

Laments and Ailments

The casualty list at Salem is really getting to be appalling. We think something ought to be done about it but we have no suggestion. (Dear reader, you never can imagine what a bulwark of protection that editorial "we" is. We like it.) Well, we wish to give honorable mention to some of the worst cases, feeling that this publicity will be so consoling to them in their illness that it will prove a veritable tonic.

Lucie Martin (Currie is confined to the Infirmary. We couldn't find out why, but we went to tea with her to Miss Minnie Smith's last week and we bet we could guess just lots. We do hope it isn't a case of assault and battery but we did hear one senior threaten all sorts of fine punishments because Miss Currie had ventured out into certain lines of photography.

Dot Hagen seems to be training a bull-frog choir in her throat this week; but what can one expect from a zoologist?

Margaret Vick is out of school frankly searching for her voice with this week. Personally, we don't think that she'll find it by being in bed; but who are we to criticize?

Mary Neal Wilkins found her voice this week. We didn't ever find out who had it, but we're sure it was given hard treatment because it's all gray yet—maybe she picked up a pair of adrenals with it this time.

Athena Campourakis is incessantly complaining of bunions. Buny Martin's trouble is due to hot dogs and onions. (Honest, we just can't get away from a poetic style.) But, to get back to Athena's bunions—we think somebody ought to organize a posse to get out and find that car sprouting corn till spring. Frost would kill it.

Mildred Fleuning really isn't trying to start a yellow finger-nail fad; it's just sulphuric acid. (We think that's right. We don't study chemistry.)

There is a surprising lack of bolts with their cute little gauze patch work. "Member how adorable Lil Andrews looked with her throat dressed up. Even our editor once thus admired her intellectual brow.

Ruth Carter has almost lost the use of her left hand. This ought to prove that one ought not to take sign-ledge, so seriously. Ruth did punch and jabbed at her hand to find the "spots" until it suffered a sort of paralysis. Now, we know all about the subject—just consult our record, take our word for it—and we didn't do all that punching. But then we don't have polka-dotted hands.

It's an ill-wind that blows nothing good. Everything smells so sanitary and disinfected at Gonch's since Pat's been carrying a pint of Apinol or Absorbine or *quae zantousus* on his cut finger.

Too had everybody doesn't have as invulnerable health as the Junior Basketball team. We know that a certain Junior of very minute stature (elegant phrase, ain't it?) shivered on the scrub bench all the afternoon hoping Lillie Taylor would break a finger-nail and be put out.

Aside from these society persons, sleeping-sickness of the class-room genus is the only other prevalent malady. But we understand that it's like growing pains and wisdom teeth and must be patiently endured while in college.

Let us then be down and snoring, With a hand before your face, Keep on dreaming, class is boring. (Get some sleep in any case.

Doctor: "My dear, you have a nice new brother."

Little Girl: "I'm glad it's a boy 'cause Daddy was getting sort of satisfied with just mother and me around."

Little Jimmie, while standing in a trolley car, kept sniffing and rubbing his nose. A lady standing near asked him: "Have you got a handkerchief, boy?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but ain't gonna lend it to no stranger."

FERTILE FIELD OPEN TO STUDENTS OF SOCIOLOGY

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Howery Mill and others. Banking has been presented to the classes through visits to the city banking firms, the newspaper business through study of the actual publication of the city papers, while different phases of banking, insurance, Building & Loan, and other commercial subjects have been presented through talks from time to time by local citizens having expert information and wide experience in these matters.

As in the field of economics, so in sociology, students at Salem College have exceptional opportunities as Winston-Salem and Forsyth County have both taken a very advanced position in public welfare work. Facilities here for study in these lines are comparable to those offered in much larger centers. The advantages of the situation may be realized from the fact that in some institutions in the state, trips of considerable length must be made for field work on this type.

Salem College students in sociology are not only made acquainted with the work of the various social agencies, but, through the cordial and generous co-operation of the City Health Department, the County Health Department, the Associated Charities, and the County Welfare Department, are permitted to engage in actual work in the line of social welfare, of getting valuable first hand information and experience. In addition to this interesting tasks are made to the classes by doctors, nurses, and other experts in welfare work. Visits are also made to the Children's Home, the Juvenile Relief Home, day nurseries, both white and colored, the County Home, and other similar institutions.

The enlarging field of opportunity for women in business at the present time makes particularly desirable and profitable the knowledge gained through a study of economics and the application of its principles to the problems of everyday life. The work done in sociology tends to provide fitting preparation for effective community service on the part of the student after her college career is ended—a very necessary preparation because of the constantly increasing emphasis being placed on social service work as a vital factor of community life.

