Winston-Salem Polo Club

Left to Right:
1. R. Hanes
2. Chatham
3. J. Hanes
4. F. Hanes

Charlotte Polo Club
Left to Right:
1. Lambeth
2. Cosby
3. Craner
4. Rust
Sub. Berthea
THE MIRROR
OF WINSTON-SALEM

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Editorial

Those were brave words used by President Chase in his address to the students of the University when they assembled last week. Brave, that is, when the position occupied by Dr. Chase is taken into consideration. He stands at the head of the state's largest educational institution. Funds for maintenance of this institution must come from the state. The state consists of all sorts of people, many of whom, we regret to say, are less interested in progress than in talk about it. For many years Dr. Louis Poteat, of Wake Forest College, has led in the matter of administering an enlightened education. He has put up a brave fight for what he is convinced is the nearest approach to truth. This approach is not made more definite by a continued stuffing of young minds with what past generations have declared they must know to be well educated. Knowledge is not arrived at by a passive attitude on the part of the individual. It is a goal which must be approached with an open mind—a mind trained to weigh evidence, to look at all sides of that which is presented, to lose all sense of shame in face of honest doubt, whatever the subject under consideration.

The educator in North Carolina today bears a tremendous responsibility. He stands in need of intelligent support. Without this he cannot faithfully discharge his obligation to the students upon whom he is bound to exert some shadow of influence, even though he has no personal contact with them. Well indeed, does he deserve such words of commendation as come his way.

* * *

When the end of the present year shall have come, citizens of Winston-Salem can reflect with satisfaction and inward joy that they have spent during the past three years almost three million dollars for schools. If this sum hasn't actually been paid out, bonds for nearly the amount named have been voted upon in the affirmative. Perhaps during this time many an anxious taxpayer, soliciting for the welfare of his grandchildren, has groaned more than once when he recalled that pay day must eventually come.

Well, that's all right. Somebody must worry, and if there be those in our midst who find a troubled state of mind their chief joy in life, nobody objects. Should this worry assume alarming proportions there is an antidote. A visit to the chief source of the cause for worry is highly recommended.

In other words, if you haven't been to the new High School, be rash and take a trip out there.

The method might be dangerous if everybody should go at once. Even then there's room to doubt if it would be quite filled. It's a tremendous place in which great things are going on. To be there while it is in operation, to see the precision with which it is run, to note how the hundreds of students are managed, and to get into the spirit of it—all this is really an experience. You'd probably get lost at first. But pretty soon a small girl would come tipping from a locker room. She would put you right. She'd tell you that the library was on the second floor, and that visitors were welcome there, and you'd go up.

You'd find a gorgeous place, panelled in splendid oak, and filled with light. If you went after lunch there would be more than a hundred boys and girls already at work. They buzz, and con, and nod rhythmically, as they snatch the few minutes of the study hour for reference work or assigned reading. One boy is staring at the ceiling, mulling gravely at intervals. The librarian (Mrs. Koos, if you please) tells what he is doing. He is learning a memorial address, and is naturally somewhat perturbed when a very small girl carrying a whale of an encyclopedia stumbles over his feet.

Another boy, huddled on the window ledge, is just on the point of falling out. You'd like to know what he has gotten hold of to interest him so deeply.

You want to see everything, because never before were you in a more interesting place. There is the glass case, which can't be described here.

(Continued on Page Three)

CONFIDENTIAL
CHATS

FURNITURE talks. It is the silent, eloquent spokesman of your home

To the guest, every chair imparts a confidence, every table a secret, every rug a reservation, every dresser a disclosure.

Put into your home only furniture that will speak well for your good taste.

Such furniture is not expensive—if you buy it here. Poor furniture is expensive no matter where you buy it, or how little you pay for it.

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The number of dancers on the floor at the Twin-City Club last Friday evening was proof, if proof had been needed, that everybody was glad to see things starting up once more. Because say what you will or may, the summer just past has been very, very dull. Monumentally dull, in fact. So much so that a statistician would be required to do full justice to it. Now that it's a thing of the past, it is a pleasure to note that more than a hundred members of the Cotillion Club and guests were present. Some of these guests were very young; they are members, if you please, of the very youngest set in the town. As they appear this season, from time to time, it will be noted that they constitute one of the most attractive crowds seen in the city in many a day.

The list of those present included: Misses Frances Holt Mountcastle and Dorothy Mendenhall, of Lexington, Miss Mildred Barnes, of Wilson, Miss Katherine Armstrong, of Greensboro, Miss Lillie Mae George, of Mt. Airy, Misses Hazel Norfleet, Emily Harper, Alice Dunkley, Delphine Brown, Snow Hendren, Abigail Roan, Mary Catherine Swink, Lucile Glenn, Mary Louise Collier, Ellen Shepherd, Sara Jeffrey, Kathleen Huntley, Geraldine Fleshman, Ella Cannon Hill, Daisy DuBois, Grace Taylor, Eleanor Taylor, Virginia Wiggins, Anna Brown, Frances Medearis, Miss Hummell, Miss Cramer, Miss Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Kent Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Hanes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Ferrell, Mr. and Mrs. Jule Spach, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pollard, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Hanes, Mr. and Mrs. Thurmond Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mountcastle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. William Coan, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Cash, and Forrest Wright, Jay Vance, Ralph Marler, Frances Lupton, Horace DuBois, Willard Revelle, Dr. Tom Boz, Lovell Martin, William Roth, Rex Stuart, Tom Armstrong, Charles McMichael, Cyril Phyl, Alfred Smith, George Irvin, Carl Long, Gardner Hudson, William Wright, Frank Dalton, Kerr Spencer, Bill Thomas, Frank Lunn, Dr. William Medearis, John Eller, Phil Bost, Mebane Turner, Ronald Slye, Dr. T. C. Redfern, Ralph Spaulging, Arthur Spaulging, Phin Horton, Gilmer Wolff, Dr. Harry Keel, Fuller Conrad, James Shepherd, Marcus Wilkinson, R. B. Crawford, Tom Alderman, Ben Shepherd, Carl Ogburn, Ralph Ogburn, Carey Whitaker and Woodrow McKay, of Lexington, John Ragsdale, of Madison, Nick Little, of Greenville.

