

The Twig

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THINK BEFORE CRITICIZING

As college students, we are frequently called upon to justify or refute certain ideas and to express our opinions on plans newly proposed. Both the changing issues of our national life—the movements toward peace, the problems of crime, and fiscal policies in our government as well as the more intimate activities of the local social group demand a conscious attempt on our part to understand them. We must then exercise our critical faculty, strive to distinguish the true from the false. The critical faculty, when exercised with a constructive motive, is a promising stride toward progress, but let us take care that it be not applied to destructive ends. When one comments on the decisions of councils, the altering of rules, and certain restrictions, let him first be mindful of the reasons which led up to the act. An injury often seems malicious until we learn that it was committed in self defense or for a worthy motive. First of all, then, let us make an effort to understand the situation.

Everyone recognizes the fact that ability to distinguish the true from the false is a rare gift. It demands a thorough familiarity with the subject at hand, previous experience, and the power to calculate results of certain moves. A great many works of art are "sealed bonds" to us because we lack a knowledge and appreciation of the technique of painting. This fact then should prompt us to refrain from passing judgment on a thing which lies outside the bounds of our experience.

The two previous observations open up opportunities to the alert person. Let him seek to enrich his experiences and appreciation, and before criticizing the plan or rule set forth attend it with the careful consideration it deserves. Judgment pronounced in haste will overlook causality. A thoughtful work to be properly valued calls for a thoughtful mood.

The precaution to be guarded with the utmost care is that we make our criticism constructive. If the censure denounces, let it be backed with evidence which will not shirk a face to face encounter with its victim. Better still, let it be armed with an alternative solution. It is only this frank, considerate judgment, formed after reviewing the circumstances, which will enable us to move forward as a student body.

E. E.

IN APPRECIATION

The beautiful bronze portrait medallion of Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll, which was presented to the college by the alumnae, is a distinct contribution to art, as well as a memorial to the beloved physician of Meredith and North Carolina.

Mrs. Julian Hughes, (Ethel Parrott of the class of '08) was a diploma graduate of the art department of Meredith. As a student Mrs. Hughes showed much creative ability and possessed a distinct appreciation of form. Since leaving Meredith she has taught in various schools, among which are Woman's College of Furman University, Greenville, S. C. and Chowan College, Murfreesboro, N. C. At present Mrs. Hughes is doing a wonderful work with the children in Caswell Training School, Kinston, N. C., where she is teaching Arts and Crafts. This talented artist has found that children who can do practically no mental work have been able to make many things with their hands.

Open Forum

The Open Forum is a department for student sentiment. The articles printed do not necessarily conform to the opinions of the members of the staff.

Dear Editor:

In considering the vital subject of chapel conduct one must keep in mind several factors. Our auditorium is not so conducive to our idea of worship as it might be, but do we need a cathedral in which to worship the God who gives us the snow and sun? It may be hard for some of us, who work in the auditorium each day to concentrate so much on anything other than scales and exercises, but is a fifteen-minute period the limit of our ability to concentrate? We may not be able to hear all that is said, but must we talk incessantly? Does your reverence for God extend to our chapel services or must we use that period as a good old-fashioned chat-period and of course bring knitting?)

Granted that we do not like a great many phases of some of our services, why must our worship of God suffer as a result? I would hate for God to get none other than the chance phrase of worship that comes from some of our services. After all should the chapel period, which was originally meant to be solely a worship period, be a period for entertainment? I think our chapel services can be improved only when each girl finds God deeply instilled in her heart and finds it unnecessary to have a stage-setting in which to worship God can be real, but not until other things have changed—things other than faculty and students wandering in late, an unattractive auditorium, few hymn books, general restlessness and unattractiveness. The change must come from within. Student body I dare you to try to get a new conception of God and religion in general! I challenge you to worship Him as He should be worshipped.

