

ALUMNI UNIVERSITY

An alumni university for graduates of the University of Michigan is being considered as a means of directing the reading and study of former students. The plea for assistance came from about 15,000 alumni and the suggestion for a graduates' university was President C. C. Little's. The former students indicated that they still are interested in furthering their education, and wish cultural aid. One woman wrote:

"I can go to a department store in Chicago and get counsel on my wardrobe; I can write to my bank and get advice about investments; but I cannot obtain advice from any central place about my intellectual problems. Some of the alumni do enjoy exercising their brains, strange as it may seem."

FOR PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Bennington College, a new liberal arts institution for women, will be opened in the fall of 1929. Dr. Robert Devore Leigh, professor of government at Williams College, has been named president of the new school which will stress "modern standards of progressive education."

It is situated in Bennington, Vt., and draws its funds from private endowment, although it eventually is expected to support itself by tuition. Mrs. Hall Park McCullough, president of the Board of Trustees, has described the establishment of Bennington College as based on a desire to develop the girls' special aptitudes rather than mold them in an educational pattern. "In the selection of the students," she said, "marked ability, either special or general, will be of first importance."

We will not be interested in the student who is able merely to meet standard minimum requirements. Special excellence in one field alone may qualify a girl, but passing mediocrity in all fields will not."

Panacea For Revolution

A Central American university that will emphasize non political education is being urged by several American educators, who are convinced that only by educational reform can political jealousies be removed from the Latin-American scene. The movement was given new impetus by four American Quakers who recently attempted, unsuccessfully, to visit General Sando, and reconcile him and the American marines.

As reported in the *Christian Science Monitor*, "their contention is that Nicaragua will always be overrun by revolutions, always intermittently occupied by marines unless by educational reforms the people are weaned from political jealousies."

"They report that when the Conservatives come into power all Liberal school teachers are discharged and the children are taught arithmetic, spelling, and hatred of the Liberal Party and when the Liberals come into power the children are taught arithmetic, spelling and hatred of the Conservative Party."

President Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Stanford University, is reported interested in working out plans for such a Pan-American university, backed by the United States and Central American governments. He discussed its possibilities with delegates at the Havana congress, which he attended as one of the American delegation.

JOKES

"How's collections at your church, Brudder Jackson?" "Well, we ain't neber had to stop in de middle of a collection to go and empty the plate."

Englishman (in a restaurant, after waiting half an hour for the first course of his meal): "I say, waiter, old chap, drop me a post card from time to time and let me know how you are getting along."

Encouraging

A young London girl who was holidaying in the country became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening, as they were strolling in the fields they happened upon a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted bovine fashion.

"Ah," said the young man, "that sight makes me want to do the same."

"Well, go ahead," said the girl, encouragingly. "It's your cow."

Right!

Native—No sir, there's no pesky reactors in this town.

Stranger—Fine! Then this is the place for me!

Native—And what might your business be?

Stranger—I'm a reactor.

Sad Plight.

Mrs. Flanagan—Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?

Mrs. Murphy—No, he was half-way under a train.

A Sufficient Reason.

"What gave you such an awful case of dyspepsia?" demanded the wife.

"Reading the menu in a sandwich shop," sighed the middle-aged man.

Freshie—"I wonder why we have a chaperon everywhere we go?"

Freshie—"Oh, it's just a tradition, I guess."

First: "Everyone seemed to agree with the remarks you made in your speech this morning."

Second: "Yes, I noticed that they were all nodding."

Clever: "If the Statue of Liberty fell into the Atlantic Ocean, how would they pick it up?"

Dumb: "I don't know; how?"

Clever: "All wet, of course."

Critic: "You have a lot of bum jokes in this issue."

Joke Editor: "Oh, I don't know; I put a lot of them in the stove and the fire just roared."

Humpty: "A little bird told me you were going to buy me a diamond for Christmas."

Abe: "It must have been a little cuckoo."

Jane: "Do you have Prince Albert in a can?"

Service: "Yes, madam, we do."

Jane: "Let him out."

She: "All my ancestors were blondes."

He: "Then you came from preferred stock."

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"I hear that your friend Pablo is permanently located at last."

"Did he get a job?"

"No, he did."

—Carolina Buccaneri.

Visitor: "Do you know if any big names have ever been born in this city?"

Native: "No, sir; just little babies."

Considerate.

The dear old lady was late at church, and entered as the congregation was rising to sing.

"Dear me," she said with a smile. "Don't get up on my account!"

Binbo—What's them carbonate marriages I heard the preacher tellin' 'bout over the radio?

Bozo—Hm, don't you all know? Them's them marriages that all fizzles out.

Contemporary Literature. Publisher—Have you finished the book which tears down the reputation of George Washington?

Pen Pusher—Yeah, I finished it on one making a hero out of Jesse James.

Bride (at telephone)—"Oh, John, do come home at once, I've mixed the plugs up some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric refrigerator is singing 'Way Out West in Kansas'."

He: "Thinking of me, dear?" She: "Was I laughing? I'm so sorry."

Professor: "What color is best for a bride?" Student: "I would prefer a white one."

Yesterday: Mother's little pet. Today: Mother's little petter.

Revised.

The following is a preciously preserved extract from a love letter written home to his wife by a soldier in active service:

"Don't send me no more nagging letters, Lettie. They don't do no good. I'm three thousand miles away from home, and I want to enjoy this war in peace."

New Title

Reporter—Are you Mr. Spudde, the potato king?

Magnate—Yes, but I dislike the term. Oil kings and silver kings and so on are so common. Call me the potatoenate.

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Alarming.

A Scotsman rang up a doctor in a state of great agitation, usually "Come at once," he said, "my wee bairn has swallowed a spaxence."

"How old is it?" asked the doctor. "1894."

Two wealthy New Yorkers having taken up a winter residence in Florida to escape the city's cold, met one day on the beach.

"Is your wife entertaining this winter?" asked the first. "Not very," was the reply.

Reveille

Adolphus Annum (Clerk, who was always late at the office, usually managed to smooth over the boss in a most extraordinary manner, which was the admiration and envy of his fellow workers. One morning Adolphus arrived at ten minutes past 11, and explained to the stern boss: "I'm sorry, sir, but my wife presented me with a son last night."

"Hm, did she?" said the boss. "It's a pity she didn't present you with an alarm clock."

"I've an idea she has done so, sir," was the retort.

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