On the
tLinks
at the
Country Club

Left to Right:
Bob Follin
H. D. Watson
Will O'Brien
W. M. Storey

PHOTOS BY BARBER PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
Editorial

Time lies not far in the past when the whole world rejoiced to learn that Russia had discarded the shackles of an outworn monarchy, and faced a day when a class of privileged dissolutes would no longer dictate to a great population. This upheaval meant, said students of government, that the mighty, desolate country which existed for most of us as a land deadened by cold and made gray with sinister twilight, had seen a vision of better things. It was significant, at any rate, that a government notorious for secret abuses and outrageously spendthrift courts should have been struck by the hands of common people—hands so long imprisoned in shackles of ignorance and its accompaniment, fear.

Fannie Hurst, returning not long ago from Russia, has stated better than anyone else the present state of affairs there. The rule of the upper class, she says, is no better than that of the royalists. Things are even worse than they were prior to 1914. “Sovietism” she says, “is a beast, half mad, half stupid, lying on its back in death agony.”

Lenin is dead. The one man in all Russia whose hand seemed sufficiently powerful to control is now impotent. Once more the futility is felt of a government in which one class assumes the guidance of all others.

It doesn’t tax credulity too much to look ahead for the time when one of the engrossing pastimes of science will be a tabulating and recording of the habits, appearances, and inherited characteristics of The Giants.

In these days, doubtless, children will want to know if there ever really existed such a race as Great Americans, and if so, what became of them.

We ask the question now, in all seriousness. Not that we expect an answer, because we know what such a reply would be.

“How can you be so stupid?” roars the righteously outraged male relative of Pollyanna. “When did we ever witness a time when America was blessed by the presence of more great men than today?” And then he will begin an enumeration. We can hear it now.

First he will produce the picture of some political war horse who, by reason of a knack of being able to say what a majority want to hear said, gives out an aura of greatness. How the sparks of genius snap and glitter about his head as he picturesquely stands before a Labor Day audience, solemnly shouting platitudes about the constitution, or reiterating his reasons for having affiliated with his party, “the greatest, I pledge to you, since history dawned over the purple hills of time.” This man is great—great because he can say so well what he knows the people listening to him know he will say. That’s the reason they came. Perhaps, in a vague way, they know the reason why he is a Republican. He was born in Massachusetts, and his father was at one time a Republican congressman. In all probability he never read the Democratic platform until he was forced to do so at speech-making time . . . .

He is a great man . . . .

There will next be shown us a likeness of the worn and weary writer on social themes. This man has ninety-seven pamphlets and scientific treatises to his credit. He wrote each one to get a degree; he is a very learned man. About twenty-five people in the United States have ever read anything he has written. Nevertheless, constant references are made, in written and spoken comment, to the monumental character of his “contribution.” He has thought so hard that he hasn’t a strand of hair left on his head. He must needs wear bifocal convex glasses to see the fine print. He is constantly working with for research . . . . He knows three people and has speaking acquaintance with perhaps fifteen . . . . He has devoted his life to writing about the mass impulses and

(Continued on page three)
THE MIRROR

THEY’RE OFF TO SCHOOL

Don Mattison, to whom The Mirror is indebted for the drawings printed in this issue, will leave next week for Yale University, where he will take work in the department of Fine Arts. Don is one of the most talented boys in our city. He is that rarest of all combinations, the person with talent and a capacity for hard work. There is no doubt at all about Don’s future. He can do pretty much anything he wants to. Those who know him best say his aims are placed very high.

(continued from page two)

the social instincts of humanity . . . . . . He is a great man . . . .

Another Giant is thrust upon the screen. His message to mankind has been given out in novels—mighty works of art which deal with the emotional reaction experienced by a hard working young man when he realizes that the correspondence course he took on “How To Become President of Your Bank In Two Years” has failed to pan out. It is a known fact that this novelist works fifteen hours a day. Nothing has been said as to how much of this time is spent sharpening his pencils, or reading over what he wrote the night before. Such labor as this is too tender a theme for the public to be let in on . . . . He has never been really understood, for he is too sensitive . . . . He is a great man . . . .

There are other likenesses unveiled for our edification, but we soon grow tired of them. We’d like some one to tell us where are the men who do not need to be forever striding the donkey and the elephant to gain attention. Such mutual attraction, we think, has something clown-like in its aspect. We are looking for greatness—a greatness which forces adversaries into admiration, which takes up thinking where others leave off, which makes a generation wonder how it could have shouldered its burdens without help. We are seeking lawyers who leave individuality upon books of law, and educators who are big enough to see the ultimate folly which too much standardization in education will lead to. We want to see men big enough to convince the age that true greatness never permits itself to be the spokesman for common beliefs and practices.

Sometimes we are forced to doubt our own thoughts about this. May we not be terribly out of step? Are we mistaken about the greatness of popular heroes who surround us? It is possible that, waiting for some supreme moment which will call forth their best, they have grown tired like the ancient gods, and, like these gods, are sleeping.

Jo Huntley, whose real name happens to be Josephine. Not everybody knows this, because the shorter name seems to fit so well. Jo left last week to enter Agnes Scott College, near Atlanta. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Huntley, and a very, very attractive girl. Her career in college will be followed closely by friends here.

Amelia O’Hanlon will again be a student in Stuart Hall, Staunton, Va. She left earlier in the week, accompanied by her mother.

Elizabeth Rountree, after a visit to friends in West Virginia, has returned to Sweet Briar College, where she will this year be a junior.

Bowman and Gordon Gray, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Gray, will again be students at Woodberry Forest. Bowman, who is a senior this year, has been elected editor-in-chief of the “Fir Tree,” the school annual. It goes without saying that the annual will be well edited.

Small Tots’ School Togs

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MRS. E. F. BARBER
As The Mirror goes to press, announcement is made of the engagement of Frances Holt Mountcastle, of Lexington, to Woodrow McKay, also of Lexington. The announcement was made Tuesday afternoon of this week by Miss Camille Hunt, aunt of Miss Mountcastle.

The wedding will take place during November. It will be one of the affairs of interest all over North Carolina, due to the fact that both Miss Mountcastle and Mr. McKay are exceedingly well known. Both have frequently visited here.

Miss Mountcastle is a sister of Kenneth Mountcastle, of this city.

