Robinson.

A very interesting and educational talk was given by Mr. Morton on Submarine Development. Owing to the length of the debates the program was rather short and part of it was laid until next time.

On Feb. 19 the boys of the Societies had a preliminary debate to decide who should enter the Triangular debate with Greensboro, Charlotte and Raleigh. The entire student body was present on this occasion. Those contesting for places were

Gordon Hunter, Lewis Schenck, Williard Rainey, Elwood Mitchell and James McAdams. Elwood Mitchell and Williard Rainey were selected to uphold the affirmative. Gordon Hunter and Lewis Schenck t ouphold the negative. The Triangular debate occurs on March 26th.



#### LEXINGTON VS. GREENSBORO, 15 TO 14.

Greensboro High School opened its basket ball season in a game with Lexington High School on Dec. 12, 1914. The local boys had been practicing only a few days and this fact, together with the fact that they were outweighed ten or fifteen pounds to the man, probably accounts for the final result. The game itself was very exciting as the close score will indicate. At the close of the first half the score stood Lexington 10, Greensboro 6. In the last period Greensboro took on a burst of speed and with a few minutes more of play would probably have carried off the honors. The feature of the game was the all round work of Ripple for the visitors, and the field goal tossing of Blake, and the foul goal tossing by L. McAlister. The game was played in the local Y. M. C. A. gymn., which was well filled by spectators.

#### CAROLINA FRESHMEN VS. GREENSBORO, 20 TO 18.

On the afternoon of the 8th of January the basket ball team left Greensboro for Chapel Hill to play the Freshmen of the University that night, and on the following afternoon to meet

the Durham High School in Durham. At Chapel Hill the boys put up a game fight against their heavier opponents and would have won if Capt. McAlister had stuck to his forward a little closer in the first half. The opening half closed with the score standing Freshmen 15, Greensboro 10. In the second half, the first ten minutes of which was played without either team having scored, the Greensboro boys threatened to play the Freshmen off their feet by means of swift and accurate passing which completely bewildered their opponents. However victory was not to be ours. The team was royally entertained while on the "Hill," and spent much time during the forenoon of the following day wandering about the campus and exploring the buildings. There were several in the crowd who seemed to be very fond of visiting the "stiff" room. After dinner eight of the boys climbed into a "Cad." and had a most delightful drive to Durham.

#### GREENSBORO VS. DURHAM, 30 TO 17.

The Greensboro team decided that they had to have this game and got it. They started with a rush and were soon several points to the good, but Durham also spurted and at the end of the first half were only two points behind. In the last half Greensboro again showed great skill in the art of passing the ball and succeeded in running up a good score. Blake and Schenk starred for Greensboro, while for the "Bull" City, both guards put up an excellent game. The Durham boys showed that they knew how to entertain a visiting team and all the Greensboro fellows regretted having to leave so soon.

#### GREENSBORO VS. DURHAM, 38 TO 16.

On the 16th of January Durham met defeat on the local Y. M. C. A. floor at the hands of the Greensboro High's. Greensboro was at her best and played its greatest game of the season. Just as in Durham the score was very close during the

---

first half, but after that the locals had things all their own way. Carmichael featured for the visitors, while Blake was the shining light of the locals, this speedy forward pocketing the ball on nine occasions. The attendance was excellent and it is very gratifying to see the increase of interest in High School basket ball.

GREENSBORO VS. GUILFORD HIGH, 42 TO 11.

Very little need be said concerning this game. There was nothing to it, except Greensboro. The visitors were slow and did not play together. The locals were not compelled to put forth any very great effort and therefore did not play up to their usual form. Blake, Pruden and Schenk featured for the locals, and Underwood was good at foul goal tossing for the visitors.

GREENSBORO VS. GUILFORD HIGH, 24 TO 17.

