there is a vast difference between this attitude of thoughtfulness and the one which is assumed
by an individual who makes up his mind that he
will play safe by having nothing to say on any
matter, however great its consequence to the peo-
ple he represents. Calvin Coolidge was elected
President of the United States before he gained
a reputation by his silence. If this attitude of
habitual silence arises from the sad condition of
having no opinions, the fact is a lamentable one.
Since no one believes this to be the case, there
only remains one conclusion to be drawn: that
he has been commanded to keep his mouth shut,
and that he is doing what he is told by leaders
of the Republican party. Foolish talk about his
nature and his habits of keeping his own counsel
is not convincing. If he is worthy of election as
the next President, he should be able to tell the
American people some of the things they want to
know. If he is indifferent to the point of not
caring whether or not he is misrepresented, and
if he is willing to go into the election glumly
silent because he has been assured of re-election,
then he is not the man for the job. Unless he
believed in himself he should not have stood for
re-election. If he did not want to succeed himself,
why did he run for the office? Since he very evi-
dently does want to be the next President of the
United States, why does he adopt such an attitude
among the people he intends, if possible, to
represent?
This attitude is made worse by contrast with
those of his two opponents. Both of these men
stood back until they were nominated by the
people whose spokesman they automatically be-
came. There is widespread belief in the integrity
and honesty of both of them. LaFollette has
stood, throughout a political career of storm and
contention, as a man who has gone forward with-
out fear, boldly speaking his mind. He has never
advocated a measure in which he has not had the
most implicit belief. His attitude is not doubted
even by his opponents, whatever they may say to
the contrary. In the case of Davis there is no
record that he has ever failed to do what he under-
took. In his every appearance as a public figure
he has delivered the goods, and done so with ap-
parent ease, with dignity, and always with credit
to himself, as well as those he has represented.

What these two men have to say, therefore, is
eminently worth hearing, for the very good reason
that neither is given to idle use of words. Both
have realized that, however they felt their posi-
tions justified, and however well they might be
understood by those near them, there would al-
ways be an element to which they would have to
make themselves clear, and explain what they
stand for. There is no cause for shame in this
state of affairs, and Davis and LaFollette have
realized it. They have waged brave, honorable
fights for what they saw as best for the people
of America, and they are entitled to applause for
their efforts.

No one with even a common amount of discern-
ment could fail to contrast their attitude with that
of Calvin Coolidge. If he feels that his silence
is the one perfect medium through which he may
feel the pulse of the people, if he can forget the
shameful disclosures that the past eight months
have brought to light from the parlory halls of his
party, then he is indeed a remarkable man—but
scarcely worthy of the greatest gift his country-
men can bestow.
SOCIETY

One of the most beautiful bridge parties ever given at the Forsyth was the one of last Friday evening. The guests were Mr. Robert H. Woods and Mrs. Haddon Kirk entertaining honored Mrs. R. N. Link, of California, guest and mother of Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. Latimer McClintock, of Charlotte, sister of Mrs. Woods, and Mrs. Theodore Kirk, of Lexington, Kentucky.

The reception rooms of the club, where tables were arranged for play, were decorated with autumn flowers and evergreens. Reposing on attractive table covers were cards, marking places for the guests.

After several refreshments were served. The prize for the highest score went to Mrs. Tom Tise. She was presented with a set of Maderia napkins. Lower score prizes were for antiques. Mrs. McClintock was given an antique chalice, Mrs. Link and Mrs. Kirk received the one a shawl of black lace, the other a leather writing pad for use when travelling.

The list of guests included, in addition to the guests of honor: Mrs. Frank Stevens, Mrs. Fred Bahnson, Mrs. Arthur Vahl, Mrs. Charles A. Kent, Mrs. Paul Bitting, Mrs. Robert McQuiston, Mrs. Porter Stedman, Mrs. Eugene Hill, Mrs. James Sprunt, Miss Delphine Brown, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Mrs. R. S. Galloway, Mrs. James Gray, Mrs. Paxton Davis, Miss Mary Logue, Mrs. L. D. Long, Miss Rosalie Wilson, Miss Mary Sheppard, Mrs. Charles Shelton, Mrs. Sam Hurdle, Mrs. Jack Cabaniss, Mrs. James Hanes, Mrs. Kenneth Mountcastle, Mrs. Chauncey Hill, Mrs. T. D. Tyack, Miss Anna Brown, Mrs. Moin Hodgin, Mrs. Moran, Mrs. Arthur Kennil, Mrs. Milton Cash, Miss Marian Blair, Mrs. Skall Steele, Mrs. Arthur Port, Mrs. Charles Fogle, Mrs. Charles Long, Mrs. Luther Ferrell, Mrs. Ed Shepherd, Mrs. James Rawlings, Miss Snow Hendren, Mrs. Jackson Sheppard, Mrs. William Grimley, Mrs. Walter Buhman, Mrs. Thomas Barber, Mrs. J. P. Rousseau, Mrs. George Whitaker, Mrs. George Selig, Mrs. T. W. Blackwell, Mrs. P. B. Walker, Mrs. Fred Mainor, Mrs. Harry Vass, Mrs. Tom Tise, Mrs. William Taylor, junior, Mrs. Randall Brooks, Mrs. Carl Harris, Mrs. Marvin Ferrell, Mrs. W. G. Scott, Mrs. C. T. Joyce, Mrs. Percy Withers, Mrs. B. P. Ketcham, Mrs. Vernon Ferrell, Miss Elizabeth Carter, from Charlotteville; Mrs. Lett O'Brien, Mrs. Walter Leak, Mrs. W. A. Goodson, Mrs. Buena Minnins, Mrs. A. F. Young, Mrs. Charles Griffith, Mrs. Carney Mirron, Mrs. Hugh Brown, Mrs. F. E. DeTamble, Mrs. Tom Watson, Mrs. Alex Sloan, Mrs. Will Marler, Miss Mary Moran.

Mrs. T. L. Hubbard assisted the hostesses in entertaining. After the conclusion of the party, Mrs. Link, Mrs. McClintock, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens had dinner with the hostesses, Mr. Woods, and Mr. Kirk, at the club.

