

# THE SAGE



*R. Fiddhouse.*  
19

FEBRUARY

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# THE SAGE

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## THE SNOW

DE ROSS, '18

It sifts down from the gray sky above,  
Each flake a tiny white-feathered dove,  
Writhing and twisting as it nears the ground  
And settles as a blanket, soft as down.

Oh! what a beautiful sight to see  
With everything as white as white can be;  
And oh! what fun for girl and boy  
Twice as much as book or toy.

The old folks look and give a sigh,  
"It makes heaven seem almost nigh."  
The children go out with hearts content  
And play and play 'til the day is spent.

“A LITTLE LEARNING IS A USEFUL THING”

---

ROBERTA B. STRUDWICK, '17

---

The little town of Duncan's Grove was situated on the Delaware River. Its only excuse for existence was the fact that several years previously the tremendous McCormic ammunition plant had been established a mile and a half down the river. Here in Duncan's Grove were men who represented almost every class and nation, for the McCormic ammunition factory employed hundreds. At the end of the principal street stood the "Elm House," a large, rambling, hastily constructed building, where most of the men lived.

Tom Hastings, a boy of eighteen, earned his livelihood by working in the Duncan's Grove postoffice as janitor and carrier of some special McCormic mail. He, too, boarded at the "Elm House." He was an orphan and had drifted around the world a good deal. He had very little education but was ambitious. Having learned not to put a plural subject with a singular verb in English, he studied faithfully every night trying to master German. This he had practically done with the aid of two German boys, Herman Bartholdt and William Reuterschen, who worked in the grocery store. (McCormic would employ no Germans in his plant.) Tom tried to like the German boys, for they had been very kind to him, but it seemed impossible. He had several times caught himself almost answering questions which they asked him about the mail he had carried to the McCormic office.

At supper one November evening, Mrs. Floyd, the proprietress of the "Elm House," said, "Tom, will you take the Butler boy's coffee up to the postoffice? They are taking supper out and I told them I would leave it at the postoffice for them."

"Certainly I will, Mrs. Floyd," said Tom, "I will be glad



to. That coffee will taste mighty good tonight, for it must be pretty cold on guard such a night as this."

The Butler boys were the two night guards of the principal river dock of the McCormic ammunition plant.

"The thermos bottle will be on the hall table, Tom, and thank you! They don't go on duty till ten o'clock, so if you get through at the postoffice soon this evening just leave it. They will get it." And Mrs. Floyd went on her busy way.

A little later, while Tom was sweeping the postoffice floor, Herman Bartholdt and William Reuterschen came in.

"Hello, Tom," called Herman, "I know it's way after time, but will you see if I have any mail?"

"Sure," answered Tom and unlocking the door he went behind the window. As he handed two letters to Herman he noticed that one of them was a circular from a clothing house.

Herman opened the letters and after reading them, put one in his pocket and threw the other on the floor. The two German boys departed hurriedly and Tom continued to sweep. As he was about to sweep up the letter which Herman had dropped, he remembered it was a clothing advertisement and thought he would like to see it. Picking it up he saw that it was not an advertisement but a letter written in German. Instinctively he translated the first few words and then hastily finished reading it. This is what he read: "Have inside information that consignment of ammunition for French will be shipped tomorrow. It is imperative that you act tonight." Wonderingly he re-read the letter and then dropped it where he had found it. Herman must not know he had seen it. Tom thought hard. He must go on sweeping until they came back for the letter, for it would certainly be missed shortly. Then he would inform the authorities. Tom began to sweep vigorously. A few minutes later Herman strolled in. He showed no sign of excitement except two crimson spots on either cheek.

"See a letter I dropped a few minutes ago, Tom?" he asked.

"Nope, haven't gotten over there yet. I never saw so many papers on a floor," answered Tom.

Herman picked up the letter and pocketing it asked casually, "Has Jim Butler been for his coffee yet?"

"No, he hasn't. If you see him tell him he will find it on the shelf in the vestibule. I'm going home before long, I'm sleepy," said Tom.

"All right, I will! So-long." Bartholdt went out.

As soon as Tom was sure that he was well out of sight, he put down his broom, threw on his overcoat, and hurried to the police station.

"Chief," he said, "I have some news for you. Bartholdt and Reuterschen are planning to do something to the plant tonight. I found a letter Herman dropped. It said that they must act tonight, for a big shipment of ammunition was going to France tomorrow."

"Who was the letter from?" asked the chief.

"Don't know. It wasn't signed. It was written in German," explained Tom.

"Well, how in the thunder do you know what it said then?"

"I've been studying German at night and I translated it."

"You know enough German to translate a letter! Never! Goodnight, I'm not going to send any of the men on such a wild goose chase as that would be!"

It was useless to argue, so Tom decided that the only thing to do was to notify the McCormic chief of guards. It was after nine o'clock and he must hurry. As he passed the postoffice he saw two figures hurry out. They looked like the Germans. He went into the first telephone booth and tried to get the chief of guards. He tried time and again, but with no success. The operator told him that something was wrong with all the wires leading to the McCormic plant.

"Nothing doing! They've cut the wires," he said disgustedly. "It's up to me I gues—but what?—Why the



Butler boys, of course." What a fool he had been not to think of them at first! Tom rushed to the postoffice. The thermos bottle was gone and it was ten o'clock. Standing in the doorway, he saw the two German boys come by. The only thing to do was to follow them.

They went to the river and getting into a boat paddled silently off. They were going by the river then! Well, he would go by the river, too. A boat wouldn't do, for the moon was full and any boat could be easily seen. There was just one course open—to swim. Tom often swam as far as the McCormic dock. He would do it again! Taking off his coat and shoes he plunged into the icy water. Tom had always been a wonderful swimmer and now he managed to keep well in sight of Bartholdt and Reuterschen, who were rowing at a moderate speed.

The dock was finally reached. Instead of slipping into some secluded spot, as Tom had expected, the Germans landed boldly. Tom crawled up the bank several yards from the dock and ran swiftly to where he saw two dark objects on the ground. They proved to be the prostrate forms of the two Butler boys, apparently asleep. He shook them roughly; they did not stir. Drugged, of course! The two figures he had seen coming out of the postoffice were the Germans! How easy they had found it to drop a little powder in the coffee. Tom ran on. He must follow Bartholdt and Reuterschen closely. He suddenly remembered that he had no weapon. Turning he quickly slipped Jim Butler's automatic from his belt.

The McCormic ammunition plant stood in a space which was clear on three sides, but on the fourth side stood six or seven splendid old oaks. The factory was brightly lighted. The only way in which the two Germans might get near enough to do any damage was to approach from behind the oaks. Hastening around the clearing to the oaks, Tom slipped behind a tree. From here he could see the figures of Herman and William kneeling. He watched silently for a short while. He saw that they were attaching a fuse

which was connected he knew with a bomb. He shuddered. He realized for the first time that his clothes were wet and he was very cold. What must he do! He slipped from tree to tree until he was within a few feet of the boys, then stepped out from behind the tree and said:

“Hands up!”

“Why hello, Tom! That you?” The boys continued their work, after a start and a glance around.

“Hands up or I will shoot!”

No answer.

Tom hesitated. To take the life of another being who lived, moved, and had the same sensations as himself seemed impossible. But Tom thought of the hundreds of men busy at that moment in the factory—the plant was working both day and night shifts. He aimed his pistol deliberately and fired. Reuterschen fell heavily to the ground. Bartholdt lighted the fuse.

