

Corridors Become Baseball Diamond

Two Sportive Freshmen Have Pre-Season Workout in Main Hall

Once upon a time (and it wasn't so very, very long ago as this conventional beginner might infer) the minds of the great and the near-great of Salem College were pouring over essentially non-essential facts behind the historic doors of Main Hall, utterly oblivious to the phenomenon which was taking place on the other side of the doors in the forsaken corridors.

Had the students but peered through the door, they would have seen a ball flying dangerously through the air, back and forth, back and forth. No, gentle reader, it was not a snowball—that would have been more appropriate to the weather—but a hard, soft-nuff baseball. In its flight through the atmospheric elements, the ball was methodically lulling its course by a leav-like glow (real, professional baseball gloves, too), and sent backwards again by that glove to another similar one.

It sounds like a fish-tale, doesn't it? But it's not, for inside those gloves were hands, and these hands were attached to the persons of Lillian Tucker and Mary Elizabeth Pinkston, two eager freshmen who were working up for spring practice.

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Organists Imitate Noises In Terror

Search to Discover Origin of Weird Tones Prove Utterly

Young lady detectives around the college are polishing up their specialties, opera glasses, and hearing apparatuses, in order to find out if any of the Salem music students really (actually!) have had instruction in pipe organ music from the terror who maltrated the ivories so egregiously in the Vitaphone picture, "The Terror."

The ladies have no direct clue to the present supposition, but working with the intimidating evidence of numerous peals scattered here and yon and at annoying times, (study hours) they have decided that the extraneous from the organ next to the Day Students' study room and the tones used in "The Terror," are identical.

Detectives, who are handicapped by classes and miscellaneous draw backs, are still hot on the path of finding a "yes" or "no" to the matter. The fact is that many Sherlock are stationed around the tables in the Day Students' room. All this on the pretext of studying, dear, text books open before them. No sooner do they become absorbed in conversation than the peace destroying tones monopolize the lime light, and everything becomes a matter of search again. (N. B.—For the present time, no cars are being lent to friends and relatives.)

Among the noble attempts which have been made to find out the source of the evil, is the fact that a veritable Joan D'Arc journeyed down to the basement for experiment with the motor of the organ in hopes of finding some serious trouble with the motor. She was almost in the act of inspecting it, when an unannounced mouse made its exit across her foot. As a result of this event the experiment was a failure, for as certain authorities have it, women detectives are not very alert when vermin become involved in their dealings.

A hundred years ago, a forest stood here;

A man with powder in his gun went forth to hunt a deer;

But now the times have changed somewhat; they're on a different plan.

A dear with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.

A college paper is a grand invention for the school gets all the fame; The printer gets all the money, And the staff all the blame.

The Elephant's Purr

"Stroke, stroke," cooed Eleanor Fix to a pink boudoir pillow, as she smoothed the satin ribbons which made a neat bow, on one corner of the pillow. "Wouldn't this make a choice cat," she thought aloud. "This ribbon would make a darlin' tail, and the pink flowers would do for ears,—but where'd I get the meow?"

"Whoever heard of a pillow like that being a cat!" screeched "None" Piggan, as she skipped gracefully into the room. "You would call that a pesky old cat. I'd make a much more attractive elephant. That long pink bow would make a gorgeous trunk! Oh, by the way, 'sister,' you'd never guess how I'm going to invest the two thousand that Uncle Hezekiah left me!"

"I think you ought to start a cat farm," was Eleanor's brilliant suggestion. "Oh, for goodness sake, Eleanor, I'd just as soon start a home for blind mechanics! Anyway,—I'm going to invest it in a real, fire elephant—one substantial enough for 'Addie' and me to ride every day, instead of one of these dumb-looking horses from the farm."

"Well, talk about foolish ideas!" was Eleanor's sneering reply, as she blinked her sky-blue eyes in disdain, "and to tell you a thing or two,—I'm going to buy two cats, with what's left of my book account, and before long you'll think you're at the 'Katz University' instead of Salem College. . . . I hope you'll like it!"

Three freshmen left the room in disgust.

Dr. Ansoobee has been preaching at North Winston Presbyterian Church for several weeks on account of the illness of Rev. George W. Lee.

SENIORS ENTERTAINED AT DELIGHTFUL DINNER

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Waldorf sang, Elizabeth McClaghty played the violin and Dorothy Thompson accompanied and rendered several solos.

Between the courses of the dinner the guests were presented with favors. Each person was given a crepe paper hat in the shape of a senior cap. A "grab bag" was passed and each person received a gift, and again, fortunes were passed to each one. Before the last course small red baskets filled with chocolate bon-bons were given to the guests.