One of the most thoroughly delightful receptions ever given in High Point was the one of Thursday, September eighteenth, when Mrs. Walter Jackson and Mrs. Frank Szemore, both of High Point, were associate hostesses at the new Country Club. The honor guests at this time were Mrs. Paul Bitting and Mrs. Oliver Spencer. Mrs. Bitting, formerly Miss Irna Joynor, of Baltimore, is a cousin of Mrs. Szemore. Mrs. Spencer is a sister of Mrs. Jackson. The Country Club, which is new this season, was made gay with masses of flowers, arranged pretty throughout the various rooms of the club. Sandwiches, tea, salted nuts, candies and frozen punch were served in the tea room.

During the hours named for calling, several hundred friends were guests of Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Szemore. Perhaps a hundred went over from Winston-Salem.

The two hostesses were assisted in receiving by the guests of honor, and Mrs. B. F. Huntley, Mrs. Ben Huntley, junior, Mrs. Charles Shelton, Mrs. D. G. Craven, Mrs. Walter Leak and Miss Kathleen Huntley, all of this city. Assisting also were friends from High Point and other places in North Carolina.

Mrs. Jackson wore a gown of gold and black; Mrs. Szemore wore black and jade. Mrs. Shelton was becomingly dressed in a gray gown, beaded in blue. Mrs. Huntley, senior, wore a powder blue gown; Mrs. Ben Huntley was dressed in a frock of peach color, draped with gold lace. Mrs. Craven wore a white beaded robe. Mrs. Leak a gown of black and jade and Miss Kathleen Huntley a charming frock of orchid shade.

The guests of honor, Mrs. Bitting and Mrs. Spencer, both carried flowers. Mrs. Bitting was gowned in a king's blue robe, elaborately beaded. Mrs. Spencer wore her wedding dress.

Very delightful was the music played during the hours set aside for the reception.

(Mcontinued From Page Two)

and there is the board on which prints are displayed, and there are rare works of reference, and posters descriptive of the type of dramatic work which will be undertaken this year for the first time.

You know you've got to go—simply got to, but can't make the break. And then comes a sweet faced boy, waiting his chance to speak to the librarian, and when she turns he gently asks:

"Mrs. Koos, will you give me "The Dissipation of Roast Pig." And then you fly, because it is your only chance.

To leave the school is not to forget its atmosphere, nor its air of industry, nor its cheerfulness. That you never will forget; rather, you'll be glad your money has been spent in such a way, and never, never will you regret a penny of it.

(Mrs. Wilson Dalton)

(formerly Serena Dalton), whose marriage to Wilson Dalton recently took place in London. She is the charming and beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dalton, and one of the most popular girls who ever lived in our city.
Mrs. Porter Stedman and Miss May Lybrook are spending the week in New York. Mary Reynolds went with them as far as Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She will again be a student at Miss Wright's School in Bryn Mawr.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kent spent last week in New York.

Mrs. D. N. Dalton, Mrs. W. A. Whitaker, and Mrs. Don Shelton are expected to return to the city within the next few days from a trip of several weeks to Paris and London.

They went to be present at the marriage of Serena Dalton and Wilson Dalton, of this city. The marriage took place Thursday, September eighteenth, in the fashionable church of St. George, Hanover Square, London. The ceremony was celebrated at high noon, in the presence of the attendant relatives and a few friends resident in London.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dalton have always lived in Winston-Salem, being members of families prominent in every phase of the life of the city. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dalton, and a charming and rarely beautiful girl. He is the second son of Dr. and Mrs. D. N. Dalton. During the war he served overseas as a lieutenant in the Eighty First Division. Later he was a student at Grenoble. During the past eighteen months he has lived in Greece, where he was placed in a very responsible position by the Reynolds Tobacco Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton will live in Cavalla, Greece, for another year. It is hoped that they will return here after that time to make their home.

Mrs. Spencer, formerly Fay Huntley, was one of the guests of honor at the reception given last week at the High Point Country Club by Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Sizemore. She is a very popular person and one with many interests.

Dick Reynolds has returned to A. and E. College, at Raleigh.

**FORMERLY**

**THE ART-KRAFT SHOP**

*Invite you to Winston-Salem's*  
*"Distinctive" Gift House*

To our many customers who were familiar with THE ART-KRAFT SHOP and our unusual collection of Gifts, Novelties, China and Glass Ware carried, we extend a cordial welcome to our new home, now under a new name, located at 219 West Fourth Street.
NOCTURNE

There is no sound save that you play to me.
You played the twilight through, when I was far away,
Played 'til you brought me to this room, where I am silent.
There is no will in me to speak, nor even voice desire
That I may break this bond.

Throughout the days you let me go,
Let me believe that I am free.
At twilight, in a vast, dark room,
You play to me,
Play rhapsodies, in which I feel an oft-recurring dissonance,
Where high clear octaves glitter on a monstrous bass
And then grow still, and there is silence. . . .

Although you do not look at me, you know that I am here,
And again your fingers wander into nocturnes of dead loves. . . .
Clearly, lingeringly, fall the notes from your finger's ends.
They trail into strange patterns, stranger colors, stranger pain.
. . . . . As you play I remember an old, old house,
And a sudden silence,
And the sound, after rain,
Of drops of water falling, slowly, singly from the roof
Upon an ancient stone.

—L. A. W.

HELP! HELP!

