FORSYTH COUNTRY CLUB COURT

Showing Wall and 'Coan of Winston-Salem, and Leifer and Powell of Greensboro in action during the games Saturday, September sixth.


PHOTOS BY BARKER PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
Greetings

The publishers and editor of "The Mirror", which is hereby offered for the first time, sincerely hope that Winston-Salem people will like it, and—most important of all—that they will subscribe to it. To those, therefore, who plan to do the noble latter, and to the less glorious ones (and may they be few) who expect to borrow their neighbor's copy, we make the following explanation.

"The Mirror" will be published in this city every week. It will contain social news, club news, accounts of particularly interesting golf and polo matches, and personal notes about people who are engaged in attractive pursuits. The aim of the publication is obvious: it represents an attempt to give an accurate picture of the happier side of life in the community. This, it is believed, is a laudable ambition.

All matter for publication will be solicited by the editor. The success of the undertaking depends in large measure on the willingness with which those who are asked for information respond to such requests. Certainly there is sufficient color to the life of our city to make accounts of it as fascinating as those contained in similar publications of other towns. These publications, if greater, are successful in every sense that the term implies.

In addition to social news, there will be pages devoted to other matters. We plead guilty to the intention of perpetrating book reviews, and occasional sketch or story. The historical backgrounds of our city will not go unregarded. In the course of the winter there will be included stories, book reviews, and critical articles by local people who possess genuine, if unsuspicious, talent. Cartoons, pictures and snapshots, well reproduced, will help make the paper interesting.

In no sense will the publication be sensational. A sincere effort will be made to give back to the people of Winston-Salem a slice of life as it is lived here. It should never be thought that those who appear in its columns are seekers after publicity, or that they make the slightest attempt to place themselves there. All material will be arranged for by the editor, and used at the discretion of those in charge of the paper.

You will like the paper, because you will always see news in it of people you know, and of the interesting things they are doing. There have been misgivings about the name. If you can suggest a better one, do not hesitate to do so. Such interest will be appreciated.

The printing of "The Mirror" is of course without saying, will be all that the most fastidious can desire. The editor, for her part, casts herself on the suffering of readers, asking that they remember what a great and well known man once said concerning a woman preacher.

"To see a woman preaching," said Dr. Johnson, "is much like seeing a dog walk on its hind legs. It is seldom done well, but one is surprised to see it done at all."

A prize, here given to anyone who will catch Charles W. Bryan in a pose different from the one in which he has appeared so far. The W in his name, by the way, stands for Wayland.

The editor of The Mirror has had printed and nearly bound a set of excuses for those who do not wish to lend copies of the paper to their neighbors. This valuable little pamphlet may be obtained by calling for it at a reasonable hour.

If some people strictly minded their own business they would find themselves swamped with leisure hours.

Every Day a Fashion Show

in this Big, Friendly Home-Furnishing Institution

Just as Paris sets the styles for clothes, so do Grand Rapids and other Northern and Western Furniture centers set the styles for Furniture.

Our mammoth floors are teeming with the very latest and most popular styles from these acknowledged furniture style centers, of the North and West, as well as with numerous items from the best of our Southern factories. You should see our display before planning your fall furniture purchases.

If it's new and smart, if it's solidly built yet dainty in design, if it's expensive in appearance, yet reasonable in price, you'll find it here, where our motto is "your money's worth for your money."

In this big store your choice is practically unlimited. We have space enough to give you a selection covering all needs and desires, yet the display is not crowded. We display our Suites in groups to give you a better idea of how they will look in your home.

As an added feature we have built into our store a modern eight room cottage to give you an idea of what they are like. Display in this cottage is changed frequently; always showing the latest in furniture styles.

Visit us tomorrow and see how reasonably you can replace your out-of-date furnishings with new attractive, modern Furniture.

HUNTLEY-HILL-STOCKTON COMPANY
Trade and West Fifth Streets

Phones 144-143
HARPER-HENLEY WEDDING

The wedding of Miss Mary Sue Henley, third daughter of Mrs. J. L. Henley, to Mr. James Bryan Harper, of this city, was celebrated at five o'clock on the afternoon of September sixth, in Centenary Methodist Church. Preceding the ceremony there was a musical program of great beauty. Miss Mary Cash, organist, played for an opening number the Thain "Meditation." Directly following came the singing of Schubert's "Serenade" by a quartet composed of Miss Gladys Sills, Mrs. Fred Anderson, Mr. Mark Booser and Mr. Norman Cordon. Miss Gladys then played as a violin solo Schubert's "Ave Maria". Before the entrance of the bridal party Mr. Cordon sang "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" from Saint-Saens "Samson and Delilah," and "Becouse", by d'Hardeloet.

Lohengrin's wedding march was used as a processional for the wedding party. Mr. Herbert Vogler, Mr. William Blanton, of Marion, Mr. W. S. Whitfield, of Durham, Mr. Jack Harper, of Greensboro, Mr. Holt Bouldin, of Halifax, Va., and Mr. Roublac Ruffin were ushers. Miss Helen Henley, sister of the bride, was her only attendant.

The bride entered with her cousin, Dr. Guy Masten, by whom she was given in marriage. She joined Mr. Harper, attended by Mr. Brently Henderson, of Goldsboro, at the altar. Here the vows were spoken before Rev. Z. E. Barnhardt, minister of the church. At a fitting time during the progress of the ceremony the marriage hymn was sung by the members of the quartet.

The bride wore a most becoming three-piece suit of dark blue Piret twill, smartly made on long lines, with close fitting black velvet hat, and necklace of mink. Her shower bouquet was fashioned of lilies of the valley.

Miss Henley's dress was made of Chinese red chiffon, pleated throughout the entire length. Three rows of self-colored ostrich feathers formed a hem; the short sleeves were finished in the same way. Her hat of gold cloth was trimmed on one side with a rose matching the dress. She carried an ostrich fan of Chinese red.

The church, charmingly decorated for the wedding, furnished a suitable background for the ceremony. Evergreens formed a screen in front of which seven candles, burning in tall holders, were twined with clematis. Interspersed with these were masses of goldenrod.

