Editorial

Most of us, at some time in our lives, have come across people who managed, by some means we cannot understand, to incorporate into themselves all the qualities we would like to possess, but can’t. Such meetings are not frequent, because unusual people are rare—rarer than the fabled bird who made interesting the lives of the caliphs of old Bagdad. We should count it a fortunate circumstance to come across two or three in the course of a lifetime.

Looking at them, we wonder at the power they possess over those with whom they come in contact. Such people, we feel, have been given talents and qualities we do not own. Everything has been made so easy for them. It seems unfair that a man should be able to become a great engineer, and at one and the same time beat every opponent playing golf or polo. Why should this man also be able to make himself more interesting to famous people as they come his way than others who have worked for a lifetime with the very tools which have made these people famous?

It all seems hard to understand. And yet it is the simplest thing in the world. Simple, that is when considered abstractly. In reality it is desperately hard to do. These people have merely taken the trouble to make themselves interesting. They use the time others spend in a thousand foolish ways in developing what has been given them. As a result, they stand head and shoulders above the common run of men and women.

Knowing this, it seems a little strange that mediocrity should be so exalted. It is, in most cases, unnecessary. There is less difference in people than there’s commonly supposed to be. In the beginning the average child is equipped with about the same eyes and ears and brain as the ones vouched for the baby across the street. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the matter of development is left to take care of itself.

If facts were known in all cases, onlookers would discover that people who take care to develop themselves are put to sacrifice to do it. The matter of becoming a personality is not easy. It means the slow steady accumulation of knowledge about many things, and by knowledge I do not mean the special brand gotten from books. I have known interesting people in my life to whom I found it a distinct pleasure to talk, who had very little of what is commonly known as learning. They made me feel as soon as conversation between us was established that they wanted to know what I knew, and, moreover, that they had something I didn’t have, but must get.

Publicity stories written about singers, writers, artists, or famous people generally have always been aimed to drive home the fact that hard work is the principal celebrity under discussion where he or she had arrived. It seems, in a way, inspiring and fine to read these stories. How uplifting to know that John Smith, the famous tenor, worked day and night for sixteen years before his great success came! Why can’t all of us be given a talent and the ability to develop it?

The only difference (probably) between John Smith and the man from College Park, Georgia, with a good voice is this: John Smith wants to be interesting, and is willing to slave to reach his aim. The man from College Park is content to read Musical America and envy the celebrities he sees there. At night when he might be getting a background for his work by reading and studying and planning, as musicians, as well as artists of every other description must do, he is to be found doing the inane things that all those around him are doing. He wants, not to be unusual, but like everybody else he meets. He is afraid of being laughed at.

There is no case on record where unusual people have not been made sport of. Frequently the ill-chosen fun of their fellows has taken forms of actual cruelty. The suffering occasioned by ridicule and lack of support is keen. Nevertheless, water continues to roll under the bridge. With it is borne away all the names written in sand. Those who climbed higher up to make their mark wrought more wisely than their fellows.

The desire to achieve is nothing more nor less than the desire to be unusual. It works itself out

(Continued on Page Three)
The tea given last Thursday afternoon at the Forsyth Country Club by Mrs. Vernon Ferrell was one of the most beautiful affairs ever arranged by a Winston-Salem hostess. It was elaborate in every detail, and so perfectly arranged that it will long remain in the memory of those who attended as one of the most charming parties ever given in the city.

Mrs. Ferrell had four guests of honor. These were her mother, Mrs. Thomas Jordan, of McKeeport, Pennsylvania, her sister, Miss Anna Jordan, aida of McKeeport, Mrs. David Strain, of Asheville, and Mrs. Luther Ferrell, a recent bride and sister-in-law of the hostess. Assisting in various capacities were friends and other relatives.

The club was decorated with exquisite taste. The mantel in the reception hall was banked with great pink and yellow dahlias, interspersed with foliage. At the ends of the mantel palms were arranged. They were used effectively in the living room, where an arch of gloriously colored dahlias spanned the fireplace. Here, too, the centre table was decorated with dahlias. The dining room was charminly decorated to form a background for the many tea tables, each arranged for seating four guests. Crystal vases filled with pink and lavender autumn flowers rested upon the tables. The central table, from which coffee and tea were dispensed, was laden with a mound of pink dahlias. Upon this table were silver tea and coffee services.

Mrs. Ferrell was very graciously assisted in entertaining by her guests of honor, and the following friends: Mrs. R. H. Latham and Mrs. J. Porter Stedman, who received at the entrance; Mrs. Marvin Ferrell, who directed those who came to the receiving line, Mrs. Bryan Harper, a recent bride, Mrs. Charles A. Kent and Mrs. B. S. Womble.

After leaving the receiving line the guests were served with punch, dispensed from a bowl presided over by Mrs. Henry Shelton and Mrs. Charles Bailey. Miss Lucia Wilkinson and Miss Helen Mitchell served here. Mrs. Thomas Watson, Mrs. S. W. Huddle and Mrs. Thomas Blackwell entertained in the card room. At the entrance to the dining room Mrs. James Rawlings and Mrs. Will Marler received.