We are about to print the most scandalous thing which has been heard in the town in many a day. Not so long ago a snapper (dictionary definition: one who buys antiques for several cents) happened to see inside one of the windows of Dean Shirley’s house. The sight of the highboy, and the bellows, and the real lanterns was more than she could bear. The Dean was immediately besieged with questions.

He was in an exceptionally good humor. Never, indeed, had he been so joyous. The visitor admired the table, was silent before the highboy, and exclaimed about the lanterns. And then, as a last beautiful climax, her eyes rested upon the bottle. Oh! a marvelous bottle it was, visibly of blown glass, and visibly made by hand. A wonderful, wonderful bottle, guaranteed to make a snapper and a collector and a connoisseur dance for joy.

And what useful and worthy purpose had this bottle served in the world? How terrible to admit that it was a tody bottle! And now, knowing what we do know, it is perfectly permissible to ask this question: What does the Dean plan to do with this ancient and altogether tody bottle?

The community has a right to know!

The Way to Better Clothes

In the Clothes we offer we strive to give better style, better quality and better tailoring than you can get at any other store.

This week we are offering overcoats and top coats in the following famous makes: Hicky-Freeman, Patrick, and Knittex.

For the ladies we have a special lot of beautiful imported scarfs. Drop in and see them.

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WINSTON-SALEM WOMAN’S CLUB

Mrs. R. H. Latham, president of the Winston-Salem Woman’s Club, has announced that her plans for the year are completed. These plans were submitted to the board of directors of the club last Friday, at which time Mrs. Latham was their hostess at luncheon given at her home on Summit street. The directors gathered at twelve thirty. Shortly after this luncheon was served at small tables. These tables were charmingly arranged and decorated with early autumn flowers.

The list of guests at this time included: Mrs. John Gilmer, first vice-president; Mrs. Joseph L. Graham, second vice-president and chairman of the committee on entertainment for the year; Mrs. Chauncey Hills, recording secretary; Mrs. Charles Griffith, corresponding secretary; Mrs. M. P. Traynor, treasurer; Mrs. H. M. Weather, chairman of the committee for printing the year book; Mrs. R. L. Wall, publicity chairman; Mrs. W. A. Goodson, membership chairman; Mrs. E. W. Noble, ways and means chairman; Mrs. Irving Bull, house committee; Miss Lillie Leak, chairman of finance; Miss Etta Shaffner, chairman of nominations; Mrs. W. O. Speak, chairman of the Department of Literature; Mrs. J. K. Phof, of the Department of Music; Mrs. Della Johnson Walker, representing the Department of Social Service; Mrs. H. E. Smith, of the Department of Home Economics; Miss Ida Hinson, of the Department of Art.

Mrs. Latham has announced her standing committees for the year. In addition to the committee, already named, these committees will have the following personnel: Entertainment, Mrs. T. W. Blackwell, Mrs. Walter Brock, Mrs. J. M. Cabaniss, Mrs. S. P. Collier, Mrs. F. J. DeTemble, Mrs. Spencer Hanes, Mrs. Carl Harris, Mrs. B. F. Huntley, Mrs. S. W. Hurdle, Mrs. P. O. Leak, Mrs. M. W. Norfleet, Mrs. J. R. Perkins, Mrs. George Whitaker, Mrs. Meade Willis, Mrs. T. W. Davis, Mrs. John Alsop, Mrs. W. A. Blair, Mrs. Walter Buhman, Mrs. John Coleman, Mrs. F. P. Davis, Mrs. Fred Fogle, Mrs. W. M. Hanes, Mrs. George Hodgin, Mrs. Phin Horton, Mrs. W. M. Johnson, Mrs. J. S. Lynch, Mrs. Clement Manly, Mrs. John Ogburn, Mrs. Joe Rogers, Mrs. Henry Shaffner, Mrs. N. H. Wright, Mrs. A. C. Port. Membership: Mrs. Randall Brooks, Mrs. V. W. Dillon, Mrs. J. S. Ferry, Mrs. W. L. Harper, Mrs. L. A. O’Brien, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. R. E. Spoon, Mrs. F. B. Benbow, Mrs. W. L. Grimes, Mrs. A. C. Porter, Mrs. W. L. Grimes, Mrs. A. C. Porter.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

A significant indication of the growth and importance of the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution in our community is evidenced by the interest and enthusiasm with which members of the new chapter have started in with the work they have laid out for themselves. “The Old North State Chapter,” as it is to be officially known, was recognized as such on March 21, 1924, when it was accorded recognition by the National Board of the D. A. R. at the annual Congress, held in Washington.

The new chapter met last Thursday in a first formal session with Mrs. Marvin Ferrell, of Buena Vista. The meeting was devoted for the most part to discussions of business nature. Mrs. E. B. Jones, chapter regent, presided.

Mrs. Jones will have a strong support in all undertakings by reason of the fact that she has an unusually fine group of assistants. Mrs. R. H. Latham will be vice-regent, Mrs. Walter Buhman, recording secretary, Mrs. Marvin Ferrell, corresponding secretary, Miss Mary Moran, treasurer, Mrs. J. R. Perkins, registrar. Mrs. R. L. Wall, historian, Mrs. R. E. Gribbin, chaplain. Mrs. Gribbin was named to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. L. A. Vaughan, one of the charter members.

The entire roster of members of the Old North State Chapter includes, Mrs. Louise Barbour, Mrs. W. L. Pannill, Mrs. R. C. Kelley.

Promptness—The prompt delivery of your orders is a point of special pride with us. We realize when you place your order, either by phone or in person, that you want your purchase delivered promptly.

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Christmas Cards

I am now taking orders for Christmas Cards, and will be glad to call with my samples, at your convenience.

Call 1617 or 234 for appointment.