At the conclusion of the Dinner the Seniors ended the delightful affair by singing the Alma Mater.

DR. SCHWEINITZ SPEAKS AT WEDNESDAY CHAPEL

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outcast. It happened that the baby had tuberculosis of the spine and would have been crippled anyway, but the mother blamed the whole event on her small daughter, who thereafter always carried with her a sense of guilt. Charity organizations need people who have studied human nature to solve such case problems. Dr. de Schweinitz added several other interesting examples, the understanding of which required insight and careful observation.

The speaker closed his address by explaining that the field for social service work is now open to college graduates. To become a worker a person must have a college education and two years of training. Although the salary is moderate at first, there is a chance for promotion to the executive positions, which are open especially for women. Social service work is hard but intensely interesting.

At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Rondthaler urged everyone interested in social service work to talk to Dr. de Schweinitz for information and advice.

Hallie: So, you're taking a home ce course? Rose Fraser: Yes; I want to be able to pick out the right things when I go into the delicatessen store.



NOT CHARITY, BUT A CHANCE

A chance—one more chance—a thing that frequently helps a man over the rocks of the way! The thought that he will be given one more chance. The Goodwill Institute of Winston-Salem has as its slogan, placed in large letters over the door, "Not Charity, But a Chance." All the people who are taken in take pride in knowing that they are not charity subjects, they must work, they are paid for what they do.

The Associated Charities of the city think people who are in dire need, people who have no work, and no promises of work is nite future. These are sent to the Institute where they learn to patch clothes, re-arrange or paint furniture, make over garments and do any number of little useful things. People in town donate the articles and the workers spend the first three days of the week in fixing them, or then the last three in selling them to any who wish to buy. They receive for their labors one dollar a day.

They are people with absolutely no opportunities to learn or appreciate the things which are essential in the make-up of a hygienic life. They know nothing of the proper diet, or clothing. The Good Will Organization, in trying to help them to understand the fundamentals of a clean life, asked the members of the Y. W. C. A. of Salem College to come out and give a series of lectures.

Our organization has given four such talks. The first was "Hygiene of the Body," by Doris Shirley, the second, "Proper Diet and Different Ways of Preparing Food," by Miss Lettwich, and the last, "The Necessity of Happiness in Work and How it May Be Obtained," by Elizabeth Roper and

wich. At one of these times, the Y. W. served a meal for the workers, a cheap but well balanced, and nourishing meal.

The workers have bound themselves into a club, "The Good Will Club," with Evelyn Boggs as president.

These people are anxious to learn, eager to know how to take the proper care of themselves. They are grateful for every thing done for them, regardless of how small a thing it may be. They appreciate all the attempts, the townspeople are making to help them to be happy. They are trying their best to be happy and to do well in their work. They are determined, the most of them, to make the best of their chance; for all they know it may be their last.

Fight for "Women's Rights"

As early as 1848 agitation for women's rights was commenced at Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Prior to this, under some Colonial governors, women voted, and the time of the American Revolution demanded to be included in the government. Susan B. Anthony became a leader in 1848, but it was not until 1872 that she made the test by voting at the polls. She was arrested and fined, but was not jailed for refusing to pay her fine, which she did. In 1879 the first woman suffrage amendment was drafted and introduced in 1878 by Senator Sargent of Colorado. Several other measures were introduced later, and an amendment to the Constitution was passed by the house, January 10, 1918, and by the senate, 1919, and was ratified by the necessary number of states in 1920.

He: I'll be yours on one condition. Eleanor Fix: That's easy. I entered college on six.

Mary Neal W.: I'll bet you five dollars I won't be invited to the dance. I'll take you!

It Usually Works

"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"

"Sure, send her some candy."

Literal-Minded Steno.

A new clerk, dictating a few days ago, was in doubt as to the use of a certain phrase, so he said to the stenographer:

"Do you retire a loan?" and the wistful eyed one replied rather sleepily:

"No, I sleep with mama."

In the Prelims

"Are you the groom?" asked the bewildered old gentleman, at a very elaborate wedding.

"No, sir," was the reply of the embarrassed young man, "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-out."

The Family Menagerie

Remarked little Tommy: "Everybody in our family is some kind of an animal."

"What do you mean?" asked his mother.

"Why, mother, you're a dear, you know."

"Yes, Tommy."

"And baby is mother's little lamb; I'm the kid; sister is some chicken; and dad's the goat."—Ez.

Another "Case" of Scotch

Irate Customer: "See here, this radio picks up three stations at once!"

Sandy: Hoot, mon; and have you another like it on free trial?"

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