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Fourth Lenten Service In Wednesday Chapel

(Continued from Page One)

All of his writings deal with better, cheerfulness. In a bright, useful Christian life there is no need to think of death. Artists have often painted the apostle John with a weak, effeminate face which gives the impression that though loving and gentle, he lacked force and courage. In reality he was a very vigorous, hearty man with a hot temper that often had to be checked by Christ. At one time when a town of Samaria refused to receive Jesus and his disciples, John was exceedingly angry and asked the Lord that they might pray that God would send down fire to destroy the infidants. Christ answered that he came not to destroy but to save, John had a hard time overcoming his high-tempered, tempestuous spirit and attaining a gentle, patient, kindly nature, but he overcame these difficulties; he became stronger than if there had been no struggle.

The influence of John commenced on the evening before the Savior was betrayed, when the disciples were gathered for the last time around the table, John laid his head on Christ's bosom, and thus gave the great example of turning to Jesus in times of sorrow and bitter disappointment. The next picture of John is at the foot of the cross so he might be able to talk to Christ closely. Here he received Jesus' instructions to care for Mary as his own mother. He took her to his home and cared for her faithfully for the rest of her life. It is probable that it was at John's home that Mary gave Luke the actual story of the circumstances surrounding the birth of Christ, which is included in his gospel. John's life until after Mary's death was quiet and uneventful. He then moved to Ephesus, where he had thought already old, he had charge of the churches in and around the city. The idea then came to him to write out what he remembered of Christ's life, and his Gospel has come to be the very heart of the Bible. He next wrote several epistles, bright with the glow of an active, Christian life, telling how one should live to be a disciple of Jesus.

When ninety-five years old, he was carried away to the island of Patmos in the Mediterranean Sea. Here he wrote the Book of Revelations, a prose poem, telling of great things and their results, and also of the safety of those who trust in Jesus no matter how distressed they may be. The Book then tells of the "eternal horizons on the other side" where all troubles and pains pass away. The Book of Revelations is a book of trust,

Sophomores To Register For Major Subjects

Must be Selected by Saturday, April the Tenth.

Saturday, April 10, is the day on which Sophomores must select their major subjects. This is a very important matter and it will be well for students to confer with their advisors before leaving for Easter vacation. Each student should secure a slip at the registrar's office and have it signed by the head of the department in which she wishes to major.

Miss Eleanor Wilson Joins Academy Faculty

Miss Eleanor Wilson is a recent addition to the Academy Faculty, taking the place in the modern language department of Mrs. Wenholt, who is now at the University of North Carolina, doing graduate work toward a Ph. D. degree. Miss Wilson is an A. B. graduate of N. C. C. W. She has been teaching for several years, and is now doing advanced work at the University, in order to receive an M. A. degree. She is a valuable addition to the faculty, and Salem is glad to welcome her.

What did you do when the baby fell down the back stairs? I just threw two jelly glasses down so he could watch some real tumblers do it.

and victory.

Bishop Fonthaler related several incidents of the apostle's active church work. On one occasion he became very much interested in a young man who had become a christian, and when he went away, he left the young man in the care of a bishop. When he returned and asked after the young convert, the bishop said that he had become a robber. The apostle, in spite of his old age, went out into the mountains in search of the robber, found him, and at last persuaded him to repent and become a christian. Again, in his extreme old age when he was no longer able to speak or write, he was carried into the sanctuary and seated in the apostolic chair, and here he would tell the congregation: "Little children, love one another." These words were all he had strength to say, but this, he declared, was the Lord's commandment and the most important of all. So influential and beloved and revered was he that the people could not believe that he would really die. After his death they still declared that he was only sleeping. Thus his companionship with Jesus produced the Apostle of life and immortality.

THE IMAGINARY INVALID

By Jerome K. Jerome
Done into verse by
Ruth Marsden

Once I thought my health was failing
Though I was but slightly ailing.

'Twas hay fever—nothing more
And I knew my danger o'er.

But I still did read and wonder
And my health, and—how in thunder!

Was I dying? This despair
Made me then resort to prayer.

'Typhoid fever,—all the rest;
Seemed I had each deadly pest:

Cholera, ague, and the gout;
Only one had been left out.