MRS. E. F. BARBER
Mrs. T. L. Hubbard, Mrs. Bert Bennett, Mrs. C. H. Sebring, Mrs. E. B. Jones, Mrs. Norman Stone, Miss Sadie Martin, Miss Eleanor Jones, Mrs. W. C. Berheia, Mrs. Walter Bulman, Mrs. J. P. Campbell, Mrs. D. N. Dalton, Miss Mary Moran, Mrs. R. H. Latham, Mrs. T. L. Williams, Mrs. G. W. Whaling, Miss Flora Leak, Miss Jane Taylor, Mrs. Marvin Ferrell, Mrs. Evelyn Nimocks, Mrs. H. M. Weathers, Mrs. J. D. Justin, Mrs. J. R. Perkins, Mrs. R. L. Wall, Mrs. K. K. King.

Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. Pannill have gone to other cities to make their homes since the organization of the chapter.

**TUESDAY BRIDGE CLUB**

Mrs. Robert H. Woods' home on West Fifth Street was gathering place last Tuesday for the Tuesday Bridge Club. Mrs. Charles Matton won a prize for high score, the prize being an attractive picture. Mrs. Link, mother of Mrs. Haddon Kirk, was presented with a guest prize. The hostess served two very delightful courses of refreshments following the game.

Members present were Mrs. Jack Cahains, Mrs. Charles Matton, Mrs. T. L. Hubbard, Mrs. Walter Bulman, Mrs. George Orr, Mrs. Fred Evans, Mrs. Milton Cash, Mrs. Alex Sloan, Mrs. Robert Conrad, and Mrs. William Grimsley.

Mrs. Haddon Kirk and mother, Mrs. Link, of California, and Mrs. Frank Stevens were guests.

The Junior League will meet October seventh, Tuesday afternoon, at the Robert E. Lee.

**MISS NAN NORFLEET**

Nan Norfleet is the capable and exceedingly popular vice-president of Winston-Salem's Junior League. Nan has many positions to fill, and she has never failed to fill them well. The smile shown in the photograph is typical of her.

**JOSEPH WINSTON CHAPTER**

The home of Mrs. F. F. Bahnson was the meeting place, and Mrs. Harry Froebel, Mrs. Fred Evans, Mrs. Walter Brock, and Miss Kate Jones were hostesses to the General Joseph Winston Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, as they gathered last week for the initial session of the year. With Mrs. John Gilmer, regent, presiding, routine business was dispatched, and an outline of programs, as prepared by Mrs. Clay Williams, Mrs. Walter Brock and Mrs. C. S. Noble, was presented. Several noted lecturers will address the chapter during the year. An interesting feature of future meetings will be patriotic songs, one of which will be sung each time the chapter comes together.

Raymond Parker, local attorney, delivered an address on the formation of the Constitution and its Amendments. This was followed by the song, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of The coming of The Lord," sung very beautifully by Mrs. Thomas Maslin. A thoroughly delightful social hour came after the completion of the program.

Members of the chapter present were: Mrs. F. F. Bahnson, Mrs. Harry Froebel, Mrs. Fred Evans, Mrs. Raymond Parker, Mrs. John Gilmer, Mrs. Charles Crench, Mrs. Walter Brock, Mrs. Julius Neely, Mrs. Leet O'Brien, Mrs. C. S. Noble, Mrs. Alice Maslin, Miss Edna Maslin, Rev. Hayberkern, Mrs. Charles Shelton, Mrs. Buena Minns, Mrs. Kent Sheppard, Mrs. C. A. Kent, Mrs. Robert Follin, Mrs. Taylor Bynum, Mrs. W. N. Dalton, Mrs. Sam Spach, Mrs. Martin B. Wood, Mrs. Paxton Davis, Mrs. James Davis, Mrs. Frank Stevens, Miss Kate Jones, Mrs. Charles Bailey, Miss Dodson, Miss May Dalton.

**Newest Smart Fashions**

Presenting new types expressing the mode for every mood and every occasion.

Portraying the costume ensemble, the frock ensemble, the coat dress and the tunic frock as now in high favor.

And as the hallmark of the better modes, we stress the long tight sleeve, the tubular figure line, the tiers.

It is such fashions as these that keep Madame and Miss notably smart and in the lead in style personality.

Reasonably Priced at

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"The Picture Shop"
WEDNESDAY BRIDGE CLUB

Margaret Bynum won the prize for high score at the meeting of the Wednesday Bridge Club, held last week at Margretta Faucett's. This meeting of the club, like all other meetings, was very, very nice. There was one feature of particular interest. Master Robert Faucett was pleased to make his appearance after the game, and very graciously consented to be held and admired by everybody. The thing he liked best was not, we regret to say, one of the new hats or dorines. His attention became fastened on a shiny silver spoon, and to that spoon he clung until he was taken away.

A delightful salad course was served by the hostess and Mrs. T. W. Watson. Mrs. J. P. Cheves, of Atlanta, Mrs. Jo Creech, and Mrs. James Norfleet, junior, were guests. Members present were Mrs. Will Hill, Mrs. Oliver Spencer, Mrs. Paul Montague, Mrs. E. D. Magee, Mrs. H. C. Pollard, Mrs. Kenneth Mountcastle, Mrs. Robert McCuiston, Mrs. Carroll Wiggins, Mrs. J. P. Rousseau, and Margaret and Elizabeth Bynum, Martha Gray, Evelyn Marler, Nan and Grizzella Norfleet, Ellen Shepard, Ida Wilkinson and Rosalie Wilson.

Mrs. A. H. Galloway was hostess to the Thursday Bridge Club last week at her home on Cherry Street. Twenty-four members and guests were present. Before the game was started very delightful punch was served by Mrs. J. E. Kavanough. Table and club prizes for high score consisted of dainty guest towels.

