



TOGETHERNESS

Did you ever watch a fire, slowly die away as one log after another is burnt apart; then suddenly burst into flame as they were brought together? One log alone may glow, but it will not produce fire.

Life is like a fire. It comes in richness when people are together. The shipwrecked sailor marooned alone on a bit of island, the narrow-hearted person marooned on the island of self, are logs fallen apart; the fires of the mind and the heart flicker low little by little, grow cold, and the gray ash creeps over them. A fire can use all kinds of wood—apple, pine, beech, big knotty sticks, and kindling. Heap it with different kinds and see how beautiful it is. A great log is good for the flame to pour over; little twigs to catch and crackle; a bent, heavy piece from the crotch of a limb to draw up the fire like a roaring chimney; birch to pop and send sparks flying; drift-wood, sea soaked, if you are lucky, to color the flame violet and green and strange jewel-blues; or a sugar pine cone from some mountain far east, to turn, like molten metal and hold its glowing shape a long time in the heart of the fire. How luminous and uninteresting it is in comparison if the sticks are all of the same tree and all chopped and sawed alike.

So life, yours and mine, as well as world life, needs all kinds of people in it, strong friends, little folk, "kindred spirits," girls who are "different," families, and foreigners. Do you know the joy of belonging to such a fellowship? Is the spirit in your school like one glorious fire, or more like a series of little, isolated bonfires?

—The Girl's Every Day Book.

Foolish Things

"Common sense is good to have. But never let it master you. For then it might deprive you of the foolish things it's fun to do."

Aren't the above lines true, though? Here we are in this big old world with many problems and responsibilities. We are supposed to be very practical and to face life with great determination and hard common sense. Often we read about famous men who have owed their success to the use of good judgment, yet they did not occasionally do some foolish things and enjoy them? What on earth made young George Washington cut down the cherry tree? Was there much common sense in that? He probably did some other rather foolish things but today the world honors him as a great man.

If noted people have found pleasure in sometimes becoming absurd instead of always being wise, it follows that many of us have great futures ahead, have we not?

Origin of Playing Cards

Many nations claim the invention of playing cards, but it is generally believed that they came from Asia, probably China. The great Chinese dictionary (1678) states that they were invented in the reign of the Emperor Sen-ho in 1120 A. D. Some authorities are of the opinion that they were invented in 1300 to amuse Charles VI, king of France, who was subject to fits of melancholy. The inventor proposed to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom—the clergy of the nobility and military by points of the spears, now known as spades; white diamonds stood for citizens, merchants and trades people, the clubs referring to peasants and farmers.

From the Back Seat

Husband (in car): "Great Heaven! The engine is terribly overheated."
Wife (calmly): "Then why don't you turn off the radiator?"

ANONYMOUS

These lines were received on Salem Day, February 3rd, by President Rostdhaler without signature in a Special Delivery letter post-marked Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Salem acknowledgements for the College this anonymous contribution.

DEAR OLD SALEM!
Salem! Salem! Dear Old Salem School of mother, sister, friend, How our thoughts entwine around you
And all those who now attend How our mothers learned of life work,
Learned the ways of truth and love,
Learned to love their classmates, neighbors,
Learned of God, who rules above.

Here they learned the things that need be
Stored in mind and heart for aye,
Things of earth, and things of heaven
That one needs along life's way.

Salem! Salem! Dear Old Salem Rich in memories of yore,
You have much work yet before you
Greater things are still in store.

Salem calls to Trustees, Teachers
And Alumnæ, young and old,
To prepare for greater service
And for usefulness untold.

BOOK REVIEW

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER
By Sigrid Undset

The Book-of-the-Month Club is enthusiastically recommending this trilogy of novels to its readers for the month of February. It is made up of three novels concerning the life of one Viking woman, Kristin Lavransdatter. The books, *The Bridal Wreath*, *Mistress of Husaby*, and *The Cross*, have been published separately but they are even too continuous to be called sequels. Miss Undset was awarded the Nobel Prize several months ago and the critics believe unanimously that it was given because of her stupendous achievement in this work. It is a novel of greatness, wonder, nobility and human warmth. It achieves reality and leaves memories. The picturesque Vikings of the fourteenth century have been the theme of many novels of sea-faring romance, dash, color, cruelty and adventure. They have come to be a race of unrcality, distinct and set apart. All of this adventures atmosphere has been retained in Miss Undset's book but she has managed to humanize people and definitely set them in that half-barbaric half-Christian period of the Middle Ages. She has kept the warriors with their bloodthirsty desires but she has also introduced women and children. She has brought Christianity among them with its softening influence.