Invited for tea were: Misses Mary and Ida Hinshaw, Mrs. M. W. Nordflet, Mrs. B. S. Womble, Mrs. R. H. Latham, Mrs. George Coan, Mrs. Philege, Mrs. D. Thomas Jordan and Miss Anna Jordan, of Meckesport, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Mae Dalton, Mrs. Everett Lockett, and Mrs. George Brown.

John and Tom Baker, Davidson College students, were guests over the weekend of Forrest Wright. Tom, if I remember, was a player on Davidson's team.

Miss Harriett Church, of Avon-by-The-Sea, New Jersey, has recently been a guest of Mary Louise Collier. Miss Church was a roomate of Mary Louise's at Saint Mary's School.

Mrs. Ery Kehaya and small son, Ery, junior, are expected to arrive this week from New York for a visit to Mrs. Kehaya's mother, Mrs. W. A. Whitaker, on West Fifth Street.

Mrs. D. N. Dalton, Mrs. W. A. Whitaker and Mrs. Don Shelton reached Winston-Salem last Friday after a trip of several weeks to Europe. They returned on the George Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. William Coan and Miss Virginia Wiggins spent last week in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Womble have returned from a visit of several days to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson motored to Raleigh on Saturday.

Mails were late on Wednesday. Somebody who went to the postoffice found the postmark reading The Mirror.

Dean Shirley has announced the programs for the Thursday afternoon music hours which will again be a feature of the life here during the winter. These music hours are a delight to the music and information about music which they are filled. The public is most cordially invited to be present when the lectures and recitals are given. The hour as usual will be three forty-five.

The first one announced for October ninth, will consist of a lecture on John Alden Carpenter. Miss Desha, of the department of voice, will sing. Mr. Vardell, teacher of piano, will also assist the Dean by playing Mr. Carpenter's "Krazy Kat." The opportunity to hear this very original and clever composition is not one to be missed.

October twenty-third Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" will be given as a reading by Mrs. W. L. Reid. Dean Shirley will play an accompaniment to this the music written for it by Richard Strauss.

She hasn't been married very long, and she lives in this city. The matter she had to decide was very important. What was she to give him for an anniversary present? Was there anything she could buy which would say exactly what she wanted to say—all she wanted to say, and couldn't?

Fortunately a relative was in New York. She would wire the relative for advice.

The wire read something like this: "Wire suggestions of what you think suitable for anniversary for—- and prices of same." Answer came back:"All sterling shakers eighty dollars and over. Plated ones, with two glasses, forty or less. Wire decision. Am leaving for home tomorrow."

She did nothing at all about it, but when the relatives returned, he bought a perfectly respectable bill folder, made of excellent leather.

The husband is grieving yet.
MISS WELL ADDRESSES WOMAN'S CLUB

"Women would understand the price of butter better if they knew more about the tariff . . . ." 

"It's a question whether our democracy has succeeded or not. When only a half of the voters in it avail themselves of their privilege in using the franchise, how must we appear to the rest of the world?"

"Women are not called upon to plan new methods of financing states or creating new ways of building roads. They are called upon, however, for intelligent knowledge of why they vote and who they vote for."

"We must try—we intend to try, in fact, to get out twenty-five per cent more of the vote in this election than ever before."

"When ministers of the gospel take it upon themselves to urge from their pulpits the importance of using the ballot, and of using it intelligently, we, as women, need not fear to assume a like responsibility."

The quotations used above are taken from the address delivered to the Woman's Club of Winston-Salem last Wednesday by Miss Gertrude Well, Chairman of the Citizenship Committee of the State Federation. Miss Well was principal speaker at the meeting, the first of the year. Her remarks were much to the point, emanating, as they very evidently did, from a mind well stored with necessary information on the subject of citizenship.

All loose ends were gathered up at the meeting, presided over so ably by Mrs. R. H. Latham, who has entered upon her second year as president. Chairmen of departments and committees gave prospectuses of their winter's work. The reports were brief, and greatly resembled one another in this respect—that they all made provision for more intense study of North Carolina and the big things being done here.

The occasion on the club calendar to which the membership is most eagerly looking forward is the get-together luncheon. This will be held October twenty-second, at the Forsyth Country Club. Mrs. Palmer Jerman, president of the Federation, and brilliant speaker, will be a guest of the club at this time. Mrs. Jerman will come ostensibly to speak about the new club house in prospect. In reality she will talk about this, and other things. Mrs. Latham suspects that before her talk is concluded she will have told some of her experiences at the National Democratic Con-
McArthur, senior, Mrs. R. M. McArthur, junior, Mrs. Kent Sheppard, Mrs. Porter Stedman, and Mrs. Charles Shelton were the members present.

Following a very delightful game of bridge, a salad course with sweets was served. To Mrs. Kaynaugh the prize for high score. This prize was a linen towel.

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NEW BRIDGE CLUB

There’s a new bridge club. It met for the first time at the home of Mary Louise Collier on Tuesday afternoon of this week. When we asked about it we were told that it was to be composed of several disgruntled young things who were forced to the hard business of staying at home this winter. See for yourself if this is true! So far as we can tell, the bunch seems very, very promising. We call ‘em attractive—just plain attractive, and are willing to be heavily that they’ll enjoy their game during the winter. In a small club like this, of course nobody will repeat anything that’s said.

The two tables of the club will be composed of Mary Louise Collier, Kathleen Huntley, Lucille Glenn, Reby Nissen, Alice Dunklee, Daisy DuBose, Mary Catherine Swink and Nancy Stockton.

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WOMAN’S CLUB DAHLIA SHOW

The dahlias grown by Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmer are famed near and far for beauty and size. Last year Mr. Gilmer made presents of dahlia bulbs to the Woman’s Club. He very generously offered prizes to go with his gift.

The bulbs were, accordingly, planted, and have bloomed. On Saturday night of this week the dahlia show will be held in the new Southern Public Utilities building. Beginning at seven o’clock, the public will be admitted, without cost, to view the wealth of flowers which will be shown at the time.

In addition to the dahlias grown by Club members, Mr. Gilmer will have many of the varieties from his garden on exhibition.

Candy, salted nuts and other frivolous but very good things will be sold during the exhibition. The flowers will also be sold for moderate prices. Everybody is invited! Remember that the Woman’s Club is behind it!