All I had but housemaid's knee,
Everything from A to Z!

Walking hospital was I
Ere many moments I should die.

I shut my eye, stuck out my tongue,
Examined pulse, and heart and lung.

I found a doctor, my old friend,
And told the tale from start to end.

He made a thorough examination,
But never mentioned operation.

"Beefsteak, exercise, and sleep,
All you need your life to keep.

"And never trouble trouble"
said he
"I'll trouble troubles you and me."

The following verses are taken from imitations of Mother Goose Rhymes:

To take myself a ride,
I tanked it up and started,
My girl propped by my side,
I coaxed it, I cranked it,
I pulled it like a hack

My girl got peeved and left me cold
And now I hold the peachy.

Ellen Peery.

There was a man on our street,
who had a bright new car,
it went as fast as lightning, or
like a shooting star.

He drove it, he rode it, and stepped upon the gas,
And now the car's in the garage,
while he's a corpse, alas!

Ruth Marsden.

There was a little city, its name was Chapel Hill,
And every girl of Salem thought
often of its rill.

'Twas Monday and Tuesday and every single day,
They dreamed of that metropolis
not many miles away.

Margie Diegel.

My daughter went to college
Not very long ago.
I scarcely know my daughter,
For school has changed her so.

Her pink cheeks, her red lips,
Are brighter than of yore.
Her hair is blond and curly now
'Twas brown and straight before.

Eugenia Brown.

Freshman: I'm a little stiff
from don'ting car.

Coach: I know car where you're from. Get busy on that track.

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EXCHANGE

Converse professors, in going over note-books and examinations written the last two weeks, have become enlightened on a variety of subjects. We think their examples are sufficiently conclusive, and grant them the whole prize. Do you agree?

Miss T.: "When was the first organ made?"

K. B.: "In 1600 in Egypt, in the reign of Nero."

Mr. S.: "What is the danger of wood alcohol?"

E. A.: "It gets splinters in one's throat."

Miss B.: "Who dragged-who-ound what city-how-many-times?"

K. B.: "Napoleon dragged Hannibal around Troy ten times."

Mr. T.: "What is the difference between the government of Holland and the United States?"

J. W.: "There is no difference; in America we have congressmen."

Miss S.: "What is Romanticism?"

M. H.: "Romanticism was a revival of the Revolution."

Mr. W.: "Name one of the great leaders of the revival of learning."

Future School Ma'am: "Socrates."

—The Agnostic.

Grocer: Did you take the note to Mrs. Jones?

Boy: Yes, but I don't think she can read.

Grocer: Why?

Boy: Because she asked me twice where my hat was, and it was right on my head the whole time.

Professor: Now this plant belongs to the begonia family.

Visitor: A yes, and you're keeping it for them while they are away.

The young man was just home from college, and wishing to show his little sister what a lot he knew, pointed to a star and said: "Do you see that bright little dot? It's bigger than the whole world."

"No, it isn't," she protested.

"Yes, it is," declared the youth, who beamed with pride at his knowledge.

"They doesn't it keep the rain off?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

Book agent: "Have you a Charles Dickens in your house?"

Lady: "No."

B. A.: "Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

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Lady: "No."
B. A.: "Or a Eugene Field?"

Lady: "No, we ain't, and what's more we don't run no boarding house here, neither, if you're looking for them fellers, you might try the boarding house across the street."

Sargeant: Define the word halt.

Recruit: When the order "halt" is given, you bring the foot that is on the ground to the side of the one that is in the air and remain motionless.

"Ikey, vot is dot book you was readin'?"

"About Chulius Caesar, fader."

"Und vot business vos he in?"

"He was a soldier, and ven he won a great battle he send de message home, 'Venl, vini, vici.'"

"Only three words! Oh, what extravaganse! He could have sent seven more words for de same money."

"No, suh," said Erastus

Rubling from behind the bars of the village lock-up, "ah wouldn't a got into no trouble wif no conseable, sich ob dress."

"What has dress to do with it?" asked the amazed visitor.

"Well, suh, my wimmen folks, de wa'n't satisfied wif eatin' that chicken; dey had to go an' put de feeders on deir hats an' prade dem as circumstantial evidence."