

PERSONALS

Jo Klutz went home to Salisbury for the week-end.
Tillie Hines spent the week-end at her home in Charlotte.
Nancy McNeely spent the week-end at her home in Coolemeec.
Sarah Pinkston went home to Fayetteville for the week-end.
Helen Jones spent the week-end at her home in Fayetteville.
Rebecca Brame went home to North Wilkesboro.
Marjorie and Jean Robinson went to Davidson for the dance and then to their home in Lowell, N. C.
Wilda Mae Yingling spent the week-end at her home in Salisbury.
Margaret Shackford went to her home in Rock Hill, S. C. for the week-end.
"Tick" Fraley spent the week-end at her home in High Point.
Virginia Foy went to her home in Mount Airy for the week-end.
Ethel Highsmith spent the week-end at her home in Fayetteville.
Mary Turner Willis spent the

week-end in town with Dot Wyatt.
"Coco" Henderson went home to Franklinton for the week-end.
Garnelle Raney, Mary Thomas and Julia Preston attended the dance at Davidson last week-end.
Laura Emily Pitts visited at Catawba College in Salisbury last week-end.
Hazel McMahan and Mary Mills went to Mt. Airy one day last week and played and sang at a club meeting.

ACADEMY SENIORS TO BE HONORED

Salem Academy is in an uproar; Everybody wants to know what everybody else is going to wear on Saturday night, March 21, at 7:00 o'clock.
Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler are giving a progressive dinner in honor of the Academy seniors.
"Washington's boyhood has been distorted, his public career has been misrepresented to further the selfish political interests of his successors, and his historians have deliberately falsified the things he said and did in order to present a picture of the 'Father of Our Country' as a man without a fault." Prof. James B. Hedges of Brown, indulges in a little debunking.

PARENTS OF ACADEMY STUDENTS RECEIVED AT TEA

Thursday afternoon, March 19, from four to six o'clock, the parents of the off-campus students and the friends of the faculty and resident students of Salem Academy were honored at a delightful tea. The guests were greeted and presented to the receiving line in which were: Mrs. Rondthair, Miss Weaver, Miss Zachary, Miss Jackson, Nancy Campbell, president of the senior class; Rose Willingham, president of the junior class; Betty Lee Bell, president of the sophomore class; Mildred Parks, president of the freshman class. Presiding at the tea table were Miss Vogler and Betty MacNair, president of the Student Representatives. The following students helped serve the delicious refreshments: Ora Jones, Eleanor Trivett, Polly Guerrant, Mary Spotswood Coan, Anna Biting Whitaker, Nan Meyers, Nita Montague, Johnnie Moore Edith Womble, and Marian Johnson.
The social room was attractively decorated with beautiful spring flowers. Everyone enjoyed the informal chatting of the hour.

HAVE YOU A PET BOGEY-BOO?

Rochester, N. Y. (ACP)—Has higher education abolished superstition? Not on the University of Rochester campus. No indeed. Pet bugaboos uncovered by a recent department of sociology investigation included all the old stand-bys and a few new ones.
There are the men students, for instance, who will wear only a particular "pet" tie on examination days, and those who never say "I hit the books" because of the alarming effect the phrase has on their grades.
Men are far more superstitious than women, the investigation shows, and athletes are particularly susceptible. A trackman reported that he never dared shave on the day of a race, and would rather run barefoot than wear any but the first pair of track shoes he ever owned.
Other athletes rely on a careful shining of their shoes before a contest, or a wad of gum stuck on their equipment somewhere. A football man reported on the efficiency of prayer. He forgot to pray before a game once, he says, and it cost him a broken leg.

I LIVE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

Upon the stairs I hear a muffled footstep
And then without my door a low-voiced moan.
(Had you remembered in your gloomy grave
How sunny were the windows of your home.)
So weary with your burden of the earth,
Poor little ghost of vanished yesterdays,
Too soft and timid are your sighs to note
Had I not had a warning of your ways.
There comes a subdued tapping at my window;
You whisper and so gently call to me.
(I should have thought it just the windblown branches
Had I not known the house to haunted be.)
—Jennifer Lynne.

The eminent alienist recognized the thug who was holding him up.
"Look here," he protested, "I'm your benefactor. Don't you recall that I once saved you from a life sentence by proving you crazy?"
"Sure, I remember you now," the thug said as he continued his work. "And ain't holdin' up your benefactor a crazy thing to do?"

"I don't see why Jack should get sore because the school paper announced he was leaving at the end of the semester."
"Oh, it wasn't just that. What made him sore was that they put it in under the 'Campus Improvements' column."

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

HE TRIED, ANYWAY

(By Associated Collegiate Press)
The people in the hot country of India have a considerable weakness for titles, degrees and other forms of embellishment, related Dr. John Seudder in a lecture at Rutgers University.
To illustrate, Dr. Seudder told about receiving a calling card from a man in Calcutta. This man had been flunked out of his college. In the lower corner, after the name, there was printed, "Failed B.A."