Directly after the ceremony the Misses Joyce and Helen Henley entertained members of the family and the wedding party with a buffet supper, given at the Henley residence on Piedmont Avenue. Shortly following this Mr. and Mrs. Harper went to Clayton, N. C., where they spent a few days. They are now in western North Carolina.

Mrs. Harper is the third daughter of Mrs. Henley and the late J. L. Henley. She has a very lovely soprano voice, which has always been most generous in using. Her many friends are delighted that she will return to this city shortly to make her home. She is a young woman of great charm.

Mr. Harper is a tobacconist. He came to Winston-Salem from his former home, Nathalie, Virginia. He is a graduate of Blackstone Military Academy and Virginia Military Institute, and is a business man of unusual promise. He and Mrs. Harper will make their home temporarily at the residence of Mr. C. D. Ogburn, on Spruce Street.

Harper-Scott

The announcement appended below will be of interest to friends here by reason of the fact that Mrs. Harper has been the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Mary E. Sizer, on several occasions. She is a young woman of great charm, and her friends here will bespeak for all the happiness which is sure to attend one of such bright disposition and attractive personality.

Mrs. Charles Franklin Scott announces the marriage of her daughter Lucile Lynn to Mr. William Preston Harper on Saturday, September the sixth, one hundred and twenty-four Petersburg, Virginia

At Home after September the twentieth 117 Apollo Street Petersburg, Virginia

Wednesday Bridge Club Entertained

On Wednesday afternoon Margaret and Elizabeth Bynum entertained the Wednesday Bridge Club. The members thoroughly enjoyed this meeting, which was the first held after summer. Beginning at three-thirty, bridge held the centre of the stage until seven, when two courses of refreshments were served. A club prize for high score was a book.

Members present were Mrs. Kenneth Mountcastle, Mrs. Robert Faucette, Mrs. Will Hill, Mrs. Martha Gray, Mrs. Oliver Spencer, Mrs. L. D. Magette, Mrs. Hugh Carter Pollard, Miss Evelyn Marler, Miss Nan Norfleet, Miss Grizzle Norfleet, Mrs. J. P. Rousseau, Mrs. Carroll Wiggins, Miss Rosalie Wilson, Miss Ida Wilkenson.

Mrs. Charles Long, Mrs. William Pollard, Mrs. James Norfleet, Miss Geraldine Flesman, and Miss Mary Hadley Connor, of Wilson, were also guests. The latter is visiting Miss Grizzle Norfleet.

Mrs. W. M. Hendren and daughter, Snow, have returned from an extended stay at Black Mountain. Mrs. Hendren's health was greatly benefited by her trip. Snow, of course, enjoyed herself hugely.
Dr. Pearl Willoughby, new head of the Department of English Literature in Salem College, has arrived in the city to assume her duties. Dr. Willoughby is a very modest, and withal, unusually brilliant person. Knowing that such people usually have some interesting hobbies, unless my interest in amateur dramatics may be so regarded. I am now revising my dissertation, the subject of which is 'Modern Dramaturgy; British and American.' The publishers who are considering it think it may become a sort of handbook for college classes or clubs studying contemporary plays.

It is safe to say that this hobby of Dr. Willoughby's will not long go unregarded here. There are too many clubs interested in the very subject on which she has spent so much time and thought. A specialist on this line will be welcomed here, and welcomed doubly, both by reason of her connection with the College, and for her interesting self.

Edwina Lockett is spending several weeks at the Robert E. Lee. There was a time when we thought Edwina belonged exclusively here in Winston. Recently, however, the hard fact has come home to us that the lure of the city has claimed her.

Of course cities are the places in which we can work best, and Edwina has been doing some very, very interesting work. She won't say much about it, even to the people who know her best. She will be here until the latter part of October, and she has promised to return at Christmas time. Meanwhile, we'll wish her all the success in the world, knowing, as we do, that one so talented and versatile can do almost anything to which she puts her effort.

Mrs. George Follin and children, Elizabeth and Ruth, have returned from a visit to Wilkesboro, and are now with Mrs. Follin's sister, Mrs. Frank Morris, at her residence on Lover's Lane. Mrs. Follin's home, since her marriage, has been in Jacksonville, Florida. She is always welcomed by her host of friends when she returns to this city for a visit.

Mrs. Theodore H. Kirk, of Lexington, Ky., is the guest of her father, Dr. D. N. Dalton, on West Fifth Street. She will remain during the absence from the city of Mrs. Dalton, who is now in Europe.

The Fall and Winter Styles in Millinery Are So Beautiful

That the task of selecting and making them for you has proved a fascinating experience. We have been fortunate in finding the most truly beautiful styles. They are ready for your inspection.

Our Hats are distinctively styled and attractive priced. Smartness is the keynote of the fall and winter versions of women's and misses' chic, jaunty and becoming models, made of excellent materials with the very effective trim so popular on Fifth Avenue, they show quality as well as becomingness. Come in and let the mirror be the judge.

EYONA'S
Hat and Blouse Shop
Robert E. Lee Hotel Building
Charming Visitors
Share Honors

Mrs. Lee Rutzler, of Charlotte, sister of Mrs. F. F. Bahnson, and Mrs. Fred Morris, of Havana, Cuba, guest of Mrs. Phin Horton, shared honors last Saturday morning when Mrs. Horsen and Mrs. Thomas Barber entertained at the Forsyth Country Club with a bridge luncheon. The reception rooms of the club, which have quite recently been redecorated, were unusually charming on this occasion. Mantels and side tables bore vases of colorful flowers interspersed with evergreen.

Bridge was played at five tables. Directly before the four course luncheon was served, table prizes for high score were awarded Mrs. Jack Glenn, Mrs. W. G. Jerome, Mrs. Clement Manly, Mrs. Burton Craig and Mrs. R. M. McArthur. Attractive pottery flower bowls were given to the two guests of honor.

Mrs. Rutzler was honored during the early part of her visit to Mrs. Bahnson with a very delightful progressive duplicate bridge, given by Mrs. Bahnson at her home on Cascade Avenue. Preceding the serving of luncheon, the boards were played up. Later they were played back. The three course luncheon was served at the tables on bamboo trays. Dainty vases of flowers were placed in the centers of the tables for decoration. Mrs. William N. Reynolds and Mrs. Phin Horton won prizes for best score. Mrs. Rutzler and Mrs. Fred Morris, guest of Mrs. Horton, were given souvenir prizes.