On Feb. 5th the Greensboro Highs defeated the Guilford Highs a second time in the Guilford College gym. The Guilford boys put up a much better game than when they played in Greensboro and indeed came very near winning the game. Greensboro's second team started the game off and played well, even though they were a few points behind when the whistle blew for time. The first team went in in the last half, but so fiercely did Guilford fight that the score stood unchanged until towards the close of the half, when Greensboro finally forged to the front. Underwood starred for Guilford, shooting eleven out of fifteen fouls. Pruden for Greensboro also did good work in foul shooting, and Alderman featured in the first half, but Clary pulled off the most spectacular event of the afternoon when he caged the ball from one corner of the floor while going at top speed.

Greensboro's rooting club was out in force, fifty girls and probably as many boys being present to back their team up.

That is the kind of spirit for a school to be proud of, and the kind that will make an athlete go the limit to win the victory for that school.

WINSTON VS. GREENSBORO, 22 TO 8.

On January 6th Greensboro met their Waterloo at Winston. The game was a great deal more exciting than the score would indicate and at times became very rough. The Winston guards were too much for our forwards in the last half and held them scoreless. This was very surprising because the Greensboro "second-half pep" was becoming famous. Spier starred for Winston, while Blakie was the only Greensboro player to shine. Mr. Sebring as referee proved to be the best that the local highs have ever encountered. The Winston boys showed us every courtesy and so wiped out a great deal of the sting of defeat.

# Events of Local Interest

On Friday evening, December 11th, the boys of the Philomelian Literary Society presented the comedy, "Jumbo Jum," in the High School auditorium. The play was witnessed by a large audience and every one expressed themselves as having greatly enjoyed the entire performance.

The Diaphesian Literary Society gave the entertainment "Mutt and Jeff's Greater Shows" on Friday evening, January 15th. Some of the attractions were: The Wild man of the Forest, The Hindu Mystic, Big Mary Ann and her Little Husband Jimmy, the Clowns, and the Goblins' Den. At 9:45 in the chapel, the play, "A Day in a Farmhouse," was given before a large and appreciative audience.

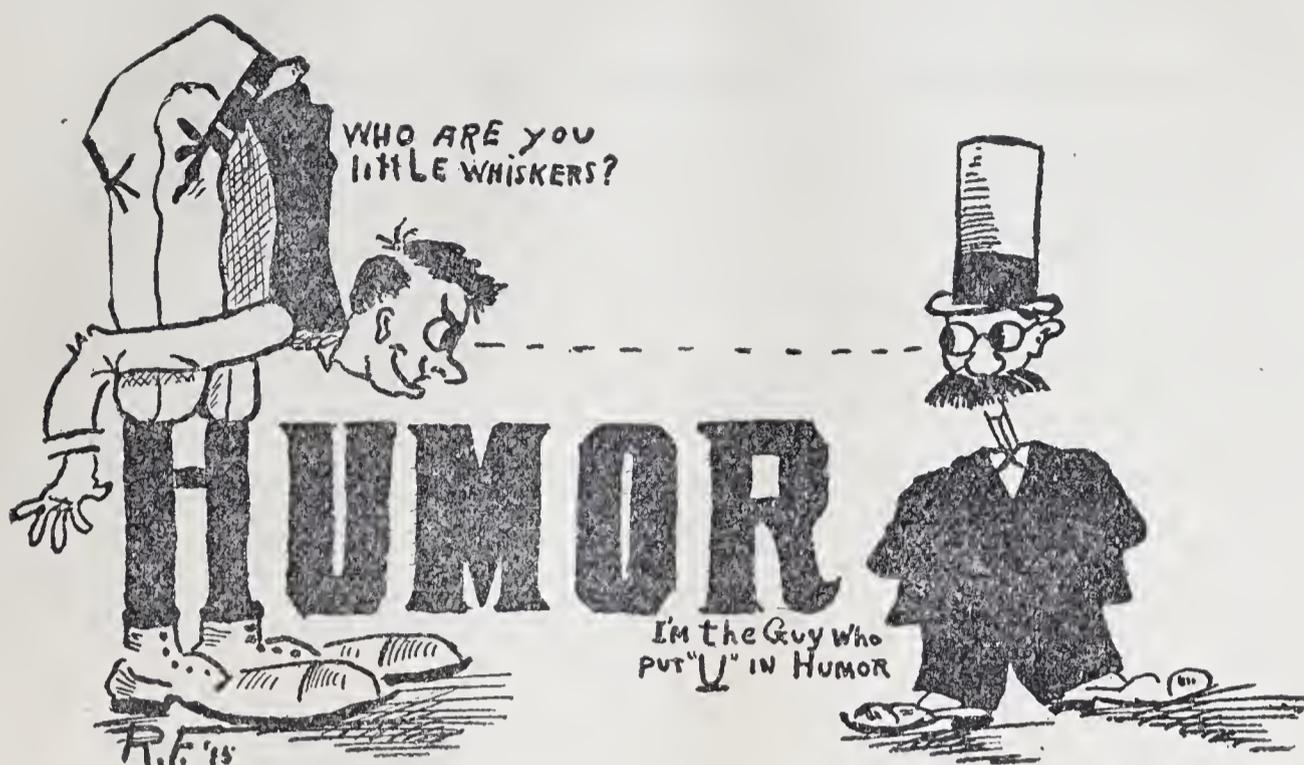
About 100 girls and boys met in the chapel on Friday afternoon, January 29th, and organized the High School Glee Club for the purpose of improving the singing and giving selections at the class day and commencement exercises. The following officers were elected: President, Kemp Clendenin; Vice-President, Adelaide Van Noppen; Secretary, Elizabeth Smith; Treasurer, Kirk Callum; Pianist, Celia Goldstein; Assistant Pianist, Lillian Merrimon; Director, Mr. Warren.

