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Why Has Wisdom Gone?

A recent chapel speaker called our attention to the fact that while we are getting knowledge today we are failing to get wisdom. We were very much interested in the subject, and have gathered several answers to this problem which we would like to pass on to you as the getters of knowledge of this generation.

It seems to us that our speaker suggested one answer to the lack of knowledge today when he commented on the increased number of students now in the colleges and universities compared to the number a generation or so back. We do not mean that there is anything wrong in student bodies increasing in number, but that there may be something wrong in the kind of students which are swelling the number of college graduates. This reminds us of the discussion which has been going on in the newspapers recently as to whether or not going to college is ruining some people by taking, for example, some one who would make a good carpenter and making of him a sorry salesman. We are strongly inclined to believe this to be the case, and that many of the students who account for the increase in actual numbers are not an increase in quality. How many of us really deserve to come to college? Are not we who would make good carpenters, so to speak, lowering the standards of education by trying to be salesmen?

A second cause for the lack of wisdom seems to us to be in the kind of knowledge we are getting. The aim of college education, or of any type of education, should be to teach us to live the fullest and richest life possible. In our opinion the changes which have been made in the curricula of schools in this generation have not been in this direction. Evidently this is not the fault of any one school or any one group of people, but is merely a "tendency of the age" to use the popular alibi. We are not laying blame on any person or any group when we make these suggestions; but it does seem to us that it is time for the age and all its tendencies to wake up to the fact that making a living is not by any means living. We of this generation are so bent on being practical, on preparing ourselves to get a job, that we have lost sight of our first duty and privilege, living. What shall it profit us if we are able to make a living and unable to live? Until we learn that in getting knowledge we must get fundamental knowledge which will add to the fulness of our own lives, we should always be lacking in wisdom. It is up to us, you and me, to rid the colleges of job hunters and to put the college back in its proper place as a teacher of the ways of living the abundant life.

Why Not Make Friends?

Hospitality Week-end on this campus was one of friendliness. Everywhere one went she was met by a smile and greeted with kind words. Naturally any girl would want to make a place with such an environment her home for four years of college life.

But do you know that on this very campus there are lonesome girls? Too often we form groups or small circles of friends and become only interested in our own good times. What pleasures are these lonely girls to have? We could surely go out of our way once in a while to be friendly to one of them, and although they may not have personalities quite as attractive as your personal friends, they may have latent charms which will surprise you.

Let's remember this and carry through this year and on into next that spirit of friendliness which every Meredith girl should possess, and our school will grow in every way!

Gripes Again

Every college has its proverbial gripes. These usually consist of everything from dissatisfaction with dormitory hours and deans, to the amount of academic and extra-curricular work expected of the student. The particular gripes at the College for Women run along the chartered channels; noise in the library and lack of social life between the two campuses.

Noise in the library has been discussed for many years. Several remedies have been suggested and tried. The result of these has been almost negligible—the library still is noisy. And yet, where can a student find a better place to study? Whether in the dormitory or at home, the mental processes of most of us must function in competition with radios, conversation, and other sources of distraction.

After some experience in college, some of us have trained ourselves by dint of much self-control and black coffee to do our studying when the rest of the family or the dormitory has retired. Otherwise it's an endurance contest between

the radio and the student. Others have formed the habit of rising in the cold, gray dawn, only then finding the quiet necessary for cogitation.

Concentration has been defined as exclusive attention or absorption. Ability to concentrate is one of the fundamentals college should teach. After college there will be no sound-proof room to which we may retire to "get something done." Whether in an office or in a laboratory it will be necessary for us to think despite distractions. Therefore, while undue noise is a detriment to study, the situation is comparable to conditions outside college walls.—The Tower Times.

Finding One's Place

What is the purpose of a liberal college education? This question has come into the minds of many college students. The purpose of a liberal training is to fit the student for any task—be it large or small. He must also be ready to change, if necessary, from one task to another without serious loss.

A majority of students upon entering college have definitely decided upon their field of work. Their minds are made up to do one set thing and nothing can change their way of thinking. Yet, there are some students who are puzzled even when graduation day comes.

No matter what we plan to do in life, we must not be misfits. If your father is a lawyer, do not follow in his footsteps unless you think that you are best fitted for this profession.

When we decide what places we want to fill in life, let us ask ourselves two questions. First, "Are we going to work for quick returns or are we going to work for self-satisfaction?" Are we thinking of the first job we will hold after we leave college or are we thinking of the one we will hold at fifty? If we are expecting rich returns upon leaving college, then it was even useless for us to come to school.

Secondly, we may ask, "Are we going to think of ourselves, or are we going to work for the entire social order?" If the latter is our aim, we will not be satisfied with any business or profession that does not help the welfare of society.

Whatever we do, let us remember that unless we are accurate, prompt, and willing to accept responsibility, we will never climb to a higher position.

