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THE PERFECT FOOD

If indeed we would be happy We must first be strong and well. How to gain this greatest blessing In a few words now I'll tell.

Vitamines to growth essential, Minerals for good teeth and bones, Protein, that which makes strong muscles, In every clime, and in all zones.

Fuel too is all important— Here fats and sugars play their part Towards the running of the engine, Which is called the human heart.

The perfect foods 'tis plain to see, Must let's these elements possess, So let's economize and drink Pure milk—the food we all like best.

For milk—yes—does contain What all the laws of health demand, So one and all let's give three cheers For milk, the blessing of our land. —Cecile Lindau.

HEALTH MAKES WEALTH

Once there was a little boy; He was weak and thin and grave. Once there was another boy, Big and strong and brave.

One little boy drank Coco-Cola, The other little boy drank milk; The first little boy became a chief boier, The second little boy became a seller of silk.

The first little boy ended poverty stricken, The second little boy ended rolling in wealth.

So health makes wealth— And wealth keeps Health—so it Certainly does pay to drink milk. Margaret Hood.

Bob: "Say Bill did you see the Aurora Borealis last night?" Bill: "No, I haven't been to the show in over a week."

THE T. B. A. BLOW OUT

'Twas said by those skilled in the lore of the newspaper art that this space might have been used to better advantage, but taking into consideration that this generation has taken a healthy turn toward independence in that is independence of femininity, in producing houndish "blow-outs," and that these super-pups are shining embodiments of the above characteristics; we have taken the liberty to lubricate the audience with this pluperfect nonsense.

The ladies in this institution have learned to trust these graduated canines, canine being the superlative degree of stuff," to give them a good time inspite of the fact that they don't believe in "trusts", as Miles Standish said, but are a firm union.

These "Tea Hounds" decided that they would throw a struggle or pull a non-handicap convulsion party that would put all of their previous efforts into the bean pot. Well, due to their self-respect and pride in such things the "blow-out" blew.

If some sane one had dropped in during the midst of the festivities; he probably would have seen, or rather heard that redoubtable "starchy" Pearce, so-called for a remarkable for characteristic of his, orating on the futility of trying to implicate any female in a frame-crawling struggle with trousers so doggish that they become entangled around the heels. He was told that he might make himself heard above the din of silent conversation if he would relieve the pressure on her neck, thereon applied by a ritz so tight that the said orator's eyes were bulging. The incomparable back-breaker, Harold Seburn was trying to prove that no man much less a girl could stand up under his gruelling, accomplished footmanship. That peppy, energetic, Max Barnhardt, without a doubt, would have been caught, nonchalantly whispering jokes into the ear of a giggling mushroom "Jiggs" Murray was as usual, soliloquizing on the possibilities of what the punch might have been. James Wilkins was taking a fatherly interest in the young "curb-sparrows" who were passing through the various stages of the "Powder Plant" and similar convulsions.

The "blow out" was pretty successful, but if you could find out from this article you're bound to be drunk, no, we mean, I suppose we should say as gentle advocates of social etiquette, that you are intoxicated.

LISTENING TO VOICES

Jeanne Gonzale was a poor little peasant girl living on the mountain side of a little French village fifty miles from Paris. Jeanne's father was a weaver, while her mother was an invalid. Jeanne was poor in many worldly ways but she had vast wealth in one way. She had a wonderful talent for music. An uncle had given her a violin when she was very small and while she tended her father's sheep up near the summit of the mountain she would give vent to her music-loving little soul by playing on her violin which she always took with her.

Jeanne was now twelve years old. While up in the mountains she would hear the birds singing and welcoming spring. She would go into rocky covers while the storms beat down. After these she would try to interpret her feelings into music through her violin. One day while she was tending the flocks she heard a bird's trilling to his mate. The sun was shining and the little breezes blowing. The whole world was welcoming spring. She was so happy that she began to play on her violin. She did not know that one of the greatest violinists in the world was standing just one hundred yards distance from her. He was standing enraptured at the beauty of her song. He was hearing the birds, seeing the sunbeams dancing through the old oaks. Saw the flowers nodding and rejoicing in the coming of spring. Jeanne played on unaware of this great person until he stepped from behind some big oaks and confronted her with bared head. She smiled and courtesied to him. He

took her hand and said, "What is your name, my child?"