F. C.

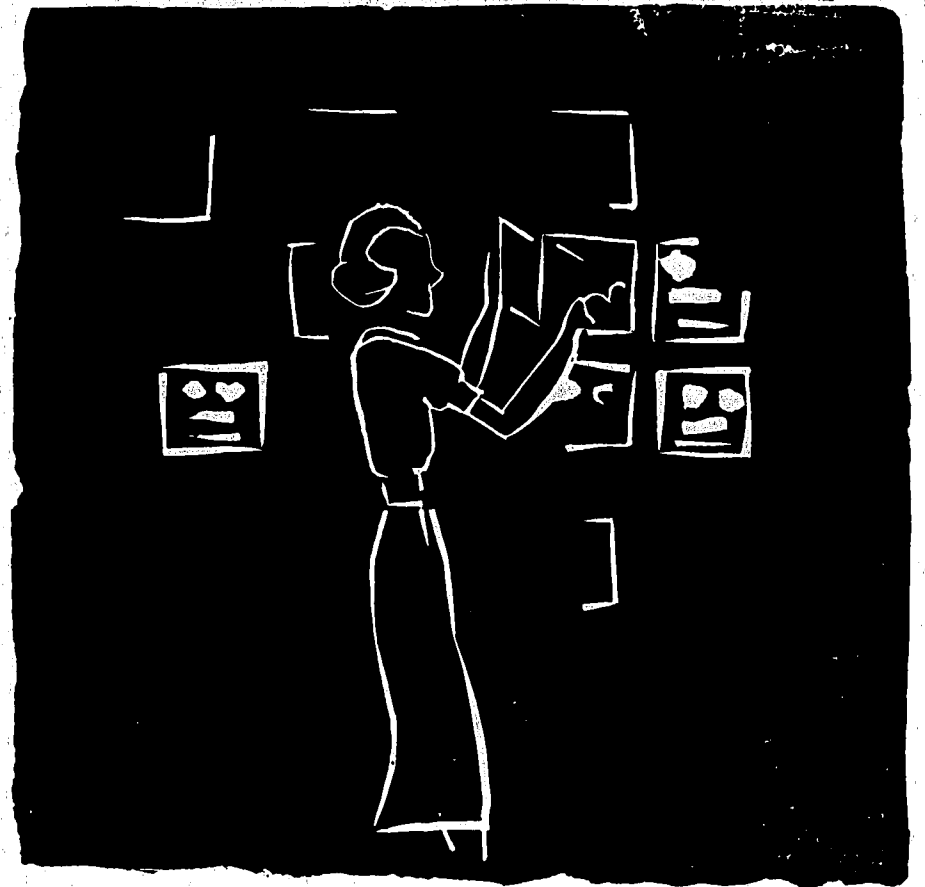
Dear Editor:

Free Speech—Not Eligible for Libel Suit.

Allowing for the weather and other such minor incidentals (rented tuxedos, revealing ungainly, long extremities, and straight-backed chairs), the Student Government Reception was one howling, hilarious affair. Syncopation, shimmering satin, sex-appeal, stardust, and sleek, shining floors inviting, gave the evening a touch of that magic that sets college and young love apart. Everything was indeed set apart in a distinct way—the people were set on one side, the floor in the middle and the orchestra aloof and majestic. A muted, hoarse, and wailing trumpet blared "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" (the regular trumpeter's dulcet tones were missing because the epidemic tracked down Don himself).

To a casual spectator, the affair looked like a meeting of the Ladies' Aid (the Ladies' Aid is so overworked and trampled in derogatory articles of this nature) to the accompaniment of jazz. The boys of the orchestra really were a sight to watch. Those lively musicians trundled in their instruments (not the piano) as proudly as Frank Buck setting out for Africa and the animals. After about the third piece, they looked more like Jeannette MacDonald singing *Dinah* in a saloon. The music was terrific and the orchestra really was excellent. One plum to Don Ellington and Orchestra is my fervid and admiring motion. You have to admire them for trying. Of course if the discussion groups all around the room couldn't seem to call to mind their manners to the extent of even halfheartedly flapping their work-stained paws, well—all we have to remark is that there are discussion groups and

GUESS WHO? By HELEN HILLIARD



discussion groups, but what was the topic of those Friday evening?

