

The Twig

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WAR AND PEACE

In primitive times man lived a comparatively uncomplicated existence. Few factors entered into his struggle for food, clothing and shelter. There was no specialization nor mechanization, that is, man ate his food as he found it. Later when he learned to cultivate the land he secured more and better food. For the time being, however, his was a simple life. He developed new methods later. He fashioned a club to be used instead of his bare hands. He graduated from caves, learned agriculture and invented a new plow. Then, living in a crude hut, tilling the land and forming tribes, man was a good deal removed from his earliest state. Instead of his hands he had a club, spear, or dagger. He could more easily secure necessities.

From a purely physical creature he had developed until his mental nature triumphed. No longer did he waylay animals with a club. He began to reason so that he outwitted them and even domesticated them. At this point he definitely left the animal or physical stage behind and works of art, great cities, and roads testify to the superiority of his brain.

One respect in which he did not show similar advancement was in settling disputes. Now by cooperation he secured the things he had formerly fought for. Trade, advanced agriculture, and industry entered into this cooperation. Apparently the incentive for physical combat was at an end. His mental powers had developed so that his physical powers were the servants of his brain.

Quarrels that men had in their primitive life arose over their possessions. It is only brutes who struggle between themselves for the simple mastery of the other. Man has always had more definite reasons, such as lack of food, land, jealousy, or infringement on possessions. When such quarrels arose, physical combat took place and power determined the victor.

Even when men advanced greatly in civilization and learned cooperation, slight misunderstandings might arise. But as man had learned to use his brain to acquire things, so he should have learned to use his brain to settle quarrels arising over these things. Arbitration should have supported physical combat, as cooperation had supplanted individual struggling. Thus in this one respect man's brain has failed to supplant and rule the physical. Man's brain has made for him a complicated existence very different from his first simple life. Still, illogical and incomprehensible as it may seem, his methods of settling disputes have not changed to fit his new life. Brute force is still the dividing factor, but brute force a million times strengthened. Armies have replaced single men. They cooperate, but to what an end!

Settling disputes between nations by war is like cultivating a huge wheat field of the Middle West with man's first primitive plow. As he has invented machines to help agriculture, apparently he has thought to invent similar machines to convey death in wars. But this is not a true use of his brain; it is a warped one. He has a brain to raise him above the physical levels, not to lend power and ferocity to the exercise of physical force. If he would only use his brain as he did originally to cast off primitive customs, he would invent a method by which mental powers would settle disputes. If he would realize the unscientific character, the backwardness of war as a means of settling disputes, he would throw it aside even as he throws aside his old car for a new model,

and his old clothes for new.

With this realization would come an end to wars and a modern, scientific way of settling disputes to take war's place. It is we, the youth, who must come to this realization and fashion a new method.—F. P.

Open Forum

Dear Editor:—

I'd like to add a fervent "Yippee" to your editorial last week. I don't know who wrote the article which you quoted, but she certainly knew her subject. And isn't it a pity? I mean, about the cheating. But isn't there something we could do to stop this state of affairs? If each girl would say to herself, "Now I'm going to stop this foolishness. It's down right silly. I certainly don't have much respect for my own intelligence, if I think I can't even pass the quiz without help." It seems to me that it would clear things up a bit.

Outside of the moral question which certainly should be enough, there are such practical reasons for not cheating on quizzes. What good on earth does it do us or anybody else when we copy down something that we don't know, and, alas, will never know? We can do other dishonest things that will do us much more good—taking another girl's money, boy friend, ice cream soda, for instance. I'm not advocating any of these shining virtuosities, but it seems mighty silly to me.

What is involved in the word "Cheat?" Whom are we cheating? Nobody on earth except our own selves. This is beginning to sound suspiciously like a book I had when I was little called Mother's Home Stories. Maybe I'd better stop. What I really wanted to do was to let you know that there's at least one person who wants a change in the way things are going. I don't think this change can be brought about by reporting misdemeanors, because nobody is going to do this, and if anybody did it would just be "e pluribus unum" or something. There's got to be a will among the whole student body to change this manner of sliding through college—college, mind you, not grammar school—on somebody else's thinking.

