

**Tavern Renovated**

Among the many historic buildings in Salem there is none more interesting than the old Salem Tavern which is located on Main street, one block south of the Square. Of course it has not been used as an inn for many years, but has only recently been remodeled as much in keeping with the past as possible.

There is a bronze tablet on the wall beside the front steps which states that George Washington, during his tour of the South, was a guest at the tavern from May 31 to June 2, 1791. This bit of information created an atmosphere of reverent respect which made us observe the entire building with the thought uppermost in our minds that Washington had been in the same surroundings, and trod the same steps.

We climbed the steps to the porch and stepped to the door to ring the doorbell but there was no sort of button in sight. Nevertheless, fastened to the nearby wall was an iron rod on which was hung a rusty little bell, with a long chain attached to it. I longed to pull the chain to see whether or not the bell would ring to announce our coming. I was kept from any decision one way or the other because my companion knocked loudly on the door. Immediately a latch was lifted, and we were invited inside. And, we stepped across the threshold—into the past, as it were.

We were first led over the main floor. The large front room on our right was once the lobby of the inn. Here the stone fireplace had been reconstructed as it originally was. Behind this lobby was the bar room where the drinks were served—long ago. On the other side of the lobby were the dining room and another smaller lobby. We were next taken to the second floor where there were five bed chambers. In one of the front bedrooms Washington is said to have spent the night. A small table cover is the only real relic of the original articles in the room, although all the furnishings now are in keeping with the time which is represented. On the wall is a framed copy of the letter of appreciation which Washington wrote to the Salem gentlemen after his visit. We gazed at the historic room in silence, our minds crowded with fanciful pictures of former days.

Our guide then led us up another flight of steps to the third story. This was hardly altered at all from the original state. The beamed ceiling and the flooring of oak and beech-plank were very picturesque.

The cellar is also in much the same condition as it was in old days, because the old brick walls are standing totally unimpaired. In one of the rooms the wine supply was kept; in another vegetables were stored.

The present furnace room was once the place where the meat was kept, suspended from iron hooks in the ceiling. From here we went into a small room with a highly-arched ceiling. The floor here, as in the entire cellar, was constructed of huge flat stones. The guide told us that underneath some of the stones there was an iron vault which was, at one time, used as a safe for keeping valuables. We could see the remains of an iron grate in the walls of the doorway, leading into the next room. Probably this served as a further safeguard for the vault. All the windows in the cellar are very small.

In times of hostility with the Indians the people fought from behind these very walls and aimed at the enemy from the tiny windows. It was very hard to return to the present after such a delightful visit into the past as this, but time waits for no man. So, reluctantly we left the old tavern and sought again the busy outside world.

"To what family does the whale belong?"  
"I don't know, teacher. No family in our neighborhood has one."

*A Song of Hate*

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Oh, goosh, the postage  
I've wasted on you.

**ENLIGHTENING TALK ON DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA**  
(Continued from Page One)

fresh and clear understanding and a new experience for Western peoples. These three contributions will help China to carry on that great civilization which, until it was retarded two thousand years ago, had affected every Oriental nation but India.

The Chinese are essentially rich in human traits. They are less artificial and innately more moral than any other heathen people. Their religion is spiritual and ethical and embraces five relationships, that of son to father, husband to wife, subject to prince, brother to brother and friend to friend. Their code is one of justice, knowledge, benevolence, courtesy and sincerity. They believe that order and harmony are heaven's first law to man and that man's duty is to adjust himself to nature and law. Yet all this ancient culture lacked the dynamic which a redeeming Christ has brought to the West. China is not satisfied and Christ is her only hope. If China, however, needs Christianity, so much more does the world need a Christian China that can enrich the gospel with a fresh interpretation and their customs of innate courtesy and family devotions which, when Christianized, will solve the loose crudeness of the world. Dr. Stuart believes that fifty or a hundred years more will see foreign mission work in China done and that within three hundred years of home mission work China will be a Christian nation.

**PERSONALS**

Misses Eva Haekney, Louise Thompson, Anna Holderness, Elizabeth Allen, Elizabeth Rhea Dewey, and Elizabeth Green are the guests of Miss Jane Harris, in Greensboro, N. C. They will attend the Carolina-Virginia baseball game today.

