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## FIRST DATE NIGHT AT NEW MEREDITH (Continued from page one)

And here's to them good ole days when we can have dates in glass houses, composed half of windows and half of French doors, and make the men feel like rare and exotic hot house flowers. (Just the same their presence will not make up for flowers at the Junior-Senior Banquet!) People who live in glass houses can't throw stones—they often sell bouquets, though—so we see our future outlined for us. The chief compensation of thus having dates in glass houses will be our ability to gaze at the moon when it chooses to be accommodating. Let us hope the men will share our enthusiasm for astronomy and astrology.

"Twinkle, twinkle little star  
Like a diamond in the sky."

What real man would not take the hint.

So let's cheer up, look on the bright side (toward State) and remember that

"Meredith College ain't what she used to be

Twenty-five years ago"—  
thank goodness!

## A MESSAGE FROM THE GERMAN STUDENTS (Continued from page one)

is now a permanent concern with yearly receipts of nearly \$1,000,000. The whole German Republic contributes to its work. In comparison with American conditions the German student needs are still very great; there are, for example, about 25,000 students who receive only \$25 a month. But at least it has been made possible for the work of education to continue.

Very truly yours,  
RHEINHOLD SHAIRER.

## NEW MEREDITH AT LAST A REALITY (Continued from page one)

most elaborate of pageants or plays. The student body entirely filled the chapel at Old Meredith, but it takes up only about half of the new chapel. The practice rooms and studios are arranged along the sides of the auditorium. The Classroom Building, also a temporary structure, contains twenty-six large classrooms and a number of offices for the heads of the departments. The Science Building is built on the same plan.

When the students began to arrive after the Christmas vacation they got the general impression that New Meredith, like Venice, was built in the sea; in this case, however, it was a sea of red mud. The efforts of the workmen who are still employed on a large scale on the grounds and buildings have in some measure amended the difficulties of ingress and egress, however. We are willing to put up with small hardships of this kind for the sake of the vast advantages that have become ours since our removal to our new site.

## FIRST Y. W. VESPER IN ROTUNDA OF NEW LIBRARY (Continued from page one)

"Meredith needs a Student Friendship Fund" we might say and since the college is in such need of money, the girls will not be asked for personal contributions. Yet—we want to help, so by selling sandwiches we will contribute to this fund.

This is vitally connected with missions and Christian World Education. "We men and women students want to cooperate where cooperation will be most fruitful, and this Friendship Program is the best thing that has been suggested for this purpose.

## FRENCH PLAY PRESENTED BY STUDENTS (Continued from page one)

marked degree of efficiency in speaking French. Jennie Mae Hartsfield acted with great credit the part of *Julien Cicandel*, the lover. Hagson, the irate father of Betty, was played by Mary Alderman. The other characters lent great support to the working out of the clever plot. They were as follows:

Inspector of Police—Katie Dail.

The Clerk—Elsie Elkins.

The Bell Boy—Ira Dale.

Agent of Police—Jane Beavers.

After the play Miss Allen delightfully entertained the members of the French Club in her classroom. It was indeed an enjoyable evening for all who took part.

## GHOST RIDDEN

### STUDENTS ARE TERRIFIED

Much excitement was aroused at Columbia University when a group of students staying at Furnald Hall was unjustly punished for diligence in pursuing studies during the Christmas holidays. A ghost shivered nightly across a window of the adjoining Journalism building.

The ghoulish students in desperation finally penned the following letter to David M. Updike, acting superintendent of the Department of Buildings and Grounds:

We the undersigned, tenant rooms on the Campus side of the Furnald dormitory. For the past two weeks we have been obliged to behold upon glancing through our windows the morbid spectacle of a human skeleton occupying, it seems, a special place of honor in one of the rooms in the Journalism building. This room is on the upper floor and faces outside of the dormitory.

Now skeletons are not exactly pleasing or inspiring sights at 1 or 2 a.m. One glimpse at this one in the wee hours of the morning is enough to drive us from our rooms.

The skeleton stands directly in front of the windows. It seems to leer at us. The entire framework is visible.

In view of the fact that the mid-year examinations are about due to haunt us by day and night, will you please see to it that the figure is removed or kindly instruct the professor who uses the room to draw the curtains on the window? At least have some one close the window top and bottom. On windy nights the skeleton swings tauntingly from side to side.

The bony fingers point directly at us. Through the window comes what looks like a sardonic grin, gaunt, ghost-like and painful.

It first seemed as though the guilty party stood in a room used by an anthropology class of Professor Boaz. But this skeleton was exculpated. Then the true offender was discovered. On the cornice of the dormitory is a macabre gargoyle which throws its reflection on a window of the journalism building.—*The New Student*.

# Jokes

Men are all children at heart, particularly where the bottle is concerned.

Father: Failed in your examination again! What's the excuse this time?

Fanny Mae Ange: Well, what could you expect? They set the same silly questions.

Show me the way to go home, sang the drunken evolutionist as he clinched a tree.

Why do people say Katherine has a shady past?

She's always liked dark rooms.

Sir, I want your daughter for my wife.

And I, sir, am not willing to trade.

Then, there is the campus dame, who is so fast that when it rains, she has to wear chains on her feet to keep from sliding on the side walk.

Seasick Wife: I feel terrible. I've got an awful lump in my throat.

Hubby: Better swallow it. It's probably your stomach.

Ted Freeman: The mere fact that you have refused me doesn't bother me—there really are others.

Geneva B.: That's just why I refused you.

Mabel Claire: I think I'll bring my beau's picture back after Spring Holidays.

Annie Belle: Oh! you haven't even got a beau.

Mabel Claire: Well, Can't you let me THINK!

### Why Girls Marry

An exchange gives us nine reasons why a girl marries a man:

Fear of being an old maid.

To keep some other girl from getting him.

Anxiety to connect with a permanent meal ticket.

Because she thinks he has money.

Because she hasn't any better sense.

Because she thinks she is in love with him.

Because he is her last chance.

And just because.

Oh, deah, isn't that shocking, says convict 13 as he mounts the electric chair.

Lucy Oliver to Sophomore as the choir marched into chapel: When are Dean Boomhaur's office hours, I want to see him about getting into the choir. Do I have to make 1st honor roll Grades to get in or just pass Math?

When a college comic seeks to augment circulation by becoming an imitation of *Artists and Models*, or *Whiz Bang*, or any one of the twenty or thirty magazines dedicated to the titillation of morons, it is flirting with censorship. That is the inevitable price of being daringly "collegiate." That several funny papers have paid this price during the past month has moved not one of the editors of *The New Student* to tears. There is only astonishment at the persistence of the myth that censorship is an effective method of suppression and not merely a good way to increase sales. Also, the existence of such a comic, which censorship widely advertises, causes one to ask what the mental level is of a college community whose humorists are incipient Capt. Billy Fawcetts and Bernard McFaddens.—*The New Student*.