Our Store is Headquarters for Grand Pianos.

Such famous makes as—
Weber, Vose, Estey, Clarendon, Premier, and others as low as $500.
WOMAN’S CLUB NOTES

An announcement of widespread interest to all club women of the city is the one that Miss Gertrude Well, of Goldsboro, will be present to address the Winston-Salem Woman’s Club on October first, at the occasion of the first general meeting for the forthcoming season. Miss Well will speak as a representative of the State Federation, in which she is Chairman of Citizenship. Her topic is one of great interest and importance, since it has to do with facts concerning the feminine vote in North Carolina.

No woman in the state is more suitably equipped than Miss Well to speak on such a subject. Her long connection with the League of Women Voters, and her several offices in the Federation have kept her in closest touch with every phase of political life in which women have had any part. The address she will deliver, therefore, in addition to having behind it Federation sanction, will contain information which is not generally known, and which may not be obtained from casual sources.

Mrs. R. H. Latham, president of the Woman’s Club, is now entering upon her second year in this office. In making a statement about the objectives of the organization for this year, Mrs. Latham stated that they would be many. So far as the club itself is concerned, its first interest will lie in securing a building lot for the clubhouse, the erection of which cannot long be postponed. The present lot, located on West Fifth Street, while excellent for the purpose so far as location and accessibility are concerned, is not broad enough for the proposed building. Once this matter has been taken up by the committee in charge, the membership will begin its program of advancement. This will consist in the study of literature and the arts, the launching of definite community work by the department of Civics and Social Service, and a detailed study of the important subject of home economics. Such subjects, when pursued with the attention to detail which a correct study of them requires, will furnish ample material for a year filled with work of the most constructive nature.

The club has been augmented during the past season by the addition of forty new members. All of these, affiliated with the departments in which they chose to work, have added to the usefulness and variety of the many undertakings of the organization. It is safe to say that our city has never had an organization which was more deeply concerned with community problems, nor one more unselfish in all matters in which actual service has been called for, than the Woman’s Club. Without exception, the women who have served it in capacity of officers and directors have been among the most capable and resourceful of which the city can boast. In entering its sixth year of service and study it has the acclaimation of all who are pleased to see things well done.

Mrs. Latham will be supported during the year by a splendid board of directors, the personnel of which follows: Mrs. John Gilmer, first vice-president; Mrs. Joseph L. Graham, second vice-president; Mrs. Chauncey Hills, recording secretary; Mrs. Charles Griffith, corresponding secretary; Mrs. M. P. Traynor, treasurer; Miss Lillie Leak, assistant treasurer; Mrs. H. M. Weathers, chairman committee for printing the year book; Mrs. R. L. Wall, publicity; Mrs. W. A. Goodson, membership chairman; Mrs. Thomas Haskins, house committee; Mrs. E. W. Noble, chairman of ways and means; Mrs. Joseph L. Graham, entertainment; Miss Lillie Leak, finances; Miss Eta Shaffer, nominations. The five departments will have as their heads: Literature, Mrs. W. O. Spencer; Music, Mrs. J. H. Pohl; Art, Miss Ida Harshaw; Civics and Social Service, Mrs. W. P. Lambertson; Home Economics, Mrs. H. E. Smith.

The Woman’s Club bespeaks (and is entitled to) the interest and enthusiasm of the entire city in its every undertaking. It lends support only to that which merits support. A list of its interests and accomplished projects would fill a very surprising amount of space on the printed page.

Throughout the year “The Mirror” will carry details of what the club has in prospect. This news will be thorough, and will be written from a viewpoint obtainable only from the inside. Such news, it is believed, will be interesting to the people of our city.

This year Mrs. J. Porter Stedman was hostess Tuesday at one of the first bridge luncheons of the season. The luncheon was given at Mrs. Stedman’s lovely home in Burnt Vine. The sixteen or more guests gathered at eleven o’clock, playing bridge for two hours. Luncheon was served at one. Dainty guest towels were given as table prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennneth Mountcastle are back from an extended stay at Mayview Manor, Blowing Rock, North Carolina.

Masculine Imagination

THE dearest woman in the world need not wear the dearest clothes in order to be fashionably attired. Not a bit of it, Mr. Man!

Isn’t it just pure imagination—this masculine idea that women spend a lot of money for clothes?

Your wife probably spends quite a bit less for them than you do for yours—and most likely, gets quite a bit more for what she spends!

Much as you may think you know about handling money to advantage, chances are you might learn from her a valuable lesson in sound investment.

MONTALDOS
FOURTH AT CHERRY

Decidedly New
Fall Styles

Achieving smartness to an unusual degree. New coats and frocks severely simple or ornamented. New York-Paris designed models that rely on cleverness of line to express the flare and simplicity “BROTMANS”, distinctively different, fine quality garments for Fall. Moderate prices that will surprise every woman not already a customer.

Brotmans
OF NEW YORK
418 N. Liberty Street
EASY LIES AND MENTAL HAZARDS

There are few places more attractive these days than the Forsyth Country Club. To those who make a practice of going out once a year we beg to state that a very charming scheme of deco-
ration has been tried throughout the rooms and
that all success has attended the venture. We
haven’t heard whose taste dictated the choice of
the particular pattern of cretonne which has been
used, nor the rose gauze window curtains, nor
the way in which the draperies have been hung.
It’s all very pleasing. If you don’t care to take
this at second hand, it might be a good plan to
go and see for yourself.

Who cares if the new drinking fountains do
taste like putty? When more people play golf this
will be remedied.

We’ve heard lately of several golf widows who
brought wrath down on their heads by forgetting
to call at the proper time for a weary golfer.
There is a way to avert such storms. Merely
show an enthusiastic interest in the score, and
pretend to believe all stories told of birdies on
the eleventh hole. There can be no doubt about
the outcome of the evening.

Excitement travels fast, even on a golf course.
There was a day last week when the caddies ac-
tually seemed to be interested in something.
Reports were circulated as the afternoon progressed
about the queer looking woman who had been
seen on the outskirts of the woods. But she was
only visible on one of the new holes; consequently,
was definitely known of her. One man of an
inquiring mind went so far as to disappear, with
a caddy and all his sticks, beyond the fourth tee.
Excitement ran high, since it was believed he ac-
tually meant to play all eighteen holes.

