

## Forum of Student Thought

Best Examples of Theme Writing Currently Done in the High Schools of North Carolina

[N. C.—A \$20 cash prize is awarded every month for the best composition published in this department. Competition absolutely free. No condition except school grade of "excellent." Address State Bureau, Carter's

### THE PILOT'S SON TELLS ABOUT THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Frances Griffin—10th Grade Winston-Salem High School.

(April Prize Competition.)

"Grandpa tell us a story," said small Thomas, "a scary one, please."

"No, tell us a true story," said unagreeing Jean.

"Well, for once I will please you both and tell you a story both scary and true.

"Long ago, when I was a boy, I used to go to sea with my father who was a pilot. One moonlight night my father, the Hermit, and I set out to sea in a small boat. The good Hermit sang hymns which made the night seem very peaceful.

"When we were only a short piece from land we came upon a strange sight. We saw a ship surrounded by strange lights which looked like transparent ghosts and reflected in the water. We cheered, but no answer came. Suddenly the strange lights disappeared one by one.

"'Tis a strange thing they answered not our call," said the Hermit. Look, those sails are as thin brown skeletons of leaves. The planks are all warped.

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look! I am a-feared," cried my father.

But the Hermit, stalwart and fearless, answered, "Push on, push on!"

"We neared the ship and we heard a strange sound. It rumbled and rolled and grew louder, as approaching thunder does, but seemed to be coming from under the water.

"The evil spirits have a hand in this," said my father. "Never before have I seen or heard the like of this."

"Suddenly like a chap the ship went down.

We saw a body floating on top of the water. We knew him to be dead, but the Hermit bade us to take him ashore to bury.

"The waves grew wild and whirled around where the ship had gone down. We could scarcely keep our boat in control.

"We rescued the body and put it in the boat. The man's face was thin and wan. His eyes were sunken and his hair long.

"Providence has death roughly with him. But now, all is over and his soul is at rest," said the good Hermit.

"We looked at him. From the expression on his face he looked as if he had endured much pain.

The dead man moved his lips as if to speak. My father shrieked and fell down in a fit. The Hermit raised his eyes and prayed, for we were afraid.

"Suddenly the dead man rose up, took the oars which my father had dropped and began to row.

"I cried, 'Ha! ha! fullplain I see, the Devil knows how to row.'

"Then for three days I laughed and rolled my eyes as one gone crazy and cried, 'the Devil knows how to row. Ha! ha—the Devil knows how to row.'

"My mother and father thought that my mind was gone but I recovered as sane as I am now, my children."

### THE MISSING WEDDING GUEST.

Annie Glass Roediger—10th Grade Winston-Salem High School.

(April Prize Competition.)

First scene:

Two men dressed for a wedding are hurrying up the steps of a large beautiful house. Through the doors you can see a crowd of people in holiday attire. Several come running out as the men come up the steps.

First man from the house: "Where is Mr. Arnold?"

First Wedding Guest: "He's coming."

Second man from house: "How soon?"

First Wedding Guest: "I don't know. But come on in the house and I will tell you what happened."

(All hurry into the house busily talking.)

Second scene:

Large beautiful decorated room full of gaily dressed people laughing and talking. In the center several tables are covered with all kinds of food. Mr. Jones: "Come it is twenty minutes until the ceremony. Let us hear the story."

First Wedding Guest: "We were coming down Elm street

and a peculiar old man stopped Jack."

Mr. Bowyer: "What did he look like?"

First Wedding Guest with a shudder: "He almost looked like a wild animal that had been caged. His hair was white and hung down to his knees. His skin looked like a baked brick and his eyes glittered like balls of fire. His hands were skinny and dried up almost like a skeleton and he had them stretched out a little way in front."

One in the crowd who had slowly gathered around: "What did he do to Mr. Arnold?"

First Wedding Guest: "He stopped in front of Jack and touched him with his hand. Then he started off, 'There was a ship,' but Jack told him to hold off and get away. The old man dropped his hand but Jack stood still and didn't even look towards us. We came on so we wouldn't be late here and when we turned the corner we looked back and Jack was sitting on a rock listening just like a three-year old child to a fairy story."

One in crowd: "What made him stop Jack and not all of you?"

Second Wedding Guest: "It must have been because Jack's face is different from most peoples. Oh! here comes the Bride!"

Curtain.

### THE CAREER OF PHYLLIS DALE.

Ruth Linney—10th Grade, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

(April Prize Competition.)

Phyllis Dale was a country girl aged sixteen. However, that was not all she was. She was smart yes—Miss Rawlins, her English teacher, said so only the other day. She was pretty, the boys would tell you that and some of them were mean enough to insinuate that she was an awful coquette. But not every one knew that she was a suffragist to the bone, "an ardent disciple of Josiah Allen's wife," she styled herself, or that she had higher ambitions for the future than any other student of the High School.

Phyllis intended to be a great artist. Not as great as those ancient ones, Michael Angelo and others, perhaps, but some one who's work would rank with that of Rembrand and Whistler at least. Her career would be her life. She hated that ridiculous Mid-Victorian piffle called society. And as for men and ever getting married—why she despised the very sight of every boy in school! (The distant sight). And about marriage she had expressed all her views in one poetic gush of very irregular metre:

"Never will I make any man a good wife, I'd rather be a daubing artist all my life, A scribbler of dull prose, Or a school teacher with a long nose."