Tom rushed toward Bartholdt, who dodged his blow and planted his own fist in Tom’s face. Tom staggered. They grappled, Tom trying vainly to put his foot on the fuse. Finally he was thrown. Bartholdt raining blow after blow on his face. Tom at last caught the fist as it descended and bringing it to his mouth dug his teeth into it. The German rolled off of him with a suppressed howl of agony. Tom reached for the burning fuse, caught it in his hand, and smothered it. Bartholdt was struggling to his knees. Tom struck him with all of his strength, which laid the second German by the side of the unconscious Reuterschen.

Tom walked unsteadily to the office. It took the last bit of his strength to push open the door and say: “Send some one to the oak grove—quick!” Tom crumpled to the floor.

The next day the manager of the plant came to Tom’s room to hear his story. He was such a kindly old gentleman that Tom told him too of his ambition to some day go to college and “really learn.”

The following week a letter came to Tom from New York. Wonderingly he opened it and read:



“Dear Tom:

“Mr. Donaldson has written me of your bravery and presence of mind. You saved the McCormic ammunition plant. In appreciation of what you have done, I wish to send you to Yale for four years. At the end of that time there will be a place waiting for you in the New York office of the McCormic ammunition plant.

“Gratefully yours,

“R. G. McCORMIC.”

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### A MIRROR'S REFLECTION

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EVANGELINE BROWN, '17

---

“It isn't any use, you're just as ugly with your hair done up on top of your head, and I don't care how far you pull it down over your eyes, which is dreadfully unstylish, you can still see the freckles on your nose.”

These slanderous remarks were addressed to no other than the reflection in the mirror. To be quite truthful the reflection was not very attractive. The nose was slightly upturned, the greenish, gray eyes inclined to be round were rather bewitchingly oval; and the mouth was a little large for so small a face. The cheeks contained no remarkable flush and just under the eyes and across the nose there was a little sprinkle of freckles. The hair, which just at this moment was done on top of the head, was straight but a very nice, soft brown.

The reflection's nose suddenly wrinkled up and the large mouth drew down at the corners in a most unbecoming manner. Two hands were suddenly raised and the nice, brown, uncurling hair fell in all directions under the angry loosing of hair pins.

“He certainly has got eyes that see and he said he liked

pretty things, so you haven't a chance in the world, especially since that Sylvia Ellis with her golden hair and blue eyes has come back. Now, if he was blind why——but he isn't, so just do your hair in the same way and don't try to look stylish or make a 'hit,' but content yourself with being an ugly old maid, with freckles, a turned-up nose, and green eyes."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And he said he liked green eyes and he thought straight brown hair was nice," spoke the reflection's voice in soft tones, so contrasting to the bitterness of the same voice a few hours before, "and he was lovable enough to say that a freckle at the edge of the turned-up nose was adorable. Yes, there are three right in a row, just as he said when he kissed them," and a small forefinger was reflected gently rubbing each freckle that made up the "row," and then the tip of the finger was pressed to the lips of the over-proportioned mouth in a manner that greatly resembled the transposition of a kiss.

The upturned freckled nose was wrinkled again, this time pleasantly. The too large mouth turned up at the corner, the greenish grey eyes twinkled with a happiness that the pretty reflection couldn't exactly explain.

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SANFORD THOMAS, '18

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Is there a boy with soul so dead  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 As in the morning he doth awake,  
 "Oh! school, burn down just for my sake?"

Is there a boy in the old town  
 Who goes to school without a frown



To take the semi-daily test  
And get—oh! 50, at the best?

Is there a boy who goes to school  
And never, never breaks the rule,  
Who always has a perfect lesson,  
Made perfect by studying—not by guessin'?

Is there a boy who sits all day  
And never, never wants to play,  
But thinks that it's more fun to do  
The things the teachers tell him to?

If there live such a boy,  
I'm sure I'll wish him every joy,  
But I will always hope and pray  
That there will never come the day  
When I will be such a dunce  
To miss the fun which comes but once.

---

### THE WAY WE MET

---

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG, '19

---

“Mary be sure and drop me a postal card as soon as you reach Saranac Lake.”

“I certainly will, mother. You take good care of yourself, and please forward my mail to me. I'm so excited I can't think straight.”

The train began to move slowly away, and with a last good-bye to her mother and father, Mary was lost to sight.

“To think that I am actually started,” she said to herself, as she took off her hat and made herself comfortable for the long ride. “I wonder what Edna looks like. The last time

I saw her she wore her hair down her back with a bow on the top. It doesn't seem possible that it has been five years since I saw her. Nor that I will be twenty in May. It seems only yesterday that we all went to S. H. S. together, and I never will forget the night we went up to Mary Powers', and made Welsh rarebit, and then went sleigh riding. My, but I will be glad to see them again."

"Stanton, all off for Stanton," sang out the porter as he went through the car.

Two young men came in and took the seat opposite Mary, which an old lady and her daughter had just vacated. To judge from their conversation they were college boys full of the good time they were going to have at a carnival.

"I wonder," thought Mary, "if they can be going to the carnival too."

This carnival that Mary was to attend was held every other year at Saranac Lake. The wonderful "ice palace" was built, and for three days a big carnival was held. The last night a sham battle was fought at the palace by the state militia. The town was gaily bedecked and any one that went there could certainly have a good time.

Mary being a normal girl, could not help looking out of the window opposite her, once in while, and in doing so she could not help seeing that one of the young men had a very interesting face. She soon tired of the landscape though, and opening her suit case she took out a book. However when she came to close her suit case the catch wouldn't catch. After a few vain efforts she decided to let it alone until the porter should come along, and was just ready to push her suit case under the seat when a voice across the aisle said, "May I close it for you?"

"Thank you," said Mary, looking up, "I don't know what's the matter with it."

The interesting young man arose, and coming across the aisle lifted the suit case to the seat, and after working with it for a few minutes turned to Mary and said, "I'm afraid the spring is broken. But if you will allow me to sit down



here, and use my knife, I think I can fix it in a few minutes."

"Oh, please don't bother, it really doesn't matter. I can strap it," said Mary blushing a little.

"Oh, it won't be any bother at all," said the boy as he sat down and went to work. It did not take long, and in a few minutes Mary with a "Thank you so much," saw her benefactor go back to his seat and become absorbed in a book.

"I wonder who he is and where he is going?" was the question Mary couldn't help asking herself, as she allowed her mind to wander from the book she was reading.

About five o'clock it began to snow and before long the flakes were falling so fast and thick that it was impossible to see out. The lights were lit about five-thirty, and as Mary saw the conductor coming through the car with an anxious look on his face, she stopped him and asked if they would reach Washington on time.

"I'm afraid not, miss," was the discouraging reply she received. "We have just received orders to run careful on account of snow banks ahead."

"Then it will be impossible to make connections with the Saranac train at New York?" she inquired anxiously.

"I'm afraid so," was the reply, as he moved off.

Mary took up her book again, but it was impossible for her to become interested in the dangers and perils the heroine was going through, and she soon gave it up and went to make herself presentable for supper. When she came into the dining car, it was nearly filled, but she obtained a table all to herself at the end of the car, and gave her order. She was sipping her soup when she saw the young man of the morning experience and his friend coming through the door. After walking the length of the car and finding no available seats, they sat down at Mary's table. The young men bowed and then proceeded to order supper.

Over the "Pass the pepper please," a conversation was started. The boy who had attracted her, whose name was Jack, as she had found out from hearing her friend address him, said he hoped that the drifts weren't as bad as the cou-

ductor had said and that he hoped they would make connections in New York all right.

“You see,” he said, “I couldn’t help overhearing your conversation with the conductor. My friend and I are also going to Saranac Lake. We are going to visit one of our last year classmates, Dick Lapan.”