Chairs were placed on the edge of the third green,
and quite a crowd assembled to see him come out
of the woods at number twelve.

Let him tell the rest of the story.

“I was determined to discover,” he said, with
all the firmness which has characterized his suc-
cessful career in the peanut business, “I was de-
termined to discover just what this rumor really
meant. Of course I knew the danger which might
await me by reason of playing these holes. I was
prepared for the worst. I went into the venture
armed with two boxes of kroffites and an extra
mashie.”

Here he paused as if overcome by a memory.

“Would you believe me,” he said slowly, after
an appreciable silence, “when I say that I lost
every one of those balls?”

Neither of us said much for a moment. It
really was dreadful. I felt as though I should say
something to comfort him, but somehow I never
can think of an appropriate remark at such a time.
I judged it was best to get his mind from it, so
I said, (timidly, for it was a particular moment)

“And did you ever see the woman?”

“I was coming to that,” he replied. Before
going further, however, he looked directly at me
and said sadly: “Those balls cost me seventy-five
cents apiece.”

I could only look down and reply: “Yes, I
know.”

Soon he became more cheerful, as though filled
again with the purpose of life.

“Well, I meant to get at the root of the mys-
tery. It wasn’t right for strange women to be
wandering about our golf course. Common sense
told me that. In the second place, no one had a
guarantee that she had paid a green fee. I knew
at the time that the course needed a new storm
house, and I saw the opportunity to make it pos-
sible by obtaining her fee. So I went over.

I first caught sight of her on number seven.
She appeared to have lost a ball on the far side of
the woods. I started to go help her find it,
because I had an idea she might have been play-
ning with one I had lost. But common sense told
me this would never do. No gentleman ever stops
his game in mid-air to help strange women hunt
balls. I decided to play my last shot, and then,
as though I had lost a ball, to wander off into
the woods pretending to search for it. All the
time I played my pitch on the green and tried
to put for a two, I was conscious of being off my
game. I couldn’t exactly come through as I
wanted, and twice I dug frightfully.”

“Yes, yes?” I said eagerly, “and the woman?”

“I was coming to that,” he replied in an ag-
grivated tone. “She worried me so I couldn’t half
play. I sliced every shot. Why? you ask. Well,
she didn’t move. She stood perfectly still, with
her head bent down. I thought she must be crazy.
While I hated to seem rude, I remembered my
pressing business with the club, and the fact that all
the friends were waiting the outcome of my ex-
perience.”

He stopped, it seemed, at all critical points.
Again, with ill-concealed impatience, I nerv-
ously said: “Yes, yes!”

“Oh, hang it!” he snorted. “I went down there
and made a fool of myself. The thing was a scare-
crow on the edge of the Shaffner farm!”

AT THE IDEAL—MIRRORS OF FASHION
NOW REFLECT AUTUMN’S NEWEST MODES

WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATING TASTES WHO APPRECIATE
EXCLUSIVENESS WILL FIND A PLEASING INSPIRATION IN
THE NEW

IRENE CASTLE
Coats and Dresses

Each of the new models we are now showing were personally
selected in Paris by Irene Castle and each one reflects the faultless
taste and smart correctness of “America’s Best Dressed Woman.”

Individuality is assured—you will not be subjected to the embarras-
ment of meeting some acquaintance clad in a similar costume. In
this vicinity, Irene Castle garments are sold exclusively by the
Ideal and we accept only one of each particular model.

THE SPIRIT OF FALL NOW PREVAIINS THROUGHOUT THE
ENTIRE STORE—EACH DEPARTMENT BECKONS YOU TO
SEE THE LOVELY NEW THINGS

THE IDEAL
WINSTON-SALEM’S BEST STORE

ALWAYS FIRST TO SHOW THE
NEW THINGS

IRENE CASTLE
CORTICELLI FASHIONS
THE MAXINE MODEL

IRENE CASTLE
CORTICELLI FASHIONS
THE EUNICE MODEL
JUNIOR LEAGUE NOTES

The first meeting for the season of the Junior League was held at the Robert E. Lee the first Tuesday in September. It was a terrible afternoon for a meeting of any kind, because it rained, rained, rained. Nevertheless a very good number of members was present, and the program for the afternoon, concerned with the usual routine business, was despatched by the president, Mrs. Paul Montague, without trouble. None of the names up for membership could be voted upon, since there was not a quorum present.

One of the livest matters before the League just at present is the point system. When this has been worked out satisfactorily, it is believed that the work can be carried on with less delay than formerly. Under this system provision is made for a certain number of hours work to be done by each member every month. Every hour counts so much. When a member has turned in a report in which she can show her allotted number of hours, she receives her credit in points. The system is very interesting. It has been tried with success in most of the women's colleges in America, and many women's clubs and organizations, noting its success in colleges, have in turn adopted it.

Winston-Salem, we are pleased to note, was the first city in the state to have an organization of the Junior League. It is, indeed, as far as we know, the only branch now established in the state. To those unfamiliar with the work done by the League, we can say that it is the only affiliated organization of young women in America, so far as we know, which exists purely and simply for purposes of charity. In most cities where there are milk stations, day nurseries, and attractive small book shops, there are Junior Leaguers behind them. Every penny made in the League by bazaars, charity balls, sales, plays, revues, and shops of various kinds is used for charity. This disposition extends, it should be added, outside the ground usually covered by organized charity. In addition to its individual work, it cooperates with other charitable bodies in our city. A lot of space would be required to give in detail all the good deeds of the League since its organization here.

Everything it has undertaken has been a howling success. From the very first, although few people knew exactly what it was all about, the members have met with nothing but the most wonderful response. Whether it was a ball or a bazaar or a sale, there has been instant cooperation on the part of those outside the League who were interested. As a result, a substantial sum now resting in the bank makes it certain that many unfortunates in the community will be fed and clothed and warmed during the coming winter who would otherwise be entirely destitute. If there are any who don't believe there's much room for such work, right here in our city, they will be told a very different story by Miss Annie Grogan, secretary of the Associated Charities, or by any member of the League who has accompanied the settlement workers in their journeys in and out among the homes of the poor.

