

Student Opinion

What about B. Y. P. U.?

We are always hearing about the great helps we may get from our college organizations. One of our most helpful organizations is our B. Y. P. U. In the B. Y. P. U. every member is given a chance to do something. Here we have a wonderful opportunity to develop our talents, whatever they may be. Why do we not take more interest in the B. Y. P. U.? When you ask some girls to go they say, "Oh! I would like to go, but I just don't have time." Go for a while and you will find it's not so hard to spare the time as you think, you won't even miss it, and you will find it will do you good to stop mid the scramble and rush of school work, and spend an hour each Wednesday evening at B. Y. P. U. Lets all go and do our part in making our B. Y. P. U.'s what they should be.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

Did you ever have an awful time trying to find some reserved book? Of course, all of us have had such an experience. Any of these special books are bad enough, but it does seem as if the English books are the hardest to find, when we are compelled to use them. Since this is the case is it exactly fair for us to get some one to hold a book for us, when there are twenty others needing that same book? Then too we know what a rush there is for these books, just the night before the stuff *must* be read. Time is very precious that night—so much so indeed that it is very hard to look and look for some book. This is in many cases all unnecessary for at last we find the book securely hidden under a pile of other books. At this last minute we grab the book, but cannot help but wish that some one had been more thoughtful and put it back on the shelf where it should have been. Suppose we always try to remember to put the reserved books on their proper shelf, so they may serve the largest number possible.

USE OF THE TELEPHONE

This is not merely one student's opinion, but that of many students. The general opinion is that conversations on the telephone are altogether too lengthy. Undoubtedly this is an old complaint, but when that which has been said before has no effect it is all the more necessary to repeat.

An inconsequential phone conversation has no need to last half an hour. Someone may be waiting outside to make a necessary call. Of course there may not be a great many calls which have to be made at once, but even then one should remember there are many to use the phone.

If everyone would cooperate we would have much better service for each girl and there would be no more cause for the voicing of such a complaint.

EATS

Some girls may eat, some girls may not, but Meredith girls eat forever. Yeah eat! But how are we to exist without the staff of life. Miss Welch is a dear and a grand dietitian; but no mortal could satisfy such a multitude of hungry mouths in only three attempts per day.

We watched the apartment across the way grow and with each brick we longed that the air castles and rumors of the Tea Room would come true. They have, to a certain extent; now it depends on us.

Miss Mahler has arranged a special parlor for the Meredith girls and wishes to serve them anything they desire until five o'clock in the afternoon.

There's no place like home so they say, but a cozy fire, soft chairs and home cooking surely add a lot in this world of woe.

Girls, let's boost Miss Mahler's idea and let her know we are anxious and willing to do our bit in making her scheme a homing success. I'm sure we will, because we all know which side our bread is buttered on.

ON NOTE TAKING

Put 'em in our note books—neatly
Yes, we take a lot of notes
Chuck our note books on the shelf
And then?—forget 'em quite completely

'Cause they mean nothing at all
To us—a lot of words we think may
Get us good grades—if we're careful
And put them down in a neat way.

What's the use of taking so many notes anyway? We hear that question asked time and time again. *Well what really is the use?* We read hurriedly through a book, (but can we really call it reading?) carefully inscribe a great many lengthy notes in our poor, long suffering note books and leave the library with our notes in our note books and no idea of what we've taken notes on in our heads. No, it all stays in our note book until the night before a test when down comes the note book, a few notes are memorized and the note book returns to the shelf and the crammed ideas leave as soon as they are written down.

We are note taking machines that are "day by day in every way" growing more efficient in taking notes for the faculty to grade—for that is our motive. We write a long lot of notes to get a good grade—not to keep them in our heads, not so they will bring ideas to our minds, not so they will be useful in our every day life or business—but so the faculty may have the pleasure of weighing them and estimating what they mean to us.

If we could only read our references and take notes for ourselves rather than for the faculty—we would get so much more out of a great many of our courses. Our time is limited. We can either take notes or read intelligently and jot down a few phrases or clauses that recall the main idea of the reference. As it is now, we write notes just as we read of the old copy books where children copied different words on their papers with no idea as to what they were writing.

It is very much the same with our class notes. We write down a page of sentences our Professor has said and do not get an idea from them—because we take what we can write to look best and what we think they would have us write—rather than what appeals to us or can be of some value to us.

If some one has other ideas, about note taking let's hear from them.

"Something has come between us,"

Cried the lover in dismay.

"What else can you expect?" she asked, "when you sit so far away."

Eugene: "I have ordered the ring, dear. What would you like to have engraved on it?"

Mildred S. (a publisher's daughter): "Well, 'all rights reserved,' I think, would be rather nice."

Irate Mr. Stokes: "I never heard of such nerve. A man in your position asking for my daughter's hand!"

James: "Oh, my position isn't so bad. I have a window on one side and the door on the other."

Louise A.: "Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

Clyde B.: "Well, you get in, and I'll see if there's any room left."

Alumnae News

When our Alumnae editor called me and asked me to send her an article for "THE TWIG" something from the class of 1904 perhaps. I promised and then I fell to dreaming of those busy days at dear old Meredith—those halls so soon to be cast aside for better, more beautiful ones on a larger more adequate site. How I do hope every alumnae will have a large share in building the new and more perfect Meredith for our younger sisters. New in site and material only, however for it is to be larger only because the demand for its influence and culture has outgrown its size. New in outward appearance, but the same old traditions, the same beautiful ideals, the same old high standards of pure thinking and high living we all knew.

