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to see if you can find where the hurt comes from if you wear shoes bought here. For there will be no hurt. Our footwear is built to fit the feet so perfectly that there is no pinching in spite of their snugness. For your feet's sake fit them with our shoes.

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inspiring talk. The following are some of the facts he related.

1st. How a ministerial student is thought of by his fellow men. Therefore we should be very particular how we speak so as not to give them excuse to say "Well, a ministerial student said so and so, and I have a right to say what he says."

2nd. What a ministerial student is supposed to be. This sentence developed shows that he should live a pure life and be so pure and holy that he would have the respect of and influence over all he associates with.

3rd. Are we using this influence for the good? A glimpse of the student body will give this answer. Those that have come here this session can see the growth of the Christian influence since school opened, showing that the ministerial students are, to a certain degree, living this Christian life.

Mr C. B. Riddle was appointed to lead for our next meeting. We are anticipating a good meeting. Let every member come and give his idea of the subject.

C. S.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PSIPHELIAN.

The Psiphehian literary society met last Friday evening to enjoy the benefits of a literary program. We were not disappointed, for the program was indeed a good one. Some of the best work rendered was as follows—

1. A Biography.
2. Essay.
3. Original Story.
4. Benefits derived from Co-educational schools.

Benefits derived from non-co-educational schools.

Piano Solo.

Debate—Query, resolved, that idealistic studies are more beneficial to girls than realistic.

The papers discussing the debate were very good, which showed work and research.

The negative was the winning side.

Those deserving special mention were Misses Nina Pinnix, Pearl Jones and Gertrude Mason—Misses Nina Pinnix and Jearl Jones had papers on the debate, Miss Gertrude Mason rendered a beautiful piano solo. Music adds so much to the program, for music often times gives inspiration to those taking part in the literary program. We feel that to enjoy a few hours of real pleasure and benefits is to go to the Psiphehian Society Hall on Friday evenings.

A. C. B.

IN THE CLIO HALL.

The program which was rendered on Friday evening, last was very interesting. All items were well prepared and delivered in a creditable manner. Each participant showed that he was deeply interested in society work, and that he was doing all that he could for his own welfare and the welfare of his society.

Among the many items of the programme there are three, especially, that deserve special mention. These were current topics, an oration, and the debate.

Current topics were given by Mr. C. W. Rountree. His main topics were "The fortification of the Panama Canal," and "The freedom of the Filipinos."

The oration for the evening was rendered by Mr. W. R. Hardesty—subject being—"duty."

The debate for the evening was the most important item, as is usually the case. The question resolved itself thus: That, the magistrates system as it exists should be abolished.

The affirmative went on to show its defects in detail—how many cases are smuggled up in the little magistrate courts and compromised when they should have gone to a higher court.

The negative argued that the present system is the best system that we can have, as there has been efforts put forth to improve upon it, and it has not been done yet. Many cases were pointed out wherein it has been very efficient.

The negative was the winning side. Best speaker on the affirmative was R. N. Miller. Best on the negative was K. W. Loftin; oratorically, W. R. Hardesty.

C. S.

A FORLORN OLD WOMAN

It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the waiting room was dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, and a few men, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low spirited, and stupid. I thought, as I looked around, that my fellow beings were a very uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about offering them to those seated in the station. Nobody bought anything from her, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something, and then a lady dressed in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the woman, and instantly asked her in kind words:

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out agin.

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My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, that's nice!" said the old woman, spreading out her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you dear! This is nice and comfortable. I'm most froze today, bein' lame and wabby; and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of coffee and some kind of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor creature had been dressed in silk and fur: "Won't you have a cup of hot coffee? It's very comfortable such a day as this."

"Do they give coffee at this depot?" cried the old woman in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching their faces like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," she added, appreciatively, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my very heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story, meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought some things, and cheered the soul of the old woman by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet countenance she had. I felt ashamed of myself that I had shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the faces all around me, I wished that I had been the one to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of all who were present, and I think it touched all their hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain lady with sudden respect, and when the old woman got up to go several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wished to make amends for their first negligence. The simple little charity was a good sermon to those who saw it, and I think each one went on his way better for the short time spent in the dreary station.—*Exchange.*

A PASSING TOUCH.

Mrs. Phillips, waking to the glory of a May morning, was ashamed of herself at the sinking heart with which she faced it. But the task had to be done. Jennie had outgrown all her last summer's dresses and must have new ones soon, for hot weather might be upon them any day; besides, putting it off only made it so much the harder. Yet even as she told herself these things, she was almost hoping that Mrs. Burgess would not be able to take care of Little Brother after all.

HOTEL HUFFINE

Near Passenger Station

Greensboro, N. C.

Rates \$2 up. Cafe in connection.

Mrs. Burgess, big and cheerful, put an end to that way of escape an hour later, when she ran over for the baby. "I've just been longing for a chance to run off with him," she assured his mother. "Don't be surprised if you find us both missing when you come back."

Mrs. Phillips tried to smile as she put Jennie's best hat over the carefully brushed hair. Jennie was very quiet, but her soft eyes were shining with excitement. She was just beginning to be old enough to want new dresses. Her mother, understanding the look, turned sharply away. That was what she could not bear—the buying cheap things for Jennie; that was what made shopping day a torture in anticipation, an agony in retrospect.

When they reached the city, she hurried past the windows where little girls' dresses were displayed, and turned her head resolutely when they passed the spring hats, decorated with bewildering knots and clusters of flowers. Jennie's hat would have to be trimmed with stiff bows—if only Jennie's mother had had any knack in her finger tips!—and Jennie's little new gowns would have to be the cheapest gingham.

Setting her lips firmly she led the way to the gingham department; she went straight for the counter marked "Domestic—6½ cents a yard," and begun to look for something in blue to match Jennie's eyes. As she stood there, two beautifully-gowned women passed. One of them shivered fastidiously and said to her companion:

"Oh, do you see how any one can buy such cheap stuff?"

Mrs. Phillips' hand dropped from the counter, and the hot color surged into her face. The next moment a pleasant voice spoke beside her:

"Aren't these the prettiest things for little girl's dresses? And they wear so splendidly! I always think that if I had a little girl I'd love to make her dresses like these—pretty enough for anybody, but not too pretty to live in, you know."

Mrs. Phillips' eyes, full of pain, met a pair of sweet and friendly ones beneath a marvelous hat.

"Do you really?" she cried.

"I do, indeed," the other answered, gently. "You see—I have no little girl."

Mrs. Phillips drew a sharp breath, but the look in her eyes changed.

"Jennie," she said, "which do you want—the pink or the blue?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Bobby: "I've been an awful good boy since I started going to Sunday school, haven't I?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, you've been very good indeed."

Bobby: "And you don't distrust me any more, do you?"

Mother: "No, dear."

Bobby: "Then why do you continue to hide the pie?"