

THEIR GUARDIAN ANGELS

About a century and a half ago when the German colonies in North Carolina were being established there lived in Beethania only pius Moravian folk who took the Bible and its teaching in simple, childlike faith.

One evening the children of the village were sent to drive the village cattle homeward from the feeding ground. They set out merrily for this was an adventure dangerous enough to be interesting. They had been warned by their parents to be careful because an Indian tribe had planned an attack for the morning before, and had been frightened away by the sexton's timely ringing of the church bell which was to call the people to early morning worship.

The children tripped merrily along with sticks in their hands. They walked the two miles to the pasturing grounds, herded the cattle, and with the use of their sticks, drove the cattle homeward. As they went they sang:

Weil ich Jesu schaeffin bin  
Ther mich nuh immer hin  
Ueber einen guten Hirten

"Oh," said one little Haxen-haired boy, aged six, who wore a short blue skirt, "I hear a child crying."

"Nonsense," said an older boy who had graduated from short skirts several years before, "You hear only the wind in the pines. Here! that spotted cow is sneaking off into the forest again," and he started after the cow. "Come back!" shouted the other children, "You know the minister forbade us to become separated."

"Don't think me a fool," shouted the boy, angrily goading the cow in the flank.

"Oh!" chorused all the little German Moravians present. "Don't you know, Hans Brinker, that the Holy Scripture says that he who uses that word is in danger of hell fire?"

"Stop," said Karl, the six-year old. "Did you not hear a cry like that of a child? Hear? It comes nearer."

"This punishment on Hans," said one child looking accusingly at the culprit.

"This like a child," answered another paying no attention to the accusation. "Wonder if little Maria tried to follow us like she did last month—and got lost?"

This idea struck the children with horror. With one accord they stood still and listened intently. The call was repeated—this time a little nearer—a long, mournful cry that ended in a sob—a cry that sent chills up the spines of the listeners.

"Sounds like her all right," affirmed Johann Schmidt, the son of the village miller. "Let's answer so that she can be guided to us."

"They called," Maria, here we are; where are you?"

Again the long, low cry was repeated; again they answered. Each time the cry was nearer. At last the call was so near that they could detect a note of eagerness and a brokenness in it as if little Maria were running very swiftly.

"She's coming," said Hans in an eager, yet puzzled tone, "but how fast?"

Just then they reached the top of a knoll, and saw, bounding toward them, the lithe body of a large, tawny panther. When it saw the children, it let out a blood-thirsty cry of delight. It was almost upon them before they could open their lips to call to the village half a mile away. Suddenly they were surrounded by a hazy, white mist that flowed and fluttered in the breeze. The children felt a strange sensation of comfort and of protection. They were no longer petrified with fear. They looked up and beheld bright transparent faces which looked down upon them and smiled sweet, holy, loving smiles. There were thirteen of these figures surrounding the thirteen children. Then the figures disappeared; but the feeling of protection remained with the children. They turned to the cattle which stood patiently waiting to be driven forward. The panther was gone—had not their guardian angels sent it away?

—Emma Kapp.

1772---1932, A Mere One Hundred Sixty Years Progress

"But oh, my dear, how times have changed since Grandmas swooned when Grandy kissed her on the glove!"

OLD SALEM ACADEMY RULES

- 1. Baths can be taken only by special permission and at times indicated by the teachers.
2. During the day the sleeping apartments are not to be visited by the scholars.
3. From breakfast to 8 A. M. the pupils are to remain in their rooms and devote the time to study and to preparation for recitation hours.
4. The strictest order is to be observed in the Embroidery Room.
5. During recess and recreation hours, all boisterous plays and games, rudeness and unladylike conduct must be avoided.
6. When walking out, the pupils are never to stay out of sight or hearing of the teacher.
7. Standing in crowds at the front doors, leaning out of windows in an unbecoming manner, and especially rude or loud talking at such localities, are entirely prohibited.