Mrs. Earnest Dalton and Mrs. Cicero Tise dispensed tea and coffee at opposite ends of the large centre table in the dining room. A very delicious salad course was served by maids. Miss Jane Taylor, Miss Evelyn Marler and Miss Ida Wilkinson, Mrs. R. L. Wall, Mrs. Oscar Shortt and Mrs. Watt Martin assigned the guests places, and served mints, nuts and dainty cakes.

Mrs. Arthur Kemrickle and Mrs. Charles Creech stood at the east door opening on the front veranda, from where they bade good-bye to those who came.

Many handsome gowns were worn, and many striking costumes worn by the guests created comment, always favorable.

The hostess, Mrs. Ferrell, wore a gown of French blue chiffon velvet. Mrs. Jordon's gown was made of exquisite black Persian velvet, trimmed with rhinestones. Mrs. Ferrell was very lovely in a dress of green georgette, its trimmings of seed pearls and crystal beads. Mrs. Strain wore a black embroidered lace dress, trimmed with gold. Miss Jordan wore an unusual gown of white satin crepe, trimmed with crystal and white fur.

The hostess and guests of honor carried corsages fashioned of roses and lupinus.

Between the hours of three and seven several hundred friends called at the club to greet Mrs. Ferrell and her charming guests. During the hours named delightful music was played by an orchestra stationed in the card room.

Mrs. Phin Horton left last week for New York, where she will join Mrs. Fred Morris, of Havana, Cuba, for a stay of several weeks. It will be remembered that Mrs. Morris has recently been the very charming guest of Mrs. Horton. They will occupy the apartment of a friend at 65 Central Park West.

Before returning home Mrs. Horton will visit Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Van Boklan Nichols in South Norwalk, Connecticut. Mrs. Morris will probably return to Winston-Salem in the spring.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Rondhalter and family have moved their residence from the former home on Main Street to the new place which has been prepared for them on the back campus of Salem College. The home they now occupy was formerly Senior Annex. It has been almost rebuilt to conform to the needs of the family and is a very charming place. For many years Dr. and Mrs. Rondhalter have wanted to be nearer the actual center of the college life, so that their lives might touch those of the girls in a closer manner. The present home makes this possible. It will be a delightful setting for the many social affairs at which Dr. and Mrs. Rondhalter will entertain for the student body.

Mrs. R. R. Jones spent last week in Greenville, South Carolina, where she played some excellent golf. The Twin-City mashie-lifters are very proud of Mrs. Jones—very proud indeed. The news which came from Greenville last week—that she had broken all records made by women on the course—was not surprising. But it was very welcome. Mrs. Jones just naturally knows how to swing a club.

(Continued from Page Two)

in a thousand ways. It is never easy. When we look about us we see plainly that no progress is ever effected except by people who have made things hard for themselves. Intent on making a success of individual life, the desire back of this intent will drive us out into places where our paths cross the paths of others. To become well-rounded, to become interesting, we will learn that we must be able to make ourselves interesting to others in order that we may get from them the best they have to offer.

To meet the many-sided, successful man or woman is to experience the greatest pleasure of life. They leave us with a belief that all things are possible to all people. If this is not actually true, it is more possible than we believe.

There is a saying of an American poet which has been so often used that its meaning is lost. It is to the effect that we must be willing to toil upward in the night if we want to emerge from the obscurity which surrounds ninety-nine people out of every hundred.

We know that only thirty-five per cent of the brain power given us is used. The men and women who manipulate seventy-five per cent soar miles above us.

Why, then, the continual praise heard on all sides for mediocrity?
CONCERNING MRS. STARR

As the fall season opens up there comes news from many sources about former Winston-Salem people who are doing interesting things. Quite recently Mrs. E. L. Starr returned from a stay of several months in Europe, where she spent the summer studying voice and methods of teaching voice employed by famous teachers of the old world. Mrs. Starr has never been one content to rest upon what she has accomplished in the past. While in Winston-Salem, where she made splendid contributions to the life of the city, her efforts were always directed to giving her talents in a large and generous way, and to improve them by constant study and observation.

Since leaving here she has been engaged in many interesting pursuits. It is a matter of great interest to her friends that she will again teach voice. During the approaching winter her studio will be located at her apartment in Gramercy Park. Her class is now being formed, and within the next few weeks plans for a busy winter will have been perfected.

Mrs. Starr's ability and success as a teacher of voice are unquestioned. By nature a singer, she is equipped in a very unusual way to teach others to sing. Her summer in Europe has prepared her for bigger things than she has ever done before. Here in Winston-Salem those of us who know her realize what a charming personality hers is, and how unlimited is her capacity for giving to others. We wish her all the success in the world. In addition to the professional value attached to her instruction, her pupils will be happy while studying with her in the beautiful studio she and Mr. Starr have arranged in their apartment. This room is very, very charming. It has atmosphere, and, what is more unusual than all else, an air of remoteness from the noise and hurry of New York City. Somewhere nearby a great clock gongs the hours as they pass. Logs blaze in the great open fireplace, and add the perfect touch to a room of exquisite simplicity and charm. Here many famous people have been made welcome, and it is here that Mr. Starr has written the short stories which have caused such favorable comment in late years.