A large number of Twin-City people were invited to the tea given yesterday in High Point by Mrs. Walter Jackson and Mrs. Frank Sizemore, who had as their guests of honor Mrs. Paul Bittig, of this city, cousin of Mrs. Sizemore, and Mrs. Oliver Spencer, sister of Mr. Jackson, and recent bride. The tea was given at the attractive new Country Club of High Point, and was one of the largest affairs ever given in High Point. More than six hundred invitations were issued. A large number of these, it goes without saying, were received by Twin-City people. Mrs. Sizemore and Mrs. Jackson were both Winston-Salem girls before marriage took them away from the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Avera had a small bridge party last Friday evening at their home in West Highlands. A salad course was served during the evening, and dancing was enjoyed after the game.

Mr. and Mrs. Avera's guests were: Miss Abigail Roan, Miss Luci Wilkinson, Miss Carolyn Crawford, Miss Sara Jeffries, Miss Kate Thomas, Miss Jean Abel, a Salem College student, Mr. and Mrs. Jule Spach, Ed Guthrie, Tom Armstrong, David Avera, Irvin Carlyle, Dr. L. M. Butler, David Cocki.

Mrs. Fred Morris, of Havana, Cuba, left last week for Asheville. Mrs. Morris has been for several weeks the charming guest of Mrs. Phin Horton, at her home on Main Street. While in Asheville, she and Mr. Morris, who joined her there, will be guests at the George Vanderbilt Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurmond Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. James Hanes, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Hanes and Miss Delphine Brown have returned from New York City. They attended the International Polo series while away.

Mrs. J. L. Graham returned yesterday from Reading, Massachusetts, where she spent several weeks as a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles P. Howard. It will be of more than passing interest to friends here to learn that Mr. Howard was recently re-elected to the Massachusetts senate. He will shortly enter his second term, therefore, as a representative of the second district.

Mrs. Joe Cannon, of Concord, was the guest earlier in the week at the home of her parents, Col. and Mrs. J. L. Ludlow. Mrs. Cannon placed her daughter, Annie Ludlow, in Salem College.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Parrott, of Des Moines, Iowa, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Lyon, on West Fifth Street. Mr. Parrott is Mrs. Lyon's brother.

E. A. Darr has returned from New York, where he went to attend the International Polo matches.

John Graham, after spending a major portion of his vacation with his brother, Gregory, in Portland, Maine, left yesterday for Chapel Hill. John will be a sophomore this year.

Winston-Salem people will hear with delight that Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanes will return here shortly to make their home. Since their marriage they have lived in Buffalo, New York. Mrs. Hanes was formerly DeWitt Chatham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Chatham.

Ben Bernard was a member this week of a house party given at Vanderbilt Manor, Asheville, by Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Amherst Cecil, who quite recently returned from their wedding journey in Europe. Mrs. Cecil was formerly Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt.

Elizabeth Magie has returned to Stuart Hall, at Staunton, Va.

"I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage."

Amateur Playright: "But, I say—aw—look here—aw! Can't you lengthen the story a bit?"

"White Mule."

"Lady at bargain counter: 'Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?'"

Henpecked bundle carrier: "I don't know anything about your imagination. Your face is clean."

Mrs. Edwin Badger Hart, of Nashville, Tennessee, sister and guest for several weeks of her sisters, the Misses Delphine and Etta Carter, on West Fourth Street, and Master Johnny Hart. Mrs. Hart will be remembered by people here as Willie Carter. She is always made welcome by a wide circle of friends and relatives on the occasions of her summer visits here.

Mrs. A. H. Eller and A. H. junior, have returned from Ocean City, New Jersey. They were there for about six weeks.

Mrs. Robert McCuiston and son, Robert, are at home again after a stay in Asheville. Master McCuiston is quite well again, and entirely able to enjoy his first birthday celebration, which took place, by the way, today.

Will Hill is back from New York.

Another recognition of the talent possessed by Mrs. W. O. Spencer for organization and prompt execution of plans came from the headquarters of the Port Commission in Raleigh, when she was requested to come to that city for important executive work in connection with the bill. Mrs. Spencer's remarkable work of organization effected in D. A. R. circles brought wide attention to her gifts of getting things done. For some time, now, she has considered it her privilege to render service to her party. (Democratic, by all means!) in whatever capacity it has called upon her to serve.

A weary lot is thine, dull maid,
Bored people to amuse,
Thou pullest the thorn thy brow to aid
And sadly cry for news.
Thou'st telephoned, thou'st called, alas,
For news, but all in vain.
No gathering, unsong before,
Reward's all thy pain.
No more society ye found,
Than if twere buried underground.

The morn is cold and dark, 1 tow,
The rain is falling fast.
Perhaps before chill winter's snow
There will be found, at last,
Some maiden to the altar led.
Perhaps some dame will be
Adventuresome, and give the town
An invite to a tea.
Till then we wave a sad farewell
And for society toll the knell."
EASY LIES AND MENTAL HAZARDS

A Golfer-man

Aesthetic as to breath
Should stamp and swear and tear his hair
And look as pale as death:

"O Golfer-man, I greatly fear
You'll lose your chance of Heaven;
Why do you care?" he answered then:
"I made that hole in seven!"

"And are you sure?" I kindly asked.
"Count over every stroke;"
The Golfer-man be thought awhile,
And after thinking spoke:
"Let's see—I topped from off the tee;
My second found a pit;
Got out in three and on in four,
Then took three puts—that's it."

"And are you sure?" I sternly asked,
"Quite sure—that that is all?"
"Er-oh! I wrong four other times,
But didn't hit the ball!"

"If you did that," I sadly said,
Your total is eleven!"
"Ah no!" the Golfer-man replied,
"I made that hole in seven!"

I quoted from the rules of golf,
I showed him how to score it;
I told him, when he made a swing
He couldn't well ignore it.

I proved to him that he was wrong,
That he had had eleven;
But still he murmured in his breast
"I made that hole in seven!"

"You knickered out!" I stormed at him,
"You don't know how to count! You
Couldn't total two plus two
And get the right amount!

"You couldn't change a dollar bill
And make it come out even!"
But though I shrieked and rant and cry,
That gnarled old idiot makes reply,
"I made that hole in seven!"

—Gregory Hartwick.

TENNIS

Local tennis fans are interested in the game which is being worked up with High Point. If no arrangements can be made for Saturday of this week, it is understood that the game will be played the following Saturday on the tennis courts at the Forsyth Country Club. These tennis matches are no easy-over-the-net affairs. The players get down to brass tacks and make things hum. The games, we can assure you, are well worth going to see.