Refreshments were served buffet style in the dining room at the conclusion of the game. Mrs. Bowman Gray and Mrs. James Gray, at ends of the table, served coffee and salad.

Mrs. Galloway's home was most charmingly decorated with cut flowers.

* * *

Mrs. Luther Ferrall, Mrs. John Avera, Mrs. Charles Long, Mrs. Charles Hancock, and Lucia Wilkinson, Snow Hendren, Abigail Roan, Sara Jeffrey and Kate Thomas were the members of the Thursday Bridge Club present last week at the meeting held with Margaret Spach. A salad course was served after the game.

**HOW MUCH WOOD . . . .**

Yesterday we went
To see a friend,
And the friend
Was sewing,
And this is what
She said:
Come in.
"I'm sewing, as you can see on a Spanish cross-stitch set stamped on silver Swedish silk."
I shuddered as She spoke,
But thought I Wouldn't hear it again
All went well for A few minutes, And then the telephone rang. And the Friend said she Would go to answer it. And before I could stop her, I heard Her saying, just as though Nothing were wrong: "I'm still sewing on the Spanish cross-stitch set stamped on silver Swedish silk."
About that time I began to grow A little nervous. Soon I forgot it. And was enjoying myself, When the doorbell rang, and another Person came in. "Oh Louise, what are you making?" she asked, Butforaranybodycouldsayanything. I had left!

DOROTHEA GORRELL

the beautiful young daughter of Mrs. Peter A. Gorrell and the late Peter Gorrell. Dolly leaves today for National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C. She will be sorely missed by dozens of friends, both young and old, in the city.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

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All Photo-Engravings used in THE MIRROR are made by—

Piedmont Engravings

Master Bldg., Winston-Salem, N. C.
A Distinguished Visitor

There weren't many people in the dining room at the Robert E. Lee last Thursday when Mrs. Vanderbilt came in. It was pouring rain. She slipped in quietly, accompanied by a secretary, for lunch. People who are really distinguished always look the part, somehow. Whether they are clad in rags and tags or a velvet gown, there is some indescribable quality which tells others that here is personality or talent, or genius. Whatever the quality possessed by Mrs. Vanderbilt, it wasn't long before everybody in the dining room knew she was there, and many were the glances directed at the tall, slim woman, dressed with attractive carelessness for motoring on a rainy day. She talked, lunched, and was gone before the scattered few in the dining room knew whether the sport dress she wore was of tan or gray, or whether it was actually much shorter in the back than in front, as it appeared to be. The very small hat, reminiscent, for some reason, of head-gear usually attributed to Alpine climbers, was pulled low over the eyes, and was most becoming. It went quite well with the large heavily marked beads which she wore, in length somewhat longer than a choker. A tuxedo sweater of thin wool, about which blue-gray blocks were visible, a rough brown checkered sport coat, a red fox necklace, and a large flat bag were other parts of her costume.

Tres charmante, tres chic, et comme il faut!

Elizabeth Bynum left Saturday for another winter in New York. Her friends would put no stumbling block in her way, but they cannot forbear wishing that there was some place nearer home where she could study voice. Elizabeth will spend this winter, as she has formerly done, at 239 Central Park West.

The Coats for Fall Are Here

Offered in a wide variety of materials, styles and trimmings, these coats supply in a definite manner the mode interpretation for the coming months. That you will be able to find one or more that will please you at the price you want to pay, we are certain.

Montaldo's

The Ideal Entertainment

The next time you have a friend come from out of town, instead of spending your time working and cooking, plan to take all of your meals here and spend the time in visiting. You'll be surprised how much more enjoyment you and your friend will get from her visit.

Sunday Luncheon and Dinner $1.50

Hotel Robert E. Lee
A page done after the manner of May Sinclair: She saw him coming down the street. No one walked quite like that. She was afraid some day he might know how she felt about his walk, and be tempted to change it. She couldn't bear the thought of that. Suppose she never saw him coming that way again!

She found herself perspiring at the thought.

In her more lucid moments she realized that she could do without him... really she could.

The barb idly pressed her to a point of distraction. Would he never get there, anyway? Of course he was stopping to talk with Mrs. Jezebell. He always did. It was one of the things she couldn't forgive him for. How could she forget? She had her reasons.

She had to remind herself how long he had worn that blue suit.... Certainly ever since she had seen him first... she liked the suit.... It was as much a part of him as his walk.... She smiled. And as she did so, felt in her pocket to be sure that what she had for him was safe. Yes, it was there... She experienced relief... It had cost her too much to be lost or to be placed on his hands, she was sure she would feel better... more at ease. Yes, that was it. She knew she could trust him. This was not the first time it had happened. Would he never come! She saw him stop and reply to the little boy who called to him from a door step.... That was one of the reasons why she liked him. He was so good to children. 

As he came he lifted his hat and replaced it with the gesture she knew so well. She wondered if he would be tired.... times he was. He saw her and smiled.... How slow he was! Would he never come?

She felt her heart beating as he approached. Faster and faster. She never knew. Maybe he wouldn't have anything. She couldn't forbear putting out her hands as he approached. He lifted his eyes as he stood on the lower step. She smiled happily. 

He was the postman and he had just handed her three letters. She gave him the mail order she had prepared.

Thomas Hardy, now eighty-three years of age, and by all odds the greatest figure of the past fifty years in English literature, has recently completed his first play, the first play, that is, intended for production. His monumental drama, "The Dynasts," although produced in parts, was never meant as literature for the stage. At his present great age Hardy is the last and possibly the best of those who call a "new version of Tristram and Yseult." His tragedy has the rather heavy title of "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse." Long before the presses were set in motion for the printing of this work, the proposed first edition was sold, and for a great price. Studies of literature will anxiously await an opportunity for studying this play. What will the great fatalist do with this theme?

