

Ruth Humphreys.

P. 12-13

The Phoenix

VOL. 1 OXFORD COLLEGE, MARCH NO. 2

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THE STORM

Over the hills, the purple twilight
Deepened slowly to inky night;
The tall fir trees like sentinels stood,
Waving their signals from wood to wood.

Louder and weirder the wind moaned a tune;
A dark cloud stealthily slid o'er the moon.
The trees clashed together and groaned in their fright;
Then down pierced the rain, from the black roof of night.

The lightning leaped and slashed the mad sky;
The thunders roared in mocking mirth:
Harsh challenges from Hadean realms,
To grip and terrify the earth.

—BUEL WAGSTAFF

JOHANN SEBASTIN BACH

Johann Sebastin Bach was born in 1685 at Eisenach, the eighth child of Ambrosius Bach, a respected violinist. Becoming an orphan quite young, he afterwards lived with his brother Christopher, but before the death of his father, he received instructions from him on the violin and learned to play the harpsichord and organ from his brother. In music he had no special master, but studied untiringly throughout his life. In 1703, he became violinist at Weimar in the court bands, but was soon made organist at Arstaudt, where he had opportunity for studying and writing. Here he began composing.

In 1707, he married his cousin Maria, daughter of Michael Bach Ghren. He began to reorganize church music, and in 1708 was called to be court organist and violinist for the Duke of Weimar; his fame was beginning.

The period at Weimar was one of the happiest and best of his life. His patron at Weimar was a model ruler, a strict Lutheran and a great lover of church music. Although the court organ was small, it was an excellent one, and here he obtained absolute command of organ technique, perfected his knowledge as an organ expert and wrote most of his finest or-

gan works. He studied Italian chamber music, both solo and concerted, and entered deeply into its developing sense of extended form, deriving much from Italian masters. He began writing fugues and clavier suites, showing both Italian and French influence; also he produced church cantatas. Piano players owe to Bach the method of tuning by which they can play in all keys; also much credit is due him for introducing the use of the thumb in playing. In 1770, he challenged the boastful French clavier player, Marchon, to a trial of skill, which the latter lost by default. In the same year, probably because of lack of appreciation, he accepted the place as court choir master at Cöthen.

Bach here had no organ, but every incentive in other directions; he matured his views as to clavier technique and temperament and composed most of his greater works for the clavier chord and harpsichord. His mastery of stringed instruments became prominent and he invented the *viola pomposa*, a form between the violin and 'cello, but held like the former. Later he went to Leipsic as cantor, where he remained until his death; here his duties were laborious and complicated, since he had to teach Latin, as well as music.

In spite of Bach's increasing renown, circumstances combined to make the latter part of his life unhappy on its public side and drove him into seclusion. His delights lay in his home life, his many pupils, his visitors from abroad and incessant composition of the most ambitious sort.

In appearance Bach was stalwart, with a full face dominated by keen eyes, arching brows and an ample forehead. His expression was grave, but brightened readily into kindness or humor. In manner, he was courteous, but decidedly dignified; he was reserved in conversation, but wrote with clearness and pregnancy. While perfectly aware of his abilities and dogged about his official rights, he hated parade and boasting. He was a prodigious worker, rising to supremacy as executant and composer by persistent self-discipline. He was a devout and orthodox Lutheran and many facts show the depth of his religious sentiments and their bearing on his musical and social life.

Late in 1749, Bach underwent an operation upon his eyes which resulted in total blindness. In 1750, he died of apoplexy and was buried in the yard of the Johanniskirche.

—GLADYS TAPP JONES

WHY THE WATER LILY HAS A GOLDEN CENTER

Once upon a time in a far-away country there was a little lake called "The Lake of the Lilies," because so many beautiful water lilies grew upon it. Along its sunny banks were scattered shining rocks.

One day an old woman came hobbling by this lake. She was so old that she had to walk with a stick. This made the little water lilies feel very sad to see an old woman as feeble as that. They wanted to help her if they could. But what could they do?

The old woman sat down on one of the beautiful shining rocks, near which the smallest of the water lilies grew.

One of the water lilies asked the old woman if she would like a drink of cold water.

But the old woman sorrowfully replied, "You see I have no cup from which to drink."

"Oh," cried the small water lily, "you may have my cup and welcome."

The old woman thanked this lily kindly. She took the tiny cup and, dipping it in the clear stream, drank all the water she wanted.

