

MAY IN GREENSBORO

(A Symphony in One Act)

PLACE—Greensboro.
TIME—The Present.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Trees.—Varicolored exhibits of nature, testifying the grandeur and gayety of Mother Earth; gently protesting against the labor of motions brought on by the slightest breeze wafted over their tops; proudly and often daintily lifting in daytime their brilliant locks to catch and reflect the glorious gleams from the orb of heat; and softly hushing the waving, silvery ornaments of their branches in lunar light.

Birds.—Noisy little creatures; waking their human friends at break of day; pouring from their tiny throats notes of love and joy which swell in volume until they reach the highest apex of song; twittering lovingly to one another; teasing man with their hurried flight.

Flowers.—Ah, the naughty, brightly-dressed emblems of gladness! Tossing their heads with their fragrant crowns as though in defiance of the maze of azure and white skies.

Clouds.—Foaming billows; a sea of cerulean blue; slowly drifting like fresh veils of coolness, apparently aimless, but really drifting toward some harbor—who knows what?

The Children.—Symbolic of joy incarnate as they dance in glee around the Maypole; shouting, laughing, merrily ignorant that all life is not May—But who would tell them the truth?

This is the Springtime mystery play of riotous color and joyous merriment a symphony of calm and happiness—and the twilight of autumn is

The Curtain.

HELEN FELDER.

May Poles

Lightly, lightly speeds the airy musical tones weaving a sweet melody through the fresh springtime air. Is it Fairyland, full of its visions and fancies? No; it is just springtime—Maytime, with all its beauty. See the tall, graceful pole reaching up, up, and its rainbow streamers falling from its tip-top crown of roses? See the gay little fairies of reality dancing about the pole, on, so lightly? 'Tis a May Pole of Old England, for it is May Day today.

Look! There is the rose-crowned queen, the loveliest young girl of the village, blushing her very prettiest, for she is the "Queen of the May."

Winter has gone! The birds are here, flowers are here, springtime is here, May-time is here!

ALICE DILLARD.

Elfin Philosophy

Said a gay little elf on a leaf of green,
Watching a vain young cardinal preen
His feathers in the morning sun,
And from his slender delicate throat
Carolling sweet and silvery note,
"I'll write with the quill of a humming
bird's wing

How the west wind blows and the starlings sing,
On a purple violet leaf, I think,
With a drop of dew for faerie ink.
I'll write how the windflower sways in
the breeze,
How the squirrel frolics with careless
ease,
How the pine tree wears a star in her
hair,
A radiant jewel nestling there;
How the sunshine frightens soft night
away,
Turning the dawning into the day."
He cried with a happily radiant face,
"Oh, isn't the world a wonderful place!"

MARJORIE VANNEMAN.

My Mother

I think when God first made the world,
And planted all the flowers and trees,
And set down all the animals,
And made the birds and honey-bees,
He knew that it was not complete,
And that it needed something other
Than just mere THINGS. He knew it
lacked

His love, and so he made my Mother.

MARJORIE VANNEMAN.

"Any insanity in the family?" asked the insurance dealer of Mrs. C. W. Phillips.
"Well, no; only my husband imagines he is head of the house."

SHATTERED DREAMS

A silent, shadow-like man turned the corner, stood shivering for a moment before a door leading to a flight of stairs, and then, with a heave of his great, broad shoulders, easily seen to be a sigh, he entered.

Upstairs, in a small room, before a bright fire, sat an old woman. It was past 12, decidedly too late for an old woman to be up at night, but there was a reason for her being up on this cold December night. Her son was coming home from Sing-Sing.

In her hand she held his picture, and, leaning on her knees, she was reading, for the thousandth time, an account of her son's heroic capture, and holding back of the prisoners when an attempt at escape had been made, and also of how the governor had pardoned him and had personally loaned him the money to make a new start.

Already in her thoughts she was building a little bungalow out in the suburbs, and in this little domain she imagined herself queen of all its fifty by one hundred feet. Then, too, perhaps John would be married, and then she would share the bungalow with his sweet little wife.

John would be a barber; he had been head prison barber, and now he would have a little shop and she would be so happy! Oh, yes, she would wash his towels for him and save the laundry bill; at least, till he got started, anyway.