Hardy is the candidate of America and England for the Nobel prize for literature. Those who know and love his work will smile when they recall that Yeats has been given the award, and that Kipling has received it. Nothing can equal the latter circumstance. As the prize is usually given for literary work in which idealism is most conspicuous, less explanation is necessary in the case of Yeats. Should Thomas Hardy be permitted to die without having received this noble and worthy recognition, the world would lose the author of the only work which could have been used just in this place. The knowledge displayed was more than amazing. It would have been much easier for me to understand the doings of the average Citizen of Mars than to appreciate the emotional reactions of the extraordinary people who so suffer through the length of "Isle of Thorns." 

A review is next to impossible. In place of it is offered a condensed version of the tale. The version is my own. If, in reading it, you experience a subversion—why, that can't be helped. Here goes:

A young man dressed in well cut clothes was accustomed to walk three miles every morning to work. He preferred the walk, for sentimental reason, to living nearer the typewriter by means of which he made his living. This living, by the way, amounted to the ponderous sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. With this sum he supported his child, (a small boy), wore well cut clothes, paid for his own living, and had money (or so it seemed) to spare. You are probably saying that he had an annuity. Well, he didn't. On the two thousandth and first morning of his sentimental journey he saw a remarkable young woman from London. He found her sleeping in the cottage known as Isle of Thorns. Upon waking, she informed him that she was a novelist, the author of a best seller, and at present a wanderer upon the face of the earth. London, it seemed, had become too horribly unconventional. Such unconventionality she found disgusting and tiresome, so she had left the grimy streets, forsaken the hackneyed career of the novelist, and was at present travelling with a crowd of negroes and freaks in a show. At this point I expected the delicate young man, nurtured thus far on Elizabethan poetry and Carolean prose, to call for air. It may be that he was determined to wait until he had a good excuse for going. Be that as it may, he remonstrated in a well bred way about the propriety of his conduct, until he informed him in no uncertain terms that she was not grateful for his interference. Suddenly he remembered he was due at his work. I forgot to add that she mentioned Andy Baird in the conversation, Andy being a Scotchman and proprietor of the shooting gallery in Stanger's Show. In addition to the accomplishment named, he was also a journalist. As soon as Andy's name was introduced into the conversation, there was a judicious touch on the part of the young man to whom she talked.

Shortly after this, following closely upon one of her early emotional reactions, she was struck with typhoid fever. The attack came to a serious conclusion in the caravan where the freaks and show people slept. The description of this place was everything you can imagine and then a little more. Charming, and all that. She was taken to a hospital, and later, to a place where Raphael lived. This was a sort of boarding house; whether it was located in a town or in the wild, wild woods, I never knew. At any rate, while she was there recuperating, the show moved on, and Raphael decided that he loved her. Andy reappeared at this time. On the evening after she let herself become engaged to Raphael, Andy persuaded her to elope with him. This elopement took place early the following morning.

Raphael, not to be rattled out of his girl by such a bounder as the Scotchman, immediately knew that the only honorable course for him to pursue was the one taken by her. Therefore he set out to borrow so little money, and find her. While he was in swimming a tramp came by, took his good clothes, leaving old ones in place of them, and finished the job by leaving police notices gathering up all little matters like money and overcoats and other bags.

For what seemed an eternity (to me, at least) Raphael moaned about, singing outside barrooms, getting insulted every time he did so, and trying to make his small son comfortable. The son should have added, followed his father, and would not go home. This son was a subtle, pervasive youngster of six years or so. He was a hound at detecting purrs, and a conversationalist of no mean ability. He would have made the little boy from Boston who never used words under four syllables look like a flat tire. Well, something or other happened to the child, and the persistent Raphael went on. He'd had an inkling of the things that happened to him, because I'm afraid you wouldn't stand for it all.

Sally Odiarne (the heroine!) after undergoing no less than ten emotional sprees and their corresponding nervous disturbances, realized quite evidently that she loved Andy, then that she loved Raphael, then—the same thing over again. Every time it rained she experienced one sensation; every time the wind blew there was another. The reticence of all this fills many pages of the actual book. It is exquisitely tiresome.

After Raphael has slept in leaky barns for several weeks, and gone without food and been hauled like a nut generally, he has a very exciting ride with her on the merry-go-round. In the course of this ride she tells him that he has found his soul by wandering about the country, but that she is irrevocably lost to him. Since this is concluded, there remains only the matter of persuading her to go to prison for her crime. Andy doesn't die, but of course there is a penalty attached to stabbing people. The pleasure would be too commonly indulged in if it
were not for the sentence tied at the end. The reader is led to believe, however, that all will end well, and so this charming little dissertation on manners is brought to a conclusion.

There is no hint that Sally is an artist, that she is sensitive to anything but nervous reactions following emotions. The reader is given no explanation of her background, and no light is thrown on the position she might have occupied in a probable society. She is a novelist, we are given to understand, and she likes travelling with a cheap carnival. The two positions are not reconciled.

It may be well to add that there is in the book a vast deal of observation of the stars, especially of the Great Wain. Whenever the author desired to indicate that her characters were in a particularly bad plight, she had them stare from their bedroom windows at this ancient and honorable conglomeration of the stars. After such an observation, I always knew what to expect.

Miss Kaye-Smith has done some exceedingly fine work since this early attempt. No woman novelist in England works better with her material, or uses it more effectively. I am of the opinion that her fame would have been more secure, and her reputation more shining, had not this novel been republished.

Where are the prophets who are usually heard speaking so freely near election time? With more than two candidates on the field, they seem to be overcome with possibilities, and hence are saying little.

Fourteen men, by actual count, had important business in the dining room at the Robert E. Lee last Thursday. They didn't have luncheon there; must have been some attraction. All of which leads us to remember that men have no curiosity.

