

AS OTHERS SEE US

FOUNDERS' HALL
By John Webb Cannon

For a mere man to take upon himself the task of sizing up feminine taste in interior decorating, by wandering through their domiciles for only an hour and a half, is rather presumptuous, to say the least. But nevertheless the writer will draw some general conclusions from this course of observation that were self evident from appearances.

There is an undeniable love of art in the make up of these charming creatures. One had only to look at the copious art collections displayed wherever space permitted, to realize this fact. The keystone of these exhibitions was invariably the portrait of some younger member of the masculine sex, and backed by various and sundry, rather numerous, specimens of the art of kodakery. Also a large majority had kindly placed at the disposal of the visitors whole albums of illustrated past events.

But to hurry on. The college girl, it was gathered from this Thanksgiving trip, is very conscientious. She displayed openly on this occasion all the ivory handled tools that puts those delicate touches of art on the crude product of nature, the names of which you may secure from the catalogue of any manicure shop.

The fair dormitory dweller is very ingenious, rather inventive. To know this, one only has to look at the marvelous calendar devised by some New Gardenite, which consisted of a paper doll for each day between now and the Christmas holidays, all pasted on the wall, where as the sun sets each day, a doll is wrested from its place. But speaking of ingenuity, a piece of strategy was observed in one of the dormitories that makes the wooden horse stunt of Ulysses look crude. A damsel in order to protect certain personal property from prying eyes of men had tacked an Elon pennant across her closet door.

Friends, remember her, the college girl, lover of art, conscientious and ingenious.

COX HALL

By Mary Cal Henley

"Get sarcastic," said the managing editor pro-tem of the Guilfordian. "Be funny." But this is a serious matter, this visit to Cox Hall, to be treated with the dignity which the rarity of the occasion demands. Solemnity—that is the Keynote.

Mr. Cannon, we understand, has given the girls' rooms the once-over and has written his impressions in a scathing commentary. Such an article deserves a reprisal, which we, in behalf of ill-used women-kind shall endeavor to make.

The joys of baching it, long a favorite thrust of the unmarried to those so-called, unfortunates, who have run into the halter head first, have aroused skeptical thoughts in the minds of the critical, deadlier sex. We were invited to cast a cursory eye over the stately dormitory across the campus, to prove the masculine theory that men are experts at housekeeping. We went; we saw; we returned, unconvinced.

Cox Hall was clean indeed, conspicuously, clean. The trash barrels were performing their duties with scrupulous and hitherto unprecedented care. The floors were obviously swept, mopped, scrubbed, blondined or peroxidized. Alas, the window, but shall we speak of the windows? Well, all of them were not used for letting in light.

The favorite reading at Cox Hall

is the Scripture to all appearances, judging, that is, from the number of open Bibles displayed. Or perhaps the earnest students were studying for Bib. lit. We would never suppose that it was to impress the visitors.

An elegant show-place was the superb dance-hall. A tinpanny Victrola graced one corner, out-jazzing any minstrel. The floor showed signs of usage, being beautifully and smoothly waxed, once upon a time.

The rooms of the faculty were modest, prim and proper, as befits faculty. Most of them, the faculty, as well as the majority of the other inmates were not at home to receive guests. There was no trouble in identifying the owner of each room however, by the conglomeration of feminine portraits used for decoration.

Ah, yes, we inspected everything we were supposed to, and perhaps one or two things we were not. The boys would never admit it, however. We were quite as diligent in our mission as any trustee of the John Grier Home. But if we may say so, we did not outdo the boys.

A POEM

A leaf comes dancing, glancing down
To earth where numberless leaves are found
At rest beneath the trees.
Little leaf, do you sigh when your work is done,
And you bow no more to the morning sun
Nor dance in the evening breeze?

"No, no," you say, "I'm only blest,
Since trial is o'er, to seek my rest,
For I have labored well.
My shade in summer cooled one brow,
My beauty pleased—I know not how—
My parent tree can tell.

May we, when autumn comes at last,
Look as the leaf, upon the past
And feel that all is well.
For then when we shall loose and fall,
How well we've labored, great or small,
Our Father, God, shall tell.
W. L. Rudd.

MR. GILLETT SPEAKS AT CHAPEL SERVICES

J. Rountree Gillett, who has prolonged his stay on the campus longer than he had expected addressed the student body at the chapel hour on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. He spoke on various present-day problems in religion and international politics. He is heartily in favor of movements for peace, and believes that it is the task of religious sects to create international good will and understanding.

PERSONALS

J. Foust Lane spent last week end at his home at Mt. Vernon Springs.

J. C. Penny was at home for Saturday and Sunday.

H. B. Shore and Marvin Shore spent the week-end at home in Yadkin.

Shelley Beard was a visitor on the campus Sunday.

Wray Farlow spent last week-end at his home in High Point.

Bernie Cooper was at his home in Pelham for the week end.

Hope Motley spent the week end at her home in Danville, Va.,

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Ragsdale were visitors at the college Sunday afternoon.

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QUAKER QUIPS

Speaking of careers for college students, we think there is a broad field in literature, and a great possibility of many becoming authors and writing for money. At least the home folks will agree that we have had plenty of practice.

Things that "set on" you:

A public speech that begins, "I haven't much to say, but—"

The rising bell on Monday morning.

A notice from the treasurer's office.

The attitude of a math coach in tennis to the fellows who major in history.

Saturday afternoon and the water cold.

Birds starting to China by the water route.

A date at the eleventh hour and your best dress already loaned.

Your bed in an inverted position, time 12 p. m.

(With apologies to the poets).

Mid-terms—These are the terms that try men's souls.

Tell me not in mournful numbers

Quizzes are an empty dream,

For the soul is "flunked" that slumbers.

And Quiz's are not what they seem.

* * *

Of all sad words a teacher can say, the saddest of these—"a quiz today."

* * *

If the hash joke is stale, don't blame us. It's not different from the hash.

Due to Mr. Cannon's column in our paper, the lady now in great popularity is Miss Maggie Zines.

* * *

If life is a permanent possibility of sensations, we'd like to except the sensation of studying when it comes to college life.

Jack Ragsdale spent the week end at his home at Madison.

Mises Pherlie Mae Siske, Pansy Donnell, Bessie Phipps, Dora Moore, Margarit Smith, Alma Stuart, Alta Hutson, Mary Mitchell and Katherine Shields spent the week end at their respective homes.

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RESOURCES	
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Overdrafts	368.51
U. S. Bonds, Liberty Loan Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness	681,700.00
N. C. 4 per cent Bonds	300,000.00
Guilford County and City of High Point Bonds	140,412.73
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	30,000.00
Banking House and Furniture and Fixtures	119,256.48
Cash in Vault and due from banks	1,561,827.86
TOTAL	\$7,372,350.10
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$ 500,000.00
Surplus	500,000.00
Undivided Profits	127,744.71
Circulation	500,000.00
Bond Account	9,000.00
Bills Payable and Re-Discounts (Secured by Government Bonds)	234,100.00
Deposits	5,501,505.39
TOTAL	\$7,372,350.10
Deposits September 15, 1921	\$4,397,405.21
Increase for Year	\$1,104,100.18

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