

and found our much beloved hostesses in Junior Land waiting to receive us, Miss Bessie May Walker and Miss Cassell. We were glad to see them and they led us to an immense hall where we met many of our former teachers. Miss Lula Walker was still holding on to Latin, Miss Ware was still in charge of the Domestic Science Department, Miss Cassell was our teacher of French, Miss Bessie May Walker was in charge of chemistry, physics, and the laboratory. Among the new teachers we were introduced to Miss Rosa Lee Brannock, teacher of History, and Mrs. E. J. Harbison, teacher of English.

In the first of our visit we were sorry to lose Martha Hunter who decided that married life was the happiest life of all, and we were also happy because we had some new members added to our crowd, Florence Sink, Grace Swaim, who decided to return to us, Bruce Conrad and Ray Zimmerman.

It is now with much regret that we come to the end of Senior Land, having had many delightful times scattered among our hardships. The wishing rug will soon appear to take us into other lands where we will practice what we have learned during our stay in the four wonderful countries. Of all the lands that we have visited, Senior Land is by far the most delightfu' and it only remains for us to hope that the remaining part of the journey through life will be as pleasant.

VIRGINIA McCARN.

CLASS PROPHECY

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press a tube to your breath. The instrument is a wonderful one of your own invention, by which you can read the thoughts of others. But as the months pass and your invention is put upon the market, you cease to smile as you become more and more worried, for while it is bringing you fame and riches, it is causing pain and trouble in the lives of many, including those of several of your classmates. For Hugh Kepley has just come to you in great distress, telling you that a book of poems he was composing has been appropriated. Havoc is wrought in the lives of two other classmates also. Fallie Shoaf and Early Everhart, married soon

after finishing high school and from all appearances they were living happily, when through your invention, Early, finding that she cared nothing for him, divorced his wife. Worry over these and similar instances was the cause of the act of suicide you beheld a moment ago.

But this wonderful invention, while bringing disaster to it's inventor, brought acute happiness to another of our class: Christine, looking again at the globe I see the influence of Charles' invention upon your life. Behold yourself ten years hence. Ah, do you not look happy? and so you are, for you have been married only a few months. And see the adoring eyes of your husband upon you, for he too feels himself to be the happiest of men. Since your high school days together you have nursed within your heart a great love for one of your fellow classmen. He also loved you, but because of his timidity and your modesty you would never have found out your love for each other. But see! He looks into the radio and reads your thoughts. He is astounded, he cannot believe that the girl of his dreams holds the same affection for him that he does for her. And so in the revealing of the innermost secret of your heart two people are made supremely happy. Ray, congratulations to both you and Christine!

I see in a large hospital in New York a noted surgeon seriously ill. The doctors hold a conference at the end of the room. See them shake their heads; it looks like a fatal case. But, after consultation, they decided that there is possibly a chance of his recovery if they can procure the services of a certain wonderful nurse. Now, I see her at the bedside of her patient working diligently over him. Ha! He recovers. Agnes, do you recognize yourself? See the happy expression on your face as you realize that this wonderful surgeon, whose life you have saved is your own cousin, Roy Peacock.

Gaze into the globe, Savannah, and behold yourself smilingly reading a letter aloud, sitting behind a desk in an office with the words MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE written upon the door. Your listeners are Edna Conrad, Elizabeth Ford, Leona Leonard and Kathleen Conrad,

your business partner. No wonder you smile, for the letter is from one of your old classmates and it reads as follows:

Lexington, N. C.,
May 22, 1933.

Matrimonial Exchange,
Henderson, N. C.

I wish to get married. Matrimonial prospects are exceedingly slim in Lexington and it looks as though my chances of leaving the city are slimmer still. Therefore I was delighted at seeing your advertisement in a paper a few moments ago, so I sat down immediately to write to you.

I am young, with beautiful blue eyes and curling lashes and curling tresses to my waist (which by the way is very slender). I have a sweet, affectionate disposition and two children left me by my dear first husband. (He took the other two.)

I should like to apply for a husband. Most any kind of man will do, but I would prefer that he be wealthy.

Expectantly yours,
ELLA RAPER.

Your laughter subsides and you pick up another letter from the table and also read it aloud. It is from Ralph Pickard, who says that he has just made quite a fortune and feels that surely now he should be able to obtain a wife. You laugh as you put your heads together and frame up on your old school-fellows. Writing to each of them you tell them that you have just the mate for them. And so it is you make a match of two of your old schoolmates living in the same town for so many years and never until you told them, realizing they were made for each other.

"Isn't it strange," Kathleen says to you, "that we should have found mates for four of our old school fellows? I wonder what they should think if they knew we ran the Exchange."

"And they are all so happy too." Edna says, "Myrtle Sink writes that she is perfectly content with the man we procured for her. That he was a little disappointed in her size expecting her to be small and slender, and that we failed to tell her he was cross-eyed. However they realize

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