



Official Organ of The Student Body of Meredith College

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Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1923, at Postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.
 Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 11, 1923.

Subscription Price\$2.50

EDITORIALS

It seems significant that so many freshmen planned to be away last week-end.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—says the poet. The sophomore party probably offered a good opportunity for some beginnings.

One never fully realizes a girl's good points until election time comes and "stump speeches" are made.

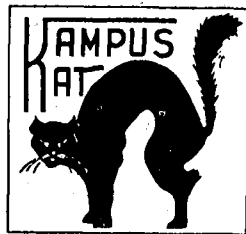
We are glad to welcome the G. A. girls again this year. And we are hoping they will like Meredith so well that many of them will come back and make it their Alma Mater.

ONE MORE THING WE NEED

Of the number of things Meredith needs, probably more than a music building, a swimming pool, a paved drive, an expression teacher and dramatic director—more than any of these, Meredith needs more social life. We refer to social life as stimulation of society spirit, of former traditions, more entertainments and social gatherings, more formal dinners, more athletics, more dramatics. Meredith girls have become so engrossed in definite assignments for which they know they will be held responsible that they have forgotten how it is to don their best evening dress and company manners. Those society manners and best evening dresses from pure necessity must be tenderly but firmly shaken to rid them of "sweet breath of mothballs" before using. This is a plea for more social life on the campus!

SIGNS OF SPRING

Although Aristotle said that one swallow doesn't make a summer, I think it is almost safe to say that "spring hath come"—



THE KAMPUS KAT

Ah, Ha! I exclaimed in dramatic tones last Saturday morning. And, I twirled my whiskers and donned my professional air of curiosity. "What do I detect so oddly adorning the fountain? The devil," I purred politely—and under my breath—as the saying is. But I could not doubt the truth of my statement. There was also a black-handed crowd gathered about him—and they seemed

"Plotting and planning together To take me by surprise." As it turned out they did not take me by surprise as much as some other people. However, they were quite a spirited crowd, and being a cat, I naturally know more of spirits than humans and spirits were certainly here that day. But in spite of belief to the contrary—even spirits may be killed.

That night this blackhanded crew was reinforced and from all

the bells ringing and whistles blowing and people shouting that I heard in the Society halls they were having a gay time.

I congratulate myself—since it seems to be the style—and there is no one else to do it for me—on the cool air I maintained that morning when it seemed about a fourth of the school was becoming impish and going with the devil. But my curiosity was satisfied when I was informed the "bones and devils and gloves" were the odd behavior of an odd class, the Sophs! They were merely cutting comic capers and I was gratified that my curiosity led me to such knowledge. For, it really made me sad for awhile that I seemed to learn nothing new. I had too much time to reminisce, and cats should not be so careless. Perhaps I may capture some of the spirit of last Saturday and become a foolishly facetious

Kapering Kampus Kat.

"almost" because there is no telling what impulsive March will do next.

But to come back to the birds, which do not all happen to be swallows. Almost any time during these lovely spring days a flock of kill-deer, or dozens of robins may be seen in the court. Starlings are plentiful around the campus, and there are sparrows, of course. But not all of them are those "naughty birds," the English sparrows, but there are some of their more aristocratic cousins, the song sparrows. The chirping sparrows are here, too. This morning, crossing the porch in front of Jones Hall, I just got a glimpse of Mr. Cardinal as he flashed across the field toward the grove. The gay red of his jacket seemed to make the presence of spring a certainty. Sometimes the well-groomed brown-thrashers may be seen searching for food—in a dignified and not-at-all greedy way. The juncos, too, are plentiful around here now, and a sharp eye may be rewarded by a glimpse of a dainty Carolina wren.

It is not only the coming of the birds which tells us of the advance of spring, but also the freshening green of the grass and shrubs. The first adventurous yellows of the forsythia and yellow-bells give the feeling of spring. Spiraea, too, is out with its dainty white blossoms. Today I noticed some gay sweet-smelling hyacinths in front of the auditorium and the purple of violets is scattered along the path to the Arts Building. On many of the teachers' desks the gold of daring daffodils lends a "springy" atmosphere to the

room. And the trees in the grove seem almost ready to burst into fresh young leaves with which to cover their naked branches.

With the warm spring sun and the soft spring showers, there's no telling what will happen before tomorrow!

JUS' IN FUN

Bang! What in the world is happening? One hundred and forty heads go blinking out of the windows of Stringfield Hall. Are our eyes deceiving us; or are there not devils in the court of Meredith College—founded in 1889? How the faces are turning white with fear—even if it is in the early morn of Saturday—Judgment Day has come!

Oh, if the ground would only open up and put those devils in their right places! No, there they come up the step. (It will not do to tell the exclamations that are now filling the air.) Beds become suddenly popular—strange to relate, the opposite side! Here they come, and our doom draws nearer. "All right, freshies, salute." Not only do we salute; but our knees give way, and on our knees we flop—saluting, kissing, and—anything.

For once, not much eating can be done, for in the midst of a glorious meal of bacon, a devil appears. Everything becomes silent—if the chatter of teeth could be called silence—and all the so-called freshies slink in their chairs. However, soon all is well—the devil goeth.

O—h, why did I wear my best hose? Every two or three minutes, a black glove flies in the air—I sink. Work? Miss

White need not have any trouble checking this week; for every soph's bathroom was washed, and closely supervised, at that!

All the gym students shine, while marching in the court, especially in their attire. Lamp shades, for hats; rain coats; bathing suits; and everything else appeared in the court.

Still, "all's well that ends well," and every one survived!!

ELECTION DAYS

"Have you seen the bulletin board in the administration building just filled with papers?" When you hear that question among the students on the campus, you know that the Nominating Committee is in full swing emanating officers for the next school year. Most of the major officers have already been elected, but there are still many, many more nominations to be submitted to the student body yet. For two or three days one set of white papers covers the entire surface of the bulletin board, then these are taken down and another set takes their place for two or three more days, and so on. After each change, girls crowd around eagerly to see whom the Nominating Committee presents as their nominee for the various offices. From the different remarks overheard among the many people that gather to read the nominees, everyone seems to have already known who was to be nominated. It's queer, isn't it, how you just knew all along that that certain person would hold just that office next year. It appears by the number of white papers that are posted so rapidly that Meredith will soon know into whose hands her different clubs and organizations will be intrusted for the next school year.

EXCHANGE

From the Rotunda of Virginia State Teachers' College we take this original idea: "No matter how you move it, writing paper remains stationery."

"Have you heard the last one about the Scotchman?"
 "I hope so!"

Wingate College heard Dr. George W. Truett in Charlotte, where he was conducting a series of services. A special "Wingate night" was observed.

A girl met an old flame and decided to high hat him. "Sorry," she said, when introduced, "but I didn't get your name." "I know you didn't," replied the old flame, "but that isn't your fault. You tried hard enough."

Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Ga., had a group of prospective freshmen visit the college for a week-end. So will we this week.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

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