

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Nix:
Do you believe in love at first sight? This miracle happened to me Monday night. However, the object of my affections ties his necktie in too small a knot — or so my friends think. What shall I do about it?
Fearful of love,
Cramer Percival.

Dear Cramer:
Why not have some of those same friends write him a note — or were not they successful the last time they tried it?
N. N.

Dear Miss Nix:
How can I let a disappointed "friend" know that I do not love him?
Perplexed,
Va. Lee.

Dear Virginia:
Get a way "Bill".
N. N.

Dear Miss Nix:
I do not know whether or not I should act dignified when I am conducting my modified gym class. How should I treat the students.
Wondering,
Eugenia McNew.

Dear Miss McN.:
Treat them to ice cream sodas — or butterscotch sundaes would do in a pinch.
N. N.

Dear Miss Nix:
How should I act at Davidson this week-end?
Sincerely,
Emily Richardson.

Dear Em.:
What's the matter — a-Fred?
N. N.

Dear Miss Nix:
I have ancestors in my family. What shall I do about them?
In a stew,
Mary Hannah.

Dear M. T. H.:
Keep them to your self. It's a cinch other people don't want them.
N. N.

HERE AND THERE

Mary Turner, Julia and Kate think the boys at oak Ridge are mighty cute. And what's this we hear about a picture?

Peggy Bowen has a secret admirer, who sends boxes of nuts.

Blevins Vogler is going to stay home this week-end for a change. What's the trouble, Can't you get the right man?

McCarty's going over to Davidson, so it doesn't look as if she's very disappointed about last week-end.

Why does Mary Louise Siewers look so worried these days? Could it be over a certain letter she wrote.

Mary Lib Walston shouldn't let fall dances get her down.

QUESTIONS

1. How old is Mickey Mouse?
 2. What size dress does the "average woman" wear?
 3. Bob Burns, bazooka-man, received \$3.00 a week for his first job on the stage. How much does he average now?
 4. How do you spell 12th?
 5. What American society-woman holds the title of "The Best-Dressed Woman in the World"?
 6. About how many people attend U. S. movie-theatres every day?
 7. What is said to be Shirley Temple's favorite toy?
 8. Who was Septimus Banks?
 9. What was Wallace Beery's profession before he became an actor?
 10. The word "alopecia" means what?
- Answers on Page Four

EMILY AND ETIQUETTE

Etiquette is not only a requisite of good building and refinement, but it is, also, the balloon tire which eases the jolt of living. I agree with Mr. Richard Duffy when he says, "People who ridicule etiquette as a mass of trivial and arbitrary conventions seem to forget the long, slow progress of social intercourse in the upward climb of man from the primeval state." I have not forgotten, Mr. Duffy, and I respectfully and sincerely give thanks to my forefathers. The thing that I can not that the majority of the Eoffmohc understand, however, is the fact that the majority of the American people, today, has become dependent upon Emily Post for its definition of etiquette. We let the opinion of one woman determine all the details of sociability for the entire country, from Monday's hash to Boston balls. Any originality in ideas or individualism in taste has been mercilessly quelled by the "Blue Book of Social Usage," with its illustrations, its "facsimiles" of social forms, and its "48 pages of answers to readers' questions."

I do hope that I am not one of the people to whom Mrs. Post refers in her introduction, "To you my friends whose identity in these pages is veiled in fictional disguise—", don't you? Yes, indeed — "Best society always says, 'Don't you?'" I should hate to think that I was the kind of person who would make remarks such as, "Oh, but your son's lameness is getting much worse!" and "Well" what do you hear about your ex-wife?" It seems to me that behavior like that is not so much a case of impoliteness as of outright stupidity.

Some of us must be trusting souls who have either never carefully read Mrs. Post's book, or have overlooked the absurdity of some of her remarks. Doesn't it strike you as rather strange that whole nation must say "I beg your pardon," and never, never "pardin me," just because Emily Post likes one better than the other? Must we go on until the end of time introducing our friends as, "Mr. Neighbor, I want you to meet Mr. Dusting, he has just returned from Egypt, where he's been searching for buried Pharaohs," because the woman who apparently has a corner on the morals and manners of the universe directs thus? I don't happen to have any friends who look for buried Pharaohs, but rather than disregard a boasted "facsimile," I suppose I shall have to choose my friends accordingly.