“The part I like best about America is the absolutely ripping stuff they have to drink over here. You dear people are so accustomed to getting anything you want can’t imagine—you simply can’t—how very boring it is to have to drink port and champagne all the time. Really, I think America is wonderful about its drinks. I’ve never had so many fine ones in all my life as since I’ve been over here, and 1—”

(The meeting is broken up by the recording secretary and president, who, with one accord, keel over in a dead faint. One of the ladies in the entourage administers a mixture of Scotch and vermouth. But, as it is now dark, the meeting is brought to a close.)
CLUBS

As autumn comes on, rather more swiftly than it is noticeable, the club life here once more resumes its fashion. The diverse characters of the many women’s clubs of Winston-Salem make them of more than usual interest. Each club has its distinct individuality, and it is a matter of more than passing interest that there are no two in our city exactly alike, either in aim or personnel.

* * *

MONDAY AFTERNOON BOOK CLUB

Mrs. William N. Reynolds, as is her custom, was hostess to the Monday Afternoon Book Club at its first meeting. Mrs. Reynolds usually makes preparations for this meeting at her beautiful estate, Tanglewood, on the Yadkin River. Monday, on account of the weather, she was hostess at the Forsyth Country Club. Mrs. Moran, president of the club, was unable to attend the meeting. Mrs. Reynolds took her place, giving an ably prepared paper on “The Epic of Commerce and Industry in America.” This was the first of a series of programs dealing with American achievement. These programs have been worked out with great care by the program committee, of which Mrs. W. M. Hanes is chairman. Tributes to September were read by those present, and books for reading during the year were distributed. The list of these books contains many of the interesting new publications for the season.

Luncheon was served in the dining room. The centerpiece on the luncheon table was an open book, fashioned of flowers. On its pages of white letters M, A, B, C were marked in colored flowers. At each place was a copy of Dr. Vance’s recent book “God’s Open”. The frontispiece in this book is a reproduction of the beautiful picture of the great oak on the lawn at Tanglewood.

Mrs. Henry Roin, Mrs. Alice M. Lippins, Mrs. Clay Lilly, Mrs. W. W. Norfleet, Mrs. H. S. Lotts, Mrs. H. T. Bahnson, Miss Louise Barbour, Mrs. W. W. Smoak, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. W. M. Hanes, Mrs. John Alspaugh, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, were the members present at this very delightful meeting.

Mrs. Walter Brock, Mrs. Clement Manly, Mrs. J. S. Foster and Mrs. Paul Bittan were also guests. In cutting for the centerpiece, Mrs. W. M. Hanes was the fortunate winner. She at once made the suggestion that, in account of its beauty, the flower book be placed downtown, where it would continue to give delight to all who saw it.

* * *

JUVENILE RELIEF ASSOCIATION

The Juvenile Relief Association met last Friday morning in a session devoted to matters of routine business. Mrs. George Norfleet, its president, came down from Blowing Rock to preside over the meeting.

The Association is now entering its second year in the work of managing its relief home for children. This home is one of the most interesting places in our city. The work provided for in its foundation is being carried on in a most admirable way by the members of the organization sponsoring it. Inside a neat comfortable home, made attractive by all modern conveniences and bright sunny rooms, children are given temporary homes until permanent arrangements can be made by parents or institutions for their welfare. Several times since the opening of the home, there have been as many as fourteen children living under its roof. The home is in no sense an orphanage, but it fills a long felt need in our city, and since its establishment more than one child has been cared for during illness of one or both parents, or in a time when immediate arrangements could not be made for placement in an institution.

The Association takes all responsibility in connection with the home, which is not to be thought of as a charitable institution. Gifts of toys and clothing, when in good condition, will be welcomed by the board of directors.

* * *

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

Mrs. Arthur Valk was hostess to the Current Events Club, which met last Tuesday afternoon for the first time in the season. On account of illness and absence from town, only a few members were present. The program for the afternoon was in charge of Mrs. Valk, who read an interesting paper: Along the Nile. This was the first of a series of papers to be prepared by the members having as subjects rivers.

A salad course was served during the afternoon by the hostess. Members present were Mrs. Charles Shelton, Mrs. R. M. McArthur, junior, Mrs. E. E. Gray, junior, Mrs. Charles Hill, Mrs. Baxter Moore, Mrs. Charles Taylor, and the hostess, Mrs. Valk.

Among the books placed in the club for reading this winter are the following: The Real Sarah Bernhardt, The Red Lodge, by Page, The Gallants and The Divine Lady, by Barrington, Rose of the World, by Norris, These Charming People, by Arlen, The Little French Girl, by Sedgwick, In A Shantung Garden, by Miln. Other books will be added later.

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MARY SYMINGTON STUDY CLUB

September twenty-eighth has been set aside by the Mary Symington Study Club for its first meeting during the present season. At this time Mrs. F. F. Bahnsen will be hostess, at her home on Cascade Avenue.

The club will study North Carolina. Material for the course as outlined by the program committee has been secured through the University Extension Bureau. During the early part of October Dr. Howard Rondthaler, president of Salem College, will deliver his talk on North Carolina to the membership.

An unusual number of interesting books have been placed in the club's circulating library for the season. Mrs. A. H. Eller, Mrs. Phin Horton and Mrs. Burton Craigie, the committee in charge of book selection, made delightful choice. Among the volumes to be circulated are: Ports and Happy Places, by Parker; My Garden of Memory, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; The Isle of Doubt, by Sheila Kaye-Smith; My Book and Heart, by Harris; From Pinafore to Politics, by Harriman; The Divine Lady, Barrington; Some Contemporary Americans, Boynton; The Interpreter's House, Burt; Victorian Poetry, Drinkwater; Told by an Idiot, McCaulley; The Able McLoughlins, by Wilson; Maria Chapdelaine, by Hemon; The Dance of Life, by Ellis; These Charming People, by Arlen; The Golden Ladder, Hughes; In a Shantung Garden, by Miln.

Salem College Opens

It would be hard to say just what the numerical name of the session of Salem College which began last Thursday morning would be. More than once we have attempted to be exact about this matter, only to discover, after it was too late, that the College has opened, that its faculties, both in College and at Home, are excellent, and that never has a more attractive student body entered its portals to dwell for a year.