This attractive home is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Stockton, on Lovers' Lane, Buena Vista. It is correctly designed after the Dutch Colonial type, and is a charming spot in the pretty development in which it is located. The tennis court on one side is no distraction from the other beauties of the place.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nisen are expected to return this week from New York. They went up to enter Reby in the School of Fine Arts, Columbia University.

Mrs. D. W. Franchot, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Craigie, on Cascade Avenue.

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POLO NOTES

By Pkhn Horton, Jr.

Members of the local Polo Club have lost all faith in the “Old Folks” who, phonographically speaking, so loudly proclaimed the recent strike of Jupiter Pluvius. The ignorance of these elder citizens is deplorable. Never in the annals of history, even in the dim, damp ages before prohibition, has Winston-Salem and the surrounding county-side presented such a wet appearance as the weather which confronted the North Carolina Malletters who journeyed here last week to enter the first annual fall tournament of the Winston-Salem Polo Club. Rain delayed the start of the tourny and continues to interrupt the schedule. Only three matches had been played to date (Saturday), and these were held under adverse conditions. It is certainly to be hoped that the weather will improve so that the games scheduled for this week can be played under more favorable conditions.

* * *

In the first game of the series played last Wednesday, September 24th, the Twin-City Four defeated Charlotte by nine goals to three. Thurmond Chatham, captain of the Twins, led the attack with his usual brilliant stride and the Hanes brothers, Rob, Jim and Fred, gave valuable support to the diminutive speed king. Under the “Round Robin” tournament rules, this victory gave Winston-Salem a six goal lead.

* * *

Golf is not the only sport that furnishes unusual events. In the fifth chuckar of Wednesday’s game, Beulah, playing number one for Charlotte, in attempting to shoot a goal, struck the ball at an angle and half of it went through the posts, while the remainder rested serenely on the playing field. Captain Egan, the referee, was for an instant non-plussed, but then declared it a goal, although nothing in the rule book covers such an incident. Both Slocok and Egan, who have been at the game for more than twenty years, declared it the most unusual happening in their experience.

* * *

AS THE ENGLISH SEE IT

“Old Sportsman, what is a miracle?” asked one Englishman of another.

“Well, now, I can’t exactly define it, but here is an illustration” replied his friend, “suppose one day in a game a fellow came a cropper and the pony rolled completely over his middle, but he jumped up unhurt, what would you call that?”

“An accident” returned the first, without a moment’s pause.

“Then suppose the next day the same man came down under the same horse, in the same manner, and got up uninjured, what would you call that?” demanded the interrogator, Bellaire.

“A coincidence” laconically replied the interrogator.

“Well,” continued the knowing one, in desperation, “Suppose the next day the same fellow tumbled in the same manner on the same mount and emerged unscathed, what would you call that?”

“Habit!”

* * *

Sandhills defeated All-Carolina on Thursday, the 25th, by the close score of nine to six. The contest was staged in a driving rain, on a slippery field and the last two chuckars were played in semi-darkness. Only a small number of enthusiastic spectators were hardy enough to see the end of the affair. Slocok, Sandhills player extraordinary, was the outstanding figure in the battle.

* * *

Visitors from other communities where no Polo is played are beginning to visit Winston-Salem for the games, but these crusaders are often confused by the unusual terms of the game. For instance, Friday morning Thurmond Chatham met an out-of-town man and inquired if he had been out to see any of the tournament. The stranger replied “Oh yes! I went out yesterday, but was only able to stay through three ‘Slococks’.”

Charlotte stepped into the championship lime-light last Saturday afternoon by defeating their buddies, the All-Carolina four, seventeen goals to two. The Carolinians played listlessly throughout the contest and the winners displayed only mediocre ability. On their unearned victory the Queen City lads lead the group with a margin of fifteen goals. Winston-Salem has nine and Sandhills three to their credit. The second game of the scheduled double-header between Sandhills and Winston-Salem was postponed until next Saturday afternoon, due to the failure of two of the Peachgrowers to arrive on the field by game time.

* * *

EASY LIES AND MENTAL HAZARDS

BROWN, JONES

The rain broke up what promised to be a good foursome last Thursday morning on the Forsyth course. Mrs. Robert Follin, Mrs. W. J. DeTamble, Mrs. A. T. Brown, and Mrs. R. R. Jones had high hopes for a good game. They would have come nearer hitting it off if they had planned for a swimming match.

* * *

I never had a good opinion of my enemy until I had a dream about her. And what a dream that was! She drove a golf ball, and that ball went, and went and went. And since that time, although I know it was nothing but a dream, she has commanded my respect. Honestly, I’ve begun to like her.

* * *

There’s an attractive sports suit in town. You’ll see it before long, because it belongs to a woman known here very, very, very well. A red coat, of soft, thick material, is used with a black skirt heavily braided in all colors of braid. The skirt’s awful short, but the suit is dead attractive. The funny part about the whole business is that the owner of the suit won’t wear it.

“It’s loud,” is her only comment.

That was a wonderful rowing match held last week at the Forsyth Country Club. Pretty cold to be swimming at this time of year, but several brave souls were at it, and at it hard. The local papers didn’t carry full news of the event. We’ll tell you all we know.

The match was not held in the pool. Goodness, no! The object was to reach the former holes on the golf course. Grave anxiety as to the whereabouts of these holes filled the breasts of those who have the welfare of the club at stake. Long before the day of which we speak thin bubbles of air, rising over the surface of the big pond, proclaimed where the holes had formerly been. Several caddies hadn’t been seen for two or three days. The rumor spread that they were hanging on trees awaiting rescue. Something must be done!