EXTRACTS FROM 1931-32 HAND BOOK

- 1. Two call downs are given for reporting to dormitory after 10:30 P. M.
2. One call down for three times failure to sign before or after returning to campus.
3. Green Room hours: 7:50 — 8:30 A. M. 1:20 — 1:55 P. M. 6:30 — 7:15 P. M.
4. Students may not leave the college grounds without registering unless they remain within limits.
5. Victrolas cannot be played until 10:00 A. M. Sundays, and recreational games cannot be played at all on Sunday.
6. Students may visit unchaperoned all drug stores and cafes on the approved list.
7. The proctors shall be responsible for quiet and order in the rooms and hall during study hours, at night, and during all specified quiet hours.

FORMER PUBLICATION GIVES INTERESTING TID-BITS

(Continued From Page One)

ending us at different times and places. Some of their music is touchingly sweet,—while other performances set our feet a-tingle and we find ourselves in the midst of a dance without knowing exactly how it came about."

Literary Efforts Twenty-Five Years Ago

February, 1907. "The Ivy for February is on our table. It is a publication of about sixty pages, gotten up in a very artistic style, and with a particularly striking title page. Miss Hattie Jones and Miss Lucy Brown are the editors-in-chief, and they and their assistants deserve great credit for the excellence of the work done."

Winter Sports in 1907

"The several snows of the winter afforded an opportunity for winter sports. Coasting, snow-balling and other enjoyments characterized the days, and the corresponding number of colds followed. But these were accepted as a matter of fact, and the sport was in no way diminished."

Salem Day in 1916

Athletic Then as Now Prominent. "Owing to unfavorable weather conditions the exercises could not be held on the actual date, February 3rd, but were postponed until Friday, February 4th. The program consisted of a brief chapel service, the exercises consisting of the singing of appropriate hymns, the use of a special litany and remarks by the Bishop on the spirit of the occasion. In the afternoon the athletic events took place on Salem Field consisting of a basket ball game between the Hesperian and Etapean Literary Societies, the former winning by a score of 19-12. The trophy, a handsome silver loving cup offered each year by the Barber Printing and Stationery Co., was presented by Dr. H. T. Babson. Next followed a Pageant of Games showing the development of athletics at Salem from the very early days. Following the outdoor sports a Reception was held in the new Trophy Room at which were present a number of the Trustees with their wives, members of the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association and members of the Faculty. In the evening a very fine Concert was given by the 'Duller Sisters' of England, under the auspices of the General Alumnae Association."

THE LITTLE RED MAN

(Continued From Page Two)

over the hard dirt floor. But Sister Amelia was foiled again, though Betsy's ears and mouth were stopped, her eyes were sharp, and she didn't fail to see the tall shadow behind her as they passed through a narrow ray of sunlight which forced its way in through a tiny opening in the wall. She stopped suddenly, whirled around in the face of Sister Amelia, and began to scream and cry.

Sister Amelia was frightened by the little creature's violent reaction, but unwilling to give up her project after having proceeded thus far, she tried to calm Betsy. The little lady, stubborn at first, was gradually won over by the soothing pats of the kindly sister, and when her childlike rebellion was quieted, she decided that she must take Sister Amelia into her confidence. Through crude gestures she explained to the astonished woman that it must be kept a deep dark secret, and then led her through a narrow damp passage back to the far corner of the basement which was

hidden by a pile of bricks and wood. Here the sister stared in astonishment at what she saw. Cuddled up on a heap of dead leaves, a little dwarf dressed all in red sat grinning pleasantly, but when he saw her, he scuttled under the leaves in a flash, and entirely disappeared; whereupon the disappointed Betsy motioned for Sister Amelia to leave. But the woman had already started, eager to tell everyone about what she had seen. Before long the curious, unbelieving sisters came down to see for themselves, but Betsy had warned the little red man, and he was nowhere to be found. Of course all but Sister Amelia laughed at Betsy's story, and said it was only childish imagination, but when they actually saw how the food disappeared every night from behind the rain barrel, they began to believe in it in spite of themselves.

No one ever saw or heard the little red man anymore except Betsy, who played with him daily; when she died ten years later, they say that he also died, for the food was never again taken from behind the rain barrel.

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Bright Boy: "If you please just like my father's and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through."

"Oh, Bob, did father seem pleased when you told him of the \$500 you had saved?"

"I think so—he borrowed it." —Puffblower.