“Why,” said Mary in surprise, “I’m going to visit Dick’s sister. I knew that Edna and Dick were going to have a house-party, but—well, I didn’t intend to meet any of them—”

“Before you arrived,” supplied her new acquaintance with a smile. “But since we have met may I introduce myself and my friend?” Upon receiving a nod from Mary he went on, “This is my friend John Smith, and I am your humble locksmith, Jack Myers; and if you will excuse me, I think I know who you are. You see I recognized you from a picture you sent Edna last year. I was then spending the holidays with Dick. I think you are Miss Mary Clark from Greensboro, N. C.”

By the time they had finished getting acquainted they had finished their supper also, and they all went back to their car together. They talked about Saranac and the good times they had had there, until about ten o’clock.

They were three hours late reaching New York, but the Saranac Lake train had been held and three o’clock saw our friends on the last stages of their journey. They reached their destination about ten-thirty and were met by Edna and Dick. After the greetings were over and John had explained how he and Jack came to meet Mary, they piled into a large sled and were soon at the Lapan residence. Mrs. Lapan and Edna’s older brother met them at the door and made them welcome. Edna’s father had died when she was about five years old. As they all sat down before a large open fire for a light lunch before going to bed, it would have been hard to have found a happier group.

The girls were down in good time the next morning for breakfast, and afterwards went off with the boys for a skate.



Mary hadn't been ice skating for some time, and so for a little while she was very careful, but she soon regained her confidence and joined with the others in their games of "Crack the Whip" and "Tag." During the morning's fun she came to find out that her interesting young man was every bit as interesting as his face had said he would be.

The carnival opened that night with a ball given by the militia, so Edna and Mary stayed home during the afternoon to put the finishing touches to their costumes. About twelve o'clock when it was time to unmask, Jack to his secret delight found himself with Mary, and when they left for home he managed things in such a way that he had Mary to himself in the cutter for the ride home.

Early the next morning Edna and Mary went over to the carnival grounds to decorate their booth, which Mary was to hold that night for her Sunday School class. The two girls had decided to make the booth into a Gypsy camp, so all morning they worked hard with cedar, old Indian ware, saddles, blankets, rugs, and all kinds of beads and ornaments. When they finished they were well satisfied with their work.

The Gypsy booth was a great success, especially the tent where Mary told fortunes. Dick and John came in. Dick was to be a rich bachelor, and die young. John was to lose his money and become a rider on a ranch out west. About ten o'clock Jack came in to have his fortune told, and, after having her palm crossed by silver, Mary began in the usual way. Jack was a young man of twenty-five. He was in love, with whom she didn't know. He was to live to be a rich and old man. When she had finished nothing would do but that she must go have a drink. Afterwards when she and her escort were walking around, Jack said, "Mary, you know you actually told me a true fact."

"Why?" said Mary in surprised innocence, "What did I say?"

"You said," Jack continued, "that I was in love, and it is a fact. But the funny part about it is, that I didn't know

it until you told me. Haven't you any curiosity to know who it is?"

---

“AVIATOR 447 ”

---

EDWIN H. DENNY, '18

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“Well,” laughingly exclaimed Ralph Shirley Wilkins, “here I am a young prisoner of war. Why, I had no ambition for such high position in life.” But the sad part, he knew it was only too true. He had been caught in Berlin at the beginning of the great European war, while studying and travelling in Europe. This wealthy young American had lost his passports, his travelling cheques were useless, and worst of all, the English accent that he had affected caused his arrest as a British spy.

His thoughts were interrupted by a loud explosion that shook the walls of the large brick prison. Jumping up Ralph saw to his surprise that the iron door to his cell was half open. The shock had thrown back the lock. Realizing that it was a chance to escape, he waited until the running guards passed on to the back of the prison, then hurried down the long corridor which was covered with bits of shattered brick and emerged into sunlight through a side door. The lucky explosion had occurred in a small room in the back of the prison where gun-powder and ammunition were stored. A careless guard seeking shell for his gun had dropped a cigarette stump which set fire to and caused the explosion of the powder.

Once out of prison he hurried to a German business house which he knew held an establishment in America. Here he cashed one of his cheques without any trouble. With his only thoughts on eluding the prison authorities Ralph secured railroad passage to Switzerland. Arriving there he proceeded to have a good time. He had no immediate desire



to return to America, for his only surviving relative there was an aged uncle. But the novelty of life in Switzerland soon wore off and six months later Ralph found himself in Paris. Yes, and he was now a lieutenant in the aviation corps of the French army. Having acquired knowledge in the art of flying at a New York institution he easily qualified as an aviator.

"Aviator 447" quickly became renowned for his bravery and was dreaded by the German birdmen. On one particular day Ralph and his mechanic, Louis, were giving their machine a thorough overhauling when an orderly appeared, saluted, and said: "Lieut. Wilkins, the general wishes to speak with you." A few minutes later Lieut. Wilkins returned and addressing his mechanic said, "Louis, get ready for a flight at once. We are to fly over the German trenches and make a map of their positions." A little later with a roar and a rush they were off. Up, up went the little craft, higher and higher. Then she turned her nose toward the German lines. Far down below were the French and German trenches. Louis managed to make an accurate sketch of the German trenches.

After flying all day, their commission completed, Lieut. Wilkins turned toward home. It was fast getting dark and they were nearing the French lines when the motor suddenly stopped. What was the matter? Lieut. Wilkins, with presence of mind, voloplaned to earth. He and his mechanic jumped out and began to search for the unknown cause that had made their engine powerless.

"Here, I've found the trouble, Lieutenant."

"Where? What is it?"

"Why, the gasoline tank has a slow leak and we haven't a drop of gas."

"One thing is certain, Louis. We must get these maps to headquarters in a very short time; you know they are very important."

"Yes, I know—, but listen. I hear a truck coming."

"Run, Louis, to the road and stop it, that is if it isn't

German." It proved otherwise though. It was a French supply truck going with provisions to a point twenty-five miles further on. It was decided that Lieut. Wilkins should accompany him to the end of his journey. There gasoline was to be secured and brought back to the aeroplane. Leaving Louis on watch they departed.

After about fifteen miles they found themselves in the range of danger. Shrapnel and shells were bursting around the truck. A tire blew out and without a word the driver got out and started to fix it. Wilkins followed and it was a good thing he did. A minute later a bomb came whistling. Lieut. Wilkins and the driver ducked their heads.

"Look!" he pointed to a dent in the steel tool box. "I was standing right there before I ducked." The tire was nearly on. The driver finished pumping and started. They were running of course without lights. (No vehicle ever uses a light in the zone of operation.) The truck was dropping into shell holes and feebly drawing out again. The holes multiplied and the truck's speed was greatly retarded. They saw in the flashes of the guns a black terrain not so very far away which seemed like a field newly plowed. It looked sinister and disturbed. It was the locked lines, French and German. There were no trenches in that field any more, only shell holes, where sometimes friend and enemy lay side by side. And everywhere as they looked to right, to left, forward and backward, the great fireflies twinkled. By and by they turned, bumping from a shell hole as they crawled down the narrow passage of a back alley.

"Here we are!" remarked the driver.

When Lieutenant Wilkins got back to his aeroplane, he found faithful Louis on guard. It was nearly dawn and the bombardments were perilously near. They must hurry! Ten minutes and they were in the air, flying at a terrific speed. The homeward flight lasted over an hour. At last familiar ground was reached and before long they came down before their shed.

The valuable maps enabled the French to gain much ter-



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ritory and much to their delight and surprise Lieut. Wilkins and Louis received medals of bravery.

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TARDY!

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FRANCES RANKIN, '17

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It is hard to get up a cold morning  
And get to school on time;  
One morning I arose at eight-thirty  
And started at twenty to nine.