The formal opening was held in Memorial Hall. President Rondthaler's remarks for the occasion had to do with the Salem spirit, the outward manifestations of which are friendlyliness, energy, cooperation, perseverance. These are, indeed, the qualities which girls absorb during the years they spend in the College walls. There is, however, something less tangible but equally beautiful in the enrichment of their personalities by contact with this Salem spirit. Perhaps it is a softening brought by the placement of youth against a physical background in which tradition is evidenced by the very aspect of houses and walls.

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THE MIRROR

Last evening a very delightful joint recital was given in Memorial Hall, Salem College, by Miss Nanna Johnson, lyric soprano of this city, and Miss Evelyn Smith, of South Carolina. Miss Smith was formerly a student in Salem College, and is one of the most talented pianists ever graduated from the College. Miss Johnson possesses a very lovely voice. Later in the season she will return to New York for a continuance of her study there.

Mrs. Charles Long, formerly Elizabeth Hendren, Elizabeth is assistant treasurer of the Junior League. If this very live and aggressive organization of young women continues to pile up the shekels for good causes, Elizabeth will be forced to call in an expert accountant. At present she manages very, very well.

Whatever the reason, it remains a fact that throughout the South a Salem girl is marked for certain characteristics. Noticeable among these is love for her college. The Salem Alumnae Association is always the liveliest among college associations in southern cities. Since this is the case, there must be a good reason for it.

We should like to remind students who have come to the College for the first time that it was Salem girls, long, long ago, who heard the first clock strike in a church tower in North Carolina. They saw Lord Cornwallis and his band of redcoats march up the hill and camp at a spring below Sall Street. They lived in days when the community could make all it required save salt, and they saw the great, lumbering wagons bringing this from the sea. They caught glimpses of the mighty Washington when he appeared in Salem after the war; doubtless listened as he played quaint tunes on the ancient spinet which is now rusting in the Wachovia museum. They saw the campfires of Union soldiers on the nights they marched on the slope beyond the valley above which the school is built. They availed themselves of the privilege of work and sacrifice for those who fought in the Great War. Today as always, their college is concerned with cultivating in them the art of living.

SEPTEMBER

By John Charles McNeil

I have not been among the woods,
Nor seen the milk-weeds burst their hoods,
The downy thistle-seeds take wing.
Nor the squirrel on his running.
And yet I know that, up to God,
The mute month holds her goldenrod,
That clump and cress, o'errun with vines,
Twinkle with clustered muscadines,
And in desert churchyard places
Dwarf apples smile with sunburnt faces.
I know that, ere her green is shed,
The dogwood pranks herself in red;
How the pale dawn, chilled through and through,
Comes drenched and dragged with her dew;
How all day long the sunlight seems
As if it lit a land of dreams,
Till evening, with her mist and cloud,
Begins to weave her royal shroud.
If yet, as in old Homer's land,
God walks with mortals, hand in hand,
Somewhere today, in this sweet weather,
Thinks he not the walk together?

A student brought his mother to the university and was showing her about. The dear old lady was anxious to make her boy think she understood everything.

"Over there," said the son, "are our wonderful polo fields."

"Ah," sighed the old lady, "what is there nicer than fields of waving polo!"

-Wabash Covenan.

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WILLING TO OBLIGE

They were giving a dinner party and the coachman had come in to help wait at table. Several guests had suffered from his lack of experience, and in serving peas he approached a very deaf old lady and inquired:

"Peas, mum?"

No answer.

"Peas, mum?" (Louder.)

The old lady saw that someone was speaking to her, and lifted her ear trumpet to the questioner. The coachman, seeing the large end of the trumpet directed toward him, thought:

"It must be a new way of takin' 'em, but I s'pose she likes 'em that way."

And down the trumpet went the peas.

—Atlanta Journal.

BE REASONABLE

Irate Papa: "What do you mean by coming home at 4 a.m. ?"

Flapper: "For heaven's sake, pop, I have to patronize the old roost sometimes, don't I?"—Ex.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON

Chester: "Who on earth is that homely girl Jack's dancing with?"

Jim: "That's my sister."

Chester: "She sure can dance."—Exchange.

WHAT'S YOUR DEFINITION?

The teacher was explaining to a class of small boys and girls the meaning of the word "collision." "A collision," she said, "is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now can anyone give me an example of a collision?"

"Twins!" said the Class Idiot.

—Wroe's Writings.

Snappy Hat Styles

A man's Hat is such a prominent part of his apparel that it is important, if he wishes to appear well dressed, that it be right up-to-the-minute in style—and also that it is the correct modification of the style fitting his personality. We have 'em.

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BED TIME STORIES

Little Red Riding Hood came downstairs in a very bad humor. She paused in the hall by the pier glass to examine her appearance. That abominable rouge! It never had looked right with her hood and coat. Next time she went in a drug store she would get a new coat and a new hat to tell a clock who tried to sell her anything but nasturium. As for this miserable natural stuff—it didn’t look like rouge; nobody could tell you she had any on.

Riding Hood was in a very bad humor indeed. This was the day she had planned to go over to Greensboro. She had a date to meet some boys there. They were coming from Chapel Hill; two of them were from A. and E. She was the only girl in North Carolina who hadn’t met Skink Baxter; the only girl, that is, who went about any, or amounted to a row of pins. She never had been as sick of anything in her whole life as of hearing Silver-Locks and Snow White and Cinderella talk about him. And now, on the very day she had planned to go and meet him.

Granny had to phone she wanted that copy of "The Sheik." Perfectly disgusting! Riding Hood didn’t understand why she had to carry the thing. Alex could certainly take a book over and hand it in at the door.

She looked at the clock. Maybe there was time to go to Grandma’s and then make Greensboro by noon and a half. Of course it would take three quarters of an hour to smooth Granny. Still, if she could manage to get the Lincoln out, she could persuade Alex to walk back from Grandma’s and say he had left the car at the garage for new batteries, or something like that.

She felt in her pockets. Yes, it was all there—rouge, powder, lipstick, comb and bobby pin. She felt more confident for anything. Once in Greensboro, she need no longer fear Snow White’s influence over Jicks or Skink. Riding Hood knew perfectly well the power of her line. It had gone unscathed through three sets of Christmas dances at Chapel Hill and Charlottesville, two Junior Speaks at Davidson, and six weeks at Wrightsville Beach. She knew she had some line.

Something sad happened just here. It is common knowledge that the most elaborate plans ever formulated by rodents or hares often get knocked into a cocked hat. And that’s exactly what took place now.

Riding Hood’s mother opened the library door and called to her little daughter.

