

The Twig

Official Organ of The Student Body
of Meredith College

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EDITORIALS

It appears that the receipt of a letter makes any girl at Meredith feel herself more important than anybody else on the campus, and renders her privileged beyond all other people. Though someone has made you feel exceptionally good and has raised your self-esteem by writing you, please do not, for this reason, believe yourself to have the right to monopolize all available space around the postoffice. Your letters will not disappear if you are not hovering over your box, thus blocking some one else's sight and ability to reach her box; neither will the letter be less pleasant if you retire to the hall to read it rather than leaning with your back against the wall and your feet extended in such a manner that all progress around the boxes is blocked.

If perchance your vanity should not be rewarded by a letter on one day, do not, for heaven's sake, broadcast it to all listeners, willing and unwilling. This is an acknowledgment of a disappointed hope, a defeat, as it were.

Just one more thing. Your letters are not dispatched one minute sooner if you stamp your letters at the postoffice window while your fellows impatiently wait behind you, hoping that eventually you will move and allow them to make their purchases or call for their packages.

A little attention to these things will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Miss Mary Loomis Smith, formerly professor of English, is spending the winter at Ridgecrest. Those who knew Miss Smith will be glad to know that she is improving.

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STUDENT OPINION

I noticed some criticism in THE TWIG last week about the *Acorn* staff. I suppose then that it is permissible for me to do likewise concerning the staff of THE TWIG. I have been eagerly looking for the exchange copies of the various college newspapers on the shelf in the periodical room of the library ever since school began, but with the exception of possibly one or two papers, I have not found any exchanges there. Heretofore someone on the staff of THE TWIG as well as the *Acorn* has always put the copies that came in weekly on the shelf and the students have enjoyed reading them. We notice that the magazine exchanges have been placed in the library regularly, and it seems that the exchange editor of THE TWIG could take a few minutes off each week and do that also.

Just a little bit over two weeks before we go home for Christmas! Such a sentence thrills every girl's heart who has counted for so long even the days before the eventful December 19. There'll be so many things to do at home! Old high school friends will be back for the holidays, and it will be fun seeing and talking to them again. Relatives will no doubt be there, and they, too, will help to make the Christmas holidays happy ones.

But there's one thing we might do while we are home that we could enjoy and that at the same time would be profitable in many ways to us and to our Alma Mater. There'll be many people who'll be asking about our Meredith, and let's boost our Alma Mater and let people know that we think it's the best school anywhere. Who knows but your boosting might make some mother or father decide to send their daughter here? School spirit—we need it! But not the hip-hooray sort of spirit that mounts only in some special situation. What we need is, rather, the school spirit that means pride and appreciation for Meredith. Let's all let the people back home and everywhere know that we're glad we came to Meredith!

"FREE WITH EVERY MEAL"

Judging from their table conversation, some of the girls demonstrate clearly that they consider their private affairs the only items of real interest on the campus and their personal opinions the most valuable views to be obtained. From soup to nuts they elaborate upon the number and length of telephone calls received or what Bill said in his last letter. As cream in our coffee, a detailed account of the night-before date is rendered—without variations! And for dessert one must endure while the obliging member of the table so kindly enacts the day-before drug-store episode. Such encroachments upon the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" can be tolerated, of course; but after a week or so of incessant reminding one is usually so completely impressed with the fact that Joe considers his Adeline the most wonderful girl in the world that further impression is indeed painful. Not alone do the dears that are stricken with the opposite sex create a strained situation at meals, but the conscientious and expansive member who solicits

sympathy in reviewing some unhappy though intimate family incident does her part as well. But when there are two such occupants in the circle, who monopolize completely the conversation in talking of persons and places familiar only to them, or what they have done, are doing, or plan to do, regardless of the fact that such information cannot have the slightest value to the other members of the table, one cannot possibly maintain a conversation of general interest. Some of the students seem to find the meal hour a very opportune time for broadcasting the contents of the morning's letter, bemoaning an exacting assignment, or condemning the food—all equally unforgivable channels of activity. Perhaps, having escaped such circumstances, one will think this complaint far-fetched, but if you have evaded such a fate until now, consider yourself fortunate, but expect to face the worst.

