



THE Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. service Friday evening was quite different from any other we have had this year, as it was a Blue Ridge song service, held on back campus just in front of Society Hall. The meeting was very informal and Miss Howell, who led the singing, invited any one in the audience to suggest favorite hymns. The cabinet sang the Blue Ridge slogan after which Miss Watkins presented the plan for Student-Industrial Co-operation which Miss Katherine McDonald tried out last summer. Many of the girls seem interested in the plan, and we hope that many will take this opportunity of actually coming in contact with the working girls.

So far only ten girls have signed up to go to Blue Ridge, but we hope to have our number gradually increased so that we may have the largest as well as the best delegation that Salem has ever had.

Girls! Talk Blue Ridge!

"DAD TAKES PAT'S ADVICE"

(Continued from page two)

golf, too", Pat went on enthusiastically. He wants me to ride again this afternoon, but I simply can't neglect my work any longer. Do you know that I haven't been near the library for five whole days? It's a blessing you don't invite the sons of your college buddies here often, 'cause your little daughter would soon become one of those modern flappers, who do nothing but amuse themselves. But he is nice, isn't he, Dad, and so very entertaining. And he told me this morning that he has to leave day after tomorrow. We'll miss him dreadfully, won't we?

"H'm." He's nice enough as far as young men go", said Mr. Arrington. And I suppose he's attractive to girls. He told you that he is engaged to Miss Alice Vanderbilt, I suppose?"

"Oh", was all Pat said, but Mr. Arrington saw her gray eyes widen, and her hurt look of surprise. Of course he could not tell, he thought, but it was just as well to "nip in the bud" any feelings she might have toward this young fellow. It was all very well for Dick Lloyd to come there on a bet, but to play with Pat's heart was a very different matter. He liked the boy, but he'd tell him to get the bracelet tomorrow, if possible. The sooner things were settled, the better.

Pat dressed hurriedly. Something was evidently wrong downstairs. What could it be? Such a "hub-bub" she had never heard! She ran down the steps. "Why mother, what's the matter?" she cried, as she caught sight of her walking up and down the floor and wringing her hands.

"Oh, my dear child, we have been robbed", Mrs. Arrington wailed. "Don't stand there with your mouth open—it's true. Someone has stolen my beautiful diamond bracelet! Oh, it is terrible to think that my bracelet—the one piece of handsome jewelry that I owned—should be stolen." She broke down here, and her large should-

ers shook with sobs.

"There, there, Catherine dear, don't worry so. I'll get you another bracelet. We'll try to find it, and if we can't I'll get that handsome one like Mrs. Amblers, that you admired so much," said Mr. Arrington soothingly.

Mrs. Arrington was pleased, that Robert should think of buying her another, and grew calmer. But it was evident that Pat was excited and determined to solve the mystery.

Dick Lloyd slipped out of the house, and walked down the terrace toward the oak trees. He was plainly puzzled. "He didn't have the bracelet, but who in thunder did", he wondered. Mr. Arrington was confident that he had it, and it was going to be hard to explain. Just then he saw Gregory walking rapidly toward the forest of oaks. He wondered vaguely what he was up to. He stopped. Gregory was speaking to a very queer looking woman. It was evidently that they were quarreling

over something. Dick crept nearer. Gregory took the bracelet from his pocket. Dick and Pat, who was hiding behind a tree, not forty yards from him, exclaimed simultaneously. When Pat heard about the missing bracelet, her suspicions were immediately placed on Gregory, and she had followed him.

They went up to Gregory and the woman and Dick said quietly, though he kept his hand in his coat pocket, "we've got you with the goods, old boy. Hand the bracelet to Miss Arrington, and make it snappy. Give us the goods and then beat it."

"But he must be punished", Pat interrupted. "When a man"—

"Let me handle this, Pat, I'll explain.

It was hours afterwards. Dick had told Pat all about her Dad's scheme, and they had triumphantly carried the bracelet to Mr. Arrington. But Dick had refused the ten thousand, saying that he had not stuck to his part of

the bargain.

"Dick", Pat began, why didn't you take the money? It really belonged to you, and, Alice Vanderbilt would marry you right away. Why didn't you tell me about her, Dick", she asked, and after a pause added, "I think it's lovely."

"I really don't know why I should have told you", Dick replied. The day after I got here I received a letter from her severing all alliance between us, saying that she was going to marry an honest to goodness lord. And strange though it may seem, I found that I didn't care a bit".

"And you knew you weren't in love", Pat finished.

"No, I knew I was in love", Dick replied, but not with Alice Vanderbilt.

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