

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE FORSYTE SAGA"

"The Forsyte Saga," published in 1922, is John Galsworthy's greatest production up to the present time. The "Saga" is composed of three fair-sized novels, "The Man of Property," "The Chandlers," and "To Let," and of two interludes, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," and "The Awakening." Each one, separately, is well worth reading, and is a charmingly written piece of fiction whose interest is unabated from beginning to conclusion. Together, the six narratives form a volume, which, though of unusual length, is a source of hours of absorbing reading.

In this novel, as in practically every other one of Galsworthy's, the author is concerned with social problems and with conflicts between the opposing forces of English society. He takes an ordinary middle class family, whose prosperity and individualism have begun in the Victorian period, and carries it through three generations, through the period of the Great War and the reactionary period immediately succeeding the war, up to the march of writing when the ultra-modernism of the younger generation has reached its height. The Forsyte family, with its nine Victorian representatives and with a proportionate increase of descendants in a family of extraordinary numbers. It is a typical, middle-class family, and in it are the conflicting forces, the excessive materialism and worship of property, represented by Soames Forsyte, and the passionate love of beauty and of the finer things of life, represented by Irene and Young Jolyon Forsyte. The picture of the life of this family through a period of about thirty years is a complete picture of the life of an entire British middle class during those thirty years of history. Though the study made by Galsworthy is singularly detailed, it never grows monotonous. There is too much of actual human nature in the characters to cause boredom.

The collection of distinct and striking personalities in this book is remarkable. From Old Jolyon, the oldest of the nine late Victorians, to Jon and Fleur, representative of English youth of the present day, all of the characters form a company of unforgettable people, unforgettable because they are essentially human and vivid in "The Forsyte Saga" is introduced Fleur Forsyte, the charming and fascinating girl of many moods who is the heroine of the two succeeding novels, "The White Monkey," and "The Silver Spoon."

LORD RAINGO.

This interesting sensational novel, somewhat ironical in tone, published last year by Arnold Bennett is "the story of a human, cringing, wise, foolish middle-aged Englishman," who was born a commoner, but who did a peer. The scene is laid in London during the great World War, and the time extends slightly over a month. It concerns a minute study of the personality of Mr. Raingo, and the psychological analysis of his character is very intimately treated by the author; so intimately

that we know every reaction of the great man's mind and body.

The plot deals with the ministry of England during the World War, and Lloyd George appears under an assumed name in the prototype of Andrew Clyth. Mr. Raingo is appointed Minister of Records through the influence of his old friend, the Prime Minister, and is given a place in the peacoge, becoming Lord Raingo. There are very few characters, and only two of any prominence, Lord Raingo and the Prime Minister. However there is a tender and thrilling love theme at the end of the book between Raingo's son and Gwen, the little sister of a woman whom his father has loved, which contrasts with the long illness and death from pneumonia of the popular minister, the description of which occupies almost two-thirds of the book.

The son Gregory, is a fine, artistic bit of peritaurine. He suffers from a peculiar form of hysteria, called "claustrophobia," which he has contracted after being imprisoned in a German camp. Other characters in the story are also exceedingly well-drawn.

In this novel, Arnold Bennett has accomplished a highly difficult feat, that of telling the story from the point of view of one person alone, namely, Lord Raingo. In the telling, he has created a delightfully attractive and lovable character who leaves on the mind of the reader a distinct impression which cannot soon be erased.

—Sarah Dowling.

AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHTS

A dramatic workshop, for the production of a series of original plays, has been organized at Boston University's college of liberal arts, as the major activity of the dramatic club. Originality is the keynote of the workshop's efforts. To encourage amateur playwrights, a contest will be opened to all liberal arts students, with prizes for publication of the winning plays in *The Beacon*, as rewards. Three faculty members will judge the efforts of the dramatic authors.

One-act plays written by undergraduates will be produced by the student dramatic guild at the University of Oregon this year. Four already selected range in subject matter from a story of the primitive cave-man, on down to a story of the up-to-date man and woman, according to *The Evening*. Molnar's "Swan" and O'Neil's "Beyond the Horizon" are also in prospect for undergraduate production.