Now this old woman was an enchantress, but the water lilies did not know this.

"Dear little water lily, you have saved my life, and I wish to do something for you. Tell me what you want above anything in the world," said the old woman, with a smile upon her wrinkled face.

"It may be vain and foolish, but we do long for some of that pretty yellow shining rock in our cups," exclaimed all the water lilies hopefully.

"You shall have your wish," answered the old woman. At that very moment, she changed from the crippled old crone to a beautiful fairy.

She stretched forth her gauzy wings and, with a wand in her right hand, flew slowly over the lake, dropping gold into each uplifted cup, while all over the lake many bright flower-faces smiled happily up to the sun.

—EDITH MATTHEWS

FINE ARTS EDUCATION

Fine Arts, by its very name, implies fine relations. Art study is the effort to perceive and to create fine relations of line, mass, and color.

As fine relation (that is, harmony, beauty) can be understood only through the appreciation, the whole fabric of art education should be based upon a training in appreciation. This power cannot be imparted like information. Artistic skill cannot be given by dictation, or acquired by reading. It does not come by merely learning to draw, or by storing the mind with facts. The power is within us—the question is, how to reach it and use it.

Increase of power comes with exercise. If one uses a little of his appreciative faculty in simple ways, proceeding gradually to more difficult problems, he is in the line of natural growth. The putting together of a few straight lines and creating a harmony of movement and spacing, calls for the exercise of good judgment and appreciation, and even in this seemingly limited field great things can be accomplished; the proportions of the Parthenon can be reduced to a few straight lines. It is, however, impossible to reduce Greek art, or any art, to a mathematical form. Art accepts no set form. It knows no limit. It resists everything that interferes with free choice and personal feelings and decisions.

The purpose, then, of art education is the development of appreciation of the beautiful, so that these decisions may be good rather than bad. We must, in our democratic country, develop a democratic art through the bestowal of appreciation on the multitude, and this can be accomplished nowhere so well as in our public and secondary schools. It is in these schools that we reach the children in the most receptive stage of their development.

Seeds of taste (which is only another word for appreciation) and skill are in the heart of every normal child and only need practice and skillful guidance to be developed.

Taste develops gradually through the *making of choice* with reference to some high ideal.

Skill develops slowly by *doing* things with reference to some high standard of excellence.

Every opportunity should be given for those conditions through which appreciation and skill may mature, and beautiful school buildings and grounds are the first means to this end. The school should furnish ideals and standards of excellence in everything it involves. Surround a child with

beauty and refinement and it will breathe it into its very nature as it does the fresh air into its lungs.

It has been said that "Art education is the means by which the refinement of human existence is measured." If this be true, and I believe it is, we should believe in and encourage art education, not of the few, but of the multitude, because it would add to the general enrichment of human life.

GENELLA MCGHEE

Head of the Department of Fine Arts

THE SEARCH

The forest was shrouded in a robe of ice. Tall stately fir trees were bowed down as if in worship of the great king of winter. Occasionally the silence was broken by a crystal icicle crashing against the earth, while the cold, white moon cast its ghostly rays over the surrounding landscape.

Suddenly a piercing yell rent the air and a lean, lithe figure came bounding through the forest. The animal's striped fur was torn and bleeding, but it was heedless of the pain. Fire flashed from the greenish tiger eyes, but with the savage glare was mingled a look of utter despair and agony.

She, the mother tiger, was searching for her baby. Onward she leaped through snow and ice, over thorns and rocks, with only the echoes mockingly to answer her frantic calls. The mother heart was broken; they had taken her soft, fuzzy baby from under her very eyes. She had fought in vain. Now it was gone, the little striped bit of life which she had cuddled so close night after night. It was all her very own, all she had, but now it was dead, and nothing mattered.

Gradually the leaps of the tiger were checked. She staggered along, leaving the path dotted and streaked with blood. Her yells became moans, then low sobs, and then—all was over.

Snow fell, silently entombing the still form. The trees drooped their heads in reverence, while the wind softly wailed a funeral dirge.

The great mother heart had gone out; out searching, for her lost child.

—BUEL WAGSTAFF

NORTH CAROLINA'S PART IN THE WORLD WAR

When America entered the World War, every state was eager to do her bit. The Old North State gave 82,000 men; 73,000 to the army and 9,000 to the navy and marine corps. Of this great number, 1,600 made the supreme sacrifice.

