

BOOK REVIEW

THE CHASTE DIANA
By E. Barrington.

This has been called a historic novel and yet its history is not the sort that is included in history text. It is not a recounting of certain figure-heads who happen to hold important offices or of dry political facts, but a revelation of the real people who make history. Women in court life have always been recognized to hold sway over "the important" and Mrs. Barrington has endeavored in her interesting novel to portray some of these charming and powerful women. Her history is social rather than political, centering the action about the theatre and the unusual figure of Diana Beswick, she has introduced Lord Baltimore, famed as a heartless rake; the Duke of Bolton, the efficient Duchess of Gloucester and even the King and Queen—who also have intimate affairs. Class distinction forms the theme and the satisfactory, conventionally happy ending is as improbable as the unique character of Diana herself. Like other authors, Mrs. Barrington feels justified in modifying her historical character material to fit her romantic needs. She reminds one, in respect to her handling of questionable material, of John Erskine. However she is much more modified and writes her "Private Lives" in a very womanly fashion.

DELIRIUM

- A. Author: Guess Who?
- B. Nationality: Bulgarian.
- C. Date of Writing: January, 1929.
- D. Title: Night Is Blackest Before the Dawn.
- E. Main Thought: "Where, oh where has my little dog gone?"

The author is filled with great fear and trembling, when it suddenly occurs to her—horrible thought—that perhaps her pet puppy has been seized upon by Sinterg Stylas, the merciless monster of Foreman Forest. No soon has Mme. Who wondered aloud in this pathetic manner as to the whereabouts of her wandering paramour, than she hears violent voice of Syllabus—as the creature whirs and whiffles among the fungi trees, flapping its purple wings in an evil manner. She, with appropriately fenshish glee, "I have squashed the neurons of thy paramourium to feed my Cerebellum!"

This was too much. She never had liked asy anough; so with a loud laugh she sped away in a cloud of dust—just to be conventional. It was Emerson, though, who made her repent, when he dashed up to her with a red nose and beseeching eyes and screamed: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, etc., etc." Immediately realizing her mistake, she thumped the dust off her sleeve, climbed on her little velocipede, and peddled calmly into the forest.

But presently she slammed on brakes. "Oh," wailed Mme. Who, "what a blind fool I've been. He polluted; yea, fight!" So saying, she dismounted from her tricycle in disgust (and a red flame under skin) and flinging the vehicle into the Nile, weeping bitterly—like the crocodile who ate it.

As she gazed pensively at the waters of the Nile she saw mistily through her tears, a gorgeous golden boat, with crimson silken sails, and Cleopatra reclining on deck, smoking a Camel. "Lucky girl!" sighed Mme. Who, cynically. "No, it's a Camel," thundered Disraci (alighting from his hydroplane in all manner of haste) "And I must stop that wicked woman on behalf of the English Reform Bill of 1833!"

There was something pathetic about that, and Mme. would have wept again, but Jaques gave her a stick of Bechnut and tried to console her, saying: "Life is a tale told by an idiot, Full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing."

F. An opinion of the author:

"Nihil desperandum est; nevertheless, this hectic period of preparation is maddening."

SAL TO EM

Dearest Em:

I've just been sitting here wondering why the more you dig for knowledge, the less you find you know. Don't you think that that's enough To make one's spirits low? I wish around exam time The skies would blaze with blue, And wouldn't he be so cold an' grey. They make you feel like something useless

All the dreary live-long day. But then I get to thinking Perhaps it's not so bad— Exams don't come but twice a year And sunshine can't forever hide. There's always reason for a smile, And work comes easier with a smile Than with a dreary, useless feeling All day long.

Now that I feel better Perhaps you'd like to know Just what has been going on Since last I bored you so. But I hardly know what to write you,

So little has there been— Yet, I wonder if you this happened, Oh, I can't remember when— But they tell it on "Our President," He went out the other night. (No, I don't think it was to sing) And later on the telephone in A. C. B. began to ring.

It was answered by one of the waiting group—

In number about ten— And a voice said quite worriedly: "This is Lillian Newell. Please talk to me When Seniors have to be in." Well, the little girl on this end of the wire,

A Freshman happened to be, And a few hours later she was brought to, By a good, strong drink of—tea. Of course, it all turned out quite well—

Being something we could over-look For we soon found out in the flurry of things, Lillian had forgotten her little yellow book.