In choosing our profession let us follow a famous saying of President Garfield: "I mean to make myself a man, and if I succeed in that, I will succeed in everything else."—O. B. C. in The Hilltop.

Idle Minutes

By VIRGINIA VAUGHAN

Everyone said the May Court was lovely, and I don't doubt it a bit. I am sure, too, that Hazel was the most beautiful queen we have ever had, but there were two more queens at Meredith that day that cannot go unnoticed; they were Charlotte Peebles and Edith Freeman. When Charlotte dug the eighth clue from under that railroad, no queen was ever hailed more gloriously, and we sang "I've Been Working on the Railroad" without a touch of irony. And then when Edith screamed from the top of the auditorium stage "I've got it, I've got it," and came forth with the last clue, she was welcomed more royally than a date at Meredith College. If you've never seen a queen on May Day with cobwebs in her hair, dirt on her face, and wearing slacks and gym shoes, you really don't know what you've missed.

It was lots of fun and we enjoyed every minute of it, but I think I can speak for everyone when I say that I am glad it is over. One group in particular is enjoying a little peace and quiet after such a long period of disturbed rest. That group is the inhabitants of the underworld of Meredith College, the Royal Order of the Spider and Cockroaches. It must have been pretty bad for them because they surely poked and prodded for about eight weeks. So may they rest in peace (or pieces) until Dot Greene starts leading her crew a-working.

You know Chapel Hill is lovely in the spring-time, but I wonder if that is why Meredith girls spend so much time there. If Anne Poteat and Dexter were studying nature in the arboretum the other night they certainly learned a lot. They stayed so long that Kat Aldridge was afraid that Dexter wouldn't be a Free-man any more. But that was just spring, I suppose, for it certainly does queer things to people these days, especially out here at Meredith. Did you know that nothing Mac any difference to Hazel any more. And Annie Elizabeth is no longer a Coward. She is being quite nice to Walter Fanning (you'd believe that if you could see a snap shot some one took at the Junior-Senior the other night). When you ask Anne Taylor how her business is, she always says "It's Jake." Some one told me that Piggy isn't sure about graduating next year, she wants Moore time to think. Dot Corbett isn't going to summer school this summer, she's going to stay home and get a little practical training (she didn't say along what line). The only thing Gerry Tuttle got right on a geography test the other day was that Birmingham is in Alabama. Iris Mas-

sey says the only reason she knew that was because she gets a letter from there every day. And the next time you see Mary Kate Collier ask her the difference between a date in the day time and one at night.

I wonder if this will be found on many tomb stones this year: "Here rests poor Mrs. Bill Hummers, Her weary heart sprang a bad leak When her daughter of 17 summers Stayed home every night for a week."

CURE THAT SPRING FEVER Have you allowed spring fever to conquer you? Do you find yourself in a pleasant but unprofitable state of constant idleness? If you don't take every possible precaution you will fall into such a state of mind. But if you have already succumbed to the warm breezes and the fresh, green world, then you had better pour out double doses of determination and energy and down it bravely.

It's only a short while until examinations, and you had better snap out of it if you don't want to be caught napping. In fact, you might not even wake up until it's all over. Yes, I know how hard it is, I'm a time-wasting day-dreamer if there ever was one. But I'll be with you, pencil and notebook, and we'll all get down and dig together. I'm going to. I dare you to join me.—Parlez You.

PATIENCE A man had been waiting patiently in the postoffice, but could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a redingote design in gorgeous lame brocade with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat purple stamp with a dinky perforated hem. The tout ensemble deliberately treated on the reverse side with muckilage. Something at about three cents."

—Wall Street Journal.

The wisest men That e'er you ken Have never dreamed it treason, To rest a bit And just a bit And balance up their reason, To laugh a bit And joke a bit in season. —M. G. Kalns.

VACATION TIME

By JANE THOMPSON



Wanted: A Teacher

By HANNAH LACOB

Here I sit, holding my pen in a weary hand, wishing with all my heart that somebody else was writing this article so that I could study. But nobody else is doing it, therefore it's up to me to tell you something in a "delightfully new-way" which everybody knows already.

But words fall me—no cute phrases pop into my head. So if you can stand it in plain English, I'll "out with it" and take a load off my mind. Girls, what I've been trying to say, in as gentle words as possible, is that exams are here again!

Of course they find us in a totally unprepared frame of mind, just as we were last semester. The funny thing about exams is that no matter how long we expect them, we're always surprised when they get here. But don't think there is something wrong with you just because you feel this way about it. Students have been going through the same feeling of surprise ever since the first student took his first exam. The reason for this is because most people do not know how to prepare themselves for an exam-

ination, to say nothing of knowing how to take one! I'm no exception to this rule. As a matter of fact, if I ever do know anything, I can't remember it at the final pinch, and I suppose there are other students like me.