The good, so far as dollars and cents are concerned, may not affect members of the League. The benefit from them comes in the actual rendering of personal service; each one of them is expected to do a certain amount of this. As a result, you will not appeal to a Junior Leaguer in vain. She is always ready to listen to a story of suffering, and to present the cause for consideration.

And real suffering, when carried to the League, seldom fails to be helped.

You will want to keep up with what the League is doing. "THE MIRROR" will help you in the matter of keeping tab on this live organization. The goings and comings of its members will be set forth in these pages. We are confident it will interest you.

On Joseph Jinx all worldly cares Hung lightly as a song—
His buddies tried to pep him up,
Still Joe just loafed along.
But when some eighty years had passed,
His friends were dead and gone,
They'd simply worked themselves to death
While Joe still ambled on.
Now this conclusion we might draw
Nor would we error make:
That he who ever takes his time
Will find the time to take.
But from the life of Joseph Jinx
We gain this greater truth:
If you attain a ripe old age,
Don't die in early youth.
—Tale Record.

TO AN AGING MOVIE STAR

Gather you husbands while you may,
Your notices are dying,
And this same hubby that serves today
Tomorrow may be flying.

That star is best who has the most
Of ducats on her shower;
The fewer husbands you can boast
The less your drawing power.
So be not coy while there is time,
You can't afford to tarry;
When movie stars are past their prime
They must forever marry!
—Goblin.

* * *

JOHN (after first night on board): Say, old chap, where have my clothes gone?
STEWARD: Where did you put them, sir?
JOHN: In the little cupboard with the small glass door.
STEWARD: I'm sorry sir, but there ain't no cupboard, sir; that's a port hole.
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Mrs. Paul N. Montague and small daughter, Nita.

Mrs. Montague carries an exceedingly heavy responsibility on her shoulders, for she is president of the Junior League. This, be it known, is no little job. She carries this responsibility very well indeed, for the League, under her direction, is slated for some big undertakings during the winter season.
THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

Whether or not you like the title of the column, you'll agree that there are few things over which people disagree more violently than books. Parted friends may be reconciled about such matters as permanent waves, luncheon cloths and the correct way to grasp a golf stick. Seldom can they be brought together after disagreement about the printed page. It's just as well that such a state of affairs exists. We should all become very lonely if the critics ceased to be, and certainly no critic would enjoy an existence robbed of all controversial pleasures.

In view of this, we have a favor to ask. If there be those who are kind enough to read the humble opinions expressed on this page and its lineage descendants, we trust they will not hesitate to take issue with what they do not like. If a review or criticism printed here meets with violent disapproval, don't fail to let the editor know. Controversy will be no less interesting here than in other places, and much talk may unearth a modest genius smothered by some local hearth. Our admonition to all those interested may be stated something like this: Be decent, but don't be shy.

Will some kind, well informed person come to our rescue? We're all mixed up about Casanova. Is it a play? Is it a book? Is it a light opera? Is he a man? Please, tell us what is Casanova?

It isn't generally known that Lincoln, Nebraska, is the birthplace of Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, and John G. Neihardt. From this place also come the Brothers Bryan, Charles G. Dawes, Pershing and Fred Ballard. The town is versatile, to say the least.

It seems that Mary Austin, after extensive study of the subject, has come to the decision that genius can be cultivated at will. She intends to set forth her observations concerning this (to us) very remarkable discovery in a series of articles for the Bookman. These articles will begin in November. No date for their cessation has been agreed upon. Doubtless many half-baked artists will follow this new train of thought with breathless interest. It is comforting to think that there is a method within reach of all whereby any who so desire may equal Flaubert, or Thackeray, or Goethe. We do hope Miss Austin will make the matter clear.

Speaking of her leads us to ask this question: Does anybody ever read what she writes? Her opening paragraphs always look so awfully heavy; and then, there's so much about the Indians in New Mexico. So far as we are concerned, we consider her just plain dull. Dull—and a regular contributor to the Bookman!

If you have believed that you are rather well informed—that you know more than the average person, and certainly more than the woman who sits next to you at book club—you have probably enjoyed the secret thought that you belonged to the crowd commonly (or uncommonly) known as Intelligentsia. Or perhaps you preferred to consider yourself one of the Cognoscenti. Both titles have a marvelous sound. But, (and hark to this) both are hopelessly antiquated. No later than this afternoon we were reading an advertisement of The Dial. Reading these ads, it should be stated, is the closest we can ever approach this esoteric publication. In this ad, after a mention of many unpronounceable names, we came across a good old Latin word. The names and the word taken together managed to convey an impression: that people who know anything—anything at all—read the Dial, and that these people belong to the Illuminati!

John Gould Fletcher, poet and essayist, is author of one of the best sketches printed for a long time in any review or magazine. The essay referred to is an interpretative bit of writing about Emily Dickinson, printed in a recent copy of the Saturday Review, the new organ edited by Henry S. Canby and the former staff of the Literary Review of the Evening Post.

The subject chosen for the sketch was a very fortunate one. Emily Dickinson, sensitive woman and recluse as she was, is coming more and more into the fame which was denied her during life. Properly speaking, fame was not denied her; she robbed herself of it. So intense was her desire to avoid notoriety of any kind that a last request to her family consisted in the injunction that all her poems, which she had but lately gathered in a great sheaf, should be burned. According to Mr.

---

WANTED

25 Young Ladies

We are now ready to start our Subscription Campaign on "The Mirror" and want 25 Young Ladies to solicit subscriptions. Applicants must call at the Barber Printing Co. office between 9 and 11 o'clock Saturday morning or the same hours Monday or Tuesday morning.

Please do not call over the phone, as a personal interview is necessary.

Apply at
The Barber Printing Co.
219-221 N. Liberty St.
Fletcher, a failure to carry out this request resulted by reason of the fact that no adequate idea of the value of the poems was entertained, even by those closest to her.

The two recent editions of her poetry should serve to bring her before a much wider public than has ever recognized her genius heretofore.

* * *

Pictures of May Sinclair are very disappointing. To admirers of her work who may chance to see this, we'd recommend that they studiously avoid studying her likenesses.

* * *

We saw a picture of Konrad Berovici the other day. He looked exactly as we had imagined he would.