When the call came for money, food and fuel, North Carolina again gave her share readily and willingly. She loaned the Government in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, \$160,000,000.00. To the Red Cross and other organizations we gave \$3,000,000.00—250,000 joined the Red Cross; one North Carolina girl, Miss Madelon Battle Hancock, of Asheville, served throughout the war in the British Red Cross in Belgium, being under fire most of the time. We sent men and women to the camps over here as well as nurses to France and other war-stricken countries.

"Over Here" as well as "Over There," our soldiers met danger with a spirit that could not be quenched. North Carolina's men and boys were always in the front, and one of our own divisions, the 30th, broke the Hindenburg Line. At the same time, another, the 81st, was moving victoriously thru the Argonne Woods.

Though no actual naval battle was fought, the sailors deserve much praise. They kept a strict lookout for German submarines and made it possible for our soldiers to reach France more safely. One of the greatest men in the naval world at this time was a North Carolinian, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. Walter Hines Page, ambassador to England, was also a North Carolinian.

Business men, doctors, and lawyers served throughout the war without pay; and no call for men, women, money, food or aid of any kind was made in vain to North Carolina.

Experience taught us that food would win the war. Here was the time for those who could not go to help. The farmers deserve a front page in history. They did their share in raising food for our soldiers, sailors, and other co-workers.

Many of North Carolina's brave soldiers were recognized "Over There" for their heroic deeds. One was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, 200 were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and 12 won the Distinguished Service Medal. Among those who won the Distinguished Service Cross, Granville County can boast of five, four of them being from Oxford. One of them, known to all as the grandson-in-law of our President, Dr. Hobgood, Captain John B. Mayes, Jr., was captain in the 120th Infantry. He was given

distinction for extraordinary heroism in action near Bellcourt, France, September 29, 1918. Captain Mayes, with only eight other soldiers, cleaned out a German tunnel, capturing 242 prisoners.

Our Tarheels, efficient, thorough,
 Strong and brave, all praise to you!
 "We bring thank offerings
 and bend a reverent knee,
 Ye Stars, upon the crown of Liberty."

SALLIE HOGGARD and BEULAH MARTIN

EBENEZER MASSENBURG

As I was sitting on the porch at home, I saw an old negro coming up the walk. He was of medium height, but was very much bent with age. He hobbled along with the aid of a stick as bent as he himself was. As he came nearer, I noticed that his large feet were bare.

This negro wore a faded blue shirt, and his worn suspenders were holding up a pair of greatly patched black trousers. He had no coat or hat, although the weather was a little chilly.

Ebenezer, as I later found his name to be, was of an ashy black. His eyes were a watery brown and had no lashes to speak of. His thick lips were very pale, and his two teeth did not come together. The rest of his face, which was nearly covered by his flat nose, was very wrinkled. The little fringe of hair around the back of his head, and his side-whiskers were snowy white.

Over his shoulder he carried several brush-brooms which he had come to sell.

—ANNIE RENÉ POWELL

Jonnie Penny is now striving to learn the alphabet; we are all glad to know that she has advanced as far as C. B. We hope that she will *Winn*.

Janie Rogers: Faye, can you tell me the author of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'?

Faye Oliver: Why—er—no, Janie, I have forgotten.

Music Hall was disturbed about 3 a. m. Thursday by the walls of Montie Muse. The reason of her weeping was investigated. Montie awoke in the night to find it snowing and her much anticipated trip to Wake Forest threatened.

THE PHOENIX



EDITORIAL



EDITORIAL STAFF

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EVA MOORE FAGAN	}	----- <i>Literary Editors</i>
PORTIA ALDERMAN		
SALLIE HOGGARD	-----	<i>Social Editor</i>
RUTH MARY GAYLOR	-----	<i>Alumnae Editor</i>
DAISY JOHNSON	-----	<i>Joke Editor</i>
HELEN H. SALLS	-----	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>
GLADYS TAPP JONES	-----	<i>Business Manager</i>

OPTIMISM

Let us follow Browning, for a little while, and the shadows of perplexity will be scattered by the sunlight of his thoughts. There are many things which present only their gloomy side to us, but there is another side if we will only see it. Our problems and difficulties only train us for something better tomorrow. Then let us,

“Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,”

and remember that,

“The best is yet to be.”