—New Student.

Quite Hopeless

A young student provoked his teacher very much by excessive use of "have went," instead of have gone.

One day the boy was kept in school after dismissal and was told to write "I have gone" 100 times. When the task was finished, the teacher being out of the room, he wrote a note as follows: "I have finished my work and I have went home."

JOKES

Cookery Notes by Miss May O'Naise

When preparing mayonnaise dressing be sure to turn off the jazz music on the radio. It has a disturbing influence on the mix. Did you hear about the lazy cook who puts popcorn into the pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves? No, don't make jackets for the potatoes; you'll find them on the potatoes, ready made.

The young father groped under the piano for his injured offspring. "The poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" "No," he answered, "fortunately his head hit the soft pedal!"

Teacher of Hygiene: Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat? Little Girl: Because company may walk in any minute. —Judge.

An Irishman and his wife were at the theatre for the first time. The wife noticed the words "Asbestos" printed on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does Asbestos on the curtain mean?" "Be still, Mag, don't show your ignorance. That is Latin for welcome."

Diner: Waiter, I asked you to bring my salad without the dressing. Waiter: Sorry, sir—but we are not permitted to serve lettuce in the nude.

"How near do you think that lightning was, Harry?" "Dunno, but this cigarette wasn't lit a second ago." —London Opinion.

Son: Mother, what is this big animal in the pen next to the giraffe? Mother: The card says it's a horse.

Irritable Lady: "Stop pushing, can't yer?"

Stout Man: "I ain't pushing; I only nudged."

Lost By a Cat's Meow.

What ever became of that portable garage of yours? Oh, I tied the bulldog to it the other night and a cat ran by him.

For White Walls.

Cop: Hey, where are you going? Don't you know this is a one-way street? Aye: (in new car) Well, I'm going your way, ain't I?

Not Too Fast.

The boss was dictating to the new pretty and sophisticated stenographer. Suddenly he stopped.

"Am I too fast for you?" he asked anxiously.

She considered him and then she replied: "Oh, no, indeed, but you're a trifle old."

Give It a Trial.

Billy: My son gets a quarter a week for pocket money.

John: That's a good deal for a child of his age.

Bill: Yes, but he puts into the gas meter. He thinks it's a saving bank.

Horseshoe Finish.

Peaches: "I'd like to try on that rose dress in the window." Salesman: "Sorry, Miss. That's the lamp shade."

Plain Sneeze.

Colored Gal: What yo' all doing, sneezin', Honey? Boy Friend: Naw, sneezin' sneeze! What yo' think mah nose is, a bee hive?

Not These Days

A judge not having enough evidence to convict a negro of stealing a watch, said, "Rastus, you are acquitted."

Rastus: "Ah's what?" Judge: "You are acquitted."

Rastus: "Does dat mean dat ah have tuh give de watch back?"

A Scotchman had been told by his doctor that he had a floating kidney. He was much disturbed by the diagnosis and went to the minister of his church with a request for the prayers of the congregation.

"I don't know," said the minister, dubiously, "I'm afraid that at the mention of a floating kidney the congregation would laugh."

"I don't see why they should," said the sufferer. "It was only last Sabbath you prayed for loose liver."

Angry Father: "Well, young lady, explain yourself. Where have you been all night?" Flapper Daughter: "Oh, Daddy dear, I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mamma you sat up with."

Doctor: "Ebenzer, I can think of but one thing that will cure you, and that is an electric bath." Ebenzer: "No suh, doctah, yo' ain't talkin' to dis here nigger. Ah had a frien' what took one of dem things down in Sing Sing, an' it drowned him—no suh, not me!"

Little Girl Next Door: "Say, Jimmy, what's the new baby at your house, a girl or boy?" Jimmy (disgustedly): "Aw, it's a girl. I saw 'em putting powder on it."

Fairy Story: Once upon a time a recent issue of a modern magazine was found in a dentist's waiting room.

The girl who was hurried through the windshield clapped her hands joyously when she regained consciousness and exclaimed, "Hurrah, now I know how Alice felt when she went through the looking glass." —Mugwump.

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