* * *

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM SAYS:

There is something kind of fascinates a person about being told they are the cat's meow. . . . .

The boy who they say held the world up hadn't no more determination than the average pretty girl has, nowadays . . . .

The only trouble with being respectable is you too often look the part . . . .

Appearances won't put any money in the bank.

The modern home is where you press your only pants. . . . .

Don't be a dumblatz. . . . .

You might as well be killed for a steak as a lamb chop. . . . .

* * *

Beauty Specialists Unacknowledged

They are rife today in America and England, and the cup, if it be awarded for numbers, should go to the mother country. We refer to the horde of literary beauty specialists now arising in the land. It should not be thought that there is any intention of casting reflection on the army of honest men and women whose business it is to help society generally by a wholesale use of mud. This mud-slinging, we are assured by the most highly advertised movie actresses, has more advantages than are apparent on the surface. And certainly, since we all go to the movies to be enlightened, we should believe every word they have to say on such a subject.

No, beauty specialists are all right. Many people who are forced to give at least once a day in the mirror cast longing eyes at their establishments, and are only kept from besieging the doors by reason of the fact that a shave and haircut, so to speak, have long ago transcended the ten cent limit, and now approach nearer the ten dollar mark.

To reiterate, we rise at the entrance of all honest people, but we absolutely refuse to lift a hat, or to exhibit any admiration or respect for the bunglers who come with playful style and a lot of pretty words strung together, and try to bamboozle us into thinking that they have created something beautiful for our delectation.

We would take up the offensive against all would-be imitators, great stylists like George Moore and James Branch Cabell. Stylists are among the most fascinating of writers when they have sufficient genius and art to make what they have to say interesting. There is something inherently natural in being a stylist. Although the term implies an acquired characteristic, there is room to doubt the implication. Why, in the name of all that is logical, should an aptitude for stating the trite and almost individual manner be more unnatural than ability to narrate well, or to swing words and sentences into rhythm, or to so arrange ideas that readers, on seeing them, will laugh? Style, in technical aspects, may be cultivated, just as a singer cultivates breath control, and diction. No one will deny, however, that all truly great singers have a style which is as much a part of them as the way they wear their clothes.

You are wondering by this time what it's all about, and thinking we have gotten nowhere. Beauty specialists and stylists, mixed in a hodgepodge, are not much to the point.

Boiled down, it all means that we were thrown into a very bad humor by a recent book, and left in such a complicated state of mind that there's been nothing to do except fuss about it.

The author of the book, we believe, could easily be one of the people always written up as curiosities; they sit in dark rooms and emerge at the end of that time to delight publicity agents and soft copy writers.

These authors, we are informed from all sides, write in such manner that they give semblance of "offering exquisite bouquets reminiscent of eighteenth century gardens," or they have "a faultlessly rounded style, strongly suggestive of Cabel." Since nobody now living remembers much about eighteenth century gardens, and few, if any, would know a faultlessly rounded style if they met it, such description can serve no purpose except that of ministering to the innocent pleasure of the publicists. Writers, as anyone who has vainly pounded a typewriter for days upon days will know, are born. Very, very seldom are they made.

The recent appearance in England of a horde of pen wielders who feel it their mission in life to grind out sketches done in playful style and "eighteenth century" manner would be alarming if it were not funny. These chroniclers of postwar emotions and psychic experiences should get a good kick out of what they write; nobody else does. If writing still consists of having something to say, and of going after it in a direct and moderately clear fashion, then such people can never .

---

At Home or Abroad

We provide every form of Insurance.

Our Burglary and Theft Policies cover contents of the home.

Our Tourist Floater Policies cover wearing apparel and jewelry while away from home.

Consult INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

Wachovia Bank and Trust Co.

Phone 1086

An Electric Range Gives More Freedom for Social Affairs

Electric ranges have proved a most important factor in cutting down the time required for household duties, and in affording the women the opportunity to participate in interesting and beneficial public activities, club work, and social affairs.

Perfect results are assured without watching.

Southern Public Utilities Co.
be classified as writers. They have lost sight of the fact that, while it is consistent and probable to be playful about human beings, it is exceedingly difficult to surround unnatural and obviously impractical material with any semblance of atmosphere which seems even slightly human or interesting. Such improvisations are hazy enough to begin with. Very evidently their creators have not seen their people or their situations either steadily or as a whole. On such flimsy foundations all super-structure is bound to be unconvincing.

We resent May Sinclair's "Uncanny Stories" as much as we could resent anything outside the realm of physical insult, and we disliked Michael Arlen's "These Charming People" in an equally vigorous degree. Laying aside a playfulness which is absolutely infantile, there is something we instinctively rebel against in a title page rhapsody such as this: "These Charming People, Being a Tapestry of the Fortunes, Follies, Adventures, Gallantries, and General Activities of Shelmardene (That Lovely Lady), Lord Tarlton, Mr. Michael Wadstaffe, Mr. Ralph Wyndham Trevo and Some of Their Friends of the Lighter Sort."

A student of aesthetics would be required to pronounce the names in this book. Much of the effect of it is lost, we discovered by experimentation, when Lord Tarlton's name is slightly changed and spoken as Lord Tar Lyon. The lovely Shelmardene is not half so lovely when she is referred to as Shell Mardin. Such criticism, you may say, is uncalled for and far-fetched. How can this be, when the whole book is so obviously insincere that its only definite trait is the stringing together of melodious words? Anybody can put words together. People who believe this constitutes an art in itself should remember that the passages for which great poets have been condemned were the ones in which they descended to the foolish, undisciplined pastime of playing with words.

"These Charming People" is no worse than dozens of other books of the same kind which are appearing all the time. All these books were destined to be flat failures by reason of their spinelessness. The authors of them attempted and failed to do the thing Katherine Mansfield did with such art. The unfortunate failures have but served to throw the beauty of her work in high relief. Life, actually civilized life, is made bearable by shaded, sometimes insoluble states of mind. However much we may suffer from recognition of beauty, the suffering serves to wear away rough edges and refine our preceptive senses. Katherine Mansfield wrote almost entirely from a highly preceptive angle. She did her work well, because she possessed genius. Imitators of her or her type of writing would do well to remember this.