I thought when I stepped from the doorway  
That I would have ample time  
By walking a little bit faster  
To reach the high school by nine.

This was a very cold morning,  
The wind and I fought a combat,  
First I would pick up myself  
Then run a long race for my hat.

A mournful sound then fell on my ear,  
'Twas not far away and I trembled with fear,  
On came the rumbling, against me the fates,  
It was one of those long eight-forty freights.

After shifting and stopping for a time,  
It finally cleared the way.  
Elm street clock said ten to nine,  
Did I run? Well—I beat a dray.

Down long Washington I dashed,  
Time has not run quite as fast,

But I went over ice just a little too slick  
And down I went with a crash.

From my new position I could see the bell  
And James was ready to ring it.  
"O, please," I called, "just tell me,  
Is't the last one or just the five minute?"

But just as I thought, 'twas the last one,  
'Spite of all I had done I was late,  
Just the same let me tell you a secret,  
*That* night I retired at eight.

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"WHERE THE OCEAN BREEZES BLOW"

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MYRTLE ASHWORTH, '17

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Martin King tilted his hat till it reached the proper angle, lit his after-dinner cigarette and strolled down the bathing gang-way of the New Brighton on the "last Sunday afternoon," as he said, that he was to spend in "such a place."

"I am going out there and settle it with myself once for all," he muttered, as he swung out toward the beach. Walking rapidly he soon left the peopled part of the beach behind. Only faint echoes of the joyous shouts of the bathers could be heard. The swish of the waves began to grow louder. His own crunching foot-falls were increasing in intensity at every step. "This'll do," he said, and seated himself on a line of dunes. Carefully rolling up his trousers, and shaking the snowy sand from his clothes, he seemed to have the intention of sitting the afternoon out in this carefully prepared attitude. His hands supported his chin for a while, but after a little he reached behind him and drew forth a little black volume.



"Sometimes a diary is a good thing and then sometimes it's a devil of a thing. Lemme see how mine stands":

"July 22. Came down here, Caroline Coast, today, for rest. Found Cousin Emma and all her crew over at their new cottage, 'The Breakers.' Also hear Mary B. is with her aunt, old lady Baker. The old soul will leave for the city tomorrow and Mary will go over to Cousin E's."

"July 23. Tried the surf this morning. Not much. People here seem to like it O. K. Some think it the best the world affords. Went over to 'The Breakers' after lunch. Mary and old Mrs. Baker were at the train. Slept all the afternoon."

"July 24. Met Francis Vaughn at breakfast. Came last night. Takes me out to see the new etty. Gone all day. Hear Kingsbury is here."

"July 25. Went over to see Cousin Emma. Kingsbury and Mary are out driving. Francis and I go in for too much Budweiser. I may go back to the city with him."

"July 26. Saw Mary for the first time. Noticed she had no ring at all on her left hand. Kingsbury left last night. Francis goes at noon. I take lunch at 'The Breakers.'"

"July 27. I take Mary out for a sail. Lunch at home. Plan for a party to go out sailing tonight. Aunt Emma will chaperon."

"July 28. Had a big time today. Stopped at old Fort Jackson on the way back. Mary and I sat on the old wall for nearly two hours while the others roamed around. Got a letter from home saying I had better come back. I don't like this old work anyway. But it's all I've got just now."

"Well, that's it—'just now.' The whole situation must be reviewed 'just now'." He flapped the leaves of the diary and gazed far out to sea. To the left and behind him the hotel loomed up, shutting off the inland view and the row of cottages farther up the beach. Nothing to see but water, ever moving water, and the sky land, stilling its restless surf is at last far out at sea. There was just a suggestion of the old fort visible, a brown corner of the wall. The flag

flapped wearily, as if the gathering clouds had already weakened its spirit and further defiance was useless. It reminded him of yesterday, and yesterday of Mary, and Mary of all the past, his and her's.

"Here's how it is. I've got to decide. I love her. Told her so over a year ago. I will never tell another woman the same thing as long as I live. I have sworn it. They all do, I know, but—I—God only knows how I love that girl! But then I'm not worth a cuss, not worth killing, I guess. Got no profession and it may be years before I can even get settled in the one I choose. I've told her all this. She never says a word. If I only had a chance for the future, I'd insist on her saying—no, she wouldn't. I don't believe she loves anybody. She doesn't love Kingsbury, anyway, for she said so yesterday."

Then his mental soliloquy seemed to cease. Propped on his palms, his face set seaward, he sat hour after hour. Lost to the world about him, he gazed at the sky line in front till it seemed to open and let him pass in. He seemed to wander far into the future. At times his brow bent into folds and he dug holes in the dune with his heel, as if it was some living thing feeling the vent of his vengeance. Rising to his feet at last he stretched out his hands piteously to the restless waves.

"I must, I must—but oh, why? No one can love her as I do—but I will never thrust myself into another's place in her heart—if she loves another," and he started forward. "I'll tell her tonight and I can leave with the knowledge that she knows at last."

The beach was silent as he strode along. The band had gone indoors. The last load of people was ready at the hotel station. Only one more train was to go that night.

"I'll have time for supper and then I'll catch the train for 'The Breakers'." Supper took place in name only. The waiter filled his orders in trained silence, and, lost in reverie, he sat at his table till the ten-minute warning bell of the last out-going train aroused him. It was only a short run to



“The Breakers,” and it seemed to Martin only a few seconds since he had left the beach, so absorbed had he been in his struggle.

She met him at the steps. The others were all inside. They walked together down the veranda, till they faced the sea, and then Martin put down the two camp stools he had been carrying. “Skies a good place,” and they sat near the edge, resting their arms on the low railing. It made them seem so far away from the rest of the world with only the sea to look at. It was hard to say what he had planned. More than ever he knew how he loved her. Not a word had been said since he had told her that he was going back in the morning. He took her silence as an unfavorable omen. He thought she was at a loss for the proper thing to say, and this persuaded him to tell her of his afternoon’s decision. But it took the form of an impassioned wail, and to her he appeared a man struggling in the sea of life, a sea not less hungry for victims than the one before her.

“Mary, why have I been cheated so in life’s game? It happens at every turn. Now it’s one thing and then it’s another. Time has been taken away from me, and everything. I had better quit. What I do doesn’t amount to anything and nothing I can ever do will.”

She seemed not to hear, but soon he heard her saying, “But I will always have an interest in all you do.” Turning swiftly, dazed, he repeated with fiery emphasis “Always?”

In an instant both felt the strength of destiny and that neither time nor space avail against its force. Like a flower in the morning sun she yielded and softly whispered “Always.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Across the marshy rice fields and bays behind, thru moss-festooned trees, softly rising and falling came the sounds of the city’s bells tolling the last strokes of the departing day. The wind came crooning thru the palmetto trees. All around them the moonlight lay in great floods, while out at sea it made a million upturned mirrors, which shifting of the

crests of the waves reflected the faces of a boy and girl, both aglow with the light of love, and each very close to the other.

Gently pushing back the lace head-covering she wore, and laying both her hands on his she said:

“You will not go away tomorrow, will you, dear?”

“No, I cannot leave you yet.”

“’Tis sweet to love,” she said, musingly.

“And to be loved,” he added, “where the ocean breezes blow.”

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G. H. S.

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ARNOLD SCHIFFMAN, '17

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G. H. S.! Where've you been?  
Come on out of that coal bin;  
Brush off the dust and shine as bright  
As the earth's greatest satellite.



# THE SAGE

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PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, IN THE MONTHS OF OCTOBER, DECEMBER, FEBRUARY AND APRIL, BY THE STUDENTS OF THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL.

