

PAGING OUR PREDECESSORS

It was in the year 1780 at Salem, the little Moravian town in North Carolina. On one bright October afternoon two girls who were long-sleeved, full-skirted, linen dresses and white caps tied with the bright blue ribbons which characterized them as young girls, with arms linked together walked up and down the street in front of the boarding school for girls, Salem Female Academy.

Nancy, a tall, slender, pretty girl, who was sixteen and who was usually the leader of the two, thus lamented: "Oh, it's bad enough to have to embroider at all, but to think that I must make all my work out and do it over again's very afternoon!"

"It's a shame, Nancy," sympathized fourteen year old black-haired Alice. "I wish I could do it for you. I'd much rather embroider than study Latin."

"Oh, I love Latin," exclaimed Nancy enthusiastically. "Alice if you tried the least bit, you couldn't help liking Latin."

"Indeed I could," declared Alice. "I like embroidery and sewing and you don't, and you like Latin, grammar, math, and literature, and I don't."

"But you're missing so much by not liking them," responded Nancy fondly. "Oh! look, yonder's farmer Brown's wagon in front of school. Aren't those tempting red apples in the back of the wagon? I wish I had one."

"I do too," said Alice. "He's not in the wagon, and I bet he's selling some to the school. Do you know. I heard that Cornwallia's camp was only a few miles from farmer Brown's farm. Wouldn't you be scared to death if you were he?"

"No indeed, I'd love it," declared Nancy. "Alice, I tell you what let's do," she added with a mischievous twinkle in her bright blue eyes.

"What," asked Alice, who always liked to do the unusual, provided that Nancy or some person bolder than herself was with her.

"Let's go and get in farmer Brown's wagon and ride around Salem square!"

"Oh, Nancy," said Alice admiringly if a bit fearfully. "We couldn't do that, could we? What would you do to us?"

"They'd probably deliver us a long lecture and make us stay in the house and work or read our Bibles during recreation period. And they might make us go before the church board!"

"I could do everything but the last. That would frighten me too much." "Don't be a scared cat, Alice," advised Nancy. "If we did have to go before the board we could have a perfectly marvelous time being truly repentant. Let's hurry," she added "for soon farmer Brown will be back."

The two girls walked hurriedly, not even ran, as a refined young lady never should, to the small wagon laden with bright red apples. With excitement Nancy loosed the reins from the tying post and then climbed into the driver's seat. Alice climbed up beside her. After the two girls had turned one anxious look to the doorway of the school building and happily had seen no one, Nancy pulled the reins slightly, called "get up!" The horse, unused to the girl's voice looked around curiously. Since Nancy sharply repeated her command he started off and soon was slowly trotting.

World Events

Washington, D. C.:

One of the biggest questions in the senate today is whether the Federal government should use public funds to help feed the hungry people of the United States. While President Hoover favors Federal Relief for the hungry industry, he condemns it for hungry individuals as a dole. Senator La Follette Jr., of Wisconsin, a sort of political Robin Hood, and Senator Cushman of Colorado, heartily favor Federal relief for individuals. The leading welfare officers from New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago insist that the local, State, and voluntary organizations cannot meet the need of the people. Only Director Walter Sherman Gifford, of the President's own Unemployment Relief Organization declares Federal Relief unnecessary.

Germany:

Hardly a week passes in Germany without blood spilling between Adolf Hitler's Fascists and the German Communists. Recently Trotsky, Russia's great exile, sent a message from Turkey to spur on the Communists. Two days later Hitler in an oration to his Fascist followers condemned the Roman Catholics and bourgeoisie who opposed him as "tools of Bolshevism." Warning the Fascists that Bolshevism would mean the loss of all, including religion, and a relapse into barbarism, he urged them to fight victoriously for their cause in 1932.

Russia:

A common Soviet cartoon is a comical little old man, who has wings and folds awkwardly about, accompanied by a comical little white bird. When a Comrade hits the little old man with a fly swatter, the little white bird squawks in terror. The little old man is labeled "God" and the little white bird "Holy Ghost."

Last week Comrade Yaroslavsky, leader of the Society of the Godless, lectured Soviet youths on morals. The question which most interested the youths was: "Is suicide permissible?" One may consider Yaroslavsky's reply as the official Soviet answer: "Suicide is not permissible. As a solution of life's problems it is an act of bourgeois cowardice. Being an act of helplessness, suicide should have no place in the Soviet Union!"

OBLIVION

Nothing is real to me—I walk in dreams. Now that the bright dawn of your smile is fled. And all the little petty trials of Life In vain, attempt a stolid calm to mar.

Nothing is real to me—A twilight daze Has hushed my laughter, and the tears I shed. And all the frantic struggles of the past.

I contemplate with mind and eye afar. Nothing is real to me—Intangible Are the emotions that have left me dead.

