

THE APRILITE



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LITTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

Letter in the cranin' box I pluck you out of the cranin I hold you here--stamp and all In my little hannie.

Little envelope, if I Could but understand if you Have within your paper walls A check to purchase something new. Alfred Makeup/Shakespeare

IDIOTICS

One girl aroused her room-mate from a sound sleep the other night, saying that she had seen 'a ghost in the shape of a donkey. "Oh! let me sleep." "The irate room-mate rejoined, "and don't be fright-ened at your own shadow."

Haughty Senior (who has purchased a stamp)--Must I put it on myself? Freshman standing near (very politely) -- Not necessarily; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter.

fright yesterday. She had a black fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm. Dr. Ansembe: That's nothing. I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my trousers.

All the little Freshmen, Horrible, their fate, Here it was Sunday night, And they didn' thave a date.

Three women may keep a secret If, as it is said, There's one of the lot has heard it not, And the other' two are dead.

Lament to the Freshmen They were a genial, smiling class And fond of eating lunch, But when the mid-'vram grades came on no smiles were in that bunch.

Mary had a little waist Where wasters were meant to grow, And everywhere the fashions went, Her waist was sure to go.

HALF THOUGHTS

The usual state of mind . . . of the old brain seems completely void of all those things which are supposed to constitute a column. . . Spring fever. . . no doubt. . . and speaking of Spring. . . and a young man's fancy turning. . . oh well. . . and what about a young woman's. . . at least that's an explanation for our mid-semester grades. . .

We've been in on several Truth meetings . . . all the rage now. . . at least you'll be raging by the time you've been told a few things. . . a good excuse to get some of the dear sisters told. . . but they won't act according to our suggestions. . . did you hear about Garrett. . . threatening to call Popsy. . . to come and get her. . . strange. . . she doesn't like Truth Meetings anymore. . . We suggest a new kind. . . in which you tell the truth. . . Did you happen to see. . . Ann Wortham almost got in the dining-room window last Saturday night. . . better luck next time, Anne. . . By the way. . . have you ever seen. . . such a brilliant girl coming. . . so many beautiful ladies. . . and handsome men. . . too bad. . . some engagements couldn't have been announced. . . And we were green with envy. . . but never mind. . . dear readers. . . (if we have any). . . every dog has his day. . . your time will come. . . I wonder why. . . so many of us have stopped loafing in Gooch's. . . What's the matter, go? . . . That's all right. . . maybe we're nearing that corner behind which Prosperity has been hiding so many years. . . and we'll have a little money. . . and can haunt the old hangout. . . McArn Best. . . so truthful she believes every thing Hemphill tells her. . . brace up, Mae. . . maybe Hemp can take your mother some messages Easter. . . Did you happen to be around when one of our faculty members tried to walk down the steps at each end of the Main Hall portico. . . and was surprised to find none there. . . an absent minded Professor. . . Wonder why. . . Martha Neal and Mary Adams Ward have so many low heeled oxfords. . . and why they buy a new pair every time they go to Duke. . . or Charles. . . do they like nice wholesome shoes. . . or what is it. . . There is one establishment in town. . . which. . . from all appearances. . . won't go broke. . . Sale on girls' patterns. . . Dry Cleaners. . . you can always find at least five girls in there. . . attending to their cleaning. . . I wonder. . . But tell us. . . what's the attraction over there. . . Have you heard about. . . Hemp Edgerton's and Sue Rawling's ride. . . down Nash Street in Goldsboro. . . Sue driving. . . Hemp feeding the gas. . . incidentally both kinds. . . and the people they hit. . . or almost hit. . . while our two little friends were ducky so that they could not be seen. . . get Hempie to tell you. . . We practically tore the walls of the Green Room down laughing at her the other night. . . If you want to have some fun. . . just come down and join us. . . even if you don't indulge. . . Ask Garret where she told Jack she lost his ring. . . she lishes the change the subject. . . make her tell you the truth though. . . 'Tis strange but true. . . a girl on the campus. . . met her husband the other day. . . after she had been identified for several days by his name. . . watch out, Katherine. . . there's something wrong somewhere. . . Everyone is worried about her bill. . . it seems that we're all rather lost on our money. . . and that's the reason we've been getting so much mail lately. . . and speaking of being worried. . . and wringing of hands. . . you should see Isabelle Pollock. . . at certain boxing matches. . . one would think that she had a personal interest in the fight. . . page Mr. Bussel!

Guess you know we have Dan Cupid in our midst. . . at least we seem to think she. . . she tried to shoot two of our happy family that

Miss Lawrence plays ping-ping in the recreation room of Alice Clewell. Mr. McEwen has been accused of being Miss Riggan's brother. Mr. Wortham is going to Virginia in Polytechnical Institute finals! No wonder she bought so many new evening dresses!

There is such thing as true love--ask Gro Bowland about a certain Mr. Rankin. Spring is here. Dr. Rondthaler will not have to worry himself bald-headed anymore!

Beck Harrison never speaks of Elon anymore. The heart-rendering, forlorn yellow Academy swatcher visited the laundry this week!! Everyone of the Freshmen in Education twopenny passed this semester's work--Is that awful?

R. Edgerton and Marianna Hooks passed all of their work this term! One Freshman made the AX honor roll!!! When you need a book for pronunciation, ask B. Philpott. She knows!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT --?

