

SUSPENSE

Silly stirred the steaming pot of collard greens and at the same time looked out the kitchen window at Steve hewing the green peas patch by patch. His black infectious grin could even from his far away position be discerned. It was kind and understanding, and he was strong of body and straight of limb with a backbone of iron and eyes as keen and as probing as shining points of red hot steel.

Silly loved Steve. Steve was Silly's husband, and a better one couldn't be found in all Carolina. He worked for Silly and the baby day and night. He was a farmer. He loved to farm. He loved the greenness of the vegetables, the sweet fresh smell of the earth and the fragrance of the young tomato plants. He dug deep here and dug deep there and watched spring forth green plants and then later on with his careful attention, food, food for his labor. He marvelled at the baffling phenomena of it all. Life to him was a complexity of moving events centering around the earth. He was only a small cog definitely set and reacting to an inner urge, his surroundings and his immediate life, his whole universe, the earth.

After Silly had taken the collards from the fire she cut them up and placed great slabs of fat back meat on the top. Steve loved fat back meat and corn bread cooked on top of the stove with plenty of fresh buttermilk.

It was getting dark. Supper had been ready for over an hour now, and yet, Steve had not come from the fields. Silly again went to the window and shading her brown eyes with one tiny rough hand while holding the now crying baby in her other arm she tried to see the long, brown little figure of Steve in the gathering gloom, but all she saw was Mary the cow sprawled at the farthest end of the barn chewing her long red tongue.

It was now really late. She lighted oil lamp after turning the wick up very high making sure it wouldn't smoke up the small room.

She fell to prattling and crawling about the rough pine wood floor. She then gathered her sewing together and commenced patching some baby aprons, only her mind seemed to be in a crooked channel. At last she gave up and went to the kitchen door. It was dark and forbidding out there. No lights, no sounds of frogs in the nearby creek that mingled with the dismal barking of Mollie Steve's old hound dog tied to the peg behind the smoke house.

She called "Steve, oh Steve". Only echo answered her and she shut the door and went once more into the warmth of the cozy kitchen. Baby Jim had fallen asleep under the table. She tenderly put him to bed and went back to the window only she couldn't see anything. It was inky black outside, no stars, no moon, only blackness. She was nervous, Steve had never stayed away that long before. She put more wood in the stove and waited. She must be patient. She must pray. She must have faith. She visioned Steve dead or in terrible danger. She remembered seeing two strange dark men passing the house about noon with dark bundles under their arms. Maybe he had been robbed, at the thought of this she cried out in alarm, and then she saw it. The back door it was slowly opening, she sprang up. How stupid she had been to leave the door open. They were coming for her and baby Jim now. But she would not let them take her away. She would cry. She would holler as loud as she could, only what good would it do west of nowhere and east of nobody. She must pray; and pray she did. The door was almost wide open now, and then she saw his trouser leg, green denim, Steve. She flew to him. She hugged him to her. His bewhiskered face, she pressed close, his dirty earthen hands, his muddy feet dank with tiny patches of unremoved earth on his heels. His sweaty body, sinewy and strong. She strained all of him to her and was happy and uttered with her brown face uplifted and a wonderful glow alight in her eyes with a filmy sheen of unshed tears a soul cry which came from the depth of her entire being "Thank you Jesus."

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

I regret to say that many of us are forgetting ourselves. We are forgetting that every wrong thing we do reflects on that dear old kind-hearted mother. We are forgetting that "the hands that rocks the cradle rules the world." We are in the world—a part of the world—the world. We worship "the hands that rocks the cradle" but still we abuse it.

Fellow students, aren't we all here to get an education—to show everyone who we are; not only our distance friends but our own dear school-mates? We should be proud of North Carolina State College, in fact, I am proud of the buildings but after entering the buildings. Frankly, I think it is a disgrace to the school and to ourselves when visitors enter our library and dining room. There is no reason to be given for a person to leave a chair from which he has risen standing twelve or thirteen inches from the table. It is proper for a person to replace a chair, or anything for that matter, where it was found. I do not think that the chairs are made of such heavy material that they cannot be pushed by persons of supposedly good health. If you would visit the library after four thirty o'clock or the dining room after dinner really it would give one the idea that a disturbed bee nest drove us all out. We should feel the same way about the looks of the personal property around our school as we do about our home. So let us all think about that thing called home training and exercise it for a change.

—A return student

Campus Sunday School Begins Twenty-Fifth Year

(Continued from page 1)

included one Sunday per month to be devoted to song service, one Sunday to a class program, another Sunday to a selected speaker, and the last Sunday to the regular class recitation. Thus far, one speaker, Mr. C. G. O'Kelly, has been presented; however, during the ensuing months innumerable spiritual treats are in store for our students.

