



Official Organ of The Student Body of Meredith College

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EDITORIALS

THERE'S A LACK, ALACK!

It seems to us that everyone with any sort of an appreciation for the beautiful would avail herself of an opportunity to hear the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, even though the program may be only broadcast. Yet we strive to convince ourselves that it is not so when we realize how small a percentage of the girls heard the music on Sunday evening. Of course, the weather was inclement, but it was not bad enough to have interfered seriously with the plans of those who really wanted to hear the concert.

It is to be hoped that the college community will avail itself more fully of the opportunity to hear the regular Sunday afternoon concerts, which begin next Sunday afternoon, and are rendered by the college music faculty.

There is yet another thing! This matter of meetings of various sorts which concerns every Meredith student sometimes runs into difficulty either through conflict with another meeting or because its constituency was not properly and promptly notified. Only last week three meetings, each involving a large portion of the student body, were supposed to have been held simultaneously. This happening was inexcusable but was apparently unavoidable. There is but one solution to the problem. Arrange all dates for meetings, however unimportant they may appear, in advance with the dean of women. Then announce the meeting long enough ahead for the girls to plan to attend it, and often enough to allow no opportunity for their forgetting it. If you will do the first thing suggested, we shall be glad to help you do the other two by publishing each week a social or engagement calendar for the ensuing week. We ask your hearty cooperation in this scheme.

But of course, Oscar, one naturally would expect a young lady geologist to marry some old fossil.—Ex.

STUDENT OPINION

THROUGH THE WOODS

How delightful to stroll through the woods to the drug store on these crisp autumn afternoons when the sun shines gayly down through brightly-colored autumn leaves, with patches of blue, blue sky showing between the trees and the slight "tang" in the air makes one feel like going on and on into the very heart of autumn.

But have you tried walking down the little path shortly after a shower of rain? I must confess that it isn't so pleasant even if drops did not have a tendency to fall from the trees down one's back, or land on the end of the nose, smearing the powder so that one almost wishes that her "S.P." will not be "checking" up Hillsboro road. But the water, which comes down is not half as bad as that which comes up. The path becomes a miniature river and swamp combined at the end near the road, and to get red clay all over a particularly "cute" pair of shoes is anything but pleasant, but just wait until you get back and try to clean the aforesaid shoes—"that's where the fun comes in." The mud seems determined to "stick through thick and thin," and even through rubbing and scrubbing. And what an unnecessary waste of "elbow grease" that would not even be necessary if there were a few boards across the hopeful stream.—E. B.

MORNING WATCH

There is an old story of the ancients that tells us of the fountain of youth, a fountain searched for far and wide by old and young alike. Many an old man had entered the grave while on the quest; many a young man grown gray. But as the tale is told, only one, and that the fair daughter of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, ever discovered the spring. And the Arabic legend runs on to tell why she, of the many hundreds, was rewarded for her search. The conclusion was plain and simple, yet filled with a wealth of hidden meaning. She alone had stepped out from the rushed highways where the throngs of men were thick and had blazed a solitary trail into the desert, to find what?—the fountain at the end of the way.

Did you know there was such a fountain within our reach, a fount with waters far more poignantly sweet and greatly healing than those of the Egyptian pool; a fountain that bubbles fresh each morning at day-break, and at the musical sound of its flow seems to be calling, calling us to "come and drink and live"; a fount at which every girl with her joys as well as her duties and sorrows can gain a wondrous strength to face the problems of the day? And it's not for your harm to go and it's at the most beautiful hour of the day, and if you would know the secret joys of these early morning searches for truth and

FRANK — WILL Specialists ? O K M N X (Answer

beauty, come to the parlor tomorrow morning at 7:30 and listen to the call of the fountain! What is that it is saying? Closer put your ears to the brink; listen, quietly; the words are distinct, irresistible:

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour Spent in thy presence will avail to make!

What heavy burdens from our bosoms take; What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower; We rise, and all the distant and the near

Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear! We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong, Or others, that we are not always strong;

That we are ever overborne with care; That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer, And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

OREON BOSTICK.

A DATE WITH JIM

"If I could only get out of gym today," is our commonest campus comment. From the general antipathy towards a few moments of directed exercise during the week, quite a number of our girls must be subject to chronic inertia, fallen arches, or an inferiority complex; though we see very few indications of any of these ailments in any phase except where compulsory calisthenics are concerned. To see and hear a girl come sprinting down the hall to answer a phone call, one would never imagine that a round or two of very sedate marching or folk dancing could hold such terror for her. If all the girls who answer "observing" were really indisposed, a new infirmary for Meredith would be forthcoming. Instead of giving our bodies the training in coordination that they need, we choose this time set aside for it to write letters, hurry through a neglected assignment, or giggle at the misdirected efforts of others; and assuredly this critical attention from the sidelines is not particularly appreciated by those per-



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forming, for not all of us are endowed with a sylphlike figure or the grace of a Pavlova. But the girls with the avoirdupois, the rusty-hinge joints, or the debutante slouch will find a little supervised drilling, if not pleasant in the immediate present, to be profitable in the long run.—D. L.

Author Makes Gift of Books to College

(Continued from page one)

Perhaps one of the things that makes her most interesting, however, is her collection of pictures, music manuscripts, autographed photographs, and many other priceless articles. This collection was begun by her mother and represents years of collection. The walls of her rooms are lined with pictures, from the floors to the ceiling. Starting in the dining-room and walking through the different rooms the pictures make a his-

tory of music covering five hundred years, and every picture is full of interest to anyone interested in music.

Miss Crawford wrote to the Congressional Library in Washington and told them that if there was anything in her collection they wanted she would be glad for them to have it. After two representatives from the Library had looked over the collection they declared that they wanted the entire collection. Miss Crawford wanted it all to go where it would mean the most in the advancement of music. And there in the Library of Congress it will be, where everyone can see it, and it will not be scattered.

Her whole life has been marked by generosity and a spirit of helpfulness. And these books she has given to the Library of Meredith College will serve as reminders of her kindness and consideration.

J. C. BRANTLEY, Druggist

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