

Chambers Building Burned.

Davidson College.—Last Sunday night, at the conclusion of one of the most thoroughly enjoyable Senior Week festivals ever celebrated here, Chambers Building, the oldest and most magnificent on the campus, caught fire in the base of the cupola, and burned completely to the ground by 9:00 o'clock Monday morning. Due to the great thickness of the walls between the rooms, some of the rooms did not burn until nearly noon, but the bulk of the structure was a mass of glowing embers long before any help could possibly have arrived.

The blaze was first discovered by inmates of the top floor of Chambers somewhere between 4:30 and 4:45. After a short unsuccessful attempt to quell the blaze, they aroused the campus, and by 5:00 o'clock the whole campus was out, and the fire was being fought with buckets, hose and fire extinguishers, while the inmates of the upper floors strove desperately to rescue their personal effects from the flames. By 5:30 the central stairways were impassable, and the hope of saving the buildings was abandoned, efforts being turned toward saving the other buildings, six of which were in range of the shower of falling sparks.

The men rooming in the south wing were able to save nearly all their property, by way of a small stairway in the southend of the building, but the men in the north wing were forced to abandon a great deal of their property, through lack of a means of reaching it. The loss was especially heavy on the men who were off the hill, for the week end, very little of whose property were saved. Two rooms were locked, and one of them defied the efforts of those who tried to open it.

The danger to the other buildings being virtually over by the dawn, the President of the college called the students around him, and exhorted them not to lose heart, reminding them of other great trials the college had passed through in times past. Later in the morning a mass meeting was called in chapel and various members of the faculty and of the senior class spoke words of encouragement and talked of means of repairing the damage. The senior class offered to give over their duties on the campus and spend the time remaining before the holidays in clearing away the rubbish, so that the work of rebuilding could begin immediately in the Spring. The faculty spoke in terms of highest appreciation of this offer, but said that nothing could be done, at least until the fire insurance agents had arrived to view the ruins.

The townspeople have been most cordial in opening their houses to the homeless students while almost all the rooms on the hill not already occupied by three men offered to take in another student. The college is doing everything possible to provide extra beds, tables and dressers as soon as possible. The class rooms which have been lost will be improvised out of the Literary Halls, the chapel, and spare rooms in the gymnasium. The splendidly equipped physical laboratories are almost a total loss, as is the surveying equipment, and the astronomical telescope. The college is wiring for as much of this equipment as will be absolutely necessary, and will have it here in time to be used in the Spring.

Maybe the reason why some people run around at night with their mouths open is to let the moon-shine in.—Va. Tech.

Olive Belle Williams: "Oh, I'm so thrilled. Dean Shirley said my ear sight was improving so much.

THE SATURDAY WALK.

Want to buy a dog for a Christmas present? Ask Elizabeth G. Moore where to find one and she'll tell you, "On the Saturday walk." To begin at the beginning, however, which is Salem College, the Club, led by Miss Jackson, Miss Talmadge, Mr. Higgins, and Dean Shirley, trooped down Academy street and up the hill on the other side of the railroad track. They soon reached Granville school, but that was by no means their final destination. Across lanes and fields and into the woods they went hilariously but—suddenly they stopped, and good reason there was. Before them was a wide, wide stream and only a narrow, narrow log across it. Pandemonium reigned until the brave Miss Jackson ventured across and lent a helping hand to the others who, holding tightly to each other, crept along the plank and then, once on the other side, proceeded to hold their sides with laughter while watching the others. Mr. Higgins came last. We will say no more, except that the next stream we crossed Mr. Higgins found a few stones in the midst of the water and jumped from one to another, disdaining to even look at the bridge.

The next interruption was caused by a profuse yap-yapping. Brown dogs, while dogs, sleek dogs, and fuzzy dogs, all greeted the wayfarers with an uproar. One little brown, fuzzy fellow won Eliza's heart, and she proceeded to purchase him then and there. The next and last stop was under a tree. Nothing wonderful about that, but see what was in the top. Mistletoe!

Of course all were loath to leave this charming spot, but it was getting dark, and not even mistletoe can make the school-girl forget the queer feeling she has about six o'clock in the afternoon.

The beautiful sunset, the minuet, and Edith's adventure with a young gentleman were all incidents of the journey back. Come next time and see what a good time you can have.

BUILDING TALK.

It was Christmas even, the time that animals and even inanimate things have the power of speech.

A certain red brick building said, "Hm, some folks think they are mighty fine. Here is this young upstart crowding me. When I was young I had more respect for my elders."

"Who are your elders, I'd like to know. "I hink you'd keep still about your age."

"I am proud of the fact that I was born in 1772," said the first speaker, "I wish this noisy child here had some age to settle her, and then I would stop hearing hammers ring and tiles fall, Miss Academy."

"You can call the new dormitory a kid if you want to, but I tell you that she is going to be a fine college woman by this time next year. She is going to be dressed in teh latest style with rooms instead of alcoves and long halls, Miss Sisters' House."

"What do you know about it?" asked the Sisters' House.

"I am going to ask the main one. I bet Main Building knows."

"The truth is," said Main Building, "I am just like the Sisters' House. I am jealous of the new dormitory, because all my girls want to leave me and go to her. She is just fine though, I must admit, and I give her three cheers."

"Smile awhile—and I'll smile, too. What's the good of feeling blue? Watch my lips—I'll show you how: That's the way—you're smiling now!"

"MYSTERY"

On Thursday evening, December the first, Mr. Higgins, of the Science Department, gave a talk under the auspices of the Home Economics Department on the importance of chemistry in everyday life.

Some of the common things that we owe to chemists are: Window panes, wood-work, paper, electric light bulbs, sugar, artificial silk, oil, starch, and rubber. His remarks on dehydrated foods were especially interesting. After many experiments chemists have found that the water can be taken from green vegetables in such a way that they can be kept indefinitely. Just before cooking they are soaked in water. It has been found that vegetables treated in this way retain practically all of their original flavor. In time chemists will be called upon to furnish us with new dyes, fuels, fertilizers, and a new source of paper. Chemistry will play a large part in the future progress of civilization.

After this talk delicious hot chocolate and cakes were served by the Home Economics students.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS TO THE PRINTER SOON.

The material for the 1922 "Sights and Insights" will be forwarded to the printer by the end of this week. No editorial staff has made such splendid progress as has been the case with the 1922 "Sights and Insights" staff. The staff consists of Misses Nina Sue Gill, Bright McKemie, Mildred Parrish, Helen Everett, Olivene Porterfield, Louise Cooke, Martha Matheson, Georgia Riddle, Alice Watson, Elizabeth Gillespie, Isabel Spears, Katharine Thomas.

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN.

(Continued from page one)

work together for the good of their Alma Mater.

Mrs. Junior is the popular and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hatetolusa, otherwise known as Miss Helen Coble and Miss Dorothy Kirk, while Mr. Junior is a rising young man, prominently connected with the Burrage Repair Shop. His mother and father are Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Dawson, Jr., of Salem.

After the ceremony the happy couple left at ten thirty for Dreamland, amidst the "warnings" and "call downs" of the proctor.

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