"Jeanne Gonzale," she replied. After talking for perhaps half an hour the great man said, "Jeanne how would you like to go to Paris and study to become a great violinist. Jeanne's face lit up and she answered, "I should love it but I must stay home and help father, because mother is not well these days." "They could go also," he replied, seeing her mouth tremble. "Then I should love it!" she cried happily.

It is now six years later. Jeanne Gonzale is standing before an immense audience of wealthy Parisians. They are listening with abated breath to the wailing of her violin. She is thinking of night on the mountain. The nightingales are singing, the moon casting unearthly, silver rays over the green grass. When she stops there is no applause. But the silence of that great throng is a greater tribute to her talent than cheer upon cheer.

Jeanne Gonzale is one of the greatest violinists of the world. She has traveled far and near, but after each great tour she goes back to her little mountain home where she spends her vacation. Always she goes up into the mountains whose rugged cliffs and beauty inspired her to do something great in the world.

—Martha Broadhurst.

THE SURPRISE OF ISIDORE

A very surprising play called "The surprise of Isidore" was given by Miss Coleman's third semester French class last Wednesday in chapel.

The play was staged in the office of an ancient doctor who looked after crazy people. Although, the play consisted of nine scenes, they all centered around the office.

The play was given in an up-to-date style. Credit should be given to Miss Coleman and the players in the production of the play. They did not do outside work on the play but got up their parts in the classroom. Then, when they gave the play on the stage, they were all very much at home; did not realize they were performing before about 500 students.

The doctor, played by Fred Turner, was done wonderfully well. The way he appeared to be absolutely at ease while everyone else was excited and the way he did not lose his head, showed great prospects.

Isidore, played by David Thomas, was excellent. The way he could show his excitement, his nervousness, his fatigue, and other emotions was very good.

The doctor's wife, played by Mildred Morrison, and her mother, played by Josephine Thompson, were both very good. How they both appeared to be frightened because of the "crazy man" (Isidore) and when they found their mistake, arose to the occasion so gracefully, was also very pleasing.

The maid, played by Frances Thomas, was probably the star. If you did know she was an American, you could easily have thought she was one of those small, winsome French girls, you hear so much about.

Pierce, the valet, played by Paul Transou, was the laugh of the play. His comical actions would have made the play a success, with no other attraction.

JUNIOR SENIOR RECEPTION

The Junior Senior Reception. The Junior Senior Reception will be at the North Carolina College for Women on April 21, 1922. The dining room will be decorated in the colors of the classes, green and gold and white and gold. Stunts, toasts, and such will be between courses.

It has been arranged so that Juniors will go with the Seniors and the Seniors with the Juniors. The girls from one of the classes of the college will wait upon the Juniors and Seniors. Invitations for the reception were sent out last Friday, April 14.

—Marion Walters.

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CAPTAIN MILES TONIGHT, IT'S BETTER THAN KATCHA KOO

(Continued from page 1)

ErasmusHorace Murray
KatonkaGrey Fetter
WattowamutJefferson Fordham

THREE LADS OF THE COLONY

GilbertHubert Rawlins
StephenWorth Williams
RichardBill Jones

SEXTETTE

Margaret Hartsell,
Nellie Irvin,
Lucille Petit,
Martha Cox,
Frances Harrison,
Carlotta Barnes.

SADORI

Sailor Dance

Addie BrownCharlie Hinkle
Mary Rosalind Bowden..P. Transou
Frances RankinJoseph Transou
Frances ThomasKenneth Clem
Mary DennyWorth Williams
Josephine Thompson..J. M. Clamrock
Mildred Morrison ..Arvid Carlson
Ruth BenjaminJoe Britton
Emma Leah Watson ..Paul Causey
Eunice StameyWilbur Cooper
Virginia Stainback..Clyde Henderson

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