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## EDITORIALS

Yes, back to the old theme—however, it never seems out of place. By the boys who have made up the different athletic teams this year there has been exhibited a feeling indescribable (but a feeling all the same) that after their labors and endeavors they have not been supported. What a small thing is left us to do after they wearily, day after day, tire themselves out in ceaseless practice? What a small thing is it, I say, for us to attend the games and do our best to spur the boys on to victory, and to just as loyally go with

them to defeat. Is it anything more than right and just for us to do this and to do it willingly? I think not. Why they give themselves for old G. H. S., have given their time, week after week. We are asked to give a quarter to attend a game together with ourselves and our time for about an hour and a half, maybe once in three or four weeks and what do we do but refuse?

Oh, there's a faithful few at every game, but it's usually the same loyal bunch. If I were you I'd in some way get into the spirit of the thing. Hidden somewhere your spirit must be. If you'll just polish it up a little by practice, it'll soon shine as bright as any one's. Shall we let Winston, Durham, *any* place excel G. H. S. in spirit?

Emphatically *No!!!* Let's all say it.

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What are you thinking of, citizens of Greensboro, or have you thought at all? Here is a question arising in the school life today that vitally concerns you because it concerns the future citizens of this city. You must have their interest at heart, but you haven't thought. Well, think now! This is the question—Are you paying the teachers of these schools high enough salaries to keep them in your service? Have you offered enough to secure any teachers who will keep the job for any length of time or just enough for those who will take it up just to pass the time away till something better offers itself? In the past we have lost a number of splendid teachers who have gone on and are now holding very high positions in other institutions of learning. Hasn't Greensboro as much right to these educated and refined men and women as any other city? Then how about the teachers we have managed to hold this long? Do you really think that on the salaries they are now receiving they will long be with us? Why of course not.



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The problem of "The high cost of living" is a problem for them as it is for you. They are giving their best daily to your problems—your boys and girls. Why not help them in solving theirs by paying living salaries?

Men, stand by your boys and girls. They need the best that money can secure in the way of efficient teachers. You get the best dentist and the best doctor for your children, do you not? Aren't you just as concerned about their mental and moral growth. Teachers have a great influence, good or bad, over the lives of boys and girls. Then to secure and keep those who will have the uplifting and moral influence needed it will be necessary for you to go down in your pocket a little bit deeper, even though you touch bottom.

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So far in the High School our chapel exercises have not taken the proper place in our school life. Of course every one agrees that it's nice to get together *Chapel Exercises.* three times during the week and carry on the exercises, but what of the exercises themselves? They should be a vital and necessary part of our every-day life, and hand in hand with the devotional exercises should go education, interest, and pleasure. As chapel is now conducted it's all right, but there is a certain unavoidable monotony in repeating the same thing over and over. Why not get together, boys and girls, and devise some way of adding a little "pep" and go to take the blunt edges off the system at any rate? Other schools have formed plans by which the different classes would have charge of chapel at different times. Suppose for instance we should have one exercise of this kind each week. Then each class would be called on just once a month. There is much talent in this High School and it should not be allowed to be hidden and stored away, but should be developed and made to give pleasure to others. Besides this, we could have prominent and influential men and women speak to us on matters really concerning us and could be helped no little in this way.



## GIRLS' BASKET BALL

DANVILLE VS. G. H. S., DEC. 6TH (1916)

The Girls' Basket Ball Team played the second game with the Danville High School girls in Danville. The game was very snappy and the score was in doubt until the last minute of play. G. H. S. was one point in the lead when a beautiful field goal was thrown by a Danville forward. The goal won for Danville, 11 to 10.

Jordan and Elliot led in the playing for G. H. S.

Line-up: Forwards, Dillon and Jordan; center, Davis; guards, Patterson and Elliott.

BURLINGTON VS. G. H. S., FEBRUARY 2ND.

G. H. S. met Burlington for the first time in Burlington and was defeated 9 to 8, on fouls. Burlington made only one field goal. The other seven points were made



on fouls. G. H. S. succeeded in tossing the ball through the basket three times.

Line-up: Forwards, Dillon and Elliott; center, Davis; guards, Patterson and McAlister.

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### BOYS' BASKET BALL

DURHAM H. S. vs. G. H. S., JAN. 12TH.

The first basket ball game of the season was lost to Durham, 25 to 23. Pruden led in the scoring, securing five field goals and three fouls. Score by halves: Durham H. S., first, 11; second, 14; total, 25. G. H. S., first, 8; second, 15; total, 23.

Line-up: Guards, L. Schenck, R. G.; Cox, L. G.; center, Clary; forwards, Wright, R. F.; Pruden, L. F.

Substitutes: Carson for Cox; Cox for Wright.

DANVILLE H. S. vs. G. H. S., JAN. 20TH.

The game with Danville H. S. proved to be an easy one for G. H. S. Pruden again led in the scoring. The outstanding feature of this game was Clary's unique goal. In making a pass the ball hit the running track, then the floor, and from the floor bounced into the basket!

Score by halves: Danville H. S., first, 2; second, 12; total, 14; G. H. S., first, 16; second, 18; total, 34.

Line-up: Guards, Cox, R. G.; L. Schenck, L. G.; center, Clary; forwards, Pruden, R. F.; J. Schenck, L. G.

Substitutes: Wright and Carson.

BESSEMER H. S. vs. G. H. S., JAN. 24TH.

Bessemer was defeated by G. H. S. (approximately, as scorer gave up job) 68 to 10. Clary (being nearer the ball than the forwards or guards) made nearly half this score.

Score by halves: Bessemer H. S., first, 4; second, 6; total, 10. G. H. S., first, 28; second, 40; total, 68.

Line-up: Pruden and J. Schenck, forwards; Clary, center; L. Schenck and Cox, guards.

Substitutes: Schiffman, Wright and Carson.

## WINSTON H. S. vs. G. H. S., JAN. 27TH.

We received our second defeat of the season from the strong Winston quintet, 49 to 21. Though G. H. S. fought hard all through the game Winston's lead could not be overcome.

Score by halves: Winston H. S., first, 29; second, 20; total, 49. G. H. S., first, 7; second, 14; total, 21.

Line-up: Forwards, Pruden and J. Schenck; center, Clary; guards, L. Schenck and Cox.

Substitutes: Cox for Pruden; Carson for Cox.

## POMONA H. S. vs. G. H. S., JAN. 29TH.

Pomona was defeated 48 to 17. Cox playing forward shot ten goals and Carson at guard shot four.

Score by halves: Pomona H. S., first, 6; second, 11; total, 17. G. H. S., first, 33; second, 15; total, 48.

Line-up: Forwards, Wright and Cox; center, Clary; guards, L. Schenck and Carson.

Substitutes: J. Schenck for Cox; Schiffman for L. Schenck; Transou for Clary.

## RALEIGH H. S. vs. G. H. S., FEB. 2ND.

G. H. S. defeated Raleigh in a very one-sided game, 33 to 7. Cox and Pruden shot goals at will, while the guards, Schenck and Carson allowed but one to Raleigh.

Score by halves: Raleigh H. S., first, 4; second, 3; total, 7. G. H. S., first, 28; second, 5; total, 33.

Line-up: Forwards, Pruden and Cox; center, Clary; guards, L. Schenck and Carson.

Substitute: Wright.

## WINSTON H. S. vs. G. H. S., FEB. 10TH.

All hope for the championship was lost when Winston defeated G. H. S. the second time, 77 to 22. The game was played on the Winston Y. M. C. A. floor which is very small. This disadvantage to G. H. S. allowed Winston to run the score up so high.