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SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

I suppose you saw Primrose last week. She was a knockout, wasn’t she? The whole show, and all that sort of thing. Primrose isn’t exactly the name I’d pick out for her. I’d call her a whole patch of scarlet sage. She was simply great!

Speaking of scarlet sage makes me think of its correct name, which is, of course, salvia, and this, in turn, leads to a tale I heard not long ago. It went this way. A resident of one of the resorts in Westchester County, New York, had a summer place famed for lovely flowers. This resident, who happened to be a woman, also happened to be a person whose name was one of those with which to conjure. Into the estate next door moved a family with more money than knowledge of the fine arts. Early one morning the elder resident was called to the hedge by her new neighbor.

“Mrs. Smith!” squealed the newcomer, “what magnificent salvias you have!”

“Yes, yes,” was the reply, “and over in that bed I have perfectly lovely Austrian spathes!”

... I repeat—-I think Primrose was a knockout.

***

WHAT?

A woman we know broke in on some excitement last week. It happened on a rainy night. Between showers, as she hurried to make a portiere the rain should recommence, the great adventure came. And it was this way.

She didn’t make port, because a heavy downpour drove her to shelter. She scurried on a porch of excellent repute, thinking to spend a quiet ten minutes until the weather should graciously consent for her to proceed. All was still for a few moments. And then, from the innmost depths of the house, the sound of voices proceeded. They were excited, and proclaimed to the heater that something untoward was on foot.

“I got that at eighty-five!” came from one of the persons gathered at the rendezvous.

“No, we topped you on that,” said a second woman, and all the voices, it should be added, were those of women.

“How so?” inquired a third. “You stopped ten under us, I thought.” There was a silence for several seconds. Then a mighty mumbling ensued.

“Ah!” said the listener to herself, “there is something going on here. That mumbling means just one thing; somebody has raked in a bunch of kale, and its being counted.”

And then she looked at the house again, because it wasn’t the place in which one would have expected to find such a thing going on. Oh not at all!

Soon the talking began once more. It was mixed with a sound suspiciously like the slapping produced by cards being dealt by an excited player. Again the listener shook her head. Sorely, sorely was she disappointed in the inmates of the house. Suppose the town knew!

Soon, as the shower slackened, there was a shriek of joy.

“Pass that over. We’ll take a little reward for good playing this time.”

It was more than the listener could bear. She had decided that, if it were not possible to put a stop to such a disgraceful business, and one carried on in the house of a church-goer and a respected person, she would at least see what could be done about it. For several minutes she had noticed a crack in a window. There would be no harm in peeking in. Evils doers should be caught, if possible, and talked about.

Alas for the welfare of scandal in the community! Farewell to a new topic for discussion at bridge club!

The eavesdropper, after approaching the blind, gazed in on a peaceful scene. The hosts of Spruce Street were engaged in their nightly game of rook. Bidding went high, and what had evidently been a mighty plate of peanut brittle had fallen suspiciously low.

Over the entire scene an air of great excitement prevailed!

What would you do in a case like this?

We will suppose that you are a very particular gentleman—young, and all that, and that you like to dance. You haven’t been to a dance for Oh weeks and weeks, and (because there haven’t been any!), and so when Friday night rolls round, great excitement prevails. On this night you expect to dance until the last man leaves. All day you have thought about it, and have sent your tuck to the presse’s so that all will be in readiness.

Eight o’clock rolls round, and there’s no sight of a suit, nor anything remotely resembling one. Looks sortier bad. Then eighty-three comes, and you get nervous, and call the pressing club to find out what the trouble is. The suit will be there by nine, they assure you, and you try to compose yourself. Then nine strikes in the ball clock downstairs, and it gets to be ten minutes past, and then—the bell rings.

It’s the tuck. Joyfully you go down to get it, and rush upstairs. In the next twenty minutes you must be dressed, and meet another boy and call for your girl, and get to the club for every minute of that dance.

You take a jab at the box, wondering why you are thus honored (it never has happened before that your suit was sent home in a box) and drag the contents forth.

Not a tuck, no, not that! In your hand is a lovely pleated dress, with much lace down the front and side. It’s really a very beautiful color and material, and all that sort of thing. But it’s not a tuck!

And then you call the pressers, and nobody answers, because of course your suit was the very last thing to go out. And while you are chewing up cigarettes, and wondering what you are to do, the phone rings.

It’s the girl you were to take to the dance. She wails dolefully through the transmitter: “I can’t go to the dance! I sent my dress to the cleaners, and they sent back somebody’s old tuck. I haven’t anything to wear!”

I ask you, what would you do?

A Scotchman who was “fu’” tumbled into the Clyde and was with difficulty saved from drowning. He thanked his rescuer and presented him with a half crown. The same thing occurred two months later. The same man pulled him out and received the same heartfelt thanks. Then the sobered Scot said: “There will be no siller this time, laddie. I paid ye a retail price last time, and it should hae been wholesale.”

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He rose with great alacrity—

To offer her his seat;

Twas a question whether she or he
Should stand upon his feet.

—N. Y. Medley.
POLO NOTES

By Phin Horton, Jr.

The long delayed tournament of the Winston-Salem Polo Club was finally completed last Saturday afternoon, when the locals defeated Sandhills by the overwhelming score of 14 goals to 2. By their victory the Twin-City Team won the tourney and the right to keep the Henry E. Butler trophy for the ensuing year. Winston-Salem won over Charlotte by a ten-goal margin, the final standings of the clubs entered being as follows: Winston-Salem 26, Charlotte 15, Sandhills 4, and All-Carolina 0.

* * *

The last game of the tournament was far better from the spectators’ viewpoint, than the score would indicate. The visitors did their best throughout the contest but were unable to cope with the brilliant brand of polo displayed by the big Red Team. The coordinate work of Captain Egan and Thurmond Chatham completely dazzled the Pinehurst aggregation and this scintillating pair ran rough-shod over any hope of victory the “Peach-growers’” might have had. Captain Egan, participating in his last game under Winston-Salem colors, proved to the fans that he is the greatest player in southern polo circles today. His smashing drives from any position kept the play well up in Sandhill’s territory during the game, and under his leadership, the Winston-Salem four played as a unit with absolute teamwork throughout.