A FEW OF THE THINGS WHICH CONSTITUTE AN EDITOR'S DAY

Wakened at seven o'clock by father, who bears the cheerful message that the cook isn't coming. Throws on clothes, goes down to help get breakfast. There are no eggs. Somebody must go get some. (!!! ?? !!)

After breakfast washes eighty-five plates, cups and saucers. Starts to work.

Discovers, after telephoning for an hour that three of the people who promised to write something have forgotten to do so. They are too busy to do it now. If the editor can come to their homes, they will be glad to give her the news and she can write it up. It's really very simple to write, anyway. Easiest thing in the world. Anybody can do it. They're just so awfully sorry they haven't time.

Editor tries to forget it and starts on something else. Telephone rings. Friend wants her to ride with her on a charitable mission she has to execute near the Fair Grounds. Can't understand why there isn't time. Editor tries to explain that she has just so many hours in which to get copy ready. Papers really do have a time for going to press, and all that. Friend gives her to understand that such an idea is a myth. Any time will do. Editor is sorry, but firm. She can't go. Friend leaves telephone highly offended.

Printer telephones at eleven-thirty that he must have at least ten more pages of copy to fill up, and would like it by three-thirty. Editor suddenly remembers her bridge club meets that afternoon, and that she promised to be there. Great excitement prevails.

Just as she is on the point of leaving for the club, after frantic efforts to get everything settled, there is a ring at the telephone. Woman calls saying she believes she won't have that picture put in. It doesn't look the least bit like her. If the editor will come to her house right away, she will be glad to let her have another. Editor tries to explain that cut has already been made, and probably set up. Also that she is fifteen minutes late for her bridge club . . . .

But the emotional strain is too great. You can't possibly stand anything else. To other things!

There was once a young lady from Siam
Who said to her lover, named Hiram:
"You can kiss me, I know.
But you ought to do so:
The Lord knows you are stronger than I am!"

The Editor regrets that the author is unknown,
but would offer, in reply:
There was once a young lady from India,
Who said: "Do you think it is a sin, dear,
If I hold your hand,
Are such things contraband?"
He replied: "Not where you have been, dear."

* * *

Mary had a little cat
Which warbled like Caruso.
A neighbor swung a baseball bat.
Now, Thomas doesn't do so.
BISHOP RONDTHALER ADDRESSES SOROSIS BOOK CLUB

On Wednesday afternoon, Sorosis Book Club met at the home of Mrs. B. S. Womble, with Mrs. T. B. Apperson and Mrs. W. T. Carter as joint hostesses. With Mrs. B. S. Womble presiding, the business for the afternoon was transacted.

Mrs. Womble then introduced the speaker for the afternoon, the venerable Bishop Rondthaler, of the Moravian Church. Bishop Rondthaler asked that he might remain seated, and so enounced in a large arm-chair, with a group of eager listeners before him, he talked informally, his topic being "Reminiscences of My Life."

There was no attempt at a chronological account of his life, just a recital of some of his rich and varied experiences, with a summing up now and then, of his philosophy of life as drawn from these experiences.

"I like to talk to women," said the Bishop, in introduction, saying one is a master of society or a club, if it is a woman's organization, the women are always there, so ready and willing to listen.

"First of all, I want to talk a little bit about health, and some of the things I have learned about health in my eighty-two years. As a child, my health was so delicate that my span of life was counted as only a year or two. I was not considered strong enough to attend school and so I received a great deal of my early education at home. My mother, with her gentle voice and ways, was my best teacher. I can remember very distinctly, in my early boyhood, that I suffered constantly from headache and that a single day without a headache was counted as unusual. I can also recall a great deal of cold and exposure in my early youth, due to the harshness of the climate in which I lived. Too, I was then an orphan and my clothing was not always sufficient to ward off the cold.

"When I came to be married, every one asked, "What does a sensible girl marry a man who will leave her a widow in two or three years?" But, as we recently celebrated our fifty-seventh anniversary, my wife has never had an opportunity to be a widow.

"Even after I grew older my health was still the subject of much concern. Insurance companies would not take the risk of insuring me. The last time I was examined for life insurance was about forty years ago. I remember that the agent wrote me a very kind letter saying that he was very sorry that his company could not take the risk and very kindly hoped the good Lord would spare me a few years longer. But finally at eighty-two, I think my health might be called established."

The Bishop paused a few moments and asked, "Would you like for me to give you a few health rules?" Upon receiving a chorus of affirmative, he gave the following rules: "Walk more; sleep more and eat less."

