

STUDENT OPINION

"Shall our societies meet every week or every two weeks?" is one of the questions which has lately disturbed our peaceful campus. Although it has been decided to meet every two weeks, that is, twice instead of four times each month, there are a few among us who still seem to be wondering why.

When we try to find the reason for these queries, we find a rather good one. Many of us feel that the societies give us our broadest opportunity of learning "to do things," by which we mean the ability to express ourselves among others, besides numerous other unclassified things, which we get to only a limited extent elsewhere. Then they ask, Should the number of meetings be made less? In reply, others argue that the meetings can never be the best possible, when there is only a week between to plan and prepare the program, and, too, there are a few, in fact, a very few, who are not able to be rightly interested when going every week.

But however any one of us feels about the matter, now that the change has been made, we are all ready to co-operate and help make our particular society the very best. We realize the important influence the societies have on our college life, the good they can give us, and now let's "plunge in" and enjoy all they can mean to us.

T. Tolar: "Oh, Fanny, have you seen the new Technician?"

B. Stokes: "Well, who is he?"

THE LATIN TRIANGLE

When love begins in a Latin class
Just three rows back from front,
If all should play, the more fools we
Sumus, estes, sunt.

I love you, Jean, as you love me
And we both love Jack a lot,
Which isn't just as it should be—
Amo, amas, amat.

That three should love each other so
Cannot be right. Ah me!
His heart must wander to and fro—
Veni, vedi, vici.

The whole world looks and tongues
must wag
I fear me quite a bit.
'Tis this I know, we'll sorry be—
Ero, eris, erit.

When love begins in a Latin class
With three hearts in the pot,
The stakes are high and all must
pass—
Amo, amas, amat.

—WILL S. DENHAM.

Misses Esther Martin and Chellie Mae Royal, of Benson, spent the weekend at Meredith with Blanche Martin.

Mrs. Tucker, of Greenville, and Mrs. Baines, of Spring Hope, were here Sunday afternoon to see their daughters, Margaret Cone Tucker and Catherine Baines.

MURDER ESCAPES; SLAUGHTERS SPEECH

Spoken English is so bodily "murdered," and yet the slang and incorrect speech criminals are evident every moment in the day. Who will arrest these?

The following item from the *Bethel Collegian* strikes the keynote of Meredith's "Better Speech Club."

Judging from the speech of both academy and college men, we feel that it might be well for them to read the following sentences a few times.

"It is I," not "It's me." "It is he," not "It's him." "Whom did you say?" not "Who did you say?" "It is someone's else," not "It's someone else's." "The man who came," not "The man which came." "Has the bell rung?" not "Has the bell rang?" "The bell rang," not "The bell rung." "It looks as though it will," not "It looks like it will." "I have ridden," not "I have rode." "I believe I shall," not "I think I will." "I have it," not "I've got it." "This is the better of the two," not "This is the best of the two." "He doesn't" not "He don't."

Of course you know all this, but why is it then you do not make use of your knowledge?

We intend to publish from time to time little lists like the one above. Perhaps they will serve as gentle reminders to you. Let us introduce better English in the school.

Other colleges and schools, too, seem to be awakening to this undeniable but preventive accusation. *High Life* says that better speech is their aim for this year.

The following list was given the editor as suggested for better speech:

"I saw; I did; He doesn't Between you and me; He and I are here; It is I; The bell has rung; About him and me; I drank the milk. I lay down yesterday; I heard of his going; None of the girls is going; I am as tall as he; He does his work well; Do as I do; This kind; that kind; This book is different from that; It seems as if you are right; Several of us boys and girls."

It has been suggested that we have an Index Expurgatorius which will include not only incorrect sentences, but glaring errors in words. Next week *High Life* will have a suggested list for this Index.

The collection of German marks as a hobby is another form of zero worship.—*Life*.

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive,
But when we've practiced it a bit
We make a better job of it!—*Judge*.

Movie Vamp: "Haven't you a tighter gown than this?"

Tired Wardrobe Manager: "No madam, I'm a costumer, not a taxidermist.—Ex.

Conductor: "Change for Marietta! Change for Marietta!"

Hick Passenger: "Don't know who the girl is, but I'll chip in a dime."—Ex.

WAKE FOREST?

That "a woman always has the last word in an argument," is supposed to be a proverbial truth, but we young ladies of Meredith are beginning to wonder. Just as we emerge from the dizzy whirl of discussion and controversy as to the appropriate location of our new Meredith, and begin to truly think that there is, or soon will be, a "method" after all, in our madness, Dr. Paschal's campaign for the removal of Meredith to Wake Forest throws us back again into fiery discussion with cannon-like rapidity. We sincerely appreciate the voiced desires of the Wake Forest students for our presence upon the northern end of their campus, but could our Alma Mater voice her sentiments in the diction of her modern child, we think she'd express it with "I'm not that kind of a girl. Give me city life or none!"

It's all very well for the masculine population of Wake Forest—both civic and collegiate—to picture, in eloquent phrases the social and practical advantages Meredith would receive by her removal to their town, but it takes people who have gone to a girls' school to understand and fully appreciate the fact that these suggestions are merely hypotheses—and, sad but true, to realize that they would be most likely to remain so. Wake Forest men are able to spend week-ends in Raleigh as frequently as they find it convenient, but imagine the Meredith which would include such a course in its handbook of rules and regulations! Of course, we'd probably be allowed to shop on certain few and far between days in Raleigh, but the additional expense, inconvenience, and dissatisfaction of such a course evidently has not occurred to the sympathizers of this plan. Could we flock over here nearly *en masse* merely because Kreisler was to play or Schuman Heink was to sing? Imagine the congestion, the necessary chaperons, the increased expense, and the confusion it would involve. How infinitely easier it is to choose our new clothes or go to see our favorite screen star any afternoon we fancy instead of that which the "heads that be" decrees. Too, if it is true, as one of the fourteen articles state, that the proffered site will be within "easy reach of Raleigh, not more than a thirty-minute run, and practically as near the city as the site at Method," then why do not the socially inclined of Wake Forest have practically the same advantages as those afforded the man of North Carolina State? "Where

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there's a will there's a way," is another tested saying, and determination isn't yet a thing of the past.

As to the comparative beauty of the two sites, the one at Method offers the lovely surrounding country, the possibilities of a beautiful lake, the adjacent hard surface road, plus a natural amphitheater, excellent for outdoor plays, a car line within ten minutes of Fayetteville Street, and more space than a true Meredith girl will ever know what to do with, anyway.

We like Wake Forest men—we truly do, but we think we'll continue to like them more if we can do so across the space that intervenes between their campus at Wake Forest and ours at the Tucker site.

"Say, pa."

"Well, my son."

"I took a walk through the cemetery today and read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"Well, what about it?"

"Where are all the wicked people buried?"—Ex.