

SOCIETY

THETA DELTA PI ENTERTAINS

On Tuesday evening the members of the Theta Delta Pi sorority were hostesses to their pledges, at dinner, in the Reynolds's Grill. Place cards and favors emphasized the sorority colors, green and white, as did also the dainty shoulder corsages which the honorees received.

Mrs. Conrad Lowley, alumna in *who*, chaired the affair.

The pledges present were Araminta Sawyer, Martha Pierce, Harriet Holderness, Louise Salisbury, and Shuford Carlton.

The members present were Nona Raper, Charlotte Grimes, Lucile Hassell, Anna Holderness, Elizabeth Allen, and Eva Hackney.

NOTICE!

The Salemite wishes to correct an error that was made in the Society column last week. An item appeared headed "Beta Theta Pi Entertains," which should have been titled "Beta Beta Phi Entertains."

Of course Beta Theta Pi is a national fraternity. Beta Beta Phi is a local sorority. We apologize to the sorority.

EUGENE BARNETT SPEAKS OF Y. M. C. A. IN CHINA

(Continued From Page One.)

nation of social, governmental, religious and academic China are being developed and carried out by the student bodies of China. These students have come to realize the problem and need of scientific education, and it is the great work of the Christian church in this line that the Chinese respect so overwhelmingly. China is realizing that "we do not live by bread alone, but from the Word-of-God." The world hopes to see the transformation of life and materials of China in the next few years and so Mr. Barnett bespeaks deeper interest from American students in Chinese students, their work, efforts and dreams.

Thoughts of a Mexican Jumping Bean

My name is Pedro Beano, short has been my stay in this country for I came not but three weeks ago from Mexico. I had to live for a proclamation had been issued to all jumping beans were to be destroyed immediately since they were a menace to the people, a hindrance to the progress of the nation and the cause of revolutions. "And why were they the cause of revolutions?" You mere people may ask. It was because our very actions were unconsciously to the contrary; how we could talk hard, fences and stone walls were the pride of our race.

I came, you see, to this country where I thought I would find peace and safety. How did I come? I may ask. I was sold to an American along with numerous friends and relatives. He brought me here and placed me in his store upon a counter to be sold for five pennies. But alas! this was not the greatest tragedy that has befallen me. I was bought by a flapper, the flaggiest of all flappers. She debated between me and a package of chewing gum, but my talent simply wouldn't stay put. I turned a one and a half, a jackknife and I did a perfect swan dive right into her heart. All thought of the chewing gum vanished and she purchased me and brought me here to Salem College.

She called her friends to watch me perform. "Unos, dos, tres," she cried and pleadingly added: "Yamp, Pedro, jump!" And I, Pedro Beano, jumped. I am tired and worn out with jumping and I fear calamity is upon me for I heard my purchaser confide to her roommate that soon she shall operate to find out why I jump.

PERSONALS

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Arnfield of Ashboro, a former graduate of Salem, on Saturday evening will be of interest to a number of students. Adelaide Stroud and Eva Hackney are attending the wedding.

Eleanor Fix will be at home in Burlington this week-end.

Although there is no game at Chapel Hill Saturday, the university seems to be as popular as ever. Mary Brewer, Amelia Goad, Celeste Knoefel and Adelaide Winston will be there Saturday and Sunday.

Elizabeth Allen and Katherine Pierce are attending the wedding of their cousin in Weldon. Elizabeth Ward will go as far as Weldon with Elizabeth Allen, and then on to Rocky Mount.

Anne Rogers is spending the week-end at her home in Durham.

Anna Holderness will be at home in Tarboro today and Sunday.

Miss Daisy Lee Carson is attending a wedding at her home in Bethel.

Sarah Crowell is spending the week-end at her home in Concord.

Margaret Betts, and Winifred Fisher, Anna Preston, Araminta Lawyer, Mary B. Williams, and Dorothy Ethridge are attending the game at Oak Ridge this afternoon.

The following girls are spending Sunday in High Point: Adele Hicks, Lucile Dunn, Agnes Pollock, Sally Woodard and Adalaid Silverstein.

The Pendergraph sisters are at home in Me. City this week-end.

Margaret Maxwell is going to Roanoke to spend Saturday and Sunday at home.

Margaret Johnson is visiting at home in Raleigh.

Florence Bowers is the guest of her aunt in Salisbury for the week-end.

Little Things

There are many things in this world to accentuate the real joy of being alive. Little things which surround one every day, that creep in and out through the hours, perhaps shortly noticed but which make an impression for the instant that quickens the heart and causes a brief, indescribable surge of happiness. For a lover of beauty, a person who is extremely sensitive to odors, noises, and colors, the world in which he lives is to him the source of never-ending delights—a world of pictures, interrupted or complete.

These things that a person loves can appeal to him like a song that touches a responsive chord in an inner shrine where nothing has ever penetrated before. Things as snows in clouded moonlight, or glistening in the sun, or the breathlessness of dawn. There is a silver web about the distant hum of motors, or tufts of mist that drift along a line of trees at night. There is a fascination to winds that whir around a ship that reeks with oil and tar. There is something restive in watching clouds sail through a blue sky, in seeing the west, stained with light and flecked with rose and green, in looking out from a cosy fire-lit room onto a sharp, cold twilight. There is peace house, and evening town—a comfortable, companionable sound, as companionable as the breath of steaming coffee in the air. A crooked, winding street in the midst of some little sea-side town through which a brisk

salt wind howls in the shutters of the jutting houses is like a bracing stimulant.

There is a lot of life in little things—things that are lovely and true. I love to live with living things—don't you?

A LOVE GAME

(Handsome Willie White-flannels is paying court to his love, beautiful Belinda Barotra.)

Willie—I love you a Lott. Loh me and the whirl is mine!

Belinda—Let me have time.

Willie—Set your own time, darling. I am at your service.

(There is agreeat racket heard, and Daniel Daviseup drives up.)

Daviseup (to Belinda)—I game to warn you. Take my advice and do not have anything to do with him. (Points to Willie.)

Willie—What a base line. In a minute, I'll come back-hand sock you Van Ryn in the jaw!

Belinda (to Daviseup)—I Wilks so! Default is all yours!

Daviseup—Volley well, then. Exit.

Belinda—Darling, our doubles are over. It pace to be virtuous.

Willie—La Coste of marriage is not so great. Let us get married right away.

Belinda—No, first I must correct my wedding veil.

Willie—All right, then. Our match will be at ten. (To himself.) I can hardly wait Tilden!

—ARTHUR SILVERBLATT, Harvard '30.

Mr. Campbell: "What is the skin for?"

Grace Brown: "To keep us together."

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