All this was before she fell in love with Ralph Milholland. Then she realized that there were more important and more beautiful things in life than a career. People love as passionately at sixteen as they do at twenty-six, though not for as long. And Phyllis fancied that she loved Ralph Milholland. But it was a love that was unsought. Ralph Milholland had seen Phyllis every day of his life for several months, but he had never really looked at her and he didn't care to, all the girls were fairly tumbling over each other for his attention. So poor little Phyllis had to console herself with her "David Copperfield" and wisely decided that her infatuation was "the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart."

Having broken her ideal that one's career is all things, Phyllis was in danger of slipping into that bunch of silly girls who are always sacrificing themselves and their "career" for some man or other. Fortunately, she had a few grains of common sense. Also she learned that compromise is a rather good word when you look at it right. There are many famous women who ply two trades, Gene Stratton Porter for instance, and Phyllis resolved to be one of them. It takes a brave heart to launch one's boat into the double sea of making a career for oneself and a home for oneself and at least one other person, but it is the right thing to do if you meet the right man.

Hot Springs, Ark., April 16.—Brenham Cameron, of Statesville, N. C., late tonight was elected president, and Greensboro, N. C., was selected as the 1921 meeting place of the Bankhead National Highway Association, which is holding its annual convention here.

### RED CROSS NOTES.

Atlanta, Ga., April 19.—Women in the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida and Tennessee are so eager to learn how to nurse and take care of sick folk that many of them are walking four and five miles for nursing instruction. "Many of them are farmers' wives," said Miss Jane Ven De Vrede, head of the department of nursing of the southern division of the Red Cross. "They not only do their farm duties but find time to attend the nursing classes of neighboring Red Cross chapters two and three times a week. Of course, some of them have automobiles and others buggies or wagons, but our reports show a surprising number who walk."

Miss Van De Vrede says that the interest in the home nursing and care of the sick classes of the Red Cross has increased remarkably since the influenza epidemic showed the great need for one person in a family knowing what to do in time of illness. One of the goals of the Red Cross is to put a "home nurse", as it were, in every family in the nation, and chapters in the southern division are doing their part in this phase of the Red Cross peace-time program by holding the home nursing classes. The instruction is carried on by public health nurses or others authorized by the Red Cross.

Atlanta, Ga., April 19.—Southern cities and towns, all of them growing and waxing prosperous, are showing a more decided interest in their own futures than ever before in their history, according to officials at southern division headquarters of the American Red Cross.

Included in the peace-time program of the Red Cross is a plan for community studies whereby the people of any town or county, assisted by the Red Cross, can make a thorough examination of their resources and their needs and, based on this survey, map out definite courses to pursue for their improvement along educational, physical, recreational, social and spiritual lines. It is much the same idea, save that it is smaller and simpler, which such big cities as Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Atlanta and others have carried out with city planning commissions.

As proof of the ambition of southern communities to better themselves, Red Cross officials point out that within the last few months workers from headquarters have assisted eight towns and counties to make these studies, while requests for assistance have been received from a score of others where there are Red Cross chapters. Where the community studies were made, definite plans for future progress were mapped out and in several instances trained workers were retained to supervise the launching and operation of such plans.

Pittsburg, Kans., April 19.—A mob estimated to have numbered 1,000 persons late today surrounded the jail at Mulberry, near here, seized a negro identified as having attacked a young white girl this morning, and hanged him to a telephone pole.

# Does This Parable

## Apply To You?

Once upon a time there was a little car, and it had a short circuit in its ignition. Now this is a very serious ailment if the case is not properly diagnosed and a remedy administered.

The owner of this little car was very much distressed and took it to the first Auto Hospital he came to, and unfortunately was placed in unskilled hands. After several days with no improvement the owner heard of a place where they employed responsible workmen and immediately called an Auto Ambulance and had it taken to the **S. & S. MOTOR COMPANY** where the trouble was located in a very short time, And if you don't believe that ask the man who had his car repaired at the

# S. & S. Motor Co.

Ninth Street

North Wilkesboro, N. C.



Hear this unique TEST of Edison's history-making phonograph

Do you want your own proof of the marvelous art of Edison's new phonograph—the phonograph that achieved such a dramatic triumph at Albany, when, on November 25th, it perfectly matched Mario Laurenti's voice in a test before 6,000 teachers? Let us give you the Realism Test. Takes only 5 minutes. A delightful experiment. It determines whether you experience the same emotions in listening to the New Edison as when you hear a human artist.

## The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

The instrument, with which Mr. Edison developed the RE-CREATION of music, cost him three million dollars for research work.

This phonograph, the original Official Laboratory Model and the duplicates of this original that Mr. Edison makes, are the only musical instruments which compete with the human voice.

Edison's faith in his Official Laboratory Model is so complete that he dares such drastic tests as that given in Albany before 6,000 teachers, principals and officials of the New York State public schools. He had the New Edison match its RE-CREATION of Mario Laurenti's voice against Laurenti's living voice. The human ear found itself unable to find any difference between the two voices.

Come in and experience the Realism Test.

Just received a new line of Hats, Flowers, Fancies, Ready-To-Wear, and Georgette Wists.

Stafford Building

MISS TAYLOR

North Wilkesboro, N. C.

### Start Tomorrow and Keep It Up Every Morning

Get in the habit of drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

We're not here long, so let's make our stay agreeable. Let us live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, and look well, what a glorious condition to attain, and yet, how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug stores. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of inside-bathing before breakfast.