The world may not recognize the worth of a human soul, for it judges by outward attainments. It may try to discourage us, but what does the world’s opinion amount to, after all? God’s eye sees every motive and every honest effort, just as plainly as it sees the accomplishment. He rewards not only for words and deeds, but even for thoughts which are accompanied with determination to reach the highest. God values aspirations and efforts as well as our actual attainments. There is no lost good with God. Surely we should not forget this and falter when reverses come. Our souls need training just as much as our bodies need exercise to strengthen them. Our attitude toward these daily tasks and oppor-

tunities determines largely what our characters will become. New opportunities come to us in the degree in which we are capable of receiving them; so we should not be impatient if the training seems severe. Severe discipline is often necessary as it prepares us for something better and higher. Difficulties should stimulate us to action rather than discourage us.

Earth was not made to receive sunshine alone. Clouds and shadows will come, but God does not change with the changing world, and our faith should inspire us even in the deepest darkness. After the clouds break, the sunshine will appear brighter than before. "Abt Vogler" says, in speaking of his palace of music,

"Why rushed the discords in but that harmony
should be prized?"

So, we can appreciate the sunshine better after the storm. But we must not let our faith waver during the storm, or the sunshine may not appear afterward. Each shadow dispersed by the ray of sunlight strengthens us until, after the darkest cloud, we shall see, face to face, the dazzling glory of God.

—E. M.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Before Christmas, the "Y" instituted a vigorous campaign for the Student Friendship Relief and also for the Russians. Miss Grace Salls gave us a most interesting talk on the students of Europe. She made each of us realize the need of helping our brothers and sisters who are struggling against fearful odds to attain an education. A check was sent for \$48.25 to the students, and \$25.00 was sent to the Russians. Since Christmas, another offering amounting to \$25.75 has been sent to the students. We are indebted to Ruby Hunsucker, who has so faithfully served as chairman of the committee, for this good work.

On February 7th, five of the cabinet members went to the high school and made appealing talks on the Students' Relief. The high school pupils responded liberally and we feel that the time spent and the effort put forth were worth while.

The Social Service Committee gave a most beautiful, yet simple service at the Granville County Home just before the holidays. Stockings that had been filled by the girls were carried to the inmates, who appreciated them fully.

We have had many interesting programs in our Sunday Vesper services this year. We especially enjoyed the New Year's program which was led so beautifully by our dear Lady

Principal, Mrs. Jones. Some of the outside speakers have been: Rev. S. R. Oglesby, Rev. George Tunstall, and Rev. C. A. Upchurch.

In December, we decided to organize a Y. W. A. within our Y. W. C. A. Beulah E. Martin was elected president, as she was chairman of the World Fellowship Committee.

About the middle of January, the Y. W. A. sent off a valuable package of clothing to the Baptist Board, for the Russians. We are very glad that we can claim a part in this work. May our little mites mean much to those poor suffering people.

A Mission Study Class was organized immediately after examinations, with thirty-two members. Twenty-four took the examination and will have their W. M. U. certificates in a few days.

The Entertainment Committee gave us a most enjoyable afternoon on February 4th. Everybody was dressed "tacky" and "swell," and each table gave original stunts. Miss Boggs' table proved to be the lucky one; and Sallie Hoggard, with all her wit and fun, was the "tackiest" dressed girl.

On the night of February 15th, the new "Y" officers were elected as follows: President, Beulah E. Martin; Vice-President, Clara Lee Stevens; Secretary, Sallie Hoggard; Treasurer, Thelma McGowen; and Undergraduate Representative, Ruby Hunsucker.

—E. L. M.

BASKETBALL

What's been done? Enthusiastic basketball spirit has been aroused. We are ready now to work! Perhaps it does not seem that great progress has been made, but stimulate a love for any project, and two-thirds of the victory is won. Owing to inclement weather, very few real practice games have been played, but plenty of "pep" has been exhibited by the girls in the practices we have had. As often as the weather permits, the teams will be on duty on the College court; also the high school officials have kindly consented for us to use their indoor court on Saturdays.

At a recent meeting of the "Basketball Club," Carolyn Vann was elected captain and also manager of the team, in place of the former manager George Ella Turner, who had resigned on the plea of "no time."

The various positions are being tried for by the following girls: Forward, Estelle Price, Alice Underwood, Margaret

Barrett, and Carolyn Vann; Guard, Valeria Scott, Ella Adams, Clara Lee Stephens, Clio Wright, and Erah Thompson; Center, Annie René Powell and Vina McArthur; Side Center, Portia Alderman and Margaret Muse. Miss Cornelle Cain is our very efficient coach, and with her help we expect to have a winning team.