NOISE AND MORE NOISE

In spite of the many articles that have appeared in the columns of THE TWIG and the admonitions heaped upon us by people of importance, there is still noise—yea, much noise! in chapel. Now the theme of "Be Quiet in Chapel" has been harped upon until one is prone to banish it to the regions of thoughts unwanted. But, if you have managed to bear with us this far, just a little more and we will be at the end of our spiel. We wish the noise in chapel might be as easily disposed of. It is unnecessary and, to tell the truth, quite rude and very annoying. The hum which accompanies the choir to the stage might be dispensed with, and the buzz of voices that comes as a finale might be delayed to be a little more final. This theme is becoming hoary with age, but the noise is becoming increasingly strong. Can we not banish them both at once and forever?

SOCIAL LIFE?

Do you ever stop to really think? Then pause for a moment and think of the social life at Meredith College. Not any? Yes, this is virtually true. The social life here is undeveloped. We, as students, do not enter into the social activities as we should. We are here to help build Meredith College, and the success of this institution depends on each individual. It is the duty of each girl to do her share. Life grows almost monotonous here. Why? Simply because there is hardly any social spirit or interest. Surely there must be a cause for this phase of undevelopment. If only part of the time used for intellectual development were placed in social development, then we would see a great improvement in the situation. Why stress intellectuality and ignore sociability? A person needs more than "book sense." That is not the only essential thing in life, although some seem to think so. With themes to write, term papers eternally due, and library work to do, what time do we have to give to social activities? We don't even have time to visit the girls on our halls, for there are certainly no extra moments here. If we happen to have a social gathering, although they are unusually rare, we really forget just how to act. We appear untrained and absolutely mannerless. Now, let's resolve

to give a little more time to the social side of college life and create a spirit that has heretofore been unknown on the campus; for there is a great need for this neglected and undeveloped spirit in order to make Meredith an ideal college.

E. M.

DO OUR PRESIDENTS WRITE THEIR PAPERS?

Almost every president has had his "ghost writer." Hamilton wrote most of Washington's state papers; Roger B. Taney wrote Andrew Jackson's; the historian Bancroft and the great lawyer, Jeremiah S. Black, wrote Andrew Johnson's. That is to say, these understudies polished into brilliant language the vigorous thought that the Presidents themselves supplied.

Exceptions to this custom were made by Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson, who penned their own papers, though they sometimes had the Secretary of State formulate some important document. Lincoln's second inaugural address is regarded as one of the most nearly perfect literary structures that has come from the White House. It would be interesting, however, to know definitely the author of Lincoln's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

A President's literary style is rarely thought of apart from political and state declarations. In Calvin Coolidge's magazine articles we have a striking exception, and judging from the interest and comment on the part of readers, a pleasant one.

President Hoover has developed a homely style that makes his addresses noteworthy. It is so foreign to the scientific mind that some are led to believe that there is a writer of unusual ability on the staff of our engineer President. Nothing like these papers has ever come from a President. They have the sort of charm one finds in the best of

Goldsmith's Chinese Letters.—*Rotunda.*

Hitherto Uncollected Facts About Historical Celebrities

Militant and brave Zenobia,
Owing to her claustrophobia,
At tinned fish made dire grimaces.
She'd a fear of shut-up places.

Signor Dante Alighieri
Was quite eleemosynary;
He expounded precepts pious
To his paupers and pariahs.

Temperamental Saint Cecilia
Had a bower of bougainvillea.
It was cool, there's no denying,
But the color was so trying!

Ancient Hermes Trismegistus
Contemplated distant vistas,
Saying brightly, "I expect
'Twill expand my intellect."

Snaky, sneaky Maximilian
Had a nature all reptilian;
So he bit himself each night,
Then took a drink to cure the bite.

—From Saturday Evening Post.

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