The Phi Hall never looked better. The ivory walls, crimson draperies, ivy decorations, polished floor and orchestra really had me fooled for a minute. Why, I actually thought it was going to be an entertaining evening—well, that just shows how mistaken you can be. However, may I take this small opportunity granted me to congratulate the gals on their boy friends. A point you can count on is that if you ever see him again, you'll know he worships you.

Having accrued my required number of words, may I conclude. The affair of said type has been the custom for ye-ahs and ye-ahs pawst—therefore no one is to blame for its continuation. But what do you say that we get rash in the future and maybe we can even—oh, I hardly dare suggest it—but we might even get up and walk around and fill up that big gaping space in the middle. Who knows, perhaps we could even applaud the music-makers in a somewhat hilarious manner.

O. M. E.

What--No Spinach?

By KATE COVINGTON

Mary Johnson was doing things to her fingernails and commenting that the stuff smelled like lilacs when I walked in.

"Are you ready to go?" I bombarded, "bombarded" not being the right word, but havin' vigor, nonetheless.

"Ah, youth," answered Mary Johnson, so I knew she either was or was not.

We were supposed to meet Virginia in the revolving door of the Post Office up town, but for some strange reason, she didn't turn up... or 'round!... and so we didn't wait very long.

Walking down Fayetteville Street, we passed a small alleyway shut in by a gate of iron bars.

"Wouldn't you like to get in there and be a bear?" suggested Mary Johnson blithely. But realizing that she had to purchase a birthday card for her Mother, we pushed ever onward through the blinding snow, me thinking snow or no snow, my feet are freezing. Mary Johnson thinking the same thing nobler.

We went in a store and asked the man to let us look at his birthday cards. I think he was oldish with gray hair and a scar on his cheek, but he may have been youngish with dimples. Any way he dragged out something that looked like portraits of Aunt Susie's Happier Days, and we began looking through it. We came upon a noble sentiment dedicating the thing to "the sweetest Mother in the world," but Mary Johnson said that showed partiality. There was a dainty message betokening that the sender with thoughts so tender was thinking of you with eyes so blue, but we skipped it. We barely paused too over a little number which declared that all the day in every way with song so gay—etc.

"Wouldn't Mother be surprised to get this one!" said Mary Johnson holding up a tender verse about once

a year thinking of you, dear. She hesitated over one "To my grandson," but I restrained her. By and by, with weary sighs and real heartfelt affection, Mary Johnson selected one with a doggie on it, and something clever, and we loped down to the Post Office to mail it.

In a tiny little lunch room we saw a sign "Deviled crabs," so we immediately went inside, and sat down. The man brought napkins and iced water, and waited for our order.

"Do you have deviled crabs?" I asked, with glamour.

"No," he answered with equal glamour, and a little excess heat.

"But—but you have the sign—" began Mary Johnson, not only with glamour, but wistfulness.

"I have no crabs." He stated stolidly.

"In that case—" said Mary Johnson uncertainly.

"In that case," and I looked toward the door, "there's the bus," and I sprang up with Mary Johnson at my heels.

"We ought to sue him for misrepresenting the facts," said Mary Johnson twenty minutes later as we stood first on one foot and then on the other near the corner and sighed—without glamour.

AUTHORITY ON FOODS TO BE CHAPEL SPEAKER FEB. 21

Dr. C. P. Segard, of the Wisconsin Alumnae Research Foundation, will speak at the regular chapel hour on Friday, February 21. Dr. Segard is considered an authority on vitamins and minerals in foods, especially in milk. He is strongly recommended by Mr. Warren H. Booker, of the North Carolina State Department of Health.

While Dr. Segard is in Raleigh he will fill several other speaking engagements.