And as I thought of those busy days and of many intervening happenings of all that the girls do there today. I thought of the growth and development of this very paper—THE TWIG and also *The Acorn*, and I wondered if many of the girls who have worked in them and have read them, know anything of the origin of their names. Perhaps you would be interested in knowing.

The class of 1904 was small, numbering only eight, but while small in number they planned big things. Along with other innovations they decided that they would publish the first college annual for their Alma Mater. There followed busy hectic days and nights. They studied the annuals from every college available, to see just what they had to do, and to get the best ideas possible; all the classes were organized and officers, colors and flowers chosen, numerous clubs all the way from "The Sand Fiddlers" to the "Mountaineers," with officers and yells and what not. We secured the help of "Miss Ida" for illustrations, and Heslope Purefoy for our illustrator in chief.

The spirit of the thing swept the college, such picture taking you never saw, pictures of the classes, the faculty, all the clubs and organizations, the prettiest girl, the cutest, the most made. It was a great time. Then one popular etc.—and ever silhouettes were day the class the members of which were the editors, came together to decide on a name. We sat in a front room that then overlooked that magnificent, spreading oak, which stood for so long on the Haywood corner, and remembering Raleigh's name "The City of Oaks," one girl had the inspiration to suggest that we call our annual this wonderful book to be *Oak Leaves*. It caught the fancy of the editors and *Oak Leaves* it became. Turn back to your 1904 annual and you will see its pages throughout decorated with beautiful oak leaves. Mostly the work of Miss Heslope Purefoy, of Asheville now an artist in New York City. One day the editors decided that in addition to all the clubs and organizations, jokes and fun represented in the annual we must have something *different*, so we decided to insert a miniature paper, telling something of the daily life at Meredith. There was no such thing as that published then at Meredith, but little did that matter. We needed it for the success of our precious annual—so in it went, and we called it, as the most appropriate insert for *Oak Leaves*, *The Acorn*. Thus began what afterward has become your splendid college publication. Just as naturally, as those editors chose the name *The Acorn*, so I suppose did the later editors choose "THE TWIG" as their name for a weekly, and very appropriate it is. I might

ramble on and tell you how this class of 1904 was really a class of "first things" in many ways, planting the first ivy, erecting the first flag-pole, giving the first class day exercises, etc.—but our time for dreams and reminiscences is short—let us all, as daughters of Meredith look forward to the day when with her new opportunity for growth and expansion, she shall fasten herself into the hearts of our people and grasp them for truth and loyalty as the sturdy oak sends its roots out into its native soil, may her influence for good and righteousness spread abroad, as the branches and leaves of the stately tree giving comfort and rest and peace to all who seek the haven of its sheltering shade, may Meredith daughters, ever mindful of her teachings, keep the vision she implanted within us and bless the world wherever we are.

VIRGINIA EGERTON SIMMS, 1904.

CHAPEL TALK GIVEN

BY S. G. PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page one)

The title of the picture might be "Globe Trotters"—what globe trotters we were about the time we were seven—and do these thoughts live on when we reach college? Does our mental picture feature great goods?

Our opportunities cannot pass beyond the realms of our thoughts—for as our thoughts are so our characters are built. Each day we either add or destroy.

Carlyle says, "Thoughts once arisen do not again slumber," and if this is true how important that we let only the good thoughts enter our minds.

"Be noble for the nobleness that lies in others sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

"Life is a matter of mind and heart
And not of yesterdays and days,
And I never see the sun depart
But I eastward turn my gaze;
I've said that no man is dead
As long as he keeps his thoughts
ahead,

And lives today the very best,
And doesn't worry about the rest."

College News

Jessie Belle Strickland, Edith and Glennie Morgan, Jessamine Oldham, Lucile Jones, Mabel Andrews, Jesse Brooks, Louise Allen, Mary O'Kelley, Nancy Woods, Minnie Herrin, Mary Misener, Gladys Cox, Winnie Rickett, Mellie Daniels and Mary Bowers attended the Baptist Student Conference at Greensboro.

Vera Pearl Milton spent the week-end at Fuquay Springs.

Sudie Creech, Roberta and Mary Crawford, Rachel Daniel and Geneva Benthall went to Chapel Hill for the week-end.

Mary Shipp, Sarah Leigh Taylor, Sadie Jenkins, Annie Thelma Hinton, Gladys Currin, Katherine Minor visited in town this week-end.

Ruby Barker and Mary Cheeves were at Bunn for the week-end.

Lucy Knight, Ruth Hilliard, Inez Herring, Isabel deVloming, Elinor Lane Blanche Banks, Geneva Yeagan, and Esther Cobbs spent the week-end at their homes.

Annie Belle Noel and Emma Lee Smith were visiting at Dunn last week-end.

Last week-end Lillian Evans, Lena Mae Williams, Louise Wilburn, Margaret Lassiter, Ruth Boyce and Ver-tell Matthews were at home.

Ruth Shaw Britton was at Cary and Irene Edwards was away from the college for the week-end.

Ruby's Father—"I do not require that the man who marries my daughter shall be rich. All I ask is that he be able to keep out of debt.

Her Suitor—"Would you consider a man in debt who borrows money from his father-in-law?"

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