



A rich but very eccentric man died. The clergyman, who was young and new to the parish, thought it a fitting opportunity to call and comfort the widow. "You must not grieve," he told her. "The body that lies here is not your husband. It is merely a husk, an empty shell—the nut has gone to heaven."

Nell: I should just like to catch a man trying to kiss me!

Janet: Of course you would, dear, but you needn't admit it!

Nettie: What makes you scratch your head?"

Mildred: Because I am the only one that knows it itches.

Every one admires pure grit except in spinach.

Davie Belle: You look depressed. What are you thinking of?

Mary Lib: My future.

Davie: What makes it seem so hopeless?

M. L.: My past.

He: You misjudge me, dearie. Lying is not one of my failings.

She: It certainly isn't. It's one of your most pronounced successes.

"I know a man that has been married thirty years and spends all his evenings at home."

"That's what I call love."

"Oh no; it's paralysis."

Jr: Pop, why was Adam made first?
Sr: To give him a chance to say a little something, I suppose.

"Ah wins." "What yuh got?" "Three aces." "No, yuh don't; Ah wins." "What you got?" "Two nines and a razor." "Yuh sho' do! How come yuh so lucky?"

"Mother, why did you marry father?"

"So you've begun to wonder, too, have you?"

"Liza, you remind me fo' all the world of brown sugar."

"How come, Sam?"

"You am so sweet and so unrefined."

The height of extravagance is a man wearing a tie when he has a beard.

Ned: Her face was bathed in moonlight.
Ted: Were you the sponge?

AN ESSAY ON CATS

A grammar school boy handed in the following composition on "cats." "Cats that's meant for little boys to tease and maul is called Maulteasc cats. Some cats is reckernized by how quiet their purrs is and these is named Purrsian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angoric cats, and cats with deep feelings is called Feline cats. I don't like cats."

A widow may be a grass widow—but not a green one.

Ever notice that the first three letters of funeral spell fun?

J. Burns: I play the piano just to kill time.

Larry: You certainly have a good weapon.

SERIES OF LECTURES GIVEN BY DR. EVERETT GILL

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cussion. This destiny concerns us deeply because the white race is the only race which, as a whole is Christian. However, tendencies are for the non-white races to gain supremacy. This is true because of two things: First, the population of the whites is diminishing because of three reasons: first, families of white race are becoming smaller. France already doomed—her birth rate and death rate are practically on a line. Same thing is true of Britain. Second, when white man makes foreign countries safe for himself he also makes it safe for the people of other races. Thus, by decreasing rate of mortality, he aids in the increase of their population. Third, the riddance of countries of their heathen customs preserves hundreds of people who formerly were lost in human sacrifice.

In the second place, the white man owns about nine-tenths of all the land and in so doing has made either potential or actual enemies of other races. This ownership has come about by militarism, in which the white man has taught his brother how to kill, and by our monopolization of all the valuable economic resources of the world.

It seems that the white race is doomed unless we christianize first, Europe, then, America: and, after that, send the gospel to the whole world.

The last lecture gave a bird's eye view of Baptist work in Europe. The Baptists are engaged in active mission work in Spain, Hungary, Rumania, Russia and Prussia.

There has been a renaissance of Roman Catholicism since the Great War making the work of our missionaries relatively harder. In summing up the work, Dr. Gill took the accomplishments by countries:

Spain—not so encouraging. Christianity so long stifled in blood that it has had no chance since first three centuries. Tolerance now but not liberty.

The work east of the Adriatic is encouraging. The Hungarians embrace Christianity eagerly. Rumania is a place of persecution but the tiny spark of Baptist movement placed there three years ago has now become a flame. The Russians are perhaps our greatest subjects. They are musical a trait which gives to them height and depth of soul; missionary, mystical, have a martyr-like soul, that is, they don't mind dying for a cause which they think right.

PHILARETIANS HOLD IMPRESSIVE INSTALLATION CEREMONY

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Johnson, Miss Mabel Yarborough, and Mrs. Metts, alumnae members attended the ceremony.

After the installation ceremony a delightful reception was given by the old Phis in honor of the new Phis. Delicious refreshments, consisting of ice-cream, cakes, punch, salted peanuts, and Hershey kisses, were served by Lillian Johnson, Verona West, Nellie Upchurch and Mabel Becker, each wearing a huge lavender-and-white bow on her left shoulder. The old and new Phis spent the rest of the evening making friends and becoming better acquainted. Among the visitors at the reception were the Brewers and several other members of the faculty.

Miss Sarah Mewborne, the president of the Philaretian Literary Society, conducted the ceremony, assisted by Miss Mattie Lee Eagles, the vice president and Miss Ethel Day, the secretary. The president wore a charming white satin evening dress, with a tight basque waist and a long full skirt. An exquisite corsage of white rosebuds nestled at her waist.

The marshals appeared at their best in white evening dresses with gorgeous regalias. The Chief Marshal, Margaret Jones, wore a white regalia, while the other marshals, Irma Mott, Marguerite Mason, and Kathleen Durham wore lavender regalias.

Janie Burns played throughout the entire ceremony, intertwining interesting variations with the Phi song.

The reception closed with some enthusiastic yells, given by the old and new Phis for each other and the Brewers. The Phi call rang out loud and clear just as every one was leaving.

The old Phis heartily welcome the new members, and are depending on them to help make this the most successful year in the history of the Philaretian Literary Society.

"BILLY" AGAIN PRESIDES

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The following toast to the new Astros was given by Louise Craven.

"In the life of an astronomer there is one day which ranks above all others—the day a new star comes into his range of view as he points his telescope toward the heavens. It matters not that many new stars have been added to his list in the past—the last new one always seems to him the best of all.

"We Astros are not astronomers, but we do love to behold new stars. Tonight the new members of our society have appeared for the first time and as to the astronomers so to us the last new stars seem best of all. We welcome you to your place as seekers of stars, not only human stars like yourselves but stars of aspiration, kindness, and love. Together let us take up our work of star building, using our society as a means to attain the happiness of becoming Astrotektons in deed and in truth." To which a response was given by Evelyn Squires.

"Here's to the Astros!

From the new to the old.

Will carry together

The White and Gold.

Our ideal evermounting

Will follow its light

For the path blazed before us

Leads away from the night

Makers of this path, to you

This our promise: May we do

All that in our power lies

To uphold the post behind

With a faith that never dies;

May we strive with you to find

Our star ideals; and with you

Blaze a trail into the blue

Far ahead. Our followers here

May they find Mother Astro near

To lead them upward and afar

To an Ideal and a Star!

Frances Barnhill gave a toast to our deans:

"To those whom all their "children" love,

Although they see our every move—

They choose just whom we are to meet

These guardians of the register sheet.

And though the watchful eye they wield,

All things are for the best, we feel.

And now, dear deans, with hearts so true,

We pledge our love, and a toast to you.

Miss Lawrence responded.

"Although we guard the register sheet

And sometimes chaperone you on the street

We love you.

When you are good we give you A's

And praise you for your charming ways

When you are bad you get our goat,

And on you we cannot dote,

But good or bad you are ours, you know

And through the years that come and go

We'll love you!"

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