I do not live—my Heart is in the grave. My soul has followed yours across the bar.

—Isabella Hanson.

her surprise and delight, no one was waiting to reprimand them. Hastily they went into the building to their tasks. Probably the woman who thrust her head out of the window would report them. No matter. For the present they were safe and they knew that for many days to come they would enjoy recalling their ride around Salem square.

—M. L. J.

THEATRES

CAROLINA

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY THE DANCE TEAM With SALLY ELLERS and James Dunn In an amusing romance. The young couple try to sidestep love and find that business isn't everything. Sally Ellers and James Dunn, the team of Bad Girl, are better than ever in Dance Team.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY THE CHAMP Wallace Beery and Robert Cogan have a great success in The Champ. This is the story of an ex-champion who makes a last fight for his son. Even though he is rum-soaked and out of practice, Wallace Beery makes a great comeback.

STATE

MONDAY, TUESDAY BLOND GAZY In this performance James Cagney goes crazy over every blond he sees. Joan Blondell is his leading lady.

THE LEGEND OF THE WATER LILY

In the northern country, on the hilly shores of the Lake of the Clustered Stars, once lived an Indian tribe called the Saranacs. Their brave young chieftain was Wayotah, the Blazing Sun, who loved the fairest maiden of his tribe named Osetah, the Bird. For her he made a beautiful comb with the figure of a dove carved from a deer's antlers which glowed in her long, sleek, black hair that shone like polished ebony. He brought her beautiful long quills of porcupine found in the forest to dye bright colors and use in trimming on her soft buckskin dresses.

No and less did Osetah love the fearless Wayotah, for whom she had made a necklace of bear's claws which he wore on all festive days. When all the Saranacs would sit around the campfire at night listening to the tales and legends of the beginnings of their tribe and the actions of the gods, she liked to watch the bright playing over his high cheek-bones and firm, straight mouth while she dreamed of the great deeds which he would perform, bringing even wider fame to himself and all his followers. Sometimes, too, her peaceful dark eyes would meet the deep understanding gaze of her lover and between them leaped the quicksilver flame of love's devotion, so that they longed to fly into each other's arms and pledge themselves forever.

This, however, could not be, for Osetah's parents had promised her to a younger and less warlike man and she dared not disobey them. So she told Wayotah that she could never be his, but the young chief pursued her, knowing that in her heart she loved only him. Steadfastly the sad maiden avoided him and would not listen to his pleas.

One day Wayotah led his braves in a victorious battle against the Tahwah. Returning to the camp in late afternoon, triumphant yet in his blood and his heart sore for love, he saw Osetah walking alone on the Island of the Gods at the opposite bank of the Lake of the Clustered Stars. Instantly his great longing for her aroused a greater passion within him than ever before and straightaway he set out to pursue her.

Getting into his canoe he paddled swiftly with long even strokes over the fiery path of water made by the victorious battle against the Tahwah. Returning to the shore, Osetah had been so deeply occupied with her own sad thoughts that she had neither seen nor heard his quiet approach, but when the canoe pushed gently into the bushes with a rustling sound she looked up with a startled quivering like the flight of the bird whose name she bore.

Waving her tin hand in warning she bade him come no nearer, but Wayotah was not to be warned. With a bound he was up the bank advancing toward her with outstretched arms, Osetah ran up on a rock projecting

over the water and looked back at him with a glance full of love and supplication. Still Wayotah drew nearer and smiled as he sought to embrace her, but before he could divine her intention she leaped into the lake and the waters closed above her head.

The young chief jumped to the rescue, but, strangely enough, she had disappeared as quickly and silently as a shooting star that falls from heaven and is seen no more. Broken-hearted he returned to the camp and told his story. All night his trisemousen loved for the lovely maiden and there was loud wailing in the tepees gathered on the bank of the Lake of the Clustered Stars. Early on the following morning a hunter came running excitedly into the settlement. "Flowers are growing in the water," he cried, and all the people hurried down to the lake. Their fleet canoes sped toward the Island of Elms where they saw the lake turned miraculously white and gold with bloomed and the air deliciously perfumed.

Then the old prophet lifted his voice in an woe to the wondering exclamations of the crowd and said, "This bed of flowers is Osetah, changed in death to these forms of life. Her heart was as pure as these petals; her love burned like the gold they inclose. Watch, and you will discover that the flower unfolds in the warmth of the sun, and when it sets its life will be darkened, and it will close and sleep on the surface of the lake." Then Wayotah went into the forest and sat with his head bowed toward the earth.

—M. L. M. From: Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants, by Charles M. Skinner.

(Continued From Page One)

A FEW INCIDENTALS

tere, must wear rubber soled shoes. Keep their mouths shut, and furnish refreshments when called for. Any efforts to evade these rules will be considered as grounds for permanent exclusion from the second floor of Look's Biting Building where the contest is to be held.

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