

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By GLENN HOLDER.

The most important event of my life took place on a beautiful, moonlit Sunday night, July 14, 1907—at least, the night was beautiful and moonlit to the best of my recollections, which are a bit hazy upon the subject. Just as the old grandfather clock in the hall was striking eleven times in deep, musical tones, I smote the still night air with my first lusty yell in shrill and very unmusical tones.

The days of my childhood seem very happy, almost idealistic as I look back upon them now. My fondest memories of these dim, prehistoric ages are those of vacations spent on my grandfather's farm. My grandfather himself, a silent, impressive old gentleman, whom I thought of as the very creator of all wisdom; an old patriarch of all horses named Dan, who was devoted to me and trotted along after me like an overgrown dog; the orchard and big kitchen, where I spent a large part of my time either eating or waiting for cookies or pies to finish baking; all these things stand out in my memory now.

One hot day in the fourth summer after that memorable July night when I was born, I slipped away from my grandfather's house and ran down to an old mill pond on the farm where I was very fond of going. I was leaning over the bank watching the fish swimming around and wondering what sort of dragons and demons they were when my foot slipped and in I went. Down, down I went until I thought I had reached the infernal regions themselves. I came up at last and yelled out at the top of my voice. I went down again for what seemed an eternity when I came up a second time. I was just wondering if I couldn't knock off some pieces of the golden streets in Heaven which my mother had told me about when I felt something pull me and drag me to the shore. That was all I knew until I came back to consciousness and found myself in bed with my grandmother bending over me. They told me that my grandfather's big shepherd dog, Shag, had pulled me out and dragged me home. From that time until he died about six years ago Shag and I were inseparable companions.

The next big event of my life was when I started to school at the age of six. My first day at school gave me a deep dislike if not an actual hatred of all things scholastic which all my years at school have not been able to entirely overcome. That day I had two fights, in both of which I was licked. While I was in the throes of combat in the second fight the principal saw us and carried us both to his office, where I got my third licking of the day. My only consolation was that the other boy was licked, too. When I reached home I found that the news of my pugilistic affairs had preceded me, whereupon I received my fourth licking of the day, which you will admit is more than any boy can stand.

I progressed very well in school, however, and made my promotion every year I attended. I was out two years once when my people moved to Georgia where we stayed nearly a year, and again when I had the flu, measles, mumps, and about everything else of a like nature.

Probably the biggest thrill of my life to date came in my twelfth year, when I got my first job. At the end of the week my boss handed me an envelope containing the princely sum of three dollars in return for my week's labors. Later when I walked down the street I felt that I was the czar of all creation, the lord of everything that my haughty gaze fell upon.

My first tackle of my first football game gave me another big thrill. The opposing team had the ball, and when it was snapped back it seemed to me as if the whole team, with about ten more recruits who sprang from some mysterious place, started for me. My first impulse was to turn around and run for my life but I stuck where I was, my legs refusing to function from fear. The foremost man hit me and down I went. I saw a leg protrude from the whirling mass of bodies and I caught

hold of it, pulling it's owner down with me. It happened to be the man who was carrying the ball, and I had made my first tackle. I have made many a tackle since then, but none has given me the satisfaction of that first tackle.

I am a Junior, and when I get through these last two years, I hope to go to the University, where I shall take a law course, so some day when you hear of the renowned and far famed legal expert, Glenn Holder, you may know that it is the same old Glenn Holder who used to go to school with you at old G. H. S.

WILBUR DANIEL STEEL. Short-Story Writer

By FRANCES ELDER.

People visiting our city are reminded that this is the home of O. Henry by the O. Henry Hotel, the O. Henry Drug Store, and the O. Henry Tablet. Few, however, know that Greensboro is also the home of another of America's great short story writers, Wilbur Daniel Steel.

Wilbur Daniel Steel, the son of Rev. W. F. Steel, was born in Greensboro, March 17, 1886. He lived here only two years, his father being called to Denver, Colorado, where he was a professor of Bible in the University of Denver. It was from this college that Wilbur Steel graduated in 1907.

Gradually young Steel climber the ladder to success until now he has reached the top round. His first story to creep into the hearts of Americans short story lovers, was "White Horse Winter" written in 1912. Many of his stories have appeared in our leading magazines such as *Harpers, Century, Atlantic, and Pictorial Review.*

In 1919 Steel was awarded second prize by the O. Henry award committee for the story "They Know Not What They Do." This was followed in 1921 by a special award from the same committee for the highest rank maintained during three years among American Short Story writers.

Mention might be made of the fact that in 1918 a number of Steel's stories appeared in book form. A copy of these can be found in any public library.

IN SPANISH CLASS

By MARY McCOLLUM

Dancing lightly into the room with a half hop, half skip motion, she perches herself upon the corner of her desk and smiles upon her pupils. Then with the twiddle of her pencil and a toss of her wavy locks, she assumes the dignity of her role and checks up on her "muchachos malos."

