

## OVER THE TEACUPS

The Girls' Council held its regular meeting Tuesday afternoon, January 2, at 3:30, in the cafeteria. In the absence of the president, Carlotta Johnson, Thelma Guldmar Floyd presided.

It was decided that girls' forum, one Friday chapel period of each month, would be given over to the girls of the high school for the purpose of giving every girl a chance to express her opinion of things concerning her welfare. At this time a speaker may be had to speak of girls' interests and anything along that line, but the girls themselves must feel a perfect liberty in expressing their views, or offering suggestions.

Many people have been wondering just what this council is and what it stands for. First of all, this organization is composed of one representative from each session room, two from each senior room, elected by the girls of the various rooms.

What does it stand for?—That is the most important part. It stands for the CLEANEST, FINEST, and the BEST things in a high school girl's life. It is the purpose of this organization, with the aid of Miss Killingsworth, dean, to help the girls of the school, and out of this to make G. H. S. the best place for them.

It was noticed by everyone that ear-bobs suddenly disappeared in popularity among the girls of G. H. S. The Girls' Council did this; they decided that they were over-dressy for school wear and they told the girls of the school in a quiet way. Exit the ear-bobs. Nobody knew who did this. It is only one of the many things brought about indirectly by this body.

The Council does not approve of any superfluous dress, jewelry, or cosmetics. It does not approve of girls going up-street or leaving the grounds during the school without an excuse from the dean. In short, these representatives do not approve of anything that is not for the betterment of the high school girl and when this year is out, they hope it will be said that G. H. S. is a better place because of its high ideals and its fine girls.

—T. G. F.

## A SECRET MEETING

I, Virgil, was asked to make a speech to you, but instead I'm going to tell you about a meeting over here last week that probably none of you have heard about.

Just as the bell rang at 12 p. m. in the High School one night last week there was the slamming of a door, the turning of a key in a lock, the snap of a button and—the library was flooded in light! A shabby old man entered and closed the door after him. He seated himself at a table took out his watch, and gazed at it intently for two or three minutes. Then he said, "H'm 12:05, time they were coming." Even as he spoke two other gentlemen entered the room.

"Good evening, Dr. Johnson. Did we keep you waiting?" Thus spoke the taller of the newcomers to the shabby gentleman, and thus he answered.

"Good day, Master Shakespeare, Master Spencer. No you came just on time. Know you any other who come?"

The other gentleman, Mr. Spencer, answered, "Yea, sir, we were told to

await the coming of Milton. Hark! He comes now"

Milton entered, led by his daughter. After Milton came many others French, Italian, English, American and Roman authors.

Shakespeare, the great English author, spoke first, "Friends, you all know why we've come here tonight, to discuss the momentous question of the day—Shall we allow these school children to discuss us any more? Why only yesterday I was hurt so badly I could hardly get here tonight. One of those hugh boys over here took me from my place and slammed me down so hard on the table that it was with difficulty that I sustained my injuries."

"Let me speak, Mr. Shakespeare," said Horace, "I quite agree with you. These pupils should not be allowed to abuse us the way they do, its against all the laws of Rome." Everybody laughed at this not especially because it was funny but just because it was Horace.

Said Whittier, "Imagine it, if thou canst, these scawlags have put me over next to Carlyle and his French Revolution."

"And they have no respect whatever for age," said Milton. "They throw me around as if I were but just sixteen."

"You are quite right, Mr. Milton," said Dante, the great Italian writer, "why, they hurl me around by my aged shoulders as if I were twenty. Its outrageous."

Victor Hugo then spoke. "Let me tell you my experience. A girl took me from my place and began to read. She read perhaps two pages and I was getting quit pleased when she suddenly burried her head on shoulder and went to sleep! Ugh!"

"I consider that quite the cream of the evening," sang out young Lord Byron in his clear tenor.

"None of your nonsense, Byron," said Ben Jonson, with a frown.

"I think we ought to punish these unruly pupils in some way," said Moliere.

