

WEEK-END TRAVEL In the Realms of Gold

"Much have I traveled in the realms of gold."
Yare, yare! The pilot is at the wheel. We are off to the unknown—a Dutch garden, to mystic India, to the republic of the bees, to classic Cambridge, or to the prairies of Dakota, golden with wheat.

In the Dutch garden we see Prunella falling in love with Pierrot in the spite of the strict guardian suits who hire a small boy to drive the birds away lest Prunella see their courtship and get ideas in her head. Such a dainty lovenomak! Such paths and delight!

To go to India with Agoro would be an exalting experience which we can approximate in reading the *Gitanjali*. We shall see dark-eyed maidens light their festal lamps, we shall smell the lotus flower; and the mystery and beauty of orient night will unfold us while the poet sings in tender tones of strange, high things.

Maeterlinck will be our guide in the city of the bees. With affection and poetic insight he will show us the ways of these little brown people who store up a bright golden hoard in a structure larger in proportion to their size than St. Peter's at Rome. He will give us a sense of destiny and awe while he reveals the age-old pattern of the lives of these tiny individuals, all inspired with an altruistic passion for the well-being of their republic.

Hugh Walpole will take us to a football game, or to a boat race on the Cam, or behind the "spotted oaks" of Cambridge students where we shall make the acquaintance of those captivating chaps, Olva Dune and Cardillac. With Olva Dune we shall pass through a great experience—one that sited his soul and found the gold.

Nearer home, but not less entrancing are the limitless prairies. The rough, vital joys of their development, with its cruelties and tragedies, its fierce joys and its bitter defeats is only beginning to be sung. Rolvaag—emigrant, pioneer, artist—keen of perception and of understanding, has added a canto. He has told a story of valiant deeds and of fortitude in daily struggle in *Peter Victorious*.

Houseman, L. and Barker, G.—*Pramella*.
Maeterlinck, M.—*The Life of the Bee*.
Rolvaag, O. E.—*Peter Victorious*.
Agoro, R.—*Gitanjali*.
Walpole, H.—*Prelude to Adventure*.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND

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never tell any mortal about that which you will see here." The woman with joy raised her hands and gave her oath: "I swear by Prophet, by his beard, by the moon and stars, that no mortal will ever hear a word about what we will see here. Let the sea swallow us if I break my oath." After an hour the young man was in the palace, and still an hour later returned to his home with rich gifts, the first of all barbers who after touching the head of the sovereign did not lose his own. Praise to Allah!

The mother met her son with kisses and tears of joy and it seemed that nothing else from that time could disturb the calmness of their life.

But it only seemed that way. On the next day something happened to the widow. The work fell from her hands, and deep sighs came from her breast.

Her son had much work, since he was the only barber in the city, but soon he noticed that something was wrong with his mother.

"Tell me, mother, what happened to you?" he asked, "I will do anything for you." She cried, and sobbed a long time, but refused to say anything, when at last she said, "Oh, my son, if I do not know what you saw in Shah's palace, I will not live any more."

"Mother, mother, but you gave an oath that we would not tell it to anyone."

"But my son, I swore that I would not tell to anyone else, but we both are like one person, if you will not tell me, I will die."

"I will tell you all, but don't forget about the oath. Well, when the Shah took off his turban I saw on his forehead horns, two big high strong horns!"

From this time on the woman recovered and became happy. She sang and worked all the day. But two days later the mystery was a heavy burden for her. At first it was down, then it turned to wood, stone and iron.

Her son watched her carefully and warned, "Remember the oath, mother."

Once she went to the well to bring some water home. She bent over it and far down saw her own reflection.

She could not resist the temptation and whispered: "Shah has horns."

Her words resounded so loud in the well, that she shivered, but at the same time she felt such delight and relief, that she could not resist the temptation any more and began to repeat louder and louder:

"Yes! yes! Shah has horns!" But what is this? She heard some sound in the well that became louder and louder. The water bubbled and raised higher and higher and soon ran out of the well.

Soon not only the house of the widow, but the whole town and later all the valley was overflowed and all living creatures perished.

That is why it is so calm here; this is the grave of perjurers. Let be cursed the memory of Shah, who let the good woman in the secret and thus ruined a whole nation.

Hakin, love a woman, but do not trust her, even if it is your mother. Great is Allah!

From the translation by —ZINA VOLOGODSKY.

Dr. Howard Rondthaler is attending the annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of which Salem is a member, and which is the highest accrediting organization. The Association is meeting this year in Atlanta, and Dr. Rondthaler is spending from Saturday, November 29, to Monday, December 8, in that city.

"Electricity—The Servant in the Home"

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Miss Read Tells Of European Trip

Italy Chief Topic for Interesting Talk to History Club

The History Club held a most interesting meeting Tuesday evening, December 2, in the living room of Alice Clewell. The attendance was of the members being present. Miss Hazel Horton Read gave a brief account of her trip to Europe this past summer, dealing especially with Italy in detail. Miss Daisy Litz, President, was in charge of the meeting, which was cut short a half hour on account of the concert over the radio given by Salem girls that evening.

RECITAL WILL BE GIVEN

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In addition, numbers will be played by Miss Elizabeth McClaugherty, violinist; Miss Mary Ann Mattiwson, organist; and Misses Agnes Pollock and Elizabeth Willis, pianists.

Miss Millicent Ward and Miss Dorothy Thompson will each play the initial movement of a well known piano concerto, with Dean Charles Vardell supplying the orchestral accompaniments at the organ. Miss Thompson's number will be "Larghetto Calmato," from Edward MacDowell's great D Minor Concerto; while Miss Ward will play the "Allegro Andante," from the Schumann A Minor Concerto, which was the composer's only work in this form.

A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend.

MR. CRAIG VIVIDLY DESCRIBE AFRICAN TOUR

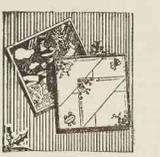
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he recounts, his innocence is certain. However, he is more likely to die an agonizing death and thus his guilt is confirmed.

Womanhood in Africa is the lowest strata of Humanity, nevertheless, the womanhood who suffers most, who is the despised beast of burden, is often the most indifferent, the most superstitious and the hardest to reach. This is the situation in Africa. Women are merely slaves yet they are the hardest to convert.

There is a brighter side to mission work and this side continues to become more bright. There is a written language in Africa now and the scriptures have been translated. There are monthly church papers. There are from fifteen to eighteen thousand boys and girls in mission schools. Their thirst for knowledge is pitiful yet very hopeful. There are industrial schools where carpentry, broom making and architecture are taught. 223 young men are in Bible schools studying for the ministry and lastly the women are rapidly becoming capable of Christian development.

In the conclusion of his wonderful address, Mr. Craig said that if any person felt called to the mission field this person could go resting assured that she was making the greatest possible investment of her life.



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