



LOYALTY

Just how much does the word loyalty mean to us? Webster gives fidelity, faithfulness, constancy and devotion as synonyms for the word—but doesn't loyalty have even a deeper meaning than this for us?

There are four main types of loyalty: Loyalty to parents, loyalty to friends, loyalty to self, and loyalty to God.

Loyalty to parents may be dated as far back as the Ten Commandments given to Moses, for the fifth commandment is: "Honor thy father and thy mother; that may be the first and longest upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." At times it seems very difficult to live up to the ideals that our parents set for us, and sometimes we even feel inclined to think that they expect too much of us. But let us stop and think how much they have done for us, how they strive for our happiness and pleasure. How much do we do for them in return? Are we going to be ungrateful and dishonour them as they have done to them through sincerity and fidelity that we are worthy of their faith in us?

A true friend is to be treasure above all else in the world. A friend has been described as one who knows our faults but loves us still. In a real friend we find someone to whom we may carry all of our troubles—who will be understanding and sympathetic and who will give us an honest and frank opinion on any subject; one whom we may trust and in whom we have implicit faith. Is not this person worthy of our loyalty? Often we are tempted to be disloyal to a friend through some selfish motive of our own. Should we through selfishness sacrifice a worthy friend? Let us be careful lest hypocrisy enters into this so-called friendship. We must differentiate between pretense of friendship. Let us weigh our words and be sure that everything that we say to our friends is perfectly sincere. Are we loyal to ourselves? Do we try to live up to our own ideals and to judge our actions by our own sense of right and wrong? Are we prone to forget, to quarrel, and follow the crowd? Our real strength depends upon our loyalty to ourselves and our ability to resist the many temptations that each day bring forth.

Last and greatest is our loyalty to God. For after all that should be the aspiration of every one; for if we attain this we may live a free and creative life obtained through a growing knowledge of God. Christ died to prove His loyalty to the Heavenly Father who sent him, and in order that we might be saved. If the Beloved Son of our Heavenly Father could give His life for us, what are we willing to give, and what should we give to our Master. We have discussed loyalty to parents. Is not God our Father? We have discussed, also, loyalty to friends. Should we not consider Him the greatest of all friends? We have discussed loyalty to ourselves. If we are loyal to ourselves, we, of necessity, must be loyal to our Maker.

A PSALM OF LIFE

The Lord is my Father;
I shall not perish.
He maketh me live in the sense of His presence,
He leadeth me in the way of life unending.
His love abideth forever.
He teacheth my heart to love others.
And His lessons are not for the day, but for the forever.
He hath hidden me to be perfect.
Therefore hath he set eternity in my heart.
He hath called me to work in His kingdom.
His kingdom that hath no end.
Yes, when I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil.
For he will be with me; his love and his strength will preserve me;
His arms everlasting sustain me.

My Father's home is before me,
And joy that faileth never.
Surely I shall live and work with those I love in the house of many mansions,
And I shall be safe in the heart of my God forever.
—The Girls' Every Day Book.

RUTH RANKIN HEARD
IN PHILLIANT RECITAL

(Continued From Page One)

ning of the piece the clock strikes twelve and the spirits begin to tune their fiddles which are often very harsh in tone. The wind is heard whistling through the trees. As the night goes on, the dance grows wilder and wilder. As dawn approaches the spirits grow more calm. The last warning of the arrival of the dawn is the crowing of the cock with the spirits hurrying away. There are a few, however, who linger too long. The last sound heard is the footsteps of those few lingering ones who are trying to escape. By the pianist's delightful interpretation of this piece, the audience was able to follow clearly the midnight revelry of the spirits on Halloween. Two numbers were rendered during the program the last of which was Liszt's *La Campanella*.

Miss Rankin was assisted by the *Thursley Morning Muse Club* who sang under the direction of Dean Charles G. Vardell, *Indian Mountain Song* by Cadman and *The Last Song* by Rogers. Both of these numbers were sung with great expression and with lovely nuances in tone and rhythm. The Music Club was accompanied by Miss Frances Jarrett at the piano.

