

Mr. Rodheaver and
Others of Sunday
Party at Chapel

(Continued from Page One)

Mr. Rodheaver then told of a "little trip" around the world when he travelled forty-five thousand miles.

He said that the people in all countries, particularly young people, are interested in music. He found that the folk songs of Korea were unsuitable, and that the boys were ashamed to sing them to him. Thus he saw that the introduction of the Gospel songs was a great chance. He then conceived the idea that instead of taking American boys over there, he would bring Korean young people over here, give them the training, and then send them back home to take charge of the music.

He told of a little blind girl who had a twist in her nervous system which caused her to have terrible fits of temper. One day they were playing the phonograph in chapel and the little girl felt her way down the aisle. In the midst of her fits of temper, she heard *The Old Road Cross*, and was quiet; something in the rhythm tuned up the blind girl's nervous system, and she asked to be permanently cured.

Mr. Rodheaver's talk was very inspiring and gave the students a vision and new ideal. He urged them to use their tremendous personality and ability in the service of God.

Training Camp for
Y. W. C. A. Officers

A training camp for the new officers of the College Young Women's Christian Associations of this State will be held at Camp Latta under the auspices of Queen's College from May the first to May the third. At this conference there will be classes in every phase of work which the College associations are interested. There will also be a chance for an exchange of ideas between the colleges and for getting new ideas from the able leaders who will be present to instruct the delegates in their respective branches for the new year. Among the noted teachers and leaders who will be present are Misses Betty Webb, Katharine Stimpson, and Grace Newfick. Salem's representatives at this conference are Margaret Nichols and Rachel Davis.

SOCIALS

Constance Allen and Polly Hawkins attended a house party last week-end at Piedmont.

Eva Louise Fowers spent Sunday with Elizabeth Hologood in Durham.

Lila Rapier spent the week-end in Durham with Ruth Platt.

Frances Campbell spent the week-end with Ella Albert in Kernersville.

Christine Brooks spent the week-end at her home in Burlington.

Lois Culler spent the week-end with Geneva McCaCahern in Linwood.

ATHLETIC CALENDAR

Monday—
10-11—Swimming.
3-5—Swimming.
5:30-30—Track and Baseball.

Tuesday—
3-5—Swimming.
4:40-4:5—Baseball.
5:30-30—Track.

Wednesday—
12-1—Tennis Instruction.
4-4:30—Archery.
4:30-5—Baseball.
5:30-30—Track.

Thursday—
3-5—Swimming.
4-4:30—Archery.
4:30-5—Baseball.
5:30-30—Track.

Friday—
4:40-4:5—Archery.
4:30-5—Baseball.
5:30-30—Track.

Saturday—
3-5—Swimming.

The Falcon of Ser Federigo

One warm summer morning, the small garden of Ser Federigo glistened beneath the rays of the soft Italian sun. The drowsing bees lazily plied their trade beneath the stately poplars, and the fragrance of the vines. A large leafy vine full of delicate clusters of purple fruit shaded a rude wooden bench. Here Ser Federigo, musing, sat looking below at the Arno River, which like a silver thread, shined through the lovely green valley. From its green banks rose the graceful spires and lofty towers of Florence. Near Ser Federigo sat his trusty falcon, his pride and delight, lazily blinking at his master.

"Oh, what a beautiful falcon," piped a shrill little voice from the gateway. "Please, Ser, let me hold him on my wrist and see him fly."

Ser Federigo uttered a startled exclamation under his breath, and then said: "Who is your mother, my fair boy?"

"My mamma, please, Ser, let me stay just a little while and look at your falcon."

"Where do you live, my lad? Ask Ser Federigo."

"Over there," that big white house surrounded by poplars; replied the child, pointing across the valley. "I live with Ser," he said, "we don't have a brave falcon like yours. We have only some silly old peacocks which scream most awfully when I romp down the terrace and frighten them. Silly things! What is the matter, Ser, there's two large horns running down your cheeks. Have I hurt your feelings? I'm awful sorry, Ser."

Ser Federigo, softly patting the shining head, said, as he wiped a glistening tear from his eyes, "No, Sonny, it is only that you remind me of a beautiful lady very dear to me but lost forever."

"Tell me about her, Ser, and I will help you," replied the little boy while caressing the falcon.

Ser Federigo took the little boy on his knee and began: "Once upon a time in Florence I was a wealthy young man. I lived in a lovely villa like yours, and with many servants as my command. The future was rosy looking to me, and it seemed as if nature had dealt with me kindly. But, alas, I fell in love with a fair maiden. On her I lavished my wealth and wasted my fortune in banquet and tournament. How I loved her! How I wooed her, but it was all in vain, for my rival had won the jewel of my heart.

Here weeping a tear from his overflowing eyes with his toil-worn hand.

"But, Ser, tell me what she was like so I can find her for you when I get to be a man."

"Oh, she was a very beautiful lady, as tall and stately as yonder poplars. Her dark eyes, how they sparkled! Why should I talk like that? I am happy. I have my little cottage to dwell in; my garden to work in; my trusty falcon to talk to; and her memories to cherish. Come, my boy, tell me of yourself. How's your mother? There is your father?"