M. J. M.

Dear Editor:

There is a source of disturbance on the college campus which has caused me no little degree of inward irritation and shock despite my efforts to ignore it, and that is the grating ring of the bell in assembly exercises every morning.

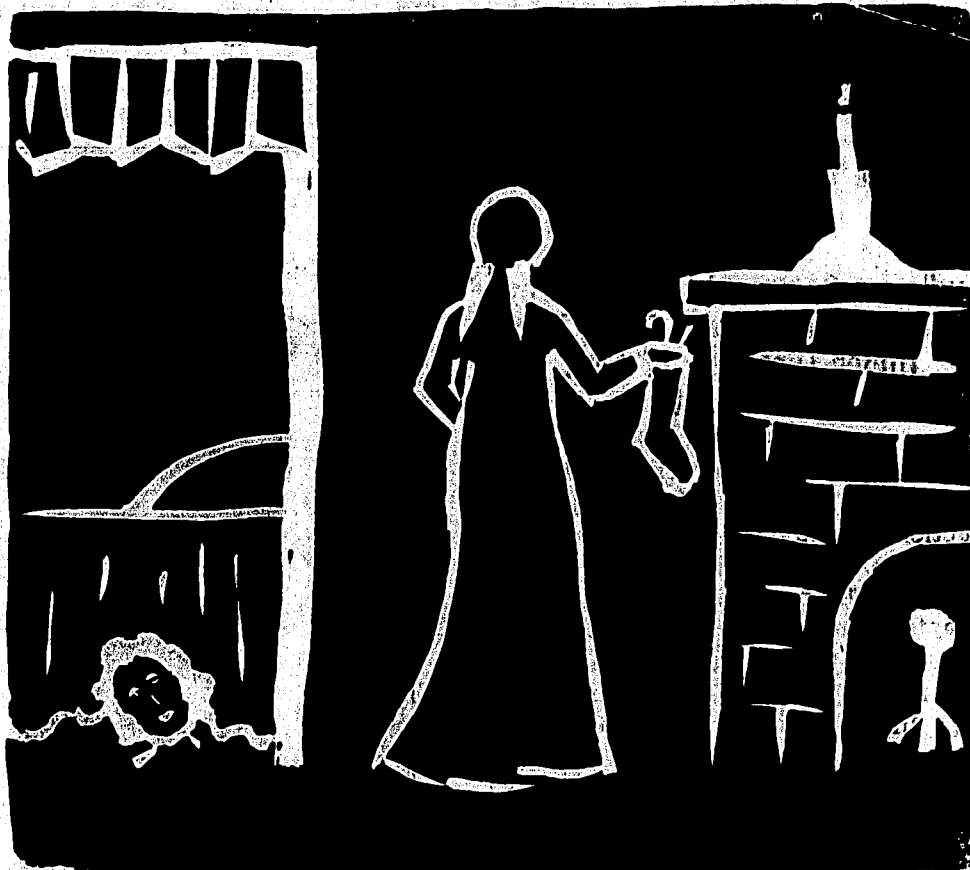
For some time I have started when it rang, and it was not until it rudely interrupted the praying of a guest speaker the other morning that I felt impelled to speak about it.

Realizing that it is desirable to have some means of limiting the time so as not to run into class periods, I still have weighed its advantages in the balance and found them wanting. I have gathered that the speaker is told before assembly how much time will be granted him, as I have observed that almost invariably he or she looks at his watch when the time is about up. Since he is not unaware of the time limit, it seems to me somewhat rude to remind a guest again that he is supposed to stop. It would make me feel too much like a debate speaker. I imagine that the three consecutive rings must be quite surprising to one who does not expect it.

I am in favor of abandoning the chapel bell, at least when the college has a guest speaker.