UNDERGRADUATE HUMOR

College Humor has lost its reprint rights over the Midwest college comes, by action of the Midwest College Humor Association. The undergraduate humorists decided at their recent convention that this action would have to be taken because *College Humor* represents the college life to the public by over-emphasizing Prohibition and sex jokes. Another reason was that the magazine represented to the national advertisers that it had a large circulation among college students, thus reducing the amount of advertising given to college magazines. Last year the western college comes took the same action, basing it on the first of two reasons.

Skeptical persons will sent a bit of hypocrisy on the part of the student comes in the second named reason for their action since the comes themselves are not averse to printing a large number of liquor and sex jokes of extremely innuendo character. *The Columns*, a literary magazine at Cornell, has analyzed *The Cornell Widows*, a typical come, and these are the statistics for its first three issues this year:

First Second Third	Issue Issue Issue
Puns and double meanings of phrases	23 32 40
Neckings, legs, lingerie	15 18 18
Liquor	4 4 4
Local	19 8 12
Incomprehensible	2 5 11
Nonsense	3 5 3
Miscellaneous	7 11

The Columns's comment upon this magazine might well apply to many other comes:

"... The *Widow* is not above an indecent joke, especially if it can be neatly placed among the exchanges and advertising pages. But *The Widow* has neither the spirit to capture a Rabelaisian vitality, nor to produce with the rough humor of Russian comedy, nor the subtlety to turn a black joke until it shows a silver lining. At its sad best, *The Widow* produces a series of vulgar puns in its football issue—the 'How dare you, Sir, sort—which might cause a freshman to hesitate before sending his copy home.'

Nigger 1 (in jail)—'Where you all gone, running so fast?'
Niggers 2 and 3 (outside)—'We all, we've to be hanging.'
Nigger 1—'Well, you all needn't be in such a hurry. There won't be anything doin' till I get there.'
—Fanthor.

FOLKLORE LEGENDS MANY HAVE BELIEVED

Curious old customs, legends and superstitions of William and Mary, British isles were recalled at a congress of the British Folklore Society. For example, one speaker told the congress that there still is a belief in the Isle of Man that the cats of the island have a king of their own. During the day the "king" lives the life of an ordinary house cat. At night he assumes royal attributes and travels about in regal state. It is dangerous for a householder with whom he lives to treat the "king cat" unkindly. Cats are further believed to be on intimate terms with fairies and other invisible inhabitants of the world of mystery. The cat is the only member of the household allowed to remain in the kitchen when the fairies enter to warm themselves after the human residents have gone to bed. Again, large black dogs with flaming eyes are supposed to roam the island at night. The best way to pursue a witch is to chase her with a greyhound having not a single black hair. An old Manx law is to the effect that any Manxman might take a Scotsman provided that the Manxman must go to Scotland and bring back two goats to keep the nation's ghost away.—Pier Van Passen, in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

FIFTY-FIFTY BETWEEN THIEF AND FINANCIER

A. E. Pitkin, New York financier, told a story at a dinner in New York of his purchase of \$240,000 of a seat on the stock exchange.

"The improvement in financial morals is almost unbelievable," Mr. Pitkin said. "I'll tell you a story that Tom Lawson used to tell about the days of frenzied finance."

"Once upon a time a bank robber was captured in the midst of his delicate work by the sound of approaching footsteps."

"The bank robber put down his avaricious drill softly. He pressed his gloved hand—gloved to obviate fingerprints—to his thumping heart. Then the door opened, and a beautiful old gentleman with white side whiskers, wearing a long black frock coat, appeared."

"Who are you, sir," said the old gentleman sternly.

"I'm Buster Bill, the safe cracker," was the fierce reply, "and if you want to be bored full of holes like a Swiss cheese—"

"But the old gentleman gave a cry of joy. He advanced with outstretched hand."

"Oh, sir," he said, "I am the president of this institution, and I was afraid you were in an examiner's inspector or something. But you are only Buster Bill, a mere burglar, eh? Oh, thank heaven for that! I'm sure you and I between us will be able to come to an arrangement which will be more than satisfactory to our depositors."

"The two men shook hands cordially. Then they went at the safe together."

