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Editorial

All's well that ends well.

Yet a few days, then away with books for a while!

With this issue THE TWIG bids you farewell until September.

Judging from the sounds of revelry, the Senior-Sophomore party must have been a great success.

They say that sensationalism is the cause of the popularity of newspapers. Can it be that our little publication is too conservative?

The Senior art exhibit was a treat to those who went to see it. We were unaware that so much talent existed among us.

An exchange editor says that the *Acorn* is sadly in need of more and better poetry. During summer vacation ought to be an ideal time to write poetry, when the birds are singing and the grass is green, etc. Perhaps some of our potential authors may expand a little when out from under the pressure of school work.

Mottos for examination week:

Never put off 'till tomorrow what you can do today.

Work for the night is coming.

Business first.

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.

To the victor belongs the spoils.

And they that were good shall be happy.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

The recital given by Ruby Harville was an unqualified success. It was not only a treat for the ear, but for the eye also. That it was fully appreciated was evidenced by the size and enthusiasm of the audience.

While preachers are preaching it seems needful that someone should put out a sermon on the subject of college comics. They certainly are successful in their aim, which is to be funny but along with their really humorous passages they have some

wise cracks that might well grace the pages of the celebrated publication from Robbinsdale, Minnesota. Does college give culture, and if so, is this the result? Can't people be funny without allowing their humor to get too broad?

It is generally conceded that young ladies who are old enough to attend a college for women are old enough to have formed certain habits, such as that of going to church, or to have decided definitely what they are going to do about it. Many piously inclined girls say that the fact that they are compelled to go to church fosters a dislike in their hearts for going. In a certain Northern college not very long ago the students started a crusade against compulsory chapel attendance. What would the same student body have done if they had had compulsory church attendance? Meredith girls as a rule like to go to church, and we are sure that if there was no necessity of signing up every Sunday there would be no appreciable falling off in the church attendance. Those who were at Meredith when Miss Campbell was dean of women will remember that she had this rule removed, with agreeable results. Is there any good reason why it should continue to exist?

Reporters for this issue: Mabel Claire Hoggard, Crys Davis, Katie Lee Walton, Dorothy Dunning, Margaret Wheeler, Katie Dail, Sybil Myers, Mary Martin, Glennie Morgan.

AN EXPLANATION

In the recent meeting of the N. C. C. P. A. a resolution, namely that one opposing the supervision of faculty advisers for all college publications, was passed which has given rise to considerable misunderstanding.

That this misunderstanding may be cleared up it should be remembered in the first place that the N. C. C. P. A. as well as the great majority of our student body were under the impression that all our publications and organizations had faculty advisers, as well as those of a number of other colleges represented. So it follows that nothing personal could have been or was meant either by the passing of the resolution or the writing up of it, as it expressed only the sentiments of the N. C. C. P. A.

Then, too, it should be understood that there was no member from Meredith on the resolutions committee. This fact may help to explain some questions as to the actual forming of the resolution, for all resolutions were formed by the committee, no individual having anything whatever to do with the proposing of them.

These few facts may help to clear

Social Calendar

May 22, Friday, 6:45 p.m. Installation of new society officers, Astro and Phi Halls.

May 24, Sunday, 6:30 p.m. Y. W. C. A. Vesper Service.

May 25, Monday. Examinations begin.

up any misunderstanding that may have arisen. We regret any unintentional discourtesy it may have conveyed either through ignorance or carelessness, hoping that such may not occur again in the future.

In connection with the above, it may be interesting to note that the Eastern Intercollegiate Newspaper Association at its last annual meeting adopted a resolution condemning faculty supervision and censorship of college newspapers. Although it declared faculty censorship unwholesome and incompatible with the best interests of the publication, it urged that undergraduate editors should seek the opinion of the faculty on important campus matters. This statement is authoritative, coming as it does from *The New Student*, and it shows that the North Carolina Association is not so radical after all in its decision.

Some of the results of the limerick-fad which passed through the campus last week:

One night a young lady named Kate Thought she had a most interesting date;

She was so long in dressing, He left; most distressing. The moral 'is—never be late.

There was a young girl named Odessa Had dates with a college professor.

One evening said he, "Will you marry me?" Odessa to the professa said "Yessa!"

One time a young man they call Price Slipped up on a small piece of ice; He sat down so hard

That the sidewalk he marred, And said words that were not very nice.

LETTERS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Mon. Night.

Peggy, dear:

I have such worlds to tell you! It seems that almost every one except me realizes that June is almost here—and are governing their actions accordingly. As for me, I'm going on and finish my course in Home Economics next June, so that I can be a nice old maid school teacher.

In the first place, you remember that perfectly enormous girl here from

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home? Well, she's going with the saddest little man you ever saw! I suppose she thinks that exercising with a dumbbell will help her.

And then, Margie has up and gotten engaged to Joe. I'm afraid poor Joe will soon find that her "yes" will be a life-sentence, and that the bridal and altar will soon lead to the bridle and halter! We know how she is, and Joe, well, he'll soon know.

The most awful thing happened the other night. I left a certain letter on my table, and "me rival" came in and—well, she read it! It's taught me, as the poet says, that "Lives of great men all remind us—We should leave no stone unturned, and departing, leave behind us letters that we should have burned."

I've at last decided on my career. You know, the school girls here cannot appear in Raleigh without a chaperon. Outside of Raleigh it's all right, but in town, never! The point is, I shall establish this combined tear-room and checking space for chaperons just at the edge of town. Then the girls and their escorts can take the chaperon as far as is required, check her, and leave town! On their return, they can pick her up and drive in, thus not even breaking the letter of the law. It should be really a paying proposition on both sides.

Marvin is growing one of these little baseball moustaches—nine on a side, while Tom has a Bon Ami one—it hasn't scratched yet!

I'm so tired of making tea towels and all such for prospective brides. They all have such darling ways of announcing their engagements, tho'. As for me—I shall put over something absolutely unique when my time comes. On Sunday morning, along with the usual Sunday morning announcements, I shall have Dad quite matter-of-factly announce it! You must get married first so that you can be my dame of honor.

When Ted and I were little we used to feed the collie puppies bread and milk till when we turned 'em over we

couldn't dent their tummies with our fingers. As for me right now, I've eaten strawberries till I—feel that I must quit and go to bed.

Lots of love for you,
TOTSIE.

OUR LIBRARY

Our college library is supposed to serve as a place for concentration and study, but it fails to meet this requirement to a certain degree, chiefly because of the conduct of the students.

"What are you doing now? How much have you written on your term paper?" sounds the voice of Dorothy in your ear, just when you are getting interested in the adventures of Aeneas, or in the reasons for the Reign of Terror. It then becomes necessary to give a satisfactory answer to these questions, which falls upon the questioner's ear as seed upon a rocky soil; she wished merely to open a conversation, at length, as she with a sigh turns away, and you with a deeper sigh turn back to your interrupted study. "Oh Mary, I've just heard from Joe," comes the startling news from excited Jane, she drops into a chair before you and proceeds upon a detailed account of the thrilling contents of the letter. "How exciting," you exclaim in an attempt to appear interested; while in reality you are wishing heartily that such a person as "Joe" had never lived, or at least had never met Jane. Thus to secure first one bit of exciting news and then another, you are continually interrupted until the hands of the clock point toward five, the time in which you had planned to accomplish so much is spent and you are as ignorant of the fate of Aeneas and the result of the Reign of Terror, as when you entered the library.

Many much needed hours are thus wasted in our library, thereby making it a social center rather than a place for study. And so, henceforth let's be a little more careful about our conduct in the library, and let's have in mind the fact that it is not the place to spread the latest news.

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