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APPROACH OF STUNT NIGHT BRINGS THRILLS

(Continued from page one)

a sigh of relief and troop home "thrilled to death" that the stunts were so very cute and our curiosity at last appeased.

Stunt Night this year comes on Saturday night, November 7. All the classes are now working on their stunts. It is useless to prophesy the diversity and originality of the stunts, for that is understood. The question now is:

WHICH CLASS WILL WIN THE CUP?

IMPRESSIVE PROGRAM PRESENTED AT Y. W. A.

(Continued from page one)

tives of the W. M. U., of the B. Y. P. U., of the Sunday school and a high school girl who expects to enter new Meredith next fall came and gave a brief sketch of the wonderful progress that is being made in each of these phases of Baptist work.

The third scene showed Dr. Maddry in a more hopeful state of mind, and as he remembered the great possibilities for advancement of Christ's work in our own State, he was made happy, and he rejoiced over the bright field which lay before the North Carolina Baptists of today.

SOPHOMORE INITIATION RUBS OFF GREENNESS

(Continued from page one)

around daily, some very unnecessary article or dress so our own mama's wouldn't know us, much less our teachers."

These sentences of truth were piteously wailed by a freshman, who, having been sent to her room by a Sophomore to get a missing article—her freshman badge—had returned, and in a frenzy of haste, fearing she would be late for her class, had dashed headlong into a class of Senior English instead of her class of Freshman English, which class, by the way, was not even supposed to meet on this particular day. How little the freshman knew that her troubles were only beginning.

Friday night, September the eighteenth one could hear the cry of freshmen on all halls begging for black ribbon and green dresses. Several upperclassmen were heard to ask, "Well, why in the world are the freshmen looking for black ribbon and green dresses?"

It was not until Saturday morning that all was fully understood when the sleepy-eyed freshmen filed into the dining-room, each wearing a green dress. Each girl also had large pieces of black ribbon tied around her neck and wrists, signifying that she was in jail and handcuffed.

We have never before realized what a large crowd of freshmen we really do have until they all trooped in chapel that morning at chapel hour. Gathered in a bunch they gave a spring time effort to the rather cool autumn day.

On Wednesday of the following week, the usual congestion in the dining room was increased. All freshmen were compelled to remain standing until all Seniors and Sophomores, especially, were seated. When the freshmen were seated, they were allowed to use only the edge of their chairs during the three meals of the day.

On Tuesday of last week passers-by, no doubt, wondered at the multiplicity of odd looking little caps worn by a

large number of the girls. The caps were made of handkerchiefs tied at each corner. They varied greatly in color, no hue of the rainbow being in the least slighted. Now had these passers-by inquired as to what it was all about—which they no doubt did—a Soph could have easily informed them—which she also doubtless did.

The next in order was the carrying of sofa pillows. Each freshman was made to carry one with her, wherever she went, throughout the day.

Last but not least the Sophs are always for strengthening the mind and bringing freshmen up in the way they should go. To strengthen their mental ability, each freshman was compelled to memorize six nursery rhymes and say them for each Senior and Soph that might ask for them. Some truly showed highly developed oratorical ability, which we trust they will not neglect even if they should not be asked to learn nursery rhymes. As far as bringing them up in the right way, we felt we had a small part at least, so for one whole day freshmen were forbidden the use of cosmetics. Some laws may fail to be observed, but this one wasn't, impossible as it may seem.

Freshmen are learning—after so long a time—how to get their rooms readjusted after a band of Sophs have struck them. They have had frequent lessons along that line since the beginning of school, and we predict that after a year of good training, they will be efficient housekeepers. If they should ever happen to find any superfluous salt in their rooms, they may use it for their own good.

Coming to the truth of the matter we hand to our freshman class, not grudgingly, the name of "good sports." Keep it up girls, that will take you a long way.

SIGHT-SEEING TRIP TAKEN BY STUDENTS

(Continued from page one)

was the Hall of History. My! the variety and abundance of extremely interesting relics there was astounding. Every one left the hall with a determination to go back again. Our eyes were opened even more when we found ourselves in the Supreme Court Room. The exquisite beauty and luxurious appearance of the court room made it almost unnecessary for Colonel Olds to say that it ranks with the four finest public buildings in the United States. Here again officers were elected, the judges took their seats, and a mock term of court proceeded. After this Colonel Olds suddenly disappeared. We waited patiently for a moment, because we knew that he had "something up his sleeve." And sure enough he did, for soon he returned bringing with him our Judge of Supreme Court and others of the State's first men, whom he introduced to "Miss Meredith." After a short time we bade them goodbye and went to the next point of interest, which was the Odd Fellows Building.

From the top of the Odd Fellows Building we got a bird's eye view of Raleigh and its surrounding country.

Last visited, but not of least interest, was the Hotel Sir Walter, where we saw the room occupied by Mrs. George Vanderbilt during her presidency of the State Fair.

By this time we were getting a bit tired, and besides it was raining. But we returned home with a head full of knowledge, a heart full of gratitude to Colonel Olds, and a hope that he will take us again soon.

Jokes

Margaret Nash (earnestly pouring over European history)—Florence, do you know why they have such bad roads in Spain?

Florence Stokes—Sure! To keep the auto out. They prefer to die of old age.

Virgie Harville (to pupil)—Johnnie, I'm only punishing you because I love you.

Johnnie—I wish I was big enough to return your love.

Estelle W.—Dad always gives me a book on my birthday.

Clarence (maliciously) — What a large library you must have.

Mr. Perry (showing Mary Wills his watch charm)—See these three links?

Mary—Yessir.

Mr. Perry—Do you know what the middle one is for?

Mary—No, sir. What is it for, Mr. Perry?

Mr. Perry—To hold the other two together.

Freshman Daughton—Did you say some girls were campused one time?

Freshman Beason—Yes, some were last year.

Freshman D.—What was done to them?

Freshman B.—They couldn't leave he campus until 2:30 in the p.m.

Freshman D.—Goodness alive. Suppose it had rained before 2:30. Couldn't they have gone in the house then?

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Scintillate, scintillate
infinitesimal planetary orb,
necessantly I interrogate
Your constituent element.
Up above the sphere so high
Similar to an incandescent
Rhomboid in the sky.

100 PER CENT

Clarissa Poteat—I just bought a Rembrandt.

Emily Cheek—Well, American cars are good enough for me!

Two business friends who lived in the country met one day, and one invited the other to dine with him that evening.

At the appointed time the guest set forth in the direction of his friend's house, and as the roads in the village were somewhat dimly lighted he took with him his old-fashioned stable-man's lantern.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent and all went merrily.

The next morning, however, he received the following note from his host of the night before:

Dear Old Man: I am sending my man over to you with this note, and he takes with him your lantern. If you have quite finished with my parrot and cage, I shall be awfully glad if you will return same per bearer.

HIS INTEREST WAS ORNITHOLOGICAL

Nurse—Willie, dear, don't you want to come see the sweet little sister the stork brought you?

Willie—No, I don't. I want to see the stork.