

SOCIETY

BETA THETA PI ENTERTAINS

Last Saturday night the pledges to the Beta Theta Pi Sorority were honored at a delightful dinner at the popular Reynolds Grill. Each pledge received a lovely corsage and pledge pin.

The honorees were: Mary Virginia Partridge, Sarah Graves, Edith Leake, Winifred Fisher, Beatrice Hyde, Anna Preston, Eleanor Idol, Minnie Hicks, and Katherine Lyerly.

The members present were: Virginia Martin, Eleanor Williamson, Elizabeth Stroud, Mary Norris, Adelaide Webb, and Leo Wilder.

ALPHA PHI KAPPA ENTERTAINS

On Thursday night the members of the Alpha Phi Kappa Sorority entertained their pledges at a five-course dinner at the Reynolds Grill. Every pledge was given an attractive corsage and a pledge pin.

The pledges present were: Catherine Morgan, Lenora Riggin, Adelaide Winston, Frances Caldwell, Mary Alice Beaman, Mary Elizabeth Meeks.

Members of the sorority present were: Margaret Ross Walker, Edith Kirkland, Dorothy Thompson, Carolyn Brinkley, Mary Gwen Hickerson, Millcent Ward, and Mary Myers Faulkner.

CO-EDS HELP TO PURIFY COLLEGES

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and especially the co-ed. The girls take a definite stand against drinking their coverts at college functions, and refuse to go with those who do. The result is that social pressure is exerted on those who might otherwise be inclined to drink.

Regarding the divisions known as "necking" and "petting," the interesting discovery is made that there is actually less of it in college circles than among young men and women in the ordinary social life of the towns and cities in the country.

The attitude of the majority of upper-class college girls seemed to be the rather patronizing one that if men are apt to indulge in it because they think it is collegiate and smart, "but they soon get over that."

In fact, the question was not found among college students to be one that they felt was worth getting excited about. The majority of college "petting" was found to be a comparatively indifferent expression of friendship or affection, rather than an outlet of genuine emotion.

The writer finds that whereas formerly "spooning" was a furtive and secret thing to be done in the modern college petting has emerged into the light and is not regarded as something to be ashamed of.

Smoking is found to be fairly prevalent in colleges, both among men and women. One of its chief objections was considered to be the danger that girls who had not acquired the habit would do so if commonly surrounded by others smoking. The students themselves met that objection by voting to limit it to certain special rooms or parts of the campus.

One other question of college life—that of the possible lessening of religion as a force among the students—is answered by the survey. The Institute of Social and Religious Research found that 50 per cent of the students in 23 colleges investigated (practically all non-sectarian) attended church regularly, and 37 per cent more occasionally. Fifty-seven per cent found religion a larger force in everyday experience by senior year than it had been when they entered. Disbelievers and skeptics were found to number only one per cent.

Kitty Moore: You know I do right well. I write to my folks once a day.

Virginia Long: "I didn't know you went broke that often."

PERSONALS

The Salem girls who are going to the Duke-Pittsburgh game at Durham today include Eva Hackney, Nina Craide, Helen White, Isabella Cox, Frances Morton, Lenora Riggin, Adelaide Winston, Dorothy Thompson, Martha Pierce, Minnie Hicks, Dorothy Taylor, Ruth Roselle, Grace Brown, Carlotta Waters, and Hattie Carroll.

Anna Preston is spending the week-end at her home in Charlotte. She has as her guest Araminta Sawyer.

Wilhelmina Willford is spending the week-end at her home in Charlotte and has as her guest Betty Sloan.

Margaret Smith and Estie Lee Clure are spending the week-end in Newton, N. C.

Emma Kapp is spending the week-end at her home in Tobaccoville, N. C.

Eleanor Foreman is at her home in Charlotte for the week-end.

Billie Deaton is spending the week-end at her home in Statesville, N. C.

Mary Virginia Dunn left today to spend the week-end at her home in Raleigh, N. C.

Eleanor Fix and Nellie Cates are in Burlington for the week-end.

Elizabeth Willis is visiting her grandmother in Salisbury, N. C.

Emma Barton is at home this week-end in Greensboro, N. C.

Katherine Lyerly is visiting friends in Greensboro for the week-end.

Miss Margaret Dozier is visiting her aunt in High Point, N. C.

Nina Hoffman will spend Sunday at her home in Mt. Airy. Nancy Cox is her guest.

Irene McAnally is spending Sunday in High Point, N. C.

Ira B. Williamson and Gillian Hall are visiting at their homes in Burlington for Sunday.

Adelle Hicks is at her home in High Point for Sunday. She has as her guests: Elizabeth Ward and Catherine Morgan.

Elizabeth Allen, Anna Holderness and Julia Wiggins will spend Sunday in Greensboro.

A FRIEND

I would that I could be to you
A friend to cheer you when you're blue;

A friend to heal with sympathy
When unkind words wound cruelly;

A friend to calm each sea of fears
A friend to brush away your tears;

A friend to keep you free from care,
To bear your burdens and to share

The sorrows that just will creep in;
A friend to help you fight and win

Each battle fought 'gainst loneliness,
To keep you from unhappiness.