* * *

Thurmond Chatham, future internationalist in the opinion of Captain Egan, played on a par with the dashing Englishman. He accounted for seven of the goals credited to his team and rushed the ball with a verve and daring that counseled no opposition. Once in possession of the ball Thurmond has the knack of brushing aside all interference and carrying through to his objective regardless of the speed of play. If he continues to improve in ability as he has in the past the handicap committee of the Polo Association will probably tack two goals after his name in the handicap list before next season.

* * *

"Viv" Slocok, valiant leader of the Sandhills four, was helpless before the onslaught of the Twin-City crew in the final game. This brilliant horseman kept beating about from pillar to post in a despairing effort to stem the tide of defeat but, strong as he is, he was unable to turn defense into offense for any sustained attack. He is well known, well liked and his ability fully appreciated in this city.

* * *

The Hanes brothers, Rob and Fred, played far beyond their usual game in the closing contest. But for the work of these two, the Egan-Chatham combination would have been helpless. To the crowd it looked as though Rob were riding two horses in the Roman manner, so closely did he press his opponent, Jack Latting. As Egan would say, he literally "stayed in Jack’s pocket" throughout the fracas. Dr. Fred intercepted potential attacks time and time again by his back-hand strokes and made two goals out of three attempts which is by way of being a remarkable average.

* * *

Polo enthusiasts in this city are lonesome today for Captain Fred Egan, good sportman, good fellow, English gentleman, and polo player extra-ordinary, has departed. He has taken an engagement with the Memphis Hunt and Polo Club for a year and left yesterday with his family for the Tennessee city. Both Fred and Senia, his wife, have won their way into the hearts of Winston-Salem and will be sorely missed during the coming year. Captain Egan has been primarily responsible for the unusual popularity which polo, as a sport, has attained in the Twin-City. By his attractive personality, untiring effort, and unsurpassed playing, he has "sold" the game to the sport-loving populace. Polo circles will always hold a warm welcome for the Egan, and it is hoped that they will soon return.

* * *

Immediately after the game Saturday, Col. Manly presented the trophies won in the tournament. The Colonel, in his own inimitable fashion, invoked the enthusiasm of the crowd, and his presentation was followed by an ovation for Captain Egan and his teammates. The tournament was an assured success, even though interrupted by disagreeable weather, and the city anxiously awaits next year’s series.
PRE-HISTORIC WINSTON-SALEM

(Note. This is the first of a series of articles to be written for The Mirror by Rev. Douglas L. Rights. Mr. Rights has been tireless in his work of discovering and piecing together information that he will give in his pending articles. He is one of the most active of the small number of people in our city who belong to the Archeological Society. This society, be it known, is rendering an invaluable service to the community. Patiently and gradually, for the work takes time, the members are delving into the life which existed here long, long before smoke from the white man’s cabin curled into the air on frosty autumn mornings. The subject is fascinating, which makes it all the more to be regretted that so little is known about it. Mr. Rights will give, in his articles, some of the store of information he has amassed by long, careful research and exploration. The reader will not overlook the fact that only an expert in the field of local research could have written an article such as this. An immense amount of information has gone into its composition. The community is greatly indebted to the author.)

We do not think that our city is a back number. Winston-Salem, we believe, is setting the pace; it is a leading city.

However, it has a past. There is a recorded history, rather ancient, too, as far as things United States go.

Then there is a history beyond that, far more ancient, of which we learn by inference. Somebody lived here before 1766. No white man chronicled the narrative of these sojourners, hence we call it prehistoric.

Indians once lived where Winston-Salem now thrives. This we learn, not from printed page, but by discovery of traces of a vanished people who claimed a habitation here long, long ago.

The study of these antiquities that tell of the forerunners of the white men is Archaeology. This study is made possible by the relics and remains of ancient times which have been left.

The Archaeology Club of Winston-Salem has had this in mind, and although there may be little profit in it, the study is, at least, interesting.

Let us take a stroll around our familiar streets and parks and learn of the habitation of the red skins, our predecessors.

There is a small stream that flows southward from First Street. No hard has yet even sung its praises. It bears the name of Tar Branch, and the aspiring poet can find little else to make a rhyme therewith than “Star Ranch,” which is quite out of the question.

Moreover, Tar Branch has sacrificed its pristine loveliness upon the altars of industry. Its waters once so fresh and clear are now clouded by the dye material and factory waste that discolor the stream. In the memory of living man no fish has ever been caught in Tar Branch, with the single exception of a dead minnow, which was fastened by mischievous boys upon the bent pin hook of a little girl, who innocently attempted angling in the turbid brook.

Tar Branch, indeed, “ain’t what she used to be.” If we could revert the calendar two or three centuries, we would discover here a charming watercourse, small it is true, but inviting to man’s eye. Along the banks of the stream dwelt the red men, not many of them probably, only a few lodges here and there. Their traces have been found, and a few arrow points and bits of mud pottery tell the story.

Strange to say, the arrows discovered are all of dark colored material, seemingly prophesying that the stream which Indians might have designated in such manner as Gimmredinkowattah or Lemmewashahanda would some day be only the murky old Tar Branch.

A few blocks away is the Widows’ House on Salem Square. Several years ago, in the garden nearby, a widow was industriously cultivating her bean patch and unearthed a pretty white arrowhead. She deposited it in a big old fashioned clock for safe keeping, and when the clock ceased to function and was repaired, the arrow point was presented to the efficient clock mender and archaeologist, Harry W. Peterson, who still exhibits it in his fine collection of relics.

Another Indian field, familiar to relic hunters a generation ago, is in the neighborhood of the Brigg-Shaffer plant on Shallowford Street. It extended to the neighborhood of High and Cherry Streets. Numerous evidences of prior habitation were gathered. However, encroachments of streets and buildings have obliterated the traces.

The Indians were extremely partial to the watercourses. Hence, we would not expect them to overlook another stream, graced by the name of Peter’s Creek. We are uncertain whether or not this title exhibits claim to apostolic succession, but we are certain that the red men here quenched their thirst and reposed from such arduous tasks as deer hunting or scalping.

Some of the clandestine commerce that sometimes annoyed Prof. Brower in the Salem Boys School some years ago was caused by trading Peter’s Creek arrowheads under friendly cover of the school.