A. E. C.

"There Ain't No Santa Claus"



"THOU TOO"

By KATE COVINGTON

With all the Yuletide bustle and poinsettial upheaval, I decided to enter me into the stir of things and do a little scouting on the side. Having misplaced Mary Johnson in the vicinity about the lost and found cabinet, I tore madly into Mr. Boom-hour's office and, making no bones about it, asked, "Do you remember when you first discovered there was no Santa Claus?"

A bit taken aback he was, but bore up nobly. I halfway expected the gentleman to peer over into his files and extract a neat little card with "Santa Claus A," and "Chimney B" and "Stocking C," but he fooled me. Leaning back in his chair, he regarded me thoughtfully.

"No," he said slowly, "I think I'd have to have time to think that over."

"Maybe," I urged, "you found your little barometer wrapped in red tissue paper and tied with a silver bow up in the attic before Christmas and—" I stopped but he chuckled, so I mustered another ounce of courage and continued, "and you knew then that—"

"That there wasn't a Santa Claus? Maybe so. However, I have no record of—"

I fled, wending my way out on all fours.

Ambling into Miss Steele's office I accosted Edna Frances who informed me of the distant whereabouts of the lady.

"I came to ask her if she remembered when she just found out there ain't no Santa Claus," I said, adding, "I don't guess you can help me."

"That," quoth Edna Frances, "is one of the things she's never told me," and burrowed down among some register sheets and some ink bottles.

"Thank you," I sighed, and departed.

I met Mrs. List on the library stairs and asked most longingly, "Do you remember when you first discovered there was no Santa Claus—or haven't you been told?" Whereupon she banished me with a grin, and I wandered on my way.

Coming upon Miss Ida, I pressed upon her my ignoble question.

"Certainly I remember," she said.

"When was it?" I asked gladsomely. "I was sleeping in my little trundle bed at the old homeplace, don't you know," went on Miss Ida, motioning with her hands, "and I seemed to hear something rustling. Peeping out from under the big bed, I saw my mother filling stockings."

I smiled gleefully (Mary Johnson contends this) and said, "And what?"

Miss Ida said, "I know then she was Santa Claus, but—" she pulled me to her and said, "but I found out since that that's the best kind of Santa Claus in the world!"

I was about to lay siege on Miss Spruill embarking from the postoffice when I beheld Mary Johnson by the B. S. U. bulletin putting mustaches and spectacles on the missionaries.

"Good day," I sighed tenderly.

"Wait a minute," said Mary Johnson, hurriedly, "I want to ask you a question."

"What?" I asked uninterestedly.

"Just a minute," she answered, putting on a touch here and there.

"Go on and ask me," I commanded, listlessly.

"I was just wondering," said Mary Johnson with a purple gleam in her eye, "if you remember how you first found out there ain't no Santa Claus?"

World Famous Speakers Heard At National Preaching Mission

(Continued from page one)

mass meeting each day. Of special interest to college students were the youth meetings held on Friday and Saturday. Dr. Willis J. King, Atlanta, leading southern Negro minister and educator and Dr. Oscar Blackwelder, Washington, D. C., popular youth speaker and Lutheran minister, spoke on Friday; Miss Muriel Lester and Dr. E. Stanley Jones were the speakers of the youth meeting Saturday.

We were very fortunate in having on our campus Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton and Miss Muriel Lester, who spoke at different chapel periods on various

youth problems of today. The theme of both Mrs. Overton's and Miss Lester's talks was our responsibility as Christians in the world today in the event of war. Mrs. Overton is a national leader of women and youth and an authority on family life. Miss Lester is world famous through her work at Kingsley Hall, a Christian social settlement in London.

The Uncle Sam of cartoons was started when Samuel Wilson, of Troy, N. Y., supplied meat to U. S. soldiers. They referred to the meat as "Uncle Sam's beef." Soon the whole government was called Uncle Sam's.—Herald Tribune.