

Alumnae News

Columbia University.

DEAR MOTHER MEREDITH:—You will be wondering perhaps what your daughter has been doing since she reached this City of Mysteries to learn more under a larger but not dearer Alma Mater. I was thinking of you and thought you might enjoy hearing about some of the interesting people I have met and of the things I have seen.

Naturally there are people from every part of the world here. One of the librarians told me recently that there was a student here from South Africa. (I did not ask his color.) The most of the foreign students are Chinese and Japanese and in my goings and comings I find that of all the students the Chinese are the most polite. They are always ready to hold a door open for you or give you a seat in the subway. The others are not bothered much with our ideas of courtesy. When we were at lunch one day last week we happened to talk to a woman who had lived in Spain for ten years and was here taking her M.A. in Spanish. I was eager to learn more of her history but time and convention forbade. There are many Canadians much in evidence but they are daily consumed with their own importance. Every State in the Union has its quota of representatives and all of them are essentially different. The most friendly ones hail from the West—from Colorado, Nebraska, and Wisconsin. They are more willing to meet your "good mornings" with an equally pleasant one in return. I am thinking now of a breezy little girl from Denver who made my first days cheery by leaving notes to the effect that "so and so" had called on the phone and would call again. The others in the apartment before and since have not bothered about the others living near by. However they warm up some when you can do anything for them. I am thinking of a Catholic girl (and most all the inhabitants of this vicinity are either Catholics or Jews) who rooms next to us who wanted to borrow my evening slippers to go to a frat dance. I afterwards learned that her cold manner was due to shyness.

We Southerners give the other students much amusement. Of course we're from the South and proud of it. One of the girls from Des Moines, Iowa, who was one of the first to welcome me told some of us that she could always tell a Southerner, because she looked as if she was carrying around her family reputation. I suppose she meant that we were all aristocratic, but we told her that she had a very mistaken idea. Those from other sections love to hear us talk and just let us talk on at great length about almost nothing, merely for the sake of listening to us. It's not much of a compliment when you're trying to prove your point. The first week I was here we happened to go in a bakery shop for rolls and the man to my amazement replied "Yes, we have just as good ones as you have in Virginia." He had noticed the different variations in tone until he could tell exactly where one was from. Others are not so observant of localities. We bought some apples from a man who told us they were from West Virginia. On our remarking something pleasant about them, he self-complacently replied, "Surely, West Virginia is a nice little town, isn't it?" One girl from Florida has been praying night and day for it to snow because she's never seen snow.

You must hear about the prodigy of whom Columbia is so proud. He is only sixteen and is working for a Ph.D. in English. His mother has

given up her entire life to helping him find material and follows him around to carry his brief case for him. The poor thing with all his brilliance looks like an overgrown, fat kid, who always wanders about with a dazed, non-comprehending look on his boyish face. He generally comes in to tea (and here it is the fashionable thing to drink tea in the afternoon about 4:30) at the Womens' Graduate Club where he converses with those of the fair sex of equal faculties. All of us of average capacities hover with awe near by to catch some words of wisdom from his learned lips.

We go around to the points of interest. Chinatown and Greenwich Village have proven to be the most unusual of those we've seen although Irving's grave at Tarrytown was much enjoyed. On our trip to Chinatown many of our party had never eaten Chinese food, so that we had great fun at their expense. One dear little girl kept waiting for the waiter to bring her bread but as Kipling says "That's another story." The Joss House or Chinese place of worship was probably the most unique curiosity in that community. Here was a huge portrait of Confucius before which the priests put rice to be eaten by him. Likewise there were all sorts of queer, spooky-looking implements with which they went through their ceremonies. I was much impressed by each of these various oddities until our guide informed us that the place was put up only as a money making scheme for sight seers and that the Chinese didn't really worship there. While we were in that settlement we also saw the old Chinese theatre and the underground passages which were formerly used for all sorts of atrocities. The authorities however, have long since closed them. I wish I had time to tell in detail of some of the other fascinating sights such as the *Leviathan*, the churches, especially Trinity, where Alexander Hamilton and other famous men are buried, and the museums. The plays I have enjoyed are interesting enough to make a long letter in themselves.

We often see Barre Pritchett although she lives in a different world. We see life through books, and through the most prosperous glasses, while she in her social service work among the tenement house people, catches a glimpse of life just as real, moving and vital but vastly distinct from ours. There could not be more strikingly opposite classes; although we are not nearly at the summit of the other end of the scale, yet life as she sees it is at its lowest ebb. There is, however, a great opportunity for vital service and it is a privilege for us to learn what she can teach us.

I wish that I could write of all the new experiences that have come to me, but I know you can't stop long to read in your busy days of imparting learning.

Much love to my "foster-mother,"
RUTH LIVERMON, '23.

PROBABLY WOULD

When a man gives a motor cop a tale of woe, the cop merely says: "Tell it to the judge."

But when a pretty girl gives the cop a dazzling smile, he doesn't advise her to try that on the judge.

He knows it would probably work.

CALLER:—"I want to see Mr. Brindle."

OFFICE BOY:—"He's in conference."

CALLER:—"Hum, when will the conference be over?"

OFFICE BOY:—"Right after you leave, sir."

VANISHING ANCESTOR

"How far do they trace their ancestry?"

"The grandfather, a city bank director, was traced as far as China; there all traces were lost."

Student Opinion

CRITICISM

Carlyle tells us that critical ability is not to be disparaged but to be honored because it plays a very important part in bringing out creative ability in writing. Perhaps many of our great masterpieces in art would not exist if it were not for the critical ability which existed in some one long ago.