As yet, definite dates have not been set for the games, but it is probable that at least four games will be played within the next four weeks.

—C. V.

THANKSGIVING RECEPTION

On November the 26th, 1921, the students of Wake Forest College and a number of town boys were entertained by the student body of Oxford College in the Society Halls. The decorations were crepe paper and evergreens, making a very pretty setting with their backgrounds of red and green.

The guests began to arrive about eight o'clock and were ushered into the parlors. Later they were conducted to the Society Halls where they found their partners by matching numbers. During the evening the couples were changed; this time, partners were found by matching states and capitals. Progressive conversation and vocal and instrumental music were features of the evening.

Ice cream and cakes were served and, at eleven-fifteen, the bell pealed out its signal for departure.

MISS SALLS ENTERTAINS

Miss Helen Salls, advisory member of the Freshman Class, assisted by her sister, Miss Grace Salls, entertained the class at her home on December 14th, 1921, from four-thirty until six.

The hostess was greeted from the lawn by the class yell, and threw open the doors with a smile of welcome.

On entering, the guests were told to search for comic little remembrances of the occasion, which were hidden about the room. Much fun was enjoyed in hunting for these favors. The main feature of the afternoon was the toasting of marshmallows,—a thing every school girl loves to do.

On the eve of departure, the president of the class presented both the faculty advisory member and Margaret Barrett, the senior honorary member, with Christmas gifts in token of love and appreciation for the warm interest displayed toward the class.

MISS BOGGS ENTERTAINS

On Thursday evening, February 16th, Miss Boggs generously entertained the old and the new Y. W. C. A. cabinet members from five until six o'clock.

At a few minutes before five, the guests assembled in the Laboratory where each one found a card with her name on it, attached to a string. Following this string, each found her place at one of the beautifully decorated tables in the Domestic Science Kitchen. Delicious cocoa and salad were served.

Later the hostess gave each guest a small bow and arrow, with which she was to shoot a large red heart (to see whether her sweetheart loved her). By the long, drawn faces and the downcast eyes one could readily see which ones were unlucky enough to miss the heart. Elizabeth Middleton failed entirely, and was awarded the booby.

The hostess then asked the guests to write original Valentine sentiments. Much fun was enjoyed during this process. The rhymes were then read and the guests asked to vote on them. The following poem, written by Sallie Hoggard, won the prize:

"We've enjoyed Miss Boggs' hospitality,
We think her treat was fine,
And now! Oh! now, we want her
To be our Valentine."

The poems receiving the second and third highest number of votes were as follows:

"I dreamed a lovely dream last night,
While I was dozing, tired and blue.
Just say you'll be my Valentine,
And, oh, my dream will soon come true."

—ESTELLE MITCHELL

"Come rain or shine or sleet or snow,
To see my Valentine I'll go."

—RUTH MARY GAYLOR

THE ELECTION OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS

The year of 1921-'22 has been one of the most successful in the annals of the short life of the student government of this college, and we wish to commend the president and council for their faithfulness and loyalty. There have been no

cases of serious offence this year; and as a whole, the affairs of government have run smoothly.

On Tuesday night, February 8, Rosa Knott, president for the past year, called a meeting of the student body for the election of new officers. The retiring officers were succeeded by: Ruth Humphreys, President; Hazel Baity, Vice-President; Portia Alderman, Secretary; Annie René Powell, Treasurer.

—WILOREE CALTON

ALUMNAE NOTES

The following girls have visited us this session: Myrtle Brown, Minnie Taylor, Mary Shannon Patterson, Rowena Pittard, and Hazel Thompson. We were very glad indeed to have these visitors from the class of '21.

Bettie Lee Watkins, '21, was married during the Christmas holidays to Mr. Lee Averette, of Oxford. Their many friends wish them a long and happy life.

Grace Currin, '20, who had been very ill for some time, passed into the other life January 12, 1922. Grace, as we knew her, was an ideal girl, and she had many friends here. We shall miss her visits and her friendship. Her school-mates wish to express their deepest sympathy to each of her dear ones.

Sadye Perkinson is in training at St. Luke's hospital, in Richmond, Va.