Why does Margarette Pierce prefer Daye to night--She's an odd girl. We would like to know why Lucy James always plays a Minor Key. Can an one tell us whether Bobby hears the Think (Inc) she's always talking about? Sue Andrews has a Mann at last, Pratie Allah.

Betty, how much is Hay worth this year? Someone hard Jimmy Nall say the other day she'd certainly like to become a Hunter. Wait until you go home Jimmy, we're all afraid of guns. Badly is the most curious girl we've ever seen. Do you know that she prefers Barnes to Homes?

Issy Pollock made a flying trip to Holland and would you believe it she came back to school quite wild about it? (Pardon us, him). If all trees were Rountrees, then Alice would be happy, (in case you don't know Alice, she's termed Billy up here).

Some of those "Berrys" I'm afraid we'll have to "day" Nine if she doesn't stop having the Jimmy-Jams. May I hold your Palmolive? Not on your Liebeboy. Then I'm out of Lux? Yes, Ivory formed.

JUST IMAGINE! Anne McKinnon as a slyph-like fairy. Bini Martin as a proxide blonde. Courtland Preston being ungrade!

Besse Shipp with curly hair! Lib. Leake growing taller. Ruth McConnell growing shorter. Dorothy Heidenreich in one of Tommy Fry's dresses. Frye Pettus gaining 40 pounds. Lucy Gulick-Rogers being demarre. Babe Silversteen riding horseback.

Dr. Rondthaler in an evening dress. Oh Yeah!!? Mrs. Lawrence plays ping-ping in the recreation room of Alice Clewell. Mr. McEwen has been accused of being Miss Riggan's brother. Mr. Wortham is going to Virginia in Polytechnical Institute finals!

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"GREEN ROOM GOSSIP"

Pena's George seems to be a little moody now. Wonder if it's because she sent him a German telegram! We hear Frances Bowland is quite wild about Rankin's ice cream. Why this sudden affection for Rankin, Unity?

Did you girls know there was a new kind of wood in school--McArn's is Lyewood and is she "piggy" with it? We ask you. Maria can't seem to get enough Brown to suit her. We'd all like to know why she prefers Brown when that's a winter color. (Got a new one Garrett, it's spring).

Celeste's motto is: "Justice for me alone." (The rest can go to bang). As for Nina Way we wonder if Strikes will Tur-ncr heart. Jane Rondthaler seems to be taking life easy. The last I saw of her she was Leinbach.

We hear Calva Sharp is going to become a Mason soon. Look like the ladies are getting a break in Burlington. Mildred Hanes had an eventful trip to Turkey. She came back with every comfort imaginable. That's not the worst girls--She's actually a Turk now!

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HAVE TIMES CHANGED?

Yes, times have changed. A question now may have forty sides instead of two. We women have almost got back to the Early Stone Age since we have discarded all our petticoats. We ride in airplanes, not on dinosaurs or miles, and what's more we don't have to get out and give the plane, ashore or perhaps whispier, 'oats', in his car before the vehicle will move. It is my honest opinion that civilization has progressed.

But there is one part of us which has never changed (except in the necessary wherewithal), since Adam and Eve did wrong. Underneath we have enfranchisement and jobs, but there's one thing about us which hasn't altered. I really believe some of us dream about living during the Stone Age. (We're all fools underneath anyway).

Let's compare examples of my point through the ages. Bumplus smoothed her Leopard skin tightly in order to display the excellent figure (the shining lake told her she possessed). With the tail of a Garrie, she smoothed finely gown "something or other" over her broad flat nose. Her tiny feet (size 24) she eyed conceitedly. She heard Gedunk. "He is such a nice boy," her mother had said. "Yes, he is nice," thought Bumplus.

Gedunk came up, looking adoringly at the girl. He took her with him to his cave. "No, Gedunk, I think I'm too young," she said, hurrying him away for she heard Bolunk in the distance. Tall, broad man, with bulging muscles stood before her, "Woman," he said, "you're going to live in my cave, now!"

Bumplus looking at his adoringly followed. The scene shifts a few thousand years. Julia smoothed her long white tunic trimmed with purple, more tightly in order to display the excellent figure which a shining pool in the garden told her she possessed. She patted finely ground powder on her Roman nose. Her tiny feet in sandals she eyed conceitedly. She heard Marcus. "He is such a nice boy," her mother had said. "Yes, he is nice," thought Julia.

Marcus came up looking adoringly at the girl. He took her hand, "Julia, will you marry me? I love you." "No, Marcus, I think I'm too young," she said, hurrying him away for she heard Aurelius in the distance. Tall broad man with bulging muscles stood before her, "Woman," he said, "you're going to marry me!"

Julia looking up at him adoringly followed. Scene moves up two thousand years. Mary smoothed her silken frock in order to display her excellent figure which her mirror (and several persons) had told her she possessed. She patted her perky nose and smoothed on a little more lipstick. She heard John. "He is such a nice boy," her mother had said.

"Yes, he is nice," thought Mary. John ran up the front steps next to the girl in the swing. "Mary, I love you. Will you marry me?" "No, John, I think I'm too young, and besides, I have my career to consider," she answered hurrying him away for she heard Tom in the distance. Tall, broad, bulging muscled man stood before her, "Woman" he said, "get your hat. We're going to get married!"

Mary looking at him adoringly ran for her hat. No, we haven't changed and so, this might be a chapter in What Every Eligible Young Man Should Know. What do you suppose Mark Antony said to Cleopatra? "Woman do as I bid!"