"Darling, I’m afraid you’ll have to stay at Grandmother’s this afternoon. Her book club is meeting, and I fancy she’ll want you to be there to help her. Her new man doesn’t know very much about serving, and the cook stammers so frightfully she simply can’t answer the phone. I know you'll be glad to do this for Grandmother; she does love you so.

No elevator in the Woolworth Building ever sank any faster than did Riding Hood’s heart upon hearing these words. Into her mind crowded a vision of the calamity that would befall her at the Christmas dances; Jicks would bring Skink home with him. Naturally they would go to see Snow White first, because she already had Skink vamped. Snow White would keep him from coming to see her; she was mean about things like that. And then, when the time came for the dances, she would be the only girl in town who didn’t know him. The thought was ghastly—more than she could bear. She had visions of herself being introduced to Skink on the balcony floor. Everybody in town would be there, and the whole world would know she hadn’t met him before.

Had Riding Hood lived twenty-five years ago, tears would have filled her eyes. As things turned out, she was overcome with sophisticated despair. What she needed most, she felt, was a good, stiff drink.

There was simply nothing to be done about it. She stood a slim chance of getting another whack at Skink before Christmas, which was four weeks away. She knew, however, that she dared not offend Grandma. Her reasons for this were excellent. Grandma, she had every cause to believe, had ordered a new Marmon roadster for her Christmas present. It never, never would do for her to miss anything like this.

The battle was soon over. Riding Hood was too good a poker player not to realize the value of taking a chance.

"Suits me," she said laconically. "Bring on the ruff stuff, or whatever it is you want me to take Granny. I’ll be a martyr for the elephant dozen time.

She smiled quietly as her mother gave her the copy of the "Sheik." Granny and the rest of the tiresome old bunch in the Red Stocking Study Club thought they were being so devilish to read the "Sheik." She, Red Riding Hood, could have told them about some very good books—the real things—if they had ever taken pains to ask her. That was the trouble about old people; they thought they knew it all.

She took the book, walked out in a resigned fashion, and stepped in the electric. She detected the things Granny might want to ride after the meeting, and she didn’t like fast cars.

Riding Hood, as is the way with humanity, rode slowly out of the gate, and started on her journey, little dreaming what lay ahead. It thus happened that, after traversing four miles, and arriving at the age of the wood bordering on Granny’s estate, fate bore down upon her in the shape of a mud-stained Cadillac. Without enough rouge, therefore, and without a vestige of lipstick, she was swooped down upon by—

(To be Continued in Three Installments)

A TRUE STORY

Just prior to March 15th a certain dusky individual walked into the office of the Internal Revenue Collector in Cincinnati, with his wife and two small children.

"Does you all allow $800 for two children?" he asked.

"Yes; $400 for each child dependent on your labor.

"Well, uh, I have been out of work for about six months, and we needs money powerful bad. So I thought, instead of looking ‘round any more for work, we would just come in and collect that little old $800 to-day."

IT DEPENDS

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the ancient beau bravely. "Now, I feel as a 2-year old."

"Horse or egg?" asked the sweet young thing brightly.—Tit-Bits.

INTERESTING CHILDREN

Billy, Jimmy and Mary Spottwood Coan, the beautiful children of Mr. and Mrs. William Coan. Each of these little people, as their pictures clearly indicate, is possessor of a distinct individuality. Mary likes to call herself Baby Spotty.
The pictures grouped on this page are, we believe, rather remarkable. They were made by no less a person than Master John Stevens, who recently accompanied his mother, Mrs. Frank Stevens, on a very delightful trip through the west. Mrs. Stevens, with John and small daughter, Sara, left during the early part of June for Colorado, where they were guests for several weeks of Mr. Steven's sister, Mrs. Michael Hudson.

Later Mrs. Stevens and John went all over the far western states. They spent quite a while seeing the wonders in Yellowstone Park, and it was here that the snapshot of John, in company with the honest to goodness cowboy, was made. John wants all his friends to know that he was directly in front of the Old Faithful geyser when this picture was made, and that he didn't feel any too comfortable there, either. He had another scare later in the day, when, as he walked along a perfectly civilized looking path, a bear walked out from the tall trees shown in the picture, and came toward him in a leisurely fashion. It took the combined efforts of all within calling range to convince John that the bear meant no harm, and that he could very easily be won over by a slight token of regard in the shape of a bag of peanuts, or some popcorn. The instrument of truce was immediately forthcoming, with the result that John and the bear became so friendly that the latter consented to pose for the picture. John is sorry the likeness is so indistinct. It really was a lovely bear.

The mission is one established by Father Sierra for the Indians. It is the very famous one of San Juan Capistrano. In the background may be seen the old walls of the church, built years before the mission.

The picture of Yellowstone Falls is a very unusual one. It was made by the young photographer from a point more than a mile and a half distant. He was forced to climb out on a bit of shelving rock to get just the view he wanted.

Mrs. Stevens and John appear in the other picture, which was made at Long Beach, California. This, according to Mrs. Stevens, is a very charming and beautiful resort.

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[Image: A hat and a pair of gloves]
THE MIRROR

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

The Doctor's Story

A DOCTOR told me this story. I liked it because it occurred to me a side to the character of the man about whom it was told. The doctor's name doesn't matter. I will say only one thing about him—that he is a great specialist. He never would have told me this story, I thought I knew the man about whom he was talking. Unless he chances to see this he will go on believing he told me something concerning a person with whom I had no acquaintance.

It came about after a dinner at which we were both guests. I was talking with the doctor, and mentioned that I had recently seen the obituary notice of a distinguished senator. I remarked that he was the last of the man. The good doctor was glad to see that the senator was not a man of any acquaintance.

"Yes", was the rejoinder. "He was extremely reticent. Perhaps it would interest you to know that he died two years from the day on which he retired from the Senate. I had the privilege of retire my wish was, I am sure, and in all my experience, both professional and casual, I have never seen a man who more completely hid his personal life from the world. It was really quite remarkable when you consider the fact that he was in public life for more than twenty years." He paused for a moment. "That's not exactly true; I have known one man who locked himself up tighter. I knew him first when I was a much younger man, as I am now. He interested me because he was the first big man, man of affairs, that is, who ever consulted me professionally. A very strange coincidence happened in connection with him. I've always wondered whether my knowledge of the affair, had it come soon enough, would have benefited or harmed him. I'm not sure, when all's said and done, that it would have made him happy." I saw he was a bit taken aback, folding his arms, that he wanted to tell what was in his mind. "It was one of those situations, as I said, which doctors sometimes stumble on. To make you understand, I'll have to tell you about the whole story. When I was comparatively young, this man was pleased to believe in my professional ability; gradually it came about that he gave me the confidence so rarely bestowed—rarely, I say, because I knew of no one in whom he confided so freely. Of course there may have been others. Certainly they were not found in his family circle. His two daughters were sad disappointments; one of them had been divorced and married three times before she was twenty-five. The other lived in Europe. Nobody knew much about her. It was common knowledge that while he and his wife had never separated, there was no bond of interest between them. She was merely a hostess in his home, it always seemed to me.