The camps of this stream extended well up into the adjacent hills, and residential settlements, such as Granville Place and Ardmore, are not entirely of recent origin. Atwood’s Hill, now the site of the improved Shallowford Road, has left the only complete specimen of Indian mud pottery of the county on exhibit, which is preserved in the halls of the Wachovia Historical Society.

To the north and east explorations have not been extensive, yet we have proof that Indians once lived on Patterson Avenue and on North Liberty Street.

It is quite logical that the largest stream of the vicinity should yield its harvest. Salem Creek does not fail us. Probably the best camp and largest of the neighborhood was situated at the confluence of Salem Creek and another stream of euphonious appellation, Bath Branch.

This is just below the Southbound trestle and bordering the famous seven foot hole, known to every boy of the community in the nineteenth century as the finest swimming hole in the world.

Caesar would have inscribed this camp site as “cells ab summo aequalter declivis ad flumen.” Boys have scoured this gently sloping hillside for generations and gathered relics. It was the favorite haunt of the lads, Willie and Bernie Plohl, before they became known as historians and business men and the latter as band master.

This section has been known also as powder house field. Once an old brick house stood nearby used for storing powder.

As late as 1923 a search of the old field yielded several well fashioned arrowheads, numerous bits of pottery, a fair hammer stone and a quart of flint chips. The abundance of these flakes of flint mark it as the site of arrow making.

Down stream we travel over the line of the old mill race to the wide spreading beechnut tree, from the overhanging limbs of which the agile youthful swimmers would dive into the water. The boys, between dips, cut their names on the ample trunk of the tree. As late as a few years ago the signature of “Henry Shaffer” was still legible.

The slope directly to the north was known as “Tom Hoover’s Hill.” This eminence was named, as some will recall, after a former resident of this hill, the portly colored worthy who for
years constituted the sole sanitary force of the town of Salem.

From investigations we are quite sure that the Indians were there before Tom.

Likewise in the rolling woodlands northward to the rear of Salem College intrepid denizens of the forest roved where today man fears to tread.

Further downstream, this time to the south, we find traces on Happy Hill. On the ridge above Brothers' Spring, once famed for its two sparkling founts and the maze of forgetmotes, the Indian found a choice residential site that his white followers have neglected.

Southside and Waughtown are included in the red man's choice. The more favored locations have been discovered in the neighborhood of South Park School. Here a score of arrows have been collected by the schoolboys during the year 1924.

While we cannot say that great numbers of these men of the forest dwelt here in our section, we can safely affirm their presence and their sojourn. For the larger camps and villages we must search elsewhere. But as a matter of interest to those who live not only for today, but with respect for the future and past as well, we may record these evidences of a former remote habitation of Prehistoric Winston-Salem.

Fair hammer stone found on camp site along Salem College. Note how well the implement fits the hand. Can you see the small pit in the centre of the stone?

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Here is another strange book from the north. It is filled with the struggle of mental and physical forces, leaving one with the impression that perhaps it can serve no purpose, and hence had best remained unwritten. The undertaking back of the work is clearly seen to be enormous. It has been characterized as a novel of religious unrest, but it is not as such. Almost one might say it is an attempt to chronicle the mental struggle which our age is surely and relentlessly undergoing.

The most obvious impression one gets from "The Philosopher's Stone" is that it was written from the depths of frightful suffering—a sufffering so dreadful that it stripped natural objects of their covering of reality, and laid them bare in revelations of the mind. Sometimes these revelations were beautiful; more often they were strange, terrifying experiences. The man who wrote them has sought to express his slightest differences of meaning in terms of mental reaction. To do this it was found necessary to introduce into his book literally dozens of people. Many of them seem not to be essential, either to the completeness of the work or to the idea back of it. Clearly, they were invented to be mouthpieces for thoughts which the author preferred to work out in terms of human behaviour rather than attempt putting them down as philosophical reflections. It is exceedingly doubtful if the latter could have been done, since Mr. Larsen so evidently thinks only of how impressions are received and how mysticism is given back again.

The book offers tremendous difficulties to a reviewer. It is unusual, and exceedingly fine. Its very absence of art may be said to constitute its greatest claim to being an artistic production. Rather, it should be described as monumental. It is filled with the anguish and terror and despair which we have come to expect from novelists and playwrights of north Europe. They have lived too long, it would seem, and gazed too intently at the misery of life. Their work is colored with the gray light which encloses the views seen from their study windows. No sunlight is reflected in their pages, and no joy in creating prototypes of the people they see about them.

In this book, as in the work of Hamsen, one sees clearly the impossible struggle of people to control their destinies. This struggle is carried in "The Philosopher's Stone" to the nth degree. There seems to be no checkmate strong enough to control the deeds of the body, and no spiritual comfort of sufficient power to heal the sufferings of the spirit. Thus the work drags wearily enough to a conclusion—if it can be called one.

The book, let us reiterate, is monumental in its way. But it is a, very, very strange, and more than unpleasant. It is to be regretted that the talent which gave it to the world could not have come from a land more universally understood. As the book reads, it is bound by the tradition of Peer Gynt, and far too local in its atmosphere to cause universal acceptance or admiration. The reader, having tried to assimilate what it contains, will lay it aside with the feeling that something very fine is being rejected, and that nothing can stop the act of rejection.

Did you know there was a Mrs. Hankey? We did not until we saw that more letters of James Huneker's would be printed and released from the presses this month by the Boni and Liveright Company. Mrs. Hankey will sign the two thousand copies which the edition will comprise.

An autographed edition of the dramatic works of Eugene O'Neill will be published shortly. All plays written, produced and several hitherto unpublished will be included in the set, which will be limited to a thousand, two hundred copies.

Theodore Dreiser has been silent for a long time. His "American Tragedy" will appear soon, however. It has been waited for by the small but discerning group which finds in Dreiser the force, the absolute directness of insight, and the exhibition of talent which will (probably) only await the rest of years to be termed genius. No careless work, no quickly formed opinions ever come from this source.

"The Divine Lady" has just been laid aside. It's a perfectly glorious thing! I beg permission to raise it at great, very great length, next week.