Thump, thump; she heard steps on the stairs, and with a low cry of joy she ran to the door, ready to receive her six feet of strapping manhood in her arms. She opened the door, and peeped out; but it was only Mr. Martin, the man next door, coming from his night job.

Disappointed, she turned back, but ere the door was closed, mother and son were locked in each other's arms. For hours they told of their adventures, and both were tales of suffering and hardships. At about five o'clock in the morning, she, like all mothers, began to think of his food. No, he was not hungry; but she knew better; so off she sent him to the bakery in the next block for a loaf of bread.

It was still dark, and as the man walked along, another jumped from behind a post, covering the former with a revolver, and saying: "John, I told you I'd get you, that night you failed our plans. My wife left me, I lost a big deal that might have put me on the level, and now I'm just the human wreck that I have been, because of you, and now—"

He stopped and with a sneer on his lips, pulled the trigger, slipped his hand into the inside pocket, took the money loaned by the governor and was gone.

A few days later a little, gray-haired, sad-eyed woman applied at the "Eagle Hand Laundry" for a job and was accepted.

Each Sunday she is seen at a grave in potter's field, with bowed head, thinking of her bungalow and her boy.

GRAHAM TODD.

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

Ruth Lewis, Margaret Hackney, Margaret Bain, Frances Sink, Kathleen Lashley, Margaret Sockwell, Lucile Atkins, James Tidwell, William Byers, Margaret Blaylock, Dorothy Donnell, Sarah Ferguson, Sadie Sharp, Nina Wray, James Stewart, Jack Kleemier, Wilfred Sisk, Margaret Britton, Doris Hogan, Kathryn Nowell, Jewell Rainey, Bettie Walker Turner, Carolene Brown, Leonard Lineberry, Wilma Long, Ruth McQuairge, Carlton Wilder, Helen Shufford, J. D. McNairy, Charles Graff, Elizabeth Cartland, Lacy Andrews, Betty Harrison, Maxine Ferrer, Virginia Bain, Lois Dorsett, Bob Stone, Garnett Gregory, Katherine Bird, Elizabeth Stone, Elizabeth Smith, Virginia Jackson, Clara M. Hines, Bernice Henley, Helen Forbis, Mary Roach, Marie Wilhelm, Henry Biggs, Ruth Long, Lizzie A. Powers, Alma Nussman, Mary Omohundro, Doris Stewart, Margaret Kendrick, Annie Cagle, Daphne Hunt, Wilma Canale, Rebecca Lowe, Clyde Norcom, Myrtle Gillis, Ruth Simpson, Esther Sirewe, Ruth Abbot, Beverly Moore, Myra Wilkinson, Sara Mendenhall, Mary J. Wharton, Mary Elizabeth King, Cynthia Vaughn, Ruth Heath, Virginia Douglas, Mary Lynn Carlson, Betty Brown, Bernice Apple, Mary Tilley, P. B. Whittington, Lois Mitchell, Frances Johnson, Mary Price, Edna Frances, Ruby Elliott, Elizabeth Rockwell, Elizabeth Campbell, Hilda Smith, Helen Stockard, James Robinson, Katie Stewart, Glenn B. McLeod, Weldon Beacham, James Tidwell, Edward Mendenhall, Thelma Sherrill, Margaret Crewes, Orden Goode, Mary Lyon, Dorothy Mayes, Dorothy Lea, Helen Felder, Marshall Campbell, Lynwood Neal, Frances Moore, Ethel Morgan, Marion Shaw, Byron Sharp, Eugenia Hogan, Louise Aiken, Walter Smalley.

SINCE MOTHER WENT AWAY

The world seemed not so dreary, the days seemed not so dark;
The nights were not so starless; so late was not the lark;
My life was not so lonely, the days were all more fair,
When mother's eyes were on me with their constant loving care.

The same sun shines above me, the same stars lend their rays;
The same fields send their fragrance, the same birds sing their lays;
But somehow heart is weary, and the world seems dull and gray,
And life is somewhat faded, since my mother went away.