If a person has critical ability, I suppose there is no use in trying to suppress it, because it is a God-given part of that person's nature. There are two ways of expressing this ability—one is in useful criticism, and the other harmful criticism.

Perhaps we would like to know just what is meant by useful criticism. It is the criticism of which Carlyle spoke—a criticism which takes for its subject-matter problems which are common to the whole world, criticism which is unbiased, and which endeavors to stir up any pool of thought, which may have become stagnated, in order that some useful truth may be brought to the world. Critical ability which takes an outlet in this way is to be prized and honored.

Then there is harmful criticism. This is that same critical ability which has been perverted. It takes for its subject-matter personal problems, it is biased in its judgments, and it blights whatever it touches. It is the test of the greatness of a person whether their critical ability is expressed in a useful or harmful way. If we have critical ability, we should try to avoid the channel of harmfulness. It is so easy to slip into this channel, so easy to say some biting thing about some person's actions or speeches, so easy to hurt someone by making a sarcastic remark. If we watch our tongue and our pens we can avoid harmful criticisms and perhaps eventually this critical ability will turn into the channel of usefulness, and perhaps a genius will be given to the world—who knows?

"CRUSHES"

Of course, we all like to have good friends, and we each hope that we are good friends, but who wants to be termed one of the ingredients that go to make up what is labeled a "crush"? We always have them among us, and they might, in a sense, be called "an abomination unto" a school. No girl can afford to be so completely wrapped

up in another that she can be said to have only one good friend among the entire student body. Yes, it's very nice to have one special friend on whom you can always depend, but when you and that friend disagree—what then? Isn't it better to have someone else with whom you are congenial, who knows your likes and dislikes, and shares them to a certain extent? And how much time do you expect to spend with your "crush" when you finish college? Isn't it more than probable that she will go her way, while you go yours? And rarely these ways are the same.

So let's make friends with others than our own special pal, or bunch. It will mean more to us here, and certainly it will mean far more to us when we get out in the world to know that more than just one or two are interested in us, and want us to succeed? Wake up, "Crushes," and, while we don't let our new friendships supplant our old, let's let them make us bigger, better, and more "livable with others."

It seems to be customary here of late for under-classmen as well as Juniors to occupy, at the dinner meal, the seats at the foot of the table, which for all time, have been and rightly are the proper and suitable places for the Seniors. These seats of honor have been faithfully earned by the members of the Senior Class, for have they not labored and toiled, lo! four long years? To be always sure that the Seniors have their own seats (if they desire them) at the dinner meal, is just one small way by which we can show our respect and love for our Senior Class. It is a disgraceful sight for the Seniors to be forced to hunt over the entire dining room in an effort to find a seat. This is sad, nevertheless true. If, after the blessing has been asked the Seniors have not yet appeared to take their seats at their respective tables, why, it is perfectly permissible and right for the Juniors, next in rank to the Seniors, to occupy the seats at the foot of the table. But our college rules of etiquette decree that under hardly any circumstances, are underclassmen to occupy the usual seats of the Seniors. The correct amount of thoughtfulness, courtesy, and respect on the part of all three lower classes toward our Seniors, would serve in entirely eliminating this disrespectful way of under-classmen "beating" it to the seats of the Seniors, which seems to be in full vogue just now.

College News

Frances White who was choir director of the Presbyterian church of Winston-Salem last summer is now choir director of the Baptist church of Smithfield, going down every Saturday noon for the night rehearsals. We are very proud of our Meredith talent and wish her every success in her new responsibility. Miss White is one of the most talented sopranos in the music department and we are all anticipating her recital which will be given this year.

Mary Love Davis is at home on account of illness.

Evelyn Morgan spent the week-end at her home in Burlington.

Lucy Knight spent the week-end in Raleigh.

Ruth Currin was in Raleigh for the week-end.

Mozelle Lassiter was at home for the past week-end.

Elsie Jackson spent last week-end at her home in Cary.

Mary P. Davenport, we regret to learn, was called home on account of illness.

Beatrice Thomas was the honored guest at Buies Creek where she gave the well-known reading, "Laddie."

Janie Mae Butler spent a very pleasant week-end at her home.

Nancy Woods spent the week-end at Buies Creek.

Lucille Woodall was in Clayton last week.

Elsie Shipp was the week-end guest of friends in Durham.

Mary Allison spent the week-end in Roxboro, N. C.

Charlie Dawes was in Elm City the past week-end.

Catherine Bobbitt and Lucretia Dean spent the week-end in Louisburg.

Lillian Evans spent the week-end at her home in Henderson.

Joy Beaman spent a very pleasant week-end in Greensboro.

Helen Thompson was in Fuquay the past week-end.

Flora Cavinaugh was the week-end guest of M. Williams in Clayton.

Pauline Patton spent the week-end in Smithfield.

Bettie Hewlett and J. Mae Hartsfield spent the week-end in Wake Forest.

Beatrice and Mary Martin spent the week-end at their home in Fuquay Springs.

Pearle Brewer spent the week-end at Elon College as the guest of friends.

Susie Reams was in Mooresville for the past week-end.

Lila Horton, we regret to learn, is in a local hospital for a slight operation.

Ruth Pearce spent the week-end with her parents.

Bruce Cates spent the week-end in Burlington.

Glynn Saunders was the week-end guest of friends in Raleigh.

Portia Alderman spent the week-end with friends in the city.

Raford Hatcher was in Greensboro last week-end.

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