

Triumph

It was with a trembling heart that I stood on the hill that seemed to top the world and watched the horses ascend. On second thought—do people's hearts tremble? Perhaps not, in usual circumstances, but truly this circumstance was far from usual, and what else could it be that fluctuated so violently beneath my ribs? Its efforts left me weak, and weary, and, at last, I was forced to collapse on the comforting earth and meet the enemy, backed by her stalwart protection. On they came—five great, burly brutes, with roving eyes and swishing tails. At last, they halted un- easily, and my four companions mounted with ease and grace and—miraculous dicta—nonchalance. It was my time. Never would a Currie be called a coward. I part reluctantly with Mother Earth, swallowed my heart once or twice, edged around the horses' evil eyes, and presented myself at the saddle. I listened to the instructor's glib directions and watched his graceful example. Then, with closed eyes, I did my best to emulate. He and I succeeded to some degree, for eventually I arrived on the summit of that horse, though not without a timely shove or two from outside sources. Now, I ask you—modestly, however—wasn't that something to be proud of? I thought it was, at any rate, and was feeling quite jubilant until the instructor suddenly flicked the horse with his whip, saying, "Don't be afraid. Mabel's as gentle as a lamb. Just put her in, if she goes too fast. Get up, Mabel!"

With ungracious suddenness, Mabel got into motion and a whole-hearted trot. My teeth clamped together on my tongue and hands, but my hands were not free to unloose them, being occupied with clinging to the saddle. It's all very well for it to be bad form to touch the saddle, but when it's a matter of life and death, style is no consideration, and death was imminent in this case, for I was hitting at a different spot every minute. "Gent- ly, gently, Mabel," I begged, but due to joggling my meaning must have been unintelligible, for Mabel sped into a canter. I prepared for the end and had a mental farewell to my mother. Imagine my amazement to find myself riding easily now, floating up and down instead of bouncing, and hitting in the same place. I touched Mabel up and sailed around the ring time after time. It was glorious! Finally, I loosed my grip on the pommel and rode erect. Except for a rather wide streak of sunlight in my shadow at times, due to the space between me and the saddle, all was perfect.

I ask you frankly—wasn't that a triumph? I laughed to recall my former fears. I'd laugh now, if the effort and all such forms of ex- ercise weren't just a little too pain- ful.

—Lucy Currie.

NEW CABINET INSTALLED AT BEAUTIFUL SERVICE (Continued from Page One)

the ensuing year. Then Miss Grimes and Miss Roper passed the light throughout the audience.

The service closed with the sing- ing of the Association hymn: "Fol- low the Gleam."

The members of the new cabinet are:

Charlotte Grimes—President.

Lillie Taylor—Vice-President.

Mary Elizabeth Meeks—Secre- tary.

Louise Salisbury—Treasurer.

Wilhelmina Wollford—Head of Program.

Fat Holderness—Head of Even- ing Watch.

Frances Caldwell—Head of Room.

Ellizabeth R. Dewey—Head of Poster.

Milicent Ward—Head of Music.

Mary Norris—Head of World Fellowship.

Elizabeth Marx—Head of Christian Volunteer Work.

Anna Preston—Head of Social.

Mary Myers Faulkner—Head of Social Service.

Virginia Martin—Honorary Mem- ber.

A Night Spent [Out-of-Doors

"I can't sleep out here. I'll slide off! I just know I will. Please—let's go inside!"

This amazing statement came not very long ago—when she, another attractive girl, and I attempted to sleep on the slanting porch roof of Lehman Hall.

"No, we ain't going inside unless it starts raining, not after we pulled all these blankets and mattresses out here," remarked our churning hostess.

"Well, my goodness, I didn't know it was going to be like this or I never would have come—I know! Let's get some chairs and put them down at our feet."

This suggestion was carried out, with the poor success of having the chairs, the minute they were touch- ed, slide to the edge of the roof and balance there precariously until we reached to them.

Then our hostess came to the front with the amazing idea of arranging two other mattresses under our feet in order to put them on a level with our heads. Everyone agreed that this was a lovely idea. Need- less to say the hostess and I were appointed to get the mattresses while my R. M. adapted herself to the circumstances.

We tried all the doors in the house, but the ones that weren't latched inhaled the wind and were locked; and just as we were imagin- ing ourselves to sleeping on a slant- ing bed we thought of going outside, and climbing in. We went out and examined the windows carefully, finding them a little higher from the ground than we had expected. But again our hostess was brave and said she would climb up if I would give her a shove. I gladly gave her the required shove and let go when I thought she had sufficiently grasped the window sill. Unhappily she hadn't grasped it sufficiently, and down she came. Imagine my consternation to see that she didn't stop when she hit the ground but kept right on going until all I could see was one arm and her head. You understand, it was very dark and we had carelessly forgotten that the windows at Salem College had hinges under them (notice them some time). We finally managed to get out of the hole and after several attempts she crawled over the top of the win- dows just as a cat paws, flashing its lights on her (imagine the view). The mattresses were dragged to me, or on me rather—we threw them upstairs as we sang the careful melody "Bring in the Shams."

As we reached the window there was another surprise awaiting us, the R. M. had disappeared! Wis- alize over chagrin! We found the mattresses, crawled in, and were go- ing to sleep when she made her ap- pearance. She had hidden in one of the rooms and wanted us to come look for her. The playful lit- tle creature! We all slept very com- fortably, thank you, even if the two mattresses did make our feet twice as high as our heads.

"Pa, what is a rare volume?" asked Clarence.

"It's a book that comes back after you have loaned it," replied Pa.

Wife: "But, dear, in this photo- graph you haven't a single button on your coat."

Hubby: "So you've noticed that at last! That's why I had the photo- graph made."

The shades of night were falling fast.

The Ho was most appallin', For Mabel couldn't go to bed, Because the shades had fallen.

Now that we've seen it on every type of masculine pate, we've de- cided that the deby looks best on the slide trombone.

"Did you miss that train, sir?"

"No, I didn't like its looks, so I chased it out of the station."

They laughed when I sat down at the piano—some idiot had moved the stool.

AT THE THEATRES

Carolina
MONDAY - TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

"The Desert Song" starring John Boles and Carlotta King.
THURSDAY - FRIDAY
SATURDAY

"Gentlemen of the Press."

Colonial
MONDAY - TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

"Stolen Kisses," starring May McAvoy.
THURSDAY - FRIDAY
SATURDAY

"A Dangerous Woman," with Baalovna and Johnnie Mack Brown.

Auditorium
ENTIRE WEEK

The Shelton-Amos Players, in "What Every Woman Wants."

Simply Had to Do It

"I knew she was a sub-title reader when I married her. Your Honor; but she was young, I loved her, and I imagined I could cure her. But it was not long before she showed symptoms of telling the stories of other movies she had seen while we were watching a film. I was kind to her, gave her the best of care, even offered to send her to a sanitar- ium; but she refused all efforts to aid her, and one night after we had returned from a movie, she began to tell me the story of the book on which the film had been based, explaining what changes had been made. And so, of course, I killed her."

"Defendant dismissed with the thanks of the court! Call the next case!"—Kansas City Star.

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THE REXALL DRUG STORE

Elderly man (in elevator): "Fourth floor, please."
Elevator boy: "Here you are, son."
Elderly man: How dare you call me son! You're not my father!"
Elevator boy: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

for three minutes while gazing intently at the egg.

"Say, guy, I'm tough. I went to an immoral school."
"Whatcha mean, immoral?"
"We didn't have no principal."

Then there was the absent-mind- ed professor who boiled his watch.

"Let's wife had nothing on me," said the convict as he turned to a pile of stone.

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