THE AIR COLUMN GOES ROUND AND ROUND

Miss Pipher, columnist at Los Angeles Junior College, is somewhat discouraged with Prof. Rollin F. Charles of Franklin and Marshall college for his recent deflationary remarks concerning a song which Miss Pipher rather likes.
The song is "The Music Goes 'Round and Around.'" This is false propaganda, says Prof. Charles. While the music may come out "here," it simply does not go round and round inside the horn. There just isn't any music at all until the sound waves reach the bell of the horn. Then the air column and the instrument itself oscillate to produce the tonal effect.
Miss Pipher is discouraged because she has been experimenting with the new conception of the song. Her efforts have only brought her to, "The air column goes round and round and it oscillates here." She doesn't care for it.

STUDENTS ASSERT THEMSELVES

Professors at the University of North Carolina can breathe more easily now. For a moment it looked as if students would go on record asking that professors all take comprehensive examinations in the subjects they teach. But they didn't vote that way. However, they did vote their desire that all professors take compulsory courses in public speaking.

Science is wonderful and ingenuity is wonderful and pretty soon all the little problems that vex you are going to be solved.

This week's report of solved problems concerns the neat device employed by a young man at Northwestern University when he wishes to extract gold from his male parent.

He carefully follows market reports in the daily newspaper and whenever the stocks his father holds go up, then he drops a note to father, expecting to hit him in the correct mood.

At the moment there appears to be some discussion at the University of Minnesota as to whether or not officials ought to install a special course in marriage problems, such as they have at some schools. The columnist in The Minnesota Daily has made his own suggestion to help untie the problem. So far no official cognizance of this suggestion has been taken however.

His contribution is in the form of a question: "Would it be wise to make it a laboratory course?"

Interesting results have followed the study made by Dr. William S. Learned of the Carnegie Foundation, of comparative stores of information held by high school seniors and college students. He studied 49 colleges in Pennsylvania and a large group of high schools, giving four-hour comprehensive tests to students. He found that:—

Some college freshmen knew more than probably any college teacher they might have. Other freshmen had so little knowledge that it was a "practical impossibility" they would learn much in college. No background.

Ten per cent of 1,500 high school seniors knew more than did half of 3,700 students just finishing college.
Twenty-five per cent of the college seniors know less than half of 5,700 college sophomores.

Ten per cent of the college seniors knew less than did half of the high school seniors.

In general, the "enormous spread of scores completely belies the scholastic classification to which our registrars now devote such meticulous pains."

A PAT ON THE BACK
"The modern college student is a more active and selective learner than ever before."

ABSENTEE ATTENDANCE

Greenville, Tex. —(ACP)—Laura Crawford, Wesley Junior College co-ed, had to go to bed, because the doctor ordered it; but that didn't prevent her from attending classes.
She did it by proxy, sending her mother daily to pick up assignments, at the same time turning in previously-assigned work. The system brings high grades, Miss Crawford reports.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

(By Associated Collegiate Press)
"Today it almost takes a cipher expert to read the handwriting of the average schoolboy." The editor of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin announces, sorrowfully, that the typewriter has come to stay.

"America is a well watered country and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes. The Americans also produce millions of automobiles." So says former President Herbert Hoover, contributor to "Chapparal," Stanford humor magazine.

SARA'S SCRAP BOOK

"Oh, to be home again, home again, home again,
Under the apple boughs, down by the mill."
—James T. Fields.

NOSTALGIA

"It is spring down in Virginia,
And the lilacs are in bloom,
And here am I, a stranger
In a strange unfriendly room;
And my heart is sick within me
Of the tumult far below,
Where the voices of the city
Surge and mutter, ebb and flow.

"It is spring down in Virginia
And the iris lift their heads
With the tulips and the jonquils
From a thousand flower beds;
And the woods are white with dogwood
And the gaunt old apple trees
Fling a cloud of starry blossoms,
Pink and fragrant to the breeze.

"It is spring down in Virginia
Drifts of pale wisteria spills
Creamy clouds in azure cradled,
Dance in shadows on the hills!
I can see the leaning fences
With the honeysuckle clinging,
And the willows by the river
Where a mocking bird is singing!

"It is spring down in Virginia
Ah, the delicate wild rose,
And the pine trees sighing, sighing.
To the cawing of the crows,
And my heart is sick within me,
Wrung with absence, sick to death
For a road down in Virginia
And its laurel-scented breath!"
—Florence Wilson Roper.

"I Write As I Please," by Walter Duranty is a best seller. He has used the story of his experiences as a correspondent in Russia as background. The rest is simply that he wrote what occurred to him as interesting — any anecdotes or comments that he happened to think about. The idea of this kind of book was given Mr. Duranty by his late friend, William Bolitho.

Let me recommend "Honey in the Horn" by H. L. Davis. It is a dashing, out-of-door book about unusual people.

"All that is beautiful shall abide
All that is base shall die."
—Robert W. Buchanan.

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