Now, I'm sorry as the mischief, But this has got to cease. May you, like all good children should, Sleep sweetly and in peace. Lovingly, —SAL.

Odd Trunks Sealed In Statue of Buddha

A bronze statue of a seated Buddha at the Newark museum was found to have a round place in the bottom, evidently for the purpose of reaching the interior. This cover was removed recently, revealing a great collection of small articles which had been sealed up in the statue, centuries ago. Each trunk, according to Albert E. Andre, orientalist on the museum staff, represented a real sacrifice on the part of some native of the interior of Tibet.

Articles found in the figure included a heavy, well-worn jade ring of a size fit a feminine finger, a wooden comb, a wooden bowl, ivory chop sticks and knife with scabbard, a tower carved from wood about 14 inches high, several pieces of homespun cloth of various colors, silk and cotton scarves, various manuscripts written on parchments and wrapped in silk, a silver image of a seated Buddha, tiles, beads, a piece of rock salt, beads made of human bone colored red and strips of copper, tin-foil, silver and gold.

Mr. Andre said the statue had come to the museum about ten years ago. According to the records, it was in the loot taken from the temple of Taando in Tibet when Chinese soldiers sacked the temple in 1916. The exact age of the statue has not been determined.

Lives of great men all remind us, As their pages o'er we turn. That we're apt to leave behind us, Letters that we ought to burn.

JOKES

PNEUMONIA

(Tune—Ramona)

Pneumonia, when winter comes you cast a pall, Pneumonia, you overwork the funeral hall. I'll catch you Die of you, Be planted in the ground below. And then be forgotten While in the land that knows no snow. Pneumonia, I see a funeral passing by; Pneumonia, I know you caused that one to die. I dread the dawn When friends will wake to find me gone. Pneumonia, you'll take me, I know.

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" "Shine them."—Log. "When Cupid hits the mark, he usually Mrs. it."—Punch Bond.

"Pardon me, sir. Are you holding that chair?" "Oh, my, no! It's staying here of its own accord."—Purple Coc.

"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?" "Do you think there'd be room for both of us?"—Purple Coc.

"Alfred admires everything about me—my voice, my eyes, my figure, my hair." "And what do you admire most about him?" "His good taste."—Texas Ranger.

Absent-minded Professor (after kissing wife and daughter good morning): "Well, girls, what's the lesson for today?"—Purple Parrot.

Did you hear about the Scotchman who walked all over town trying to find a cheap postoffice?

"Why are you late?" "I started late." "Why didn't you start early?" "It was too late to start early."

"You say he is a diamond cutter?" "Yes." "How long has he been in the jewelry business?" "Oh, no, not that—he cuts the grass at the baseball field."

Heroine, (frantically): "Is there no succor?" "Voice from the uncomfortable seats: "Sure, I paid two bucks to see this show."—Punch Bond.

Teacher: "Early to bed and early to rise—who said that?" Johnny: "Musta been Willie—I saw him talking."

The honeymoon is that part of a girl's life that comes between the lipstick and the broomstick.

Junior: I suppose after you get your B. S. you'll be looking for an M. S. Senior: No, indeed. I'll be looking for a J. O. B.

Visitor: Has your brother come home from college yet? Little boy: I guess so, or else the car's been stolen.

What Became of That?

Elizabeth was a spoiled girl, and when she married the celebrated city cotton magnate all her friends decided that it was just a means of satisfying her extravagance. They had not been married very long before the husband found that Elizabeth was spending a great deal more money than he allowed her. "Do you know, Betty," he said one day, "your dressmakers' bills eat up nearly three-quarters of my income?" "Really? Do they?" replied his extravagant wife. "And what do you do with the rest of your money, Monty?"

"You married me for my money." "Well, I've earned it."

Matchless Fire

When Jim Bachelor, now a member of the L. A. Y., joined the Boy Scouts, he came home and asked his father to lend him his cigar lighter. Father gazed at his young son in wide-eyed amazement. Did the Scouts welcome their tenderfoot with a smoker? He opened his mouth to start the well known and popular lecture but Jim saw it coming and beat him to it.

"You see, dad, you have to make a fire without matches, so I thought your cigar lighter would be handy. That is, if it still works."

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