Score by halves: Winston H. S., first, 42; second, 35; total, 77. G. H. S., first, 13; second, 9; total, 22.



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Line-up: Center, Clary; forwards, Pruden and Cox; guards, L. Schenck and Carson.

Substitutes: J. Schenck and Wright.

DURHAM H. S. vs. G. H. S., FEB. 16TH.

G. H. S. turned the tables on Durham, defeating the Durham H. S. 29 to 28. The game was played in Durham before a large crowd of Durham rooters that did not fail to make a noise. The game was nip and tuck all the way through and was only won in the last minute of play when Cox shot a field goal from the middle of floor. As the ball was returned to the referee the whistle blew, ending the game. The goal left us one point in the lead and defeated Durham for the first time in two years!

Score by halves: Durham H. S., first, 15; second, 13; total, 28. G. H. S., first, 17; second, 12; total, 29.

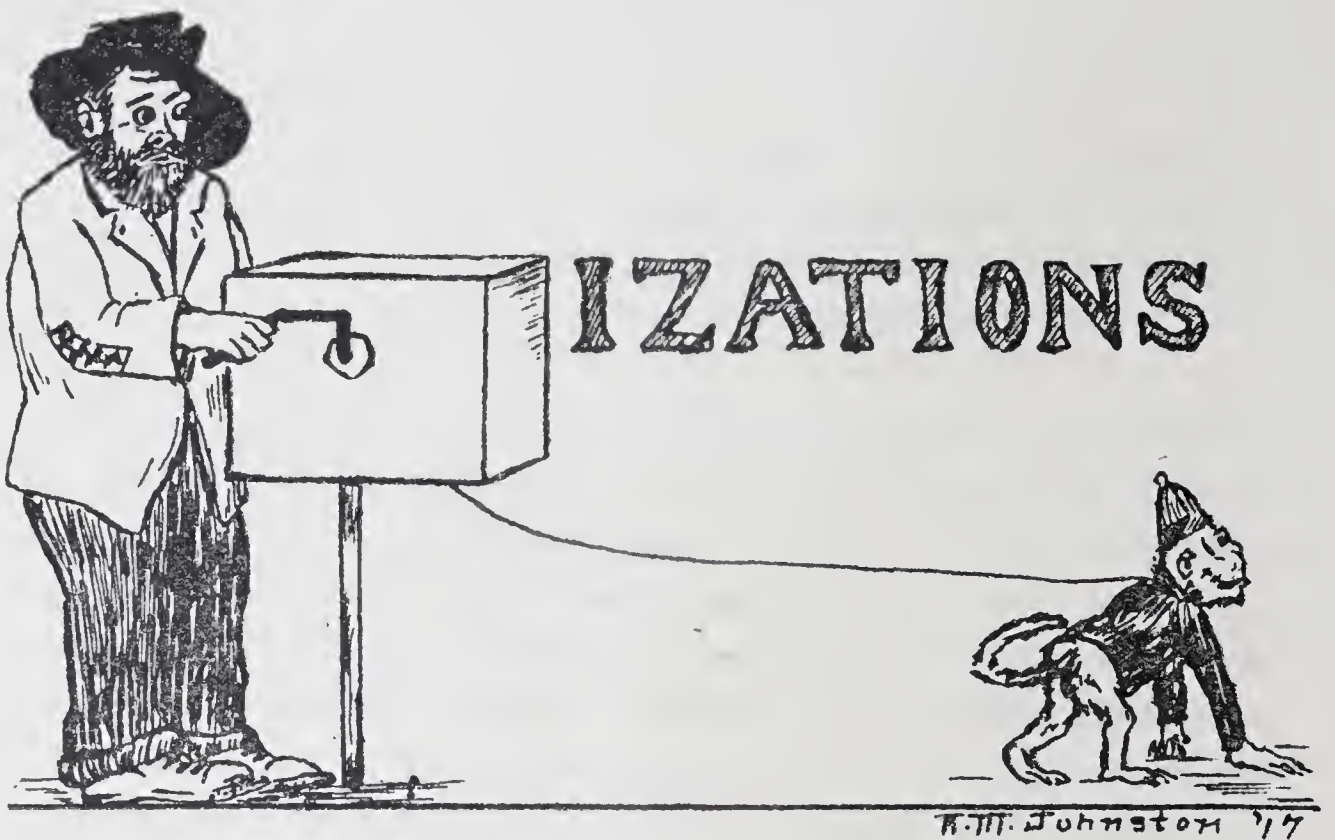
Line-up: Forwards, Pruden and Cox; center, Clary; guards, L. Schenck and Carson.

RALEIGH H. S. vs. G. H. S. FEB. 17TH.

From Durham G. H. S. went to Raleigh. Raleigh was defeated 27 to 18. G. H. S. did not put up the fight that was done the day before in Durham. The first half ended 10 to 6 but G. H. S. "come back" in the second half and run up 17 points to Raleigh's 12.

Score by halves: Raleigh H. S., first, 6; second, 12; total, 18. G. H. S., first, 10; second, 17; total, 27.

Line-up: Forwards, Pruden and Cox; center, Clary; guards, L. Schenck and Carson.



#### DIAPHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Since the last Sage the Diaphesian Literary Society has held three meetings. The last meeting of the 1916 term was held December 15. Many interesting features characterized this meeting. Among the best were "On a Trolley Car" by Eugene Shaw, a declamation by Harley Mourane, and "Prospects of Peace" by Miller Cooke. Part II consisted of a debate on the query, "Resolved, That South America offers a better opportunity for the young man than the United States." The affirmative was upheld by Robert Pearce, John Schenck, and Willard Rainey, and the negative by Ralph Price, Samuel Kerr, and Lewis Schenck. The decision committee reported in favor of the affirmative with Lewis Schenck the best speaker oratorically.

On January 26 the society met for the election of officers. Retiring President Boyst called the meeting to order and preliminary business was dispatched, after which the following officers were elected for the 1917 term:

President, Wakefield Mowery; Vice-President, Henry Jacobs; Secretary, Gordon West; Treasurer, William Transou; Press Reporter, Harold Pugh; First Censor, Enoch Stamey; Second Censor, Gilmer Sherrill; Monitors, Ralph



Price, Miller Cooke; Historian, Fletcher Ridge; Marshals, William Transou, Gordon West.

Several matters of business were next attended to. A challenge from the Phi's to a basket ball game was accepted and Lewis Schenck was elected captain of the Society team. Mr. Ingle gave some very helpful criticisms, after which the society adjourned.

The next meeting held was on February 9th. After the usual preliminaries a program consisting of debates, jokes, and short talks was carried out. It was decided to conduct a commissary store and sell candy, chewing gum, etc., at recess, in order to secure revenue for the society. An amendment to the constitution was also passed requiring every member absent from duty to make up his work within three days after returning to school. After a few remarks by Mr. Ingle, the society teacher and critic, the society adjourned.

#### PHILOMELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Since the last edition of the Sage the Philomelian Society has held three meetings. The first was devoted to the election of officers, the second was a call meeting and in the third the regular program was carried out.

On January 26, 1917, the Phi. Society met in Room I for the purpose of electing officers. The following officers were elected: Eldridge Clary, President; Arnold Schiffman, Vice-President; Ernest Broadnax, 1st Censor; Duncan Wicker, Press Reporter; John Carson, Secretary; Harper Best, 2nd Censor; Vanderford Bouldin, Treasurer; Fenner Anderson and George Groome, Monitors.

On Jan. 31, the Phi. Society held a call meeting in Room III. Vanderford Bouldin was chosen chief marshal. The proposal of Di. Society to pay half the expenses of the triangular debaters was accepted. The new program being read the Society adjourned.