J. D. McNAIRY.

Decoration Day

Along the gaily decorated street,
With heads erect and firmly treading feet,
With eyes alert and faces strong and brown,
The soldiers march to steady drummer's beat
Between the shouting people of the town.

They're off to battle for the truth and right,
Uphold their nation's honor in the fight,
To offer as a glorious sacrifice,
And send into the dark and unknown night
Their youth, and for their birthright, pay the price.

Along the silent, decorated street
The soldiers pass with firmly treading feet
Between the lines of sad and silent faces.
The only sound the drummer's muffled beat;
In every face the lines that sorrow traces.

They march on down, a little khaki stream,
To where their fallen comrades sleep and dream
Of glorious battles and of strength and might—
The men who gave the sacrifice supreme
To raise aloft the banner of the Right.

MARJORIE VANNEMAN.

Over the Hills

In the dim, eternal silence of the hour,
Before the torch of heaven is held aloft,
While the gray gloom threatens
To circle round and crush out all the starlight,
I wonder what lies over there—
Beneath the quivering morning star,
As it prepares to dip into the high-tossed waves
Of pines outlined in black against the sky
Over the hills.

'Neathe the silvery moon and the stars all ashine, flows the river;
Under its quiet surface are a million small life currents;
Interlacing, clashing, weaving, they combine to make the whole.

It flows by forests, cool, peaceful, and green;
By rolling meadows, and rugged, rocky shores,
And fields where stately lilies bend to and fro;
It murmurs and sings to itself,
As it flows on forever in its time-worn course,
Over the hills.

The flush of morning floods the gloomy gray,
And the stars are drowned in overpowering glory!

A living voice calls to me. It kindles fires within my soul
To leap out into the great, golden unknown.

Who knows what life, and love, and pulsating liberty
Lie where that nameless voice calls—
Over the hills?

ELIZABETH STONE.

THE MAN OF SUCCESS

At his work he did his best
And finished all before his rest;
In his life he smashed a clod,
Advanced mankind, and worshiped God.

J. D. McNAIRY.

BABY BOLSHEVIKS

"Ha, the scurvy lout! See him writhe! Well does my soul delight to be witness to this act of charity!"

Ivan shivered and blew his hands. His abundant beard, black as ink, was saught in the breeze, and he muttered an oath as it blew in his eyes. However, he soon forgot his physical feelings while another shiver, this time one of the delight a blood-thirsty man feels when this sanguine longing is satiated, racked his frame.

"Yes, maybe. But is it an act of charity? After all, does he deserve to undergo this horrible suffering? I say no. He has hurt me as much as you, but still I see no excuse for this torture."

This time it was Nicholas who spoke. He was not a man of many years, although his flaxen hair was slightly edged with gray and his stalwart body clothed in shabby garments was a trifle bent. As he spoke, the other man turned upon him and with one ferocious glare locked his lips as with a key.

By this time a third member had joined the little group, and then another and another until there were about ten in all. Some of the new-comers were women, little and shriveled, hugging tattered shawls over their scrawny locks with roughened hands. Men and women were huddled together in a wizened group, and every now and then one of them would look around with an apprehensive glance, and satisfied that no intruder was night, would turn back to the animated arguments.

Said Ivan: "Nicholas here says we are too cruel—that our victim is undeserving of such punishment. What say you, friend Alexandrovitch?"

"I side with you, Ivan. He has proven himself a cur and I think we are justified in inflicting this punishment upon him."

"Well spoken! A noble thought! Our next ruler stands within our midst!"

These and many other such spirited remarks followed Alexandrovitch's words. He, in turn, bowed profusely, and then turned his gaze upon the wretched victim. By this time the executioner had finished whetting his knife and the howling victim was laid upon the block. The huddled group drew closer together with one accord and stretched their faces forward so as to miss nothing.

Suddenly Ivan straightened up.

"Hully gee! Here comes my ma! If she sees me with her bran' new switch on and you all with her 'n' pa's clothes on she'll tan me good. Hey there, Nick—I mean Jim—untie Rover. I guess we'll have to wait till next Saturday to cut off his tail."

MARY THURMAN.