Miss Louise Lassiter, who is spending the week-end with Miss Betty McGill, in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Carolina-Virginia game and dance.

Misses Ruth Rozzell, Celeste Knoff, Rachel Hurley, Katherine Bahl and Mary Alice Beaman will also be present at the renowned baseball classic today. They are visiting friends in Greensboro.

Misses Alice Caldwell, Agnes Puellock, and Lucile Hassell are guests of the Sigma Nu fraternity at their house-party in Chapel Hill, N. C., this week-end. This seems to be a gala occasion, what with baseball games, tea dances, evening dances and a banquet.

Miss Joy Bowers, of Sevierville, Tennessee, formerly a student at Salem College, is the guest of Miss Mary Duncan McAnally.

Miss Katherine Leiley is spending the week-end in Mocksville, N. C.

Misses Katherine Schlegel and Grace Martin are visiting Miss Nancy Muir, in Walkertown, N. C.

Misses Nancy Carr Terry and Rebecca Platt spent Thursday in High Point, N. C.

**AT LEISURE**

**WORSHIP**

You say you want to see the inmost shrine  
My love has built to hold all that is mine  
Are your feet light  
As new snow white  
At night?

And are your eyes as reverent and bright  
As silver stardust on a silver birch tree?  
Then you may come and see;  
But I implore  
You leave your satin sandals at the door.  
—Nancy Moore.

**French Club Has Last Meeting of the Year**

Miss Laila Wright Becomes the New President

The French Club held its last meeting on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock in the living room of Alice Clewell Building. Miss Margaret Stephenson, who has been a very capable president, discharged all the old business and made her closing speech. Miss Stephenson spoke of her pleasure in the co-operation of the members of the club and in the very efficient work of the committee heads who have been largely responsible for the unusually interesting and instructive programs that have been presented during the year. The increasing interest in the club, which has been conducted this year on slightly different lines, has been evident in the record of attendance. When Miss Stephenson finished her "farewell address" she turned the office over to Miss Laila Wright who was elected president for 1929-1930 at the April meeting. Miss Wright made a short talk of appreciation, outlined her policy for next year and made certain appointments.

The program was quite informal. Misses Margaret Stephenson and Doris Shirley led the club into a type of progressive conversation conducted along the lines of the procedure in the famous salons of Madame Rambouillet and Mademoiselle de Seudery. The talk was chiefly unpretentious and hardly resembled the precise jargon that is commonly associated with the mention of the salon movement.

When the vocabularies were totally exhausted the subject was adjourned and the group began an instructive but attractive game of authors. Each member pinned the name of some famous French author upon her dress and represented that man during the conversation. The play consisted of a series of questions and answers which were more or less educative.

Following the program, the committee in charge served tea and cakes to the members and their guests.

The French club decided at this meeting to present the rest of the funds of the treasury to the living endowment.

**Dances at U. N. C.**

For the convenience of you promoters, and for the enlightenment of those of you who may be interested, we are publishing a section from the rules governing dances at Chapel Hill, issued recently by the German Club.

"VIII. The following rules shall govern conduct on the dance floor:  
"1. No smoking on the dance floor.  
"2. No one showing signs of drinking will be permitted to remain on the floor.  
"3. No girls will be allowed to leave the hall during an evening dance unless accompanied by a chaperone.  
"IX. All dances given under the auspices of the German Club shall close not later than 10:00 a. m. provided, that the last dance in any given set of dances given by the German Club shall close not later than 2:00 a. m. When any dance is given on Saturday night, it shall close not later than twelve o'clock midnight.  
"In addition to these by-laws of the German Club, the University requires girls to be in their respective lodging places within half an hour after the close of each night dance. There are to be no dates after that time; the boys are to leave the girls, and the girls are to be under the supervision of their respective chaperones.

Not Particular  
Walter, has there been a gentleman here looking for a lady in brown?  
Yes, miss, he waited an hour, and then went off with a lady in red.

**These Reporters!**

A pretty girl who had spent a week at a summer resort, on her return home received a letter from a young newspaper reporter she had met.

As is customary in newspaper copy, the reporter had used a small

cross every time he needed a period. The communication puzzled the girl very much. "What I can't understand," she confided to her best friend, "is that while he is very formal and circumspect in the tone of his letter, he finishes every sentence with a 'kiss.'"

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