

SOCIAL NEWS

Miss Genie Thomas, spent last week-end at Wake Forest.

Foy Peele, '21, of Roxobel, is here for the commencement exercises.

Miss Elizabeth Cullom spent last week-end at her home at Wake Forest.

Miss Bertha Carroll spent last week-end in Raleigh, and visited the college Monday.

Miss Beth Huntley spent last week-end with Miss Josephine Parker, of West Raleigh.

Miss Jamie Mauney spent last week-end with Miss Lillian Horton, of West Raleigh.

Miss Bost was at N. C. C. W., last week-end where she acted as a judge in a musical contest there.

Miss Lydia Sorrell, who has been ill with erysipelas, was able to go to her home at Lillington, Monday.

Misses Wilma Durham, and Mattie Macon Norman were week-end guests of Miss Savon Horton, of Raleigh.

Mr. T. C. Rowland, of Rocky Mount, visited his daughters, Misses Beulah and Winnie Mae Rowland, last week-end.

Misses Evelyn Bridges and Lydia Penton, were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Carrol, of Wake Forest last week-end.

Miss Gladys Beam is at Woodsdale this week-end attending the marriage of her brother.

Mr. William Powell spent last week-end here with his sister, Miss Louise Powell.

"What did your little ones say when you told them there is no Santa Clause?"

"They asked me if I was just finding it out."

"What kind of a woman is his wife, Amanda?"

"I think she is what you call a mandatory."

They say the French girls are better listeners than American girls. We don't believe it. The girls we know could listen as well as anybody if they would only try.

MORNING AND EVENING

Cary Robertson, '24

I love to ramble,
Blown by first whispers of awaking day,
When field and wood in solitude
Stir and relapse, uneasy for perturbing
light;
When frosted white
Upstarts the clinging bramble,
Gold glows the sun, aflush from darkling
feud,
Lances his ray.

Or slow to wander,
Drinking the glory of the waning West,
While on its slopes kaleidoscopes
Play in the barbarous splashes artist Na-
ture flings;
While windy wings,
Warm wafting from walls yonder,
Bring fragrance of the garden helio-
tropes
Nodding to rest.

I love to live,
Breathing this sphere's perfume, feasting
my eye
With every sight serene or bright
The splendour of His footstool offers for
our pleasure;
Yet in this leisure
I pray that God may give
Faith certain of the dawn; so with the
night
Gladly I'll die.

FRESHMEN UNDERTAKE TO BEAU- TIFY CAMPUS.

The energetic Freshmen, wishing to do something different, and desiring to show their devotion to Meredith, eagerly carried out the plans of beautifying the campus which was suggested by their sponsor, Miss Campbell. The class was divided into groups which were assigned to work the various flower beds.

Through the kindness of the Missionary Societies of the First Baptist Church and the Tabernacle church, the class obtained a number of packages of seeds and plants.

Other seeds were bought with the proceeds from the sale of sandwiches and doughnuts sold in the college.

"Beautify the campus," was the slogan of the Freshman class, as with spades and hoes, and wide-brimmed hats they were seen digging here and there over the campus. There are now carefully laid out beds around main Building, Faircloth, East Building, and Myatt, North and Adams Cottages. When we return in the fall and the various colored, sweet-scented flowers greet us, we shall be glad that there was

one class of "blooming Freshmen." This custom, instituted by the class of '24 will be handed down each year to the incoming Freshmen class.

Lawyers—So you want a divorce from your wife. Aren't your relations pleasant?

Client—Mine are, but hers are the most unpleasant lot I ever met.

We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orville Overholt. In our paper last week we had as a heading, "Mrs. Overholt's big feet." The word we had ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way, but spelled fete. It means a celebration and is considered a very tony word.

Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this, Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Ain't been home yet."

"Now, boys," said the teacher in the juvenile Sunday school class, "our lesson today teaches us that if we are good while here on earth, when we die we will go to a place of everlasting bliss. But suppose we are bad, then what will become of us?"

"We'll go to a place of everlasting blister," promptly answered the small boy at the pedal extremity of the class.

Extinct Species—"No workers are called servants to-day," says Mr. Justice Darling. "And I am informed by those who have secured specimens that very few servants could be by any stretch of the imagination be called workers."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

Too Late.—"I don't like these photos at all," he said, "I look like an ape."

The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain.

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