"Mother is well, thank you, but Daddy's gone. He's been gone a long time, and he is not coming back again. Mother says that his legs have gone to Heaven, the place where people have wings, like my falcon."

Thus Ser Federigo learned about his lady fair through her son, whom he learned to love.

One day a great shadow fell on the grand villa overlooking Florence. The little boy no longer romped across the terrace, climbed the garden trellises for fruit, or watched the soaring gullies as it chased its prey. He was gradually growing weaker. The anguished mother sat by his bed crying, "Son, what can I do to comfort you? Speak, darling, it's mother."

The little sufferer at first was illot, but at length uttered by his mother's troubled voice, cried "Give me Ser Federigo's falcon for my own."

The mother, astonished, promised him she would sate his restlessness.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. The earth was beautiful in the soft September sunshine which sifted through the trees in

tiny ringlets. Two lovely ladies, clad in cloak and hood, strolled toward Ser Federigo's cottage; the sole Monna Giovanna with tear-stained cheeks and moistened eyes; the other, her trusty, bosomed friend.

"How can I ask such a favor from the hands of my rejected lover, even for my darling's sake?" I thought, I thought for I have given my sacred promise and I cannot fail," cried Monna Giovanna.

"Ser Federigo is a gallant man. He will give it to you willingly, never fear," comforted her friend.

"I know it! I know it! To ask him to command. I have hurt him dreadfully, and now to ask him for his falcon, the only thing which has remained faithful to him, his pride and his joy, it is hard," wept Monna Giovanna.

"There, dear, calm yourself. We are nearing the cottage. Don't worry, everything will be all right."

They found Ser Federigo working among his flowers. The kind man was talking to them as if they were children.

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head and said: "I am Ser Federigo, we come here as friends, hoping to make amends for past unkindnesses. I who never crossed your threshold in laquise days and who refused your banquets, disdained your gifts, have come this morning, a self-invited guest, to breakfast with you beneath your own grape arbor."

He replied with a sweeping gesture, "Signora, this is my poor domain, a remnant of former years. Your gracious visit outweighs all wrongs, all regrets and all unkindness. So, welcome, Monna Giovanna, my guest."

After further compliments, he left his welcome and turned towards his cottage. As he opened the door he yearned for the soft splendor of the long ago to lay at her feet. He searched in every cupboard for food, then called, "Maid, is there no food in the house? I have guests and nothing can be too good for them. Oh that I had ruby glass, silver, gold and the choicest food to place before her."

"Signor did not hunt today," she said, "and there's nothing but cupboard with bread and wieners."

Suddenly, the drowsy falcon shook his little bells and seemed to say, "If there's anything wanting, I'm here."

Ser Federigo shook his head sadly and murmured, "Yes, everything is wanting, gallant falcon." Without another word, he seized the falcon and twisted its neck.

"Alas, alas, dear bird! You have been more than a companion to me, a servant and a friend upon whom a melancholy man lavished his love and care. Your victories are ended for now you are a victim," cried Ser Federigo.

He composed himself with some effort and, as he spread the boards with a snow-white cloth, he ordered: "Maid, bring the best purple grapes, now hot with the autumn sunshine; bring fragrant peaches and juicy bergamots. Gather an armful of those large pink asters to grace the breakfast table. Hurry, girl, hurry."

When all was ready, Monna Giovanna with her friend entered the humble cottage. Ser Federigo's brain felt the well-embalmed of a magic spell. To him the small dark room became a sumptuous banquet hall and the rude chair in which she sat a throne. The food was celestial; the wine took on a new flavor and the poor falcon, fragrant with spices, tasted like a bird of paradise.

The repast was over, they arose and smattered into the garden.

Monna Giovanna spoke: "Ser Federigo, I know for how well from memories of the past how surprised you are to see me here in this familiar manner, although you do not betray it."

"This is the happiest day of my life, Signora. To serve you is the joy of my life," replied Ser Federigo.

"Ser, you have no children of your own," she continued, "and you cannot guess what anguish and what sorrow a mother feels whose child is ill and is pining away with a serious malady."

"But, Signora, I do not understand."

"For this," Monna Giovanna said

in a low voice, "I lay aside all worldly reserve and pride to ask you for the most precious thing you have, your falcon, your sole comfort and delight. Dear, Ser Federigo, if you can find it in your heart, will you give it to my poor, unhappy boy that he might live?"

He listened and with tears of love and pity brimming in his eyes said: "Alas, dear lady! There is nothing more sweet to me than to give when you ask. If I had known this one hour ago, the falcon would be yours. Do to honor to your presence, I hold nothing worthier than to sacrifice what was most dear and precious to me so my gallant falcon died to furnish our meal."

"Oh, Ser Federigo! You sacrificed it for the sake of a woman—for me, who has been so unkind to you," moaned the fair lady.

Monna Giovanna with her friend bade him, who had so generously been their host, farewell, and with weary steps and disconsolate souls turned their course homeward.

Three days later, Ser Federigo was sitting in his garden when he heard the stately well-telling, "Alas," he cried, "her stars are dead, I must go to her."

Three months later the same bell which tolled for the death of Monna Giovanna's son chimed merrily for her wedding. Ser Federigo stood beside his blushing bride with a beaming countenance, as he exclaimed: "All things come round to him who will wait patiently."

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