

ASHES

By MARTHA BROADHURST

Chamroy Hale and I were invited to stay the week-end with George and Betty Carlyle at Carmion Hall. A more beautiful place cannot be imagined. The low stone mansion with its red roof and outlying buildings nestling among the green hills at the head of Sideon Lake had an air of wealth and aristocracy that could not be mistaken.

We were welcomed by the two with delight and immediately borne away by soft-footed servants to our respective rooms. From my shell-like room of gray and rose, I had a lovely view of Carmion Wood and the blue Sideon as it lazily wended its way past the Hall.

After two days of tennis, golf, bridge, picnics and dancing, we prepared to take our reluctant leave of our host and hostess. But no! They would not hear of our going. A party of young people were coming up to stay with the Tarlyons at their country home, Malmanor. So many things were planned for the following week that we were persuaded to stay.

One morning as I sat on the wide veranda at the side of Carmion Hall, I was startled in my reading by a sudden calling of my name—right in my ear, as it seemed! Would I go for a short ride over to Badenton to get the mail? It was George Carlyle speaking. I was delighted and in a few minutes we slid out of the great entrance gate in George's new high-powered roadster.

Late afternoon found us returning. George was driving slowly, that I might drink in all the beauty around me. The deep quiet of the woods and majestic strength of the hills were an inspiration. Shafts of golden sunlight penetrated through the trees, leaving aisles of light in that great outdoor cathedral.

That beautiful afternoon with its underlying note of tragedy! Shall I ever forget it? Or shall I ever forget our conversation and what it led to? Even the words seemed burned upon my brain. We were discussing the Great War. In softened voices we were speaking of Clary, George's older brother—the brother who had gone away in the prime of his surgical career never to return. He had given that glorious young life to his country. Instead of being bitter, the fine old Lord and Lady Carlyle had accepted this, their great sorrow, with unbowed heads and with their faces to the sunrise, knowing that Clary would have chosen it if his had been the choice. He had been such a fine lad—but, then, to go on with my story: After listening to George's low spoken words for a few minutes I sat thinking, then—

"George, just think how cruel and terrible it would be to go to Europe, brave all the dangers of the four years of war, then through God's great mercy, return home, unscathed and better prepared to meet life since your recreation on the battlefield, with *not a hurt—not a wound—not a scratch*—then to come home to life and love, and have your loved ones taken from you in some other way! Just think! To return to that!"

A little farther on we left the woods and our road lay along fields of clover and deep ravines, for we had to descend Carmion Hill. As we passed an unusually inclined hill, I noted the beauty of the place. Grass was growing there and blue forget-me-nots bloomed in profusion, while over it all the sun lay like a carpet of gold. Suddenly I forgot all this beauty and my eyes were riveted on a dark object amid all this loveliness.

"Stop!" My own voice sounded queer and hoarse. We came to a purring standstill. "George, what is that?—Oh, what is that?" My voice had risen to an uncontrollable scream of horror.

"I do not see anything, Audrey."
"But you must, you must! Look just below here." I pointed with a shaking finger.

"Looks like an overturned car. Are you—why, Audrey, I believe you are frightened! It's nothing—probably happened weeks ago."

How could he speak so unconcernedly! Fumbling nervously at the car door, sensing something of my fear, George assisted me from the car and quickly followed, as I swiftly ran to that dark ob-

ject deep down in the ravine. Upon first reaching the wreckage we could discern nothing which revealed the terrible tragedy underneath. But, turning to leave, I looked again—and, lo, I seemed frozen in my tracks. A man's hand! A man's hand! I was beginning to feel sick with fright. Quickly controlling myself, I spoke to George.

"This has just happened! Come quick, come quick and help me!"

The calm of my voice brought him, perhaps, faster than the hysterical call of fear could have. By pushing together, we finally got the car over on its side. There on the blue and green foliage, with the carpet of gold spreading over, too mangled for recognition, lay three figures,—a man, a woman and a little girl—dead!

The uniform worn by the man proclaimed him to be a lieutenant in the army. "We must return to the Army Post immediately. These people must have come from that post beyond Badentown. This is an army car and the man is a lieutenant."

Suiting action to our words, we ran to our car. At high speed we reached Badentown and took the highway to the Post. The time seemed interminable. Would we ever get there? I was numbed with shock. George was driving faster and faster. The Post! The Post! There was the Post!

On arriving we looked around for some one to help us. Walking towards one of the buildings was a tall man with a military bearing, and the bars on his tunic and sleeve indicated to us that he was an officer of high rank. So quickly running up to him, I cried out in my fear and distress.

"Oh, sir, will you help us? We have found something terrible!" He turned with a courtliness befitting a soldier and I looked into one of the strongest and handsomest faces I had ever seen. Removing his military cap, he smiled down into my face, saying, "I am Major Preston. I shall be glad to be of any aid to you, I am sure."