On Feb. 9, 1917, the Phi. Society held its regular meeting in Room I. A well prepared program was rendered, the debate being of particular interest. Walter Clegg won the



decision single-handed with two opposing men. Since the Society hall has been changed into a recitation room the Society decided to sell all of its furniture except the speaker's table. A challenge from the Di. Society to a commencement debate was accepted. After this the Society adjourned.

#### IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ionian Society held the last meeting of the first semester in chapel Jan. 26, 1916. The Society decided to send a challenge for a debate to the McNeill's. Miss Johnston was elected historian. Then a delightful program was rendered, consisting of several piano numbers and a few entertaining recitations and readings.

The first meeting of the Ionian Society for the spring term was held in the chapel Jan. 12, 1917. The business of the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing term. Miss Waterhouse made a few remarks before this matter was taken up. The officers elected are: President, Mary Ragland; Vice-President, Susie Hogshead; Secretary, Eugenia Atkisson; Treasurer, Julia Gold; Critic, Margaret Thompson; Censor, Claire Stafford; Press Reporter, Love Ireland; Monitors, Elizabeth Armstrong and Katherine Curtis.

The regular meeting of the Ionian Society was held in Room 4, Feb. 9. There was no business so the meeting was entirely in the hands of the program committee. The program was a miscellaneous one. The lives of John Charles McNeill and John Ellis were discussed, and the leading current events were given by Miss Brady. Various recitations, musical selections, and two short debates made the meeting a delightful one.

#### MCNEILL LITERARY SOCIETY

On Friday, Jan. 15, 1917, the McNeill Literary Society held its first meeting of the spring semester. The object of the meeting was the election of officers for the coming term. The old officers presided. After the roll call and reading of

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the minutes, the President gave a short talk of appreciation to the Society. The Society then proceeded to the business in hand, viz: that of the election of new officers. The results of the election are as follows: President, Virginia Davis; Vice-President, Bessie Denny; Secretary, Lucy Myers; Treasurer, Olive Chandley; Censor, Mary A. Wilson; Critic, Nellie Jefferson; Monitors, Augusta Sapp and Dolly Posey; Press Reporter, Myrtle Ashworth.

The McNeill Literary Society met on Friday, Feb. 9. Very little business was brought before the Society aside from the question of sending a representative from the Society to the recitation and declamation contest at Elon College. This plan met with the approval of all the members.

The program was a success from every standpoint. It consisted of the study of Wagner's opera, "Tanhauser." Several interesting papers were read about the beginning of the opera, its relation to the oratorio and various other bits of information along that line. Wagner's life was taken up before the study of "Tanhauser" began. Thanks to the Greensboro Music Co. we enjoyed a number of beautiful selections from Tanhauser on the Victrola.





# NEWS

The Winston High School basket ball team was entertained at the spacious home of Miss Mary Jordan on North Edgeworth street. Some danced, while others used the porch to good advantage. A delicious salad course was enjoyed by all. The sentiment of all present was voiced by a remark made by a member of the Winston team when he said it was the most enjoyable reception ever tendered them.

On January 13th the Durham and Greensboro basket ball teams were delightfully entertained at the beautiful home of Miss Henrietta Beall on Asheboro street. Dancing and conversation were the features of the evening. Ices, mints, and cake were served.

After the Raleigh High School basket ball game the visi-

tors were tendered a beautiful reception by the girls and boys of the Greensboro High School at the attractive home of Miss Jean McAlister. The refreshments were quite a feature of the evening and consisted of ice cream served with cherries, cake, and mints. This most enjoyable event occurred on the first of February.

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Although it seems like ages since our Christmas holidays we have not forgotten the dandy times that we enjoyed. A most fortunate misfortune occurred when school was postponed on account of measles in the city.

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After the Christmas holidays the Seniors were divided. One room was taken by Miss Alexander, while Miss Suttan took the other. This necessarily caused a complete change in the schedule of the school.

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The girls' basket ball team was accompanied to Burlington by the following: Claire Stafford, Elizabeth Armstrong, Margaret Stroud, Earle Rives, Charles Stroud, John W. Carlson, Alexander McAlister, and Mr. Hall, with Miss Waterhouse as chaperon.

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Friday night, Feb. 23, the Juniors will entertain the Seniors at the Country Club. Much fun is anticipated as everybody is required to mask.

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Oscar Boyst, with the assistance of Miss Bondurant and others, formed a plan by which to replenish the treasury of the Diaphesian Society. For about the last month they have been selling sandwiches, candy, etc. This plan has proved to be very successful.



After the basket ball game in Winston, Oscar Boyst talked to the student body during chapel exercises on "High School Spirit." He emphasized the fact that in Winston much more spirit was exhibited by the girls as well as boys than by our own. These conditions of course we are changing every day and in due time we hope to be a model for Winston.

---

Mr. Ingle and Oscar Boyst accompanied the boys' basket ball team to Raleigh and Durham. On their return both gave in chapel short but interesting descriptions of the two victories won. To make this trip of two days possible it was necessary for the boys to miss school Friday. They were not at all averse to doing this, but blissfully would exclaim "I don't have to study for tomorrow."



Enoch—"Miss Sutton, I speak only two languages, broken English and profanity."

Elridge—"Mr. Ingle, what made so many writers go blind during 'The Classical Period'?"

Mr. Ingle—"Because they studied so hard, I suppose. You had better take heed lest you fall to the same lot."



Margaret Thompson (on morning of English Exam)—  
 “Who wrote “Chaucer’s Prologue?””

Miss Gressit—“Mary draw an unequal quadrilateral.”

Mary Ragland—“I thought all quadrilaterals were alike.”

Miss G.—“No both squares and rectangles are quadrilaterals.”

Mary R.—“Wlel, all *quadrilateral triangles* are equal, anyway.”

Mr. Ingle (reading aloud from “The Lady or The Tiger?”)—  
 —“Decide for yourself, *fair reader*, whether he opened the door leading to the tiger’s cage, or the one leading to the lady?”

Enoch—“Miss Sutton, is ‘D’ a passing garde?”

Miss Sutton—“No, it’s ‘conditioned’.”

Enoch—“O well, mine are all E’s.”

Mr. Rogers—“We’re not going to have a test this month, so try to make your last grades good to pull up the others.”

Bonnie Howard (reading from Virgil)—“I will do my best.”

Miss Waterhouse—“Come in, Mr. Smith, I’m glad to see you; we’re just lecturing on nuisances.”

Edwin (puzzling over a word in French)—“Oh, sea (see) shore.”

Mary—“No, I don’t see shore for you, but sea (see) water.”

Mrs. Thompson—“Now class, I must have attention.”

Voice from rear—“Well, you can have at-tention if that’s what you call it, but I think you’ll get mighty po-(poor) tention, myself.”

Mr. Rogers—"A fool can ask questions a wise man can't answer."

Sydney Pruden—"I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."

---

Answer to an examination question—"What is a Mediaeval Tournament?"

"A club of men who every year have a week as a season for hunting. They meet at some place in the country and hunt and have a great feast and after the great feast on Friday night the man who wins crowns his best lady friend. They occupy the time in dancing mainly."

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Miss Berg—"What are bananas used for?"

Julia—"Primarily for making slippers."

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Susie—"Margaret, you're looking well today."

Margaret—"Yes, I'm looking for the girl that owes me a dime."

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Mr. Rodgers—"What is the limit of motion?"

Voice from rear—"Hobble skirts."

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Miss Bondurant—"Margaret, why do we salt the fish before cooking it?"

Margaret T.—"Why to make it feel at home of course."