"It is a deplorable tendency of Americans to eat far too much and sleep far too little. I have always, if hurried, chosen sleeping in preference to eating," said the Bishop. "I have been a great walker all my life, having wandered over a great many European countries in my day, and I consider it the cause of the economy of traveling in this fashion, but also because I really enjoyed walking. There are some parts of the city of London that I know better than I do Winston-Salem for I have walked through them again and again."

One of the club members seemed eager to ask a question. "I have heard, Bishop, that you like candy so well that you attribute your long life to eating candy." At that, the Bishop for the moment seemed to get ahead that he was dead, "That report is greatly exaggerated! I do like candy, not by the boxful, however. If I am tired, I like to eat a piece or two of candy and I immediately feel refreshed."

Bishop Rondthaler then spoke of the progress in locomotion which had taken place during his lifetime, giving a very graphic picture of the contrast between the first train he ever traveled in and the modern Pullman and dining car. He next told of the progress in communication, one of the most humorous anecdotes of his speech being his account of seeing a telephone for the first time when on a visit to friends in Philadelphia. Following still his theme of progress, he pictured the back-yard's schools and our modern school systems, and how the student may realize fully today's opportunities in education.

The most interesting part of Bishop Rondthaler's discussion was of the wonderful progress in welfare work, "The whole art of nursing has come into its own during my lifetime," said he.

"One of the greatest changes has been in the care and treatment of the insane. I recall vividly in my boyhood passing a small house in the woods one afternoon, where the insane were confined. The_dreadfully_ induced in the patient. My companions, young boys of my own age, amused themselves with teasing a young man who was chained there until he became enraged and tried to spring at them. Picture the difference between the attitude of ridicule and harshness pursed then toward the unfortunate insane and the attitude of today." The Bishop then told of the opportunities that are now open to the deaf mute, which have only become possible in the last two decades.

Closing his discussion of progress, the speaker then took up the most interesting and gripping of narratives. He had four points which life had made clear to him that he wished to impress upon his hearers. "First," said he, "aristocracy is brittle; wealth is brittle; and monarchy, or power, is brittle. The only permanent thing in life is character."

He illustrated each of these points with reminiscences. Under the impermanency of aristocracy, he told of his life abroad as a student in a foreign university and of his contact with the aristocracy of Europe. "I have sat at a nobleman's table," said the Bishop, "where everything was of the finest. I heard that he is now at his wit's end to make a living and his daughter has taken up nursing."

"I have been a tutor in a millionaire's family in New York, where it seemed that want could never come. I have seen their wealth take wings and vanish away," continued the Bishop, in part.

"I have seen many monarchs of Europe, and I know no truer saying than "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." I remember seeing the sad and beautiful face of the Empress of Austria, wife of Francis Joseph. Her life was one of sorrow over the unfaithfulness of her husband. In the end, he got away from her. As a result, she travelled in many countries incognito, until one night as she walked in a garden, an assassin struck her down. I have seen Napoleon III, riding in glorious attire, acclaimed and honored by his people and riding with him the young king of Saxony. In a few years, Napoleon III was dethroned and exiled; his young companion assassinated. I have seen William Hohenzollern, Emperor of the Germans, riding as if he were alone, wrapped up in his own self-glory. He was as much alone then as he is now in his exile in Doorn.

"All these stories of the brittleness of aristocracy, wealth and power lead to but one conclusion, character is the only permanent thing in life."

After digressing to answer several questions about his coming to Salem, the Bishop then talked of a little about "just people." He spoke here about the burdened condition of women in Europe and the fortunate position of American women.

In conclusion he spoke of two things which he wished his hearers to remember. "People are kind," said he in part, "so much kinder than you think. If you show kindness to others, you will meet with kindness."

"Finally," said Bishop Rondthaler, "Fear God and keep His commandments. This is the sum and substance of what I have to say to you."

At the conclusion of his wonderful talk the club gave Bishop Rondthaler a volley of thanks, feeling that his talk would remain with them as a guide and inspiration in the future.

The meeting closed with two songs delightfully sung by Mrs. J. P. Hurdle, accompanied by Mrs. Vernon Ferrell. Delicious refreshments were then served by the hostesses, assisted by Mrs. H. L. Izler and Mrs. W. M. Norfleet.

-Mrs. C. S. Noble. * * *

Mrs. Burton Craig was hostess to the Mary Syrington Book Club last week. Dr. Howard Rondthaler gave his talk on North Carolina at this time. He spoke informally, much as his father, Bishop Rondthaler, spoke the following day to Sorosis. The afternoon, spent thus, was very delightful to the twelve members present. These were Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Fred Behnson, Mrs. A. H. Elder, Mrs. John Gilmer, Mrs. Thomas Maslin, Mrs. J. D. Spinks, Mrs. Arthur Port, Mrs. E. E. Gray, Mrs. Phin Horton, Mrs. J. W. McAllister, Mrs. Henry Shaffner, Mrs. Chauncey Hills.

