

**M E N !**

I think men are one of the most horrible problems of a woman's life. Some men can never be pleased, notice, I say some men. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule but they are few and far between.

I think men and boys can be classed under fur heads: The boy who tries to act "sweet" and "slushy" around the girls; and the boy who is a perfect snob, to all girls except one or probably two; next the bashful, quiet, boy and last but not least the boy who can be a "pal" or a good friend to every girl.

The first type soon makes a girl disgusted, all he can talk about is love, romance and moonlight. Any sensible girl gets tired of that.

The snobbish boy—who's going to pay any attention to him? He is too stuck up and conceited.

Who wants to talk to a bashful boy? He stammers and blushes and—says nothing. He is not entertaining and no one wants to be around him.

As for me, give me a boy who can be a "pal," who is ready for any kind of clean wholesome fun, who can be as entertaining as any one. He is always at ease, anytime, any place, and any day.

—Helen Schenks.

**BOOKS**

Next to real people books are the most interesting and the best kind of friends anyone can have. Whether you want to learn, to be thrilled, uplifted, helped, interested or entertained, no matter in what mood you are you can find some book that will suit you. Do you need sympathy? Do you need a safety valve by which you can let off some of your stored up steam of feeling, do you care for mystery, romance, history, pictures, people, action, travel? Some book can supply it.

No matter for what purpose you read before you finish a book you feel feel-feel. Some books make you hate-others make you love. While reading some books you cry all the time while reading others you laugh after every few sentences. Some books uplift-others lower your ideals and standards.

Some books are appreciated only after their hidden meaning is learned by a careful study, just as a shy, shrinking friend is not appreciated at first. Others are valued because of their story whether historical, romantic, humorous, tragical or mysterious; some because of the characters with which they are peopled—whether erant, brave lovers impossible villains, dear old ladies, kind sympathetic men, live boys, love-sick girls, newly weds, modern Americans, old fashioned girls, or precious gurgling, pink toed babies.

The book, however, of everyday life, about everyday people and incidents is the most restful and the pleasantest to me. Books with impossible situations, characters and people, written not because the author has something to say, but because he is merely writing to say something, can hold no real message.

The best kind of book friend, just as is the best kind of real friend, is the book that keeps you up to your best and makes you think and feel the best things.

—Catherine Grantham.

**A MOVIE OF THE MOVIE FAN AT THE MOVIES**

(a true story)

"I want twelve, please," a young girl demanded of the "Grand ticket agent.

"Alice, we are going to line up and march down the aisle in step. Sh! not too loud. Just enough to cause attention." All this was commanded by another girl, so called Bossie, because she led the 'gang.'

Smiles, and some disgust met the twelve girls as they patrolled down the aisle of the Grand Theatre. Down, down, down, would the end ever come? Tramp, tramp, tramp, at last they came to the bald-headed row. Alas, they had to sit two rows back so that they could all be together.

"Oh, isn't that actress beautiful! Look at that dress I'm going to have one like it. Give me some candy."

"Mary, have I got enough powder on my nose?"

"Oh look! Everybody! See who is coming down the aisle."

All this came from twelve young chatterboxes as twelve bobbed, and puffed heads turned to see the people approaching them.

"Hey everybody!" shouted twelve boys as they took seats on the row in front of the girls.

"Well of all the—," came back twelve soprano voices.

Just then, Fattie Arbuckle hung by a hair's breath, almost fell out the window. The two rows of boys and girls shook with laughter.

A young man marched down the aisle. "You can either cut this out or get out," he announced in passing the twelve girls and boys.

Did I hear of two cents anywhere? Oh yes! The girls could feel two cents all about them. The boys only rah-rahed.

One little bashful girl was in trouble. She wore her hair in a long plait and somehow she couldn't get it loose from the back of the seat. Her head was getting awfully tired since she could not move it.

"Elizabeth, please see what has happened to my hair. It is caught." Two men snickered behind her. They had been holding her hair unconsciously caught by their feet.

"Oh, I have lost my mesh-bag," came a cry of distress from one of the twelve.

"Well we can't look for it now because we have got to go," called Bossie good-naturedly.

"Let's see Fattie fall one more time," called the crowd.

"Tommie is here, explained Alice to Mary.

"Yes, isn't he adorable looking! asserted Mary.

"Please lend me some powder," begged another as the twelve arose and left the row.

Twelve boys immediately arose and followed them.

"Next time we have a party all to ourselves we will not come to the Grand Theatre," said Bossie emphatically.

"No, we will not. But let's not have any more female parties," answered the other eleven.

**The Morning After.**

As the sun sent its rays across the walls of the Grand Theatre, a janitor entered the building. As he approached the first

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and second rows, woe to him, for he stepped on a piece of slick candy.

"Blankey-blank-blank," came the utterances from his lips, as the poor janitors head hit the floor.

"Well now my Lizzie would like this little thing I reckon," he declared as he picked up a mesh-bag.

**SPRING TIME**

Spring time is here! Spring time is here! The gayest time of all the year.

Then out doors the little children play, Till the day slowly fades away-away.

Spring time is here! Spring time is here! The prettiest time of all the year.

The pretty flowers have started to bloom, And fill the air with sweet perfume.

Spring time is here! Spring time is here! The merriest time of all the year.

The many birds have begun to sing Their merry notes—true signs of spring.

Welcome, welcome, spring time again! With your warm sunshine and your rain With your birds and pretty flowers, With your bright days and lovely hours.

—Roy Broadnax.

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