Every one is, or should be, at work on material for the Reflector. All the pictures have been taken, and all prospects for a successful edition are in view.

Two receptions have been given to the visiting basket ball teams—the Durham team at the lovely home of Miss Sarah Poole; Miss Kathleen Price was the charming hostess to the

University Freshmen. Both events were greatly enjoyed by all present.

On Friday evening, February 12th, the High School building was the scene of a delightful reception given by the Tenth Grade to the class of 1915. Progressive Hearts and a lively courtship game were engaged in, after which delicious refreshments consisting of a salad course and ice cream and cake were served. Every one present had the time of their lives.



Miss Alexander—"Ever since 1339 the seat of the Chancellor has had in it the "Woolsack" to commemorate the beginning of England's wool trade."

Voice in the rear—"Looks like he'd a set a hole in it before now."

---

"The *quantity* of 100's is not strained;  
 They fall upon my report as scarce  
 As hen's teeth; they are twice blessed,  
 But the recipient gets both of the blessings;  
 They are as music to my ear; it becomes  
 The report far better than a 65;  
 They spare the "sceptre" of parental discipline,  
 The attribute to young peach trees,  
 Wherein doth grow many an innocent switch."

---

Mr. Gantt—"What is the base of a man, ordinarily?"  
 Edith—"Two feet."

---

Mr. Warren (in one of his extemporaneous speeches in Tenth Grade)—"It has been said that man sprang from monkey."

Ernest Broadnax—"You needn't tell me I sprang from any monkey."

Mr. Warren—"No, the trouble is you haven't sprung yet."

Scene—In chapel; Jim the Janitor on top of tall step ladder.

John Mc.—"Jim what you want us to tell your wife if you fall off?"

Jim—"Just tell her what a fool I was for getting up here."

Miss Sutton—"Get up Kemp and tell us how long the 100 years' war lasted."

Kirk—"Where are the 'California Cars' going to be?"

Miss Bondurant—"On the tracks, I guess."

Mr. Lasley—"Edward, what is a complement?"

Echy—"A last go trade."

Patterson (reading Virgil)—"She spoke with her mouth."

