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Meredith College.



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Editorial

CONTROL

Our crying needs of character may be summed up in the one word *control*. Oh! if we could see how we were going to feel later before we act, talk, or *even* think. Control! Think! before you leap.

It is not always that we come to a disastrous outcome in our lives by our lack of control, but the tiny slips go to make up a whole, and that whole is our character.

If we go on continually getting angry, saying things we should not, etc., etc., even if these things do not amount to much in themselves; in their entirety they make up our character.

Tact is a phase of control which many of us overlook. We say what we think; it arouses anger instead of urging the person to remedy the mistake. If we had used our psychology, in other words if we had used *tact*, we might have remedied the mistake instead of merely arousing the obstinate will of the person involved.

Control can mean a lot. If we stop to think every problem we have to face can be solved by control. Control is the remedy for evil.

If we search the Bible for the fundamental principles of living we will find them.

TIT FOR TAT

WOMEN

Women are what men marry and are known as the other half. The fool ideas that they have would make any human laugh. Like all the brands of cigarettes they are the same under the wrapper, but some pose as a virtuous saint and others run around as a flapper. If you flatter a woman she gets conceited and turns into a haughty snob, but not to flatter one is a crime and they think you low enough to rob. Yes, they are all the same and full of deceit, but they all try to pose as something just sweet. Take for instance the one named Eve, who tried the whole world to deceive. And then came the famous Helen of Troy, who left hubby flat for only a boy. Then there was Cleo, the vamp of the Nile, who caused Mark to drink of a poisonous vial. But after all they are here to stay, till Gabriel sees fit to bring Judgment Day.

Dear Eddie:

In the prose above you try to make, all of us girls out to be just a fake. You have made wicked cuts and threw dirty mud, so read what's below and come down with a thud.

FLOSSIE.

MEN

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others. Generally speaking, men may be divided into three classes, prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity. If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him, and if you argue with him in everything, he thinks you a fool. If you wear gay colors and startling jewels, he won't go out with you, but if you wear conservative colors and a gentle hat, he gets out with you and stares all evening at a girl in gay colors and jewels. If you join him in all his parties and approve of his drinking, he swears that you are driving him to the dogs, and if you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his parties, he vows that you are old fashioned. —*Yellow Jacket.*

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

We are making an earnest endeavor to make THE TWIG your paper! In order to do this we are calling on the student body for contributions. We of the Staff have realized that there is undiscovered talent in our student body, so we are inviting contributions.

For the sake of those who do not know—the Publication Office is room number 3 in A Dormitory. The office is never locked! So come in and bring your contribution. You'll find a box on the table labeled "Contributions to THE TWIG." And please use it! Don't be bashful. We're all just amateurs! But we're still trying. If you know a good original joke—we want it. Write a short story, an essay, or anything good and newsy, and put it in THE TWIG box. May we stress the point of originality! Yours is the power to be original—so be yourself! No further invitation is necessary for contributions. Remember the big blue box on the table in the Publication Office.

JUST CATS

Someone remarked to me just before I left home that she hadn't seen a cat for ages. I wish that person could have accompanied me to Meredith. She would only have had to say "Kitty!" and cats of every kind, and description would have come running from all corners. Surely there were never so many in one place.

The queerest thing is how rapidly they seem to multiply. Just as I think I know every little tabby on the campus, suddenly a new one comes bounding up to me. I have given up all hope of ever trying to keep up with any except a select few. Even these give me quite a bit of trouble.

Although you may think it strange when I say that cats have their serious social activities and cliques, they do. Have you ever been awake at night between the hours of twelve and three and heard a noise that sounded as if ten million violins were being played, all of them out of tune? If you are ever favored with a few selections you will know what I mean. That is the most distinguished clique on the campus, a club of artistic Bohemians, commonly known as the "Meredith Serenaders." Only members of the stronger sex are taken in, and certain nights in each week they may be heard practicing for their next concert.

The most exclusive social set on the campus is the young married crowd. They hold afternoon teas and informal parties on the court. If the party is very informal, you may see also, several gay young scions of these first families frolicking about under their mother's watchful eye. (If you are ever invited to any of these you are in society!) Some nights when the moon is very bright these young matrons and their better halves promenade in full dress upon the court.

Between the dormitories on very warm days may be seen the old ladies in their caps of lace drinking their catnip tea and sunning themselves. These occasions, however, are few and far between.

It is rumored about the campus that there is a certain very aristocratic lady who refuses to associate with any of her neighbors nor will she allow her young daughter to appear in Meredith society. Whether this is because she lives in a mansion and thus looks down on those below her or what not we do not know. Of course this may be only a rumor and not entirely true.

In every society there are some who don't and never will help. While they are not total outcasts, they have no caste. This particular set of cats that do not belong haunt the dining-room constantly. Every day as one steps out of the door she is met by a swarm of cats, cats, cats, with their tails carved in big question marks and the eternal question in their eyes, "When do we eat—again?" You must be careful that they do not trick you into pitying them with their gaunt frames and hungry eyes. They are clever, these cats.

And chivalrous, too, they are, as I found out by bitter experience. Coming out of Dormitory C one day, I very unexpectedly chanced upon a little tote-a-tote—in fact, so unexpectedly that I trod on the tail of the lady of the party (as I supposed). Immediately the gallant gentleman rushed at me with the glint of anger in his steel grey eyes and a menacing look in his steel-like claws. I tell you, I was lucky to escape with my life, if not with my dignity! Since then I have been more careful.

In truth, one must be careful not to trample on either the tails or the dignity of these cat friends of ours. 'Tis true they are guilty of disturbing the peace of our campus with their plaintive meows and blood curdling yells but do they not also break the monotony of campus life? Indeed Meredith would not be Meredith without her cats!

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