"When I first knew him he was forever preoccupied. As the years passed, and he was forced to retire his business on account of his health, this preoccupation seemed to shift, in some fashion, into an air of remoteness with which he was always surrounded. Times without number I have been a dinner guest in his home, and, while he was always perfectly host, I could see, as could other friends, that he was absolutely not a part of anything going on around him.

"One day I spoke to him about it in a casual way. He rather evaded the subject. Several nights later I stopped to see him just before his bedtime. He liked to receive intimate friends in the beautifully panelled, small room where he always sat in the evenings.

"I found him almost ill. As he disliked any reference to his health unless he called me for that purpose, I spoke casually of the market, and foreign exchange, and topics which never failed to interest him. I was rather surprised, when I rose to go, that he made a gesture of dissent, saying he had something to tell me.

"You spoke several days ago about my faraway attitude. Is it always noticeable?" he wanted to know.

"I replied that he had never been affected by it to the point of rudeness. Perhaps others who knew him less intimately would merely think him punctilious. I, who had known him in the days when he was preoccupied with important affairs, saw a definite change in his attitude. It was not one, though, which I could explain.

"He sat for a time before replying, then walked to the fireplace.

"You are right, dead right. I am remote in my conversation with people; I'm fully aware of it. But I've had a funny thing happen in my life. To me it is the most engaging factor with which I have to do. It occupies first place in my very existence. And yet—" he paused, then turned to face me, "I find that it is almost impossible of explanation, even to you.

"Just what do you mean?" was the question I put.

"This: that when I attempt to put my finger on it and thereby make it sufficiently real to talk about, it seems foolish. Not foolish to me; I don't mean that. But I believe you, or anyone else for that matter, would be apt to consider me a little queer.

"I said nothing, and in a few minutes he went on.

"What I'm trying to talk about has come to be the most settled in my life, as I said. Maybe you won't understand that; but I think you will. My children and home and all that a man usually puts first haven't meant anything to me. The world knows how I stand with my wife. I don't mean to infer it's all the fault of somebody else. I know I was ambitious when I was a younger man, and I may have let my desire to match dollars with other men I know stand in the way of more lasting happiness.

"As long as I was able to work, I managed to get along pretty well. When I was forced to retire I found myself wondering why I had the feeling I'd always missed something which rightfully belonged to me. In view of my family affairs, you or anybody else would say my feeling was natural. But there was more to it than I'm able to tell you about. I'm not just talking bunk. It kept me puzzled. I've lain awake dozens of nights trying to put my finger on whatever it was that eluded me. One night it all came to me in a flash, and since then everything has been clear.

"I found out that night that I had been living in the light of a memory—a good memory, strange to say, which I'd forgotten. As I looked back over it, I found myself, from the first moment of its recall, building a sort of new existence for myself."

"I'm talking about something which took place when I was a senior in college, the last night I ever went to school. It was at the last dance of the commencement season. I was feeling on top of the world, because I was through with what I considered the rough spots in life. Next day I was to go directly to New York to enter the bank of which I later became president."

"It was at that dance I saw a girl. I didn't meet her; I saw her. I couldn't get introduced to her because none of the boys I chummied with knew anything about her. She didn't seem to belong, exactly. I never understood why, for she was by all means the most beautiful girl on the floor. I don't remember much about her features, but I do know that she had the most beautiful hair I had ever seen. I was dazzed by its perfect golden color and the masses of it."

"'Nobody, as I have said, knew anything about her. One chap said he thought she was a manicurist from New York City whom some infatuated boy had invited up. I only knew that she was beautiful and I felt if I couldn't dance with her life for the rest of time wouldn't be worth living. Toward the end of the night it so happened that both of us were standing, with other people, of course, on a porch. She was so close to me I could
have touched her; and I did so. I found her hand, and held it for the briefest second. When I released it, I knew she had left her handkerchief with me.'

"Nothing more was said for a little while by either of us. What he was telling me I would have seemed absurd had I not been able to tell that it was very sacred to him. He was completely absorbed by the recollection.

"I remember very distinctly not being able to sleep after that dance. I went to my room and sat in a chair until the sun rose. As I sat there with the handkerchief in my hand, I became conscious that an odor of perfume came from it. I had never smelled the odor before, and I have never done so since that night, but I shall not forget it. I can't forget it.

"Within a day I was at my job in New York, and I suppose this accounts for my losing the incident temporarily. There must have been years in which it didn't occur to me. In those years I married, and made my success, and found more unhappiness, it seemed to me, than I deserved. During these years, as I told you, I always had the feeling that I had missed something which was rightfully mine.

"And then came the night when I recalled it. I lost the handkerchief long ago, but I shall never lose the memory of the perfume I've associated with it. I've searched every perfume shop in New York, I believe, and those in other cities where I've been, but I've never found an odor which even resembled the one I was looking for. And I've wanted to find it so! It would have been next thing to finding the girl.

"As for the rest of it, I've imagined all the pleasure I've really missed. I'm positive I'd have married that girl, had we met. She would have meant everything to me I've missed; together we would have been happy. For six years, now, I have let myself believe that she is near—that she may be living around the corner, for all I know."

"When he finished he seemed tired, and I left at once. Plainly what he told me had been a strain on him. The next day I was called in a professional capacity.

"He lived, in spite of his physical disability and unhappy state, until he was seventy-three years of age. During that time I believe I was the only person who had the slightest idea of the life he had built for himself in his imagination. It was at once sad and beautiful, I felt.

"Two years ago I was called upon one day to leave my office for consultation. The patient lived near Washington Square in one of the streets east. She was a woman of nearly seventy years, with masses of magnificent snow-white hair. For years she had suffered with false angina. This time, it so happened, her heart was really involved. A very slight examination showed me there was nothing I could do.