On the eighth of November a general song service was held. The music was furnished by the Sunday School Orchestra whose members serve voluntarily each Sunday. This service afforded an opportunity to each person present to serve God in song as well as in spirit. The program for the fifteenth of November will be conducted by the members of the senior class, and in subsequent months each class will be given a similar chance. Under the direction of its sponsor and superintendent, Miss P. F. Newton, the N. C. College Sunday School is progressing gradually to a position yet unattained by any organization of its kind.

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OUR "GRADS" IN THE WORK WORLD

Perusing the pages of the Bible, one will find these words, "Be not afraid, only believe." Not only has this precept of this illustrious book been greatly instilled in the hearts of the North Carolina College graduates, but has been the working principle of their lives.

In the jungle of Finance, there are no paths, and everyone is more or less lost most of the time, but there are a few products of this Institution who have spent a portion of their lives in the jungle and know the signs and its dangers, who are just as rich in the jungle of Finance as the soil from which they sprang.

One of the most notable bankers of our race is Mr. R. L. McDougal, a graduate of North Carolina College, who is cashier of the Mechanic and Farmers Bank, of this city, one of the leading banks of its type in America.

Another glorious opportunity which has been unfolded for a thinker and a graduate of North Carolina College is the Union Real-Estate business of this city. The firm has Mr. H. M. Michaux as its leader. Mr. Michaux is more than a real-estate man; he is also an applier of business efficiency, and is connected with the Union Insurance Company of this city.

Mr. I. H. Smith of New Bern, North Carolina has planted and cultivated a successful real-estate business of his own. He is a graduate of North Carolina College.

As you go from office to office in the Home Office of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, you will find a large number of North Carolina College graduates.

The Carolina Times, a leading Negro newspaper in this State, has for its editor Mr. L. E. Austin, a graduate of our college.

Space should be given to consider the work of Mr. J. T. Taylor, who is a graduate of North Carolina College, received his Master's at Ohio State University, and is Dean of Men and an instructor in the Social Sciences Department at North Carolina College.

North Carolina College could not stop in its search for humanity by producing bankers, real-estate men, appliers of business efficiency, educational advisors, and men with Master's degrees; as a result, the school has produced professional men also. Among these we are proud to name such men as: J. H. Hubbard (D. D. S.) of Durham; John Rhee (D. D. S.) of Philadelphia; Royal Alexander (M.D.) of East Orange, New Jersey.

There is something greater and finer than a business education. It is what all nations have sought wisely or unwisely. It is Religion. As a result, North Carolina College acclaims Miss Minnie Lyons, who is propagating religion in Africa and Reverend Haroldo Nevers, a congregational minister at Wilmington, North Carolina.

There are others who have leaned against the great door of opportunity, and have found that it opened; TO THE "GRADS" OF NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

COMPLIMENTS

of

Neighborhood Store

GROCERIES,

FRESH MEATS

and VEGETABLES

SAMMY

Go 'way from here boy an' let me be,
Can't yo' see I'se busy as can be;
Cut day wood an' make day fire,
Else I'se sho' gwiner skin yo' hide.

Dere now, gwan and git it done.
Can't yo' see de lowering ob de sun?
Hurry it fo' yo' rasele yo'
Dat ain't all yo's got to do.

Milk de cow an' feed de pigs;
Here comes paw an' ole Tom Rigs;
Wunner what he's got to say.
Mos' likely, 'tise a pleasant day.

Stop dat gapping boy, an' grab de ax,
Don't cut all de wood dat's fat,
Leave it fo' to kindle wid,
Hard as fat wood is to git.

Time I cooks, yo's ready to eat,
Specially if dere's fat back meat:
Lasses too, yo' loves to sop,
When de bread is good an' hot.

Dere now, go and git it done,
Terreckly dere won't be no sun.
Hurry up and make de fire.
De sun's done mostly left de sky.

FRENCH CLUB

The "Cerlee Francais" entertained the students and faculty Tuesday night, October 27, with original skits in French, presented by the French classes.

The first skit, given by class 51, juniors, represented a classroom of a dumb (a very dumb) and mischievous

class of young French students.

The next skit was represented by class 31, second division of Sophomore class. In this skit, the Twentieth Century Club met and gave a program of musical and dance selections.

Class 101, Seniors, gave a glimpse of what goes on inside of an exclusive French dress shop.

In order to see who is the most popular candidate for president among the foreigners, Class 1, Freshmen, staged "Day at the Poll".

The skits were highly entertaining and were tremendously enjoyed by all.

P. L. Scott

R. H. PRICE
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