Rushing headlong into my story, I told him what we had seen, closing with—

"A man in the uniform of a lieutenant, a young woman, and a little girl!"

I looked into his drawn, white face. Some unknown thing laid a cold hand on my heart.

"A—A—lieutenant—a woman—and a little girl, you say?"

I slowly answered, "Yes."

As the light went out of his face, I heard: "Oh, God! Oh, God! To have returned after four years of war with *not a hurt—not a wound—not a scratch*—and now this!"

The sun had gone; the carpet of gold had vanished. In their stead came dusk, and night fell like a shroud.

THE BIBLE BEYOND FASHION

The little pleasantry about the Gideon Bibles placed in hotels for the spiritual comfort and guidance of the guests always remaining in good condition because never used, evidently has an element of fiction in it, if the story of the experience of a fashionable hotel in Chicago is true, remarks the *Houston Post-Dispatch*. As the *Post-Dispatch* tells the story:

"The management of the establishment refused to accept the Bibles from the Gideons for its guest-rooms on the ground that the patronage would be of such a high type that they would not be needed. But soon the patrons of 'such high type' made so many complaints about the absence of Bibles in the rooms that the management found it necessary to supply them. The Bible has long had the reputation of being 'the best seller' among books, and even today when literature is poured from the presses by the ton, it retains its place as the leader. Perhaps one reason is that people do not get either too high or too low in the social scale to find comfort and inspiration within its pages."—*Literary Digest*.

RELIABLE SIGN

Mr. Wunsch: "Do you believe in signs and omens?"

Miss Coleman: "Sometimes—why?"

Mr. W.: "Last night I dreamed that you fell in love with me. What does that mean?"

Miss C.: "That you were dreaming."

LINDSAY LOU'S NEWS

I. HARDING HUGHES TALKS TO FRESHMEN

At the assembly of the Freshmen at Lindsay Street School on Wednesday, September 22, 1924, Rev. I. Harding Hughes spoke on "The Three Purposes of a High School Career."

"Your teachers were chosen," he said, "not because they had studied so much or knew so much, but because of their character. Character is the first thing that you want to get as you start out upon your High School career. You may ask why I did not put studying first; because, if you have character studying will come as a part of it."

"Next, you must obey the rules," the speaker continued. "There are certain rules you must follow; certain paths to be taken to lead one right. Others have learned the rules and set them down for you, and you must obey them. If you have started to take a trip and did not know the way, you would not start out wondering at random, but would find the way and follow the rules."

"The third purpose is co-operation," Mr. Hughes said. "You must learn while you are young how to work together in order to be one unit and be strong as possible. The teachers want co-operation with your parents in order that the school and its work may be successful."

IN THE SENIORS FOOT STEPS.

On Thursday, Sept. 25, room 3 of Lindsay Street High School enjoyed an interesting Chapel program, prepared by the program committee, consisting of: Mary Lion Leak, chairman; Katherine Vanstory and Carlton Wilder, assistants.

"Onward Christian Soldiers" opened the program. Then Henry Biggs led and Miss Anderson closed sentence prayers, after which Carlton Wilder made a very inspiring talk on "The Christian Soldier." He said in part:

"Many of us have been confronted with this question: What is a Christian soldier? He is not the soldier who fights on the bloody field of war. Few of us can ever become that kind of soldier—a soldier who fights hate and greed. There is a soldier," he added, "that we can all be, a soldier inspired by love and sacrifice. He is the greatest hero of all, the Christian soldier, though his name may be unknown, unpraised, unhonored." Mr. Wilder concluded by pointing out that the real joy of life was in bringing joy to others.

The program committee appointed by Miss Anderson to conduct chapel programs on the days that there is no general chapel period, endeavors to give the student spiritual training every day and keep alive the splendid movement started by the Senior Class.

THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF LABOR.

"Post praelium praeium"

Last year some of us left school with a feeling of work well done; others of us were dissatisfied and disheartened. We felt like kicking ourselves for our failures to measure up to the ideal we had set for ourselves; hope for the future was dark and dreary.

What caused some of us to close the year with such a satisfied expression upon your faces? The answer can be made in one phrase: Lack of application. You can only get where you want to be by work, plain honest work. Life is one great fight—one continual struggle. The man who wins is the man who fights. Whether you be on the grid-iron or in the class room, you must fight, fight, fight—to win! We must work to make the team, then carry the old pigskin through—put it over the goal and serve. We don't get our pay until the day's work is through; then, we get paid for *just what we do*. No more, no less. May we all be able to say at the end of this school year: I have fought a good fight; I've done my best; I'm satisfied. Remember—"After the battle the reward."

NORTH CAROLINA'S WEATHER

By RUTH STINNETT

The weather man must "strike a snag" when he takes it upon himself to foretell just what will be dealt out to us in the way of weather here in Tarheelia, since he very well knows that in one single day it is quite possible for us to shiver from blizzard blasts, be caught in a blinding snow storm, be deluged by a torrential downpour, catch ourselves slipping on sleety walkways and be bathed in golden sunshine—all in one twenty-four hours. Can you beat it?