Standing erect with her feet wedged between the rounds of the chair, she lays before her charges a carefully planned lesson, and the attention of the class is held in such a way that the allotted fifty minutes seem to speed away.

Frequently a fun-loving student desires to stir up a little excitement. At first the result seems fatal, but with a flash of those piercing eyes, she once again restores order, and with a cheerful smile assures the pupil that all is well.

SCHOOL AGAIN

By HELEN FORBIS.

Along about September, When the weather 'gins to cool, And flowers are all a droopin'; Why it's time to go to school.

Of course it's sure a good ole place Where we have heaps of fun But sure it's hard to go again To classes have to run.

But when we do get started, We work without a res' 'Cause you bet your life no loafers Hang around at G. H. S.

RUSHED TO DEATH.

Dear Ma, I'm jest a ritin' a post-card today sence I'm so busy with all them assiments which my English teacher giv us. I went to Sells-Floto last week and nearly flotoed away it was rainin so hard. Your lovin son, Hiram.

THE PLEASURE OF EATING

From "The Ten-fold Pleasures of this Life"

(Being a learned discourse by the Great Elijah Van Kientrick)

The pleasure of eating, as all mortal blessings, is purely a transitory one. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," and let us do so in such a way as to drive the greatest possible enjoyment therefrom.

How food, the most vital of all subjects, can have been so neglected by literary geniuses, not only of modern, but of former times, surpasses indeed my understanding. Be it ever to Charles Lamb's credit that he, alone, has realized its importance and has given to posterity his immortal essay. "A Dissertation on Roast Pig." Yet, even this is somewhat lacking when one considers the pages wasted upon the history of that delicious meat that might have been spent to much greater advantage in describing the delightful sensations in partaking thereof.

Having now, in accordance with the practice of all great writers, informed my readers of the purpose of this essay, I shall proceed to my discussion, lest you weary of so long an introduction.

Know then, that in order to appreciate the true pleasure of eating, the table must be approached with a hearty appetite, one that has been augmented by a moderate abstinence. The repast should be masticated in conjunction with a congenial associate, preferably corpulent and stupid. The fat man can contain little of that he desires; the doct will not distract the mind with conversation.

It is also imperative, in attaining the highest satisfaction, that there be a superfluity of edibles, of a quality unsurpassed. Thus, the necessity for choice of foods is allurated and more time is allowed for the gratifications of the senses.

Grab as many victuals as can be held in both hands at the same time; cram them leizurely into the mouth, accompanying the action with a loud smacking of the lips. If a portion of every esulent has been included in the mixture, such an appetizing blend will thus have been accomplished that the detentions of the eater will know no bounds. In the exuberance of his joy he will be heard to exclaim, "What more is there to live for? I have attained to the greatest pleasure of this life."

ELIZABETH SMITH.

SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE

By LOIS MITCHELL.

A road With wayside trees, In which the sunshine sparkles On the kaleidoscopic leaves.

The mountains Purpled hued with peaks, Majestic, wearing caps of clouds And flaunting maple flames.

Hillsides and valleys Share a common glory Sunshine of Autumn time, The soul of Nature's life.

The cover on *The Literary Digest* for September entitled, "September Sunshine" is a wonderful outdoor scene painted by H. Fregssig. The picture of the autumn sunshine on the autumn colors is a thing of beauty, pleasing to the city dweller.

RAIN AND SHINE

By RUTH FERREE.

The day was dark and dreary The sun refused to shine, And every one was weary Of rain on grass and pine.

So the sunbeams got together And decided to persuade, The old sun to come out again And lend the earth his aid.

They plead, they coaxed, they flattered They drew him from his place, And now the earth rejoices With the sunshine on her face.

FIRE FANCIES

By HELEN FELDER.

The fire was dancing and crackling on the hearth. It really seemed bewitched. To one pair of eyes it was bewitched, for those eyes were seeing little figures and scenes come to the fore from out of the fire. That pair of eyes belonged to grandma, and she made them find things in the flames which no one else could see.

At her feet curly-headed Elizabeth, a winsome lass of twelve years, turned her face up to her grandma's to see why she was so quiet, for Elizabeth was a wise child for her years and in grandma's dreamy attitude had sensed a spirit of reminiscence.

"What are you thinking of, grandma?" she queried softly.

"My dear, my old school days seemed coming back to me," she replied.

"You must have enjoyed them just lots to remember them so vividly".

"I did. In fact, when I was in high school, I was on the staff of *High Life*, our paper. I enjoyed that even if I did have to work hard. Our meetings were always so interesting. I remember one of them in particular, because, though short, it was full of worthwhile advice and discussion, and even humor. Lois Dorsett presided.