-Mrs. Eveline Gray. * * *

Sara Jeffreys was hostess to the Thursday Bridge Club last week at her home on the Boulevard. The members were happy to welcome Mrs. Ed Shepherd as one of their number. Mrs. Shepherd was unanimously elected to membership at last meeting of the club.

Following several delightful rubbers of bridge, a salad course with sandwiches, chicken a la king and sweets was served by the hostess. A dainty prize was awarded for high score, and another presented to Mrs. Shepherd. Both prizes were attractive doir compacts.

Those present were Mrs. Charles Long, Mrs. Charles Hancock, Mrs. Luther Ferrell, Mrs. Ben Huntley, Mrs. Urey K. Rice, Mrs. Jule Spach, Lucila Wilkinson, Snow Hendren.

Misses Daisy DuBois and Elizabeth Hennell were guests of the club.

-Mrs. Betty Leete. * * *

Nan and Grizelle Norfleet entertained the Wednesday Bridge Club last week. Sixteen members were present. Mrs. James Norfleet, recently elected to membership, was made welcome at this time.

Following the game an elaborate salad course was served.
The photographs used on our cover this week are of five of the handsome homes in Buena Vista. This rapidly growing section is one of the most beautiful residential developments in this section of our State.

No. 1 is the home of Mr. E. D. Turner, on Wooddale Avenue.
No. 2 is the home of Mr. P. N. Montague, on Westover Drive.
No. 3 is the new home, just completed, of Mr. I. O. Speas, on Lover's Lane.
No. 4 is the home of Mr. R. W. Hedgcock, on Lover's Lane.
No. 5 is the home of Mr. C. R. Wilkinson, on Lover's Lane.

LAST WEEK'S COVER

The picture of the beautiful white oak at Tanglewood, reproduced on the front cover of The Mirror last week, has been commented on from several sources. Those who have seen the tree readily understand that it is a magnificent specimen. Mr. and Mrs. William N. Reynolds, upon whose estate it stands, number it among their finest possessions.

It is not known in local circles only. Dr. James Vance, distinguished Presbyterian minister of Tennessee, has made a picture of it the frontispiece in his recent volume of short sermons: "God's Open." Dr. Vance also used in another part of his volume the poem of Joyce Kilmer "Trees." This poem is inscribed on a bronze plate and attached to the tree at Tanglewood.

Little Lady

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The picture shown at the top of this group is not a Follies chorus practicing. No. It's one of the gym classes of Salem College, out for an hour's exercise under the capable direction of Miss Winifred Briggs, head of the department of physical education. Miss Briggs is one of the very recent additions to the college faculty. She has had unusual training for her work, and very wide experience. The picture at the left is a likeness of her, snapped on the athletic field.

Mrs. Rondthaler, standing on the steps of the new president's home, is evidently pleased with it. She likes to be near the girls who have been entrusted to her care, and the new residence, situated on the campus, makes this possible.

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WE WOULD IF WE COULD—BUT!

Comes along a note, signed T. C., with a request for scandal. Nothing would suit me better, T. C., but there are reasons why I must forbear. Forbear making it interesting, that is. As for the scandal itself—why I know yards and yards and yards of it. All wool and fifty inches wide. Guaranteed. I heard one piece on the grandstand at the fair, and saw another on the Ferris wheel. If I could but tell all I know!

Just here, without saying what kind of car she drives, or what street she lives on, I'll take my courage in my hand and brave a lawsuit. There is a charming little lady in our city who has more than once in her life had fun with people over the telephone. Not so long ago the tables were turned. Somebody had a little fun with her. She went to the phone one evening when it rang. The operator spoke for someone in a pay station, asking if that were the right number. It seemed so. This being the case, the party was switched on, and a conversation something like this took place:

"Hello! I'd like to speak to Mrs. ________ ."
"This is she. (But it wasn't, at all.)"
"How you feel tonight?"
"Fine, but I miss you."

And then the man: "But there's no reason why you should, you know. I can come around if you say so."
"I'd be crazy about seeing you."
"Right—Oh! I'll be over in ten minutes."

He said goodbye and she left the telephone in a very giggling mood. She hadn't the least idea whom he had meant to call, but she'd certainly like to know. She wondered what the woman would say when he walked in. Soon she promptly forgot it all.

Fifteen minutes passed. And then the doorbell rang. The charming little lady kissed her small son goodnight, tucked him in bed, and went to answer the bell.

A perfectly strange man stood on the steps outside. He asked who lived there, and, when told, walked in. He congratulated her on her 'phone manners and made himself very much at home.

The rest is silence. It must be for very good reasons. Should I tell anything about the people who came in later for bridge, or, anything, you'd know as much as I do.

Perhaps you know more! Lots of people have been talking about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Urey Rice have returned from Cleveland, Ohio, where they expected, until recently, to make their home. Mr. Rice's plans for business have not yet been perfected. It is hoped that he and Elsie will remain in this city.
The beautiful children whose pictures appear above are Henry, Harriet and Arthur Valk, sons and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur de Talma Valk. Arthur, the eldest of the three, is one of the choristers in St. Paul's Episcopal Church. It is hoped that his likeness will not exert too strong an appeal on the girls of his set, because the hard fact must be told that Arthur is very much in love. So far as brother and sister are concerned, we really cannot say.

