

THE CHINA PAINTING DEPARTMENT AT CHOWAN

(Continued from page one)
have been painted this year.

Arrayed in a china closet were several dinner sets. Some had conventional designs in blue, black, and gold,—very simple, yet attractive. Others were done in green, pink, and gold and in blue with white gold bands. There was a lovely little breakfast set in a semi-conventional daisy design.

As I looked from shelf to shelf, my eyes fell upon a most beautiful tea pot painted in gold luster. It sparkled and shone so that I could see myself in it. By it, stood a big electric lamp, painted in blue dusting powder. On a table nearby was a large rose bowl of plain white china with a rose design. Another attractive piece was a pitcher with a Japanese design. The background was delft blue, with gaily dressed Japanese girls sitting ready for tea.

In less conspicuous places were numerous small pieces of china. The satsuma bonbon dishes were lovely with the light colored enamels used as a background. Then, there were pieces of belleck china, and ivory-tone wear. The designs and colors are too many for me to name. If you are interested in beautiful things, just take a few hours from your regular routine of work and find your way to "Ye Old Art Shop."

IMPRESSIONS MADE WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN SOON

(Continued from page one)
thoroughly appreciated by the audience. They were in keeping with the sermons.

Dr. Haywood and Mr. Betts have left an impression on Murfreesboro and the surrounding communities which will not soon be erased.

HAIR

Hair! Perhaps no other word suggests to us quite so many different things. Brown hair, black hair, red hair, auburn hair, golden hair, white hair; straight hair, curly hair, kinky hair, wavy hair, curled hair, fine hair, coarse hair, short hair, thick hair, thin hair, pretty hair, ugly hair, and permanently waved! All of us have one kind of hair, and most of us have a combination of two or more kinds mentioned. But, instead of thinking about all of these various types of hair, each of us thinks of his own particular kind, when the word hair is mentioned. The girl whose beautiful curly hair is the envy of all of her friends, remembers the time when her mother pulled a comb mercilessly through the tangles. For this reason she probably grew to hate her hair and would gladly exchange it for the straight, shiny hair, which another girl finds so distasteful. The girl who stands before a mirror on a hot summer day and painstakingly puts curls in her otherwise shapeless hair, only to have all of her efforts wasted when her head becomes damp, or when a sudden summer shower overtakes her, almost wished, sometimes, that she had no hair. The person who is responsible for the worn expression that a woman's hair is her crowning glory, surely must have been a man! He did not know the agony which most women suffer in order to attain their "crowning glory"! When hair began to be bobbed, woman thought her troubles were over, but she soon found that it required more time to keep short hair looking attractive than it had taken to tangle said hair and insert a few rats. And now they are letting it grow long again! And it is more trouble than it ever was. Hairpins refuse to stay in, unruly ends refuse to be tucked under, none of it stays in place. Truly, hair is a nuisance!

But a woman's hair is not the only kind which is troublesome. A man's hair is often just as unruly as that of a woman. Man, like the curly haired girl, dates his worry over hair back to the time when his mother was always taking off his hat and slicking his hair before he entered the church or anyone's house. When the babyish bob gave way to the boyish cut, the little fellow thought that now, surely, his mother would let him alone, but alas! When she wasn't trying to train his hair to grow a certain way, she was telling him to go and comb it, please. Or, perhaps his hair was the lovely, curly kind which fond mothers adore, and he had to wear it cut like a girl's until everybody called him "Mama's little girl". The empty greasans and hair-tonsic bottles lying around in the young man's room attest to the fact that a man spends about as much time on his hair as a girl does on hers. But it seems to me that hair is a greater problem to the bald-headed man than it is to anyone else. If the bald spot is small, he is kept busy carefully combing hair over it to keep it from showing; but if the spot is large—the kind that

flies mistake for a bare wall—it takes him twice as long to wash his face. And if he wears a wig, the slightest wind makes him nervous and he grasps his hat tightly in both hands, while the packages he is carrying drop heedlessly to the ground, and so, there you are. If you have hair, it is a trouble, and if you do not have it, it is a trouble. What are we going to do about it?
That is the question.

TRUTH; NOT FICTION

Jane, returning from her expression class, rushed into her room and began to cut gay capers. "I'm thrilled," she replied, when her room-mate asked her what had happened. "My expression teacher, Miss Greene, has been preaching to me again this morning. I told her when I first went to class that I was tired of expression. I could not see any results from my two years' work in it, and I was going to stop it. I also said that I did not have any time to put on it any way."

"Well, what did Miss Greene say?"

"Oh, she said everything that anyone could say. Not even Byron King, head of King's School of Oratory in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, could think of any more benefits derived from studying the art of expression than she pointed out to me. In the first place, she says it develops the art of conversation in one. She knew that I would be interested in that point as I like to talk. She argued that after I have studied beautiful poems, dramas, and so forth, I will always have something interesting to talk about. Some phase of something that I have studied will be sure to interest practically every one with whom I may come in contact.

"In the second place the study of expression develops personality. One's personality must be made up of, or at least colored, by the things which he has studied. They become a part of him—even though he may not be conscious of it.

"In the third place, by studying different kinds of dramas, poems, and vivid prose, one increases his love for beautiful things.

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls,
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

Certainly a study of this poem enables one to see new beauty in a night. Thus, through word pictures, expression trains the eye to see and the ear to hear something beyond the ordinary things of life. The imagination is developed.

"The fourth, fifth and sixth benefits of expression are: culture, a well modulated voice, and poise.

