

The Twig

Member of N. C. Collegiate Press Association

Published Weekly by the Student Body
of Meredith College



STAFF

KATHERINE BROWN*Editor-in-Chief*
 ELIZABETH KENDRICK ...*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
 CLARA MAE JESSUP*Associate Editor*
 RUTH FREEMAN*Associate Editor*
 GERALDINE GOWER*Associate Editor*
 ANNIE HOPE WARD*Associate Editor*
 FANNIE PAUL*Y. W. C. A. Editor*
 MISS MARY VINCENT LONG.....*Faculty Editor*
 ANN ELIZA BREWER*Business Manager*
 EVELYN BAILEY*Assistant Business Manager*

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00

EDITORIALS

Proof positive that spring is here—the girls have put on gingham dresses.

It has been proved beyond a shadow of a doubt, so they say, that George Washington had red hair. This doubtless will give great comfort and inspiration to all the red-headed damsels.

Dr. George W. Truett's series of evangelistic services to be held in the City Auditorium begin March 1. We have been granted the privilege of attending at least one service a day during this meeting. Also to further lighten the burdens of some at this time, it has been decided that no issue of *The Twig* will be published next week. Surely if the student body has a sense of the true value of things worth while, they will make every endeavor to attend as many of these services as possible.

Time for elections is drawing near. This, possibly the most interesting period in the college year, takes place in March, although the new officers do not assume their duties until the middle of April. This time let's lay aside all individual preferences, forget which society the girl is a member of, and choose the person for her own worth and intrinsic value.

IS MEREDITH IMPROVING ?

Since many and surprising changes seem to be the order of the day, it would be well perhaps to review our past and present conditions and then ask ourselves "Is Meredith Improving?" We are all agreed that Meredith is what we make it. Now what are we making it?

In the first place we have been lately denied the privilege of inspecting the zoo (composed largely of birds, hounds and gluttons of the male species) which parades in front of the campus each Sunday for our benefit. Nor are we any longer allowed to stroll along Wilmington eating cream or committing some other such heinous social offense. Gone are the days when Gilmer's was invaded by hatless Meredith girls, thus shocking the clerks and public unbelievably. Is it any wonder that the friends of the college held up their hands in holy horror when they saw school girls running in Alfred Williams' back door for pencils, paper and notebooks or dropping by the hot dog stand about 4.00 P. M.? Almost forgotten are the nights when we lounged in each others rooms (instead of our own) during an entire study period. Indeed our halls now present quite a model appearance to a casual observer.

Granting the thoroughness with which these new rules are enforced, it is still possible that they might have a degenerating influence on the morale of Meredith. Perhaps it is not the rules themselves as much as it is the spirit which prompted the rules. At any rate there has been since Christmas an unnamed and often unrecognized influence felt which has caused an irritable chafing at rules and a general unrest. Perhaps the students' conception of this is exaggerated, but there seems to be on the part of our faculty and S. G. executives an attitude of watchfulness, of distrust, and of eternal expectation for something to go wrong; or as one of the students expressed it (you will pardon me if I quote verbatim) "Everybody thinks things are goin' to the devil." Of course we need not feel in honor bound to live up to these expectations, but as our learned professor would say, it is more or less a psychological reaction.

What the remedy is, or the final outcome will be, we do not know. But even if we feel now as if we have slipped a step backward in our honor system and self-government, let us hope it will only make us more determined to regain our old place and mount yet higher.

Girls, you know we are capable of making Meredith an ideal place, of making

W. W. W.

The Association of Willowy Wands of Women meets. Resolutions are drawn up, and plans of action made. The following is the document issued by the Association:

"After due consultation, deliberation, meditation and hesitation upon the sad vicissitudes of married life, we, the undersigned do hereby draw up the following resolutions:

1. We will never marry a "runt."
2. He shall be tall and willowy.
3. He shall have a perfect "figger."
4. He shall be made to be looked *up* to and not down upon.
5. We are no longer discontented with our physique but are graceful willowy wands of women.
6. We henceforth consider our stature queenly and scorn the word *daintly* as trifling and ignoble. Signed:—The Tall Heavyweights of Meredith College."

Heard Everywhere

- "O, cut it out!" said the boy with the splinter in his finger.
- "O, darn it!" said the girl with the "run" in her stocking.
- "O, hang it!" said the girl when the picture fell from the wall.
- "Dad blame it!" said the boy who had gone swimming against his daddy's orders.
- "Ding bust it!" said the boy with the empty pocket-book.
- "Dog gone!" said the boy who had lost his dog.
- "Oh, shoot!" said the boy to his brother who was afraid to pull the trigger.
- "You tell 'em!" said the teacher, for the benefit of those who were absent."

MR. FARMER VISITS US

Rev. S. F. Farmer, business manager of the *Biblical Recorder* and a well-known Baptist preacher paid us a visit Wednesday morning and gave a very interesting talk. He emphasized the Peace bringing power of Jesus, giving various examples of His bringing peace into the midst of turmoil—Daniel in the Lion's Den, the men cast into the fiery furnace, the Master quieting the Sea of Galilee and other incidents showing that our Saviour was a man of peace and His mission was to bring happiness and content.

it all we would like to have it. With the new dean of women who is by now "on to the ropes," and with the president we have, we can accomplish anything. Let's all put our shoulder to the wheel and keep it there until we can stand back and say, Here's to *our* college, the best in all the land!"