

SOCIETY

SMITH-LEFTWICH FROLIC FOR YOUTHFUL ADVISEES

Picnics are certainly in vogue this season. It must be because they make one forget one's unfinished note books and term papers long due. Then, too, they are a sure temporary cure for spring fever. Last Tuesday evening another group of gay young lassies, known in private life as the Juniors and senior advisees of Miss Minnie Smith and the senior advisees of Miss Leftwich, cavorted merrily forth. They went about five miles out the High Point road, stopping at Freeland. Judging from the size of the menu, the important feature of the occasion was the eating. To give a resume of the various courses would be entirely too hard on college bred readers. Is it not sufficient to say that they began with steak broiled on the coals and finished with fresh strawberries in cream? After they had feasted for half an hour or more they proceeded to have a desire to run (everyone knew, deep down in her heart, that the real purpose was for reduction). Misses Smith and Leftwich, to stimulate the interest of the little girls, to arouse more keenly the play instinct in them offered prizes for the fastest runner and highest jumper. Miss Margaret Sells covered herself with glory by running at the top (or bottom, may-be) of the hill ahead of her comrades. She was presented a deck of cards—fortune-telling cards. Then Miss Thelma Cagle, voted the highest jumper, received a rubber doll (imagine her squeals of delight). As night and bedtime were approaching they gave up merrymaking and became college women once more. Everyone on Little Rose Frasier to Miss Leftwich declared that she had never had such a good time.

JUNIORS ARE HOTESSES TO SENIORS AT CLEMMONS

Hark, hark—draw near and approach, ye readers! A great secret is to be revealed to you. The Juniors are entertaining the Seniors tonight at a buffet supper at the stroke of six bells by the tower clock! Junior day students will furnish transportation to Clemmons, the chicken farm of Mr. Theodore Rondthaler, where the glorious event will take place. The poor underclassmen are to be entirely left out of this gala affair, it is whispered, for invitations (yes, it is required that they be presented at the door) have been issued to the Seniors, the honorees, the Juniors, Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, the King and Queen, Miss Stipe the Chief Counselor and Advisor, Miss Biggan, and assisted, and Messrs. Campbell and MacDonald, Class Counselors.

At first it seemed impossible to find out exactly what will happen tonight after the guests arrive, but with the aid of Madame Mystera, the court crystal gazer, it is possible to predict tables overflowing with enticing food and drink, a movie, casting the Seniors as clinging-vine heroines, and even a Vitaphone production starring the faculty. (It is whispered that Mary Brewer will furnish the *Pita* and Mr. Campbell the *phone*.) Even a treasure hunt will be on the program. Where, oh where, and what the treasure is—is the dark secret. Madame Mystera also predicts fair weather, fine spirits, and a jolly, good time for all. Farther she dares not go, for the crystal has become dim.

PERSONALS

Miss Margaret Hauser attended the annual U. N. C. Senior Prom, in Chapel Hill, N. C., on Friday night.

Miss Adelaide Webb will be the guest of Miss Mary Neal Wilkins in Dallas, N. C., on Sunday.

Miss Grace Brown is spending the week-end in Chapel Hill, N. C., where she will attend the S. P. E. dance tonight.

Miss Margaret Ross Walker will attend the State College Pan-Hellenic Ball which is to be given at the Washington-Duke Hotel in Durham, N. C., tonight.

Miss Adelaide McAnally is spending the week-end in High Point, N. C.

Miss Edith Kirkland has returned from an over-night visit to Durham, where she attended the dance at the Washington-Duke Hotel.

Miss Mary Norris has as her guests in Durham, N. C., this week-end Misses Mary Myers Faulkner and Lucy Currie.

Misses Nancy Carr Terry, Julia Marsh, and Alice Caldwell will be in High Point over Sunday.

Miss Bet Miller is visiting in Durham this week-end. She will be in Chapel Hill, N. C., for the S. P. E. dance.

Miss Martha Davis is spending the week-end in Goldsboro, N. C.

Misses Virginia Martin, Elizabeth Stroud and Elizabeth Roper are the week-end guests of Miss Mary Johnson, in Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Mary Gwyn Hickerson will accompany Miss Julia Brown Jennings to Thomasville, N. C., on Sunday, for the day.