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FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE ENJOY VISIT TO ROCK HOUSE

Dean Shirley's annual back-to-nature tour, called in the vulgate the Salem College Faculty Get-Together Picnic, discovered autumn and the old Rock-House down Friedburg-way last week. The spring in the cellar of the old place has dried up since the war, but the original umlaut gable still holds up half the roof, and Dr. Juanita Floyd (Modern Language) and Dr. Schaller (Botany) held up the other half as well as the most esteemed traditions of the spot with a long and hallowed conversation in the German language.

Suitable to the Alpine spirit of the outing was the sprightly showing of knickers, last year's record being wholly eclipsed with a 40% increase headed up by Misses Forman (Education), Desha (Singing), and Briggs (Athletics). Speeches were made on every topic but woman suffrage, this being omitted for diplomatic as well as ethical reasons. Campbell (Biology) served up his usual knack as comprtroller of food and forishment, got his inimitable Maine-Coast smack into the coffee, and remembered the axe. Higgins (Chemistry) did as pivotal point for rations and bob-sleigh yawns; McAlpine (French, presumably with a Japanese ascent) plucked Hawaiian guitar, and brought back my Bonnie to Me. Nobody told a ghost story, and the Dean didn't even tell about Miss Jennie's second-night; but weiner-wurstest, cheese, and show-chow pickle made up the difference in nightmare. Thirty-two persons ate eleven dozen doughnuts.

Nobody criticized the moon, because it was beyond delight; nobody criticized the food because it was beyond belief; nobody criticized the road, because it was beyond profanity; nobody criticized The Mirror's write-up, because it was beyond a doubt.—Theodore Rondhaler.

Fall Shirts
What better place could you ask than Shirt Headquarters from which to select your fall Shirts. It's difficult to imagine a Shirt that's good style this season that you can not find here.

Manhattan and
Eagle Quality
"THE DIVINE LADY"

When I say that I liked this book immensely, but that I do not recommend it for desultory readers or reading, I am aware that I make a statement, the halves of which are at loggerheads, and at the same instant disagree violently with an honorable critic of the New York Times staff. This critic declared "The Divine Lady" to be more of earthly origin than heavenly and ended a rather inconsequential review with the statement that the book would make good summer reading for those whose tastes led them to choose nothing better. I am glad I did not see this review until I had read "The Divine Lady," and I am glad I do not know the name of the reviewer who so carelessly handled a book which is worthy of different treatment. Some day that critic may write a good book review. If I knew him as one of the same who flung ill-deserved words at a book I liked so much, I should be unable to take his opinion for other things.

Parrish, in the "Literary Review," was fairer in his treatment. He picked one flaw which he was perfectly justified in pointing out, and which seems surprising in one of Barrington's calibre. The point he made won't be mentioned here, since a reading of the book would be presupposed in its discussion. To all who have not read it, the matter would be uninteresting.

Neither of these reviewers, I felt, got into the spirit of the book. This is strange, because the existence of this spirit is undeniable. It is a fine spirit, and worthy in every respect of the traditions of our best novel writing. It's necessary just here to use an "in the first place." In this place let me say that no one should read the book who has not first read its preface. This preface, I believe, serves the purpose for which it was intended as well as any I have ever seen. It may be called a prologue to the frame of mind in which the book was written, and as such, it is an admirable piece of work. I cannot tell exactly how I should feel about the whole had I not read this part of it. Just here nothing would be more pleasing (to me) than a descantation on the importance of prefaces, and why they should be read. But I must not.

To continue, Barrington possesses far and away more talent than the average novelist. By no means a genius, she nevertheless has much of the understanding and ability to create in a large way which genius possesses. By this I mean that her talent is capable of diffusion and, lest there be misunderstanding of such a statement let me add as a reminder what you already know: that no great novelist ever lived who did not ramble, in the course of his books, all over the face of the universe. Such writing is a result of breadth of outlook and a desire to bring the people created in the pages of a book into line with all that goes on about them. In no other way can a novel be greatly written. The phrase doesn't satisfy, but there seems to be no more descriptive term at hand. You can follow the lists of them all, ancient (so far as the novel is concerned) and modern, and in the entire catalogue you will find that, with a few very exceptions, the great ones take us on long journeys and strange. Sometimes their motives are not apparent. We may be sure they are none the less real, for all that we can't see them.

