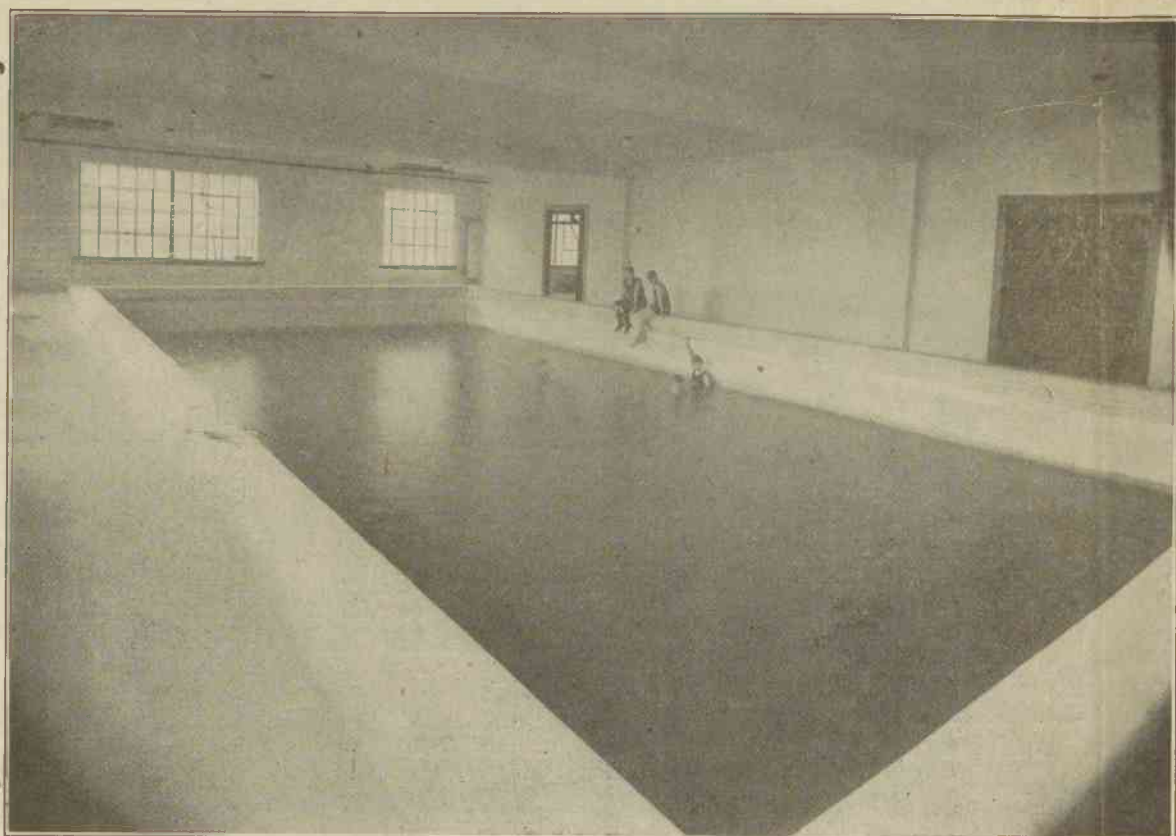


THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE



A LITTLE FRESHMAN

"O Doris! I have a letter for you," I exclaimed as I entered my dormitory when I returned from the post office. Doris was sitting at her window pondering over a problem in geometry. She raised her eyes from her book and turned to me.

"It is from sister I suppose," she said, taking the letter from my hand.

"But no, it is not from her; look, it was cancelled at Liverpool." She hurriedly opened the letter, glanced over it and read aloud:

Liverpool, England
November 3, 1896.

My dearest Doris,
The other day I learned that you were in school at Hi Point. Since you are so near my home, you must visit us. For fear that you will wait too long, I am inviting you to spend the next week-end with me. Be sure to come. Lovingly,

AUNT KATE.
(Mrs. Frank L. Williams.)

"Next week-end," she said slowly, folding the letter and putting it back into the envelope. "Spend next week-end with Aunt Kate? I have never seen her. I have often heard Mamma speak of her, and she has visited her, but she has never taken me with her. How can I spend next week-end with her? Furthermore, I must attend the students' meeting during the week-end. I was absent from the last meeting, and I feel that I must attend this one if possible, as it is very beneficial in training students for the proposed work. But it will never do for me to stay away and not visit her." She sat there several minutes arguing about her trip.

After supper she made a conclusion that she must attend the meeting and suggested that I pretend to be her Aunt Kate's niece and go in her stead. I consented, and we made our plans for the trip.