Miss Lillyan Newell is visiting in Rocky Mount this week-end.

Aviator: Wanna fly?
Lily Varsar: You betcha!
Aviator: Wait, I'll catch you one.

AT LEISURE

DREAMS

Pale lights and soft moons
Do strange things to me.
I can sail wide waters in silver ships
To distant lands where the gold sun dips
In a lazy blue-green sea.
Far from the East a white gull flies,
And phantom ships with swifling sails
Ride on the foam as the fresh winds blow
And the soft light dies.
A mist like sea dust covers the moon,
And from afar comes a low, sweet song
That rolls down the length of a great sand dune
And is lost in the night like a fallen star.
This is the song of the lonely desert
Wild, and strange, and sweet.
And over the sands go lean, hungry wolves,
Heralded by echoes of light, padded feet
Then out of the darkness into the moonlight
On a sleek, black horse a white figure rides,
And thunders along in the flood of pale silver
With graceful, and easy, and well-timed strides
The rider stops with nothing around him
But the earth's wide rim and the Heavens above,
And loosens the hood of the clinging falcon
That sits on the wrist of the master he loves—
Then out of the starlight, flashing and white,
Comes the gull from the sea, that has
Flown through the night,
And brings the smell of deep sea salt
To a land whose face is parched with drought,
Yet bathed in moonlight.
Up springs the falcon from the man's slender wrist
And flies toward the gull in swift, savage flight,
And pierced with cries is the silver-blue mist—
The gull lies shrouded with deep, dusky night
The song that rolled down the great sand dunes
Quivers and trembles, and with the falcon's wings flies
Up to the stars on a discordant wind
And there at my feet the shattered dream lies.

SKATES

As I wuz walkin' down de street
I met some boys wid wheels on de wheels
Says I to dem 'cre boys,
'Whut kind o' things is dem dere bins?'
Says one to me, "De'y're skates," says he
"And de'y're as slippy'ry as c'n be."
When I had left I wuz decidin'
To get me some and go a-slidin'—
I got me some and put 'em in
Den stood right up to start fo' home
But dey is things what never waits
Dat's what dey are—dem gold-darned skates.
I'd jist stid up when I sat down
I betcha ten I shook de town—
You should have heard dem old boys fuss.
I knows one thing—I taught 'em to cuss!
An' when I dies and gits to de gates
An' if St. Peter's dere on skates—
I-se gonna sat him if he's ever fell,
An' if he did—did he cuss lak hell!
—Margaret Richardson.

"Have you read 'To a Field Mouse'?"
"No; how do you get them to listen?"
"Could you pass the bread?"
"I think I can. I moved pianos all summer."
—Aggiecrot.

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

SEE AND HEAR IN PERSON
THE SHELTON-AMOS PLAYERS
PRESENTING THE BEST
STAGE PLAYS

THIS WEEK
"What a Woman Wants"
NEXT WEEK
"He Lied to His Wife"
Matinee—
Tuesday - Thursday - Saturday

THIS COUPON
And 1 paid Admission
Will Admit **2** Students
ON SAT., MAY 18th.
OR TUES., MAY 21st

WHITE FOOTWEAR

Charming New Styles in White Footwear For
GRADUATION AND SUMMER WEAR
Thirty-two New Styles Just Arrived
\$4.95 AND \$5.95

Arcade Fashion Shop Bootery
432 North Liberty Street

BIG SHOE SALE

AT CINDERELLA SLIPPER SHOP
NOTHING OVER \$4.49
Cinderella Slipper Shop
428 N. Liberty Street

THE ICE CREAM THAT SATISFIES— BLUE RIBBON

Dessert is never more welcome than when it consists of
Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
—Smooth, Pure, Cold Delicious! Every spoonful is a fresh revelation in superlative flavor and refreshing coolness.
PEERLESS ICE CREAM CO.
Phone 1313

Welcome Salem Girls!

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD
TO SEE YOU IN OUR STORE
ANCHOR STORE
"WINSTON-SALEM'S SHOPPING CENTER"

W. MORGENROTH

The Florist Who Gives Service
Flowers For All Occasions

WHEN YOU THINK OF FURNITURE THINK OF

Huntley-Hill-Stockton Co.
The Name That Belongs With Good Furniture