THE LAKE

Legend of Tyrkestan

Translated by Zina Vologodsky

Great is Allah!

It was a long time ago, when everywhere rose the minarets, when there were no east yellows, nor north whites, nor red south barbarians; briefly, it was then, when sky was nearer to earth, Allah saw everything and peri were among the people.

Look here, hakim, this great lake, which can't be driven around on the best steed even in twenty days—this lake did not exist at that time . . . Do you know why even the strong blows of the wind do not touch its mirror surface? Do you know why the wind does not make any noise here, why the grass does not shake, why the flocks of birds do not fly over its surface, but silence, quietness and dead calmness reigns around it?

Listen, I will relate to you . . .

One time here was a beautiful kingdom. There was much land, there was much water, much fruit, much cattle, and the women were not worse than in Rucham.

Praise to Allah!

And then on the throne of this kingdom sat a young Shah, Muchamed-Djelal-Eddin. Good was the Shah; his judges held the court quickly, especially if the man could pay; the collectors of taxes did not take too much, the land was not taken away from those, who watered it. The Shah did not lead wars, considered the learned, helped the poor, sent merchants to other countries and adorned his capital with mosques that you would not find even in Samarkand, or in Bagdad.

And this capital, the enormous city, stood right here, on the place of this lake, Hakim . . .

Great is Allah!

The Shah lived in his palace and the people seldom saw him, only when he rode to Bayran or Ramas and to the Mosque. His Steed was beautiful, his clothes, sword and high turban were sparkling with precious stones.

The people loved Shah.

Shah had a big court; ministers, eunuchs, guards, servants . . . particularly there were many barbers. And it was a strange thing—the servants rode along the town every day and asked for new and new barbers. At last people decided that there was something wrong, and soon the barbers were taken by force to the Shah's palace.

The barbers went to the palace—went and never returned, and in a short time in the whole city there remained but one last barber—a beautiful young man, the only son of a widow.

Allah Akbar!

The mother did not want him to go, but there was nothing to be done, for one evening the guards came from the palace and immediately required the barber.

So the widow decided to save her son. She put on his clothes blackened with coal above her upper lip and went with the soldiers to the palace.

They took "the barber" and brought him to the Shah. Shah was siting in a high turban on silk cushions. Shah made a sign with his hand and immediately all the servants left the room. The poor widow was frightened and cried: "O great Shah, execute me! Tchet you! I am a woman not a barber! It is the love for my son that made me act this way!"

"Who is your son?"

'The barber the last barber in your capital, O Shah! O great monarch! save him, leave him, don't do him any harm! I know that anyone who touches your divine body cannot live any onger. Kill me, but save him!"

The woman sobbed on the floor, the Shah was silent.

At last he smiled. "Don't spoil, woman, my carpet with tears," said he, "You are the only creature that came to offer me life for life. You are the only woman whom men can trust, I have decided. I do not want your life nor the life of your son, but swear to me by the Prophet and his beard, that you and your son will

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MR. CRAIG DESCRIBES AFRICAN TOUR

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often consists of a handful of dried ants, which are especially good.

Africa is a primitive country. China, Egypt, and India are able to boast of their ancient civilizations, but Africa has absolutely no background. One of the greatest problems of the early missions workers was the attempt to reduce the language into writing and to give to the African, a literature.

The present written form of the language was developed in the following manner. Foreign objects were exhibited to the natives and their exclamations were learned; then the natives were asked to name their familar objects. After months and years of hard labor, the language was developed to such an extent that our own alphabet is used, with the exception of the letter R. Every word in the African language ends with a vowel. The nouns are divided into five classes, each of which begins with a prefix governing that group and the verbs and adjectives used with words of that group.

What the African believes about himself is extremely interesting. He believes that he is the possessor of three souls and because of this belief we find cannabalism, ancestor-worship and witchcraft. 75 per cent of the sin and misery in Africa is due to these three things. Within a few miles of where Mr. Craig is stationed, Cannabalism is secretly practiced; secretly because of governmental punnishment. This condition will last until the native is given a different conception of his soul.