Balloons

Balloons! Balloons! Everywhere were beautiful big red, yellow and green balloons, nodding and bowing at the guests as they entered the fastive banquet hall. Little squeaks of delight and numerous "Oh's" and "Ah's" actually came from the dignified Seniors. But the balloons were not the only things to cause such excitement, for never was there a prettier sight than the room into which the Juniors invited the Seniors for the long-looked-for "Junior-Senior." The hand-painted place cards of old-fashioned girls standing primly against the background of gorgeous spring flowers made one think of some quaint old garden. There was lovely music coming from some far-away corner of the room. And then more "Oh's" and "Ah's"; for the dearest, cunningest little birds you can imagine were set before the guests during the second course of that delicious meal. Throughout the evening there were funny speeches and pranks till everyone was rocking with laughter—even to the most stately old Senior. But above the din could be heard the constant popping of balloons.

All too soon the fun came to an end. The dainty little place cards had disappeared; a solitary balloon floated aimlessly at the ceiling. And at the doorway the guests were taking leave of their gracious hosts. Everyone was laughing and talking noisily, but underneath all their gayety each Senior felt deep down in his heart that queer, indescribable little pang of sadness.

LOIS SCHOONOVER.

SCHOOL SONG

The following song was composed by R. W. Wunsch, with the assistance of Miss Lily Walker. It is hoped that this will be made the school song in the future. The melody of the tune is also the original composition of Mr. Wunsch:

Hail to our school and to her spirit!
Hail to her sons' true loyalty!
Come join our song, and with us march along,

'Neath purple and gold, rah, rah, rah!
Hail to our captains and their warriors,
Hail to our friendships fond and true!
Where'er we're met, these days we'll ne'er forget

At dear G. H. S.

Hail to our school and to her spirit!
Hail to her sons' true loyalty!
Come join our song, and with us march along,

'Neath purple and gold, rah, rah, rah!
Hail to her hall and to its memories,—
Memories that never fade or die.
Where'er we're met, these days we'll ne'er forget,

At dear G. H. S.

IMPRESSIONS

Martha Garner—Mild, sweet flowers blowing by the side of a stream.

Elizabeth Darling—Little red heels tapping in a dance.

Willard Watson—The gleam of a battle-axe.

Miss Beckwith—Love letters tied with a faded ribbon—haunting memories at twilight.

Edna Fisher—"Alice in Wonderland"; blue and white checked gingham.

Lanier Griffin—A wiry-faced fox terrier with a brown spot on one eye.

Luna Byrd—Yellow butterflies fluttering over bright flowering fields; the fragrance of a dream garden.

Louise Caviness—A low pale sun shining on frozen sails.

Julius Witten—Circus day.

Baxter Bason—Song of sailors rising on the gale.

Miss Kelly—Brown dwarfs and fairies dancing in moorland rings.

Elizabeth Hodgkin—Johnson's baby talcum.

Penn Hunter—A barrel filled with rosy-cheeked apples.

Marian Walters—Moonlight on white sands; scent of pale petals.

To a Bootblack

Thou lonely solitary one,
Who works through the dreary day,
And watches for the glowing sun
To send fortune down your way.

A big fat man with a bald pate
Comes sauntering up the street;
You wistfully tell him of your fate
As he soberly takes a seat.

You shine and shine, but of no avail,
(His shoes could be shined no more.)
And when he arises, gives you a bill;
You thank him o'er and o'er.

Then he struts up the street, so constantly tread,
And you gaze at him thankfully;
You think to yourself, "Now I'll buy some bread
For Mammy and sister. Don't you see?"

MARGARET HACKNEY.

BEAUTIFUL MAID VAMPS SPECTATORS IN PARADE

(Continued from page one)

"Irene" must have gnashed her teeth in rage when she saw the unique costume of her rival for the place of Queen of Beauty! To have to be content with a cap as her only brilliantly colored apparel to set off her beauty, when "Hannah" was sporting such ravishing styles, must have been gall and wormwood to the spirited "Irene."

In fact, "Hannah's" triumph was so complete that the judges awarded the crown to her immediately, and on reaching Library Place she was honored with sports and games by athletes and Scouts. Even the band played soul-stirring melody as the balloons were let loose in her honor.