COLLEGE ENROLLMENTS SLUMP

A slump in enrollments at last. The per cent of gain in number of students attending college is lower this year than it has been for a long time. *The Boston Transcript* finds in its annual survey of college enrollments.

It may be that we have reached the apex of this long upward climb in enrollments, beginning in 1890 with a total of 120,000 students in all colleges and reaching 850,000 in 1929.

The reasons for this slump are several. Dean Raymond Walters in *School and Society* gives these possible reasons: agricultural and industrial conditions; the development of junior colleges and deliberate limitation of enrollment.

It will be necessary to await the figures for the next half dozen years to determine whether we have reached a permanent level.

Policeman (to motorist blocking traffic): 'What's the matter with you? Motorist: 'I'm quite well, thank you, but my engine is dead.'

"FLAT HAT" MAKES BOLD EXPERIMENT

The "Flat Hat," the weekly paper of the college of William and Mary, last week made an experiment which was almost unique in collegiate journalistic circles. And for that matter it was unique in journalistic circles in the world outside the college.

Immediately after the announcement that a state investigation would be made into drinking conditions at colleges in this state, the *Flat Hat* conceived the idea of sending a reporter, or more properly, a spy, to the University of Virginia for the purpose of finding out just how much Dr. Hepburn was justified in making the charges that he did. The reporter was sent, and, returning to William and Mary several days later, made his report.

According to him, the University is as free from the curse of drinking among its students as one could expect a school to be. The students there apply themselves to their work, and bridge and poker games are cut to a minimum. The reporter stated that he was received as a visitor and that while being shown all existing conditions at the University he became thoroughly convinced that Dr. Hepburn's charges were exaggerated.

This stroke of journalism received the editorial comment of quite a few newspapers in the state which were naturally surprised at the boldness of the affair. They could imagine an investigation of conditions by a college newspaper within its own school, but an investigation by a paper into conditions existing in another school was something that they could not quite grasp.—*The Cadet*.

TWAIN WENT OUT WITH COMET, AS HE WISHED

While delivering a lecture on astronomy a year before his death, Samuel Clemens said:

"I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet. The Almighty said no doubt: 'Now, here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together; they must go out together. Oh! I am looking forward to that!'"

We know now that Mark Twain was not to be disappointed. Wednesday night, April 20, 1910, Halley's comet, the mysterious messenger of his birth year, shone clearly in the sky in its perihelion. And during the following evening Mark Twain died.

SCIENCE CLUB HOLDS INTERESTING MEETING

(Continued From Page One)

line and carbon monoxide. It requires sunlight before it will mix. It affects the heart. Chloropicrin, a compound of chlorine and picric acid, produces nausea, it causes the men to take off their masks, on doing this they fall victims to poisonous gases that had been sent over simultaneously. Mustard gas is a compound of chlorine, alcohol, and sulphur, it lingers about the ground for days and will get into the smallest and deepest of places. It causes blisters on the skin and often produces pneumonia.

O'Hanlon's Drug Store

Dorothy Gray

TOILET PREPARATIONS ON SALE

We have the Exclusive Sale in Winston-Salem for this Exquisite Line of Toilet Articles, And an expert Saleswoman to show you the line.

O'Hanlon's Is the Place

THE REXALL DRUG STORE

QUALITY—SERVICE SATISFACTION

Nissen Drug Co. Bobbitt Bros. PHONE 888 Winston-Salem, N. C.

Believed "Rip's Story"

Joe Jefferson once said he wished Irving's story about Rip Van Winkle was as authentic as his "Life of George Washington," but Bill Hooker, historical writer for the *Milwaukee Journal*, says that in 1906 he met a resident of Rip's old stamping ground in the Catskills, who not only believed in the existence of the honked sleeper but had perfect faith in the whole yarn. This fellow was an inkeeper who seemed to have reason for believing the story to have been something more than a folktale and who had on several occasions earnestly tried to convince Jefferson of its authenticity, but without much success.—*Detroit News*.

Welcome Salem Girls!

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU IN OUR STORE

ANCHOR STORE

"WINSTON-SALEM'S SHOPPING CENTER"

WALK-OVER SHOE STORE

425 North Trade Street

Phone 1817 Winston-Salem, N. C.