"After hearing Miss Greene's sermon, I believe I agree with Charlotte Cushman when she said: 'I think I love and honor all the arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He colored it, that was Painting; He peopled it with loving beings; and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.'

ON FENCES

Zane Grey has given to posterity the story of the "Vanishing American"; ledgermains grow breathless telling of the mystery connected with vanishing stage properties; women are loquacious on the subject of vanishing creams; mothers with adolescent sons are frank to tell us of vanishing cookies; but everyone seems to be avoiding the subject of vanishing fences.

What will become of the midnight cat, and what will be the end of old shoes saved especially to knock down the vocal animal, now that fences are gone? Will the cat lose his four appendages as the human family has lost the sixth finger—so the followers of Darwin like to tell us—and is now losing the smallest toe thru lack of use? Or will we have, in a few generations, cats with legs greatly shortened, say to an inch? If for no other reason than for the benefit of cats, it seems that we should begin a movement for fence preservation. Of course, there will always be inhuman individuals who care not in what direction cats shrink. In fact, if cats should shrink to nothingness like that of Alice's, they would be glad. Such people would be justified in abolishing fences. But, for those who believe in the transmigration of souls, and who feel sure that some alley cat is the embodiment of the soul of some departed progenitor, such an abolition of fences would be inviting disaster. For, suppose the cat, after dwindling for the want of a fence, should be transformed into a tiger or a lion, and in this form of transmigration should return to avenge his inflections while he was a cat. Woe be unto

such people who have discarded fences!

In a few years the rising generation will wonder where the "Cock that crowed in the morn" performed his daily rite. Surely the architects, in planning the house that Jack built, foresaw the need of a fence, if for no other use than to serve as a perch on which the mythological rooster could elevate himself and crow now and then.

A house without a fence reminds me of a stick of candy with its stripes licked off. It has lost half its attraction, and it has nothing left but an exposed interior. There is no mystery, no subtlety, no intrigue in open vistas, but there is always, in the imagination if not in reality, a wealth of romance on the other side of a wall. Imagine an English garden stripped of its vine covered walls. Half of its interest is lost.

Walls signify privacy and protection. Strangers who possess courage feel as if they have accomplished something worth attaining when they have gained entrance inside the wall. Friends regard more highly the bonds of friendship when they are so shielded within the sanctity of such a fortress. Family ties are closer nurtured within fences.

Sometimes I think half the charm of the American residential setting has been lost in the abolition of its fences. The home, whose chief attraction is its sheltering depths, has been thrust unceremoniously into the eager and curious view of the sensation thirsty passerby. For the satisfaction of the person who enjoys peeping into his neighbor's windows, this is a pacifying action; but for the intimate life of the neighbor so peeped upon, it is a devastating move. Without a doubt, the peeping class must have advanced, sponsored, and passed the No-Fence Law.

Mrs. John Sewell.

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ENLARGEMENT CAMPAIGN

Two Chowan students, Elizabeth Middleton and Louise McDaniel, aided in the Baptist Sunday School Enlargement Campaign which was held in Pasquotank county, March 3-11, and which included eight churches in and around Elizabeth City.

Both taught classes in "Building a Standard Sunday School", by Dr. Arthur Flake. Miss McDaniel taught at Raymoth Gilead, a church fifteen miles north of Elizabeth City. Thirty of her students received certificates.

Miss Middleton taught at Salem Church, Weeksville, N. C. Twenty three received certificates.

The Campaign was conducted for the purpose of making standard Sunday schools, and enlisting the men and women, boys and girls, who have not been attending Sunday School.

The first meeting was held Saturday afternoon, March 3, in the First Baptist Church of Elizabeth City. Besides the speakers and leaders of the campaign, there were a number of delegates from the various churches of the county. The first meeting was very helpful and inspiring. Mr. Perry Morgan, Secretary of Sunday Schools in North Carolina, discussed the needs of city and county Sunday schools; he also presented the plan of work for the week. After Mr. Morgan's address he introduced the teachers and assigned them to their respective churches. Many of the teachers were our Baptist Sunday School Board workers. Others were young men and women who are deeply interested in the work of the Lord.

Each evening, Dr. Arthur Flake's book, "Building a Standard Sunday School," was taught in the eight churches. At ten o'clock each morning, the workers and representatives from the churches met at the First Church of Elizabeth City to discuss their various problems and report what had been accomplished the day before.

The campaign was a great success, and will mean much toward pushing forward Sunday school work in Pasquotank county.

OVERLOOK QUALITIES IN TALKING OF FINE ARTS

We talk much about Fine Arts—Music, Drama, Painting—but there are certain intangible, in definable qualities which we ignore in our eulogies. The beautiful thoughts that the first violet awakens in the mind of man or the great aspirations which are often aroused by sweet melodies seldom receive mention in a category of Fine Arts, and yet they are the finest of fine arts. Many of the great accomplishments which the world has known have been the result of such inspiration. The thing which makes music is not the sweet harmonious chords, but the memories or thoughts which the chords awaken in one's soul. The same thing is true of poetry. The truly great poet is the one who can express

one's thoughts better than he is able to do.

Another form of Fine Arts is the art of being kind, unselfish, and loving. The person who has learned to smile at some one who has wounded his feelings has attained an art that many great men envy. The person who remains cheerful in spite of adverse circumstances, who can smile in the face of defeat, has acquired a great art. These are arts which may be attained without book knowledge; the poor and the rich may possess them.

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