

"THE PASSING SHOW"

The bell rang violently, and at almost the same instant the halls of the high school were filled with pupils, coming and going in every direction, like so many ants. Hebe, standing foremost in the hall turned to her neighbor, Minerva.

"It is amazing to me", said she, "how serious accidents are averted in these halls; the pupils come with such force at change of classes."

"Oh, but the traffic cop. I'm sure you've noticed how he waves everyone to the right and prevents any disaster," replied her companion.

"Yes, but—, oh, Minerva, here comes that young fellow with the marcelle wave."

"And he's pursued by other members of the "High Life" staff. (You know that he superintends most of the work on the paper.) That's Paul, editor-in-chief; Max, the business manager; and Mildred, with her ever-present vanity case," explained Minerva.

"Here comes the crowd on their way up stairs to French. There's Grey and Skinny, Nellie, Helen, and the others. They're always sticking together."

At this moment, as a strange, sudden noise caught her ear, Hebe turned her eyes from the stairway to the hall, down which hurried a tall boy.

There's Charlie, late for class again. But I suppose that has ceased to be a novelty."

"But, Hebe, have you heard the latest about him? I heard Ethel tell Ruth that Margaret told her that she heard someone say that he spent a great part of his time standing around the building talking to a certain little lady."

"Perhaps that accounts for his tardiness," remarked Hebe.

"What a shame that Winged Victory hasn't eyes and ears. Think what she misses," sighed Minerva with a glance across the hall at her headless comrade.

"There's Miss Killingsworth, dean of girls," said Hebe. "I suppose she's watching to see that her "little sisters" reach their respective destinations, in safety."

"She's fine and I don't think they need fear while she watches them," was Minerva's reply.

"Here comes the crowd from study hall going to the library."

"And, Hebe, here comes Jodie. I did not think he would locate any for a very long time. He's looking through the door of 103," said Minerva excitedly.

"Yes, and here comes that new economies teacher. I've heard a number of the boys say that it seems funny calling him Mr."

"Well, anyway, Jodie's reading the bulletin board, all of a sudden," said Minerva, with a little laugh.

"There's been nothing new posted for over a week but the old material serves its purpose in Jodie's case, I suppose."

They both laughed heartily.

"Here come Miss Tyre and Mr. Phillips with two visitors. Oh, Hebe, I'll wager there's something interesting planned for chapel today."

"Yes, that's the disadvantage of being stationary; one cannot see and hear all that is done and said," replied Hebe a bit sadly.

TWO OR NOT TWO

Mr. Richard Ferrell sat thoughtfully by his library fire and scowled fiercely at a letter. The letter itself was not so discon-

certing as was the news it contained. This was what he read: "Dear Dr. Ferrell: We regret sincerely the circumstances which forces us to be the bearer of bad news, but we hereby find it our duty to inform you of the sudden death of your sister, Margaret. Surviving her, as you probably know, are her twin boys, Richard and Daniel, and its especially concerning these children that I am writing you. It appears that you and a sister-in-law of your sister, are the only ones left to provide for them. The sister-in-law has a large family, therefore she wishes that you adopt the boys for a few months. If, however, you find them too much of an inconvenience she is willing to take them into her family. Will you kindly give this matter your closest attention and oblige. J. J. Blakney & Co., Attorneys at Law."

"Oh, well," thought he resignedly, "I suppose I might just as well answer this now; though what they want to shove a set of twins off on a bachelor like me for is more than I can see. Goodness knows, though, I'm sorry enough for the little chaps. I'll write the lawyers to send them on. I'll try them a few months anyway, and if I don't like them," he added a bit defiantly to himself, "If I don't like them, I'll pack them off to their aunt's."

Mr. Richard Ferrell, or "Dr. Dick" as he was better known—lived on the edge of a quiet Southern town, and was loved by old and young alike. As had been his father before him, he was both doctor and father confessor for most of the little town.

In answer to his letter to the lawyers, came the "twins"—the twins with all their trials and tribulations. The very first day that they arrived found them engaged in a fight with two other boys to decide whose town had the better baseball team. This was only the beginning of a series of mishaps from which "Dr. Dick" extracted them; now it was a window broken by a football, then for nutting on posted land and so on, until even the neighbors decided that they didn't see how "Dr. Dick" could be so patient with them, and Aunt Cindy, the old cook, "lowed she'd make dem li'l rascals wanter set in a rain bar'l if'n de wuz hern.

It was Hallowe'en, and many weeks had passed smoothly in the Ferrell household. For it seemed that Dick and Danny had gone through an evolution, stripping them of their misery making forever. So good were they in fact that "Dr. Dick" feared they were sick, and Aunt Cindy thought they had gotten religion.

About nine o'clock that night "Dr. Dick" was driving home from a late "call" in his horse and buggy. He had gotten to the little cabin of Aunt Cindy who lived about a quarter of a mile from the Ferrell home. Just as he was about to pass on, he was startled to hear a loud call for "help" followed by moans and groans. Then almost before he could get out of the buggy, a massive construction flew toward him quickly followed by to white figures.

"O Law's a merey, for de doodness sakes help a po' nigger," said the massive construction, which he found to be Aunt Cindy, as it grabbed him by the neck.

"What on earth's the matter?" he gasped as he freed himself from her clutches, and grabbed at two retreating white figures.

"Oh my Lawd" said Aunt Cindy, "Theimps o' Satan has sho just come fo' me. I wuz sittin' in my cabin jest as good as yo please, and fust thing I knowed I hears

a knock come frum de do.' Well, I answers hit an' there wuz too goblins what looked jest like them Klu Klux Klanses what wuz parading here in town the other night. And these here Klu Kluxes they sez to me, sez they, "Niger, niger, we heahs you been treatin' dem po' li'l boys at Dr. Ferrell's mighty bad heah lately, and wez come to tell yo' that its got to stop. And atter this yo' sho' better be kind to them. Giv'em pies and cakes and sich and if we heahs any mo' bad repots we'll make you wisht yo' hadn't never been born.' By dat time I wuz so seared dat I strikes out and heah I is. Pleas "Dr. Dick", please don't let 'em get me. I'll do anything you wants me to, honest, I will suh. Just don't let 'em git me."

"Why Aunt Cindy, nothing's going to hurt you, don't you know that? This is Hallowe'en, and that was only somebody playing a joke on you, nobody'll dare hurt you. Now go on back and go to bed Cindy, and you can just bet that if I catch those two rascals, I'll make 'em wish they lived in another country."

"Well, suh, I'll go back in, but I tells you, suh, that sho' mount a been a joke to them, but them ol' white things with red crosses on de' haids and a'ms want no joke to dis nigger."

That night when "Dr. Dick" reached home, he went up to the twins' room to get an old pipe. The twins were sleeping audibly, and just as he started to leave the room he tripped on what at first appeared to be a sheet, but when examined closely proved to be a Klu Klux Klan costume.

He smiled to himself, and when he reached the library sat down and wrote the following letter to the lawyers.

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago you wrote and asked me whether or not you intended keeping the twins. I did not answer your letter for at the time I was very undecided about

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