This book is not written according to the hidebound recipe which has come to be regarded, especially with reviewers, as the sine qua non of the good novel. It has the breadth, the freshness, the impartial viewpoint of one who worked at a great theme, and under real inspiration, to produce a book in which should be captured some of the beauty and glamour and bigness she felt in her theme. The subjects are drawn from life. From life, that is, as Romney's remarkable paintings and the many letters and biographies of the people who appear in its pages have made the presentation. The life of Emma Hamilton does not make reading for the squeamish and ultra pure of mind. It belongs, with numbers of others, to history, and it can only be judged in the light which later developments cast. There is certainly no imaginable reason why it should not be used by a novelist. The treatment of Emma Hamilton's life in "The Divine Lady," is admirably handled. The author condones nothing, excuses nothing. Emma was beautiful, and she was talented, and she possessed an almost unreal faculty for getting what she wanted. As to her divinity, I do not suppose for a moment that Barrington considered it other than as an excellent title for her book.

The facts of the story are borne out in history. It is clearly handled, and written, moreover, with excellent taste. It is interesting, and touches are not lacking to indicate that its author belongs far ahead of many novelists ranked above her. I could easily imagine people like Sherwood And-
son and May Sinclair working with a theme such as Barrington has chosen. I could imagine it, that is, if I wanted to. But I don’t want to. The subject would be far too big for the trifler with sensations to work with. It would demand an ability to create largely and with a certain breathlessness that the writers of today have.

Emma Hamilton lived for me. I got her, from the pages of this book, in life size. I saw what the woman who wrote it was trying to do. I couldn’t lose sight of her aim, and I admired her for it. The book stands out from the tragedies of students, and musicians, and people who never get beyond the confines of their native states, rather as a sunflower stands out in a garden where only little flowers are found. If it lacks perfect coherence, it is not unevenly written, that makes slight difference, because the talent back of it is not the usual thing in any sense of the term.

It would be possible to read a long time, and to go through many books before finding a sentence like the one at the chapter end where Emma despairing of Greville, determines to see what Lord Hamilton can do for her.

"Let a man beware of the hour which sees all his wishes fulfilled."

Master Charles Vance, junior, is a fine, lusty young man, we understand. By this time he is doubtless casting about for the college he would like to attend.

A GEM OF MODERN THOUGHT

The following was received by the editor long ago when she sent out an S. O. S. to demanding to know the place women occupy in business. The time was that coming directly after the enfranchisement of the so-called weaker sex. After reading this reply you will join the editor and all others who were permitted a glance at the treasure in believing that only exceedingly strong people could fill such bills. The reply is printed as it came, from the original. Notice the letter has been changed in the spelling; not a comma has been put in or removed.

It is a pleasure to offer one of the gems of twentieth century thought. To wit:

WOMAN’S PRESENT PLACE IN BUSINESS

I will tell about Woman’s good Habits in business first.

One of their man places especially of a married woman is at home, raising and training their children, so the world will be benefited by them having lived, Washing, cooking, ironing, sewing, cleaning house, canning, preserving, raising little gardens, charming, Darning, patching, crocheting, ect outside of home, Post mistress, workers in tobacco factories, clerks music and school teachers, stenographers, S. S. Supt, Dentists, nursing, singers, workers for home and foreign missions, missionellas, preachers, Tailors, raisers of Party, pigs and Rabbits, also cattle, writer of books and poems, workers in knitting mills, Depot agents, ministers to the sick, plead with sinners, prepare something for the needy, some few are Sheriffs, arists, Photo makers, Printers, workers in room factories, members of clubs and churches and societies. Piano agents, and in fact many things too numerous to mention. As I have told a part of the good side, now for the bad.

Dancers, Theater actors, party lovers, kiss lovers, joy rides, powder and painted faces, to Proud to put their hands in dish water, put to much faith in the market value of the will of God, cuss, get drunk, play cards and Rook, beat Hubby with the broom, steal, Dress Undecent, swear, Want Divorces, Dislike their neighbor, Tells lies, Is hateful and jeleous.

As there is two sides to everything I thought I would tell both as both are the bussines part of women, but put the good first, I think most women are on the good side, am not thinking of getting high praise for this but would if it was a man.

P. S. Some good women love and Kiss their husbands, and live a good life, I mean all women are not mean who loves and Kisses Men, as Hubby is Men.

ANOTHER OASIS IN THE SAHARA OF THE BOZART

Few plays produced in New York in recent years have met the reception given “What Price Glory.” This play is the work of Lawrence Stalings, a graduate of Wake Forest College, and a famous journalist. Mr. Stalings married Helen Poteat, of Wake Forest, daughter of Dr. William Louis Poteat. He and Mrs. Stalings live in New York City.

His play has been described by an admiral of our navy as the most obvious kind of pacificist propaganda. In reality it is altogether probable that it shows war up in the brutal, garish light which is its actual atmosphere. Certainly the most fantastic feat is to imagine that in the minds of the boys, they paint their pictures as to a true bill of its effects and hideous ineffectiveness.

We’d like very much to see Mr. Stalings’ play. It’s altogether possible that it is the open door to the minds of those with less bravery but equal talent with its author. If the stage becomes concerned with promotion of peace, there is scant room to doubt that its part will be well taken.

