

AS TO WHO BELONGS

(Continued from Page Two.)

These brown eyes belong to the little boy sitting in the grass. His face is extremely dirty, so are his hands and feet and firm round arms and legs. On his head is a bright red sailor cap to which have been fastened by means of straight pins two June-bugs, a fly, and three lightning bugs. His scanty brown shorts and tuck-in shirt are the very essence of rough-and-tumble little boyhood.

"I don't care nothing whether you're fired or not. She's my big sister, and I reckon if there's a chance of her getting proposed to tonight, I ought to be the one to be under the sofa. I guess I'm one of her family, ain't I?"

"Yeah, but I'm the one who kith to tend to thutch things. All I want to do is to get that quarrel throughtened out before any more of thith thpring weather thluth by. Themh like you'd want me to, being ath I'm the only one that can do any good."

"O Yeah? You ain't nothing but a pink and white sissy, that's all you are. Besides, that place is too dirty for you; spiders 'n mice—no sir, that's my place or my name ain't Joseph Conrad Clayborn Stanley, Jr."

Such a cutting thrust as this cannot be overlooked by the pink and white one, and he pokes his roshud

lip out at his opponent, a pink and white thlithy. I wath juth tryin to do my annual duty by your ole thlither; but if you're gonna act like that, I'm gonna take my bow and arrowh and go home. And juth you wait—If I do, and if you do hide under that thlofa and pour ink in that young man'h thloeth, like you were planning, I'll bet both fanthly won't ever turn to nothing, exthepi maybe kicking folkh in the panth, and then your thlither will be an old maid—the reth of her life, and thell thend thou hand-knithed underwear evy Christmuth, and then you'll be thorry you didn't let get her propothed to while thie wath young."

His point is both cleverly made and thoughtfully received. Joe immediately sees his mistake and with great diplomacy seeks to make amends.

"Now Cape, ole snoop, I didn't mean that as a slam about you being pink and white. Sometimes I even wish I was like that so I wouldn't have so much to wash off Saturday nights."

"And about that ole place under the sofa—Shoot, it ain't much fun after you get there; and I'm getting kinda tired listening to that same ole quarrel every night. I'll tell you what I'll do, Cup. For a nickel I'll let you have the place tonight. I need a nickel anyway to buy some ink for tomorrow night. You dirty ole thing, calling me

"O K, Joe. But wait a minute. What'll I do about getting mythelf dirty? I'm thered to death of thluth-derh and rathh and thingth."

"Aw, don't mind them; they don't do nothing but bite great big hunks off of you. Make it a dime, Cape, and I'll stay under there with you to keep the rats away."

"Gee, Joe, you're a real pal!"

Moral: It's a wise girl who knoweth her own little brother, and taketh her date to a picture show.

TRUSTEES WILL BE GUESTS OF THE

(Continued from Page One) ly following their ritual. It was the only school for young ladies in the Southern States. Girls came from great distances to acquire the cultural education and the finish that only Salem Academy could offer.

Throughout the menacing days of the Civil War and the destitution of reconstruction days, never once did Salem close its doors. There are few schools that can boast of a history as noble as this. From a school of two pupils it grew into a college.

Its degrees became recognized by national associations. Gradually increasing honors have been bestowed upon her. In 1931 the American Association of University Women admitted Salem, and just last year the School of Music was recognized by the National Association of Schools of Music.

February third will be a gala day at Salem when the flags will be flying. There will be visitors coming in and out the entire day. Salem's one hundred and sixty-second year will be ushered in in a manner appropriate to its importance.

THREE PICTURES FOR SALEM'S MEMORY BOOK

(Continued from Page One) he no suspicion that she needs them for reading. She wears her hair pulled back tightly over her ears because she likes it done that way and because daughter does not. She enjoys living and owning a sense of humour, and being youthfully normal. She enjoys being Mrs. Council, Salem's oldest living alumna, and she is fascinated with herself for living one hundred years. A generation all her own, a Salem girl, a colorful personality.

The second picture should be a charcoal sketch in a thin black frame. In the center of the background is a large colonial fireplace of which the most noticeable features are a wide mantel, a heavy iron-work grate, and a fat sooty cooking pot squatting on the hearth. A unique stout little

person with her slipped feet planted firmly and wide apart, with her clean gray dress crinkling as she bends toward the fire she has just lighted, is spreading a newspaper over the grate to make the fire draw. She has musical fingers and an expressive back of the head. There's determination here and practicality and naivete. Another generation, another alumna, a crisp personality—Mrs. Annie Earnhardt.

The third picture should be an etching in a dark burnished frame. A bay window, its panes streaked with rain and its curving window-seat piled with heavy cushions serves as background for a charming group seated around a tea table. Steam rises from the dainty china cups, and there are glass plates of minis and sandwiches cut into festive shapes on the quaint spindly-legged table. The sideboards are shadowed and sketchedly filled with a what-not and book cases with tall shelves, a high boy and a gold-fish bowl on a wrought iron stand, and a sullen drowsy cat curled on a fat leather pillow on the floor. Again the center of interest is a lady. She is a small, gracefully-old person, gracious, sincere, and instantly likable. Her manners are sociable and informal, and her expression is happy and untroubled. She is satisfied with her tea, her guests, with her cat and her gulfish, even with the gray weather. Another generation, another alumna, a winsome personality—Mrs. John Gordon.

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D. G. CRAVEN COMPANY

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These good tobaccos in Chesterfield are used in the right proportions—that's a very important matter.

These good tobaccos in Chesterfield are blended and cross-blended—welded together; that, too, helps to make a milder cigarette with better taste.



THEY'RE MILD—THEY TASTE BETTER

