

Sunday School

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PRAYER SERVICE FACTS

The excellent attendance of the students and faculty at the prayer service on Wednesday afternoons is evidence enough that these services are very much appreciated. The meeting on October 17 was very impressive. The leader stressed the thought, sincerity in giving of ourselves, our time, and our money is based on love. At this meeting as at all others, the theme of the service is strengthened by music chosen and directed by Mrs. J. W. Brown.

GUESS ME

Upon a small island I was born, in the year of 1911, and there I lived until I was eight years old. Between the ages seven and eight I had the typhoid fever, but with good treatment from the doctor and my parents I soon recovered.

During the spring I went to Philadelphia to live with my aunt. My first week there I entered James W. Logan school. With hard studying I soon completed the first four grades. I was then sent to George T. Smith School and finished the fifth and sixth grades. Transfers were given us to attend a Junior high school and I went to Vare Junior High. How strange I felt when entering a school with one hundred and fifteen in one class and only three Negroes, two boys and one girl. On December twenty-eighth of the same year I was taken sick with pneumonia and was unable to attend school any more that term. The next summer I was sick again and had to go to the hospital to undergo an operation, therefore I was unable to attend school that year.

The fall of '25 I entered Vare Junior High School once more, and how sad I was to look around and not see one of my old classmates. I was in a class of one hundred and twenty-five and I was the only Negro. I finished the seventh and eighth grades in a term and a half and then I entered William Penn High for the ninth grade. I attended three months when I had to leave on account of eye trouble, and I was unable to return.

After the death of my mother in '26, I came South to complete my education. The fall of '27 I entered State Normal School to try the ninth grade once more. Fortunately I completed that year's work and I am hoping to finish the work prescribed for high school.

One of those luckless children of fate, an orphan! My father died when I was six weeks old; my mother died one year and nine months later. So you see I have been without father or mother from infancy.

I have been the innocent cause of much trouble between my mother's family and my father's family. My mother's family wanted to keep me and so did my father's family. It was finally my law, that my father's family should have me.

Many people have characterized me as being old beyond my years. I have also been told that I am very self-conscious and nervous. Out door sports are my special hobby. I am fond of going to school and I am especially fond of reading good literature.

My life has not been an eventful one. I live now in the same city, and in the same house in which I was born. I began going to school at the age of five and now I am in the third year high school class. I am not extraordinarily brilliant in the class room. I entered this busy world many years ago—December 12, 1912.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GOLD RING

In a gold-bearing quartz rock in the United States I was born over a half century ago. From small rock particles and gravel I was separated by washing with streams of water through a trough lined with coarse cloth. As I was too soft to be used alone, I was alloyed with copper and made into an eighteen carat gold ring.

I was shipped to a large jewelry store just a week before Christmas and purchased by a very rich lawyer, Mr. Brown, as a gift to his wife. I was worn very often, but during my leisure moments I was kept in a cozy little jewelry box to myself.

One night I was worn to a grand reception and there was admired by everyone. I did not fit Mrs. Brown's finger very snugly and consequently I always had the fear that I would be lost. My fear was realized this evening for I slipped from her finger and fell to the floor unheard by anyone. I lay there the remainder of the night, but was found the next morning by an honest servant who quickly gave me to owner of the house.

Later in the day my owner came to inquire for me, but the host of the night before, thinking he could get a large sum of money for me, said he had not seen me. I was very unhappy with him, but in a few days my sufferings were ended. My new owner, not knowing what the step would mean to him, took me to a pawn shop owned by a son of Mrs. Brown. The son recognized me at once and immediately called his mother. The man seeing no other way out told the truth and gave me back to my first possessor. I was happy to get back to my cozy little box, and there I often think of my adventures.

Theodosia Coston.