A question obtains its head just here. Why, in the name of all that is honorable, should generals and admirals take upon themselves the matter of passing upon what American people shall do with war? If they believe for one minute that they encourage a right spirit by upholding what they are pledged to term “war’s aims,” they labor under a delusion of frightful magnitude. War has never settled anything concerned with men or their affairs, and the officers who think to reinforce the authority of their gold braid and epaulets by uttering statements designed to keep their salaries in continuous fall as widely in trying to hit the bull’s eye. People are tired of war. They don’t want any more of it. After all the aeons that have passed, it seems we shall at last be civilized.

Mrs. Henry T. Bahmon will leave this week for Montclair, New Jersey, where she will be a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Holt Haywood, and Mr. Haywood.

There is a man in our city
Who is noted for being solemn
And dignified. When he’s not
Dignified, he’s solemn, and when
He’s not solemn, he’s dignified.
I don’t know which is worse.
At any rate, this man enjoyed the Fair.
He enjoyed it alone, too,
Which is some task, as you’ll agree.
I saw him one day last week.
He was in the postoffice,
Reading a registered letter.
There was a scowl on his
Face which boded ill for the unlucky
Person who wrote that letter.
I could tell he had much business
On his mind.
At the Fair he stood in front of
The tent where you throw balls
For woolly dolls. He had a ham
And a roaster and a purple
Lamp in his arms, and I could
Tell that he meant to get a doll.
This was the man who is
Noted for being solemn and dignified.
When he’s not solemn he’s dignified,
And when he’s not dignified he’s solemn!

* * *

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SANCHO PANZA

A drooping horse, tired, as we may believe, from many journeys about the world; a dimly armored knight speaking brave words; the throaty accents of the hungry Sancho Panza. All of it was placed against a background of rich blue which gave delightful illusion of night. There were stars, and a strange light which one could believe was shed from the past. Believe it, and without shame. The night was very real, and the horse was very tired, and certainly Sancho was weary enough to sleep.

After that the play began. It was prepared for, beautifully, by the prologue, and if it left you with the feeling that it lacked some one element to make it more perfect as a vehicle for Otis Skinner's talent, it at least gave room for no doubt about its quality of fineness and the spirit in which it was written. The trumpets were meant to be noisy, very noisy. You were supposed to do what you did: resent their blasts. They made the business of cutting and slashing look like the ridiculous behaviour it really is. The trumpery and trumpery of court life were brought into satisfying prominence by means of such characters as Donna Rodriguez and the prime minister, whatever his name happened to be. Satisfying prominence because you were shown how foolish, how utterly childish are the titles and offices and deeds of those who spend their lives hanging on the words of feeble minded rulers and other dignitaries.

Yes, the satire which ran like an edge through the play was good. It didn't become too boring, and it never interfered with Mr. Skinner's role. The cast deserves praise for other reasons than those lying on the surface. What at times seemed mere amateurish acting was part of a carefully planned whole, and a certain amount of awkwardness in the delivery of a part perfectly calculated to make us laugh. The author drew, and drew very cleverly, a line of distinction between the false bouquet of romance, as it is distilled in novels and poetry of early days, and the real flavor of the old brew. It is funny (and would be tiresome if it were not so funny) to see carefully marcelled coiffures on the heads of ladies supposed to be living in the time of Charles I. However much we may like to believe it, all was not golden in the long, long ago. Those were times when the gentle art of using a pocket handkerchief was not nearly so highly perfected as today. The other amenities, we may be sure, occupied a corresponding position in the business of living. It is the more comforting, therefore, to see a play of the past in which no veneer is applied.

The play as a whole interested me less than it cheered me. I drifted with it, and was glad to do so. At intervals I found myself upon the point of disagreeing with something going on upon the stage, but I never could openly do so. I had a funny feeling that I was being taken off by some of the characters prancing up there, and that it behooved me to be very quiet, or everybody would be able to see the resemblance.

And then the whole thing hinged on the man who carried the title role. His was a difficult part to play, but he played it. I liked his work. Seeing it for the second time, I nevertheless found it funny. Perhaps not so funny as touching. Mr. Skinner had some exceedingly laughable lines which were passed over altogether by his audience, and much of his speech laughed at was not laughable. To touch upon that, I suppose, is to touch upon the queer character of humor itself. The best of it is not far removed from tears.

I liked you, Sancho Panza. When you were on the stage I forgot Otis Skinner. I forgot to be unimpressed by remembering stage business and electrical effects. I believe what you had to say, and pay you the honest compliment of declaring, as my belief, that war will be stopped by such as you, speaking from a stage, sooner than in any other way.

OBLIGING CADDY

DeTamble: "Can you count?"
Caddy: "Yes, sir."
DeTamble: "Can you add up?"
Caddy: "Yes, sir."
DeTamble: "Well what's five and seven and four?"
Caddy: "Twelve, sir."
DeTamble: "Come along, you'll do."

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The five beautiful homes shown on the cover of this issue of The Mirror are all in Buena Vista.