Dean Inge is calling for a great leader. Nothing else can take the place of one, he declares. He is of the belief that one will appear shortly, and that he will be a dramatist. The Dean is one of the opinion that more people will be reached in this age by the power of the stage than by any other means. America has a promising candidate to offer in Eugene O'Neill.

Walter Tittle has a rather funny description of the cross-barred approach to the apartment of Bernard Shaw in a recent number of "The Century." At least I thought it funny. Perhaps it doesn't seem so at all to the interviewer who draws near with trembling steps, seeking to meet the terrible ogre face to face.

Willa Cather should be heard from soon. Let's all take hold on a rabbit's foot and wish very hard that she will give us something as fine as "A Lost Lady."

Prefaced by ten thousand words from George Moore, and signed by him, a thousand copy edition of "The Anthology of Pure Poetry" will soon appear. It was during a conversation in one of their clubs that George Moore, Walter De la Mare and John Freeman decided to edit an anthology of what they consider pure poetry—poetry, that is, created outside of the person-
alty of poets. To George Moore fell the task of editing this anthology. It will be expensive, but a collector's gem.

Thomas Beer's romance of bad manners, "Sandoval," is a queer book, and nothing like so fine a piece of work as "The Fair Rewards" or "Stephen Crane," although it rather resembles the first named novel. Mr. Beer's style is too terse to be convincing in the type of thing he has undertaken. He strives for short sentences which shall be packed with suggestions, and achieves in place of them the merest framework for ideas. I was led to expect a great deal of Christian, and certainly the author took sufficient trouble to introduce him at great length. Yet I felt after completing the book that I had missed him altogether. Mr. Beer is a sincere workman. I cannot help believing he has not yet come into his own—that the method and style with which he will eventually succeed best have not been perfected. "Sandoval!" is unusual. It is carefully done, and its subject matter is inherently interesting. When, however, a writer begins working with the past, he should have at command more craftsmanship than is possessed by the average novelist who merely writes readable books. For past masters of this, I should like to recommend E. Harrington and E. Wharton. Somehow or other, they contrive to make lesser artists look rather foolish when they attempt an invasion of the past.

I bought myself a little hat.
Alas, I may not wear it.
The blooming thing's so tight and small
My head will not bear it.

Tourist: "Heap big Indian wantum sellum basket?"
Chief Wrist Watch (four years at Yale): "Pardon me, Madam. I only understand English."

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year.
It's not cold enough for toddlers
And not hot enough for beer.

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Corticelli Fashions
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You want the Dairy Products you use to be of the finest quality, for upon them depend much of the flavor and success of your Baking.

One way to be sure of this is to order all of these things from us. Then you will know that they are absolutely fresh and pure.
Bowman and Gordon Gray gave us the pictures printed here. They are snapshots of the Olympic Games, taken by the boys themselves. The lower left picture shows the stadium and field during an intermission of sports. Above this is shown the finish of the two hundred meter dash. Two American runners, as can be seen, are very near the finish. The upper right shows one of the most interesting entertainment features connected with the games—the Scottish bagpipe brigade. This brigade furnished inspiration for the athletic Scottish parson who walked—no, ran away with several races and broad jumps. In the foreground of this same picture, although they aren't plainly visible, are Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Douglas, junior. They created less excitement at the games, we understand, than they are accustomed to in America. Nurmi and Ritola, runners for Finland, are shown winning a race in the picture at the lower right. Both of these athletes live in America, but must run, it seems, for Finland.

We are sorry space does not permit using all pictures brought back by Bowman and Gordon.

Three small ladies of our city will soon be prepared to hold French conversation with their friends. Lucy Pollin, Nancy O’Hanlon and Louise Galloway took their first French lesson last week. The first lesson, we are grieved to say, was rather interfered with on account of the fact that the students were unable to restrain their laughter. As French demands just as straight a face as any other language, the results of this lesson were somewhat negligible. Soon, however, the acquaintance who greets one of these girls with a “Comment ça va” will be surprised.

STICKING UP FOR FATHER

Three boys were boasting about the earning capacity of their fathers.

The first said: “My father can write a few lines, call it poetry and sell it for five dollars.”

The second said: “My father can draw a few lines, put a few dots on them and call it music, and sell it for ten dollars.”

The third said: “That’s nothing, my father is a preacher and he can write a few lines and get up in church and say them, and it takes six men to carry the money down the aisles.”—Exchange.

Teacher: “Can you give me a sentence using the word fundamental?”

Key: “My sister went out horesback riding and when she came home for lunch she had to cat fundamental.”

Hamilton: “How can you make an Englishman happy in his old age?”

Anderson: “Tell him a joke when he is young.”

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When You Write a Letter

Whether you are writing a personal or a business letter, do you feel when you mail it that the paper and envelope are as good as the recipient has every right to expect?

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PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

Monsieur

The learned professor drooped on.

"It seems that there is little reason to doubt the truth of the statement as I have read it to you. Whatever the reasons lying back of such a condition, the status remains unchanged. The attitude of the European man toward his wife is very different from the attitude of the American husband. The latter seems willing to put up with anything, to undergo any amount of hectoring. His wife must be pleased. He will even stand for such antics, almost and overlook it in a desire to keep peace. The attitude of the European is different, as I have told you. This difference is reflected in literature, in history, in life. Love is, in the case of the European, more exaggerated. It is not less strong, but less constant. By a continual renewing of itself it makes a greater difference in the lives of men. The Viennese gentleman is more concerned with the charms of the lady who lives next door than with those of his wife. To sum the matter up, the European is, we may say, well nigh incapable of constant affection."

Thus the learned professor, lecturing on dramatic literature.

I left his class and hurried to the dormitory in which my room was located. On my way I remembered that I needed gloves, and that I had seen a very pretty pair in the window of the little shop across the way. Perhaps I could save myself a trip downtown, and a fifty cent piece into the bargain.

I was not accustomed to trading in the shop to which I went. As soon as I entered I saw at once that it was the place I had heard more than one of the girls on the dormitory floor mention. It was the store kept by a Frenchman, Monsieur Pezet. He had very beautiful materials, and gloves, and laces, but not much else one would expect to find in a department store.