Kristin, who is the charming heroine, is drawn typically Norwegian; yet her life is any woman's life, her problems any woman's. Her appeal was universality. Her entire life from the day when she was a little, wondering, imaginative girl, to the last black days of sacrifice in the Black Plague, is related here. It is a smooth, life-like narration dealing with incidents as peculiar as life presents to any woman. There is nothing bombastic and shocking about it at all. It is a picture of long, changing years and their imprint on the life of Kristin and the women about her. As a psychological story it is unsurpassed and still there is nothing mechanical or technical in its method. The work is easily described in the sentence: "It is a simply glorious pageant and a magnificent achievement to make the past so live again with all its color, and yet with every appearance of complete verity."

Toted

"Rastus, is my bath warm?"
"Yessah, the wahmest Ah was evah in."

An Amphibiology On Dieting

We have become very abstemious, especially of all amylaceous foods, now that the antipascal season is approaching. Our motive is by no means altruism anyone who has ever tried to squeeze into a size 12 that would exactly match the new hat picked out for spring. Mr. Roberts probably feels that it is a serious abreaction on our part, especially when he has just successfully accoutered his shop. But we must tread this long and acclivitous path without any ambient ramblings if we expect to become the slight adumbrations of ourselves that will fit our Easter garments. The asperity of our rigid diet with our asceticisms they would tempt our appetites. With such an attolent motive—and one that has such aeriferous advantages also—we are succeeding in this bouleversment of our dining engagement. The baniloquence of our friends and even our bellicose health instructors are unable to turn us from our humptious designs. A piece of chocolate candy would have the most antalgic effect already. If we become positively ravenous we promise to seek totally arctic regions and fast in solitude. Being really exhausted, we bring to close our amphibolous balderdash. The fact that the Freshmen are going to edit next week's paper is most coming to us. We will find a much-needed rest and be ready to fight to win back those laurels which they will surely take off.

Now, girls and boys, we will take the C and D list for next lesson. This all does not mean that we have recently had a letter from Catherine Miller. We did it with the aid of a pocket edition of Webster. Think what bigger and better things we are going to do with that Oxford Edition!

BANK ACCOUNT BELIED OLD MAN'S APPEARANCE.
A woman who does much free lance charity work was accosted on the street by bent-over old man selling lead pencils.

Upon having a handful of the stock-in-trade thrust under her nose she opened her handbag and offered the old fellow a dime, remarking, "Keep the pencil. I do not need it."

Upon further inspection of the old peddler's rags and his feeble frame her huge heart outswelled its bounds. "Suppose," she said, "I take you into that bank and start a small savings account for you. You are getting old and will not be able to sell pencils much longer."

"I have a bank account there, thank you," was the old man's rejoinder. "Well, then," she persisted, "allow me at least to add a few dollars to it."

The old man agreed and they walked together a half block to the bank.

"Now let me have your book," said the woman as they entered the bank building.

As she approached the receiving teller's cage she casually opened the book. His account totaled \$4,362.30.

Modern Scales Changed Little From Old Ones

London—There is little or no difference between the scales used today and those used in the days of ancient Egypt, judging by an exhibition in the Science museum. South Kensington, recently. Illustrating the history of weighing as far back as is known, a steelyard used by a Roman butcher identified to the present-day "meat purveyor" was on show. Modern scales of nickel and enamel, with multi-colored dials, on which

the weight can be read in an instant, stood side by side with models showing that centuries ago Leonardo da Vinci designed a self-indicating machine on exactly the same principle.

Among the sets of standard weights was one row which had come down from pre-Norman days and which still is legal standard in the Channel islands, although no longer used. There were weights of glass and rock crystal and, in contrast with a Chinese balance of ivory which which would slip into a vest pocket, were photographs of modern monster weights, weighing hundreds of tons.

Most of Them Do

Can a girl do anything about an unattractive knee? Nothing but grin and bare it.

Modern Introduction

Dick: "You remember Miss Jones, don't you?"
Dave: "I don't recall her face, but her knees are very familiar."

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