Headline in newspaper one day reads like this: PRINCE OF WALES TAKES UP INTERESTING NEW SPORT. WILL TRY BOAR HUNTING.

Headline in newspaper next day: PRINCE OF WALES WILL GO TO AMERICA SHORTLY.
PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

The Maid on Our Floor

A LOCAL train on the New York Central line rumbled over the high supports running through the maze of upper New York City. I was a passenger on this train. Looking out, I saw that we had left the almost empty tract of country lying directly outside the city-proper, and had veered into the long stretch of overhead travel necessary to complete the journey before we entered tunnels leading to the station. I tried not to see the hideous desolation of the tenement houses, line on line of them, as we shuttled past. Some ranged in bewildering monotony, under a single roof; others stood on the summits of gaunt dirt banks—thin, dingy shelters which shut inhabitants away from sun and rain and light from the mercy of disease and the sickening nearness of other poverty. Strings of filthy bedclothing hanging from windows were dragged through stringy lace curtains. Weak, white plants, blooming feebly on sloping window ledges seemed prototypes of the people who lived inside.

I turned away from the sight.

"We have passed miles and miles of this," said my companion, a writer, and one of a family of writers. "It is inexpressibly hateful to me to come back and forth over this line three times a week. I always find myself wondering how such conditions can give rise to anything except crime, misery and disease. How anyone, reared in such surroundings, and doomed to live there, have the slightest conception of decency?"

I did not reply, but found myself thinking very hard; her talk made me remember.

There was a time when I left a train in the Pennsylvania station early on the morning of a rainy day. It was a dreadful day, and I was entirely alone. The room which had been reserved for me in one of the dormitories of a great university was an inexpressibly unpleasant place, as I found upon arriving. It was on the ninth floor of a converted apartment house—converted, that is, only in name—and it had been the kitchen. On a white splintered floor, uncovered by rugs, rested a bare cot, a scalded table and a spindly unmanageable chest of drawers. A huge grey sink confronted me as I entered. No one had taken the trouble to place a screen in front of it, nor to hide the long rusty hooks on which my clothes were to hang. The one window of the room was twisted into a corner, where it overlooked a bare, dark court.

"You are so lucky to get this room," said the grumpy looking Ph. D. who piloted me there. "It is the only single room on the floor. All the other girls have room-mates."

I made no reply, so she went away, and I was left. Left to sit on the cot because there was no chair, and to stare at the straight, heavy rain which fell beyond the crooked window. There was no sound on the floor, for I was the only one who had arrived.

There are two New Yorks. One of them I had known and loved. The other, seen for the first time from a window opening on a court dreary with rain and buffing monotonous was a different place.

I was trying to stifle my tears with the pillow when there was a knock at the door. I managed to call: "Yes?"

Mary came in.

"I'm the maid on the floor!" she began. And then, noting my unhappy state, paused with her hand on the knob.

"Perhaps you'd rather be alone?"

Impossible to describe the richness of her brogue, although her voice was slightly cracked. Impossible also to describe the kindness of her face. Mary was about fifty. She was unmistakably Irish, but without the coarseness which is so often found in her type. I noted at once that the stiff pompadour of her hair lent to her face a certain firmness. Her voice was low, and her presence was so quiet that I could not help smiling at the image of the child. He was lovely; that much I saw in spite of the cheap likeness, made by a street photographer. Forgetting myself, I laughed.

"Thank you, Mary. May I keep the picture for a few days?"

"Oh, sure, me dear! "Tis why I brought it, that ye should have it here. Niver once has it failed to make me feel grand."

And then, though she was not supposed to do so, she sat down and told me something about this, her only child. He was now twelve years of age, and in the seventh grade. No child in the apartment where she lived, or in the entire street, for that matter, had learned half so fast.

"And his father," she added, lowering her head and waving her hand, "oh! he loves the boy somethin' terrible! Ye'd never guess to see him."

I remembered that I had never heard Mary speak of her husband except in connection with the child. He was, I had gathered, a night watchman in a storage factory. And a rare close

Cantilever Shoe

-New Stock Arriving Daily

Clark-Westbrook Shoe Co.

109 West Fourth Street

Subscription Blank

Barber Printing Co., Inc.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Enclosed find________________ for $2.50, for which enter my subscription to “The Mirror” for one year.

Name_______________________________

Address______________________________

F264 W8 M157
man," was the usual addition to any mention made of him.

Not long afterwards I missed Mary. She did not appear for several days. When a week had passed, I questioned the maid who came in her place. There had been trouble, it seemed. The little boy had been caught in a freight elevator in the building in which his father worked. At present no one could tell the full extent of the injury. The maid thought it was not hopeless.

Later in the week I bought several books, a magnifying glass, and set out for the address which the housekeeper gave me. After riding in the Seventh Avenue subway, I found that my trip must be continued over the elevated line to a street far up in the Bronx. I left the ell at the station designated and found that the house I sought was an apartment almost directly against the noisy overhead railway. I shut my eyes to the squalor of the place as I climbed to the fifth floor. There was no elevator.

A sleepy looking woman at length answered my ring at apartment 5-D. When I asked for Mary, she replied that Missus Timmings was not there. Her son had been hurt, and she was at the hospital. I went into the small apartment, hoping that Mary would return during the afternoon. She did not come, however. I left the books and glass, with a note of sympathy, and made the long trip back.

A day or so later the maid from the eighth floor knocked at my door. Mary, she said, wanted to thank me for the gifts. The boy could not see them yet, but she hoped he would be able to enjoy them soon. The doctors said they didn’t expect him to be better, but Mary was sure he would be well again.

Once more before leaving New York I went up into the Bronx. This time it was the father who answered my ring. His face was heavy and blond, with the deep-set, rather expressionless eyes of one who is unable to sleep during the night. I apologized for disturbing his rest, which must be obtained, I knew, in the day. He continued to look at me, so I asked about the boy and Mary.

"He’s bad," was the short reply. "Mary, she expects him to get well, but I know better. The doctors at the hospital says he might live til Christmas. But," he added, pointing to himself and emphasizing the pronoun, "I don’t think it."

