

Jokes

Rose's red, violet's blue,
So am I—my bills are due.

The door to a man's heart is often
a stage door.

Many a supposedly good Christian
cusses when his radio gives him a sermon
instead of jazz music.

Heard at a symphony concert:

Brainy: "Don't you just adore Mozarts' works?"

Brainless: "Oh, yes, I like him all right—but why hasn't he written anything lately?"

(Curtain.)

The flapper's watchword: "Stop,
Hook and Kisserm."

ODE TO FAT GIRL

Your face is fair; your lips, your hair
Are all a man could choose;
But if you long for loves sweet song,
My dear, you *must* reduce.

Farmer: "I don't know which is
worse, worms or sparrows."

Notkins: "I don't know either, I
have never had the sparrows."

John Schnell says he carried his girl
down by the old mill stream, but when
he asked her, she replied in the negative,
declaring that she would not kiss him
by a dam site.

Why can't a Jew play golf?

Because he can't say 4, he has to
say 3.98.

What comes from two Greeks meeting
and shaking hands?

Why immediately up springs a
"café."

SOPHOMORE NIGHT OFF PROVES AN INVOCATION

(Continued from Page one)

And come they had. Two long, long
lines, one of girls wearing black bodices
trimmed with orange ruffles and
orange skirt, the other of boys wearing
orange blouses and black trousers,
filed in. Both wore the black glove,
the mask and black caps with jaunty
orange feathers. After circling all
the tables the girls came to their places
in the hollow square of the tables
decorated with owls, and orange and
black crepe paper. A large owl from
whose wings streamers descended to
all the Sophs' tables and whose breast
was graced by an orange "27" presided
over the gathering. The boys took
their places behind Seniors to help
them to their chairs. Finally all were
seated after yells and songs—the respite
was not long, however, because
soon there were more yells and songs.
Finally the Seniors formed a double
line from their tables all the way to
the front door and the singing Sophs
marched out between them. On the
campus there was more merriment.
According to Odd class tradition the
Seniors formed a ring and the Sophs
formed one also around the Seniors
and more songs and gleeful dancing
around ensued. Finally all the Sophs
piled into hugh trucks and drove off
shouting and yelling "Where *do* you
suppose we're going," thought every
Sophomore as the trucks swung into
the Wake Forest road. Great con-
jecturing went on until the trucks stopped
in front of a large home set on a
hill back from the road. An orange
and black "27" was silhouetted on the
doorway and the porch light was decorated
with orange and black streamers.
Then a hilarious horde swooped
down on the house which was all decked
in orange and black. After coats
were doffed many interesting and
mirth producing games were played.
Then at nine GRUB. Sandwiches,
cakes, cookies, candies, cocoa and fruit
were bountifully distributed. Then

good-nights were said to our kind
patroness Mrs. Wallace and the trucks
were reloaded and the pleasant journey
home began.

Arrived, all the Freshmen were
routed out and made to form in line
in front of the main building. The
officers of the class pushed the effigy
of Fresh-Junior" in a wheel barrow—
then

"Fresh wail—Soph Sail

The owl is hooting tonight."

Amid the howls of the Freshmen
poor Fresh-Junior was conducted to
the middle tennis court where a
bonfire was lighted and the baby, symbolizing
the enmity between the Fresh
and Sophs, was cremated to the tune
of a funeral oration by Miss Lonie Gordon,
Freshman president.

After apologies solicited by the
Sophs from the Freshest of the Fresh,
the newish did a snake dance around
the bonfire and with songs and yells
to the Good Sport Freshmen, the Seniors
and the Sophs, the crowd dispersed
just as it began to rain. The Sophs
went to the "Y" room where a
perfect day was completed by a
marshmallow roast "and," as Pepys
the famous English diarist said, "so to
bed."

MEREDITH B. Y. P. U.'S ENTERTAIN WAKE FOREST

(Continued from page one.)

Those attending the social numbered
around four hundred, over half of
which were Wake Forest boys. Great
credit is due Miss Edith Maynard who
is local president of the Meredith
B. Y. P. U.'s., and to the various committees
who planned the program.

Mr. L. B. Mosely, head president of
B. Y. P. U.'s. of Wake Forest was the
spokesman for Wake Forest, but the
many yells of the entire crowd assured
the Meredith girls that each one had
a delightful time.

We are proud of the fact that the
B. Y. P. U. social of Meredith is fast
becoming one of the outstanding social
events of the College. We are looking
forward to another.

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FRESHMAN SAVES NINE LIVES AT RISK OF OWN

MEMBER OF TWENTY EIGHT PROVES TRUE HEROINE

It is said that an application for
a Carnegie Medal for a member of
the Freshman class has been sent in.
As the paper goes to press her name
is still unavailable, as she modestly
shrinks from standing before the eye
of the public. However, the facts to
be set before the public are as follows:

Attracted by wails for help from a
remote corner of the campus, the
young heroine speedily made her way
towards the secluded spot. When
she reached her destination, she
stood for a moment, unable to speak,
rooted to the ground by what she saw.
Surely she alone could not hope to
cope with the blood-thirsty mob she
saw—but for the sake of the persecuted,
and for the glory of Alma Mater,
she would try.

Speeding to her room she donned a
gym suit, which left her free for action.
On her way back she seized a
large stick as the best weapon for
defense should the assailants turn on
her. Summoning all her courage, she
dashed forward, branished her club
—and, as the two dogs hastily departed,
she climbed the tree and brought
down a trembling, voo-be-gone
cat!

CONTEMPORARY WOMEN POETS SHOWN BY PHIS

(Continued from page one.)

read very expressively by Crystal
Davis. Madeline Moore's reading of
two of Sara Teasdale's shorter poems
was enjoyed very much. Mary Herring
read a very appropriate poem by
Helen Poteat Stallings. This program
was very timely and appreciated
by all the Phis for, feeling as most of
us do that we pay too little attention
to our present-day writers, it gave us
a better acquaintance and appreciation
of our writers who are still living today.
Our president called to our attention
the fact that Daisy Holmes,
the treasurer, is in the hospital and
requested that all who could, write
her a cheering line or two. With this
announcement Society adjourned.

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