"I was interested in the room in which I found her. It was one of the most charming places I have ever seen. I don't know anything about decoration, except when I like it, but I knew that this was a room such as I would have liked to live in. Strange to say, the only thing I didn't like about it was the odor of perfume which it contained. I had no means of guessing what it was. Had it not been so heavy, I should have thought it very delightful. Certainly it was unforgettable.

"Going downstairs with the attendant physician, I learned that she was the wife of a former professor in Dartmouth College. She had met him while attending dances there, years ago.

"I heard nothing more of what he said going down the stairs. I was scarcely conscious that we stopped for hats and coats in the lower hall. I was too dazed to remember where we parted company, but I do recall that, just before he left me, he said in a positive way:"

"'I cannot consent for any more of that perfume she likes to be brought into the room. I've issued instructions to the nurse that it must be kept out. If necessary, she must throw it away.'"

"The likeness above is a reproduction of a miniature of Louise Dalton Kirk, the very attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kirk, of Lexington, Ky. Louise is now four and a half years of age. She and her mother, formerly Margaret Dalton, of this city, are spending several weeks with Dr. Dalton during Mrs. Dalton's absence in Europe. They will return to Lexington within a week or so."

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THE MIRROR

I finished "New Year's Day" and laid the book aside. I had read all four of them—"False Dawn," "The Spark," "The Old Maid," and, last of all, "New Year's Day." Without any trouble I decided I liked the last named best. I could have made out with the trilogy; nevertheless I had enjoyed each one as it came.

"Mrs. Wharton," I said to myself, "must have had an awfully good time writing those sketches." While musing thus, (the phrase has been used before!) I began searching for the particular trait in her books which pleases me so much. It isn't the delineation of society, for some of her dullest work has been done in that overcrowded field. I went back over these novels of manners, recalling incidents in "The Custom of the Country," "The Reef," "The House of Mirth," "The Age of Innocence." Without any trouble my choice was made—and made overwhelmingly in favor of "The Age of Innocence." I set the decision aside for future reference. I then remembered that, in my humble estimate, I ranked no book ever written in America higher than "Ethan Frome," unless perhaps I might except "The Scarlet Letter." There was something I wanted to say, then, about "Old New York," "Ethan Frome" and "The Age of Innocence." They left me with a feeling that their author is a different person from the impression one gets from reviews of her work. Long before I knew her at first hand I had been given the idea that she existed as a species of glorified chronicler of the restless emotions and polished gestures of the idle rich. She herself, I vaguely thought, made entrance into rooms and exits from them: she never came and went just as anybody might. I was sure her writing was done in a glistening room filled with furniture of the Second Empire. All this I attributed to her after reading that "she was the most assiduous of the many disciples of Henry James," and before reading "Ethan Frome." The actual truth about Edith Wharton may be unpleasant to those who would releg we her to the stage occupied by society, and speak of her with an importance denoted by familiarity as "Mrs. Wharton." She really isn't that at all. In her best work she has exhibited a very powerful use of pathos—a power which far surpasses the similar gift of Edna Ferber and Fannie Hurst. This is, in her case, not so much the part played by observation, as an almost magical exhibition of technique. An hour spent studying the shading of a Wharton novel would be a profitable investment. However one may cavil at artificiality and restraint and a remote treatment of emotion, it is a distinct pleasure to find page after page in which the value of every word has been considered, and the most perfect word chosen. Her effects are secured in such manner that they give hint of the artistry of painting. This is especially true in the many instances where subject matter provides opportunity for the erection of background colored by perspective. She has an almost unessayable talent for doing this. It's one thing to write about days that aren't. It's quite another matter to write the days themselves—to be able to fill them with the life they actually witnessed.

It is for this reason that the four little books in the latest Wharton contribution are so significant. I dislike the word, but can find no other which expresses what I would say. These sketches are masterpieces of arrangement, so far as material is concerned. Their author has worked that miracle, usually accomplished with such creaking and groaning of machinery, of putting readers in the midst of what they are reading. Once this has been accomplished, the reader does not smile behind the book at queer customs and appearances of the people in the book. There is definite beauty in such work when it is well done. In Mrs. Wharton's case, where it so nearly approaches perfection, one can forgive the monumentality of many too similar references to such stock characters as Sillerton Jackson, or Mrs. Manson Mingott. (That indomitable woman!) I rather believe these people are intended as caricatures. If they sometimes wax tiresome it should be remembered that they are a distinct improvement, so far as comedy characters are concerned, over the litemummies at which we are accustomed to smile.

Mrs. Wharton's New York is far and away the most conspicuous locality in America so far as excellence in delineation of a city is concerned. She has, by her almost magical art of drawing the resources of the past, sketched for us the physical appearance, the interests of the people—the very people themselves. Her work is a well-nigh perfect example of the influence of tradition, background, and education, all uniting to produce a talent developed by constant insight to a degree which makes possible her startling glimpses into the past. These glimpses are startling because they are so real, and alarming because they leave us with a feeling that life now is too obviously that which it appears to be—an existence made pleasant by creature comforts, on the one hand, and robbed of its figurative firelight drawing rooms on the other. If, at this reading "Old New York," you are still convinced that Edith Wharton is first, last and always a hautly observant rich of the very rich in great cities, you should lose no time in getting a copy of "Ethan Frome." You will find in this book the so-called disciple of Henry James giving us a piece of work so fine that it has never since been approached by any American writer, unless Willa Cather be excepted. This we reiterate, in spite of howes emanating from the camps of Dreiser, and Ferber and a shell.

A sad fate has befallen the most interesting book which has come into the Carnegie Library for the past two years. The story was told by the librarian with much fortitude; fortitude for the telling was very difficult, very sad. Last winter a patron of the library saw, with delight, that a copy of the "Sunrise Turn" was reposing on the shelves. "How fortunate!" said the patron, "that I am the first to secure this book! When all the city knows it is here, there will be a rush for its possession. I will take it now!"

The book was read, and the patron came to the conclusion that it was quite the best thing she had come across in years, and years, and years. She liked it so much that she immediately set about getting a first edition of it, because some twenty-fifth sense told her it was just the thing collector's go for, and that some day a first edition would bring many sous.

Something funny must have happened, because when the patron came across the book last week in the library, she discovered that only one person had read it since that time. On further investigation, this person proved to be the librarian!

And the book, she reiterates is the most fascinating thing in years! It's a wonder, from every point of view.