Mr. Williams—"You need not read the 'mouth,' he only put in 'her mouth' to make out the feet."

Miss Michael—"Mary, what is a tetrareclon?"

Mary Foust—"It's a four-sided triangle."

J. McAlister—"Who was outside when you came in Jack?"

Jack D.—"Nobody but the trees and they were leaving."

A FORD.

"There was an old man who had a wooden leg,  
He was so very poor, but he hated to beg;  
He took four spools and an old tin can,  
Made him a Ford and the *darn* thing ran."

Miss Sutton—"Fletcher, tell us what proofs we have that the Egyptians believed in future life?"

Fletcher (giving explanation)—"They carved artificial food on the corpses."

Mr. Gantt—"What are some of the marginal deposits in the ocean, Enoch?"

Enoch (sleepily)—"Do they get a receipt for those deposits, Mr. Gantt?"

Mr. Gantt—"What does an auto going around a corner on a wet day illustrate, James?"

Winifree A.—"Pleasure, if the right girl is in there."

If at first you don't succeed try shorthand.

Ernest Broadnax—"Miss Michael, my sole's (soul) hanging ing down, may I cut it off?"

Miss Michael—"No, we don't want a boy in here without a soul."

Miss Alexander—"Sir Walter Raleigh wrote this the night before he was executed on the fly leaf of his Bible."

Bubby—"Pretty small place to do the job."

#### TEACHERS' SAYINGS.

Miss Howard—"When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Miss Sutton—"I am weary of this kind of French."

Miss Alexander—"In truth I know not why I am so merry."

Mr. Williams—"I hold school but as the school, Dr. Mann, a place where only a few play their part and mine a dignified one."

Mr. Gantt—"The quality of Physics is not strained, problems come as a great flood."

Mr. Gantt—"When does a siphon cease to flow?"

Margaret—"When the water in both tubes gets to 32 deg."

---

If Kemp saw an engagement would he Price it?

---

Mr. Ferguson—"Joe, what are you doing?"

Joe Maddox—"Nothing."

Mr. F.—"Come here and I'll give you something. The devil always finds something for idlers to do."

---

Mr. Gantt—"Miss Haller, work the 5th problem on the board."

Edith—"Do who?"

Mr. Gantt—"I don't care who you do, just so you don't do me."

---

Miss Sutton—"What was the Empire of Otto I. called?"

Kemp—"Ottoman."

---

Miss Howard—"Gordon, why did you bisect that line?"

Gordon H.—"So I could get half of it."

---

Mr. Gantt—"Have you ever seen sodium chloride (common salt)?"

Connie—"No, Mr. Gantt, I didn't perform that experiment."

---

Miss Sutton (during French)—"Lila, take the next sentence."

Lila—"Miss Sutton, please translate it, I can't."

Miss Sutton (thinking of reception)—"Don't let me forget sugar for the punch."

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Mr. Gantt (speaking to Edith and Mary)—"Miss Haller, you and Miss Saunders may see me after school."

Mary—"I'm glad I don't have to stay. My name is Sanders."

Mr. Warren—"Edith, give me a quotation."

Edith—"Who gets me will get what many men desire."

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Mr. Warren—"What does C. S. stand for, Eva?"

Eva—"Simple Sentence."

---

Mr. Gantt—"What is it, Benjamin?"

Ben—"I thought you asked a question."

Mr. Gantt—"I asked you what you wanted."

Ben—"I thought you wanted to know something about the lesson."

Harry—"No, he does not, he wants to find out what you don't know."

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Kathrine Keith (waiting for Mr. Gantt)—"Why don't Mr. Gantt hurry? I'm not used to having engagements with men and having to wait for them."

# EXCHANGES

*St. Mary's Muse.*—Some good stories. The jokes are put in a very unusual but attractive place.

*The College Message.*—Fine stories in the December issue.

*The Tatler.*—We are glad to welcome you to our exchange table. This magazine is well arranged.

