

EXCHANGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
ties because they "do not want it to interfere with classes." Young women are impressionable and it is easy to forget next year's war in the excitement of next week's math quiz, or next month's big dance.

A PERT LETTER TO AN EDITOR

Dear Sir:
Four of us went down to the Canal on Saturday and threw in your college paper. Why don't you print some pictures and good fiction?
Kathleen R. Buffalo.
From: Student Mirror Exchange.

MEREDITH

On a recent history paper: "The king had abdominal power over his subjects."
6 new students enter for spring term 33 girls are practice teaching.
From "Lost and Found" column:
Lost: Necessary sleep during exams.
Found: A plain ring (in my bathtub).
Lost: Harmony in practice rooms.
Found: A radio off during study hour. (Editors note: "It was broken.")

The Twig.

CATAWBA (Pioneer)

A woman's college is making much of the fact that statistics show: Men get mad an average of 6 times a week. ...Women only three. Yes, but who makes the men mad?
Atlanta Constitution.
At "Cat-a-wau-ba" the proof-reader's delight is: "resimays;" "throughout the evening a happy spirit pervaded the atmosphere." "Miss — was a week-en guess of —;" and such.

The college choir is planning a trip north — Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. They will go via Shenandoah Valley with stops for concerts at five different towns. Returning via Washington and Richmond, they will give 3 concerts en-route. (10 concerts in all.)

AGNES SCOTT

The Agonistic annual contest is on, in which each class under the direction of the editor publishes The Agonistic and the class putting out the best paper wins.
Regulations are:
1. Members of staff may not help in class issues.
2. All participants must have their class standing and have paid 1st semester's budget fee.
3. All work published must be done by members of the class.
4. Total cost must not exceed \$60.
This idea must be a whiz for getting real work out of students and the experience causes them, no doubt, to be sympathetic with and appreciative of the main staff. How would you Salemites like your turn? We have let you publish the paper, but we haven't called it a contest. Shall we?

BE MY VALENTINE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)
Now we are come to the age when it is said that it doesn't matter to us who the sender is just so long as he comes across with a telegram, box of candy, or some flowers. But naturally each of us consider herself the exception to the rule, the one girl out of ten who cares and the one who years later when she "finds it in an old desk, tucked carefully away—a little faded Valentine that speaks of yesterday" will thrill at the thought of —'s remembering her.

"HAVING FUN WITH YOUR MIND" SUBJECT OF Y. P. M. LECTURER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
He ended with this inspirational thought. If we get acquainted with our minds and feed them, we will have a resource for pleasure that will last as long as life itself and nothing whatever can take it away from us.

Not only does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the face as to what became of it.

Recalling the Regency



The increasing vogue for Regency fashions is apparent in this charming new spring afternoon gown of crepe printed with huge polka dots. The tight, crossed bodice is of matching color crepe, and the cute poke bonnet is festooned with long streamers.

SPRING FASHIONS

If you aren't planning to go snooty this spring and keep your nose way up in the air your new spring chapeau is, most of a certainty, going to get ahead of you! (and no puns meant either). Its brim (the hat's not the head's), is going to shoot forward like a nose-dive into the future, preceding you about two jumps like an advance guard. Above all beware of revolving doors and Saturday afternoons in town if you wish to retain your girlish dignity. The crowns of the new bonnets have fallen, the rears are practically non-existent and you are all big bad front when you finally decide maybe you don't look too, too awful in them.

If you really want to be the very acme of sophistication this spring, bring out your last spring's navy blue suit and purchase a pink hat, pink gloves, and perhaps a pink and blue cravat. If your Easter prospects don't look rosy now, it's not your fault.

Other friendly tips can be tossed off as follows:
Skirt lengths: A shade shorter by day, and at night shorter in front evening skirts and uneven hemlines.
Fabrics: A big moment for tweeds, and in the evening for diaphonous fabrics like chiffon, net, lace, tulle, and Indian groups. Checks and

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HINE'S

WEST FOURTH

CHILDHOOD IS THE KINGDOM WHERE NOBODY DIES

Childhood is not from birth to a certain age and at a certain age, The child is grown, and puts away childish things. Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.

Nobody that matters, that is, distant relatives, of course, Die, whom one has never seen or has seen for an hour, And they gave one candy in a pink and green striped bag, or a jack-knife, And went away, and cannot really be said to have lived at all.

And cats die. They lie on the floor and lash their tails, And their reticent purr is suddenly all in motion With fleas that one never knew were there, Polished and brown, knowing all there is to know, Trekking off into the living world. You fetch a shoe-box, but it's much too small, because she won't curl up now. So you find a bigger box, and bury her in the yard, and weep. But you do not wake up a month from then, two months, A year from then, two years, in the middle of the night And weep, with your knuckles in your mouth, and say, Oh, God! Oh, God!

Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies that matters,—mothers and fathers don't die.

And if you have said, "For heaven's sake, must you always be kissing a person?"

Oh, "I do wish to gracious you'd sew with your thimble!" Tomorrow, or even the day after tomorrow if you're busy having fun, Is plenty of time to say, "I'm sorry, mother."

To be grown up is to sit at the table

plaids are on a rampage. Prints also universal. Black and navy blue taffeta suits, a new creation. Colors: The inevitable tidal wave of navy blue, then natural linen shades and grays or tan-bark brown. In the evening all the pastels, especially mauve. Hair: Bangs are being slowly vanquished in favor of tightly curled Greek Coiffures. or long hair drawn up into a top-knot of curls, a la little girl in the bath tub.

Smart News

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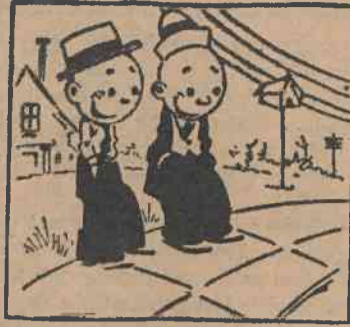
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EASY ENOUGH



"It's all nonsense about its being hard for a college graduate to get a job."
"You didn't have trouble finding one, then?"
"One? Why, I've had four jobs the last four weeks."

with people who have died, who neither listen nor speak; Who do not drink their tea, though they always said Tea was such a comfort.

Run down into the cellar and bring up the last jar of raspberries; they are not tempted. Flatter them, ask them what was it they said exactly That time, to the bishop, or to the overseer, or to Mrs. Mason; They are not taken in. Shout at them, get red in the face, rise, Drag the men out of their chairs by their stiff shoulders and shake them and yell at them; They are not startled; they are not even embarrassed; they slide back into their chairs.

Your tea is cold now. You drink it standing up, And leave the house.

By Edna St. Vincent Millay.
From "Wine From These Grapes."

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SALEMITES ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT THE SALEM FOOD STORE

FAMILY SIGNS

You can always tell where a family lives, By the gay effect that the hallway gives There are hooks arranged in a nice straight row, And the coats grow shorter and shorter, so At the first glance you can surmise That the people vary in shape and size. Hats that have streamers mean little girls, With perky haircuts or ribboned curls.

A wagon and ball and bat reveal That a boy lives there! and a slim, high heel On an overshoe is a certain clew That a grown-up sister's an inmate, too. A doll that flopped with a broken neck, A toy train hunched in a pleasant wreck— The rooms may be still as a sleeping mouse But you know there's a family in the house!

—Helen Welshimer.

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