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Will carry you there and bring you back;  
And when it's food or fruit you need,  
He's got all the stuff for a high-class feed.  
His prices are reasonable, his politeness rare.  
When you want "Pendy," "Pendy's" there.

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**FRUITS OF ALL KINDS**  
For All Occasions

### NEWS

Agency for all State Papers and  
Leading Periodicals

**C. S. PENDERGRAFT**



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EAT AT  
**GOODY SHOP CAFE**  
ITS DIFFERENCE

We Have All This for You

LATEST PERIODICALS  
DRUGS ALWAYS  
SODAS AND CIGARS  
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AN AUTOMOBILE TO  
GIVE YOU  
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OF MUSIC  
VAN LINDLEY FLOWERS  
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**CAROLINA DRUG CO.**  
A CONVENIENT SPOT

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All your life you have heard that it's easy to tell  
**QUALITY**  
FOLKS, in MERCHANDISE, in EVERYTHING  
How about in the CIGAR?  
Regular Smokers Will Tell You  
**THE EL-REES-SO CIGAR CO.**

### Athletic Notes



The glorious weather that has for the past week been gladdening our hearts has played hob with the baseball and track activities, as perhaps everybody has been able to see. The only kind of amusement that has seemed to flourish is Gym work, and set-back in large doses. The fact that the Gym drill will gradually be lengthened until it lasts for half an hour is causing the spirit of terror to arise in the minds of the class of 1920, who are forced by what the professors call an external influence to take an active part in them.

The gentlemen who are accustomed to go in the Gym and imperil the lives of earnest workers by hurling the medicine balls to and fro, mostly to, will have their respective exercise bluffs called, and there are indications that there will be anything but full houses during the prosecution of hostilities.

There seems at last to be some reason for having sub-assistant managers for a team, for the track seems to be a good place for exercising managerial powers, the object being to manage a rake, for instance. Plautus (or was it Bryan) says somewhere that pulling a rake is an excellent thing for the figure. Locally we might say that it is a good thing for the track. Some of the track men, especially the distance runners, say they are afraid of growing webbed feet. Be that as it may, there is no need of filling the pool as long as the far side of the oval remains undrained.

Speaking of the pool reminds us of the fact that there are preparations under way to give it a complexion massage and a coat or two of new-skin in the form of white enamel. The electrician, at the peril of his life, has strung a wire and bulb and various other aids to vision over the pool, and it is extremely probable that we will soon be splashing about like porpoises or taking "busters" for the amusement of more experienced onlookers and to our discomfort. Swimming is to be one of the events for the class athletic cup. That can hardly add more to the crowd that usually uses the pool, for it is pretty popular already.

The Gym Squad is already getting into shape for the Spring try-out to be held in April. The stunts are being illustrated on the various pieces of apparatus. Hawkins, Travis, Ravenel, Rendahlman, Hobbs, and Holloway will be the principal men trying for monograms this year. Ravenel and Rendahlman missed out last year by a hair. Ravenel in particular has been showing fine form so far, while Dave's pushups are the marvels of the squad.

Friends on the Hill have received announcement of the marriage in April of Mr. Fred H. Deaton and Miss Elizabeth Sherrill, of Statesville.

"Which do you prefer, my dear, a little claret or some champagne?"  
"I think I prefer champagne, George. And, besides, we really ought to do all we can for France."  
—Life.

"Hymn book flirtation, making love by means of titles of hymns, which the preacher pounds away on less interesting subjects, has been revived in Paris," says the Mercury. The boy turns to a suggestive title and the girl in reply turns to one she thinks a suitable answer. To observers they are merely turning the leaves of the hymnal, but a really interesting courtship is going on. Here is a last Sunday night's flirtation as submitted to the Mercury:

Boy—I love to tell the story.  
Girl—Tell it today.  
Boy—Faint, yet still pursuing.  
Girl—Come unto me.  
Boy—The half has never yet been told.  
Girl—It must be told.  
Boy—'Tis love, wonderful love.  
Girl—Is it for me?  
Boy—Are you ready?  
Girl—In expectation sweet.  
Boy—I need thee every hour.  
Girl—I long to be there.  
Boy—More love to thee.  
Girl—Blessed assurance.  
Boy—Abide with me.  
Girl—Do something today.  
Boy—The bridegroom comes.  
Girl—Glory hallelujah.  
Boy—Beautiful robes.  
Girl—Be still. — Kansas City Star.

As you sow, so shall you reap.  
A bad start, a good finish.—  
Life.

A stitch in time saves nine.



Wise rats desert a sinking ship.

### Down Senior Way

SCINTILLATING SENIOR STUNT  
—SIZZLING SALOMAIC  
SCENE—2:10 A. M.

Salome, serpentine sibyl, sage shero, scarcely sober, stealthily seeks slumber. Such scurrilous scandal! She sheds slippers; seeks slippery stairs. Slips! Sees stars! Stops suspiciously. Socrates snores serenely. Strange sounds somewhere. She suddenly starts, staggeringly. Stumbles, shatters sculptured Sappho surmounting stairpost. Suffering saints! She smashes skull, sings Sunday school songs, swears something scandalous! Socrates startled! Shrill shrieks "Salome!" Sphinxesque silence. Second shrieks "Say Sally!" Salome still speechless. Soc's sox strike stairs softly. "Speak Sal, sober?" She's scared stiff. Seeks shelter. Suddenly spies stealth-sleuth stealing silver.

"Stop, sir," screams Salome shuddering, shivering.

"Scat," says sneaker, showing shining six-shooter.

Soc spies sneaker, shrieks Socratically, superhumanly, "Shant shoot Sal. Shoo!"

Sal shakes serpentine shimmering skirts, seeking stiletto!

Sneaker snickers sardonically. Socrates swoons.

Salome startled, seizes stiletto. Sneaker suddenly skiddooos.

'Stounding shero!

Such stories simply start supremely, superbly shocking Salome! Selah.

(Audience)—s-s-s-st?

(Apologies to the Times.)

### ONLY A "RING-OFF"

"Auntie, did you ever get a proposal?"

"Once, dear. A gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What is the charge against this man?"

"Dressing up in woman's clothes, your honor."

"Discharged! He's been punished enough."

# SENSIBLE

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