

Hines Shoes— --Distinctly Different

You tell 'em, Georgia, you know the Riddle.

Shoot it, Ruth, you're a little Cannon.

Don't tell 'em, Sarah, 'cause you Boren.

Stick to it, Frances, you're a Leach. You tell 'em, Virginia, you're the Arthur.

You tell 'em, Gladys, you're Reich. Shine on, Pearl, you're a long Ray. You stick 'em, Isabel, you've got the Spears.

You forge 'em, Alice, you're a Smith.

You tell 'em, Louise, you're Cilley. You tell 'em, Maggie Mae, you chirp like Robins.

You stew 'em, Louise, you're a Cook. You tell 'em, Helen, you know the Streets.

You tell 'em, Thom, you've got the "Bill."

Reported by members of Soph English class:

"Miss de B. Why is France a permanent member of the League of Nations?"

E. G. Moore: "Because France is so awfully important."

Miss de B: "And why is it so important?"

E. G. M. "Well, I don't know. I suppose it's because they set all the fashions there, and make so much wine."

You can't beat brains!

H. Ross, looking at "Winged Victory": "If that's Victory, what does Defeat look like?"

That's some Hygiene Class. Here are some choice bits of wisdom therefrom:

A. David: The Eustachian tube leads to the brain.

M. Chinnis: When there is trouble in the ear the physician should go into the ear.

Dean Shirley, after playing "Alla Tusca."

Miss Charlotte, why do they call this Alla Turca? Does it remind you of the Turks?

C. Mathewson: It sounds fierce!

Hettie's escort at the Davidson minstrel, at which the athletic rewards were given out:

"Well, guess Osborne will get his letter tonight."

H. When does the mail come?"

3:30 A. M. and all is silence on Junior Flat. Pet rat turns somersault. A. T. Archbell's voice, as of one far-beneath the pillow squeaks out, "Izzy, p-l-e-a-s-e call this rat in there."

I. Spears, mad: Shut up, he won't mind me; you come in here yourself and leave him.

Freshman—Why does the night watchman carry a lantern?

The Wise Soph—To let the burglars know where he is.

Ted Wolfe, to Davidson boys: "What are you boys at Davidson?"

Boys: "Oh, we're bachelors."

Ted: "Hum, That's nothing. We're old maids at Salem."

SHAKESPEARE ON CURRENT EVENTS

Wilson After Defeat

I had a thing to say—but I will fit it with some better time.—King John.

The Political Candidates

Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

—Hamlet.

Woman, Through the Mountain's Glass

What are these, So wither'd and so wild in their attire; That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are on 't?

—Macbeth.

The Kaiser to the Crown Prince

Heaven knows, my son, By what bypaths and indirect crook'd ways I met this crown; and I myself know well, How troublesome it sat upon my head.

—Henry IV.

The Bolsheviks in Russia

Commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways.

—Henry IV.

The Pathfinder.

Y. W. C. A. SECRETARY VISITS SALEM

During the week-end of November 20, 21, 22, Miss Lumpkin, the student Y. W. C. A. Secretary, was a visitor in the college.

She met with the cabinet members and their committees, arousing much enthusiasm. She gave many good ideas and the girls feel they derived much benefit from her visit.

On Sunday evening the Y. W. held a vesper service in Memorial Hall. Dean Shirley rendered special music on the organ and the choir sang a special selection. Miss Lumpkin made a short talk on the purpose of the Y. W. C. A.

After vesper the girls and faculty were invited into the Y. W. room

where they met and talked with Miss Lumpkin.

Miss Lumpkin left Monday for Charlotte, where she will be a visitor in the college there.

H. R., '21.

THE NEW Y. W. ROOM.

Ever since the first day of this school year, when the Y. W. cabinet got back to Salem and found that their old room had been taken over for a class room, they have been scheming to devise some plan to have a new room. These plans have at last been realized—and the old student council room in the basement, after much cutting of cretonne, pounding of nails and critical inspection by each member of the cabinet, has been converted into a most cozy living room.

This room is at the disposal of all college girls. The cabinet wants you to thoroughly enjoy it. Use it as you use your living room at home.

Dear Everybody:

I thank the Editor for giving me this opportunity of telling of my work.

Since August 1918 I have been working under the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church in the mountains of this state. I am now in charge of the work at this place, which is eight miles from the railroad.

Probably you wonder what I do out here! I will tell you briefly. I teach from the fourth through the eighth grade, superintend, play the piano, lead the singing, and teach a class in Sunday School. I visit among the people. One month my co-worker, Earline Coxe of Red Springs, N. C., and I, made one hundred and ninety-six visits. I nurse, and "Doctor" quite a bit. I helped make a coffin for an old lady during the "flu" epidemic. I attended a wedding at which a mountain preacher performed the ceremony, and was almost speechless when he called on me to "dismiss"! Twice I have had to conduct funerals, as a minister could not come out here. This will probably give you an idea of the variety of my duties.

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The people among whom I work are the purest Anglo-Saxons to be found. There is not a person of foreign birth in the country, and I was here six months before I saw a negro. These people in struggling for a living in this rough country seem to have lost the Good News. They have been denied the advantages that others have enjoyed. They have long been neglected, but they make good when given a chance. That is a most encouraging feature of our work.

My class-mates will remember that I used to say that I would never teach. Well, I am teaching, and I love it. My over-all boys and calico girls are very dear to me. I want Mr. Heath to know that I have used all the "Ped" that he imparted to me, and I believe that I could advance some new theories along that line!

Present students, do your best in gym work. More than once when I have had to deal with unruly youngsters I have been glad of the physical training I had at Salem!!!

The roads in this community are the creek beds. Old and young ride horseback. It is nothing unusual to see a mother and three or four children on one horse. I enjoy horse back riding very much, but friends, there is little romance in riding a balking mule, such as I rode Election Day. I will long remember the day I cast my first vote! I got up before daylight, rode the above mentioned mule six miles in the pouring rain, voted, and got back in time for school, which opens at eight o'clock. You see politics does not interfere with my work!

Once I visited a sick lady and had need of my thermometer, which I had forgotten. One of the men in the home offered to get it. Upon reaching our room he said: "I want to get Miss Ray's temperature".

So many funny things happen, but there is a very serious side of my work which I have not mentioned. It is a pathetic thing to have grown people tell you, with tears in their eyes, "Oh, I wish I could read!" It is still sadder to see so many without Christ. Mine is a joyous work, though, and I hope all who belong to my Alma Mater are as happy as I.

With love to all who love Salem,

RUBIE RAY ("Rube");

Class of 1916.