Emily Post is a connoisseure of bows. "Southern women always bow with the grace of a flower bending in the breeze and a smile like golden sunshine." That set hundreds of American Women to bowing with a sway that looks more like intoxication than grace, and a grin that has more Ipana tooth paste in it than golden sunshine!

Mrs. Post, in warning us against speaking in a loud voice, praises a young girl who, when separated from her friends at a baseball game, had the "presence of mind to put her hat on her parasol and leave it above the people surrounding her so that her friends might find her." That may be voice control, but wouldn't she look silly?

The last straw in the way of self-esteem — the thing that always throws me into a rage — is Mrs. Post's advice in asparagus eating, "Don't take a long, drooping stalk, hold it up in the air and catch the end of it in your mouth like a fish. Don't squeeze the stalk or hold your hand below the end and let the juice run down your arm."

Our authority on etiquette says that one may "put something Spanish, something French, something Italian, and something English into an American house and have the retaste." If that heterogeneous mix-sult the perfection of American taste is American taste, I am ready to forsake the stars and stripes!

Yet we all go on serving oysters and grapefruit, firing our servants, greeting the president, tucking our napkins under our knees, getting ourselves born, married, and buried, exactly as Emily Post — the Emily Post—dictates, because someone unfortunately decided that she was the capital E in etiquette.

YWCA NOTES

Saturday afternoon The Community Service Committee of the Y. W. C. A. gave a Hallowe'en party for twenty little boys and girls at the Methodist Children's Home. These children were chosen from the group of unsponsored orphans and were mostly between the ages of six and twelve. The party was held in the new library building which was decorated for the occasion. Hallowe'en gmaes were played favors fished for, and refreshments consisting of peanuts, candy, and apples served during the course of the afternoon. Two of the older orphanage girls, Edna Shell, and Louise Robbins, helped with the party. The girls from Salem who went were: Virginia Crumpler, Mary Francis Hayworth, Mary Lee Salley, Helen Totten, Caroline Byrum, and Helen Savage.

The vesper meeting last Sunday evening was a candle light service praising and showing gratitude for the beauty of the earth. Mary Francis Hayworth led the service and the responsive readings. In the beginning of the program, Helen Griffin played a lovely selection from Schopin and later Harriet Taylor gave two voice solos. In the last one she was accompanied by the Vesper choir. Two beautiful redings from "The Prophet" were given by Dorothy Jane Thompson and a selection from Bach played by Mary Francis Hayworth. The service was closed with the Y. watchword.

Evening Watch this week was a musical, candle light service.

"If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them."
—Thoreau.

Bob (reading death statistics): Say, Bill, every time I breathe a man dies.

Bill: Ever try using a mouthwash?

Diary — "December 26 — Snowin'. Can't go huntin'."
"December 27 — "Still snowin'. Can't go huntin'."
"December 28' — "Still snowin'. Shot grandma."



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Sonor—Funny noise made in sleep.
Malta—A soda fountain drink.
Propaganda—A daddy goose.
Study—Something that just ain't.
Debit—A girl's first appearance in society.

Hand writing experts claim that nobody can write his name exactly the same twice; try it some time.

The height of something or other is a dumb girl turning a deaf ear to a blind date.

SYRACUSE STUDENT WINS VOTING RIGHT

Syracuse, N. Y.—Challenged while registering, Henry Loweth, Syracuse senior, carried his franchise fight into court, winning his case in the county court. Requirement of three year county and four month town residence was considered fulfilled, although Loweth's summer residence at his fraternity was not continuous. Further reasons for the challenge were ascribed to the fact that Democratic watchers at the polls raised the issue on seeing Loweth's Landon lapel sunflower.

Host: There are my grandma's ashes over there.

Guest: You mean the poor soul has passed on?

Host: Nope. Just to lazy to look for the ash tray.

Lady: So you left your last place because your master and mistress fell out? Why what has that got to do with you?

Chauffeur: Well, ma'am, if you must know, they fell out of the car.

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SPORTS SUIT



Three different weaves of Rodier wool are used in this three-piece sports suit. The jacket is a multi-colored ribbed fabric with brown, beige and blue predominating. The skirt is a hairy surfaced brown mixture and the blouse is a royal blue. The buttons and leather belt are brown.

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