On January 25, 1922, Elva Knott became the bride of Mr. Garland Daniel, of Oxford. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel will live near Oxford. Their friends wish them many happy years together.

Maye Harwood, '21, is teaching at Whittier, N. C.

Alma Kinney, '21, is teaching in Oxford College.

Myrtle Brown, '21, who is now teaching English in the Creedmoor High School, visited at the College some weeks ago.

Bettie Horne, a former student here, is attending school at Fairfax Hall, Basic, Va.

Rowena Pittard, '21, is principal of a school in her home town, Nelson, Va.

Minnie McGowen, '21, is teaching in Kinston.

Ella Smith, '21, is teaching in the Boonville High School.

Minnie Taylor, '21, is teaching in the primary department at Apex, N. C.

Nona Rush, '21, is teaching in Haywood Institute, at Clyde, N. C.

Louise Currin, of Oxford, who graduated here last spring, was married in the summer, to Dr. Jack Bullock. They are making their home in Oxford.

Hazel Thompson, '21, is attending school at Trinity College. She is also taking a course in music, at the Conservatory in Durham.

Sallie Brown, '21, is teaching at her home, near Reidsville.

Ruth Parham, '21, of Oxford, was married last summer to Mr. James Powell. They are now living in Oxford.

Maye Covington, '21, is teaching in Mullins, S. C.

Lillie Maye Mabry, '21, is teaching in Mt. Gilead, N. C.

Treva Garman, '21, and Annie Lou Daniel, '21, are spending the winter at their homes, in Oxford.

Mrs. Bernice Wood-Thomas, '21, is attending Fredericksburg Normal School, Va.

A CONTRIBUTED RECIPE

A fad? Did you ask me if I have one? Certainly I have and you will never guess what it is. Of course, you know that f. a. d. means "for a day," so this is just my *latest* fad.

Collecting recipes at the various colleges I have attended is my latest diversion. I am saving these to pass on to future house-wives.

Did you ever taste "soup *à la* Oxford?" I never did because you know I am subject to spells of indigestion, but girls who never have such troubles, claim that the soup is delicious. This is the process of preparing the delicacy. Have the waitress bring in a plate half filled with good vegetable soup. (Notice that I said *half* filled.) Now call for some good vinegar and add enough of it to fill the plate. Stir the mixture well and then proceed to eat with a soup spoon. Truly, it must be a most appetizing dish, for usually the process is repeated during the meal! (I forgot to say that any brand of vinegar will do.)

—SYLVIA GLENN

"TIDBITS"

Ella Adams seems to be well acquainted with circus animals. She tells Mrs. Smith that the other name for gray kangaroos is "giraffe."

Mrs. Smith: (on Science I.) Vina, why can a kangaroo run so swiftly?

Vina: Because it has such a long tail.

Mrs. Jones: What two kinds of coal are mined in America?

Margaret Muse: Anthracite is one, and I think parasite is the other.

Mrs. Jones: What is a kilometer?

Faye Oliver: A hundred feet.

Mrs. Jones: Oh, no, that would be a centipede.

Miss Hill: Now, class, I want you to bear in mind that the affix, "stan," means "the place of." Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of Afghans—also Hindustan, the place of Hindus. Can anybody give me another example?

Valeria Scott, proudly: Yes, ma'am, I can. Umbrellastan', the place for umbrellas.

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CANDY

FRUIT

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IF YOU DO JUST COME TO THE HOME OF

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We are in Business for your Health
 HAVE YOU TRIED OUR SODAS?
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Shelled Almonds, English Walnuts, Pecans, Crystallized Cherries, Ginger and Pine Apple, Swans Down Cake Flour, Blue Ribbon Extracts and Everything to Make a Good Cake.

SIZEMORE & WILLIAMS

10 MAIN STREET

OXFORD, N. C.

TO SEE BETTER

SEE KNIGHT

THE OPTOMETRIST

THE MOST DIFFICULT LENSES DUPLICATED
ON SHORT NOTICE

COLLEGE STREET

OXFORD, N. C.

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Ice Cream a Specialty--Wholesale and Retail*

WE MANUFACTURE ICE CREAM FOR THE TRADE

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Get the "Bake-Shop Habit"

LOTS OF GOODIES AT

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Come to See Us

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One real meal is better than a dozen "snacks"
One real sleep is better than a dozen "NAPS"
One real pair of THE HUB'S Better Shoes
is better than a dozen just like theirs

For this Spring we feature
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