"Ah!" said Byron, "I have it, let's tar and feather 'em."

"No," said Shakespeare, "we have no power to do that—we who are only leather bound volumes in the day time—but let's put it up to the students and see if they couldn't do better themselves. I appoint you, Mr. Virgil, as a committee of one to tell these school children about our decision."

And so here I am, boys and girls, won't you try not to disuse us so much forscen et haec olim meminisse juvabit. —Lota Lee Troy.

## GIRLS' SWEATERS

(Continued from page 1)

council, the jerseys were decided upon, sent for and in due time arrived. We should have some pride in the fact that we made it possible to buy the jerseys by backing the Athletic Association and paying up.

When we see our team take their positions as the whistle blows, we will be proud and justly so of the team and the new jerseys.

—Josephine DeVant.

Son: "Gee, this cake is swell: just can't keep from taking another piece." (Reaching across table for piece of cake)

Pop: "You certainly have charming table manners, to reach across the table. Haven't you a tongue?"

Son: Yeah! But it ain't long enough, Pop!"

## EXCHANGE COLUMN

In our exchange column for this edition of High Life, we acknowledge the following college papers: "The Carolinian," N. N. C. W., Greensboro, N. C.; "The College Message," G. C. W., Greensboro, N. C.; "The Guilfordian," Guilford College, N. C.

We have also received the following high school papers:

"The Rambler", Charlotte, N. C.; The Honor Roll of the Rambler is unusually large and we extend to you our hearty wishes for its growth. The girls' high school club is a fine organization. We are glad to see your school standing for such pure and clean ideals.

"Red Oak Bark," Red Oak High School, Rocky Mount, N. C.: You have a good paper, but why not more high school subject matter?

"The Hi-Rocket," Durham, N. C.: We congratulate you on your new high school building! Your paper is fine. From the number of your ads, you must have the whole hearted support of the citizens of Durham.

"The Chestonian," Chester, S. C. We welcome this newcomer among our exchanges. The literary work is interesting and well written.

"The Tattler," West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio. We are glad to be numbered among the exchanges of The Tattler. The Sports page is good and has a place all its own.

"The Chatterbox," Danville, Va. Your paper is interesting, but it seems to be mostly poetry and humor. Why not have more varied material? Hope Santa Clause brought you all you asked for.

"Rock Ridge School Herald," Rock Ridge, N. C. Congratulations! Don't scare your new school building to death! The front page of The Herald is nicely arranged.

"The Ocean Breeze," Weatherwax High School, Aberdeen, Wash. Judging from your paper yours must be a "peppy" school. The pictures in the football issue increase the interest to the reader.—Bertha Ferec.

## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Mr. Charlie Phillips: Without his "perpetual" grin?

Miss Dorsett: As a man-hater?

Mr. Kiser: Not bluffing?

Miss Scott: Not saying 'dk', "dk", "dk"?

Mr. McFadden "Falling" for some one?

Miss Killingsworth: As a "flapper"?

Mr. Music: As a "tea-hound"?

Mr. Barton: Not "cracking a joke"?

Miss Coleman: Not enthusiastic over something?

Mr. Guy Phillips: Keeping a pencil?

But laying all joking aside, now, CAN you imagine Mr. Laffer without thinking of Rudolph Valentine?

2-12-6.

## THE FOREST OF ARDEN

There is a beautiful place

I love to go.

When the heart is sad

And full of woe.

The trees whisper peace

And sweet content,

Even the streams have a message

As from Heaven sent.

The birds come near,

And I believe understand

That living close to nature

Often makes, a man.

This beautiful forest

Where I love to rest.

Is The Forest of Arden—

Oh London you are blest.

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Boy: "Father, do you know that every winter an animal puts on a new fur coat?"

Father: "Hush! Not so loud! Your mother's in the next room."

—Exchange.—

Leonard: "Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"

"Pete": "Why, no, not that I know of."

Leonard: "Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning!"