Witchcraft causes more suffering than either of the other two. The African believes that nothing happens by accident or carelessness. There is always a person who causes misfortune. The witch doctor is the only one able to detect that person. He is always called in and when he decides upon a person that victim must either submit to harsh punishment or drink from a poison cup. If

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SPORTS

BASKETBALL SEASON BEGINS

And now comes the favorite season of the entire sport year—Basketball. You have heard announcements and seen notices of practices, but have you been impressed with the fact that your class needs you, that intermural teams which will be formed later will need you, that you are a necessity at the practices themselves? You should have been impressed with just that, for not only are you necessary to practice, but practices are necessary for you if you intend to play, to guard one of our streaks-of-lightningish forwards, and to shoot an occasional goal.

In the hut every afternoon except Monday and Saturday, there will be two practices for your benefit. Come and stay as long as you please or choose the hour most convenient and come for as long a time as labs. and afternoon classes allow. Although the games have not yet been scheduled, more than half of the practices will be held before the holidays, so begin Monday to squeeze a daily practice into your afternoon time-budget.

Dr. Howard Rondthaler will deliver an address on Tuesday, December 9, at the home of Mrs. B. F. Mebane, an alumna of Salem.

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SOCIETY

The following girls are spending Saturday in Chapel Hill: Irene McAnally, Josephine Grimes, Madeline Thompson, sophomore.

* * *

Those girls who will spend Sunday in Greensboro are Patsy McMullan, Elsie Chandler, Louise Harrison, Virginia Goodman, Frances Mauncy, Mary Looper, Margaret Skidmore, Marion Caldwell, Juanita Hawk, Nell Brandon, Grace Pollock, Mary Sample, Helen George, Ruth Price, Dorothy Dodson, Katherine Lasater, Ann Finley, Dorothy Taylor, Elizabeth Stewart and Daisy Lee Carson.

* * *

Millicent Ward will visit her grandmother in Randleman, N. C., this week-end.

* * *

Grace Brown, Bet Miller, Agnes Pollock, Mary Virginia Dunn, Anna Preston, Billie Philpott, Alice Caldwell, Eva Hackney, and Pat Holderness will be in Chapel Hill this week-end.

* * *

The following girls will be at home for Saturday and Sunday: Ethelyn Barger, Mooresville; Frances Douglas, High Point; Julia Brown Jennings, Thomasville; Adele Hicks, High Point; Emma Kapp, Bethania; Essie Hendricks; Ernestine Thies, Charlotte; Elizabeth Willis, Southmont; Ghilan Hall, Burlington; Rebecca Piatt, Durham; Betty Durham, Chapel Hill; Margaret Blackburn, Hickory, and Robin Fraley, Statesville.

STUDENTS RECITAL AT MUSIC HOUR

(Continued From Page One)

The Water Lily ..... *Franz*
Tommy Lad ..... *Margetson*
Ethelyn Barger
Barcarolle in G Minor *Rachmaninoff*
Martha McKay
Waltz in A Flat Major.....*Chopin*
Helen Fowler
Novelette in E Minor.....*Schumann*
Agnes Pollock
Concerto in D Minor.....*MacDowell*
Largetto Calmato.
Dorothy Thompson

Miss Minnie Smith was at home Thursday afternoon, December 4, to those girls to whom she is faculty adviser.

Week of Dec. 8th
MON— TURS— WED— LUPE VELEZ LEW AYRES
IN
"East is West"
EAST is East . . .
WEST is West . . .
So say the people of the east, but love knew no division and to it EAST IS WEST.
Romance! Thrills! Comedy! Drama Courage! Menace! Faith! Scenic Beauty! Entertainment!
THUR— FRI— SAT—

With El Brendel, John Wayne, Marguerite Churchill and a cast of 20,000.
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Night 35c & 50c
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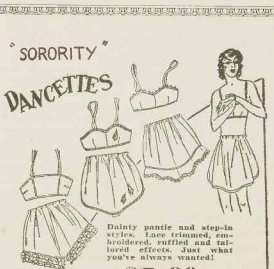
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BEAUTY TALKS

Your Charm
It depends greatly on the tone and texture of your skin—on the smartness of your coiffure. It is such charm as is most fascinatingly developed here.
Haircut 50c
Finger Wave $1.00
Marcel Wave $1.00
Shampoo ..... 50c and up
Facials ..... $1.50 and up
Permanent wave $10.00 and up
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