*The Bugle Call.*—A very interesting magazine would be a convenience to the readers.

*Lassel Leaves.*—Such an appropriate cover. This is the best illustrated magazine we have. "The Lassell European Trip" is both interesting and instructive.

*The Earldom Press.*—A fine little paper, brimming full of school events.

*The Virginian.*—A good magazine. The poem, "Christmas in Belgium," is splendid.

*The Orange and Green.*—The story, "Via Chimney Limited," is certainly clever, and the jokes are good.

*Gastonia High School.*—We are glad to welcome you to our exchange table. There are some good historical stories in this magazine.

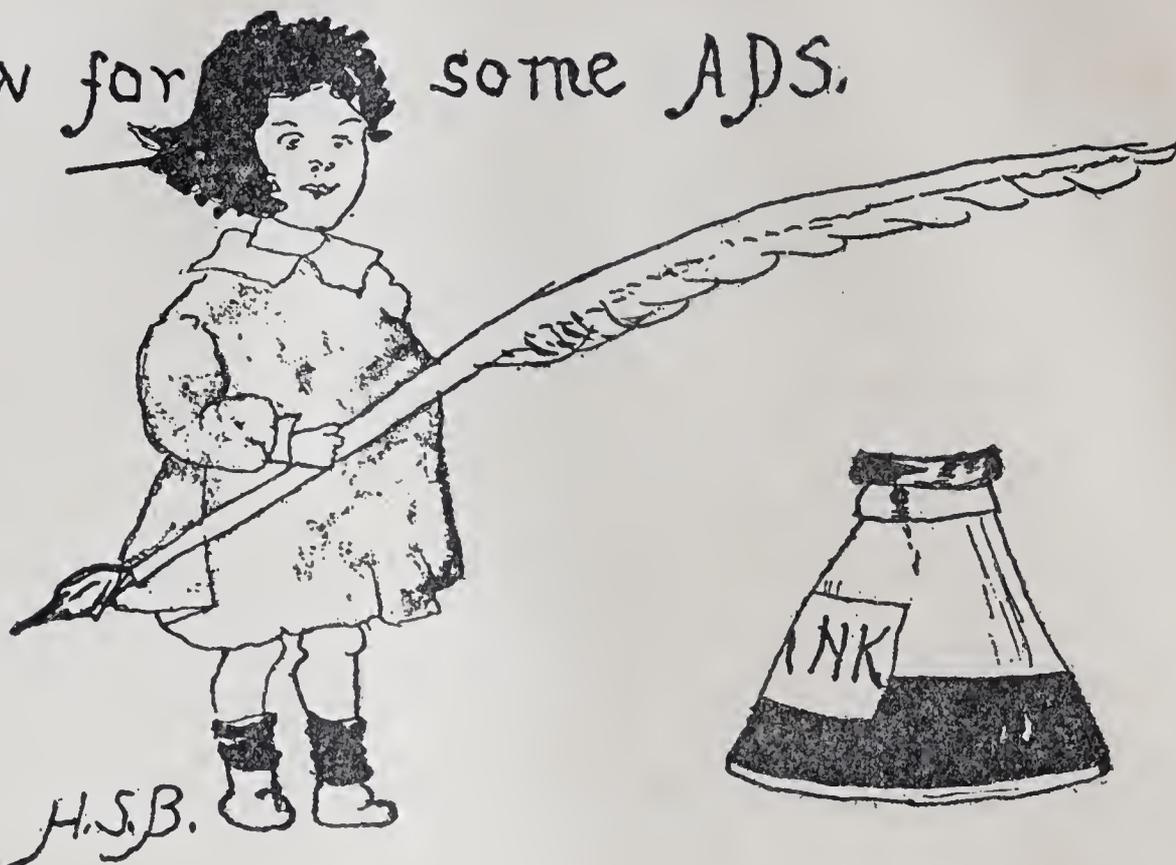
*The Signal.*—The Patriotic number is very interesting and shows your good Southern patriotism.