On Friday afternoon I busied myself preparing for the visit. About 5 o'clock I went to the depot to meet the train, which left at 5:20. I bought my ticket and at the proper time I was aboard for Liverpool, wondering how my visit was going to end.

In about a half an hour we were entering the town to which I was destined. The streets, which were lighted with street lights, were very crowded. The train stopped and I was met at the station by "Uncle Frank." After many greetings we drove home.

Mrs. Williams met me at the door with much delight. She grasped my hand and eagerly kissed me. Then we went into the living room where there was a bright fire blazing in the fireplace. She took my baggage and wraps upstairs to my room.

While she was gone I glanced around the room. On the walls were several photographs, each one hung in its right place. The room was neatly furnished.

In a few minutes she returned into the living room.

"And your people are all well?" she began.

"Yes'm, or at least they were the first of the week. I haven't heard from them since Thursday," I answered rather awkwardly.

She then called Diana and ordered her to bring some cocoa and cookies. The refreshments were brought immediately and after they were served, we spent the evening talking about the people at home.

About 10 o'clock she accompanied me to my room and I went to bed wondering what the morrow would bring.

When I awoke the next morning the breakfast bell was ringing. I hurriedly arose, dressed and went down to breakfast.

After breakfast Uncle Frank went to his work, Diana prepared dinner and Aunt Kate and I went into the living room.

About 10 o'clock she accompanied at the gate. Aunt Kate ran to the door to greet the guest. I remained in my chair until Aunt Kate and the guest entered the room. Who do you suppose the lady was? Why, Doris' mother, of course, and you can imagine how I felt.

"Where is Doris?" the lady asked entering the room.

"There she is," answered Aunt Kate, pointing to me.

"You don't mean to say that this is Doris," the lady responded.

"Why not?" asked Aunt Kate. "Why this is not Doris," answered the lady. "This is Edna Johnson, a friend of Doris." Aunt Kate looked very astonished. Presently she asked, "What does this mean?"

At this point I thought best to tell my whole story. When I had completed the tale they both laughed and took it as a joke.

That afternoon I returned to Point, and when Doris returned from the meeting, I told her how my visit ended.

EMMA BLANCHARD,
Eleventh Grade, Hobbsville High School.

AN OPPOSSUM HUNT

"Bill, do you want to go opossum hunting with us tonight?" asked Glen, my big brother.

"Boy, yes!" I answered. "All right, get the stuff ready," he answered.

I got the lantern, ax, bag and dog, and we started for the woods. The night was dark and we were unable to see three feet in front of us. We had not been in the woods over 10 minutes before the dog began to trail something. It was not long before he began "to tree."

We rushed over to Snooks, who stood barking under a big oak. Glen took his jacket off and started to cut the tree down. I had to hold the dog until the tree fell to keep him from getting killed.

When the tree began to fall, Snooks jumped out of my arms, in spite of all I could do. By the time the tree hit the ground an opossum jumped out and started running through the woods. Snooks had him before he got very far. Brother took him and put him into the bag.

During the hunt, we met with three boys of the neighborhood. They wanted to go hunting too, so my little sister and I went up to their house to see their sisters. We talked, played and read until about 11 o'clock.

After a long time of waiting

the boys came back and my brother, sister and I started home. We had walked about two miles when we suddenly discovered that we were lost. I was not afraid, but I had a peculiar feeling about the heart. After a long time—hours it seemed to me—we saw an opening through the woods. We walked towards it and found a field. We followed the edge of the field until we came to the road. We then discovered that we were on our own land and not far from home.

MILDRED WHITE,
Eighth Grade, Murfreesboro High School.

HIGH SCHOOL TACT

When you enter High School, By nature you're green; You study each lesson And write every theme. But when you're a Senior, You're wiser, in fact, You're always marked perfect, Because you use tact.

Speak so politely, Always smile brightly; Naught from your fame Can ever detract; Never seem lazy; They'll think you're a daisy But give you an A, And it's all due to tact.

In Chemistry always Pretend that you know Much more than you do; You can make a grand show. When the teacher is looking, Work hard for a while And when he asks questions Just bluff him and smile.

Speak so politely, Always smile brightly, If you are stupid Try bluffing, in fact, The scheme is so easy; Just talk bright and breezy And you'll get an A, And it's all due to tact.

In French and in Latin Mount a horse and away, You'll get the first question If your name starts with A; In Physics and Math It is easier far, Just laugh at their jokes And they'll think you a star.

Speak so politely, Always smile brightly, Keep up the bluff In your glance, word and act. And when you're in college The sure path to knowledge Is won in a gallop,

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