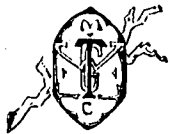


The Twig



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EDITORIAL

Don't forget Mothers' Day—Sunday, May 13!

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Breaking records seems to be the current fashion, so here's to the Sophomores and Juniors! The loving cup is the goal for which to strive.

* * *

Speaking of decisions regarding the various Summer Schools reminds us—now that we're on the last lap of the 1923 race, we're to "stick in there and fight," or else many precious summer nights will be spent at the Summer School of our choice. Use discretion and study, young ladies!

* * *

These farewell parties to the Seniors give us all a peculiar thrill. The close of Saturday night's clever festivity found tears and nosegays vying for prominence, but suppose instead of "Aloha Oe," we try to make it merely "Till We Meet Again." The incomparable Pollyanna.

* * *

The presence of the Wake Forest-Baylor Debate in our Chapel, Friday night, forcibly reminds us of the dire lack of this achievement among the achievements of Meredith College. With such an inspiring example, who knows what feminine Henry Clays or Daniel Websters lurk unsuspected in our very midst?

* * *

Ye olde time swimming hole affords no more wistful longings and

vain wishes—on to the Y. M. C. A. pool! The water is cold to the tingling point; deep or shallow according to the difference in length of a few feet; and exhilarating past mere verbal expression. No freckles possible within its tiled interior. THE TWIG wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the Y. M. C. A. officials for their generosity and kindness in allowing us Meredith girls the use of the pool, and since we're supposedly an expression of popular campus sentiment, we'd thus like to term you "beaucoup stuff."

* * *

We are not yet absolutely sure that we know what it's all about, but this talk of "standard grading" makes us vaguely uncomfortable—especially at a time when grades are about to be THE important things. Why *didn't* the idea wait until harmless next September to dawn? But that question as it may, it does appear more or less queer to have one kind professor who happens to have graded above the "standard," hesitatingly and forebodingly confess his apparent fault, as such, when no consolation is to be extorted from those might have had the lamentable habit of not grading a student as highly as this "standard" would demand. Perhaps there are not any of this latter type—not confessedly so, at any rate. Which causes this immediate question: Is this system, after all, fair? To tell a body of teachers that some are teaching "cinch courses," while others are instructors in quite difficult subjects would be a sure means of arousing the ire of the former, but the fact remains that some courses *are*—necessarily so—much easier than others, and must these be lowered upon our reports merely for the sake of averaging with the difficult ones as the only method of standardized fairness? Since the same type tests as these which "standard grading" are based upon, prove that individuals vary in themselves—inconsistently proving a greater amount of mental capability along one line than is shown along another—it seems that this fact alone would show the inadvisability of such a plan as the "standard grading" one under present discussion. Perhaps, on the other hand, this plan may prove itself a practical one. At any rate, we're convinced that there is plenty of room for argument on either side of the question.

THAT OLE PEP!

Wake up! Where are you, girls? Do you realize that no activity can exist without enthusiasm and pep? Further, do you not feel that there is something lacking at Meredith? How we love her, all of us, yet that same devotion should inspire us to make our Alma Mater better and better in every way. We need have no fear that our scholastic standards will ever be lowered; there is a spiritual atmosphere at Meredith, the equal of which one would go far to find; the social life is by no means neglected by us. What then, is it that we lack? Athletics! And would that it were possible to emblazon that one word on every girl's mind and heart. We need athletics—they are a vital part of our education, and an essential to true, well-rounded development.

We do not have them at Meredith in any sense of the word. It is true that several inter-class games of basket ball and tennis are played at different times of the year. But, how many girls are there to be seen at the games? How much interest do you see exhibited in the games, and what sort of games are they? There are some few girls who really play hard and take an interest in the practice games. But in the majority of cases the players rest upon the strength of former prowess and laurels, with the result that the games we do have lack speed enough to hold the attention of onlookers. Is that a thing that a college of our size should be proud of? Most emphatically it is not. We ought to be just as proud of our achievements along athletic lines as along others. And we must have the sports and more pep in our games if our education is complete.

Not only do athletics instill a love of fair play and coöperation that are so necessary in other phases of work; they teach us to face a losing game courageously with renewed vigor for the second attempt. In the world of sports a poor loser has no place, nor has the failure who refuses to redeem himself. Just so it is in life. And our college is merely an ante-room for the great office of life. The work done here fits us for the later problems. Shall we, then, leave out a most necessary and potent factor in our development?

Other physical reasons might be given as incentives for athletics, but we are all acquainted with them—all know that the majority of the girls would be helped by more exercise—could do better work. The year is nearing its close, and we haven't much time left for this year, but let us come back in the fall demanding more athletics. Let us wake up!

Hobb—"The other night when I was studying, a female shape appeared before me."

Nobb—"Specter?"

Hobb—"No! Wouldn't have been scared if I had."—Ex.

Pro—"That girl over there is a war bride."

Con—"Good Lawd! She must be at least seventy years old."

Pro—"Yes, a Civil war bride."—Ex.

"You're trying to trim me," said the frock as the dressmaker got out her scissors.—Ex.

"Well, I slipped up on you anyway," said the man to the banana peel as he fell on the sidewalk.—Ex.

Student—"Why are we stopping?"

Conductor—"There's a cow on the track."

Student (half hour later)—"Why are we stopping again?"

Conductor—"Cow on the track."

Dumb Student—"Have we caught up with that cow again?"—Ex.

|| SUPERBA ||

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Cullen Landis,

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"FIGHTING BLOOD"



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