Monsieur himself came to wait on me. I was not surprised that he smiled nor that he rubbed his hands together when he talked. That, for some reason, I rather expected in a Frenchman. Certainly it was not strange in a French shopkeeper. The man before me was the first of his kind I had ever seen. His appearance indicated that he had come from one of the central European countries about which Americans hear so much and know so little. I always believed he was of Slavic origin. The story went, however, that he was from Paris. It was not my errand to question his identity. I wanted a pair of gloves.

Ah, but yes! He had gloves. Nice gloves, such as American manufacturers know nothing about. Real chamois they were made of. He would not say they could be washed. No real leather could be washed, but they would stand cleaning very nicely. Madame, his wife, always wore the glove he was showing me, and she knew nice things. She would, in fact, wear nothing else.

The first reference to Madame passed over my head. While I was standing with the gloves in my hand, debating the matter of buying them, I became conscious that someone stood beside the man in front of me. I glanced up, and was aware of the presence of one of the most unusual women I have ever seen. The idea did not occur to me that she could be the wife of the shopkeeper until he spoke.

"Monsieur himself is here to say to you de gloves."

The woman smiled very charmingly. I am afraid I was unable to hide my amazement. If she noticed anything queer in my behavior, it went unremarked.

"De gloves would suit you ver' well. Mamselle. If de color is nod right, we will gift you another pair.

I thanked her, and then, because I wanted more time to observe her, and to see her in company with the man who was her husband, I made some pretext of inquiring for laces. He beamed.

"She kon tell you all to know about de laces. No von knows dem bedder."

I found that some of the patterns she showed me were really beautiful. Monsieur stood by while she talked, nodding his head at every statement, delighted that she knew so much. He insisted that I have some of several pieces, and when I told him that I had only a few dollars in my purse, assured me that it was all right—"all right, if I will sell to se students in se hall, to whom do I sell?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ték what you lack, an' pay me when you kon do so. I have no hurry for ze monnie. Madame, she does not tek much, an' I 'pen nussin' for myself."

Madame smiled in an absentminded way as he talked. I saw her face in profile for the first time as she reached up to a high shelf behind her, and brought down a small envelope in which she poked the rolls of lace. There was something misty about her features. Her head was small and perfectly set upon a long, beautifully moulded neck. She did not smile fully, but with reserve, almost as if she might be sorry for it later. I thought her charming, and found myself wondering how she had married Monsieur. As he showed me to the door, I noticed that he limped slightly. He must have been at least twenty years older than his wife.

Several days later I had another occasion to pay them a visit. This time I only saw Madame. She was talking with a man, near the back of the shop. As soon as she saw me, she came forward, smiling.

"I am glad you kem back to see us," she said.

"I has someding for you to see," she said.

She showed me a bit of merchandise in which she thought I might have interest. I was more concerned, could she have but known it, in observing her. For she was different, altogether different, from the person I had seen before. There was an air of suppressed excitement in her manner, almost as though she were being patient with a child, and waiting for it to have done with some trifling amusement, so that she might go back to whatever claimed her interest. As I left, I noticed that she returned immediately to the man with whom I had seen her talking.

I went to the shop frequently as the semester wore on. Always Monsieur was glad to see me, and always he made reference to Madame. It did not take me long to see that she was his life, and that he loved her with a devotion which amounted to nothing short of worship. One day, I found him almost wild with anxiety. She was sick, it seemed, and he feared pneumonia. She was not accustomed to the cold winters of New York. She had always lived in the south of France.

When I suggested that he take her back he shook his head, making no reply.

Next day she was better. He was delighted with the little bunch of flowers I left for her, and would have given me anything in the store had I been willing to accept it. Madame herself came from the apartment back of the shop where I was there. She looked pale and very tired, but not physically ill. She was dressed for out-of-doors. I noticed that she wore a handsome fur coat and a small dark hat with flowers laid close to the brim. I marvelled at her appearance as she walked to the corner with me.

Several hours later as I raced down Riverside trying to cover my daily three miles before dusk settled into darkness, I saw two people standing

The view above is one of the many which may be had by the visitor to the beautiful Roaring Gap development. This spot is unsurpassed, according to Mr. Leonard Tufts, by any in North Carolina. He is confident that he can make it of one of the most exclusive and interesting resorts in America. Such an authority as Mr. Tufts does not speak without foundation. It is for this reason that the people all this section are looking forward to the time when they can boast of a summer resort second to none.
together—very close together, near the river, beyond the railroad track. They were Madame and the man I had seen in the shop the second time I went there. They did not see me. Two days later, however, as I walked again on the lower level, I met them, arm in arm, slowly proceeding through the gathering darkness. They had been looking at the afterglow of sunset, and the light was still on their faces. He carried his hat in his hand, and looked down at her. When she recognized me, her face became serious for a moment. Then she spoke, gaily enough. I thought I had never seen her so lovely. She looked happy, and careless, and free, as though she gave herself to the abandon of the moment quite as if it were a matter of course. Those who had never seen her before would pass by, I believed, and then glance back for another glimpse of a lovely woman walking slowly through the twilight with one she loved. There was no indication that the happiness need be laid aside, or that the next ten minutes would bring any cessation of it.

Next day was Sunday. As I walked along Morningside during the early afternoon, I met Madame and Monsieur, slowly strolling. She spoke to me with a happy smile upon her face. I could detect in it no embarrassment, no hint that she remembered meeting me on the preceding evening. I began to believe that the man with whom I had seen her was a relative—a brother, perhaps.

A week or so later Monsieur approached me with a worried face when I entered the shop. His mind was so troubled that he could not wait on me intelligently. When I asked for darning cotton he produced knitting yarn, and scarcely seemed to be conscious that I needed change when I handed him a dollar bill.

Something kept me from asking about Madame. I was about to leave when he walked after me, and, with despair written all over his face, made signs that he wanted to speak. I waited. Finally it came out.

Monsieur Bazinet, owner of the tea room across the way, had told him that she, Madame, walked at dusk every evening with one of the students in the University. Not a young man, oh! no.

One of those seeking higher learning, he was. Monsieur also had told him that this man came to the shop sometimes when he, Monsieur, was at the bank, or on the market downtown. Did I know anything about this?

I did not. My effort to reassure him was not very effective, however, for I saw that he stood still after I had left him, with the dollar bill clutched in his hand. I met Madame at the corner. She was returning from her walk by the river.