A friend who truly understands,
A friend who doubts not nor demands

The reason for a word or deed,
But enters only when you need

Someone to help and comfort you,
A friend who always will be true,

A friend to make your life a dream
Of happiness—of joy supreme—

A friend who forgets himself for you,
A friend to make your dreams come true.

—M. H. B.

Mary Neal: "Will you love me all days?"

"Yah"; "How many ways are there?"

A. X. A. MAKES PLANS FOR INTERESTING TALKS

(Continued From Page One.)

The chief purpose of the organization is the development of interest in journalism and the ultimate establishment of a course in journalism here. This year several members of the organization have been asked to conduct discussion groups on different features of journalistic work. Since there is no training in this particular type of writing offered and the opportunities for long and instructive staff meetings are limited, it is very difficult to keep the material in the publications up to standard. All members of the staff will be expected to attend those group meetings which refer to their work and all other girls who are interested in writing are invited to attend. There will be no preparation and no required work. The girls who will lead the discussion do not claim to be experts in the line but they will have studied their topics and will be prepared to offer some constructive ideas.

The time for these meetings has not been decided upon and the full list has not been completed. However, the following girls have agreed to conduct groups: Lucille Hassell will talk about writing heads and leads and will discuss editorials; Lessie Brown Phillips will talk about proof-reading and the dummy; Kathleen Moore will discuss society columns, personals and X. Y. articles; Edith Kirkland will discuss feature writing, and Mary Martin regular news items. A schedule of these talks will be placed on the bulletin board of Main Hall very soon and every one who is interested is urged to attend.

Speaking of Moving Pictures

With resentment and hot rivaling for the mastery of his heart and conscience, I heroically filtered my feet, and stepped down the stairs to the second floor of Cleveland and my doom, all the while trailing behind me—my evening dress (which, by the way, was one of those clinging, brief-in-the-front, brief-on-the-sides, and drowsy-in-the-back affairs). (Is it necessary that I point out my likeness just then to that person of some ancient or classic "trailing clouds of glory as she came"? But, really and truly, I felt like a martyr going to the stake as I climbed the stairs, one by one, which I usually took three or four at a time. As I approached the door—that door which was the only barrier between me and my torture, I stopped, for I could go no farther.

After I had spent several centuries in a minute telling myself that my suspicions and fears were all false, I finally got up the courage to reach for the handle of the door—but all in vain, for as I was just before opening the door, it opened itself! And one of our faculty, who by the way, is a great friend of mine, stepped out. Her hair was beautifully curled, but there was an unusually dazed look on her usually benignant countenance.

"If you want to know what's the matter with me—I've just had my picture taken," she explained, and then dashed madly down the steps, taking them five at a time.

There—the dark and dirty secret is out at last! I was going to have my picture taken!

Just then a giggly girl advanced toward me and immediately became as deadly serious as I had come to expect. "I had a great error when I told her that I had left my appointment slip downstairs. She glared at me as if I were trying to get by with something when all in the world I wanted was to dash headlong out the doorway. Finally, however, she let me in in a condescending manner. The room was rather dark and screened off by green screens except one little corner where the girl stood. I expected to see immediately a three-headed dragon spitting fire (or however the metaphor goes)

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rush forth and drag me behind those curtains and devour me in the quickest possible manner. However, a tiny little man with a sweet smile on his face (No, girls, this is not an advertisement for Mr. Matthews) came toward me and gently said: "Young lady, are you next? Please step right in here." (In other words, "Step into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.)

He sat me down on a nice, soft seat that would have been comfortable at any other juncture, so that I faced the camera, and said, "Now face this way and smile sweetly."

"I tried my best to smile, sadly if not sweetly, but it was beyond my powers of redemption. Just as Mr. M. snapped the picture I heard someone giggling and I sharply glared at the girl peeping through a crack in the screen. (Picture No. 1 gone to the dogs!)

"Now turn a little to the right, lower the chin, and moisten the lips a little. Good-oh, fine—hold it, hold it!" (As if it were a Gilbert-Garbo kiss or something, I thought I myself in disgust). Click (Picture No. 2, probably another howling failure).

"Now blink the eyes several times, better. Now let's have one sweetly solemn thought."

At that point the thought occurred that what I had never had "and"

ably never would much less have it registered on canvas, so I burst into a broad grin. Just at that time the camera clicked again, and I knew myself to be a victim a third time.

Just as I felt that I could stand no more, Mr. M. said that that would be all, and commented, "Look! The sun's coming out from behind a cloud. Isn't it a beautiful day?"

All I said was "Huh!" Before I went out the door I saw that the giggling girl was thwarted victim. Right then and there she sm began to shine for me, but because I felt so good, I declined my own "invite" to go back and laugh at her. Feeling very magnanimous, I tripped down the stairs receding in the fact that it was a whole year (till I had to have my beauty strike again!

THE WINDS OF FATE

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the selfsame winds that blow.
Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate,
As we journey along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul
That decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.
—Eller Wheeler Wilcox.

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