"Our faculty advisors, Miss Coleman and Mr. Wunch, were just bubbling over with advice and each tried to see which could give the most and best. Virginia Jackson was fidgety that afternoon; I think she had an engagement; wo could hardly keep her from adjourning everything all by her own little self. Three secretaries, Elizabeth Stone, Helen Felder, and Alfred Dixon, were appointed just to keep minutes, and they immediately began squabbling over who should do it first. Each declared, solemnly, that the others were best suited for beginning it. When they finally decided and subsided, Helen Felder was elected, and business was resumed.

"Soon everybody got breathless trying to get all the business over in a hurry and we decided it was best to adjourn. My! It certainly was one grand time! I loved it all."

Elizabeth, given something new to think about, was silent for a while. Grandmother, too, was quiet and leaned back in her chair in deep thought.

Some time later a little fire fairy peeped up from the dying embers. He was the look-out for a host of followers waiting to see if all was safe for a frolic. Seeing grandma and Elizabeth by the fire, he smiled and whispered to the others that the coast was clear. Grandma and Elizabeth were asleep.

A CASE OF ABSENT MINDEDNESS

By GARRETT GREGORY.

Coleridge and Lamb were friends, such good friends in fact, that both felt perfectly at ease in the presence of the other. Coleridge had an absent minded way of shutting his eyes when he was talking and twirling between his fingers a button of his listener's coat, (to insure attention, I suppose.)

One morning the two friends met and Coleridge started discoursing in his usual manner. Seeing that he would be detained for some time, Lamb reached in his pocket and drew out a small knife. It took only a moment to cut the button which held him a prisoner.

A block away, he turned and beheld Coleridge in exactly the same spot, still holding the button between his fingers, his eyes shue tight, and in the midst of a long, one-sided argument.

Be a life long or short, its completeness depends on what it was lived for.—Jordan.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve but the will to labor.—Lytton.

I resolved that, like the sun, so long as the day lasted I would look on the bright side of everything.—Marie Child.

Pessimism is waste of force—the penalty of one who knows not how to live.—Wagner.

PHONE MANNERS

The incident which I am about to relate causes me, everytime I think of it, to flush with indignation.

I had met the most attractive young lady at a dance the night before. So infatuated was I that I was determined to see her again. Led on by this emotion, I decided to phone her at once. I had it all planned. We were to have supper at the Ritz, after we had taken in the theatre.

Now, don't be surprised at my ardor, for the night before I had received an extraordinary amount of encouragement.

Only one thing worried me, I had forgotten her last name. But as I knew the first one and her phone number, I took a shot at it.

I called her number—1783-W. "W" or "J"—which was it?

"Hello!" a coarse voice answered.

"Hello may I speak to Margaret?" I replied, determined to persuade her to go if it was in my power to do so.

"Hello," a softer voice came over the wires. But, still not the ultrasoft, musical voice I had heard the night before. I thought she had contracted a cold so my suspicions remained at rest.

"Hello," Margaret, how about a date tonight? What are you going to do? Would love to take you to the theatre and to supper afterwards. Please say you will go."

"Who are you?" was the response.

"Why, this is Charlie. We'll have a grand time. I'll come after you in my roadster and we'll take in a theatre and the Ritz afterwards. I know—"

"Nigger, ah know you-all is two-timing me now, 'cause thar a'in't no niggers allowed at the Ritz. An' besides, I gat a date."

"Say! Who are you?" and I turned cold.

"Dis here am Margaret Washington Wilson Jefferson Ford Ruckerfeller Brown, but some calls me Maggie for short."

UNCLE AND HIS SPEECH

By WALTER SMALLEY

"Uncle, who won the game?"

"Why—Sah? It's hard to tell. Saulisbury won in score but they certainly didn't win in spirit. That Greensboro team sure fights hard. They fought for their school, too. Yes sir. They deserved to win."

"Some one was telling me that it was a bum game," remarked the inquirer.

"Yes—sah. That's gossip. Some of these people are always complaining. Them's the people what lack the school spirit. If they backed the school like the players played for the school there wouldn't be nothing lacking at the Greensboro High School."

"What made the Greensboro team lose?" asked the inquirer.

"Why, somethin' slipped at the last moment. I don't blame it for slipping. I slipped several times myself."

"Maybe the Saulisbury lads played better than Greensboro boys," said the inquirer.

"Mister I ain' sayin' that the Saulisbury boys didn't play good but they didn't have nothing on our boys. They played their best, but the rain made the breaks slip the wrong way. Listen here, Boss, I'll bet you if there'd a-been a big crowd on the side lines rooting for them Greensboro boys, they would a won in a walk and would had a plenty of points left over. Of course you don't expect them to turn out with sky, heaven and earth leaking, but if it stops raining and there is a big crowd out for the other games, and there is plenty of rooting—well Greensboro will WIN! And that will satisfy them so well that they will run away with the state championship. And, sah, that's all I have got to say."

What I aspired to be, And was not, comforts me.

—Browning.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.—Emerson.

Be pleasant until 10 o'clock in the morning, and the rest of the day will take care of itself.—Mahie.