I went down the dirty, half rotten steps, past landings on which every imaginable vulgarity was displayed, and out into the winter sunshine. While waiting for the elevated express, I glanced once more at the door of the apartment in which Mary lived. It bore on the glass above the entrance a name, pressed in dingy, flourishing gold letters: The Treasury House. Every aspect of that scene is still with me—the dreary street, just far enough removed from the appearance of a slum to make it the more pitiable in its brave fight against poverty of the most desperate kind; the ugly curtains at the front windows, poor means of the dwellers behind them to conceal individual misery; the sight, in a window overhead, of a doctor examining a child’s throat.

All the way back I found myself wondering how Mary could have come from such a place. Strength like hers, I believed, belonged more properly in country places, or small villages where sunshine is warm and kind. I looked back, recalling a dozen situations in which Mary had been a figure; in none of them had she been sullen, impatient, or hurried. She had always placed others first.

I wondered about her boy……

The New York Central train rolled into one of the long tunnels. We had left the Bronx behind.

“Thank heaven we have passed that awful place,” said the woman at my side. “Nothing good ever came out of it yet.”

Tennis

Those were cracking good tennis matches played between Greensboro and Twin-City stars last Saturday afternoon at the Forsyth Country Club. The battle resulted in a defeat for the local players, but the victors didn’t have a walkaway at that. Next time such a match is played there should be more people to witness it. Those present last Saturday saw some fine tennis and the fact that Greensboro played a steadier, more consistent game than our players doesn’t alter the fact that the winners were offered pretty stiff opposition.

Perhaps the best playing for the entire afternoon was done by White, of Greensboro. Driving steady balls over the net, and matching his steady volley with swift, clean service and heavy returns, he won two sets from Charles Vance. Score in the first set stood 7-5, in White’s favor. Vance took the second away from him by the better score of 6-4. The local champion played some very fine tennis along about this time. He drove steadily and served well, and his chances for the odd set ran pretty high. White recovered, however, and in six games distanced his opponent by three.

Perhaps the outstanding game for the local men was played by Paul Montague. In two sets of singles, played with Leffler, of Greensboro, Montague played a very brilliant game. His service, volleying, and strategy were all that could

Pictures for the Home Beautiful!

WE—Frame Your Portraits or Sheet Pictures—
Sell Frames and Pictures Complete—
Sell Portrait Frames, for Table or Wall—
Copy or Enlarge Kodak Prints—

In fact, our entire efforts are given to beautifying the home thru PICTURES and Picture Fittings.

BARBER PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
"The Picture Shop"

Don’t fail to look at our line of
Social Stationery — Extra Good Values

Phone 2600
208 W. 5th St., Opposite Post Office
be desired. The Greensboro opponent, it should be said in all justice, called out the best in the victor. He also showed excellent form in the doubles he played. In this match he was paired with Gilbert Powell against William Coan and Roscoe Wall. Later, he won in a couple of straight sets over William Coan.

Murphy McNair won his match over N. H. Irvin. Without much trouble he took the two sets straight at a score of 6-2, 6-0. His playing throughout the game was very fine.

Darkness forced a close the play between Roscoe Wall, of this city, and Powell, of Greensboro. When the balls could no longer be seen coming over the net, the score stood at 6-3 for the Greensboro player, who took the first set, and 6-4 in the second for Wall.

In the doubles played by Montague and Vance against White and McCanley, the Greensboro players were victors to the tune of 6-3, 6-1.

McNair and Bitzer won in their doubles against Irvin and Carson with a score of 4-6, 7-5, 6-4. Carson defeated Bitzer in single playing 6-1, 6-3.

The Greensboro players returned to the Gate City directly after the games were called. It is expected that they will return within a week or so. Local tennis fans will do well to keep these games in mind. So far they have been featured by some very fine tennis.

* * *

We apologize for the absence of Polo from the first edition of "The Mirror". The fact that most of the polo players were out of the city attending the International Match when "The Mirror" went to press accounts for this.

We hope to have a nice Polo Story, well illustrated, in our next issue.

Richard and Robert Breach

Richard and Robert Breach, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Breach, known in family circles as Dick and Bob. These two young men have the distinction of chatting with their father at least ten minutes daily. Some distinction, we'll say, since he's just about the busiest man seen in these parts.

The Mirror Tells The True Story

Any advertisement we might write or have written will not impress you half so favorably as 2 minutes in front of OUR MIRROR with one of those handsome Fall Suits or Top Coats on.

It's a real pleasure to show them

FOLLOW THE ARROW TO
FRANK A. STITH CO.
IT ALWAYS PAYS
Many of The Most Prominent People in Winston-Salem—

Are Insuring Comfort, Cleanliness, and Satisfaction in the heating of their homes, by installing

(Scott-Newcomb System)

ELECTROL

Electric Ignition Quiet Operation

YOUR heat this winter can be even and healthy—your home free from the dirt and dust of coal—if you have the ELECTROL Automatic Oil Burner.

We can accept but a few more orders, as those already booked for installation prior to October first will keep us very busy—so if interested we suggest that you get in touch with us at once.

We are the only firm in Winston-Salem who can give COMPLETE Oil Burner Service

Scott-Newman Oil Burner Co.

308-309 Merchants Bank Building

Telephone 665
THE BREATH OF AUTUMN
LURKS IN THE NEW FALL APPAREL

Autumn with its crispness certainly appears in these new clothes. They have that trim look that makes one want to don them instantly. They possess dark, yet vibrant, shades that make one feel so self-respecting after a summer of floppy clothes. And they have so many new ideas in styling that to see them is to capitulate. THE THING IS TO SEE THEM!

And our courteous sales force will be delighted to render any service in acquainting you with the new fall styles. We will consider it a privilege to have you visit our store.

TRY
OF
OUR
MADAME
X
RUBBER
SPORT
GIRDLES

INFANTS' and
CHILDREN'S APPAREL

Quality with neatness go hand in hand when we are selecting our children's apparel. Lovely new hats, dresses, coats and a complete line of knit wear now on display. All moderately priced. Bring the little girls to Craven's. We will take pride in fitting them out with their new wearing apparel for fall.

GOLF SUITS and
GOLF HOSE

Golf is to-day the most popular of sports for girls and women. And to get the full enjoyment out of the game, one must be properly dressed. Let us show you the new golf apparel we have on display. All moderately priced.

West 4th Street

D. G. CRAVEN CO.  Winston-Salem, N. C.