

STUDENT OPINION

There seems to be a vague, seldom expressed idea, at large upon our campus, that Meredith students are one body of girls who are not the slaves of Dame Fashion, nor believe in fine feathers for fine birds. We appreciate the good sense and independence behind this general feeling, and yet at times we feel that our independence of Dame Fashion may lead us almost away from good taste.

We owe it to Meredith as well as ourselves to make a good appearance, not a stylish one perhaps, but certainly not a cheap and untasteful one. In the rush which we experience every day it is hard to plan the exact costume we wish for shopping, or to dress as we should for church or walking and all the rest. We also feel that the other calls are more important still when some one is in such a rush that she goes shopping in a beautiful lace hat, a pair of worn old oxfords or a sport hat, we're forced to wonder. Then in church it is hard to excuse the combination, the sport-like creation, the dinner dress, which appear there every Sunday, by any amount of independence.

So besides the vague, proud feeling of Meredith superiority to fashion, there is another one growing upon the campus which is something like, "Girls we must take time to dress tastefully—or stay off the streets." We appreciate the importance of other things, the frivolity of too much dress, but let's start a campaign for well-dressing which will be up to the other Meredith standards.

Freshmen, six weeks over.

Say, have you noticed how happy the Freshmen are? Last Wednesday their faces began to be wreathed with smiles. Of course, you have guessed the reason. "We can go off the campus by ourselves." Six weeks we have undergone the affliction of searching for an old girl whenever we wished to go off "the block." Dear old girls, you could not have been sweeter to us, when asked to accompany us off the campus before we gained our "Freshman Independence." We thoroughly appreciate your kindness to us, but just like all human beings we like to feel our freedom. As the galax leaves we shall remain green throughout the year and since that is so, keen enjoyment is derived from our inexperience. But there is some good in all things for our ignorance supplies jokes for THE TWIG. So there, we have some consolation in knowing that we are of use to you who seemed so superior to us. Even in this, our first attempt in writing for publication, we show our utter lack of worldly wisdom, for we attempt no lofty thoughts, no grandiloquent phrases, no marvel of workmanship. In stumbling English we express our feeling of joy that the trying ordeal of the first six weeks has passed. We tried to feel "The chivalry of everyday

tasks," but it took courage for us to meet smilingly the needs of those weeks which have just passed. "For we wanted what we wanted when we wanted it." Many was the time when old girls seemed scarce—or, at least, old girls who wished to go up street at the same time that we did, old girls who wished to go to the green store at a particular time, or old girls who liked to walk on the same streets that we did. 'Tis over now! We are glad and yet we must grant that we have learned to love, even though we have not "loved to learn," by such stringent rules.

"Where did you come from, Freshman dear?

Out of obscurity into the here!

Where do you get that smile so bright?

Seeing visions, foretelling our light
Why the delight, this joyous display?
Why now, because you can no longer say

Get an old girl a-ha!"

MISS FOREMAN ADDRESSES GIRLS

Miss Louise Foreman delighted a large audience of Meredith girls with her talk in chapel, Tuesday night after dinner. She reminded them of the privilege they have in being able to come to college, and told them how many less fortunate girls envy them their college life. She spoke of the two laundry girls who borrowed suitable clothes and dressed like college girls, carrying library books under their arms, so that they could walk across the campus at Bryn Mawr, just to see how it would feel to be a college girl.

She advised the girls to cultivate the stick-to-itiveness and the trueness of purpose similar to that which enabled the young man, a class-mate of hers, to go to Larsus, and to conduct a Christian school there, even after the Turks had sacked the town and massacred many of the inhabitants.

Finally she spoke much of the conditions existing now in China, and related the story of the missionary's little daughter and her big doll. The Chinese children had never seen one before and asked if it were a live baby. She asked us if we had ever thought of the fact that the children of heathen lands never have dolls until after they hear of Christ.

At the conclusion of her talk Miss Foreman made arrangements to have conferences with any of the girls who wished.

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MEETING OF Y. W. C. A.

TO ITS MEMBERS

The international aspect of the Y. W. C. A. having been discussed in a previous meeting, the service on Sunday, October 22, was given over to a study of the more personal part played by this organization in the lives of girls everywhere.

The devotional service consisting of prayer and the reading of the sixty-fourth Psalm, was led by Elizabeth Kendrick. An account of the organization of a local Y. W. C. A. was then given by Phyllis Mays. Lelia Cobb told of the place of the Y. W. C. A. in the life of the country girl and the colored girl. The place of the Y. W. C. A. in the life of the city girl and the college girl was given by Frances Haywood. Joy Beaman emphasized the place of the Y. W. C. A. in the life of the individual. From these topics the broad sympathy of an organization which adds something of "sweetness in life" to the lot of girls from city and factory to isolated country, was very clearly shown.

Two vocal selections added much to the program; a quartette, "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Catherine Shields, Lois Kendrick, Frances White and Lillian Rouse, and a solo, "How Beautiful Are Thy Dwellings," by Ruth Ganet Sykes.

MR. HURLBUTT SPEAKS

AT PULLEN HALL

In his peculiarly forceful way, Mr. Guy R. Hurlbutt pictured to a gathering of delegates from the colleges of the city, the pitiful conditions among our fellow students in Russia. Mr. Hurlbutt expressed his modesty in telling about conditions in Russia: "I have only been there three and one-half years," he said. With now and then some appalling statistics, and with here and there a personal glimpse, the speaker taught us to sympathize with, instead of condemn "Poor Russia." Students such as yourselves, are actually starving—what can you hope for Russia of tomorrow?" he asked. In closing, Mr. Hurlbutt read a touching letter from a Russian telling of the pitiful conditions and appealing to the love of America to help his country in distress.

In addition to the address, the State College Band gave a number of selections, and the Shaw University quintette sang several negro melodies which were also much enjoyed. Frances white, of Meredith, sang a solo, "Hold Thou My Hand."

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NEW CUSTOM INAUGURATED

Those of us who were here last year remember with pleasure the musical numbers with which the members of the faculty favored us at chapel each Tuesday morning throughout the year. Tuesday morning chapel came to be the chapel period to which we all looked forward, and our anticipations were seldom disappointed, because the numbers given and the manner in which they were executed were always pleasing in every way.

We were, then, delighted when we learned that the same thing is to continue throughout this year. We have already had a number of selections by members of the faculty, among them Miss Lewis and Miss Stitzel of the voice department; Miss Nelson, professor of violin; Miss Crawford and Miss Phillips, of the department of piano, and on Tuesday of this week Miss Goldsmith favored us with an Arbaesque by Debussy, which was played with marked precision of technical ability and real feeling.

We are looking forward to the Tuesday morning of the year to bring us much pleasure, and we thank Dr. Brown for inaugurating such a delightful custom.

"Papa, what do you call a man who drives an auto?"

"It depends upon how near he comes to hitting me."—Ex.

New York had only one bank in 1824.—Ex.

A contented mind is a continual feast.