*The U. N. C. Magazine.*—The story, "Sleep," is excellent and so intensely interesting. The poetry is good.

*The Hillbilly.*—Some good poetry and fine jokes.



Now for some ADS.



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— FOR YOU —

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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.

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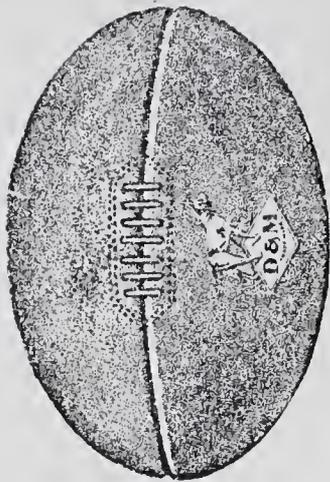
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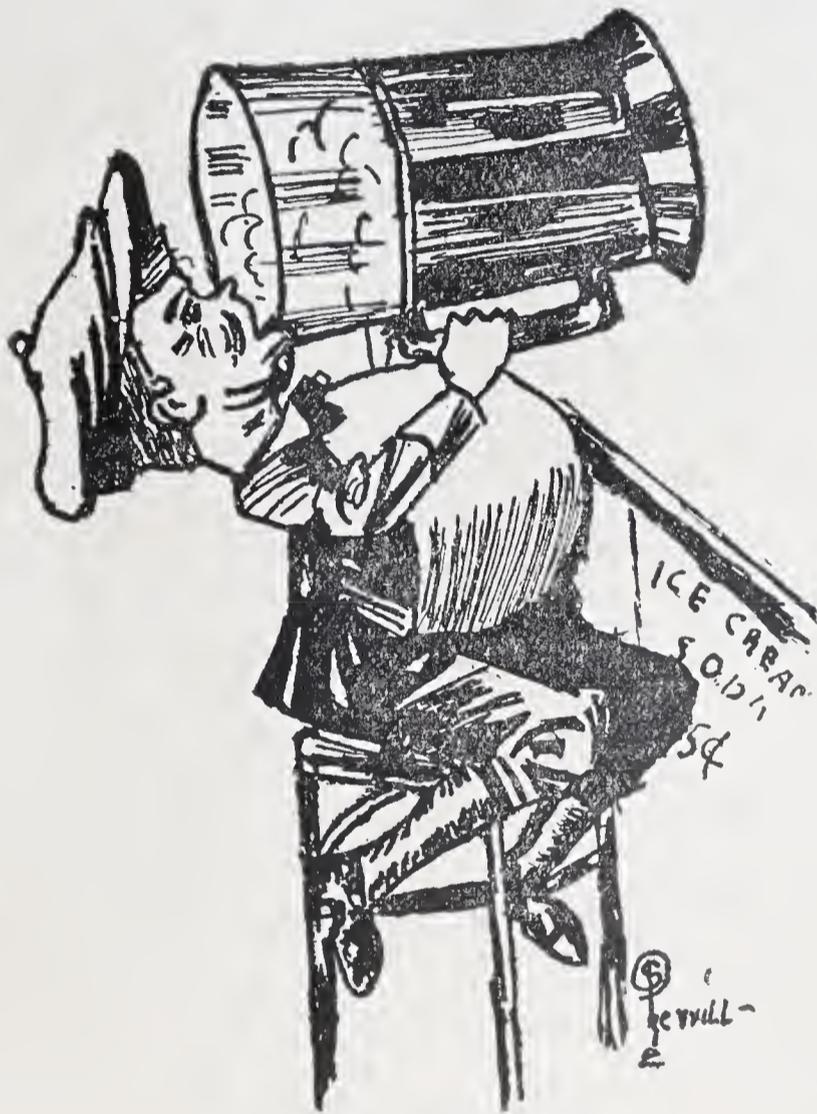
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