Honest pity filled the heart of the patron. She immediately took the book home with her again, and read it over, every word. She had no reason after a third reading to change any opinion she had ever had in connection with it. She bade us, without stint, to recommend "The Sunwise Turn," and to ask those who don't like it to consult an authority for whatever may be their particular trouble.

A NEVER FAILING SUPPLY

The fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their vacation in the country. As she got into the train he said, "But, my dear, won't you take some fiction to read?"

"Oh, no!" (That indomitable woman!) "I shall depend upon your letters from home."

—London Tattler.

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THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

The proof sheets for Professor Frederick H. Koch's latest book, descriptive of the most recent work of the Carolina Playmakers, has been in the hands of the editor this week. Next week we hope to publish an account of the fascinating trend which this work has taken in North Carolina. Along with the account will appear cuts of scenes from new plays, and pictures of the players.

Dr. Koch is filled with enthusiasm concerning the new season on which the Playmakers are entering. Among other things contained in a recent letter he said: "I feel that here in North Carolina the idea (what the organization stands for) is so intimately cherished in the University and throughout the state and that the organization is so well established that there is no question as to its continuance and progress. It is in the hearts of the people and they will have it."

Following up his work with the Playmakers, Professor Koch has let no obstacle stand in his way to make dramatic art a vital, live element in the existence of the people of this state. To this end he will work with the Bureau of Community Drama. Bulletin number thirty-three, printed and distributed by the University Extension Board, has the following interesting sketch concerning the work of the Dramatic Association:

North Carolina is becoming known throughout the country for its interest in things dramatic and for its contributions to a real native literature. The Bureau of Community Drama, therefore, with the hope of developing this love for and need of artistic expression in so far as it pertains to the drama, has formed a state-wide organization, the Carolina Dramatic Association.

A dramatic institute and a state dramatic competition will be held each year at Chapel Hill to strive to coordinate the varied dramatic activities of the state.

High schools are urged especially to organize a dramatic club as a part of their literary society work and to become members of the Carolina Dramatic Association. A constructive program for the year's work has been prepared—plays suitable for study and for public performance. Both one-act and long plays are included in the year's program, and instructions in staging are given.

Through earnest, sincere work in drama students really come to know the things they read about. Patriotism ceases to be a name merely to the lad who has represented Nathan Hale facing his British inquisitors, ready to die for his country. Mark Anthony is no longer a misty figure in a long, hard book to the lad who has stood in the Forum delivering the funeral oration to an excited mob. Portia lives as winsome, intelligent, and resourceful as a twentieth century college girl, to the girl who artfully wins her case before the Duke. The book-symbols have now become vitalized—literature means something new, because the student has brought to his study something of his own life experience. He has lived it.

Some of the advantages to be derived from dramatic work in the high school are:

1. It vitalizes the work in literature.
2. It stimulates an interest in history and the customs and manners of past ages, through plays and pageants.
3. It gives excellent practice in speech, since the time is taken to teach pupils to speak pure, distinct English, to soften harsh tones, to enunciate clearly, to pronounce with fine attention to correctness, to shade meanings by right emphasis and inflection.
4. It gives the best disciplinary training, for success in dramatic work requires vigorous, sustained effort and demands concentration; it involves training of the memory, and is an admirable means of developing self-control.
5. It develops the cooperative spirit. It is a great socializing influence. Each member of the cast is part of the whole—every part must work in harmony with every other part.
6. It creates a better taste for the right sort of plays and the resultant effect upon social, moral and cultural life.
7. It gives boys and girls an opportunity for self-expression, whether in the writing of plays in giving artistic interpretation of a character, or in creating a scenic effect, a costume, or a property.
8. It develops personality!

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

The following plan of organization for a local dramatic club or association is suggested:

1. Director (Head of all committees, general supervisor, and final voice in all matters concerning the organization.)

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II. Business Manager (Manager of all business details, such as admissions, publicity, expenditures, etc.)

III. Production Staff, composed of the following:
1. Stagecraft Director (Designer and maker of scenery and stage effects, and manager of the production.)
2. Lighting Director (Technician who plans, installs, and manipulates the fixtures for the lighting effects.)
3. Property Director (One who designs, collects, buys, or makes the necessary properties, and supervises the setting of the stage during the production.)
4. Costume Director (One who designs and supervises the making or rents the costumes for the play.)
5. Music Director (One who arranges for suitable music before and between the acts, and within the play when called for.)
6. Make-Up Director (One who studies and practices the art of character portraiture for theatrical make-up.)

Each of these directors should have a small committee to assist in working out the necessary requirements for each play. In addition to the above directors there may be, if desired, a president, secretary, treasurer, and a play-reading and play-selecting committee, a casting committee, an historical committee, a play and pageant-writing committee, a rehearsal committee, and a director of voice and acting.

Method of Financing

To finance each club locally a small membership fee may be charged, subscriptions admitting each subscriber to a definite number of performances may be taken, or a number of patrons who contribute varying sums toward the organization in order to promote its welfare may be obtained. Popular admission fees, if well managed, should make the club entirely self-sustaining.

To finance the Carolina Dramatic Association each member club pays an annual fee of $2.00. Certificates of membership are issued and the club is placed on the mailing list of the Association. Application for membership should be made in writing to the Secretary, Bureau of Community Drama, University Extension Division, Chapel Hill, N. C.

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WET WASH

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SEVENTH HEAVEN

I followed beauty to a secret place;
Strange, hidden paths she trod, with silent grace,
And swiftly, lightly did her footsteps fly.
Nor was there hint of going as she flashed by.
A twisted leaf, a bended bush, the sound
Of faint delicious singing all around,
This much I heard as beauty fled from me,
And vanished from my sight by path and tree.
She led me in deep woodlands, by dim streams
Where sights were mirrored, still, like long dreamt dreams.
Here rolled faint mists of white and palest blue,
And castles, set beyond the mists, gleamed through,
Surrounded by old gardens, worn and gray
From long disuse. I prayed that beauty stay
Within these walls—that she would give me leave
To woo her with such spell as she did weave.

The twilight folded wood and stream and tree
In darkness, and a pale moon shone for me,
That I might follow in her flying wake
And find the tortuous way her feet did take.
. . . . . The shadows grew. . . . the faint sweet singing died. . . .
A dreadful stillness all about me cried
At desecration of a holy place . . . .

Before me, wan and pale, was beauty’s face.
Ah, me, how should I ever know her charms,
When dead she lay, and cold, within my arms!
—J. A. W.

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