



## Rucker &amp; Co.

COTTON MERCHANTS

Members of  
New York Cotton Exchange  
New Orleans Cotton ExchangeRUCKER BONDED WAREHOUSE  
CORPORATION  
Storage of Cotton  
Capacity 30,000 Bales

## THE ANSWERED PRAYER

The snow had been falling since dawn and as the deepening shadows gathered, the snow still blinded the weary teacher's way, as he plodded up the lonely mountain pass. A dim light shown in a distant cabin. Within, an old man sat gazing at a burning log.

The traveler made his way up the snow-hidden path and tapped at the cabin door. Aroused by the sound, the old man stumbled to the door. Before him stood the half-stooped man burdened down by a bundle.

"Come in," was the sharp welcome.

The old man led the traveler to the fire and combed his white beard with his fingers as he watched the traveler deposit his burden. The Burden—a little child wrapped in ragged quilts. Her blue eyes, though sad, brightened with the glow of the fire. Her face looked older than the deformed little body as she stood before the fire balancing herself by the aid of a tiny cane.

The three sat before the warm fire for sometime, while the traveler told of his delay that morning which was caused by the snow and of his failure to reach the near-by mining camp where he was seeking work.

The old man sat still gazing into the fire, unmoved by the story. Hardships among the miners were frequent and their troubles did not disturb his isolated life.

The room suddenly became quiet and for the first time little Susan spoke.

"Papa, it's Christmas Eve. Santie comes tonight. What will he bring me?"

A shadow came over the father's face. "My little darling, Santie doesn't come away up here in the mountains and snow. It's too far and cold."

A big tear fell on the little ragged dress. "But papa, mamma said, before she went to heaven, that Santie went everywhere and would bring what little children ask. Won't he bring me just a ring, papa?"

The father remembered the ring he had promised before he lost his job. He seared his mind for an excuse to give her.

"If I pray, God will tell Santie where I am, won't he?" her eyes lightening up. "Mamma said God would answer our prayers."

The old man glanced up, and then looked back into the fire. A tear came into each eye—the first tears since he looked into the white casket of his young bride.

He immediately arose and busied himself with preparing a place on the floor for the travelers to sleep.

He watched the little girl as she hung her two stockings near the fire-place and knelt beside a chair. He blew out the light and crept into bed. A prayer came to his ears: "Dear God, papa says Santie don't come up here in the snow. Please tell him to come this once and bring me a ring. Mamma said you would answer my prayer, before you took her to heaven. Please now dear Lord, don't forget me. For Jesus sake, Amen."

When she had finished the old man was actually crying. He arose quietly and making sure both father and child were asleep, slipped to the trunk in the corner. From the bottom he drew out a little box tied securely with a string. His old hands trembled as he awkwardly opened the box which had been closed since his bride had died so long ago. He held the ring between

his fingers and closed his eyes to recall the time when he had placed it on the dear little white hands. Since she had died, he thought of God as one who had angrily snatched his treasure from him, but at the sound of that sweet, childish voice—so sure that God would answer the simple prayer, his heart opened. He determined to make that prayer come true. He put the ring back into the box and dropped it into the tiny stocking—A few other trinkets he took from his trunk and put into the stocking and went back to bed.

At daybreak little Susan reached for her stockings which were filled with pretty things. Her happy little face and sparkling eyes beamed as she cried, "Papa, God did answer my prayers!"

Carmel Ferguson

## DEBATING CLUB MEETS

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the debating Club was held on Teusday night, December 5th, at the high school. The president of the club, Charles Lipscomb, presided. As there was no business to be attended to, the program proceeded. The first number was a very interesting debate on the query, "Resolved, that the city limits of Greensboro should be extended." The affirmative side, composed of Nora Gill and Virginia McClamroch, won over the negative which was upheld by Lois Tucker and Elizabeth Cartland. The judges were as follows: Thelma G. Floyd, William Neal, and Katherine Gregory.

Each member was supposed to have prepared a brief on the query: "Resolved, that Harding was right in vetoing the bonus bill." Mr. Lefler and Mr. Reaves gave some points on how to make the brief. The debate on this query will be staged next Tuesday night with Gwendolyn Patton and Lucile Boone and Katherine Gregory the negative. The topic of discussion for the next meeting which will be held Tuesday night, Dec. 12, will be the Triangular Debate query, "Resolved, that Congress should provide for the enforcement of the decision of the railroad labor board," lead by Thelma S. Floyd.

Several new members and visitors were present at this meeting.

## OVER THE TEACUPS

One of the most delightful meetings of the Girls' Council was held Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 6, in the high school cafeteria, from 3:30 to 4:15. Miss Lillian Killingsworth, dean, presided over the meeting.

Several problems confronting the Council were discussed. Hot chocolate, wafers, and apples were served. The girls decided to entertain the football squad at an early date. A committee for drawing up the plans was appointed. After an enjoyable afternoon the meeting adjourned.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please send us a spherical blackboard. We need one badly.

Yours truly,  
Nita Gressitt, teacher.  
Walter Cox,  
Fred Turner,  
Edgar Tate,  
Clarence Hobbs,  
David Purcell,  
Robert E. Irvin, Jr.,  
Hal G. Grantham,  
Clifton Berrier,  
A. C. Carlson.

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413 Banner Building, Greensboro, N. C.

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