The Perfect Freshman

Blessed is the freshman who occupies the foremost place in all organizations, who demandeth not a seat on the front row in every class, and who contenteth himself with a position slightly less honorable than that of a senior. Truly, he is a marvel among the hordes of freshmen that infest the earth.

Such a freshman is the perfection of etiquette in the halls of the diuers. He pateth not his elbows on the table nor his fingers in the soup. He placeth not his feet upon those of the suffering one at the opposite side of the table. Yea, so wondrously courteous is he that he even scatcheth the lady at his left before he scatcheth himself.

In the crowded rooms of those be-ghighted souls who seek wisdom at the feet of the learned, the perfect freshman demandeth not the front seat, but answereth questions never intended to be answered, nor plougheth the professor with irrelevant and unimportant interrogations, until—lo, the professor becometh ill with disgust and mute with anguish. He taketh not volumes of notes and spendeth not hours later in copying them. So meek is he that at rare times he even admitteth that the professor knows more than he on that phase of the subject.

On the campus his light is not hid. He russeth not unseemly through the door while ladies and seniors wait for a passage. He giveth up the tennis courts to their rightful owners when it is time without complaint. He doth not utter every sentence with—"I know—but in my high school—" He findeth some good in every professor—even tho' it be but infinitesimal—and generously admitteth the finding.

He goeth out for athletics and apprecieth the warm welcome of the old man. Yea, the perfect freshman strolteth the long stairs and is thankful that he is at H. T. C. and is a freshman.

Who shall find such a freshman; for verily he is scarcer than Sophomore good deeds and the wings thereof. Yea, even tho' thou takest the light of non-criticism and searchest diligently, or scizest the broom of strong hopes and sweep energetically, or lighteth the dark corners, yet—caveh in your neighbor to help, yet—caveh—is thy task almost hopeless.

Who shall find the paragon, for his price is above that of a senior. He riseth while yet it is dark to study his geometry theorems. His face streameth with the sweat of effort. His work receiveth the approval of the lynx-eyed professor. Sock for him without ceasing, for in him the heart of this school shall safely trust, saying: "Many children have I had, but thou art the most unusual, and in thee do I find the most joy." And his schoolmates shall rise up and call him blessed.

—Exchange.

GEORGIA TECH LEADS CONFERENCE RACE

(Continued From Page One)

recently lost a close battle to Tennessee, bettered its standing by taking Kentucky into camp.

V. P. I. is in line with three victories over Maryland, North Carolina, and Virginia and stands a good chance of annexing the State Big Four title even if the Conference championship is too much for the Gobblers. V. M. I. was given a job by Clemson at Lynchburg while Washington and Lee played Princeton in an out-of-Conference game which the Tigers had little trouble in winning.

Further South, Louisiana State kept its slate untarnished with a 19-6 sweep at Mississippi's expense. Sewanee, Mississippi A. & M., Maryland, North Carolina State, and Auburn are still minus a Conference victory although the Old Line dis-played their wares by conquering a powerful Yale team 6 to 0 at New Haven.

The Southern Conference standings to date, follow:

	W	L	T
Georgia Tech	4	0	0
Tennessee	4	0	0
Florida	4	0	0
Alabama	4	1	0
Clemson	4	1	0
Vanderbilt	3	1	0
V. P. I.	3	0	0
Louisiana State	2	0	0
Georgia	2	1	0
South Carolina	2	1	0
North Carolina	2	2	1
Mississippi	2	3	0
Tulane	2	3	0
Kentucky	1	2	0
V. M. I.	1	2	1
Washington and Lee	1	3	0
Virginia	1	4	0
Maryland	0	3	1
Sewanee	0	3	0
Miss. A. & M.	0	3	0
North Carolina State	0	4	0
Auburn	0	5	0

JOKES

Miss Holland: If the head of an Indian tribe is called a chief, what would his wife's title be?

Betty Burbage: "Mischief."

Servant: "The doctor is here, sir." Absent-minded Man: "I can't see him. Tell him I'm sick."

Sandy: "Do you know the difference between a taxicab and a street car?"

She: "No, I don't."

Sandy: "Well then we'll take the street car."

"Before we were married, Henry," said the young wife reproachfully, "you always gave me the most beautiful Christmas presents. Do you remember?"

"Sure," said Henry cheerfully, "but, my dear, did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish after he had caught it?"

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With

LOIS MORAN and LAWRENCE GRAY

COMING: Marion Davies in "Her Cardboard Lover"

Luncheonette-Home Made Cakes

POLITES