Of course, this is probably our own fault, but sometimes I wonder if it is entirely our fault. Are we ever really taught how to study? Are we ever so positive that we have learned something well, that we would have absolutely no fear of an examination? Some one once said (I mean I never knew who) that students today are only beginning to learn how to study when they leave college. Someone else said that students should be taught the correct way to take and study for an examination by a teacher designated for that purpose. Oh, how I agree with those words of wisdom, particularly now when I find myself surrounded by examinations!

But although there aren't any courses like this offered on our campus now, let's hope that someday in the near future there will be. And now for a little cramming . . .

"An Ill Wind—"

By FRIEDA CULBERSON

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. If the wind that has been playing over Meredith for the last few days blew you any good we would like to know about it. It blew our hats under a car and banged one of the social room doors 'til the glass scattered over the hall. I was half asleep and every time the wind would blow especially hard past my window and that door would slam again, I would raise up and believe I was Simon Legree cowering in a corner and think that if the storm would ever stop, I would repent of my sins and write a book apologizing for my treatment of Uncle Tom.

At last I got tired of being Simon Legree and tripped down the hall with my flashlight and fastened the door with a chair. Now I know how it feels to be on the S. G. I think I could take a diabolical delight in sneaking through the halls at night and giving call-downs. Did you have your light on that night? If so, light infraction.

One other thing about that wind. It brought some scavengers with it. They sail slowly over the campus and ominous-looking, things they are. I have a feeling that their patience is infinite, that they are willing to wait forever to get what they want. Now if they have come here to get that man you murdered in an evil hour and buried in the hockey field, you may as well fess up, for the truth will out, you know. But if they have come here through a scourge of devastation, if they think for a one minute that exams and term papers are going to kick me off and they can serve me a la mode for breakfast, well, I am going to fool them. I defy any bird that thinks Meredith girls succumb that easily. We will survive.

Therefore, Mr. Aeolus, king of the winds, tell your wind to take their scavengers to some other institution where the inmates are more afraid of storms than the girls at Meredith.

Maybe it is an ill wind, but like most winds, ill or otherwise, it will blow over.

IP— I'm sev'n, Dot's six, an' she's my sweetie.

Would I love to kiss her? Man! My mummy says I mustn't do it 'Less Dot tells me first I can.

But if she had a pup called "Kiss Me,"

If I asked her what's his name, An' if she told me—course, a feller Couldn't disappoint a dame!

—Edith Earnshaw, Wake Forest, in News and Observer.

LINCOLN'S HUMOR On Lincoln's first visit to New England, he had occasion to mention the lack of specific statements in a newly organized political party's platform. He likened their position to a pair of pantsloons the Yankee peddler offered for sale, "Large enough for any man, small enough for any boy."—Ex.

A temperance address gave Lincoln an opportunity to illustrate the subject of threats and promises with this typical Irish story: "Better lay down that spade you are stealing, Paddy; if you don't you'll pay for it at the day of judgment." Paddy: "By the power, if ye'll credit me so long, I'll jist take another."—Ex.

Student: "Dear Dad, I'm broke and I have no friends. What shall I do?" Dad: "Make friends at once." —Colonnade.

BLACKBERRY WINTER

Dere's two kinds uv winter to dread and to fear: De sho-nuff kind, lastin' 'tel spring uv de year;

De yuther is blackberry winter—we knows It boun' to turn col' when de briar-bloom shows.

De secon' one's on us; dese j'int, how dey ache! I ain't doin' nuffin' but shiver an' shake!

I says to mysef: "Cy, you ought to uv known You shouldn't uv shed yo' red flannin's so soon.

De wind it keep blowin' widout any slack; I skeered de hot weather won't nebber come back."

Den Common Sense say: "Whar yo' patientness, Cy? 'Tain't gwinter be long ontel blackberry pie!"

—Edith Earnshaw, Wake Forest, in News and Observer.

THE JOY OF LIVING

If nobody smiled, and nobody cheered, and nobody helped us along—

If each, every minute looked after itself, and the good things all went to the strong—

If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody cared for me, And we all stood alone, in the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made, and the things which in common we share.

We want to live on, not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care.

It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all life's splendor depends.

And the joy of this world, when we've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

—Anonymous.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR

Dear little girl, with your bright brown eyes And your cheeks so rosy red, Your winsome smile and the thick, soft curls

All over your baby head, I am glad you live next door to me, That your little feet have worn Through the buttercups and grass A path across my lawn.

I wish that I could keep you so, A baby sweet and dear; But instead I must watch you grow Taller each passing year.

Even when I become quite old, And you a woman grown, May your feet still find the little path

Which across my yard they've worn. —Lucile N. Carter, Washington, in News and Observer.

Definition

Cigarette: what you just threw away the pack of and would give him one if it wasn't your last so help ya.—Hunter Bulletin. Short story: Two old maids went for a tramp.—Colonnade.