Follin and DeTamble, big hearts, brave souls, found a stout boat, and were off on their work of exploration. With just a few strokes they were able to reach the first green, which they identified by several floaters marked “O’Brien.” It was recalled that this mighty golfer had lost two balls the previous week by driving over the first green. At the time it seemed a pity, but now the balls were hailed with shouts of joy which reach-

Johnny Blair has again left us. This time it’s Harvard Law School. Before he got away we gathered a few anecdotes of his trip to Europe this summer, and obtained the pictures you see above. The machine is one in which Johnny flew over the English Channel. We couldn’t get Johnny to wax enthusiastic about this part of his trip. Whether he was dizzy looking down, or whether the proximity of two noted English film actresses exerted a baleful influence over him, it would be hard to say. But that as it may, he liked other parts of his trip more than the time spent above the channel.

The other snapshots are unusual, we think. The upper one was taken in the gardens of Henry Eighth, in Windsor Castle. The lower one is a charming view of the castle itself, and a view rarely seen.

Johnny enjoyed a tramping trip through parts of Germany with school friends, and visits to cities not always included in the itinerary of travelers abroad. He talked about his trip very, very well.
OTIS SKINNER

Otis Skinner has never had a better medium for his talent than that provided by "Sancho Panza," the fantastic comedy in which he will be seen at the Auditorium Theatre on October eighth. The play, arranged by Melchior Lengel, is based upon "Don Quixote," Cervantes great novel.

Sancho, the lovable squire of Quixote, has funny ideas about the way in which people should be governed. More than he loved being a governor, he loved Dapple, his donkey. This donkey is a side-splitting affair on the stage. He almost puts Skinner himself into the background.

The characters of "Don Quixote" are all introduced into the play, and their likenesses are complete and satisfying. The whole thing is superbly picturesque and satisfying. Mr. Skinner is supported by a splendid cast of fifty dancers, singers and associate players.

Richard Boleslawsky, of the Moscow Art Theatre, has staged Mr. Skinner's production. The incidental music for it is exceptionally fine.

The editor of "The Mirror" saw "Sancho Panza" last season. She gives it a double-barreled recommendation, and adds, as an afterthought, that those who see it will be left thinking.

Miss Courtney Sidney, of New York, spent several days last week with Mary Louise Collier. Miss Sidney is a very beautiful girl, and one of the most attractive of the early autumn visitors to our city.

Mrs. J. P. Cheves, of Atlanta, was a guest one day last week of Mrs. J. P. Rousseau. She will be remembered here as Elizabeth Chumbley. During the time of her residence in Salem College she was a very popular girl.

Miss Armide Blake, of Washington, D. C., sister of Mrs. Robert H. Woods, was her guest last week. Miss Blake is always a popular visitor to Winston-Salem.

Mrs. James Hanes has returned from a visit to Buffalo, New York, where she has been a guest for a week or more of Mrs. Ralph Hanes.

Mrs. W. N. Reynolds and Mrs. Clay Williams returned last week from a trip of several days to Baltimore.

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DELIGHTFUL RECITAL

That was a very delightful double recital given last Thursday evening in Memorial Hall, Salem College, by Nanna Johnson, soprano of this city, and Evelyn Smith, of Cheraw, South Carolina. Miss Smith is very well known here by reason of the fact that more than once when she was a student at Salem College she appeared as a pianist at various places. The fact that both the singer and pianist are sincere students and genuine lovers of good music was apparent in the program they gave Thursday evening. It might be well to add that many well known artists have appeared here with less to offer their audiences, so far as programs are concerned. The choice of songs and instrumental numbers showed thought, preparation and a desire to give good music which should be at the same time pleasing.

Miss Johnson opened the recital with the "Caro Nome" from Rigoletto. This she sang very charmingly. The songs in her middle group, by Gretchaninoff, Hue and Dell' Acqua were most enthusiastically received by the audience, and encores were demanded. Of the songs in the last group, which were admirably suited to her voice, special mention should be made of the Kramer number, "When I Was Seventeen." Miss Johnson sang her whole program with ease and understanding. Her voice was very lovely and her stage presence convincing.

Miss Smith, who will return to New York shortly for study with Josef Lhévinne, offered three numbers by Chopin, Balakirev's "L'Alouette," and the well known Rachmaninoff "Prelude in G Minor." She played consistently, with ease. As her numbers succeeded each other, it could be seen that she grew into them, for she gave more and more of herself. Her encores were especially good. They included the March Militaire, by Schubert, Liszt's Liebestraum, and Gounon's clever and difficult arrangement of Turkey in The Straw. The latter number added an indescribable touch of humor to the whole program. It was well played and received with glee by those who heard it.

The program heard here on Thursday was repeated Friday evening in High Point. There, it was also greeted by an enthusiastic audience.

Miss Johnson will return to New York October first to resume vocal study. She will again be soprano soloist at St. George's Episcopal Church. Her certain be noticed by Winston-Salem people with all the enthusiasm it richly deserves.

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I don't know what to do;
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I hasn't no fren' but You.
Then kneeled the angels went an' brung,
'Sid o' the boy I sat,
A wrenchedy, teenchy baby girl.
I don't see how they dast!

Say, God, I wish You'd take her back,
She's jest as good as new.
Won't no one know she's secon'-hand,
But 'ceptin' me an' You;
An' pick a boy, dear God, Yourself,
The maccet in Yer fold;
But please don't choose him quite so young.
I'd like him five years old.
S. M. Talbot, in Lippincott's.

A GIRL

Most of you will like this, though there will be others with grown daughters who will understand and like it even more. I think Tom Dreier wrote it:

A Bible entry: "Born, a girl,
A knitted shoe, a golden curl,
A woody lamb, gay colored blocks,
Some wee worn garments in a box,
Some dog-eared books, a pair of skates,
Old photographs of all her mates,
Boarding-school letters full of jokes,
And "love to all the dear home-folks,"
A glove, a program from a dance,
A rose pressed in an old romance;
A rain of rice along the hall—
Tears on my cheeks and that is all!

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