We have a climate such as is enjoyed from Canada to Costa Rica, but we have the advantage over inhabitants in that stretch of country in that our varieties are not held up for any certain season. In winter we have summery days and in summer at times overcoats are comfortable.

You set out in the morning with the prospect of a fair, warm day and at noon you wend your way homeward through a cold equinoctial downpour; in fact, such rains are not at all particular about falling on the date laid out and allotted to them—not in North Carolina. Again, you depart armed with an umbrella, raincoat and overshoes; nothing like protecting yourself from the weather, "the first wealth is health", you remember—all this wise preparation only to be laughed at by Old Sol with his broad grin, even before lunch time arrives.

The weather here obeys no set rule of atmospheric conditions, follows no law, is as changeable as a woman's mind. Yet with all her caprices, give me good old North Carolina. She keeps a fellow on the jump to keep up with her, she does not believe in letting him fossilize, she believes not in monotony, she adheres to the old axiom that "Variety is the very spice of life."

NEW FALL STOCK

By HELEN FELDER

In any newspaper you happen to look There's smeared over half of each sheet

The claims of the merchants who say their fall wares

Are the best—and of course can't be beat.

With merchants and bankers a-talking their wares,

Old Central should talk some shop, too;

Announce her fall opening—the greatest in years

The latest, the best, the brand new.

Our antique department with Latin and Math;

Some verbs and some nouns from Parie;

A few moths and beetles all stuck up on corks

Are as good as the best that you see.

Our first floor department where English is "spoke",

And second rate themes are the rage;

Where autobiographies burst into bloom. Rates high in the wares on this page.

But now with departments and Latin and such

And records and chapels and rules.

There's plenty of laughter and chatter and song

To make this the queen of all schools.

There are flappers and tea-hounds, and old bachelors too,

There are Shebas and Sheiks in the fold,

There are athletes and singers and students and writers—

All cast in the old Central mold.

So come to our portals, and taste of the life

That flows from the fountains of youth,

Rich wine that is glistening and sparkling and clear

With goodness and beauty and truth.

WILLING BUT SLANGY

Mr. Edwards: "You just ought to see the new altar in our church."

Miss —: "Lead me to it!"

Barnyard Chatter

Don't walk on the grass.

The battle of Chunkers Gill has been fought for 8 days across the Barnyard of Spring Street Hospital for Feeble Minded.

Ripe pears sure do splatter.

Miss Kelly never has to walk to school.

Hey Bill! What's the matter with you and "G"?

The summer has in no way hurt Fred Fires. He generally sticks close to 103.

"Vernell, hold my hand."

If Billy don't stay out of the library I'm gonna tell his name.

Liz is heart-broken. Skinny is gone.

Boys, don't break the shrubbery and flowers.

Don't we keep to the right in the halls though? We never have more than about fifteen collisions while changing classes.

This wouldn't be a classy high school if it wasn't for the classes.

How about this? If Greensboro built airships would Winston-Salem (Sail-em?) Impossible. Winston just can't get on to Greensboro ways.

Silence is golden. Be a gold mine when in chapel.

Come out and see if he looks as cute in his football togs, girls.

The one who laughs last laughs longest but the one who laughs at the teachers pet jokes laughs the wisest.

Every time you buy anything from the supply room you add pages to the annual. Lets make it as big as a Webster's Unabridged.

When it comes to escorting the pigskin over the chalked area Willard Watson is the bee's pink headgear.

Many members of the faculty no doubt wish we could pass in our studies like the back field passes the oblong sphere.

If you have not seen Chas. Burgess perform just park your peepers on a five-ton truck going fifty miles per hour and you will get the right impression.

About the only way to get around the ends will be to detour through the grandstands.

Jimmie's name is Maus but we haven't seen him sticking to the ground when the old ball is snapped.

Many a shiek-player's silent prayer is that there are many ladies in the grandstand.

The team makes a man of many a fellow that tries to make the team.

TOO MANY

"Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"Yes, Jimmie, why?"

"Cause if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning—but I'm afraid one'll have to come pretty soon."—*Ex.*

Freshman: "I've got a splinter of wood under my finger nail."

Soph.: "What have you been doing—scratching your head?"

Mr. Wunsch (rapping on desk): "Order, boys, order!"

Sleepy Head (just awakening): "Egg sandwich and cup of coffee."

Student: "I think my ticket blew out the window."

Conductor: "Don't try to fool me!"

Student: "But it did."

Conductor: "Maybe so, but don't try to tell me you were thinking."—*Selected.*

Traveling Salesman: "Is the buyer in?"

Clerk: "No, he is out for dinner."

T. S.: "Will he be back after dinner?"

Clerk: "Nope, that's what he went after."—*The Carolina Buccaneer.*