

CHALLENGE OF CHRIST SUBJECT OF CHAPEL (Continued from Page One)

things realistic? Man cannot live if he gives himself to no higher thing than bread—to physical, visible, and tangible things. Wealth starves itself to death when it reduces its holdings to material things. It is a perennial challenge—"Should I live for what I get or for what I give?"

On a narrow parapet, on the top of Herod's temple Jesus feels a strange lure. Should he go alone in spectacular adventure, or should he team up with others? A stunt brings applause, but it is temporary and disappointing at the end. The Jews were expecting a miracle working Messiah, and the fact that Jesus did not perform miracles indiscriminately lowered Him in their regard. Christ's challenge was to choose between living humbly with others, or separating Himself with arrogance.

When Christ was standing on the mountain He could see on the west the blue Mediterranean that touched Rome, Greece, and Egypt—the Western World. On the east He could see beyond the Jordan. All the world seemed to be lying at His feet. He wanted it—he yearned to go to it, but He felt the necessity of ceaseless devotion to His own home country. He was filled with an eager longing to present it all to His Father. Then came the suggestion—should he take the short cut, a bended knee and a bowed

head? Should He compromise? We, who have so much ahead of us, shall we lower our standard to make a spiritual or moral concession by yielding? Shall we get something quickly that should take a long time? We all have our mountain tops; the world is within our reach, but not by compromise!

Each intimate rejoinder Jesus made came from a training he had received from his mother. We, all of us, need to remain steady to those deep, rich, and simple things of childhood. We must live up to our mother's confidence and our father's expectation.

This talk of Dr. Rondthaler's, marked with reverence and clear thinking, was made to the college and academy with sincerity and earnestness that was almost paternal. It bore an appeal that deeply impressed them.

STUDENTS PLAY DIFFICULT NUMBERS AT MUSIC RECITAL

(Continued from Page One) ably interpreted the mood of "Ah, non credi mirati," by Bellini.

Miss Rosalie Smith delighted her audience with the trills of "The Lark," by Glinka Baalkirew. The program was brought to a triumphant close by Mr. Broadus Staley at the organ, playing "Two Cities," by Max Regier, and "Piece Heroique," by Cesar Franck.

ARTISTS' MODEL

(Continued from Page Two.)—whose models seem to embody the very essence of healthy, youthful blonde all-Americanism—we give you Nancy McNeely. Take her as she looks every day, maybe walking across Salem Square in a canary colored dress with school books under her arms—let her serve as an inspiration for your next out-door-girl picture.

For James Montgomery Flagg, creator of the slender and more sophisticated heroines for the short stories in monthly magazines, we have two excellent suggestions. Why not dress Ruth McLeod in a long, silvery evening gown, and silhouette her against a moonlit doorway? Or with a few lustrous but inspired lines and shadings, why not draw Wanna Mary Huggins, lounged on a sofa, with a book unheeded in her lap and a far off look in her eyes (High Point will be just about far enough away for the look) and the dress should have a plain neckline).

Rose O'Neill—you're next. Your cupid's and round baby faces have made you famous. You have stuck to one type of illustration and expression in all of your work so far; please don't change it until you have tried two models from Salem who seem to personify exactly what you need and demand. Some of your characters are children, in fact, most of them are—with cherubic faces, curly golden hair, chubby hands and

dimples—Anne Libba McKinnon seems to jump right onto a page, in a stiffly starched blue organdie dress and pale pink socks, when this description is painted—O, and she has the blue eyes that cupies always have. But some of your girls have pulled their hair back from their faces in a curvily-straight line into a round knot on the back of their necks. They, too, have plump faces and dimples, and flow dresses and blue eyes. We give you for these Erica Marx in a kimono, with her hair done up like she always does it.

There is just one more artist to whom Salem would like to offer models—the man could make a perfect painting for somebody's magazine—if Grace Pollock would dress up in a white sweater and skirt, red boots and scarf—and consent to ski over a snow-covered hill—black curly hair, perfect figure—daring lines—and color! Have you guessed who the artist is? If not, let him take a purplish-blue-grey background and get Jimmy Nall to turn her profile against it—dainty features, pale gold hair with a mass of curls a the back. Both she and Grace belong to nobody but McClelland Barclay, probably the most fastidious and popular illustrator in America today.

If these artists do not immediately take up the above generous offers of Salem's student body, we are planning to send the models straight out to Hollywood and put some of the feminine movie stars out of contract.

SOCIETY

Patsy McMullen, Julia Lee Little, and Florence Ledbetter are going to Washington for the inauguration this week-end. Mrs. Ledbetter, Mrs. Little and Julia Lee's sister are accompanying them.

Cora Emaline Henderson and Cora Sharp are visiting their respective homes in Graham and Burlington, N. C.

Ruth McLeod is spending the week-end at her home in Maxton, and Mildred Hanes in Pine Hall, N. C.

Mary Louise Fuller is spending Saturday and Sunday in High Point.

Miriam Stevenson is spending the week-end at her home in Salisbury, N. C.

Dr. Willoughby: (to only student who has come to class): "Where are the other fools?"

Mary C. Seaweed: "I guess we are the only ones that are coming."

Lasater: "How much did you say these apples are?"

Boy: "Fifteen cents a peck." Lasater: "What do you think I am, a bird?"

People know it..

"Chesterfields Satisfy"

WHEN smokers keep buying the same cigarette day after day... it's a pretty good sign that they're getting what they want... mildness, better taste—a smoke that's always the same.

So we're going right on making Chesterfields just as we always have... selecting choice, ripe tobaccos... ageing them... blending and cross-blending them... making them into cigarettes in the most scientific ways that are known.

As long as we do these things we know that smokers will continue to say, "They Satisfy". For that's what people are saying about Chesterfields.

If you smoke, why not find out about them? A package or two will tell you the whole story.



Chesterfield



THEY'RE Milder — THEY TASTE BETTER

© 1933, LEGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.