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Evangeline—"Enoch, how are you going to mask for the Junior-Senior reception?"

Enoch—"I'm going to wash my face and then I'll fool everybody."

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Miss Sutton (getting up class attendance)—"All those absent, please hold up your hands."

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Miss M. Berg—"Bryan, give me a sentence using 'defeat'."

Bryan—"Tacks in the shoes are on de feet (defeat)."

Raymond—"Harry, I weigh five pounds more than you do."

Harry—"Ah go on, Raymond, you're cheating, you got your hands in your pocket."

---

Mr. Smith has decided to shine his own shoes because of the following notice, seen in Shoe Shine Parlors: "All shoes over size 12 will be charged 10c."

---

Katie (mad at Raymond)—"I am going to give you back everything you ever gave me."

Raymond—"Start on the kisses first."

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Bryan (one cold morning)—"Miss Waterhouse, I sure am cold."

Miss Waterhouse—"Bryan, fleshy people don't get cold."

Bryan—"I know, but it's flesh that gets cold, not bones."

---

Miss Sutton—"Napoleon had two wives."

Dippy Davidson—"I'll do good to get one."

Miss Sutton—"But think what she'll be doing!"

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Sid Pruden at the skating ring seeing a good looking lady asked her to have his seat.

Lady—"No, thanks! I've been skating all afternoon and am tired of sitting down."

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Mabel—"It must be terrible to be buried alive."

Miss Berg—"Well, it's no joke to be buried dead either."

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Mr. Schiffman (talking to Miss Gressit)—"I believe my son, Arnold, is taking Geometry from you this year."

Miss Gressit—"Well, he has been exposed to it, but I don't think he will take it."



# Exchange Department

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This year is proving to be one of the best ever witnessed by the Exchange Department of the Sage. We have received many delightful and interesting magazines and papers which have given us many helpful suggestions by their keen but kind criticism. We welcome all those acknowledged below, and cordially invite any others to our desk that have not come to us previously.

“Virginian.” We envy you your artists and humorists. They put your “good” magazine into a “better” class.

“Black and Gold.” It was quite a pleasure to look over your December issue. It was up to the mark in every way.

“Pine and Thistle.” You have a well-edited magazine. The Literary Department is very good.

“The Hillbilly.” Yours is an interesting magazine. “Locals” and “Class News” are well written, and are subjects of general as well as school interest.

Eau Claire. Your “Kodak” is one of the best magazines of any class that we have received at our desk. It is splendidly edited and arranged. Your literary department and scenes around the school are exceptionally good.

“The Roman.” Your serial story is a fine idea—keeps interest up to the sticking point. “Have more pep” would be the only criticism.

“The Mantilus.” Just keep up to the mark you have set yourself, and you will stay in the front rank.

“The Student.” You have a fine Athletic Department. Also the poem “Somewhere in France,” is worthy of much praise.

“Palmetto and Pine.” Your Christmas number was full of life and interest. Both stories and jokes were top-notch.

"The Item." Your magazine is made very attractive by the numerous excellent pictures and drawings.

"The Utopian." You're fine, but we'd like more of you.

"Gastonia High." Exort the artistic members of your school to activity. We believe that a few sketches would add to the attractiveness of your magazine.

"The Lenorian." "A Story," in your December issue, is quite worthy of note.

"College Message." Your magazine is full of literary merit. A great many of your stories are quite clever.

The following papers are splendid. We wish to congratulate their editors on striking such a happy medium in selecting such material that it is of general as well as scholastic interest: "The Tar Heel," "The Reporter," "The Ring-Tum Phi," "The Guilfordian," "The Trinity Chronicle," "The Searchlight," "The Davidson College Magazine."



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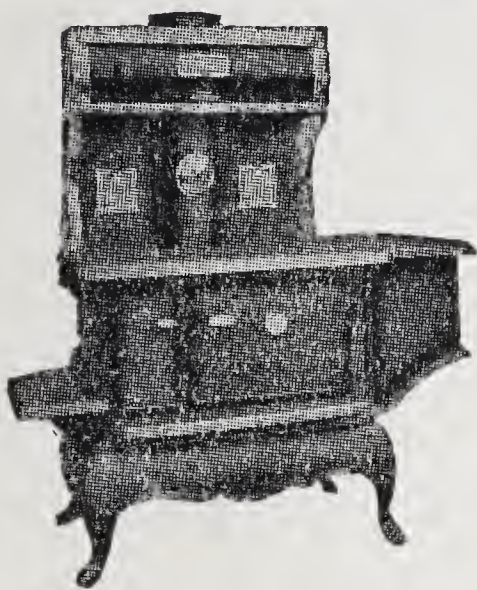


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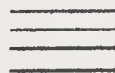
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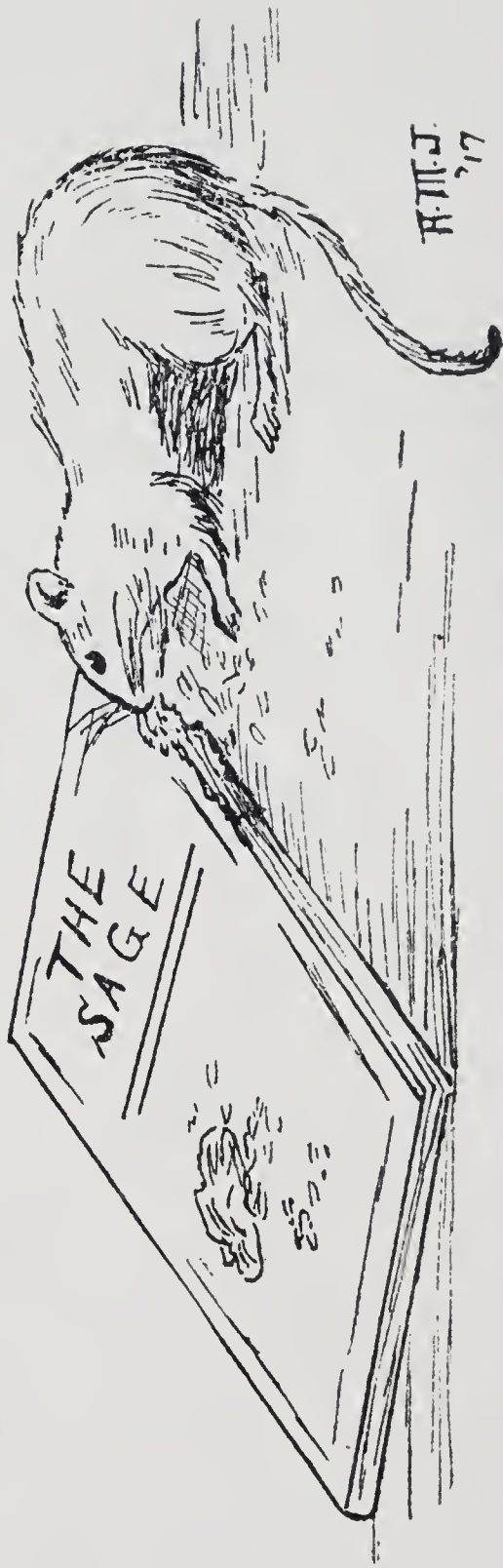
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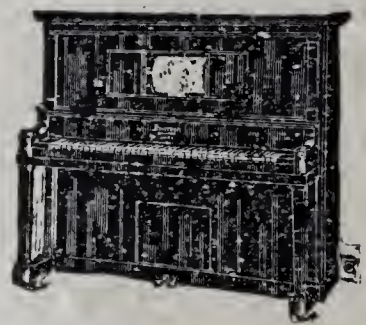


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