The Christmas holidays intervened at this time, and for five weeks I saw nothing more of Monsieur or Madame. When next I went to the shop, I scarcely recognized the man who came forward. The thick eyeglasses, and the limp, and the heavy gray hair proclaimed Monsieur. Otherwise I am sure I should not have known him. His face had become cadaverous, his eyes were sunken, his hand trembled as he measured off two yards of silk for me. There was no smile of recognition on his face, there was no rubbing of the hands; there was no reference to Madame.

Inquiries made of the dormitory matron brought forth a sad story, but one which was not unexpected. The whole business went back a long time, she said. It was one of those affairs about which everybody knows more than the one most concerned. Madame had been a young actress in a small theater in one of the cities of southern France. On account of an affection of the throat she had been forced to give up all idea of success on the stage. She was ill, and poor, and fast losing her beauty when Monsieur Peszet, who had always wanted to marry her, appeared on the scene with a reiteration of his offer. They were married at once, and it wasn’t long before she regained her health to a large extent, and her beauty altogether. Rest and freedom from anx-

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society made her into a new person. Monsieur lavished his entire income upon her. She gave him, in return, kindness and what seemed to the outside world, loyalty.

Then the war had come, and with it, tragedy for Monsieur. His wife became sad, and pale, and finally, ill. The physician who was called in could find no physical basis for her trouble. One day she confessed to her husband that she had loved a soldier, but that he was gone, and she heard no more from him. Monsieur had brought her to America in order that she might forget, and with a hope that, in the trend of new events, and surrounded by strange faces, she would depend on him and come to love him more.

All went well for a time, and then the second chapter came to be written. Monsieur Bazinet, owner of the tea room, found out in some way that Madame was meeting a student of the University late every afternoon, and that they walked until dark along the Drive. This was told Monsieur.

The news was almost more than he could bear. When he could think calmly about it, he tried to discover whether or not it was true by questioning those who knew Madame. Finding nothing by this means, he went to the Drive one afternoon, and saw her there. Quietly, without anger, he told her not to go to the shop. He had had enough of her. She need not come back.

This much the matron knew. She had arrived at her knowledge by questioning the head waitress in the tea room. Beyond that, and the fact that Monsieur, she believed, would not stay long in America, her information did not go.

It was quite sufficient for me. I knew that I could not go into the shop again.

The winter was long and cold. More than once I made trips down on Broadway for simple articles like gloves and handkerchiefs. Each time I started into the little shop I found I couldn't go beyond the door. And then, after a tremendous snowstorm, without any warning, the spring came. One day toward the last of March I noticed that the man on the corner who usually sold fruit was offering jonquils and bunches of pale blue violets to passers-by. The jonquils were small and their stems were short. Nevertheless, I bought a bunch and swung on down the street.

And suddenly Monsieur appeared in the doorway of his shop, and beckoned me to come inside. I obeyed his request, meanwhile noting with amazement that he wore a new gray coat, that his hair no longer went unbrushed, and that there was a flower in his buttonhole.

"I have some great bargains for you," he began at once, in an excited fashion, rummaging among his boxes and counters. "Madame and I—we return to France so soon as we sell our goods."

At this moment she came from behind the curtains, as she had formerly done. I noticed that she was pale, and coughed as she came. Otherwise there was no change in her demeanor.

"Ah! yes. We shall return to our land soon." She said, in her charming voice. "There it is warmer. We do not light the cold winters here!"

So I stood before them, and bought laces and gloves and silks for a song. And all the while Madame smiled, in her half sad way, and Monsieur, happy as a child, told me of the shop he would have in France. There would be a garden in the rear, with flowers and chairs, and a little girl would tend shop. As for Madame—ah! she should have nothing to do except sit in the garden all day, and be happy.

We hope Theodore Roosevelt has something more to him than his face would indicate.
BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF WINSTON-SALEM

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NEWS OF THE FRESHMAN

Letter written by young daughter to her mother. It is the first letter sent after she enters college.

DEAREST MOTHER,—This is the worst hole I have ever seen. I simply can't stay here another day. Please get papa to write the dean so I can come home. Mama and I had the most terrible things for breakfast. I can't eat one thing we have. My lessons are too hard for anything. I thought when you went to college you had a day or two to get straight in, but mama and I didn't have any time at all. I wish you could see me. I am awful looking. Every bit of the permanent I had has left my hair. The girls say it's the climate, we are near a lake. But mama don't let Sara have a permanent from that place we went to. The man is no good. I have had to curl my hair already and it needs shingling something terrible.

Tell Sam that girl he told me to look up is the saddest thing I ever saw. She's got long hair and her mother won't let her use rouge or lipstick. By the way mama send me that box of rouge I left in my upper bureau drawer. It's the only good kind there is; I can't get any here. Mama, I surely would like a cake and some sandwiches. I get so hungry. The food is terrible, but I think I told you that. My roommate is the cutest thing. I think she said her mother knew you or aunt Marian. I don't remember her name, but I'll ask her. She got two specials and a telegram the first day we came, and has had them every single day since. I think she is going to want me to join a club she is a member of, but please don't say anything about it, mama, and don't write me about it, because she might see the letter. She has pictures of the cutest boys. I wish you would send that old picture I've got of Sam. I don't like him any more, but his picture looks real good and everybody has more pictures than I have.

Give my love to papa and Sara and tell papa the janitor here looks exactly like him. I don't mean anything bad, but he does, and it makes me real homesick. I do hope you can send me something to eat real soon. A girl across the hall has already had a box. If papa won't let me come home to stay ask him if I can come two weeks from Friday. I sure do hate to miss that dance.

Well, goodbye. I'll write again real soon. Don't forget the box and the rouge and the picture and don't let Sara get a permanent wave at that place. Your loving daughter,

CAROLINE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that that mean old dean made me take algebra. Mama, please tell papa to write for me to come home.

CAROLINE.

ON GREEN STREET

Bystanders—“Where's the driver? Get him!”
Victim—“Wait, boys, wait. I was trying to cross the street and the driver stopped and motioned me to go across. The shock was too much.”—Street.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Smith—“Brown, you're a man of experience. Which make the best wives—blondes or brunettes?”
Brown—“I didn’t notice any particular difference in my wife either way.”—Exchange.

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